The Digby Plays

With an incomplete 'Morality'

Of

Wisdom, who is Christ

(Part of one of the Macro Moralities).

Re-issued from the plates of the text edited by

F. J. Furnivall

For the New Shakspere Society in 1882.

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NOTICE.

These Digby Plays are a necessary part of the Early Play Series which the Early English Text Society has had to take up, because the New Shakspere Society had not money enough to bring them out before it stopt. Advantage has therefore been taken of the opportunity of making a cast of the New Shakspere Society's plates of the Digby Plays, without the lines round them which put them into the quarto form in which that Society issued them in 1882. The money thus saved in providing a book for the Early English Text Society's Extra Series in 1896 will be devoted to the Society's general object—the printing of MSS. and reprinting of old books.

The end of the Morality of Wisdom has not been added to this volume,—though Mr. Gurney has allowd the E.E.T.S. to copy it,—because it will appear in a few years in the Society's edition of the complete Macro Moralityes.

F. J. F.

May 15, 1896.
THE DIGBY MYSTERIES.
TO

MRS GEORGE WHERRY,

Corpus Buildings, Cambridge.

My dear Mrs Wherry,

You and I once studied Shakspere for a time together.

I well recollect your capital acting of Nerissa in the Merchant of Venice, and the arch way in which you tost up your handkerchief when you heard the news that Bassanio was coming, as if you divined that the right man was near.

Some friends asserted that you actually winkt at him, to let him know which were the wrong caskets, and which the right; but that was doubtless a libel. At any rate you chaff delightfully that saucy Gratiano—the impertinent!—who dared to say that it was a 'youth,' 'a little scrubbed boy,' to whom he gave your Ring.

Then you left such merrymaking to nurse "the speachless sicke." "enforce the maimed impotent to smile"; and for two years you toiled in the Hospitals.

You have your reward in your pretty, happy home, in the affection of the able and accomplisht gentleman to whom you have linkt your life—the tender of the suffering, the helper of the poor, "who are Christ's friends," as Chaucer says.

I think of your choice and lot with pleasure, and I venture to dedicate to you this edition of a few of the Early Religious Dramas before Shakspere's time, as just a reminder of the days when his triumphant art was the subject of our mutual work. Believe me to be,

Always sincerely yours,

F. J. FURNIVAL.
The Graull of Chester

and

The Graouli of Metz.

By Dr Paul Hamelius of Brussels.

In the Early English Text Society's edition of the Digby Plays (1896) is printed the following extract from a Chester manuscript relating to the year 1599:

"the maior caused the Graull not to goe at Midsomer wach, but in stedd a man in compleat white Armore on horsback. he, at same show, put downe the diuell Ryding for buchers, and caused a boy to Ride for them as other companies. nor cupps nor cans nor dragon and naked boys would he suffer at show . . . ." (p. xxiv).

May not the following remarks perhaps help to elucidate the passage, and at the same time to throw additional light on the origin of the drama in the Middle Ages?

The noun Graull does not occur in the 'New English Dictionary,' but an adjective graul is found there, and connected with the German adjective gräulich = horrible. Now this same word gräulich, under the French dialect form Graouli, is given as the name of a dragon formerly exhibited in annual processions in the city of Metz. It seems thus highly probable that in Chester also, Graull was the name of a dragon which formed part of a public show.

The Metz Graouli is alluded to by Rabelais, in the
fourth Book of Pantagruel, chap. 59, entitled, De la ridicule statue appelée Manduce, etc.:

"... un gras, jeune, puissant ventru ... sus un long baston bien doré, portait une statue de bois mal taillée et lourdement paincte, telle que la descripvent Plaute, Juvenal, et Pomp. Festus. A Lyon, au carnaval, on l'appelle Masche-croute: ils la nommaient Manduce. C'etoit une effigie monstrueuse, ridicule, hideuse, et terrible aux petits enfants, ayant les œils plus grands que le ventre, et la teste plus grosse que tout le reste du corps, avecques ampes, larges et horribilques maschoires bien endentelees, tant au dessus comme au dessous, lesquelles, avecques l'engin d'une petite chorde cachée dedans le baston doré, l'on faisait l'une contre l'autre terrifiquement cliqueter, comme à Metz l'on fait du dragon de saïnt Clement.”

A less picturesque and less fanciful account of the legend of St Clement, first bishop of Metz, and his dragon, will be found in a book of Aug. Prost. The bishop was believed to have driven a great number of snakes that infested the city, from the amphitheatre into the river, and by this miracle converted the people to Christianity.

"Dans les processions de la fête de St Marc et des Rogations, en promenait autrefois, à travers les rues de Metz, au milieu du cortège sacré, l’image du serpent de St Clément. C’était un mannequin représentant un dragon aile fiché au bout d’une longue perche ; il était connu sous le nom de Graouli. Les boulangers lui payaient au passage le tribut d’un petit pain, et, le troisième jour des Rogations, les enfants le fouettaient dans la cour de l’abbaye de St Arnould, dernière station de la procession."

An old play has been preserved in which the victory of the holy bishop over the dragon is described. After converting the people of Metz, and giving them the Host, he leads them to the lair of the monsters, here called

2 Etudes sur l’histoire de Metz. Les légendes. 2me éd. 1897. 227-230.
The chief snake submits to his exorcisms without a struggle, and acknowledges the power of Christ. It is then bound with the stole of the saint, and cast into the river.

This episode will remind Englishmen of their national hero St George, in the Golden Legend, and of the docility of his dragon, who, after being struck by the lance of the warrior saint, allowed the fair lady Margaret to tie her girdle round its neck, and then followed her like the gentlest dog. The circumstance that the Metz dragon submits without even a blow, is easily accounted for by its victor's being a holy bishop (whose only arms were prayers), and not an armoured knight.

The play of St George was not always performed on the 23rd of April (St George's day), but often later, "according to the old ancient custom," says Kelly; "between St George's day and Whitsunday." This date, curiously enough, coincides with those mentioned by Prost for the Metz procession: St Mark's day is two days after St George's day; and the third day of the Rogations, on which the Metz dragon was whipped, is somewhat later, for the Rogations are kept on the three days preceding Ascension day, thus exactly ten days before Whitsunday, and mostly during the month of May. Though the usual date of St George's play is given by Ward as midsummer, yet it was not properly in the middle of summer, but rather about the end of spring.

I would not venture to go one step further and connect the dragon-plays of Metz and of England with the heathenish festivals of midsummer, the traditions concerning which are

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1 *Le mystère de St Clément*, publié par Charles Abel. 1861. 4o.—The snake, being a symbol of the devil, is substituted for the dragon by ecclesiastical writers. See *Acta Sanctorum*, April 23.

2 *Notices illustrative of the Drama*, etc. Leicester, 1865. 46-47.

3 *English Dramatic Literature*, I, ed. 1899, 66.
regarded as doubtful by the mythologist Golther, but I hope I have made clear the following points, which may be useful as stepping-stones for further research:

1. The existence of a common name: *Graull, Graouli*, for the Metz and Chester dragons.
2. The analogy between the plays of St Clement and St George.
3. The coincidence of the dates at which both plays were performed, and their popular character.

No doubt a more learned man will find more interesting things to say on the subject.

THE

DIGBY MYSTERIES.

1. THE KILLING OF THE CHILDREN.
2. THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL.
3. MARY MAGDALENE.
4. CHRIST'S BURIAL AND RESURRECTION,
   WITH AN INCOMPLETE
   MORALITY
   OF
   WISDOM, WHO IS CHRIST
   (PART OF ONE OF THE MACRO MORALITIES).

EDITED FROM THE MSS.

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL,

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC.

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The Committee of the *New Shakspere Society* give express notice that the Editor of any of the Society's Books is alone responsible for the opinions expressed in it.
FOREWORDS.

This book opens the Seventh Series of the New Shakspere Society's publications, that of the "English Mysteries, Miracle-Plays, Interludes, &c. up to Shakspere's time." Tho it is later and far less complete than the other sets of Mysteries—the Towneley, Chester, Coventry, and Lord Ashburnham's York one, still kept in MS.—it has been hitherto printed in so few copies—50, by the Abbotsford Club in 1835—that I chose it, on that account, as our first work of the kind, in order that it might get more generally known. As too I have been able to add to the old set one more Mystery in 2 Parts,—that of the 'Burial and Resurrection of Christ,' which evidently once belongd to the Digby MS. 133, from which these Mysteries get their name,—the present edition has a fresh value of its own, however slight that value may be.

But to every play-goer and every student of the drama, all the old Mysteries have an interest independent of their literary merit. They show him the stories and scenes in which his forefathers before and up to Shakspere's time were content to find edification and amusement. They prove to him that these old plays were but parts of the Romish Church service, developd and taken out into the streets (p. 227-8, below). They give him the origin of that mixture of comedy in deepest tragedy, and of tragedy in highest comedy, nay in roaring farce, which is a leading note of Shakspere's

drama, and which so shocks the classicist critics of Romanticism. And if these Digby Mysteries, being poorer than the Towneley, point to the decay of the old religious Drama in England, the student sees in that only the greater need for Shakspere to arise, replace the old Religionism with the new Humanity, and take as his themes the love, fears, hates, ambitions of men, the World and its Ruler, instead of Judæa and its King.

The first Play, 'Herod's Killing of the Children' or 'Murder of the Innocents,' and the Purification, is one of a set of New Testament Plays,—the seventh, says Stowe, p. 1, l. 2, below, but the 3rd, I suppose, the 'Annunciation and Birth of Christ' being the first, and the 'Adorations of the Shepherds and the Three Kings' being the 2nd. Only one of these plays was playd yearly, says our text, p. 2, so that the place it was acted in must have been some small town or village; and no mention is made of any Trade supplying the Actors. The 4th Play of the set was to be 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors in the Temple,' see p. 23; and so, if the set of after Plays was 23 in number, like the Coventry New-Testament set, it would take the villagers 23 years to get through the story of Christ's life. But no doubt several subjects were lumped into one play in the Series to which this Killing of the Children belongd.

The comedy in this first Play was supplied by music and dancing between the Prolog and Scene i (see p. 2, at foot), and after the Play (p. 22) as well as after the Epilog (p. 23), as after Shakspere's plays. Also by Herod's bragging and strutting (p. 3), by his man Watkyn's boasting, and then confessing that he was afraid of a woman with a distaff (p. 6, 7, 9), and later by the women 'laying on' and beating Watkyn with their distaffs (p. 14). The killing of the children was done on the stage, seemingly (p. 13), and Herod died there too (p. 16). But there does not seem to have been a
curtain to the pageant-wagon,—whose existence I assume,—for at the end of Scene 1 the stage-direction is, "Here the Knyghtes and Watkyn walke about the place tyH Mary & Joseph be conveid into Egipt." The Temple (p. 18, 20) was, I suppose, a bit of painted wood on the floor of the wagon. The "Virgynes, as many as a man wyH" (p. 19), who held tapers, went in procession, sang (p. 20) and danced (p. 22, 23), were, I suppose, part of the Audience, as well as the 'virgyn' and four women who playd the Mothers, of the sixteen Players named on p. 24 as performing the Play.

The second Play, The Conversion of St Paul,—he being "drest lyke an aunterous knyght,"—seems to have been acted in a larger town, for its three Acts were playd at three Stations or open sites (p. 27, 33, 41), at the first of which there was room for Saul's horse to be brought up, and for him to ride about (p. 32, 33). The "pagent" is mentiond at p. 33, l. 167, p. 52, l. 657; and that the wagon had an upper (?half-) stage is certain,\(^1\) as the Holy Ghost appeard on it (p. 38, at foot), and the "fervent," lightning or thunderbolt (p. 34) would be thrown from it. In this case too there were Dances after the Prolog (p. 27, l. 14) and Act I (p. 33), while the comedy was developd by a scene of broad chaff between Paul's servant and an Ostler (p. 30-1). But the audience who followed the wagon from Station to Station (p. 33, l. 150-7) evidently

\(^1\) "In the great Mysteries the stage was at three elevations (and before it was a shallow but broad podium for the chorus). The lowest stage represented the nether world. In the midst was a door—the mouth of hell—and steps led from it on each side to the second stage, which figured earth. The highest stage was reserved for the Deity and the saints; it was heaven." 1879. S. Baring-Gould, Germany, Past and Present, ii. 4: an excellent book, which shows in its next 3 pages how effective this 3-stage arrangement was in Theodore Schernbeck's play of Frau Jutta, composed in 1480 on the story of Pope Joan. A procession of cardinals "with tapers and banners move along the middle stage chanting a litany. Below, the demons are tormenting the soul of Jutta, who pleads on in piteous hymn to Mary. Above, in heaven, the Blessed Virgin and St Nicholas are entreating the Saviour."—Ib. p. 7.
found the seriousness of the original Acts II and III dull, and so a later hand—Miles Blomefylde, p. 55—spiced up Act III with a lively scene of the Devils in Hell, amid fire, flame, roaring, and crying (p. 43-46), to carry off the weight of Paul’s Sermon on the Seven Deadly Sins, which followed.\(^1\)

In the third Play, *Mary Magdalene*—of which Part I describes her Father Cyrus and his death, her Seduction by Lechery and a Galant, her Repentance and Wiping of Jesus’s feet with her Hair, and also her brother Lazarus’s Death and Againrising—we have the comedy supplied by our friend Herod (p. 60-1) bragging as before, by the King of the Flesh kissing Miss Lechery (p. 67), and by a scene at a Tavern in Jerusalem (p. 72-5), with a young dandy who wants a pretty barmaid to chat to, and who makes Mary fall in love with him. Then the Devils are seen in Hell (p. 73), which is the lower stage (p. 76) of the 2- or 3-staged wagon (p. 67, at foot), and in scene xv, p. 82-3, all the Seven Devils are beaten on their buttocks on the stage. A house is also set on fire (p. 83): an instance of early Sensationalism.

In Part II—which tells how Christ appears to Mary at his tomb,\(^2\) how she goes to Marcylle, converts its King and Queen, is fed in the wilderness by Angels, and then dies and is taken up to Heaven—the bragger is supplied by the

\(^1\) “A traveller in 1790... goes on to relate that in other villages near Innsbrück, St Mary Magdalene [see above, and p. 82-3 below] and St Sebastian were being performed; and he was assured that these pieces possessed superior attractions to that of St Pancras, inasmuch as more devils appeared in them.” (See Pichler, *Über das Drama des Mittelalters in Tirol*, Innsbrück, 1850.) 1879. S. Baring-Gould, *Germany, Past and Present*, ii. 17.

\(^2\) On the three Mariés and the Apostles at the Tomb, p. 92-4, 201-218, compare the lines (21-4) in Stubbes’s *Anatomie*, Part I, Appendix, p. 330, from Naogeorgus:

> In some place solemne fightes and showes, & Pageants fayre are playd,
> With fundrie fortes of maskers brave, in straunge attire arrayd,
> As where the Mariés three doe meete, the sepulchre to fee,
> And *John* with *Peter* swiftly runnes, before him there to bee.”
King of Marcyle (p. 90), and the fun by the Priest's boy and his doggrel service (p. 99-101), the Shipman with a merry song (p. 107), and his boy Grobbe (p. 107, 119, 125). In this Part there must have been a third stage for Heaven—see note 1, page ix, and p. 106, 113, 130, 131, 135 (gaudent in celis)—above the main stage, under which was the Hell (as in Part I) to which the Devil betook himself (p. 92, l. 992) after he had told how Christ harrowd Hell. How all the scenes of the Temple, the burning of the Idols, the Shipman and his Ship, the rock on the island where the Queen of Marcyle was left (p. 121), &c., were managed, I can't tell. Possibly some of the Players had separate scaffolds: see Sharp's Dissertation on the Coventry Plays. But make-believe will do wonders. My friend Mr. P. A. Daniel tells me, that in Melbourne he saw a Chinese troupe act admirably on a small stage, with the roughest scenery. A wooden form servd for a castle-wall, a chair behind it for the battlements, on which the besieged King mounted, and whence he made a spirited harangue to the rebellious besieging General and his army of three men, as Richard II does to Northumberland at Flint Castle in Shakspere's Play, III. iii. And really, when you know the story, you don't need scenery, as we found, who were lucky enough to see the First Quarto of Hamlet acted at St George's Hall on April 16, 1881.

In the fourth Mystery here, the 'Burial and Resurrection of Christ,' there is no comedy, and I see no trace of the Pageant or Stages. The Stations in it (if any) would be only those of the Church from whose service it was either imitated, or of which it once formd part. 1 The Play is arranged to be either recited or acted, and a warning is given at the beginning (p. 171), that there is a Proem, "certene lynes, which are not to be saide if it (the Play) be plaiede."

1 The Procession of the Sacrament no longer forms part of the Romish Church Service on Easter Sunday morning.
At several other places—see notes p. 173, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 183, 184, 185, &c.—is evidence of the double character of the composition. Towards the end of the Play (p. 223, 226) some of the Sequences of the Easter Sunday Mass of the Romish Service are directed to be sung as part of the performance, as on p. 194-5.

Now, did the mixture of comic bits with most serious subjects take off the effect of the mysteries of Christianity performed before the common folk? I doubt it. My friend Mr H. H. Furness, the editor of the splendid new Variorum Shakspere, once told me that he saw in Spain a Mystery performed, and that at one point a bell tinkled, and in came a troupe of ballet-girls in short frocks and flesh-tights, and danced a ballet. All the onlookers evidently took it as a natural and proper occurrence.¹ They'd grown accustomed to

¹ P.S. Having just found Mr Furness's note, I print it:—

"Years ago I saw a Passion Play in Spain, which was sublimely national. After the Magi had presented their gifts to Mary, who was seated beside a pasteboard manger, surrounded by pasteboard oxen, with a great deal of genuine straw about, at the tinkle of a little bell, ballet-girls in short skirts and pink tights darted from the side scenes, and, pirouetting around the groups, finally struck an attitude with their hands over the cradle, and their elevated toes pointing to the audience. When the curtain went down there were vociferous calls for the actors, and Christ appeared, leading Joseph and Mary, and bowed his thanks. It was deeply religious to the people, and many women wept."

Compare Mr Baring-Gould's experience in Brabant:—

"But perhaps the most curious representation of the last scenes of the sacred history I have witnessed. was at Mechlin, a few years ago, on the fête of St Rumbold. A travelling band of players had erected a large tent with stage in it, in the market-place; and their programme of entertainments consisted of—

"1. Tight-rope dancing, tumbling, and performing dogs.
"2. The laughable farce of 'A Ghost in spite of himself' (the English farce of that name translated into Flemish).
"3. The Passion and Resurrection of Christ.
"It was more than startling to see the spangled sprite of the shining shower,' who pirouetted on the tight-rope, figure half-an-hour later as the Mater Dolorosa, and the human spider, a man in fleshings, who walked backwards on hands and feet, transformed into the Beloved Disciple; but the Brabant peasants seemed aware of no incongruity, and were as ready to weep at the crucifixion, as they were to laugh at the dancing dogs. The peasant mind of the present day is constituted like that of their Mediaeval forefathers, who insisted on the introduction
it, and so it was right. Just so, most Englishmen take the
existence of our hereditary House of Lords, and the spelling
of the sound 'enuf' as 'enough.' The survival of an absurd-
ity or incongruity never shocks traditional minds; nay, the
proposals to remove it always make them angry.

It was probably some feeling of this kind that made me
reprint the fragment of the Macro¹ Morality of Wisdom,
when the rest of it had been printed by the Abbotsford Club
in 1837. But this fragment was in the Digby MS. 133, had
been in the Abbotsford-Club print of that MS., and would be
expected by students in ours. I could not at first trace the
Macro MS. to the present Mr Gurney, and so I was glad of
the excuse to keep this bit of Wisdom in our book. (Even
literary Antiquaries are mortal and have weaknesses.) By
Mr Gurney's kind leave, Miss Marx has since made a copy
of all the Macro MSS. for the Society, and when we have
any money to spare, I hope to edit it.

In the progress of the drama, Moralities followed My-
steries, and were succeeded by Interludes. When folk tired
of Religion on the Stage, they took to the inculcation of
morality and prudence; and when this bored them, they set
up Fun.

Our Wisdom Morality hooks on to dogmatic Religion
by its Wisdom being Christ, and by its doctrines, p. 143, &c.
It keeps up the fun of the old Mystery by its comic man
Lucifer (p. 155, &c.), its dance (p. 164), and its later hornpipe,
quarrel and boy-devils (p. 167). It is one of a set played in
London, since it mentions the Holborn Quest,² p. 165, 1.

of an element of grotesqueness into every tragedy and religious mystery." 1879. S. Baring-Gould, Germany, Past and Present, ii. 8-9.

¹ The MS. containing these 'Moralities' once belonged to a Dr Macro.

² On the Holborn Quest, see p. 168, and "The (65) ancient Articles
of the charge of the Wardmote Inquest, formerly delivered," in Joseph
Newell's Inquest Juryman, 1825, p. 54-68.
733,—and Westminster and St Andrew of Ely (cp. St Andrew's, Holborn, nearly opposite Ely Place),—and has few, if any, of the dialectal peculiarities which mark the Midland Mysteries.

With regard to the dialect of the Mysteries I see no special marks of any dialect in the Killing of the Children, tho wha, 13/305, mut 13/319, chever shiver 15/374, thn thou 8/195-8, 16/397, 400, &c., welcome 18/437, 438, 441, gh of abought about 19/476, parflight perfect 18/446, afforn before 20/484, 22/529 are provincial, and the verbal \( n \) plurals—

\[ 
\text{toven} 20/501, \text{bene be} 5/112, 4/88, \text{han,} \&c. \]

—point, I suppose, to the Midland rather than any other dialect.

Of the Conversion of Saul, I can say no more. It is fond of \( a \) for \( e \) and \( o \)—

\[ 
\text{drad} 27/20, \text{adrad} 36/234, \text{frawardnes} 28/39, \text{massage} 38/239, \text{marcy} 38/290, 46/506,—of \( f \) for \( v \), we \( \text{gyf} 28/43, 32/132, 47/522 \]; but though the lacking of "lyttural\( h \) scyens" and the "non intellygens of Retoryk" which it confesses to, 52/658, 661, are apparent, its district is not, to me at least.

In Mary Magdalene, however, East-Midland characteristics, \( xal \) shall, \( qwat \) what, &c., clearly appear, as I have noted on p. 53, note 1. And Christ's Burial and Resurrection was—says Dr Richard Morris, p. 170,—Northumbrian, and then rewritten or copied by a West-Midland scribe.

As to the metre, notes will be found on or near the first page of each play. The Killing of the Children is in 8-line stanzas, \( ababb \) \( ebc \); and the Conversion of St Paul is in 7-line stanzas, \( ababb \) \( cc \). Part I of Mary Magdalen is very irregular: it tried seemingly to get into 8- or 9-line stanzas, but other stanzas, alternates and couplets also occur; Part II is mainly in alternates: Wisdom is in 8-line stanzas:

Scene i. \( abab \) \( bebc \); Scene ii. iii. and the printed bit of iv. \( aaab-aaab \), with an occasional couplet added, as in 165/735-6, 166/745-6, and some of the stanzas are linkt, the first line
of the second ryming with the last line of the first. The _Burial of Christ_ is, as noted on p. 171, almost all in 6-line stanzas _aab, ccb_, tho' sum 8-line ones occur, _aaab, cccb_. The _Virgin's Complaint_, p. 191-3, is mainly in eight, _abab, bcbe_, with some sixes and sevens, followed by couplets. Parts of this _Complaint_—the best portion of the volume—have the same burden 'Who cannot wepe, com lerne of me' as the earlier poem in my _Hymns to the Virgin and Christ_, Early English Text Soc. 1867, p. 126-7. This fashion of stanzas, alternates and couplets in dramas lasted well into Shakspere's time. In his earliest play he has a conversation of four men in no less than 17 alternates (_abab_) in succession, _L. L. Lost_, IV. iii. 222—289; Berowne and Boyet talk in stanzas now and then, _ib._, 214—219, V. ii. 256—261. (See too I. i. 94-9, 112-118.) But happily our great playwright soon gave up the trammels of this convention.

The date of the Digby MS. I have put at 1480-90. At first I thought 1475, but the late regretted Librarian of the Bodleian wrote to me on July 8, 1879:

"1512 [the copier's date at p. 1, copy] is not so far off the mark as you suggest. I do not think that the text is 20 years in advance. Ever yrs. sincerely, H. O. Coxe."

There seem to be at least three hands in the Digby MS. Plays, of which I suppose the hand before 1500,—? John Parfre's,—to write leaves 146-157, 37-50 (less 45-47, bk), all the _Killing of the Children_, and _Conversion of St Paul_, except the later Devils scene. This scene (leaves 45-47, back) and _Mary Magdalene_ (leaves 95-145) appear to be in a hand somewhat later than that of the two other plays, and I suppose it to be Miles Blomefylde's. He signs his name before the _Conversion of St Paul_, but there I hold his signature to be in the later hand, as is the line "Ihon Parfre ded wryte thys booke," p. 24.

The _Morality of Wisdom_ (leaves 158-169, bk) seems to
be in a fresh hand, which my note calls later, but Mr Macray and Mr Parker say is earlier, than the others. The latter agrees in thinking there are three hands in the MS. Plays, and feels sure that there are at least two. My notes, and my recollection, are for the three hands.

Looking into the MS. accounts of the Chester Plays some years ago, I copied a few extracts which may be now shunted into an Appendix, on the chance of their interesting some friend of ours in America, if not here, and helping him to realize the old scene at the acting of the plays. All the extracts have, no doubt, been printed in some History of Chester or elsewhere, but I have not had time to look round for them.

With thanks to Mr George Parker, our careful copier and collater at Oxford, and to Mr Herritage for his help with the Glossary and Index, I turn to Part II. of Stubbes's Anatomie and to Shakspere Allusions, and wish our Members the pleasant Long-Vacation that I fear I sha’n’t get.

June 29, 1882.
P.S. In the *Daily News* of April 4, 1881, is a long and interesting account of a Mussulman Passion Play.

In the *Academy* of July 1, 1882, is a short statement about the York Mystery Plays, which the present Lord Ashburnham, wisely changing the dog-in-the-mangership of his late father, is letting Miss L. Toulmin Smith edit his unique big 4to. MS. of for the Clarendon Press. The York volume contains 48 plays, as against the Coventry 43, the Towneley 32, and the Chester 24. Four or five of the York plays are the same as some of the Towneley set, with additions or omissions. The first eleven York plays are from the Old Testament, the other 37 are from the New Testament, the Gospel of Nicodemus and some of the Marian legends. The MS. gives the music sung by the angels in the play on the vision of our Lady to St Thomas. The MS. is about 1450 A.D., but it probably represents a somewhat earlier text.

The Scriveners' Play of this York set, printed by Croft in 1797, and the Camden Soc. in 1858, seems to have been set from an actor's copy, lately belonging to Dr Sykes of Doncaster.


DIGBY MYST.
APPENDIX TO FOREWORDS.

NOTES ON THE CHESTER PLAYS AND MIDSUMMER WATCH, FROM HARLEIAN MSS. 1944, 1948, 2125, &C.

Harl. MS. 1944, ff. 21 bk.

1 Now of ye playes of Chester called ye whitson playes, when they weare played, and what occupaciones bringe forthe at theire charges the Playes and pagiantes.

Heare note that these playes of Chester called ye whitson playes weare the woorke of one Rondoll, a monke of ye Abbaye of St Warburge in Chester, who reduced the whole history of the byble into Englishe storyes in metter, in ye englishe tounge; and this moncke, in a good desire to doe good, published ye same. then the firste mayor of Chester, namely Sir John Arneway knighte, he caused the

1 Part of Chap: 4: From "A breauarye, or some fewe Collectiones of ye Cittie of Chester, gathered out of some fewe writers, and heare sett downe, and reduced into these Chapters followinge:" Harl. MS. 1944, ff. 3. The Forewords "To the Reader" are sign'd "per Dauid Rogers: 1609: July: 3"; and Harl. MS. 1948, ff. 18, says that the Collections were "collected by the Reuerend: Mr Robert Rogers, Batchlor in Diuinitye, Archdeacon of Chester, and Prebunde in the Cathedrall Church of Chester [and parson of Gawsworth]," and "written by his sonne Dauid Rogers."

2 In Harl. 2124 (a Copy of the Chester Plays made by Jas. Miller in 1607), a vellum fly-leaf (?) later) says:

The Whitsun playes first made by one Don Randle Higgenet o Monke of Chester Abbey, who was thrise at Rome before he could obtaine leave of the Pope to haue them in the English tongue.

The Whitsun playes were played openly in pageants by the Citizens of Chester in the Whitsun Weeke. Nicholas the lift then was Pope, in the year of our Lord 1447. Sir Henry Francis, sometyme a Monke of the Monestery of Chester, obtained of Pope Clemens a thousand daies of pardon, and of the Bishop of Chester 40 dayes pardon, for euery person that resorted peaceably to see the same playes, and that euery person that disturbed the same to be accursed by the said Pope, vntill such tyme as they should be absulued thereof.
same to be played ["anno domini: 1329"]; the manner of which playes was thus: They were deuided into 24 pagiantes or partes, acordinge to the number of ye Companyes of ye Cittie, and euery Company brought forthe their pagiente, which was ye cariage or place which they played in: And yarlye before these were played, there was a man fitted for ye purpose which did ride, as I take it vpon St George daye through ye Cittie, and there published the tyme and the matter of ye playes in breife, which was called "ye readinge of the banes." They were played vpon monday, tuesday, and wensedeay in witson weeke. And they first beganne at ye Abbaye gates; & when the firste pagiente was played at ye Abbaye gates, then it was wheeled from thence to the penticce at ye highe crosse before ye Mayor; and before that was done, the seconde came, and ye firste wente in-to the watergate streete, and from thence vnto ye Bridge-strecte, and see all, one after an other, tell all ye pagiantes weare played, appoynted for ye firste daye, and so likewise for the seconde & the thirde daye: these pagiantes or cariages was a highe place made like a howse with ij rowmes, beinge open on ye tope: the lower rowme they apparrelled & dressed them selues; and in the higher rowne they played: and they stode vpon 6 wheeles. And when they had done with one cariage in one place, they wheeled the same from one streete to an other: first from ye Abbaye gate to ye pentise, then to the watergate streete, then to ye bridge streete, through the lanes, and so to the estgate streete. And thus they came from one streete to an other heapinge a direct order in every streete; for before ye firste cariage was gone, ye seconde came, and so the thirde, and so orderly till ye laste was done, all in order, without any stayeing in any place; for, worde beinge broughte how euery place was neere done, they came, and made no place to tarye, till ye laste was played:  

Hearafter followeth ye readinge of ye banes, which was read before ye beginninge of ye whitson playes, beinge the breife of ye whole playes:

3 The shorter Annals or "Breauarye of the Cittie of Chester," from Rogers in Harl. 1948, adds on leaf 64, back (after "all the streetes have their pagiantes afore them all at one time playeinge togeather," ) 'to se which playes was greate resorte, and also scaffoldes and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to playe their pagiantes.'
[Here follow ‘The Banes’—an Address of 9 stanzas to the future audience, then 24 stanzas on the 24 Plays, and 4 lines of Conclusion,—all printed by Thos. Wright in the Old Sh. Soc.’s Chester Plays, i. 1-7, from George Bellin’s copy in Harl. M.S. 2013; and then Rogers goes on, leaf 24, back:—]

"The sume of this storye, Lordes & ladyes alle, I haue breifely repeated, & how they muste be played. Of one thinge, warne you now I shall, That not possible it is, these matters to be contynued In such sorte & cunninge, & by such playeres of price As at this day good players & fine wittes coulde devise, For then shoulde all those persones that as Gods doe playe, In Clowdes come downe with voyce, & not be seenne; For no man can proportion that Godhead, I saye, To the shape of man face, nose, and eyne; But sethence ye face gilte doth disfigure ye man that deme A Clowdy Coueringe of ye man a voyce only to heare,

[f. 25]  And not God in shape or person to appeare;
By Craftes men & meane men these Pageaunte are played and to Commons and Contrye men acustomablye before. If better men & finer heads now come, what canne be saide? But of common and contrye playeres take thou the storye; And if any disdaine, then open is ye doore That lett him in to heare: packe awaye at his pleasure; Oure playcinge is not to gett fame or treasure:
   All that with quiett mynde
   Can be contented to tarye,
   Be heare on whitson monday:
   Then begineth ye storye.
§——§——§——§——§ finis: DR.

And thus much of ye Banes or Breife of ye whitson playes in Chester; for if I shoulde heare reste ye whole storye of ye whitson playes, it woulde be tto tediouse for to reste in this breauarye: As also, they beinge nothinge profitable to any vse, excepte it be to shewe ye Ignorance of oure forefatheres, and to make vs theire ofspringe vnexcusable before God, that haue ye true and synceare worde of ye Gospell of our lord & sauiour Jesus Christe, if we apprehende not ye same in oure life & practise, to ye eternall glorie of our god, and ye salvation & comforte of oure owne soles.

: Heare followeth all ye Companyes as they weare played vpon theire seuerall dayes, which was Monday:
Tuesday: & Wenseday in ye whitson weeke. And how manye Pagiantes weare played vpon every day at the Charge of every Companye.

The Companyes or trades that playe: The story or matter that every Companye did acte:

1 Barkers Tanners } bringe forthe The fallinge of Lucifer
2 Drapers Hosieres } . . . . The creation of ye worlde
3 Draweres in Dee & waterleaders } . . . . Noah & his shipp
4 Barbers Waxe chandlers } . . . . Abraham & Isacke
5 (leaf 25, back) Cappers Wyerdrawereres } . . . . ( Kinge Balack & Balaam with Pynners)
6 Wrightes slatereres }
7 Tyleres Daubers }
8 Thatchares }
9 Paynters Imbrotheres Glasieres }
10 Vinteners Marchantes }
11 Mercers Spicers }

bringe forthe ye 3. kingses of Collen:

These 9 Pagiantes aboue written weare played vppon ye first daye beinge Monday.

1 Gould smythes } . . . . The destroyinge of the Smythes
2 Massons Chillderen by Herod
3 forberes Pewterers }
4 Purification of our ladye
5 Butchares }
6 The pinackle, with ye woman of Canan.}

1 The Temptation, and the Woman taken in Adultery.
XXII  APPENDIX. THE PLAYERS AND SUBJECTS OF THE CHESTER PLAYS.

4 Glouers & Parchment makers [bringe forthe] The risinge of Lazarus from death to liffe ;
5 Coruesters or shoemakers The cominge of Christe to Jerusalem ;
6 Bakers Mylners Bowyers Fletchers Christes maundy with his desiples
7 Stringers Cowpers Turners The scourginge of Christe
8 Innemongers Ropers Cookes The Crucifienge of Christ
9 Hostlers Inkeapers Tapsters The harrowinge of hell

These 9 pagiantes aboue written weare played vpon ye second daye: beinge tuesday ;

Skinners Cardemakers The Resurrection.
1 Hatters Poynters Girdlers
2 Saddlers fusters The Castle of Emaus & the Apostles
3 Taylores The Ascention of Christe
4 Fishmongers Whitsonday ye makeinge of the Creede
5 Shermen Prophetes before ye day of Dome
6 Hewsters Bellfownders Antechriste
7 Weauers Walkers Domes Daye

These 7 pagiantes weare played vpon ye third daye, beinge wensedaye; & these whitson playes weare played in Chester anuo domini: 1574: Sr John Sauage, knight,
beinge Mayor of Chester, which was the laste tyme they were played. And we haue all cause to power out our prayers before God, that neither we nor our posterities after us, maye never see ye like abomination of desolation, with such a Clowde of Ignorance to defyle with so highe a hand ye sacred scriptures of God: But of ye mercye of our God for ye tyme of our Ignorance he regarde it not: and thus much in breife of ye whitson plays:"

The worthy Rogers goes on with a chapter on the Midsummer Show, which was acted when the Plays hadn't been playd in Whitweek; and as he speaks in a sidenote of certain improprieties at the Show put down by a godly Mayor—"ye diuell in his fethers before ye butchers, a man in womans apparell, with a diuell waytinge on his horse called cuppes & cans, god in stringes, with other things,"—I copy the passage, to get more information about this Midsummer Show. (See p. xxvi, be'ow.)

"Of ye Midsomer showe or watche in Chester.

I heare we maye note that ye showe or watche, on midsomer caye, called 'midsomer showe,' yearely now vsed within ye Citti of Chester, was vsed in ye tyme of those whitson playes, & before, so far as I canne understande; for when ye whitson playes were played, then ye showe at midsomer wente not: And when ye whitson playes were not played, then ye midsomer showe wente only: as many now liuinge [1609 A.D.] canne make their owne knowledge proffe sufficient: But since these playes at whitson-tide weree put downe, and ye midsomer showe went only, there hath bene taken awaye some things, & reformed, [p. leaf 28, back] many things reforme in ye midsomer showe before ye 1611; Hardware, &c. in his tyme [1599], as ye

1 This is the only way that Mr C. T. Martin of the Record Office and I can read the MS.
of perfection, the which, howsoever it cannot be attaynd vnto in this liffe, yet it is the marke we are all to aime at. In which I commende ye gouern-ment of m^t Henry Hardware esquire, somtymes mayor of Chester [1599], whose gouernement was godly, wherein he soughte ye redresse of manye abuses, as namely in ye midsomer shewe he caused somthinges to be reformed and taken awaye, that ye watchmen of our soules, or deuines, speke againste, as thinges not fitt to be vsed; for which he descred juste commendation; howsoever the vulgar sorte of people did oppose themselves againste ye reformation of sinnes, not knowinge that anchant synnes ought to haue new reformation, And antiquitee in thinges vnlawfull or offensie is no reason to mayntayne ye same. But for ye decensie of ye midsomer shewe as it is now [1609 A.D.] vsed, I referre it to ye judgmente of those who are more judicouse:

1 Harl. MS. 2125, leaf 304 or 123 (see If. 41 and 53). 1599 Hen. Hardware esq (? in Jn. Stow’s hand).

the maier caused the Graull not to goe at Midsomer wach, but in stedd a man in compleat white Armore on horsback. he, at same show, put downe the duell Rydering for bouchers, & caused a boy to Ride for them as other companies. nor cupps nor cuans nor dragon & naked boys would he suffer at show: he tooke vp bakinge at High Crosse: he opposed the showmakers [shoemakers] & would haue them recuce brethren among them for small somes or nothing: and restrayned the leanlakers for sending of coyne accordinge to their auntient custome vsed tyme out of mynd.

On the ‘Devil in Feathers,’ compare also John Taylor the Water-poet, in a description of a Tincshell, or Deer-driving at Braemar in 1618 at which he was present, viz.—“Being come to our lodgings, there was such baking, boyling, rosting, and stewing, as if Cook Ruffian had been there to have scalded the Devil in his feathers.”

The description from which the above is an excerpt is printed in the Appendix, 4th Report of Historical Manuscript Commissioners, p. 533.—A. F. Watson.

2 Daily News, Jan. 9, 1882, p. 2, col. 7:

A MIRACLE PLAY IN WORCESTERSHIRE.—Our Stoke-upon-Trent correspondent telegraphs:—The usually quiet village of Rouslensch, near Pershore, Worcestershire, has during the past week been the scene of an extraordinary miracle play, which was suggested to the rector, the Rev. Mr. Chafey, by the Passion Play of Ober Ammergau. The interest in the play grew daily, and on Saturday last the reproduction was witnessed by a large number of people, most of whom had come considerable distances. In style the piece had been made to imitate as much as possible
APPENDIX. WHEN THE CHESTER PLAYS WERE PLAYD. XXV

As to the years in which the Chester Plays were acted, I find the following entries:

Harl. 1944, leaf 67.

*Mayores.*

1328 Sir John Arneway knight { Allexander Hurell

Richard Spicer

The whitson playes Inuented, in Chester, by one Rondoll Higden, a monke in Chester abbaye.

In the list of Chester Mayors and Sheriffs in Harl. 2105, the only mention of the Playe is under 1546, William Holcroft, Mayor: "In this yere m' Holcroft died, & m' John walles: was chosen mayor, & the plaies went that same yere." leaf 95, at foot.

[Harl. MS. 1944] *Mayores.*

[iv. 86] Quene: Eliza: raigne: 14:

Richard Bauand,
Irnemonger

William Wall,
Irnemonger

1571 John Hankey, merchant .

In this yere the Whitson playes weare played in Chester, &c.

Quene: Eliza: raigne: 17:

[iv. 86, 88.] 1574 St John Sauage knighte

John Allen,

William, Goodman, merchant

the great Passion Play, suitable scenery and gorgeous dresses having been obtained at great cost. The performance consisted of a series of tableaux vivants representing various events in the life of Christ. There were exactly fifty persons taking part in the performance, their ages ranging from four years to 82 years, the rector taking a leading character from time to time. An explanation was given of the successive tableaux, and selections of music were played during the performance from *Elijah* and the Messiah.

1 The names of the Mayors & Sheriffs of Chester, with other things.
The Whitson playes weare played in this Cittie this yere ... 1

Quene : Eliza : raigne : 20:

Thomas Belline, mercer²

John, Tilston, mercer

250

... the Sheapardes play was played at the highe crosse, with other triumphes on the Roode dec ...

Quene : Eliza : raigne : 42:

Henry Hardware, Esq.

John Owen, mercer

John Moyle, draper

272

This mayor was a godly zealous man, yet he gott ill will amonge the Commons, for puttinge downe some anchant orders, in the Cittie and amonge some Companyes, especially the shoemakers, whoe he much opposed: he caused the giantes which vse to goe at midsomer to be broken, The bull ringe at the high crosse to be taken vp: The dragon and naked ³ boyes he suffered not to goe in midsomer showe, nor the diuell for the Butchers, but a boye to ride, as other Companyes; he restrayned the leaielookers, for sendinge wine, on the feastifull dayes, accordinge to their anchant vse and Custome, &c.

1 Harl. 2125, lf. 40, bk. Randle Holme's collections.

1574 ... The whitson playes played in pageantes in the Cityye: [addition] at midsomer, to the great dislike of many, because the playe was in on part of the City

[lf. 41] 1577. Alsoe he [the Mayor, Thomas Bellin] Caused the Sheappeardes playe to be played at the hie Crosse, with other Triumphes one the Roode Deey. (An added sidenote says that—when this Mayor 'enteretyned the Earle of Darbie and his sonne Fordinando Lorde Strange two nightes at his howse,'—"the scollers of the freescole also playd a comedy before them at m' maiors howse.")

² George Bellin. Was he a seller of beer and ale? see Harl. MS. 2105, leaf 29, back.
APPENDIX. WHEN THE CHESTER PLAYS WERE PLAYD. XXVII

Under 1600, Rogers enters that “Mr Brerewood” (the Mayor who died in that year of his office) “restored all the anchant customs againe, except the Corne merkett toule, which was taken from the sariantes in Mr Hardwars time, and now conformed to the Mayor, by a gen(er)all assembly.” I suppose that ‘customs’ here does not include the Midsummer show.

In the list of the “Majors and Sherriffes of Chester” (? by Wm. Smith) in Daniel King’s Vale-Royall, 1656, the only entries I find about the Chester Plays are (Part I, p. 86),

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Anno</th>
<th>Maiors</th>
<th>Sheriffs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1572</td>
<td>John Hanky</td>
<td>{ Richard Bavian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>{ William Walle</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This year, the Maior would needs have the Playes (commonly called Chester Playes) to go forward, against the wills of the Bishops of Canterbury, York, and Chester. (p. 88)

| 1575 | Sir John Savage | { John Allen |
|      |                | { William Goodman |

This year the said Sir John Savage caused the Popish Plays of Chester, to be played the Sunday, Munday, Tuesday and Wednesday after Mid-sommer-day, in contempt of an Inhibition and the Primats Letters from York, and from the Earl of Huntington. For which cause, he was served by a Pursevant from York, the same day that the new Maior was elected, as they came out of the Common-Hall: notwithstanding the said Sir John Savage took his Journey towards London; but how his matter sped, is not known; Also Mr Hanky was served by the same Pursevant for the like contempt, when he was Mayor [in 1572]. Divers others of the Citizens and Players were troubled for the same matter. p. 88.

As to the Midsummer Watch,

W. Webb, in his list of the ‘Maiors and Sheriffs of Chester’ in King’s Vale-Royall, Pt 2, p. 190, notes under 1498, “It appeareth that the Watch on Midsommer Eve began this year.”
XXVIII APPENDIX. THE CHESTER PLAYS AND MIDSUMMER WATCH.

Under 1563, p. 199: "Upon the Sunday after Midsommer day, the History of Eneas and Queen Dido was play'd in the Roods Eye; And were set out by one William Croston, Gent. and one Mr Man, on which Triumph there was made two Forts, and shipping on the Water, besides many horsemen well armed and appointed."

As to the Plays, Webb, ib. p. 199, &c., repeats and adds to the entries given two pages back:

Anno. Maiors Sheriffs
               (Oliver Smith, Draper.

This year the Whitson Playes were played, and divers other pastimes.
      Merchant    (William Ball, Ironmonger.

This year Whitson Playes were plaid, and an Inhibition was sent from the Archbishop to stay them, but it came too late ... ib. p. 200.

1574. Sir John Savage Knight (John Allen, Draper.
                (William Goodman, Merchant.

... The Whitson Playes were played at Midsommer, and then but some of them, leaving others unplayed, which were thought might not be justified, for the superstition that was in them, although the Maior was not injoyned to proceed therein. p. 200.

                   (Jo: Tilston, Mercer.

The Shepherds Play, was played at the high Crosse, and other Triumphs, at the Roods Eye. p. 201.

1599. Henry Hardware, Esq. (Jo: Owen, Mercer.
                  (Jo: Moyle, Draper.

... This Maior for his time altered many ancient Customs, as the shooting for the Sheriffs Breakfast [see Rogers's Breuyarye, Harl. 1944, lf. 26, bk, after the Watch]; The going of the Giants at Midsommer, &c., and would not suffer any Playes, Bearbaits, or Bull-bait.—p. 208-9. On p. 213,
APPENDIX. THE CHESTER PLAYS AND MIDSUMMER WATCH. XXIX

Jo: Throp, Taylor.

.... Midsommer Eve being on Sunday, Mr. Maior caused
the Watch to be set forth the day before, although that
same were unwilling thereof.

Robert Fletcher, Hatmaker.

.... This Maior being perswaded, that the Sabbath day
should be truly performed and kept, he caused the Reapers
to be removed that came every Sunday to the high Crosse
in the Harvest time to be hired for the Week following.

The evidence, then, is against the regular yearly perform-
ance of the Chester Plays.
HEROD'S
KILLING OF THE CHILDREN.
THE NAMYS OF THE PLEYERS.

The poete
kyng Herowde
jste knyght
the ijst knyght
iiijst knyght
iiiijst knyght
watkyng, Messanger
Symeon the bysshope
Joseppl Summa xviij.
Maria
Anna prophetissa
A virgynd
Angelus
jst mulier
ijst mulier
iiijst mulier
iiiijst mulier

Ihon Parfre ded wryte thys booke.1

1 This line was not written at the same time as the writing above; it is in a different coloured ink.

[This page stands at the end of the Play in the MS., see p. 24, but is repeated here by way of warning, as usual]
This solenne ffest · to be had 'in remembraunce  

Of blessed seynt Anne · moder to our lady,  
whos right descant was fro kynges alyaunce—  

Of dayd and salamou · witneseth the story ;—  

Hir blissid daughter · that callid is mary,  
by goddes provision · an husbond shuld haue,  
Callid Iosepli · of natur olde and drye,  
& she moder vnto Crist · that all the world shall save.  

This Feast is held in remembrance of St. Anne,  

This glorious maiden · daughter vnto Anna,  
In whos worship · this ffest we honour,  
And by resemblaunce · likenyd vnto Manna,  
wich is in tast celestiaH of savoir,  

And of Ierico · the sote rose ffloure,  
Gold Ebryson · callid in pictur,  
Chosyn for to bere mankyndes savyour,  
with a prerogative · a-boue eche creature.  

This is for to worshippe · oure ladycy and seynt Anne.  
we be comeH hedir as servauntes diligent,  
our processe to shewe you as we can;  
wherfor, of benevolens · we pray every man  
To have vs excused that we no better doo;  
An-other tyme to emende it · if we can  
be the grace of god if our cunnyng be ther-too.  

---

1 in a later hand.  
2 in Stow's hand.  
3 The whole play is in 8-line stanzas ryming abababab.
Last year we shewed you in this place how the shepherds of Cristes birth made letificacion, and thre kynges that come fro ther Cuntrees be grace to worshipes Ieesu, with entee2 deuocioun;

And now we purpose with hooH Affeccion

To procede in oure mater, as we can,

And to shew you of our ladies purificacion that she made in the temple as the vsage was than.

Herod's hearing of the 3 Kings' departure,

And after that shall herowd have tydynges how the thre kynges be goon hoom an-other way, that were with Iesu and made ther offrynge, and promysed kyng herowde without delay to come a-geyn by hym, this is no nay.

And whan he wist that they were goon, like as a wod man he gaw to fray, & commaundid his knyghtes for to go a-noon

In-to Israel, to serche euery town and cite for all the Childre that thei cowde ther fynde of ij yeeres age & within, sparyng neither bonde nor freeing, but sle them all either for fioo or ffrente:

Thught that, Iesu shulde haue be oon;

And ytt he faile of his froward mynde, for by goodes purviaunce our lady was in-to Egipte good.

This, we'll play you, to the honoure of God and St. Anne.

Minstrels and Virgins, amuse the audience!

"Et tripident"
A-boue aH kynges vnder the Clowdys Crista\h
Royally I reigne in welthe with-out woo;
Of plesaunt prosperity \I lakke non at aH,
fortune I fynde \that she is not my fioo.
I Am kyng herowdes, \I wiH it be known\w soo,
most strong and myghty \in field\ for to fyght,
And to venquyshe my enemies \that a-geyst me do;
I am most be-dred \with my bronde bright.
My greet goddes I gloryfye \with gladnesse,
And to honoure them \I knele vp-on my knee,
f\or thei haue sett me in solas \from aH sadnesse,
that no conquerour\ nor knyght \is compairde to me.
A\H tho that rebelle a-geyns me \ther bane I wiH be,
Or grudge a-geyns my goddes on hy\H or hethe;
A\H suche rebellers \I shaH make for to flee,
And with hard\ punitysshementes \putt them to dethe.
what erthely wretches \with pompe & pride
do a-geyns my lawes \or with-stonde my\w entent,
thei shaH suffre woo and payne \thurgh bak and syde,
With a very myschaunce \her flesshe shaH be a\H to-rent.
And a\H my \fles\s \shaH haue suche commaundement
that they shaH be glad to do my byddyng; Ay,
Or elles thei shaH be \ir. woo and myschef\ permanent,
that thei shaH fere me nyght and day.\1

\1 The next page of the MS., leaf 147, back, is in different metre.
It contains the three following 7-line stanzas (ababbbcc) and one
4-line verse (dede), and is crosst through with the pen.

My messanger\ at my commaundement \come heders
to me,
And take hed\ \what I shaH to the say.
I charge the, loke a-bought \thurgh a\H my Cuntre
to Aspye if\ only rebellies do A-geynst our\ lay;
And if\ only suche come in thy way
brynge hem in-to our\ high presens,
And we shaH se them correctid\ or thei go hens.
CANDLES DAY. HEROD'S KILLING OF THE CHILDREN. SC. 1.

Herod.

I do perceive, though I be here in my chief cite, called Jerusalem, my riche Royal Town,
I am falsely deceyved by strange kynges three;
Therfor my knyghtes I warne you without delacion.
That ye make serche thurgli-out all my region,
with-oute ony tarieng my wille may be seen,
And sith tho Childre with-out excepcion
Of yeeres of age that within Israel bene.

Watkyn, Messanger.

my lord, your commandement I haue fulfilled euyne to the uttermost of my pore power;
And I wold shew you more so ye wold be content;
but I dare not lest ye wold take it in Anger,
for if it like you not I am sure my deth were nere,
And therfor my lord I wole hold my peas.

Herod.

I warne the, thu Traytowr, that thu not seas
To shewe every thyng thu knowist A-geyns our reverence.

Messanger.

my lord, if ye haue it in your remembraunce,
ther were iij strange kynges but late in your presence,
that went to bedlem to offre with due observaunce,
& promised to come a-geyn by you without variaunce;
but by thes bonys tealt thei be to you untrue,
for homward an-other wey thei doo sue.

Herod.

Now, be my grett goddes that be so ful of myght,
I will be a-vengid upon Israel if thi tale be true.

Messanger.

That's the truth, that it is my lord my trouth I you plight,
for ye founde me neuer false syn ye me knewe.

---

[1—orig. A now I] [2—orig. & it were your will] [3 orig. make offrying] [4 thei be departid & and cross through]
CANDLEMAS DAY. HEROD'S KILLING OF THE CHILDREN. SC. 1.

That for with-in my self thus I haue concluded
flor to a-voie a-vey all interrupcion,
Sythewed thes thre kynges haue me thus falsly deluded,
As in maner by froward collusion;
And a-geynw resortid hom in-to ther region;
but ytt, navgre ther hertes, I shafl avengid be
bothe in bedlem and in provynce everychone;
Sle all the Children to kepe my liberta.

Primus Miles.
my lord, ye may be sure that I shafl not spare
for to fulfille your noble commaundement,
with sharpe sword to perse them all bare,
In all Cuntrees that be to you adiacent.

iij" Miles.
And for your sake to observe your commaundement.

iiij" Miles.
not on of them all our handes shafl astert.

iiij" Miles.
for we wol cruelly execute your Judgement,
with swerde and spere to perse them thurgh the hert.

Herod.
I thanke you, my knyghtes but loke ye make no tarieng!
Do arne your self in stele shynyng bright,
And conceyve in your myndes that I am your kyng,
Gevyng you charge that with all your myght,
In conservacion of my tytche of title,
that ye go and loke for my aduauntage,
And sle all the Children that come in your sight
wiche ben within too yeer of age.

Now be ware that my byddyng ye truly obey,
for non but I shafl reigne with equyte.
Make all the Children on your swordes to dey!
I charge you, spare not one for mercy nor pyte.
CANDLEMAS DAY. HEROD'S KILLING OF THE CHILDREN. SC. 1.

Am not I lord and Kyng of the Cuntre?
The Crowne of Jerusalem longith to me of right.
who-so-uer say 'nay,' of high or lowe degre,
I Charge you, sle suche but come in your sight!

I"'s Miles.

My lord, be ye sure accordyng to your will,
like as ye charge vs be streigt commaundement,
Aß the children of Israel doughtles we shaft kyelle
Within to yer of Age: this is our entent.

ij"'s Miles.

my lord, of Iurye we hold you for chief regent,
by tite of enheritaunce as your auncetors be-lirn;
he that seith the contrary ' be Mahound shalbe shent,
And curse the tyme that euer [he] was borne.

Herod's promises.

I thanke you, my knyghtes, with hooH affeccion,
And whan ye come a-geyn I shaH you avaunce;
Therfor quyte you wele in feld and town,
And of the fondlynges make a delyueraunce.

[leaf 149]

Watkyne, Herod's messenger, asks to be knighted.

Now, my lord, I beseech you to here my dalyaunce,
I wold aske you a bone: if I durst a-right,
But I were loth ye shuld take any displesaunce;
Now for Mahoundes sake make me a knyght.

flor oon thying I promyse you: I will manly fight,
And for to avenge your quareH I dare vndertake,
though I sey it my-self: I am a man of myght,
And dare live and deye in this quareH for your sake;
for whan I com amonge them for fere thei shalH quake,
And though thei sharme and crye, I care not a myght,
but with my sharpe sword ther ribbes I shall shake, evyn thurgh the guttes for anger & despight.

be thi trouthe, Watkyne: woldest thu be made a knyght; thu hast be my servaunt and Messanger many a day, but thu were never provided in bataile nor in fight, And therfor, to avance the so sodeynly, I ne may; but oon thyng to the I shall say, because I fynde the true in thyn entent, forth with my knyghtes thu shalt take the Way, And quyte the wele and thu shalt it not repent.

Now a largeys, my lord: I am right wele a-paid, if I do not wele ley my hed vpoun a stokke; I shall go shew your knyghtes how ye haue seid, And arme my-self/ manly, and go forth on the flocke; And if I fynde a yong child I shall choppe it on a blokke; though the moder be angry, the child shall be slayn, but yitt I drede no thyng more than a woman with a Rokke, for if I se ony suche, be my feith I come a-geyn.

what, shall a woman with a Rokke drive the a-way? fffe on the traitour! now I tremble for tene. I haue trosted the long and many a day; A bold man and an hardy I went thu haddist ben.

So am I, my lord, and that shalbe seew that I am a bold man and best dare a-bye; And ther come an hundred women I wole not fileen, but fro morowe tyll nyght with them I dare chide; And therfor my lord ye may trust vnto me, for all the children of Israel your knyghtes and I shall kylle,
CANDLEMAS DAY. HEROD'S KILLING OF THE CHILDREN. SC. 1.

I wyf not spare on], but dede thei shalbe 171
If the frader and moder wyl let me haue my wille.

Herowd.

Thu lurdeyn), take heed what I sey the tyH,
And high the to my knyghtes as fast as thu can;
say, I warne them in ony wyse per bloode pat thei spille
A-bought in euery Cuntre, and lette for no man. 176

Watkyn.

† Nay, nay, my lord, we wyf let for no man,
though ther come a Thousand on a rought;
for your knyghtes and I wyl kyll them all if we can,
but for the wyves, that is all my dought. 180
And if I se ony walkyn g a-bought,
I wyl take good heed till she be goon;
And asonne as I aspye that she is out,
by my feith in-to the hous I wyl go A-non. 184

Watkyn.

† And thus I promyse you, that I shalr neuer slepe,
but euermore wayte to fynde the children alone,
And if the moder come In vnder the benche I will crepe
And lye stille ther tyH she be goon;
than manly I shal} come out and hir children sloon;
And whan I have don, I shal} renne fast a-way.
if she founde hir child dede, and toke me ther alone,
be my feith I am sure we shuld make a fray. 192

herowd.

† Nay, harlott, a-byde style with my knyghtes, I warne the,
tyH the children be slayn all the hooH rought;
and whan thou comyst home a-geyn I shaH avaunce the
If thou quyte the like a man, whilH thou art ought; 196
And if thou pley the coward, I put the owt ofg dought,
of me thou shalt neyther haue ffe nor aduantage;

Herod bids Watkyn tell his knights to slay.

But Watkyn is afraid of the mothers.

[Leaf 150]

He'll creep under a bench when the mother is in-doors, and then kill her children when she goes out.

He's not to be knighted unless he fights well.

If she founde hir child dede, and toke me ther alone,
therfor I charge you the contre be weH sought,  
And whan thou comyst home, shalt haue thi wage. 200

watkyn).

¶ Yis, sire, be my trouthe ye shalt wele knowe  
whiH I am oute · how I shaH aqyte me,  
for I purpos to spare neither highi nor lowe,  
If ther be no man · wele smyte me. 204

the most I fere · the wyues weH bete me;  
yitt shaH I take good hert to me and loke wele a-bought,  
And loke that your knyghites be not ferre fro me,  
For if I be alone I may sone gete a Clought. 208

Herod.

¶ I say, hye the hens · that thu were goon,  
And vnto my knyghtes · loke ye take the way,  
And sey, I charge them that my commandement be don  
In all hast possible without more delay; 212
And if ther be ony that weH sey you may,  
Redde him1 of his lyff out of hand a-non;  
And if thou quyte the weH · vnto my pay,  
I shall make p' a knyght aventurours whan thou comyst home. 216

watkyn).

¶ Syr knyghtes, I must go forth with you—  
Thus my lord1 comauandeth me for to don,—  
And if I quyte me weH whiH I am amonge you, 219
I shalbe made a knyght aventures whan I come home.  
for oon thyng I promyse you, I will fight a-non,  
if' my hert faile not whan I shalbe-gyne;  
the most I fere · is to come amonge women,  
for thei fight like deuches with Rokkes whan p'ei spynne. 223

I" Miles.

¶ Watkyn, I love the · for thu art ener a man;  
If' thou quyte the weH in this grett viage,  
I shaH speke to my lord for the that I can,  
that thu shalt no more be neither groime nor page. 228
I wy∂ spoke for the that thu shalt haue better wage
If© thu quyte the manly ∙ a-monge the wyves,
for thei be as fers as a lyon in a cage
when thei are broken ought ∙ to reve men of per lives.

[¶ her the knyghtes and watkyn∂ walke a-bought the place ty∂ Mary and Josep∂ be conve∂ in-to Egypt.—Dixit Angelus.

[Scene 2. Bethlehem.]

¶ Angelus.

The Angel bids Joseph flee with Mary and Jesus into Egypt.

¶ O Josep∂, ryse vp, and loke thu tary nought!
take mary with the ∙ and in-to Egypt fli∂,
for Iesu thi sone pursuy∂ is and sought
by kyng herow∂, ∙ the wiche, of∂ gret Inyquyte,

Commaund∂ hath thurgh bedlem Cite,
In his cru∂ and furyous rage,
To sle all∂ the children that be in that Cunte
that may be founde within to yeer∂ of∂ age.

¶ Ther shall he shewe in that region∂
diuerse myracles of his high regalye;
In all∂ ther temples ∙ the Mawmentes shall falle down∂
To shew a tokyn∂ towards the partie.
This child∂ hath lordship, as prophet∂s do specifie,
And at his comyng, thurgh his myghty hond∂,
In despight of∂ all∂ Idolatrie,

every oon∂ shall falle ∙ whan∂ he comyth in-to the lond∂.

Iosep∂.

¶ O good∂ lord∂, of thi gracious ordenaunce,
like as thu list for our∂ jorney provide,
In this viage with humble attendaunce,
As god disposeth and∂ list to be our∂ gyde;
Therfor vpon∂ them bothe mekely I shall abide,
prayng to that lord∂ to thin∂ vpon∂ vs three,
CANDLEMAS DAY.  HEROD'S KILLING OF THE CHILDREN.  SC. 2. 11

vs to preserue, wheder we go or Ryde  
Towards Egipte, from aH adnercitie.  256

Mary.

¶ Now, husband, in aH hast I pray you go we hens, 
for drede of Herowd, that cruenc knyght!
GentyH spouse, now do your diligence,
And bryng your asse, I pray you, a-non right,
And from hens let vs passe with aH our myght,
Thankynge that lord de for vs doth provide,
that we may go from herowd, fat curtisid wight,
wiche wiff vs devour' ife that we abide.  264

Joseph.

¶ Mary, you to do plesaunce without ony lett,
I shaH brynge forth your asse with-out more delay;
ful sone, Mary, therow] yeshalbe sett,
And this litte Child that in your wombe lay.
Take hym in your armys: Mary, I you pray,
& of your swete mylke lete hym sowke I-nowe,
Mawger herowd and his grett fray;
& as your spouse, mary, I shaH go with you.

¶ This ferdeH of gere: I ley vp my bakke,
Now I am redy to go from this Cunte;
AHH my smale instrumentes is putt in my pakke;

Now go we hens, Mary, it wiff no better be;  276
for drede of Herowd, a paas I wyH highi me;
lo, now is our' gree: trussid both more and lesse.
Mary, for to plese you with aH hunmylite,
I shaH go be-fore and lede forth your' asse.  280

¶ Here mary and Joseph shall go out of' ple place
and pe goddes shall falle, and tham shall come in the women of Israel with yong children in ther armys,
and tham the knyghtes shall go to them, sayng as foluyth:
[Scene 3. Bethlehem.]

I'mt Miles.

The Soldiers

¶ Herke, ye wyffys, we be come your housholdes to visite; though ye be never so wroth nor wood with sharpe swerdes that redely wil byte, your children of to yeer' age, in our' cruel mood, thurglie-out aß bethlehem to kylle and shed ther yong blood,

As we be bound be the commandement of the kyng. who that seith nay, we shall make a flood To renne in the streys by ther blood shedyng.

ij'mt Miles.

¶ Therfor vnto vs ye make a delyueraunce Of your yong children, and that a-none; Or elles be Mahounde we shall geve you a myschaunce; Our sharpe swerdes thurgh your bodies shall goon).

Watkynd.

Therfor beware, for we shall not leve oon In aß this Countre that shall vs escape; I shall rather slee them everychoon, & make them to lye and mowe like an ape.

Prima mulier.

¶ flye on you, traitours of cruel tormentrye, wiche with your swerdes of mortal violens,

Secunda mulier.

Our yong children, that can no socour but cry, wyll slee and devoure in ther Innocens.

Tercia mulier.

Ye false traitours vnto god ye do grett offens to sle and murder yong children, pat in her cradle slumber.

1 alle put before your; and of altered to within in a later hand.
but we women shall make a-gyns you resistens,
after our power, your' malice to encomber. 304

Watkyn.

"Peas, you folyshe queyns! who shuld you defende
\( \Delta \)-gyns vs arm[y] men in this apparaile?
we be bold[y] men, \( \text{and} \) the kyng vs deck sende
Hedyr in-to this Cunstre to hold[w] with you bataile. 308

prima mulier.

"fiye vpon the, coward, of the I will not faile
to dubbe the knyght \( \text{with} \) my rokke rounde!
women be ferse when they list to asaile,
Suche prowde boyes to caste to the grounde. 312

Watkyn.

"Avaunt, ye skowtys, I defye you every-chone,
\( \text{for} \) I wolde bete you all my-self a-lone.

[Hic occident pueros. The Children are kill'd.

1st mulier.

"Alas, alasse, good Gossyppes \( \text{this} \) is a sorrowful payn,\)
To se our dere Children that be so yong,
With these Caytyves thus sodeynly to be slayn;
A vengeance I aske on them all for this grett wrong. 316

ij\textsuperscript{a} mulier.

And a very mysccheff\textsuperscript{t} mut come them a-monge,
wherso-cuer thei be come or goon),
\( \text{for} \) thei haue kylled my yong sone Iohn. 320

iiij\textsuperscript{a} mulier.

Gossippis, a shamefull deth I aske vpon) herowde our and King Herod.
kyng, that thus rygorously our children hath slayn. 324

iiij\textsuperscript{a} mulier.

I pray god bryng hym \( \text{1 to an Ille endyng} \),
And in helle pytte to dwelle euer in peyn\textsuperscript{t}
What, ye harlottes, I haue aspied certeyn that ye be traytours to my lord the kyng, & therfor I am sure ye shall haue an Ille endyng. 328

I° mulier.
¶ If ye abide, watkyne, you and I shall game with my distaff that is so Rounde.

ij° mulier.

And if I seas, thame haue I shame tyH thu be felliH down to the grounde.

iiij° mulier.

And I may gete the with-in my bonde, with this staff I shall make the lame.

Watkyne.

Yee, I come no more ther, be seynt Mahound, sfor if I do me thynketh I shall be made tame. 336

I° mulier.
¶ A-byde, Watkyne. I shall make the a knyght.

Watkyne.

thu make me a knyght that were on the newe! but for shame my trouthe I you pliglit, I shuld bete you bak and side tyH it were blewe; 340

but, be my god Mahounde that is so true, my hert be-gynne to fayle and waxeth feynt, Or elles be Mahoundes blood ye shuld it rue; but ye shall lose your goodes as traitours atteynt. 344

I° mulier.
¶ what, thu Iavell canst not haue do? thu and thi Cumpany shall not depart, tyH of our distavys ye haue take part: therfor, ley on gossippes with a mery hart, 348

And lett them not from vs goo.

they beat him. [here thei shall bete watkyne, and the knyghtes
CANDLEMAS DAY. HEROD’S KILLING OF THE CHILDREN. SC. 4. 15

shaH come to rescue hym, · and than we thi go to Herowd hus sayng:

[Scene 4. Jerusalem.]

I ius miles.

 безопасности pryncé · of grett appareyle, 350 The Soldiers tell Herod thurghli Jerusalem and Jude · your wyn we haue wrought; thurgh suerly harneyed · in armour of plate and maile, that they’ve killd The Children of Israel · vnto deth we haue brought.

ij ius miles.

Syr, to werke your commaundement we lettid nought, all the Children In the stretes, of the children to make a flood;

We sparid · for care nor thought,

Thurgh bethlem · to shede all the yong blood.

Watkynd.

In tcyth, my lord · all the Children be dede, 360 The Mothers cry for vengeance on him.

And all the men · out of the Cuntre begoo; all the Children Ther be but women, and thei crie in euery stede,

‘A vengeaunce take kyng herode · for he hath our children sloon’!

And bidde A myscheff · take hym both evyn and morn: The Mothers cry for vengeance on him.

ffor kyllyng of ther children, on you thei crie oute, And thus goth your name all the Cuntre a-bought. 364

Herodes.

Oute, I am madde · my wyttes be ner goon, Herod laments; I am wo for the wrokyng · of this werke wylde, [? for working ffor as wele I haue slayn my frendes as my foow; wherfor I fere · deth hath me begyled, 368 his heart not with stondyng, syn thei be all defyled, quakes; & on þe yong blood · wrought wo and wrake, he is sad.
yitt I am in no certeny of that yong child; Now for woo mynd herte gynneth to quake. 372 [leaf 153, back]

Alas, I am so sorrowful · and sett out oS Sadnes; 2 in has been substituted for out, by a later hand.

I Chille and Cheverl for this Orrible chaunce;
Herod orders his men to seek out Jesus.

I commaunde you all, as ye wole stonde in my grace, after this yong kyng to make good enqueraunce; 376 And he pat bryngeth me tydynges. I shaule hym auunce.

now vnto my chamber. I purpose me this tyde, And I charge you to my preceptes geve attendaunce In ony place wher ye goo or Ryde. 380

¶ What out, out, allas! I wene I shaule dey pis day; my hert tremelith and quakith for feer,

my Robys I rende a to for I am in a fray that my hert will brest a-sunder evyn preer.

my lord Mahound, I pray the with hert enter take my soule in-to thy holy hande, for I fele be my hert. I shaule dey evyn preer, for my legges entrake, I may no lenger stonde. 388

and dies,

[here dieth herowde, and Symeon shaule sey as foluyth:

[Scene 5. Jerusalem]

Symeon].

¶ Now, god, that art both lok and keye of all goodnesse and goostly governaunce, So yeve vs grace thi lawys to obeye, that we vn-to the do no displesaunce; 392 lett thi grace of merciful haboundaunce Vpon me shyne, that callid am Symeon, So that I may without ony variaunce Teche thi people thi lawis euery-chem. 396

He praises God for the [leaf 151]

¶ ffom the sterrik lord, thu list come down In-to the Closett of a pure virginn,

Our kynde to take for mannys saluacion. Thi grett mercy, thu lowe lyst enclyne, lyke as prophetys by grace that is divyne haue prophecied of the syte longe afforn; 400
It is fulfilled, I knowe, be ther doctrine, & of a chast maide. I wote wele thu art born.

If Now, good lord, hertly I the pray here my requeste grounded vpon right; Most blissed lord, lett me neuer day Thy that I of the may haue a sight! Thu art so gloryous, so blissed, and so bright, that thi presence to me shuld be gret solas. I shaH not reste, but pray bothe day and nyght, Thy I may behold, o lord, thi swete face.

[Scene 6. Jerusalem]

[Her' shaH our' lady come forth holdyng Iesu in hir armys, and sey this language foluyng to Ioseph.] Maria.

If Ioseph, my Spouse, tymne it is we goo Vn-to the Temple to make an Offrynge Of our' swete sone; the lawe commaundith so, And ij yonge dowys, with vs for to bryng In-to a prestes handes, with-oute tarieng, I shaH presente, for an obseruaunce Our' babe so blissed, wiche is but yonge; With me to go, I pray you make purviaunce. 

Ioseph.

If Most blissed Spouse, me list not to feyne. My, wold I plese you, with hooh affeccion: behold now, wyff, her are dowys twayne Of wiche ye shaH make an oblacion With our' child, of fuH grett devocioun. Goth forth a-foru, hertly I you pray, And I shaH folue, void of presumpcion With true entent, as an old man may.
Here Maria and Joseph go toward the temple with Jesus and thy dowis, and our lady seith unto Symeon:

Maria.

¶ HeyH, holy Symeon full of grett vertu,
To make an Offerynge I gan myself purveye
Of my souereigne son that callid is Jesus,
with thy yonge dowis the lawe to Obeye;
Toward this temple grace list me conveye,
Of goddes son to make a presentation;
wherfore, Symeon hertly I you pray,
In-to your handes take myn oblation.

¶ Her shall Symeon receyve of Maria, Jesus and thy dowis, and holde Jesus in his armys expownyng nunc dimittis, &c., seyng thus:

Symeon.

¶ welcome, lord! excellent of power;
And welcome, Maria with your son souereigne!
Your oblation of hooH herte and enter;
I receyue with these dowis (weyn);
welcome, babe! for Ioye what may I seyn?
AtweH myn armys now shall I the embrace;
My prayer, lord!, was not made in weyn,
for now I se thy celestiaH face.

[mere declare[th he1] nunc dimittis.

¶ O blessed lord!, after thi langage,
In parright peas now lett thy servaunt reste,
for why myn eyen haue seynD thi visage,
& eke thyH helthe thurgh my meke request.
Of the derk dungeow let the gate brest
before the face of thyD people alle.
thu hast brought triacle and bawme of the best,
with Souereigne SugetH geyn aH bitter galle.

[¶ or they: MS. is torn.]
I mene thi self, lord a gracious and benigne,
That woldest come down from thy high glorye
Poysen to repelle thi mercy doth now shyne,
To change thynges that are transitory;
Thu art the light and the hevyly skye
To the relevyng of folk most cruell;
Thu hast brought gladnesse to our oratorye,
And enlumyned thy people of Israel.

[Here shall Anna, prophetissa, sey thus to Virgynes:

Anna, prophetissa.

Ye pure Virgynes in that ye may or can,
with tapers of wex loke ye come forth here
& worship this child very god and man,
Offrid in this temple be his moder dere.

[her, virgynes, as many as a man wyth, shall holde
tapers in ther handes, and the first seyth:

Prima virgo.

As ye commaunde, we shal do our dever,
that lord to plese echow for our partye,
hc makyth vn-to vs so comfortable chere,
that we must nedes this babe magnifie.

Symeon.

Now, mary, I sha thell you how I am purposed:
to worship this lord I wil go procession;
ffor I se anna, with virgynes disposed,
meekly as nowe, to your sonys laudacion.

Marie.

blissed Symeon, with hertly affection,
as ye han seyd, I concent therto.

Joseph.

In worship of our Child, with grete devosion,
abought the tempel in ordre let vs go.

Symeon resolves to go in procession.

Here shall Anna, prophetissa, say...

Symeon.

Symeon bids the Virgins sing

ye virgynes alle / with feythful intent
dispose your' silit a song' for to synge,
to worship this Child' that is her' present,
whiche to mankende gladnes list bryng,
now, ye virgyns, to this lorde presyng

[1 MS. wiche] In tokyn ou' hertes / withe 1 Io ye deth sprynge : betwyw myn' armys this babe shalbe born.

Nunc Dimittis In prysde of Jesus.

 sympathy nunc dimittis / of' whiche I spak' afforn'.

[1 here shall Symeon bere Iesu in his armys, goyng' a procession' rounde aboute the tempel ; and at this wyle the virgyns syngyn nunc dimittis, and whan' that is don', Symeon seyth :]

Symeon.

Symeon shows how the wax, wick, and light of the taper are emblems of Christ's qualities.

¶ O Iesu, cheif' cause of' our' welfare,
In yone tapir' therbe thing' ij' ,
wax, week' and light, whiche I shaH declare
to the apporprid' by moralite ;
lorl', wax betoknyth / thy' humanyte,
& week' betoknyth' / thy soule most swete ;
yone lyght I lykene / to the godhed' of the,
brighter' than phebus / for al his fervent hete.
Pes and mercy han set in the, her' swete,
to slake the sharpnes, o lord of' rigour', —
very god' and maH / gun to-gedir' mete.
In the tabirnacle / of' thy modrys bower',
now shalt thu exile / wo and ah' langour',
& of' mankende tappese internaH stryf'.
Record' of' prophetes, thou shalt be redemptour',
and singular' repast of' euerlastyng' lyf'.

He declares the Boy to be very God and Man,

and rejoices to behold Him.

My spretes Ioyen' // thou art so amyable,
I am nat wery / to loke on thi face ;
our' trewe entent / let it be acceptable
To the honor of the shewyd' in this place.
Till. KILLING OF THE CHILDREN. SCENE (i.

Mary.

Maria. Now, Semyon, take me / my child, that is so bright,
Chef' lodesterre / of my felicyte,
and aH that longyH / to the lawe of' right
I shaH obeye / as it lyth in me.

Symeon.

this lord, I take you / knelyng' on my kne,
Whiche shaH to blisse folk' ageyn restore,
and eke be called' tonne of' tranquylyte,
to yeve hem drynke / that han' thrusty' sore.

[her' she receyveth' hir sone thus seyeng' :

Maria.

Now is myW offryn' to an ende conveyed';
wherfore, Symeon, hens I wolde wende.

Symeon.

The lawes, Mary, ful weH ye han obbyedy,
In this tempH / with hert and mende :
nowe ferweH, lord', comfort to aH mankynde ;
farweH, Maria and Ioseph, on you waynyng'.

Ioseph.

SeléstiaH socour' / our' sone mot you sende,
and for his highi mercy // yeve you his blissyng'.

[" here maria and Ioseph goyng' from the tempH, seyng' :

Maria.

husband', I thanke you / of' your' Gentilnes
that ye han shewed' onto me this day,
with our child, most gracious of godenes; let vs go hens, hertly I you pray.

Ioseph.

Joseph promises to cherish his wife Mary.

go forthe afforn', my ovne wyf', I sey, & I shaft come aftir', stil vpoun this ground'. ye shal me fynde plesant' at euery assaye; to cherysshe you, wyf', gretly am I bounde.

Symeon.

Symeon is glad he has seen Christ,

and foretells Mary's suffering when her Son is on the Cross.

Nowe may I be glad in myn Inward mende, for I haue seyn Iesus with my bodely eye, wiche on a cros shaft bey al men-kende, slayn' by Iwes at the mount of calvery; and throwe devyn' grace here I will provysye Of blissed mary' howe she shaft suffre peyn', whan' hir' swete sone shaft on a rood' deye; A sharpe Sward' of Sorowe shaft cleve hir hert atweyn'.

Anna, prophetissa, hertly I prey you nowe doth you' devir' and your' diligent labour', and take these virgynis euerychon' with you, and teche hem to plese god' of' most honour'.

Anna, prophetissa.

lyke as ye say, I wiH do this hour'.
ye chast virgynis with all humylite, Worshippe we Iesus, that shalbe our' sauyour'; alle at ones come on, and folowe me,

Anna bids the Virgins honour Christ.

& shewe ye summe plesur' as ye can',

In the worshippe of Iesus, our lady, and seynt Anne. 

Anna, prophetissa & [omnes] trupident.

[Epilogue.]

Ps. Pector.

¶ Honorable souereignes, thus we conclude

Our matr' that we haue shewid here in your presens,
And though our eloquens be but rude,
we beseche you all, of your paciens
To pardon vs of our offens;
for after the symphony cunning that we can,
This mater we have shewid to your audiens,
In the worship of our lady, and hir moder seynt Anne.

Now of this pore processe we make an ende,
thanking you all of your good attendaunce;
and the next yeer, as we be purposid in our mynde,
The disputacion of the doctors to shew in your presens.
wherfor now, ye virgynes, er we go hens,
with all your cumpany, you goodly avaunce,
Also ye menstrualles doth your diligens,
A-fore our departyng geve vs a daunce.

ffinis.

Anno domini Millesimo\(^1\), CCCCCxij.  
\([?\text{ later hand}]\)

\[1\ ? \text{ MS}\]
THE NAMYS OF THE PLEYERS.

The poete
kyng Herowde
j\textsuperscript{ii} knyght
the ij\textsuperscript{de} knyght
iiij\textsuperscript{de} knyght
iiij\textsuperscript{th} knyght
watky\textsuperscript{n}, Messanger
Syneon the by\textsuperscript{ss}hope
Ioseph
Summa xvij.
Maria
Anna prophetissa
A virgy\textsuperscript{n}
Angelus
j\textsuperscript{a} mulier
ij\textsuperscript{a} mulier
iiij\textsuperscript{a} mulier
iiij\textsuperscript{a} mulier

Ihon Parfre ded wryte thys booke.\textsuperscript{1}

\textsuperscript{1} This line was not written at the same time as the writing above; it is in a different coloured ink.
THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL.

(In 7-line Stanzas, ababcc.)

[This play comes before the Killing of the Children in the composite Digby MS. as at present bound. The Festival of The Conversion of St Paul, January 25, also comes before that of Childermas or Innocents' Day, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, December 28; and before Candelmas Day, February 2. But as Mysteries were usually acted in the 'chronological order' of the facts they represented, that order is kept here.]

1 The Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Legal year began at Christmas, till the end of the 13th century. Thenceforward till Jan. 1, 1753, it began on the 25th of March.
Poeta, p. 27, 33, 40, 41.
Saulus, p. 27, 33, 46.
Caypha, p. 28, 42.
Anna, p. 28, 42.
Primus Miles, p. 29, 37, 41.
Secundus Miles, p. 29, 37, 41.
Servus, p. 30.
Stabularyus, p. 30.

Deus, p. 34.
Ananias, p. 35.
Spiritus Sanctus, 38.
Belyall, p. 43.
Mercury, another deuyll, p. 44.
Servus Sacerdotum, p. 49.
Angelus, p. 51.]
[THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.]

[Digby MS. 133, leaf 37, in a third hand.]

Poeta. 1 Myles Blomefylde.1

Rex glorie, kyng omnipotent,
Redemer of the world by the pover divine,
and maria, that pure vyrgy[n] queene most excellent,
wyche bare that blyssyd babe, Iesu, that for vs sullerd
payne,
vnto whos goodnes I do inclyne,
besechyng that lord of hys pytous Influens,
to preserue & gouerne thyss wyrshypfull audycens.

¶ Honorable frendes, besechyng yow of lycens,
to proceede owr processe, we may, vnder your correccion,
the conversyon of seynl paule, as the byble gyf experyens,
whoo lyst to rede the booke Actum Appostolorum, 11
ther shaft he haue the very notycyon;
but as we can, we shall vs redres,
Brefly with your favour begynyng owr proces. 14

Poetorum.

May Christ and
the Virgin Mary

May Christ and
the Virgin Mary

Preserve this
audience!

We're going to
act the Conversion
of St. Paul.

In a later hand.

Dauface is in a later hand.
My name is Saul, and I get Christ's disciples to punish them. I'll pursue them through Damascus and Lybia. Saul asks the priests Caypha and Anna for letters to quell the Christian rebels. Caypha and Anna give the letters.

1. Act I.

My name is Saul, and I get Christ's disciples to punish them. I'll pursue them through Damascus and Lybia. Saul asks the priests Caypha and Anna for letters to quell the Christian rebels. Caypha and Anna give the letters.

1. Act I.

My name is Saul, and I get Christ's disciples to punish them. I'll pursue them through Damascus and Lybia. Saul asks the priests Caypha and Anna for letters to quell the Christian rebels. Caypha and Anna give the letters.

1. Act I.
Constreyn all rebellys by owur hole assent,
We gyf yow full power so to doo.
Spare not hardly for frend nor foo,
All thos ye fynd of that lyfe in thys realme
Bounde, loke ye bryng\* them in-to Jerusalem.

[Her saule resayuyth ther letters.

Saulus.

Thys precept here I take in hande,
To fullfyH after yowur wylles both,
wher I shall spare with-in this londe
nother man nor woman; to this I make an oth;
But to subdue I wyH not be loth:
Now folow me, knytys and serva̍ntes trewe,
In-to Damaske as fast as ye can sewe.

Primus miles.

Vnto your commaundment I do obeysaunce;
I wyll not gaynsay nor make delacion,
But with good mynd and harty plesaunce
I shall yow succede and make perambulacion,
Thorow-oute damaske with all delectacion,
And all thoo rebell and make resystens,
flor to oppres I wyH do my delygens.

Secundus miles.

And in me shalbe no neclygens,
But to thyss precept my-self I shall applye
To do your behest with all commenyens,
With-owt eny frowardnes or eny obstynacy;
non shall appere in me but verely,
with all my mynd I yow insure,
To resyst tho rebelles I wyH do my cure.

Saulus.

Truly to me yt ys grett consolation
To here thyss report that ye do avauns
THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. STATION 1. ACT I.

Saul orders his horse to be brought.

His man asks the Ostler for a bottle of hay, and scolds him.

The Ostler declares he's a gentleman's servant.

'O well, you are a Gentleman, or a Knave.

I thought you'd been an Ostler, I saw another Gentleman and you carrying a horrowful of dogs' turds; and down both of you slippt into a cow-turd, nose first, a

for your sapency ass wythes I gyf commendacion.
Euer at my nede I haue founde you constant;
But knytes and servuantes that be so plesaunt,
I pray you anon my palfray ye bryng,
To sped my turne with-owt lettyng.

[bere goyth sale forth a lytyll a-syde for to make hym redy to ryde / the servuante thus seyng:]

servus.

How, hosteler, how, a peck of otys and a botell of haye;
Com of a pase, or I wyll to a-another Inne;
What, hosteler, why commyst not thy way?
Hye the faster, I beshrew thi skynne.

Stabularys.

I am non hosteler nor non hostelers kynne,
But a Lentylmanys servuant, I thou dost know;
Such crablysh wordes do aske a blow.

Servus.

I cry yow mercy, sir. I wyst well sum-what ye were, owther a gentylman or a knaue, me thynkyth by your physnomy;
yf on loke yow in the face that neuer se yow ere wold thynk ye were at the next dore by.

In good fayth I wenyd yow had bene an hosteler verely; I sye suche a-another lentylman with yow, a barowfull bare

of horsdowng and dogges tordes, and sych oither gere,

And how yt happenyd a marveles chance be-tyde:
Your felow was not suer of foote, and yet he went very brode,

Butt in a cow tor and dyd ye slyde;
And as I wene your nose ther-in rode,

Your face was be-payntyd with sowters code;

[1 substituted for wyde.]
I say never such a sight, I make God a vow,
ye were so be-grymlyd and ye had bene a sowe.  

Stabularius.

In faith thou never sest me thy this day:  
I haue dwellyd with my master thys viij 3ere and more;  
ifull well I haue pleasyd hym, he wyll not say nay,  
And mykyll he makyth of me therfore.  

Seruus.

By my trowth than be ye changyd to a new lore;  
A seruand ye are and that a good,  
ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood.  

Stabularius.

ffor soth and a hood I use for to were,  
ifull well yt ys lynyd with sylk and chamlett;  
yt kepyth me fro the coldf that the wynd doth me not  
dere,  
nowther frost nor snow that I therby do sett.  

Seruus.

yea, yt ys a dobyH hood and that a fett;  
he was a good man that made yt, I warant yow;  
he was nother horse ne mare1, nor yet yokyd sow.  

[Here commyth the fyrst knyth to the stabyl grom,  
sayng:  

Primus miles.

Now, stabyll grom, shortly bryngi forth away  
The best horse, for owur lorde wyll ryde.  

Stabularyus.

I am ful ready; here ys a paltry,  
There can no man a better bestryde:  
He wyll conducte owur lorde, and gyde  

[1 MS. nare.]
Thorow the world he ys sure and abyH
To bere a gentyllman, he [is] esy and prophetabyH. 126
[Her the knyth cummyth to saule with a horse.

Primus miles.

Behold, sir saule, your palfray ys com,
fuH goodly besene, as yt ys yowr desyer
To take yowur vyage thorow euer y regyon.

Be nott in dowt, he wyH spede your mater,
And we as your servauntes with glad chere
Shall gyf attendance; we wyll nott gaynsay,
But folow yow where ye go be ny3t or day. 133

Saulus.

Vnto Damask I make my progressyon,
To pursue aH rebellyoüs beyng froward and obstynate
Agayns our lawes be ony transgressyon.
with aH my delygens · my-self I wyH prepare,
Concernynyng my purpose to oppres and separate;
Non shalt rejoyce that doth offend,
But ytterly to reprowe with mynde and intende.

[Saul starts on his journey.]

[Her sale rydyth forth with hys servauntes a-bowt the place, [&] owt of the pl[ace].

Caypha.

Now saule hath takyn hys wurtthy wyage
To pursue rebellyous · of what degre thei be;
He wyll non suffer to raygne nor haue passage
with-In aH thys regyon we be in sertayn:
wherefor I commende hys goodly dygnyte,
That he thus aluay takyth in hande
By hys power to gonerne thus all thys lande

Anna.

We may lyue in rest by hys consolacion;
He defendyth vs, where-for we be bownde
To love hym intyrely with our harttes affeccion,
And honour hym as champyon in euery stownde;
ther ys non suche lyuynge vpon the grounde,
That may be lyke hym nor be hys pere,
Be est nor west, ferre nor nere.

Poeta—si placet.

Conclusyon.

flynally of this stacon thus we mak a conclusyon,
besechyng thys audyens to folow and succede
with all your delygens this generall processyon,
To vnderstande this matter wo lyst to rede
The holy bybyH for the better spede;
Ther shall he haue the perlyth intellygens,
And thus we comyt yow to crystys magnyfycens.
finis Istius stacionis, et altera sequitur.

[2nd Station.]

Poeta.

Honorable frendes, we beseche yow of audyens,
To here our intencion and also our prosses
Vpon our matter: be your favorable lycens
A-nother part of the story we wyll redres;
Here shalbe brely shewyd with all our besynes
At thys pagent saynt poullys commenceyon;
Take ye good hede and ther-to gyf alleccion.

[Here commyth saule rydyng in with hys servantes.

Saulus.

My purpose to Damask fully I intende,
To pursewe the dyscypulys my lyfe I apply,
for to breke down the chyrchys thus I condescende.
Non I wyll suffr that [they] shall edyfey,
perchance owur lawes than myste ther-by,
And the pepulH also turne and commerte;

[1 a late to putt above.]
Saul vows he'll bring all the Christians bound to Jerusalem.

He's struck by lightning, and falls off his horse.

Christ rebukes him.

Saul asks what Christ would have him do.

Christ bids him go into the city close by.

Saul is lame and blind.

which shuld be gret heuynes vnto myn hart. 173

Nay, that shal not be butt layd a-part. 176

the prynces haue gouyn me full potestacion.

All that I fynd thei shal not sart,

But bounde to Jerusalem, with furyous vyolacion, 179

Be-for cesar caypha, and annas presentacion,

Thus shalbe subduyd tho wretchys of that lyfe

That non shall in-joy nother man chyde nor wyfe. 182

[Here commyth a feruent with gret tempest¹, and saule faulyth down of his horse: that done, godhed spekyth in heuyn].

Deus.

Saulus.

O lord, I am a-ferd, I trymble for fere,

what woldyst I ded, tell me here. 189

Deus.

Saulus.

mercy ful god, what aylyth me? 197

I am lame, my legges be take me fro,

my sygth lykwyse I may nott see;

¹ A plate of sheet-iron, probably, to imitate thunder.—P. A. D.
I can not tell whether to go:  
my men hath forsake me also.  
whether shall I wynde, or whether shall I pas?  
lord, I beseche the, helpe me of thy grace.  

\[text{just miles.}\]

Syr, we be here to help the in thi nede,  
with all our alyance we wyll not seise.\(^1\)

**Saulas.**

Than in Damask I pray yow me lede  
I godes name, accordyng to my promise.  

\[text{2\text{nd} miles.}\]

To put forth yowr hand loke ye dresse,  
Cum on your way, we shall yow bryng\(^1\)  
In-to the cyte with-owt taryng\(^1\).  

\[\text{[Here the knyghtes lede forth sale in-to a place, and crystall apperyth to annanie, saying]:}\]

**Deus.**

Ananie, ananie: where art thou, ananie?  

**Ananias.**

Here, lord, I am here trwly.\(^2\)

**Deus.**

Go thy way and make thi curse  
As I shall assyng the by myn aduyse,  
Into the strete, qui dicitur rectus,  
And in a certayn house of warantyse,  
ther shall ye fynd saule in humble vyse,  
As a meke lambe, that a wolf before was namyd;  
Do my behest; be nothyng a-shamyd.  
He wantyth hys syth, by my punishement constrayne\(\text{d}\).  

\(^1\) serse? MS.  \(^2\) In lines 212-24 the rymes get mixt.
prayeng\(^1\) vnto me, I assure \(thou\) shalt hym fynd,\(^2\)

with my stroke of pyte, sore ys he paynyde,

wantyng\(^3\) hys sygth, for he ys truly blynyde.

\*\*Ananias.\*

\(\text{lord}, \text{I am aferd, for alway in my mind}\)\(^4\)

I here so myche of hys furyous crueltie,\(^5\)

\(\text{that for spekyng of thi name to deth he will put me.}\)

\*\*Deus.\*

\(\text{nay, ananie, nay, I assure the}\)

\(\text{He wulbe glad of thy cummyng}.\)

\*\*Ananias.\*

\(\text{A, lord, but I know of a certayn}\)

that thy seyntes in Ierusalem: to deth he doth bryng\(^6\)

many yllys of hym I haue be kennyng\(^7\),

\(\text{ffor he hath the pou\(^8\) of the princes aHe,}\)

\(\text{To saue or spyHe, do which he scharh}.\)

\*\*Deus.\*

\(\text{be nothyng a-drad, he ys a choosen wesse\(\text{H}\),}\)

\(\text{To me assyngned by my godly eleccion.}\)

\(\text{He shal\(\text{H}\) bere my name \(\text{be-fore the kynges and chyldre}\)
\(\text{of Israel\(\text{H}\).}\)

\(\text{by many sharpe shoures sufferyng correccion,}\)

\(\text{a gret doctor of benyngne conpleccion,}\)

\(\text{The trwe precher of the hye deuynete,}\)

\(\text{A very pynacle of the fayth, I ensure the.}\)

\*\*Ananyas.\*

\(\text{lorde, thy commandment I shall fullfy\(\text{H}\);}\)

\(\text{Vn-to saule I wy\(\text{H}\) take my waye.}\)

\*\*Deus.\*

\(\text{be nothyng; in dowte for good\(\text{H} \) nor y\(\text{H}.\)

\(\text{fare-well, Ananie, tell saule what I do say.}\)

\(\text{[et exiat Deus.}\)
Ananias.

Blyssyd lord, defende me as thou best may;
Gretly I fere hys cruell tyranny;
But to do thi precept my-self I shall applye.

[Here Ananias goth toward saule.]

2nd myles.

I maruayle gretly what yt doth mene,
To se owr master in thys hardi stounde.
The wonder grett lythys that were so shene,
smet hym doune of hys hors to the grownde,
And me thowt 'that I hard a sounde
Of won spekyng' with voyce delectable,
Whych was to wonderfull myrable.

3rd myles.

Sertenly thy lyt was ferefull to see,
The sperkys of fyer were very feruent,
yt inflamyd so greuosely about the countre,
That by my towth I went we shuld a ben brent.
But now, serys, lett vs relente
Agayne to caypha and anna, to tel this chaunce,
How yt be-fell to vs thys greuouras.

[Her saule ys in contemplacion.]

Saulus.

lord, of thi comfort moch I desyre,
thou myny prince of Israel kyng of pyte,
whyche me hast punyshyd as thi presoner,
That nother ete nor dranke thys dayes thre;
But, graecys lorde, of thi vysytacyon I thanke the.
Thy servant shall I be as long as I haue breth,
Thowgh I therfor shuld suffer dethe.

[Here commyth anania to saule, savyng:]

[MS. contemplacion]
Ananias.

Pease be in thys place and goodly mansyon; who ys with-in? speke in crystys holy name!

Saulus.

I am here, saule! cum in on goddes benyson! what ys your wyH? tell with-owten blame.

Ananias.

tells Saul he's sent by God to him.

ffrom almyghty god, sertaully to the sent I am, and ananie men call me wher as I dweH.

Saulus.

what wold ye haue: I pray yow me tell.

Ananias.

Gyfe me your hand for your awayle,

for as I was commaundyd by hys gracyos sentens, & bad the be stedfast for thou shalt be bayle.

ffor thy same cause he sent me to thi presens;

Also he bad the remember hys hye excellens, Be the same tokyn that he dyd the mete, Toward the cyte when he apperyd in the strete.

God is almighty, to lift up or cast down.

Ther mayst thou know hys power celestyalt, How he dysposyth euery thyng as hym lyst; no thyng may withstand hys my3te essencyalt, To stond vp-ryght, or els doun to thyste. Thys ys hys powur, yt may not be myste, for who that yt wantyth / lackyth a frende. Thys ys the massage that he doth the sende.

Saulus.

Hys marcy to me ys ryght welcom;

I am ryght glad that yt ys thus.

The Holy Ghost appears. [Hic aparebit spiritus sanctus super cum.]
THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. STATION 2. ACT II, SC. 3.

Ananias.
Be oft good here and perfyte Jubylacion,
Discendet super te spirytus sanctus,
whych hath with hys grace illumynyd vs;
put fo[r]th thi hond and goo wyth me,
A-gayne to thy syght here I restore the.

Ananias

293
296
restores Saul's sight.
restores Saul's sight.

Saulus.
Blyssyd lord, thankys to yow euer bee,
The swame ys fallyn from my eyes twayne;
where I was blynynyd and cowd nott see,
lorde, thou hast sent me my syght agayne.
ffrom sobbyng and wepyng I can not refrayne;
my pensyue hart, full of contryyccion
for my offences, my body shal haue punycyon;
And where I haue vsed so gret persectyion,
Of thi descyplys thorow all Ierusalem,
I wyll [aid] and defende ther predycacyon,
That th[e]y dyed tech on all this reme.
wherefor, Ananie, at the watery streame,
Baptyse me hartely I the praye,
A-mongst your numbyr, that I electe and chosen be may.

Saulus.
Go yow be-fore, and after I shall sewe,
laudyng and praysyng our lorde's benevolens;
I shall neuer offend hys mys[t]y magnyfycens,
But alway observe hys preceptys and kepe:
for my gret vnkyndnes my hart doth wepe.

Ananias.
knele ye down vpon thys grownde,
Receyuynge thys crystenyng with good intent,

300
303
304
307
309
311
314
317
318
vows that he'll help Christ's disciples.
He asks to be baptized,
weeps, and
vows that he'll help Christ's disciples.

[1 MS. hys hys.]
whych ye shall make your hole of your dedly wound;
That was infecte with venom nocent.
Yt purgyth synne, and sendes poures so fraudelent
It puryth a-syde; where thys doth at-tayne,
In every stede he may not obtayne.

I crysten yow with mynd full perfyght,
reseyuyng yow in-to owur relygyon,
euer to be stedfast and nener to flyt;
but euer constant, with-owt varyacyon.
now ys fullfyllyd all owr observacyon,
concludyng thou mayst yt ken,
In nomine patris et filij et spiritus sancti. Amen.

Saulus.
I am ryght glad as foule on flyte,
That I haue receuyyd this blyssyd sacrament.

Ananias.
Com on your way, saule, for nothyng lett,
Take yow sum counforth for your bodyes noryschment
ye shall abyde with the dyscyplys verament,
Thys many dayes in damask cyte,
Vn-tvth the tyme more perfyt ye may be.

Saulus.
As ye commande, holy father, ananie,
I full assent at yow[r] request,
To be gydyd and rulyd as ye wyll haue me,
Evyn at your pleasur, as ye thynk best:
I shall not offend for most nor lest.
Go forth yowur way; I wyll succeede
In-to what place ye wyll me lede.

Epilogue to
Act II.
poeta.

Dauiice
Thus saule ys counertyd, as ye se expres,
The very trw seruant of our lord Iesu.
non may be lyke to hys perfyst holynes,
So nobyll a doctor, constant and trwe.

Aftyr hys conversyon neuer mutable, but styll insue
the lawys of god to teche euer more and more,
As holy scryptur' tellyd who-so lyst to loke ther-fore.

Thus we comyte yow all to the trynyte,
Conkludyng thy stacion as we can or may,
vnder the correccyon of them that letteryd be;
How be yt vnable as I dare speke or say
The compyler here-of shuld' translat veray
so holy a story • but with favorable correccyon
of my favorable masters of ther benygne suppletion.

fiinis istius secunde stacionis et sequitur tarcia.

[3rd Station.]

Poeta.

The myght of the fadires potenciall deite
preserve thy honorabla and wurshypfull congregacion
That here be present of hye and low degre,
To understond thy pagent at thy lytyll stacion,
whych we shall procede with all our delectacion.
yf yt wyll plese yow: to gyf audyens favorabla,
Hark wysely ther-to; yt ys good and profetales.

primus miles.

Nobyll prelates, take hede to owr sentens.

A wundyrfull chaunce fyll and dyd be-tyde
vn-to owr master saul when he departyd hens
In-to damaske purposyd to ryde.

A meruelous lyt fro thelement dyd glyde
whyche smet down hym to grunde both horse and man
with the ferfulest wether that euer I in cam.


2nd miles.

It rauysshid hym, and his spirites did be-nome:
A swete dulcet voyce spake hym vnto,

1 MS. doum.
And askyd wherfor he made suche persecucyon
A-geynst hys dyscyplys and why he dyd soo.
he bad hym in-to damaske to ananie goo,
And ther he shuld reseyue baptym truly;
and now clene a-geyns owr lawys he ys trwly.

Caypha. I am sure thys tale ys not trw:
what! saule convertyd from our law!
he went to damask for to pursue
All the dyscyplys that dyd with-draw
fro owr fayth: thys was hys sawe:
how say, ye, anna to thys mater? this ys a mervelos
chans;
I can not beleve that thys ys of assurans.

Anna. No, caypha, my mynde trwly do [1] tell,
that he wyll not turne in no maner wyse;
but rather to deth put and execpt
all myscreantes and wretchys that doth aryse
agaynst our lawes • by ony enterpryse:
say the trwth with-[owt] ony cause frawdelent,
or els for your talys ye be lyke to be shent.

Saul's knight declares he's told the truth.

Caypha vows vengeance against Saul.

By the gret god, I do marauyle gretly:
and thys be trw that ye do reherse
He shaH repent hys Rebellysant treytory,
That all shalbe ware of hys falsnes.
We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne dowtles,
for meny perellys that myght be-tyde
by hys subtyll meanys on euery syde.
The law ys commytyyd to owur adaysment, wherfor we wyll not se yt decay, but rather uphold yt help and augment, That ony reprofe to vs fall may of Cesar themprour by ny3t or day we shall to such maters harke and attende accordyng to the lawes· our wyttfcs to spende.

The priest Anna declares they'll uphold their Law.

Anna.

Here to enter a dyvel with thunder and fyre, and to avanuce hym sylfe, saying as folowyth; and hys spech spokyn, to syt downe in a chayre.

belyall.

Ho, ho, be-holde me, the my3te prince of the partes in-fernall,

Next vnto lucyfer I am in magestye; By name I am nominate the god belyall, non of more my3te nor of more excellencye; my powre ys princypall, and now of most soferaynte; In the temples and synogoges who deneyth me to honore, my busshopys thorow my motyon thei wyl hym some devoure.

\[1\] Here to enter a dyvel with thunder and fyre, and to avanuce hym sylfe, saying as folowyth; and hys spech spokyn, to syt downe in a chayre.

Diabolus.

Ho, ho, thus as a god most hye in magestye, I rayne and I rule ouer creatures humayne with soueraynte sewte sow3te to ys my deyte,

1 The parts within brackets are by a later hand, and inserted on 3 separate leaves. The 14 lines between 411 and here are crosst through, but are given below, where they are rewritten, p. 46-7, 1. 502-15.
manson mynd ys applicant, as I lyst to ordeyne, 429
my law stylly encreasyth wherof I am fayne,
yet oft late I haue hard oft no newys truly,
wherfor I long tyll I speke with my messenger
mercyue.

[Here shall entere a-nother devyll callyd mercury,
with a fyeryng, commynge hast, cryeng and roryng,
and shal say as folowyth:—]

Marcuy.

Ho, owst, owst! alas, thys sodayne chance!
Well may we bewayle this cursyd adventure.
belyal.

Marcurye, what alyse thou? tell me thy greuance.
ye ther any that hath row3te vs dyspleasure?
mercury.

Dyspleasure I-nowgh therof ye may be sure;
our law, at lengthe yt wylbe clene downe layd,
for yt decayth sore, and more wyl, I am a-frayd.
belyal.

Ho, how can that be? yt ys not possyble;
co[n]syder, thou foole, the long contynuance.
decaye, quod a, yt ys not credyble;
of fals tydynges thou makyst here vttarance:
behold, how the peple hath no pleasaunce
but in syn, and to folow our desyere.
pryde and voluptuosyte ther hartes doth so fyre,
throw3e on do swauer away from our lore,
yet ys our powre of suche noblyyte
to have hym a-gayne, and twoo theroere,
that shal preferre the prayse of owre maiestye.
what ys the tydynges? tell owt, leett vs see;
why arte thou amasyd so? declare afore vs
what fury ys fallyn that troblyth the thus?
Mercury.

Ho! owʒt, owʒte! he that I most trustyd to, & he that I thowʒte wold have ben to vs most specyall, ys now of late turnyd, and our cruell foo;
our specyall friyn, our chosen saull, ys be-comme servante to the hye god eternall. as he dyd ryde on our enimyes persecutyon, he was sodenly strykyn by the hye provysyon, & now ys baptysyd, and promys he hath made neuer to vary, and soch grace he hath opteuyd that undowtyd hys sayth from hym can-not fade; wherfor to complayne I am constraynyd, for mouch by hym shuld we haue prevaylyd.

belyal.

Ho! owʒt, owʒt! what haue we loste!
our darlyng most dere whom we lovdyd moste:
but ys yt of trowth that thou doyst here specyfy?

mercury.
yt ys so, vndowʒtyd; why shuld I fayne?
for thowʒte I can do non other but crye.

[Here thei shal rore and crye, and then belyal shal saye:

belyal.

owʒte, this grevyth vs worse than hell payne:
the conversyon of synner certayne
ys more payne to vs, and persecutyon,
than all the furyes of the Infernall dongyon.

Mercury.
yt doyth not avayl vs thus to lament,
but lett vs provyd for remedy shortlye;
wherfor let vs both by on assent
go to the busshopys, and moue them pryvelye,
that by some sotyl meane thei may cause hym to dye;
than shal he in our law make no dysturbaunce,
nor here-after cause vs to haue more greuance.

Because our special friend has turned our cruel foe.
Saul has been baptizyd; and his faith in God cannot fade.'
Relial laments the loss of his darling Saul,
and the Devils roar over it.
'Set on your Bishops to scheme his death.'
belyal.

Wel sayd, mercurye, thy cowcel ys proftyable. 482
Ho, saul, thou shalt repent thy vnostablenes; thou hadyst ben better to haue byn confyrmable to our law; for thy deth, dowtles 485
yt ys conspryryd to reward thy falsnes.
thowgh on hath dyssayvyd vs, yet now a days xx 488
thys dolyth gladly folow oure layes;
¶ some by pryde, some thorowgh envye: 489
ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch dysobedyaunce:
ther was neuer a-mong crystyanys lesse charyte than ys at this howre, and as for concupysence 492
rayneth as a lord thorow my violence;
glotony and wrath euery man doth devyse,
¶ cum, mercury, let vs go and do as we haue sayd, 496
to delate yt any lenger yt ys not best.

mercury.
to bryng yt a-bowyt, I wold be wel apayd,
tell yt be done let vs not rest. 499
[. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .]
belyal.

They'll plot Saul's death.
go we than shortly; let vs departe,
Hys deth to devyse, syth he wyl not revart. 502

[Here thei shale vanyshe away with a fyrye flame and a tempest.]
[Her apperyth saule in a disciplys wede, sayng:]

2Saulus3.

That lord that ys shaper of see and of son, 503
and hath wroth with hys woord? aH thyng at hys wyH, saue thyse4 semely that here syttyth or stonde,
for hys meke marcy that we do not spyH. 506

[1 yhs]
[2 The 14 lines following are printed from leaf 44, back, of the MS. They are collated here, for words, with the version of them on leaf 47, back.]
[3 Saulus, and Diabolus (p. 43), in margin, omitted.]
[4 asemly]
grant me, good lord, thy pleasure to fulfill,
and send me suche speche that I the trwth say,
my entencions proph[ic]table to move yf I may. 509

"Welbelouyde frendes, ther be vij mortaH synnes,
which be provyde pryney[pal] and princes of poysomes;
Pride, that of bytternes all bale begynnes,
with-holdyng all fayth, yt fedyth and foysones,
As holy serypurt beryth playn wyttynes,—
Inicium omnium peccatorum superbya est,—
That often dystroyeth both most and lest. 516

"Off all vyces and foly pride ys the Roote;
Humlylyte may not rayn ner yet indure;
pyte, alak, that ys flower and boot,
ys exylyd wher pride hath socour,—
Omnis qui se exaltat humiliabitur,—
good lord!, gyf vs grace to vnderstond and perseuer,
Thys wurd as thou bydyst to fulfyll euer. 523

"Who-so in pride beryth hym to bye,
with my[c]hel[if] shalbe mekyd, as I mak mensyon,
and I therfor assent and fully certyf,
In text as I tell the trw entencyon
of perfyst goodnes and very locucyon:
noli tibi dico in al tum sapere sed! time;
Thys ys my conseH, bere the not to bye, 530

"But drede alway symne and folye,
wrath, eny, couytys, and slugyshnes:
Exeunt owt of thy sy[if], glotony and lechery,
vanytye and vayne glory, and fals Idylnes:
Thes be the branchys of all wyckydnes:
who that in hym thes yece do Roote,
He lackyth all grace, and bale ys the boote. 537

"Lern at my-self, for I am meke in hart:
owr lorde to hys servantes thus he sayth:
for meknes I sufferyd a spere at my hart;

[1 subia (sic).]  [2 man & best.]
meknes all vynes anullyth and delayeth;  
rest to soulys yt shall fynd in fayth:  
Discite a me, quia mitis sum, et corde humilis,  
Et invenietis requiem animabus vestris.  

and ye shall find rest for your souls.  

¶ So owr sawour shewyth vs examples of meknes,  
Thorow grace of hys goodnes mekly ys groundys;  
Trwyly yt wyll vs saue fro the synnes sekenes,  
for pryde and hys progeny mekenes confoundys:  
Quanto maior es, tanto humilia te in omnibus:  
The gretter thou art, the lower loke thu be;  
Bere the neuer the hyer for thi degre.  

Keep from Sensuality.  

No unclean man shall inherit heaven.  

¶ file fornycacon, nor be no letchour,  
but spare your speche, and spek notth theron:  
Ex habundancia cordis, os loquitur;  
who movyth yt oft, chastyte louyth non;  
of the hartes habundans the tunge makyth locucion:  
what manys mynde ys laboryd, therof yt spekyth,  
That ys of suernes, as holy scryptur tretchy.  

¶ wherfor I reherse thys with myw owyn mowthe,—  
Caste viuentes, templum Dei sunt,—  
kepe clene your body from synne vncth;  
stabyH your syghtes, and look ye not stunt,  
for of a sertaynte I know at a brunt,—  
Oculus est nuncius peccati,—  
That the Iey ys euur the messenger of foly.  

1 MS. ññro.
seruus sacerdotum.

whate, ys not thy saule that toke hys vyage In-to Ierusalem, the dyscyplys to oppresse?
bounde he wold bryngt them, yt ony dyd rage 
upon cryst: this was hys processe:
To the princes of prestys, he sayde dowtles,
Thorow all damask and also Ierusalem,
subdwe all templys that he founde of them.

Saulus.

yes, sertaynly, saule ys my proper name,
That had in powr the full dominion,—
To hyde yt fro you, yt were gret shame,
And mortall synne, as in my opynyon,—
vnder cesar and pristes of the relygyon,
And templys of Ines that be very hedyous,
A-gayns almyghty cryst that Kyng'so precyous.

seruus sacerdotum.

To Anna and caypha: ye must make your recurse;
Com on your way, and make no delacion.

Saulus.

I wyll yow succede, for better or wors,
To the prynces of pristes with all delectacion.

[Scene 4.]

seruus sacerdotum.

Holy pristes of hye potestacion,
Here ys saule: lok on hym wysely:
he ys a-nother man than he was verely.

Saulus.

I am the servant of Ihesu Almyghty,
Creator and maker of see and sound,
whiche ys kyng's conctypotent of henyn glory,
Chef comfort and solace: both to fre and bonde.

1 for Damascus
2 Ms. Con.

Digby Myst.
A-gayns whos power nothyng\(^a\) may stonde;
Emperowr he ys both of heuyn and hell,
whos goodnes and grace al thyng\(^a\) deth exce\(^b\).

Caypha thinks the change in Saul has been wrought by conjuring.

[Vn-to my hart thyss gret admyracion,
That saule ys thus mervelously changyd;
I trow he ys bewytchyd by sum conjuracion,
or els the devyl on hym ys anergyd.
Alas, to my hart yt ys dessendyd,
that he ys thus takyn fro our relygyon:
How say ye, Anna, to thyss conuercyon?]

Anna says they must put Saul to death,

[fful\(^c\) mervelously, as in my concepccion,
Thys wnderfull Case how yt be-tch\(^d\);
To se thyss chaunce so sodenly don,
vn-to my hart yt doth grete yH;
but for hys falsnes \(\cdot\) we shall hym spyH;
by myn assent, to dethe we wyll hym bryng\(^b\),
lest that more myscchf \(\cdot\) of hym may spryng\(^b\).]

Caypha.

Ye say very trew, we my\(\text{st}\) yt all rewe;
But shortly in thyss we must hae aduysemant,
for thus a-gayns vs he may nott contynew;
\(\text{perauentur}\) than of Cesar we may be shent.

Anna.

or burn him,

[nay, I had leuer in fyer he were brent,
Than of cesar we shuld\(^b\) hane dysp\(\text{II}\)easure
for sych a rebell \(\cdot\) and substyle fals treator\(^b\).]

Caypha.

The gates must be guarded lest Saul escape.

we wyH command the gates to be kept aboute,
& the walles surerly on euery stede,
that he may not eskapec no-where ow\(\text{ste}\);
for dye he shall, I ensuer yow indede.
Anna.

Thys traytoure rebellious, evyll must he speide,
That doth this unhappynes A-gayns all!
now euery costodyer kepe well his wall.

seruus sacerdotum.

The gatys be shyt, he can-note skape;
Euery place ys kepte well and sure,
That in no wyse he may, tyll he be take,
gett owt of the cyte by ony conjecture.

vpon that caytyf and fals traytoure,
loke ye be auengyd with deth mortall,
& Judge hym as ye lyst to what end he shal.

[Scene 5.]

Angelus.

Holy saule, I gyf yow monyceyon:
The princes of Ines entendes sertayn
To put yow to deth: but by goddes provysyon
He wyll ye shal lyue lenger, and optayn;
And after thy deth thou shalt rayng
Above in heuyyn, with owr lorde grace:
Coymay yowr-self shortly in-to a-nother place.

Saulus.

That lordey pleasur euere must be down,
both in heuyyn and in hell, as hys wyll ys.
In a beryng basket or a lepe, a-non
I shall me co[n]ay with help of the dyscyplys:
for euery gate ys shett and kept with multytud of pepell; but I trust in owr lord, that ys my socour,
to resyst ther malayce and cruell furour.

Conclusy.

[Epilogue.]

Poeta.

Thus leve we saule with-in the cyte,
The gatys kep by commandment of caypha and Anna;
THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. STATION 3. EPILOGUE.

The disciples let him down over the wall. but the dyscyplys in the nyxt ouer the wall, truly, 
As the byball sayeth dim[i]seru«t eum summittens in 
sporta;—

Saul goes to Jerusalem. And saul after that, in Ierusalem vera, 
Joyned hym-self, and ther accompaned with the dyscyplys, wher thei were vnfayned.

Thys lytyll pagent thus conclude we 
as we can, lackyng lytturari sevens; 
bescchyng yow all of hye and low degre, 
Owr sympylnes to hold excusyd, and lycens.

Pray excuse our lack of letters, and our simple- 
ness!

That of Retoryk haue non intellygens; 
Commtyttyng yow all to owr lord Ihesus, 
To whoys lawd ye syng,—Exultet celum laudibus!

End of the Play. ffinis co[n]uercionis sancti pauli.

[Leaves 51 to 94, back, of the MS. contain 2 tracts; 1. English, beginning 'De theorica trium superiorum. Every one of the 3 superiour plannetes (&c.)'; 2. Italian, begins 'Geomantia e una scientia breue da conosere per uirtu destrologia quelli cose che la persona nuole operare qual fine,' &c.]
MARY MAGDALENE,
IN TWO PARTS.

PART I, IN 20 SCENES.
(In Rome, Bethany, Hell, Jerusalem, and beyond Jordan.)
MARY'S FATHER CYRUS, AND HIS DEATH.
HER SEDUCTION BY LECHERY AND A GALLANT.
HER REPENTANCE, AND WIPING JESUS'S FEET WITH HER HAIR.
HER BROTHER LAZARUS'S DEATH, AND AGAINRISING.

Scene
2. Mary's father Cyrus, p. 56.
5. Pilate, p. 63.
6. Cyrus's death, p. 64.
7. The Devils in Council, p. 66.
8. Lechery and Mary, p. 71.
9. Mary and her Gallant, p. 72.
10. The Devils rejoicing, p. 75.

Scene
11. Mary in her Arbor, p. 76.
12. Simon the Leper, p. 77.
14. Mary washes Christ's feet, p. 78.
15. The Beating of 8 Devils, p. 82.
16. Lazarus's sickness, p. 83.
17. Mary meets Jesus, p. 85.
18. Lazarus dies, p. 86.
20. Lazarus is raised, p. 88.

PART II, IN 31 SCENES.
(In Marcylle, Hell, Jerusalem, the Wilderness, and Heaven.)
CHRIST'S APPEARANCE TO MARY AT HIS SEPULCHRE.
HER CONVERSION OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF MARYCLE.
HER FEEDING BY ANGELS, FROM HEAVEN, IN THE WILDERNESS.
HER DEATH.

Scene
22. Hell harrowd, p. 91.
23. 3 Maries at Christ's Tomb, p. 92.
24. " meet Peter, John, p. 94.
25. Jesus appears to Mary, p. 95.
26. The Palace of Marcylle, p. 98.
27. The Heathen Temple at Marcylle, p. 99.
32. Jesus in Heaven, p. 106.
34. The Marcylle Shipman and Mary, p. 107.
35. Mary and the King of Marcylle, p. 109.

Scene
36. The Marcylle Idols burnt, p. 113.
37. Mary to convert Marcylle, p. 114.
38. She warns the King and Queen, p. 115.
39. She converts them, p. 116.
40. They take ship for the Holy Land, p. 119.
41. The Queen dies. The King lands, p. 121.
42. St. Peter baptizes the King, p. 123.
43. The King sails for home, p. 125.
44. The Queen lives again, p. 126.
45. Mary receives the King and Queen, p. 127.
46. Mary in the Wilderness, p. 130.
47. Jesus in Heaven, p. 130.
48. Two Angels feed Mary, p. 131.
49. A Priest comes to Mary, p. 132.
50. Jesus & his Angels, p. 133.

1 The word for 'shall', great for 'what', &c., show the play to be in the East Midland dialect, probably about Lynn, Norfolk, or in Lincolnshire.

The metre is very irregular. It seems to have tried to get into 8- or 9-line stanzas, and to have done so now and then. Other stanzas, alternates, and couplets, also occur. The line-numbers show them to some extent. Part II is mainly in alternates. On p. 135, l. 2143, the writer names 'redurs', not hearers. But see l. 2133.
[THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.]

PART I.


PART II.


1 The page-numbers are meant to mark the Scenes where the Actors come in, not every time they speak.
2 There is no ground in the Bible for making Mary Magdalene one with Mary the sister of Martha and Lazarus.
3 Mary the mother of James, &c, and Mary Salome, are the same person, according to Biblical crities.
[MARY MAGDALENE.]
[In the second, and rather later hand.]

[PART I. Scene 1.]

M. B. [for Miles Blomefylde.]

Inperator.

I command syns in be peyn of forfetur, to all myw avdyeans presente general.
of my most hyest and mytyest volunte, I woll it be knowyn to al be word vnyversal, That of heven and hell chyfrewlar and I, to wos Magnyfycens non stondyt egall, for I am soveren of al soverens subjugal On-to myw empere, beyng in-comparable, tyberyus sesar, wos power is potencyall. I am the blod ryall most of soverence; of all emperowers and kynges my byrth is best, & all regeouns obey my typte volunte; lyfe and lemd and goodes, all be at my request: so of all soverens, my magnyfycens most mytyest May nat be a-gaym-sayd of frend nor of foo; But all abydyri segment and rewle of my lyst, all grace vp-on erth from my goodnes commyt fro, and that bryng-is all pepell in blysse so; for be most worthyest, woll I rest in my sete.

serybyl.

Il syr, from your person grow yt nych grace.

Inperator.

now for bin answer, belyall, blyse pi tace! mykyl prespyrte I gyn to purchase; I am wondyl in welth from all woo. Herke pin, provost, I gyft be in commandment, all your pepull preserve in pesably possesson. yff ony per be to my goddes [dis]obedyent,

[leaf 95]

The Emperor.
Silence, all!

I am Chief Ruler of heaven and hell.

I am the incomparable Tiberius Caesar.

All kinds obey me.

All rule by my pleasure.

I am wrapt in wealth against that 25, back to woo. Provost, find out the Christians who disobey my
MARY MAGDALENE. PART I. SCENES 1, 2.

dyssever tho harlottes, and make to me declaracyon, 27
& I xall make all swyche to dye,
Thos precharsse of crystys incarnacyon.

"Provost."

"Lord of all lorddes, I xall gyf yow In-formacyon.

Imperator.

"Lo, how all pe word obeyit my domynacyon; 31
that person is nat born pat dare me dysse-obey. 32
Syrybbe, I warne yow se pat my lawys
In all your partyys have dew obeysavns;
In-quere and aske, eche day pat davynes,
yf in my pepul be found ony weryoüs,
contrary to me in ony chansse,
or with my goldyn goddes grocth ond grone,
I woll marre swych harlottes with mordor and myschans;
yf ony swyche remayn, put hem in reprefe,
& I xall yow releff.

"Serybb.

"yf xall be don, lord, with-owtyw ony lett or with-owt
doht.

Imperator.

"lord and lad, to my law doth lowte;
is it nat so? sey yow all with ond showte. 44
[Here answerryt all pe pepul at ons, 31, my lord, 3a.

"Imperator.

so, pe froward folkes, now am [I] plesyf; 48
sett wyn and spycys to my consell full cler.
Now have I told yow my hart, I am wyll plesyf;
Now lett vs sett don alle, and make good chyr.

[PART I. Scene 2.]

"Her entyr syrus, pe fader of mary mavdleyw

syrus.

"Emperor, and ky[n]ges, and conquerors kene,
Erlys, and borons, and knytes pat byw bold;
Berdes in my bower, so semely to seene,
I command yow at onys myastes to holde.
be-hold my person, glystertyng in gold,
semely be-syn of all other me
Cyrus is my name, be clefys so colde,
I command yow all, obedeynt to beyn;
wo-so wolle nat, in bale I hem bynyng,
And knett swyche cayftyes1 in knottes of care.
this castell of mardleyn is at my wylddyng,
with all pe contre, bothe lesse and more,2
& Lord of Ierusalem, who agens me dow dare.
Alle beteny at my beddyng be;
I and set in solas from al syyng sore,2
and so xalH all my posteryte,
thus for to leuen in rest and ryalte.
I have her a sone pat is to me ful trew,
no comlyar creatur of goddes creacyon,
to amyabyll dovcors full bryght of ble,
ful gloryos to my syth an ful of delectacyon.
Lazarus my son, in my respecyion.
Here is mary, ful fayr and ful of femynyte,
and martha, ful [of] bevte and of delcyte,
ful of womanly merrorys and of benygnyte,
hey haue fullylyd my hart3 with consolacyon.
Here is a coleceyyon of circumstansc,
to my cognysson never swych a-nothyr,
as be demonstracyon knett incontynens,
save3 a-lonly my lady, pat was per mother.
Now Lazarus, my sonne, whech art per brothyr,
The lordshep of Ierusalem I gyv pe after my dysses,
and mary, this castell, a-lonly, an nond othyr;
& martha xall haue beteny, I sey exprese:
thes gyftes I gravnt yow with-owtyn les,
whyll pat I am in good mynd.

1? cayftys. 2 The rymes require 'mare, sare'.
3 M'S. Of crost thro, and save added. 4 M'S. mo.
Part I. Scene 2.

Lazarus thanks his father Cyrus for his gifts, and prays God for grace to live well.

Mary Magdalene praises God, and thanks her father Cyrus for his gifts.

Martha also praises and thanks her father, and prays that he may see God's face in heaven.

Cyrus orders wine and spices.

[Here xal leuy be servyd with wyn and spycys.]
[PART I. Scene 3.]

Imperator.

I syr provost, and skrybe, lugges of my rem, my messenger I woll send in-to ferre cuntre, On-to my sete of Jerusalem, On-to Herowdes, fat regent her ondyr me, and on-to pylat, lugges of he covntre: myny entent I woll hem teche, take heft, pau provost, my precept wretyn be, & sey I cumnaund hem, as fey woll be owst wrecch, yf her be ony in pe cuntre, agewn my law doth prech, or agewn my goddes ony trobyll telles, that thus agens my lawys rebelles, as he is regent, and in fat reme dwelles, & holdyth hys crown of me be ryth, yff her be ony harlettes fat a-gens me make replycacyon, Or ony moteryng a-gens me make with malynacyon. [end of speech left out.]

provost,

I syr, of all thys they xall have in-formacyon, so to vp-holdd power renovud and ryte.

[Imperator.]

now, messenger, with-owtyn crownyng, Have here gold on-to fi fe; so bere thes lettyrs to Herowdes the kyng, & byd hem make In-quyrans in euery cuntre, as he is lugge in fat cuntre beyng.

nvucyus.

I soucren, your arendt it xall be dowful redy In alle pe hast put I may; for to fullfyll your byddyngr I woll nat spare nother be nyth nor be day.

[Here goth pe messenger to-ward herowdes.]
Herod, I'll hurl off any one's head who speaks.

Off hats! Stand barehead, you beggars!

Look at my rubies and green pearl!

What king is equal to me?

None but the Emperor Tiberius.

[PART I. Scene 4.]

Herowdes.

In ye wyld wanyng word, pes all at onys!
no noyse, I warne yow, for greveyng of me!
yff yow do, I xal hovrle of yower hedes, be mahondes bones,
as I am trew kyng to mahond so fre.
help, help, bat I had a swerd!
fall don, ye faytours, flatt to ye ground!
Heve of your hodes and hattes, I cummavnd yow alle:
stonke bare hed, ye beggars! wo made yow so bold?
I xal make yow know your kyng ryall:
thus woll I be obeyyde thorow al the wor[l]d;
& who-so wol nat, he xal be had in hold;
& so to be cast in carys cold,
that werkynd ony wonyrd a-zens my magnyfycews.
be-hold these ryche rubyys, red as ony fyr,
with ye goodly grene perle ful sett a-bowgth:
what kyng is worthy or egall to my power?
or in thy word, who is more had in dowth
than is ye hey name of herowdes, kyng of Jerusalem,
Lord of alapye, assye, and tyr,
of abryn, berzaby, and bedlen?
all thes bynd ondyr my governouns.
Lo, all yses I hold with-owtyn reprobacyon;
No man is to me egall, save a-lonly ye emperower tyberyus, as I have In provostycacyon.
How sey ye phelyssoverys be my ryche reyne?
And nat I ye grettest governower?
Lett me ondyr-stond whatt can ye seyn.

phelysoyr.

¶ Soueren, and it plece yow I woll expresse:
ye be ye rewlar of is regyon,
& most worthy soveryn of noblynes
That cuer in Iude barre domynacyon:
Bott, syr, skreptour gevyyt informacyon, & doth rehearse it werely, that chylf xal remayn of grete renown, & all þe word of hem hold magnyfy,—et' ambulabant gentes in lumine, et reges in solendore ortus tui.

Herowdes.

I and what seyst thou?

secundus phy[losofyr.] I the same weryfyyt my bok, as how as þe skryptour doth me tell of a myty duke xal rese and reyn, whych xall reyn and rewle all Israel. no kyng a-zens his worthynes xall opteyn, the whech in profesy hath grett eloquence,—now avferetur septrum Iuda, et dux de femore cius, donec veniet Imitendus est.

Herowdes.

A, owst, owst, now am [I] grevyd all with þe worst! ye dastardus! ye dogges! þe dylfe mote yow draw! with fleynge flappes I byd yow to a fest'. A swerd, a swerd! þes lordeynnes wer slaw! ye langbaynnes, loselles, for-sake þe pat word! þat caytfel xall be cawth, and suer I xall hem flaw; for hym, many mo xal be marry with mordor. [leaf 9.]

I"z miles.2

[My sovereign lord, dysse-may yow ryth nowe!' they ar but folys, per eloquens wantyng, for in sorow and care sone þey xall be cawt; a-zens vs þey can mak no dysstonddyng.]

ij"z miles.

[My lord, all swych xall be browte before your avdyens, and leuyn undyr your domynacyon,]

[1 MS. splendore.] [2 MS. milis.]
or elles dama nyd to deth with mortal sentense, 200
yet we hem got under over gubernacyon.

Herowde.

"I now thy is to me a grac yow exsortacyon, 201
& grettly reioysyth to my sprytes in-dede ;
thow pes sottes a-jen me make replicyacon,
I wol suffer non to spryng of pat keuned ;
some wows in my lond shall sprede,
prevely or pertely in my lond a-bowth :
while I haue swych men, I nede nat to drede,
But pat he xal be browt olnder, with-owtynd doth. 208

"[Her commyte ye emperowers [masenger] thus
sayyng to herowdes :]

Masenger.

"Heyll, pynse of bonytyows-nesse ! 209
Heyll, myty lord of to magnyfy !
Heyll, most of worcep of to expresse !
Heyll, reytus rewlar in regensy !
My soveren, tyberyuus, chyff of chyfalry,
His soveren sond hath sent to yow here :
He desyrth 30w, and preyte on eche party,
to fulffyl his commendment and desyre. 216

"[Here he xall take ye lettyrs olnd-to ye kyngr.

Herawdes.

"Be he sekyr I woll natt spare 217
for [to] complyshe his commendment,
with scharp swerddes to perce ye bare,
In all covntres with-in thys regent,
for his love, to fulffyl his in-tent : 220
non swych xall from ower handys sterdt,
for we woll fulffyl his ryall fuggement,
with swerd and spere to perce thorow ye hartt. 224
but, masenger, reseyve thyss letter wyth,
and berytt onl-to pyllats-yd synth.

[MS. swych swych.]
mesenger.

My lord, it xall be don ful wyght;
In hast I woll me spede.

[PART I. Scene 5.]

Pylatt.

If now ryally I reyne In robys of rych[e]sse,
ykd and knowyn both ny and ferre,
for Iuge of Ierusalam, pe trewth to expresse,
Ondyr the emperower tyberius cesar.

perfor I rede yow all, be-warre
ye do no pregedyse a-gen pe law,
for and ye do, I wyll yow natt spare
tyl he haue Jgmentt to be hangyd and draw ;
for I am pylat pr[o]mmyssary and pres[e]dent,
alle renogat robber Inper-rowpent,
to put hem to peyn, I spare for no pete.
my ser-jauntas semle, quat sye ye ?
of pis rehersyd, I wyll natt spare.
pleasantly, serrys, avnswer to me,
for in my herte I xall haue pe lesse care.

I* seriunt.

if as ye haue seyd, I holde it for pe best,
yf ony swych a-mong vs may we know.

ij* sejnawnt.

if for to gyff hem Jgment I holdd yt best,
& so xall ye be dreck of yxe and low.

pylat.

if A, now I am restoryd to felycyte.

[Her comyt pe emprores masenger to pylat.

Masenger.

Heyll, ryall in rem in robis of rychesse !
Heyl, present pou prynysys pere !
Heyl, Juggge of Ierusalam, pe trewth to expresse !
Tyberyus pe emprower sendyt wrytyng herre,
and prayt yow, as yow be his lover dere,
Ofl pis wrytyng to take a-vysement
In strenthyng ofl his lawys cleyr,
as he hath set yow In þe state ofI Jugment. 256

[Her pylat takyt þe lettyrs with grete reverens,

describables

Pilate declares
he will uphold
Tiberius Caesar's
laws,
and gives the
Messenger gold.

Pilate

Now, be martes so mythy, I xal sett many a snare, 257
His lawys to strenthy in al þat I may;
I rejoys of his renown and of his wylfare;
& for þi tydyngges, I geyff þe þis gold to-day. 260

masenger.
a largeys, 3e lord, I crye þis day;
for þis is a 2eft of grete degre.

pylat.

Masenger, on-to my sovereyn þou sey,
On þe most specyall wyse recummend me. 264

[Her a-voydyt þe mesengyr, and syrus takyt his
deth.

syrus.

A ! help! help! I stond in drede,
syknes is sett onder my syde!

A ! help! deth wyl a-quitte me my mede!
A ! grete gode! þou be my gyde;
How I am trobylyd both bak and syde,
now wythly help me to my bede.
A ! this rendyt my rybbys! I xall never goo nor ryde!
the dent of deth is hevyar þan led.
A ! lord, Lord! what xal I doo þis tyde?

He prays to God for mercy,
and blesses his children.

A ! gracyows god! have ruth on me,
In thys word no lengar to a-byde.

I blys yow, my chyldyrn, god mot with vs be! 276

[Her a-voydyt syrus sodeyn, and than [comyt]
sayyne, lazarus.
[Lazarus.]

Alas, I am sett in grete hevynesse!
Per is no tong my sorow may tell,
so sore I am brouth in dystresse;
in feyntnes I falter, for his fray fell;
ths dewresey wyl lett me no longar dwelle,
But god of grace some me redresse.
A! how my peynes dow me repelle!
Lord, with-stond his durese!

Mary Magdalen.

the in-wyttyssymus\(^1\) god pat ener xal reyne,
be his help, an sowlys sokor!
to whom\(^2\) it is most nedfull to cum-playn,
he to bry[n]g vs owȝt of ower dolor,
he is most mytyes governowtere,
from soroyng, vs to restryne.

Martha.

A! how I am sett\(^3\) in sorowys sad,
That long\(^4\) my lyf y may nat in-devre!
thes grawous peynes make me ner mad!
vndyr clower is now my fathyris cure,
pat sumtyme was here ful mery and glad.
Ower lorde\(^3\) mercy be his mesure,
& defeynd hym from peynes sad!

Lazarus.

now, systys, ower fatherys wyll we woll\(^2\) expresse:
thys castell is owerys, with all pe fee.

Martha.

as hed and governower, as resan\(^5\) is,
and on his wyse abydyzew with yow, wyll wee;
we wyll nat deseyvr, whatt so be-falle.

Maria.

Now, brothyr and systys, wel-cum \(3e\) be.
& ther-of\(^5\) specyally I pray sow all.
[PART I. Scene 7.]

[Her xal entyr þe kyng of þe word, [þen þe kyng of] þe flesch, and [þen] þe dylfe, with þe seuen dedly synnes, a bad angyll an an good angyl, þus seyyng þe word.

[The King of the World.]

I am þe word$, worthyest þat euyr god wroth, & also I am$ þe prymmatt portatur$ next heueyn, yf$ þe treyth be sowth,—

& that I lugge me to skryptur;—

$ in me restyt þe ordor of$ þe metelles seynyn$, þe whych to þe seuen$ planytyttes ar knett$ ful sure; gold$ perteynyng to þe somne, as astronomer$ nevyn$; sylvyr, to þe mone whyte and pure$; Iryn$, on$-to þe maris þat long may endure$; þe fegetyff mercury, on$-to mercuryus$; copyr, on$-to venus red In his merrour$; the frangabyll twyn, to Iubyter, yf$ ze caw dyscus$; On$ þis planyt saturne, ful of$ rancyr$; þis soft$ metell lead, nat of$ so gret puernesse$; Lo, alle þis rych tresor with$ þe word doth indure the vij prynsys of$ hell of$ gret bowntosnesse$.

now, who may presume to com$ to my honour? pryde.

þe worthy word$, þe be gronddar of$ gladnesse, to þem$ þat dwellyng$ ondyr yower domynacyon$. covetyse.

& who-so wol nat, he is sone set a-syde, wher-as I couetyse take mynustryacyon.$

of$ þat I pray yow make no declareracyon$; make swych to know my sover$eynte,
MARRY MAGDALENE. PART I. SCENE 7. 67

& than he ye xal be faynd to make supplycacyon
yat he ye stond In ony nesseyte.

[Her xal entyr he kynge of flesch with slowth, gloteny, lechery.

flesch.

I, kyng of flesch, florychyd in my flowers,
Of deyntys delycyows I have grett domynacyon,
so ryal a kyng was neuyr borne In bowrys,
nor hath more delyth ne more delectacyon,
for I haue confortat ywys to my confortacyon,
dya, galonga, ambra, and also margaretto,
alle pis is at my lust a-3ens alle vexacyon;
alle wykkyt thynges I woll sett a-syde,
clayr, pepur long, with granorum paradise,
zenzybyr and synamom at euery tyde;
lo, alle swych deyntyys delectyus vse I;
with swyche deyntyys I have my blysse.
who woll covett more game and gle,
my fayer spowe lechery to halse and kysse,
Here ys my knyth gloteny, as good resow is,
with pis plesavn lady to rest be my syde;
Here is slowth, anothr goodly of to expresse:
A more plesavn compeny doth no-wher a-byde.

luxuria.

O ye prynse, how I am ful of ardent lowe,
with sparkylls ful of amerowsnesse;
with yow to rest, faynd wol I a-prowe,
to shew plesavns to your Ientynesse.

he flesch.

O se bewtews byrd, I must yow kysse,
I am ful of lost to halse yow pis tyde.

[Here xal entyr he prynse of dylles In a stage, and Helle ondyr-neth fat stage, bus seyyng he dylfe.
Prince Satan is a King, with Wrath and Envy in his retinue.

He strives to ruin men, body and soul, because they gained what Lucifer lost.

He calls his Knights to council,

how to make Mary Magdalen wrath. with wrath or wyhylles we xal hyrre wynne. envy. or with sum sotyllte sett hur in synne. dylfe. com of pan, let vs be-gynne to werkyn hur sum wrake.

[Her xal] pe deywl go to pe word with his company. satan. Heyle word, worthyes of a-bowndans! In hast we must a conseyll take; ye must aply yow with all your afyavys, A woman of whorshep ower servant to make.
MART Magdalene.

Part I.

Scene 7.

Tin: King of the tent, and Bends for the King of the Flesh.

World’s Sensuality.

Satan, with my counsell I will be a-wansse,
I pray he cum vp oul-to my tent.
were he kyng of flesh her with his a-semblamys!
Messer, a-now pat þu werre went
thys tyde!
sey þe kyng of flesh with grete renown,
with his counsell pat to hym be bown,
In alle þe hasti pat enuer they mown,
com as fast as he may ryde.

Messer. [Sensuality.]

My lord, I am your servaunt sensvalete,
your message to dou, I am of glad chyr;
Ryth sone In presens þe xal hym se,
your wyl for to fulfylle her.

[Her he goth to þe fleche, thus sayynge.

Heyl, lord in lond, led with lykyng!
Heyl, fleche in lust, tayyrest to be-hold!
Heyl, lord and ledar of empor and kyng!
þe worthy word, be wey and wold,
Hath sent for yow and your counsell.
satan is sembled with his howshold;
your counseyl to haue, most to[f] a-weyle.

flesch.

Hens! In hast, þat we þer wh[e]re!
lett vs make no lengar delay!

senswalite.

gret myrth to þer hertes shold yow arere,
be my trowth, I dare satly saye.

[Her comyt þe kyng[e] of fleche to þe word, þus to World,

seyyng[e].

[flesch.]

Heyl be yow, soverens lefe and dere!
why so hastely do þe for me sende?
Mary Magdalen. Part I. Scene 7.

A! we ar' ryth glad we haue yow here.
Ower counsell to-gethur to comprehend.
Now, satan, sey your devyse.

Satan.

Serys, now ye be set, I xal yow say:
syrus dyyd his odyr day;
Now mary his dowctor, pat may,
of pat castel beryt pe pryse.

Mary Magdalen.

If she keeps vertuous, she'll be able to destroy Hell.

Therefore Lechery must seduce her.

Now, pe lady lechery, yow must do byr your attendans,
for yow be flower fayrest of femynyte;
yow xal go desyrr servyse, and byr at hur atendavns,
for 3e xal sonct enter 3e beral of bewte.

Lechery.

Serys, I abey your counsell in ech degré;
strytt waye þethyr woll I passe.

Satan.

The Evil Spirits shall tempt her,
spirits malyngny xal com to þe,
Hyr to tempt in euery plase.

The 6 now here now alle þe vj þat her be,
wysely to werke, hyr favor to wynne,
to entyr hyr person be þe labor of lechery,

shall help to bring her to Hell.

þat she at þe last may com to helle.

How, how, spirits malyng? þou wottyst what I mene!
Cum ow3t, I sey! heryst nat what I seye?
bad angyll.

syrres, I obey your counsell In eche degree; 436 The Bad Angel
strytt waye þe thrw woll I passe;
speke soft, speke softe. I trtte hyr to tene,
I prey þe perty make no more noyse. 439

[Her xal alle þe vij dedly synnes be-sege þe castell
tyll [they] A-gre to go to Jerusalem. lechery xall
cntyre be castell with þe bad angyl, þus seyynge lechery.

[PART I. Scene 8.]

[Lechery, or Luxuria.]

Heyl, lady most lavdabyll of alaynus! 440
Heyl, oryent, as þe sonne In his reflexite!
Myche pepul be comfortyd be your benyng alaynus,
Bryter þat be bornyd, is your bemys oft bewte,
most debonarius, with your aungelly delycyte! 444

Marya.

owat personne be ze þai þus me comen le1?

luxurya.

your servant to be, I wold comprehende.

mary.

your debonarius obedyauns ravysyt me to trankqlyte!
now, syth ye desyre In eche de-gree,
to receyve yow I have grett delectacyon;
ze be hartely welcum ont-o me!
your tong is so amyabyll devydyd with reson. 451

Luxurya.

now, good lady, wyll ze me expresse,
why may þe r no gladdnes to yow resort? 452

mary.

for my father, I haue had grett heunynesse;
whan I remembyr, my mynd waxit mort. 455

and tells her she is nigh dead, for her father's death.
Mary up, and advises her to amuse herself.

Lechery cheers a lady, for all that, be of good comfort, for swych obisyouns may brede myche dysese; swych desepcyouns, potyt peynes to exsport, prynt yow in sportes whych best doth yow plese.

Mary.

for sothe ye be welcum to myn lawdyens, ye be my hartes leche;

brother lazarus, and it be yower pleu@ans,
& ye systyr martha also in substawns,
Thys place I commend on-to your governons,
and on-to god I yow be-take.

Lazarus.

now, systyr, we xal do your intente, in thys place to be resydent
whyle that ye be absent,
to kepe his place from wrecche.

[PART I. Scene 9.

Here takyt mary hur way to Jerusalem with Luxsurya, and ye xal resort to a taverner, bus sey[n]g be taverner.

[Taverner.]

I am a taverner wytty and wyse, that wynys haue to sell gret plente.
of all he taverners I bere he pryse that be dwellyng with-inne he cete;
of wynys I haue grete plente, both whyte wynne and r.ed pat [ys] so cleyr:
Here ys wynne of mat and Malmesey,[n] clary wynne and claret, and other moo,
wyn of gyldyr and of galles, pat made at pe grome,[?] wyn of wyne and vernage, I seye also;
Ther be no better, as ferre as ye can gow.

1 The ryme wants 'beteche'.
2 MS. better.
luxsurya.

lo, lady, ye comfort and ye sokower,
go we ner and take a tast,
thys xal bryng' your sprytes to favor.
Taverner', bryng' vs of' ye synnest' you hast.

here, lady, is wyn, a re-past

to man, and woman a good restoratyff;
3e xall nat thynk your mony spent in wast,
from stodyys and hevynes it woll yow relyff.

mary.

I-wys 3e seye soth, 3e grom' of blysse;
to me 3e be covrtes and kynde.

Her xal entyr a galavnt pas seyyng

galavnt. [Curiosity, a Dandy.]

Hof, hof, hof, a frysche new galavnt,
ware of thryst, ley hat a-donne!
what'! wene 3e, syrrys, hat I were a marchant,
be-cause hat I am new com to town?
with sum praty tasppysster' wold I fayne rownd;
I haue a shert of reynnes with sleysys peneawnt,
a lase of sylke for my lady constant.
a! how she is bewtefull and ressplendant!
whan' I am and from hyr' presens, lord, how I syhe!
I wol a-wye sovereyns; and soiettes I dys-deyne.
In wynter a stomachyr, In somer non att al;
My dobelet and my hossys ener to-gether a-byde;
I woll, or enow, be shavyw, for to seme 3yng;
with her' a-3en' pe her, I love mych pleyngs;
that makyt me Hezant and lusty in lykyng;
thus I lefe in his word'; I do it for no pryde.

luxsurya.

lad, his man is for 3ow, as I se can;
to sett yow I sporttes and talkyng' his tyde.
Mary bids the Taverner call the Gallant In.

cal hym In, taverner', as 3e my lone wyll han, & we xall make ful mery yf he wolle a-byde.

taverner'.

How, how, my mastyr' coryossyte?

coryoste.

what is your wyll, syr? what wyl 3e with me?

taverner'.

Her' ar Ientyll women dysyor' your presens to se, & for to dryng' with yow thys tyde.

coryoste.

A dere dewchesse, my daysyys Lee!

splendavnt of colour, most of f emynyte, your sofreyw) coloures set with synseryte!

conseder' my lone in-to yower alye, or elles I and smet with peynnes of perplexite!

mari.

Why, sir, wene 3e pat I were a kelle?

corioste.

nay, prenses parde, 3e be my hertes hele, so wold to god 3e wold my loue fele.

mari.

quat cauE pat 3e love me so sodenly?

corioste.

o nedys I mvst', myw) own) lady, your person, ittis so womanly, I cauI nat refreyw), me swete lelly.

mari.

sir, curtesy doth it yow lere.
corioste.

Now, gracyns gost, with-owtryd pere
Mych nortur is pat 3e conne;
But wol yow dawns, my ownd dere?

mary.
sir, I asent In good maner;
go 3e be-fore; I sue yow net';
for a-man at alle tymys beryt reverens.

corioste.

Now, be my trowth, 3e be with other ten;
felle a pese, taverner', let vs sen,
soppes in wyne, how love 3e?

mari.
As 3e don, so doth me;
I am ryth glad pat met be we;
my loue, In yow gynnyt to close.

coryoste.

Now, derlyng dere, wol yow do be my rede?
we haue dronkyd and ete lytyl brede.
wyll we walk to a-nother stede?

mari.
Ewyn at your wyl, my dere derlyng!
thowe 3e wyl go to 3e wordes eynd,
I wol neuer from yow wynd,
to dye for your sake.

[Here xal mary & 3e galont a-woyd. & 3e bad
gyng 3goth to 3e word, 3e flych, & 3e dylfe, 3us
sayyng 3e bad angyl.

[PART I. Scene 10.]

[Bad Angyl.]
and to hur's he is most preysse-abyll, for she hath gravundy hymal his bones;

she thynk't his person so amyabyll, to her' syte he is semelyar' paw ony kyng in trones.

The Devil sends Lechery back to keep Mary in sin.

The Devil sendz Lechery back to keep Mary in sin.

she is a soveryn servant' pat hath hur' set in synne.

go thow agayn', and ever be hur gyde;

he lavdabyll lyfe of lecherry let hur neger lynne,

for of hur' al helle xall make reioysseyng.

Here goth he bad angyl to mari a-gayn.

Satan and the World, and the Flesh, bid one fare-well, fare-well, ye to nobyl kynges pis tyde, for hom in hast I wol me dresse.

mundus.

fare-well, satan', prynsse of pryde!

flesch.

fare-well, sem[l]ye of all sorowys to sesse!

[Here xal satan go hom to his stage, and mari xal entyr In-to be place alone, save be bad angyl and al be seuen dedly synnes xal be conveyyd in-to be howse of symont leprovs, bey xal be a-raydly lyke vij dylf: bus kept closse, mari xal be in an erbyr, bus seyyng.]


Maria Magdalen thinks of her darling lovers, and will rest in the Arbour till one comes to her.

A! god be with my valentine, My byrd's swetyng, my lovys so dere! for bey be bote for a blossum of blysse; me mervellyt sore bey be nat here, but I woll restyn in pis erbyr

A-mons thes bamys precyus of prysse, Tyll som lover wol apere, that me is wont to balse and kyss.

Her xal mary lye down, and sleepe in be erbyr.
[PART I. Scene 12.]

symond leprus.

Thys day holly I pot in rememberownes to solas my gestes to my power, I haue ordeynyd a dyner of substawns, My chytli freyndes herwith to chyr; In-to pe sete I woll a-pere, for my gestes to make porvyawns, for tyme drayt ny to go to dyner, and my offycyrs be redy with her ordynowis. so wold to god I myte have a-queyntownis of pe profyth of trew perfytnesese, to com to my place and porvyowns; it wold rejoyse my hert in greth gladnesse; for se report of his hye nobyll-nesse renyty incontreys fer and net; Hys precheynge is of greth perfytyng, of rythwysness, and mercy cleyr. Her entry symont in-to se place, pe good angyil bus seyyng to Mary.

[PART I. Scene 13.]

[good angyil.]

woman, woman, why art thou so on-stabyll? ful bytterly thys blysse it wol be bowth; why art thou a-zeus god so veryabyll? wy thinkest thou nat god made he of nowth? In syn and sorow thou art bowth, fleshly lust is to se full delectabyll; stable for thi sowle must be sowth, and leve thi werkes way and veryabyll. Remembyr, woman, for thi pore pryde, How thi sowle xal lyyn in helle fyr! A! remembyr how sorowful ittis to a-bye with-owtyw eynd in angur and Ir[e]! remembyr he onl mercy make thi sowle clyr! I and he gost of goodnesse but so wold he gydde.

1 MS. may be cu = cum.
Mary Magdalene

Mary Magdalene

A ! how speryt of goodnesse hat promyt me pis tyde,
And temtyd me with tyyll of trew perfythnesse.

Part I. Scenes 13, 14.

Mary, A ! how p3 speryfr of goodnesse hat promyt me pis tyde,
And temtyd me with tyyll of trew perfythnesse.

laments her sin:  A-las ! how betternesse In my hert doth a-byde !
I am wondyd with werkes of greet dystresse.

wants who shall deliver her.

O lord ! wo xall put me from pis peynfulnesse?

She resolves

I xal pursue pe prophett, wherso he be,
for he is pe welle of perfyth charyte ;
be pe oyle of mercy he xal me relyf.

to seek Christ.

with swete bawmys I wyl sekyn hym pis syth,
and sadly folow his lordshep in eche degre.

Jesus

Now ye be welcom, mastyr, most of magnyfycens,
I be-seche yow benyngly 3e wol be so gracyows
yf pat ite be lekyng ow-to yower hye présens
thys daye to com dyne at my hows.

Jesus says he will,

I woll entyr pi hows with pes and vnyte ;
I am glad for to rest ; per grace gynn yt grow ;
for with-inne pi hows xal rest charyte,
And pe bemyss of grace xal byw Illumynows.

But syth pou wylyst saff a dyner ow me,
with pes and grace I entyr pi hows.

Simon thanks him,

I thank yow, master, most benyng and gracyus,
that yow wol ef your hye soverente :
to me lttis a Ioye most speceows,
MARY MAGDALENE. PART I. SCENE 11.

with-Inne my hows þat I may yow se!
now syt to þe bord, mastyrs alle.

[Her xal mary folow a longe, with þis lamentacyon.

mary.

O I, curystd caystff; þat myche wo hath wroth
A-þens my makar, of mytes most;
I have offendyd hynyn with dede and thawth,
But in his grace is all my tröst;
Or elles I know well I am but lost,
body and soul damnid perpetuall.
Yet, good lord of lorddes, my hope perhennall,
with þe to stond In grace and favoured to se,
thow knowyst my hart and thoust in especyald;
therfor, good lord, after my hart reward me.

[Her xal mary wasche þe fett of þe prophet with
þe terre of hur yys, whynpyng hem with hur herre,
and þan a-noynt hym with a precyus noytyment.

Jesus dicit.
symond, I thank þe speecally
for þis grett r[c]past þat her? hath be;
But, symond, I telle þe factually
I have thynge to seyn to þe.

Symond.

Master, quat your wyll be,
and if plesse you, I well yow her,
seyth your lykyng oun-to me,
þa al þe pleasant of your mynd and desyrr.

Jesus.
symond, þer was a man in þis present lyf,
the wyche had to dectours well suer,
þe whych wher pore, and myth make no restoratyf,
But stycle in þer detv ded in-duour;
þe ow owst hym an hondyrde pense ful suer;
þe other fefty, so be-fell þe chanye;
þe be-causse he cowd nat his mony recure,
he forgave them both.

Which was most beholde to him?

Simon:

"The one that owd him most!"

Mary Magd.:

"Blessed be thou, Lord of Life!"

O blyssyd be þou, lord of ever-lastyng lyfe!

I will clothe me in Humility,

Patience and Charity."

This fayer vertuys, pacyens and charyte.

Jesus:

"Thou hast judged rightly.

Recte ivdicasti! þou art a wyse man

and þis quesson hast demanded trewly.

yth þu In þi coneyens remembyr can,

3e to, be 3e dectours þat I of specefy.

But, symond, be-hold þis woman in al wyse,

How she with teres of þy better wepyngs,

she wassteth my fete, and dothe me servyse,

and anoy[h]yþ hem with onymentes, lowly knelyng.

& with her her, fayer and bryght shynnyng,

she wypeth hem agayn with good In entent;

But, symond, synth that I entyrd þi hows,

To wassthe my fete þou dedyst nat aplye,

Nor to wype my fete þou wer nat so fawors;

werfor In þi conseycens þou owttyst nat to replye.

But, woman, I sey to þe werely,

I for-geyfe þe þi wrecchednesse.

And hol In sowle be þou made þerby!

Mary Magd.:

"Messed he blesyd' be þou, lord of euer-lastyng lyfe!"

Thou didst neither.

"Thou didst neither.

Woman, I forgive thee, and make thee whole in soul!"

Thees fayer vertuys, pacyens and charyte.

Mary Magd.:

"The woman that owd him most?"

Master, and it plese your hey presens,

He þat most ow3t hym, as my resow 3ef can.

They askyd hym for-þewnesse; and he for-3af in substans:

but, symond, I pray 3e, answer me to þis sentens,

whych of þes to personnes was most be-holddyn to þat man?

Mary Magd.:

"Blessed be thou, Lord of Life!"

O blyssyd be þou, lord of ever-lastyng lyfe!

I will clothe me in Humility,

Patience and Charity."

This fayer vertuys, pacyens and charyte.
MARY MAGDALENE. PART I. SCENE 11.

Jesus.

Woman, in contrysson 6ou art expert, And in þi soul hast Inward mythe That sometime were In desert, and from 6herknesse hast porchasy lyth; thy feyth hath savyt þe, and made þe bryth; Wherfor I sey to þe, "vade In pace."

[With his word vij dyllys xall de-woyde frome þe woman, and the bad angyll enter into hell with thondyr.

Maria.]

O þou gloryus Lord! þis rehersyd for my sped, sowle helth attes tyme for-to recure. Lord, for þat I was In whanhope, now stond I In dreft, But þat þi gret mercy with me may endure; My thowth þou knewyst with-owtyn ony dowith; now may I tryst þe techeynge of Izye in scryptur, Wos report of þi nobyllnesse renyyt fer abowt.

Jesus.

Blyssyd be þey at alle tyme, that sen me nat, and have me in credens; With contrysson þou hast mad a recumpens, þi soul to save from all dystresse; be war, and kepe þe from alle neclygens, and after þou xal be pertener of my blyse. 

[Here devodyte Jesus with his desipyllcs, þe good angyll reioysynge ofe mawdley n. 

Bonas angelus.

Holy god, hyest of omnipotency, The asat of good governons to þe I recom mend, Humblyly be-secheynge þyn Impe ral glorye, In þi devyn vertu vs to comprehend. 

and delectabyll Jesus, soverreyn sapyens, Ower feyth we recom mend onl-to your purpete, Most mekely prayyng to your holy aparens, Illumyn ower ygnorans with your devynyte! 

Digby Myst.
The Good Angel
ye be clepyd Redempcyon of sowlys defens,
whyche shal be obscuryd be pi blessyd mortalyte.
O lux vera, gravnt vs powr Inhence,
that with pe sryyte of errore I nat seduet be!

And sperytus alme, to yow most benyne,
the persons In trentyte, and on god eterne,
Most lowly ower feyth we consyngue,
pat we may com to your blysse gloryfyed from malynge,
& with your gostely bred to fede vs, we desyerw.

[PART I. Scene 15.]

Rex deabolus.

A, owt, owt, and harrow! I am hampord with hate!
In hast wyl I set on Ingment to se;
with thes betyll browyd bycheys I am at debate.
How! belfagour and belzabub! com vp here to me!

[Here aperytt to dyvyllys be-fore pe master.

secundus diabolus.

Here, lord, here! quat wol ze?
tercius diabolus.

the Ingment of harlottes here to se,
settyng In ludycyal lyke a state.

How, thow bad angyll! a-pere before my grace!

spiritus malignus.
as flat as fox, I falle before your face.

Ius Diabolus.

thow thesle, wy hast peu dou alle pis trespas,
to lett peu woman pi bondes breke?

mali[g]nus spiritus.

the speryt of grace sore ded hyr smyth,
& temptyd so sore pat Ipocryte.

Ius diabolus.

31! thys hard balys ow pi bottokkys xall byte!
In hast ow pe I wol be wroke.
cum vp, 3e horsons, and skore a-vey þe yche! 737
& with thyse panne 3e do hym pyche!
cum of, 3e harlottes, þat yt wer dow! 739

[Here xall þey serva all þe seuyne as þey þo þe freste.]

Primus Deabolus.

Now have I a part of my desyer:
goo In-to þis howsse, 3e lordeynnes here,
& loke ye set yt on a feyer,
& þat xall hem a-wake.

[Here xall þe tother deylles sett þe howse on a fyere, and make a sowth, and mari xall go to lazar and to martha.

Ius diabolus.

So, now have we well afrayyd þese felons fflals! 744
They be blasyd both body and hals!
Now to hell lett vs synkuð als,
to ower felaws blake.

[PART I. Scene 16.]

mari maggleyn.

O brother, my hartes consolacyoun:
O blessyd In lytle, and soltytary!
the blyssyd prophet, my confortacyoun,
He hathe made me clene and delectary,
the wyche was to synne a subiectary.
Thys kyng cristey consedyryd his creacyoun;
I was drynychyn In synne deversarye
tyll þat lord releveyd me be his domynacyoun,
grace to me he woll nevyr de-nye;
þow I were nevyr so synful, he seyd 'revertere'!
O, I synful creature, to grace I woll a-plye;
the oyle of mercy hath helyd mynyd Infyrmyte.

martha.

now worchedyd be þat hey name, Iesu,
the wyche In latyn is callyd savyower!
fulfyllyng þat word wyyn of dewe,
to alle synfull and seke he is sokour.
MARY MAGDALENE. PART I. SCENE 16.

Lazarus.

systyr, 3e be welcum onl-to yower towere! 764

glad In hart of yower obsesyawnse,

gweyl þat I leffe, I wyl serve hym with honour,

that 3e have farsakyyn synne and varyawfn. 767

mary Mavdeleyn.

She prays Christ
to give them grace to serve
Him ever,

Lazarus.

It is A, help, help, systyrs! for charyte!

A, help, help, systyrs! for charyte!

He hath on-curyd þe therknese of þe clowdy nyth.

Oþ lyth þe lucens and lyth veray,

Wos prechyng þo vs is a gracyows lyth,

Lord, we be-seche þe, as þou art most of myth,

Owt of þe ded slep of þe therknese de-fend vs aye!

gyff vs grace ewyr to rest In lyth,

In quyet and In pes to serve þe nyth and day!

[Here xall lazar take his deth, þus seyyng.

[Lazarus.]

A, help, help, systyrs! for charyte!

A, help, help, systyrs! for charyte!

A, help, help, systyrs! for charyte!

A, help, help, systyrs! for charyte!

A, help, help, systyrs! for charyte!

A, help, help, systyrs! for charyte!

Lazarus is striken with death, and calls to his sisters for help.

O good brother, take commforth and myth,

and lett now heuynes In 3ower hart a-bye;

Lett a-way alle þis feyntnesse and fretth,

& we xal gete yow leches, 3ower peyne to devyde.

mary Mavdeleyn.

Mary Magdalene comforts him.

O good brother, take commforth and myth,

and lett now heuynes In 3ower hart a-bye;

Lett a-way alle þis feyntnesse and fretth,

& we xal gete yow leches, 3ower peyne to devyde.

martha.

Martha says

A! I synth and sorow, and sey, a-las!

A! I synth and sorow, and sey, a-las!

A! I synth and sorow, and sey, a-las!

A! I synth and sorow, and sey, a-las!

A! I synth and sorow, and sey, a-las!

A! I synth and sorow, and sey, a-las!

they'll go for Christ.

Ientyl syster, hye we from þis place,

for þe prophel[t] to hym hatt grett delectacyon;

they'll go for Christ.

Ientyl syster, hye we from þis place,

for þe prophel[t] to hym hatt grett delectacyon;
good brother, take some comfort,
for we wold go to seke yow cure.

[Here goth mary and martha, and mett with Jesus, pus seyynge.

[PART I. Scene 17.]

[Mary & Martha.]

O lord Jesus, owr mellefleus sweetnesse,
thowe art grettest lord In glorie,
Lover to pe lord In all lowlynesse!
Comfort þi creatur þat to þe crye!
be-hold yower lover, good lord, specyally,
How Lazar lyth seke In grett dystresse!
He ys þi lover, lord, suerly;
on-bynd hym, good lord, of þis heuynes!

Jesus.
of all In-fyrmyte, þer is non to deth,
for of all peynnes þat is Inpossyble.
To vndyr-stond be reson, to know þe werke,
the loye þat is in Jerusalem heuenly,
Can þe neuer be compylyd þe covnynge of þe clerke,
to se þe loyys of þe fathyr In glory,
the loyys of þe same whych owth to be magnyfied,
And of þe therd person, þe holy gost truly,
& alle iij but ow þe heuenly gloryfied.

Now, women, þat art In my presens here,
of my wordys take a-wysement;
go hom a-zen to yower brothyr Lazere;
my grace to hym xall be sent.

Mary Mandeleyn.

O thow gloryus lordþ, here present,
We yeld to þe salutacyon!
In owre weys we shall be expedyentþ;
now, Lordþ, vs defend þrom þrybulacyon!

[Here goth mary and martha homvard, and Jesus and go home to Bethany.
MARY MAGDALENE. PART I. SCENE 18.

[PART I. Scene 18.]

Lazarus.

A! In woo I waltyr, as wawys In þe wynd! 819
A-vey ys went all my sokour!
A! deth, deth, þou art ow-kynð!
A! a! now brystyt myþu harit! þis is a sharp shower!
fare-well, my syster, my bodely helth! 823

[mortuis est.

mary Mavdelyn.

Iesu, my lord?, be yower sokowr?,
And he mott be yower gostes welth! 825

primus miles.
goddes grace mott be hys governour,
In Ioy euerlastyng for to be!

secundus miles.
A-monge alle good sowlys send hym) favowr
as þi power yw most of dygnyte! 829

martha.

Martha says
Now syn) þe chans is fallyn) soo
that deth hath drewyn) hym) dow) þis day,
we must) nedys ower devyrs doo,
to þe erth to bryng) hym) with-owt delay. 833

mary Mavdelyn.

Mary adds,
with Weipers
as þe vse is now, and hath byw) aye,
with wepers to þe erth yow hym) bryng;
alłe þis must be done as I yow saye,
clad in black.'
Clad) In Blake, with-owtyw) lesyng.

primus miles.
gracyows ladyys of) grett honour,
ths pepull is com) here In yower syth,
wepyng) and welyng with gret dolour
be-caus of) my lordes dethe. 841

Neighbours come weeping.

The grave is made ready.

[Here þe one knygth make redy þe stone, and
other bryng in þe wepars arayyd in blak.]
Now, good fryndes pat here be,
Take vp thys body with good wyll,
& ley it In his sepoltur semely to se.

[Part I. Scene 19.]

Lazarus is laid in his tomb.

[Lay hym In.
Here al pe peyull resort to pe castell, pus seyngc Jesus.

Dissipulvs.

Lord, it plesse yower myty volunte,
thow he slepe, he may be savyd be skyll.

Jesus.

That is trew, and be possybilyte;
therfor of my deth shew yow I wyll.

My fathyr, of nemyows charyte,
sent me, his son, to make redemcyon,
wyche was conseyyd be puer verginyte,
And so In my mother had cler Incarnac, on;
and perfors must I suffyr grewos passyon
ondyr povnse pylat, with grett perplexite,
betynd, bobbyd, skoernyd, crownyd with thorne:
Alle pis xall be pe soferons of my deite.

I, therfor, hastily folow me now,
for Lazar is ded verely to preve:
wherfor I am ioyfull, I sey on-to yow,
that I knowlege yow per-with, pat ye may it believe.

[Here xal Jesus com with his dissipules; and one few tellyt martha.
A! martha, Martha! be full of gladnesse! for pe prophett ys comyng, I say trewly, with his dyssypylles In grett lowlynesse;
He shall yow comfortt with his mercy.

Martha runs to greet Christ, and says,

If he'd been there, her brother 'ud not have died. Jesus says that

all who believe in him shall have everlasting life.

Mary tells Jesus that if he had been with em, their brother had not died.

O þou rythewys regent, reynyng in equite, þou gracyows lord, þou swete Iesus!
And þou haddyst byþ her', my brothyr a-lyfe had be.
good lord, myþ hertt doth þis dyscus.
MARY MAGDALENE. PART 1. SCENE 20.

Jesus.
Wher have ye put hym? sey me thys. 893 Jesus orders

Mary M.
In his mo[nument, lord', is he.

Jesus.
to that place ye me wys;
Thatt grave I desire to se. 895 the stone to be taken off
take of pe ston of pis monvment!
The agreement of grace, her shewyn I wyll. 898 Lazarus's tomb.

Martha.
A, lord", yower presept' fulfyllyd xall be; 899 Martha takes it off,
thys ston I remewe with glad chyr.
gracyows lord", I aske pe mercy,
thy wyll mott be fulfyllyd here. 902

[Here xall martha put of pe grave-stone.

Jesus.
Now, father, I be-seche thynde hey paternyte, 903 Jesus prays to his Father,
that my prayour be resoundable to pi fathyrod In glory,
to opyn peynys to pi son In humanyte!
nat only for me, but for pi pepyll verely, 906
That pey may be-leue, and be-take to pi mercy,
fathyr! for peyn I make supplicacyon.
gracyows father! gravnt me my bone!
Lazer! Lazer! com' hethyr to me! 910

[Here xall Lazar a-ryse, trossyd with towelles, In
a shete.

Lazar.
A! my makar, my savyowr! blyssyd mott pou be! 911 Jesus blesses
Here men may know pi werkes of wondyr!
Lord, no thy[n]g ys onw-possybyll to the,
for my body and my sowle was departyd asonder! 914
I xulift a1-rottyt, as doth pe tondyr'
flaysch from pe bonys a1-consumyd a-way. 916
Lazarus proclaims God's goodness.

Now is a-loft, that late was ondyr!
the goodness of God hath don for me here;
for he is bote of all balys to on-byned,
that blyssyd lord that here ded a-pere.

The folk say they believe in Jesus.

[Here all pe pepull, and pe Iewys, mari, and martha with one woys sey pes wordes: we be-leve in yow savyowr, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!]

of yower good' hertes I have ad-vertacyoun, where thorow, In sowle holl made je be;
be-twix yow and me be never varyacyounes,
Wherfor I sey, "vade In pace."

[Here devoydyt Jesus with his desypylls; mary, and martha, and lazare, gone home to be castell; and here [the kyng of Marcylle] be-gynnyt hyg boste.

PART II. Scene 21.

Marcylle.

[leaf 116, back] The King:—
Why don't ye bend law to me, ye blabbyr-lipt bitches?

A-wantt, a-want pe, on-worthy wrecchesse! Why lowtt je nat low to my lawdabyll presens, ye brawlyng brelles, and blabyr-lyppyd bychys, obedeynyly to obbey me with-owt of-sense? I am a sofereyn semely, pat ye se butt seylyll; non swyche onder sonne, pe sothe for to say; whanne I fare fresly and fers to pe feld, my fomen fle for fer ofi my fray. ewen as an enperower I am onored ay,
Wanne baner gyn to blasse, and bemyys gyn to blow.

I'm the Head of all Heathendom,
Hed and I heyst of all rhetennesse hold! both kyngges and cayseres, I woll pey xall me know,
Or elles pey bey the bargayn, pat ever pey war so bold.

If I am kyng of marcylle, talys to be told;
Thus I wold it wer' knowyn ferre and ner, Ho sey contraly, I cast heym In care cold, and he xall bey the bargayn wondyr dere.

I have a lovely wife,
I have a favorows fode, and fresse as the fakown, she is full fayer In hyr femynyte;
whan I loke on 'tis lady, I am lofty as the lyon;
In my syth,
of' delcyte most' delcywos,
of' felachyf most' felcywos,
of' alle foidys most' favarows,
o! my blysse! In bevtene bryght!

regina.
O of' condycyons, and most onorabyll!
Lowly I thank yow for 'tis recommenda'yon!
the bervnteest, and the boldest onder baner bryth!
no creatur so coroscant to my consolacyon!
whan the regent be resydent, ittis my referecyon;
yower dilectabyll dedes devydytt me from dyversyte;
In my person I privyde to put me from polucyon;
To be plezant to yower person, ittis my prosperityte.

rex.
now godamercy, berel brytest of' bewte!
godamercy, rubu rody as 'e rose!
ye be so ple[s]avt to my pay, 'e put me from peyn.
now, comly knygthys, loke 'at 'e forth dresse
both spycys and wyn her'. In hast.

[Here xall 'e knygtes gete spycys and wynne, and here xall enter a dille in orebyll a-ray, fusseyynge.

[Part II. Scene 22.
[An Dille.]
Be þe passow of his manhede.

O[n] a crosce on h ye hangyd he, which hath dystroyd ower labor and alle ower dede. 974

He hath lytynnyn lymbo, and to paradyse 3ede. 975

þat wonyr-full worke werktyt vs wrake:

Adam and abram, and alle hyr kynred,

Owst of ower preson, to Ioy wer þey take:

all þis hath byw wrowth syn freyday at none;

brostyn dow ower gates þat hangyd wer full hye.

Now is he resyn, his resurrecyon is dow,

And is procedyd In-to galeye.

with many a temtacyon we toochyd hym to a-tréy,

to know whether he was god or non.

He's risen, and gone into Gailee.

He's wiped our eye,

and we shall lose our victims.

I'll go to Hell.'

I telle yow alle, In fine to helle wyll I gonne.

[Here xall enter þe iij mariis a-rayyd as chast women, with sygnis ofe þe passion pryntyde vp-one per breste, þus seyyng Mawdl-yn.

PART II. Scene 23.]

[Marlyn.]

Alas! alas! for þat ryall bem.

A! þis percytt my hartr worst of all;

for here he turnyd a-þen to þe woman of Jerusalem,

And for wherynesse lett þe crosse falle.

M[ary] Jacobe.¹

Thys sorow is beytterar pan ony galle;

for here þe Jevys spornyd hym to make hym goo;

¹ This Mary was supposed to be the supposed Virgin Mary's sister, the wife of Alpheus, the mother of the Apostle James, &c., and Christ's Aunt. She is always identified with Mary Salome, who is here a distinct person.
and they dyspyttyd her kyng ryall:
that clivytt mynw hart and makett me woo.

**M. salome.**
yt ys In-tollerabyll to se or to tell,
for ony creature, hat strongt tourmentry.
O lord! pou haddyst a mervelous mell!
yt is to bedyows to dyscry.

[al ñe maryys with one woyce sey ñis folowyng.]

[Maryys.]
Heylle, gloryows crosse! pou baryst hat lord onl hye,
whych be ñi myghtydddyst lowly bowe don,\nmanys sowle to bye from all thraldaw,\nthat euer-more In peyne shold a-be,\nBe record of davyt, with myld[?] stevyn,\nDomine, inclina celos tuos, et dessende!

**M. magdleyne.**
Now to þe monument lett vs gon,\nwher as ower lord and savyowr layd was,\nto a-noynt hym body and boûe,\nTo make a-mendes for ower trespass.
Ho xall put don þe led of þe monvment,\nthat we may a-noy[n]t his gracyus wovndes?\nwith hartt and my[n]d to do ower Intentt,\nwith precyus bamys, þis same stovnddes.

**M. salome.**
Thatt blyssyd body with-In þis bowndes
here was layd with rvfull moneys;
Never creature was borne vp-on gronddes\hat myghty sofer so hediows a peyne at onys.

[Here xall a-pere ij angelus In whyte at þe grave.

[1"n] angelus.
3e women presentt, dreyytt yow ryth nowth?
Jesus is resun, and is natt here.
The Angels say that Christ shall appear to his disciples in Galilee.

Loo! here is the place that he was In-browth.

go, sey to his dysypylles and to peter he xall a-pere.

ijus angelus.

In galeye, with-owtynd ony wyre,

per xall ye se hym, lyke as he sayd.
goo yower way, and take comfortt and chyr,

for pat he sayd, xall natt be delayyd.

[Here xall be maryys mete with peter and Ihone.

[PART II. Scene 24.]

M. madlym.

o peter and Ihon! we be be-gyllyd!

ower lordes body is borne a-way!

I am aferd itis dylylyd!

I am so carefull, I wott natt whatt to saye.

Peter.

ofi tes tyvinggys, gretly I dysmay!

I woll me thether hye with all my myth.

now, lord! defend vs as he best may!

ofi pe sepulture we woll have a syth.

Ihon.

A! myn Inward sowle stondying In dystresse,—

pe weche ofi my body xuld have a gyde,—

for my lord stondying In heynesse,

whan I remembyr his wovndes wyde!

Peter.

The sorow and peyne pat he ded drye

for ower offens and abomynacyon!

& also I for-soke hym! In hys turmentry;

I toke no heed to his techeyng and exortacyon.

[How peter and Ihon go to be sepulcr, and pe maryys folowyng.
PART II. Scene 25.

[Peter.]  
A! now I se and know þe sothe!  
but, gracyus lord, be ower protexyoun!  
Here is nothyng left but a sudare cloth,  
þat of þi beryng xulfl make meneyoun.

Iohn.  
I am a-ferd of wykkytt opressyoun  
where he is be-cum, it can-natt be devysyd;  
but he seyd, after þe iiij4 day he xulfl have resur rexon.  
Long be-forn, thys was promysyd.

M. magdleyn.  
Alas! I may no lengar a-byde,  
for dolour and dyssese þat In my hartt doth dwell.

Lus angelus.  
woman! woman! wy wepest þou?  
þou sekest þou with dolar thus?

M. magdleyn.  
A! sayn wolfl I wete, and I wyst how,  
wo hath born a-way my lord Jesus.

[Hic aparuit Iesus.  

[Iesus.]  
woman! woman! wy sycst thow?  
þou sekest þou? tell me þis.

M. magdlyn.  
A, good syr! tell me now  
yf þou have born away my lord Jesus,  
for I have porposyd In eche degre  
to have hym with me werely,  
the wyche my speyall lord hath be,  
and I bis lover and cause wyll phy.

Part II.  
Scene 25.  
The Sepulchre.

St. John says that Christ  
[leaf 110, back]  
promist to rise  
ere the 3rd day.

Mary Magdalene  
asks the Angel,  
Who has carried  
off her lord,  
Jesus?  
Jesus appears,

Mary Magdalene  
asks him  
if he has borne  
away her lord  
Jesus.

She asks him  
if he has borne  
away her lord  
Jesus.
He calls her Mary.

O mari!

M. magdleyn.

She knows him, and wants to anoint and kiss him.

A, gracius master and lord! yow it is pat I seke!

Lett me a-noynt yow with pis bamys sote.

Lord! long hast you hyd þe from my spece,

Butt now wyll I kesse þou, for my hartes bote.

Jesus.

Jesus bids Mary not to touch him.

Towche me natt, mary! I ded natt asennd to my father In deyyte, and on-to yowers;

Butt go sey to my brotheryn, I wyll pretende To stey to my father In heu[n]ly towers.

M. magdleyn.

She at first thought he was the gardener.

whan I sye yow fy rst, lord, verely

I went ye had byw symovd, þe gardener.

Jesus.

Jesus says he is the gardener of man's Heart, so I am, for-sothe, mary:

mannis hartt is my gardyn þere;

þer-in I sow sedys of vertu all þe þere;

þe fowle wedes and wycys, I reyn þe vp be þe rote.

whan þat gardyn is watteryd with terys clere,

than spryngþ vertuus, and smelle full sote.

M. Magdleyn.

O, þou dere worthy emperowere, þou hye devyne! to me þis is a Joyfull tyding,

And onþo all pepull þat after vs xall reynge, thys knowlege of þi deyyte, to all pepull þat xall obteyne and know þis be posybyl[it]e.

Jesus.

He will appear to all sinners who seek him.

I woll shew to synnars, as I do to þe, yf þey woll with veruens of love me seke.
be stedfast, and I xall ever with þe be,
and with all tho þat to me bynw meke.

[Here a-voydyt Jesus sodenly, þus seyyng mary M.

O, systyr! þus þe heþ and nobyll Infhent grace
Of my most blessyd lord Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
He a-peryd on-to me at þe sepulcur þer I was!
þat hath relievd my woo, and moryd my blysche!
it is In-numerably to expresse,
Or for ony tong for to tell,
of my Ioye how myche ittes,
so myche my peynnes itt doth excelle.

Mary says that Christ's appearing
[leaf 120, back]

Mary says that Christ's appearing
[leaf 121]

Mary says that Christ's appearing
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Mary says that Christ's appearing
[leaf 121]
and bids them
tell his Disciples
to go into
Galilee.

Mary blesses
Christ,

and will fulfil
his host.

In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti, amen!
goo ye to my brethryn, and sey to hem þer,
þat þey procede and go In-to gallelye;
& þer xall þey se me, as I seyd be-fore,
bodyly, with here carnall yye.

Here Iesus devoydytt a-ßen.

magdleyȝ.

O þou gloryus lord of heuenþ regyon, now blyssyd be þi hye devynyte, thatt ever thow tokest In-carnacyon
thus for to vesyte þi pore servantes thre.

þi wyll, gracyows lord, fulfyllyð xall be As þou commavndyst vs In all thyngs;
Ower gracyows brethryn we woll go se, with hem to seyn all owere lekeyng.

Here devoyd all þe iij maryys; and þe kyngge ofe marcyll xall be-gyne a sacryfyce.

Part II. Scene 26.

[PART II. Scene 26.]

rex mercyll.

The King of
Marcyll proposes
to sacrificie to
his gods,

specially

Now, lordeþ and ladys of grett a-prize,
a mater to meve yow is in my memoryall,
þis day to do a sacryfyce
with multetude of myrth be-fore ower goddes all,
with preors In a-specyall be-fore his presens,
eche creature with hartt de-mvre.

Regina.

To þat lordþ curteys and keynd,
mahond, þat is so mykyll of myth,
with mynstrelly and myrth In mynd,
lett vs gon ofer In þat hye kyngþis syth.

Here xall enter an hethene prest þe and his boye.
PART II. Scene 27.

presbyter.

now, my clerke, Hawkyn, for loue of me
loke fast myn awter wer a-rayd; 1143
goo ryng a bell to or thre! 1146
lythly, chylk, it be natt delayd;
for here xall be a grett solemnyte.
loke, boy, 

clericus.

what, master, woldyst pou have pylemmantojibeddes syde?

thow xall a-byde tyll my servyse is sayd. 1149

presbyter.

boy! I sey, be sentt coppyn;
no swyche wordes to je I spake.

boy.

wether pou ded or natt, je fryst Iorny xall be myn;
for, be my feyth, pou beryst wattes pakke; 1154
but, syr, my master grett morell,
ye have so fellyd yower bylly with growell,
pat it growit grett as je dywll of hell.

ou-shaply pou art to see!
whan women comme to here pi sermon,
pratyly with hem I can houkkyw,
with kyrrhow and fayer maryn.

jey love me better 
I dare sey and pou xulldes ryde,
pi body is so grett and wyde,
pat never horse may je a-byde,
exseptt pou breke his bakk asovlyp.

presbyter.

A! je lyyst, boy, be je dyvll of hell!
I pray god mahond mott je quell!
I xall whyp je tyll pi ars xall belle!
On pi ars cam mych wonyry.

The Priest bids his boy get the altar ready, and ring the bells.

The boy says, "Do you want your wench?"

But I'll have first turn.

I can houk Kirchon and (leaf 122)
Marion: they love me better than you.

You're so fat that you'd break a horse's back."

The Priest declares he'll flg the Boy.
boy.

The Boy calls
the Priest the
Devil's uncle.

A fartt, master, and kysse my greune!

he dyvll of hell was þi etume;
þis kenred is a-sprongyn late.
Loo, mastyrs, of swyche a stokke he canū.

presbyter.

mahovndes blod, precyows knave!
stryppys ond þi ars þou xall have,
& rappys ond þi pate!
bete hym.

rex dicitt.

The King asks
to hear the
service.

Now, prystes and clerkys, of þis tempyll cler,
yower servys to sey, lett me se.

presbyter.

A, soverynū lord, we shall dow ower devyr.
boy, a boke a-non þou bryng me!
now, boy, to my awter I wyll me dresse;
O þ xall my westment and myū aray.

boy.

The Boy says a
mocking non-
sensical service.

now þam, þe lessonū I woll expresse,
lyke as longytt for þe servys of þis day:

‘Leceyo mahowdys, viri fortissimi sarasenorum,
glabriosum ad glvmandum glsmardinorum,
gormondorum alocorum, stampatinantum cursorum,
Cowththes fulcatum, congryrvandum tersorum,
mursum malgorum, Marar3orum,
skartum sialporum, fartum cardiculorum,
slavndri strovinnppum, corbolcorum,
snyguer snager werwolforum,
standgardum lamba befettorum,
strowtum stardy strangolecorom,
rygor dagor flapporum,
castratum ratrybaldorum,
Howndes and hogges, In heggges and helles,
snakes and toddes mott be yower helles;
ragnell and roflyn, and other, In pe wavys,
gravnitt yow grace to dye oul pe galows.'

Presbyter.

Now, lordes and ladys, lesse and more,
knele all dow with good devocyon;
yonge and old, rych and pore,
do yower oferyng to sentt mahownde,
& ye xall have grett pardon,
pat longytt to pis holy place;
& receyve: re xall my benesown),
and stond In mahowndes grace.

Rex dicitt.

mahownd, you art of mytes most,
In my syth a gloryus gost;
you comfortyst me both In contre and costi
with yi wesyom and yi wytt;
for truly, lord, In pe is my trost.
good lord, lett natt my sowle be lost!
all my cown-cell well you wotst.
Here In yi presens as I sett,
thys besawnt of golde, rych and rownd?,
I ofer ytt for my lady and me,
pat you mayst be ouer covnfortes In pis stownd.
sweth mahovnd?, remenybr me!

Presbyter.

now, boy, I pray pe lett vs have a song!
Ower servyse be note, lett vs syng?, I say.
cowff yp yi brest, stond natt to longi,
be-gynne pe offyse of pi day.

Boy.

I home and I hast, I do pat I may,
with mery tvne pe trebyll to syngi.
syngc both.
The Priest slangs his Boy,
and shows the King, &c., his relics,
Mahomet's neck-bone, and
[leaf 123, back]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Presbyter.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Hold vp! pe dyvll mote pe a-fray, for all ow3t of rule pou dost me bryng! butt now, ser kyng, quene, and knyth, be mery In hartt everychon; for here may ye se relykes brygth, mahowndes own0 nekke bow;— And 3e xall se er ewer ye gow whatt-so-mewer yow be-tyde; &amp; ye xall kesse all pis holy bow;— eyelid Mahowndys own0 yee-lyd, 3e may have of pis grett store, &amp; ye knew pe cause wherfor, that'll blind em, ytt woll make yow blynd for ewer-more. pis same holy bede, Lorddes and ladyys, old and ynge, mahownd pe body(?) and dragon pe dere; golyas so good, to blysse may yow bryngt, with belyall, In blysse ewer-lastyng, pat ye may ber In Ioy syngt be-fore pat comly kyngt; pat is ower god In fere.</td>
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[PART II. Scene 28.] pylatt.

Part II. Scene 28.
Jerusalem.
Pilate's House.

Pilate asks his servants about the death of Jesus, who was killid unjustly,

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Now, 3e serjauntes semly, qweat sey 3e? 3e be full wetty men In pe law; of 3e dethe of Iesu I woll awysynl be; Ower soferynl sesar pe soth must nedes know. Thys Iesu was a man of grett vertu, And many wondyrs In his tyme he wrowth; He was put to dethe be cawsys ow-tru, wheche mater stekytt In my thowth; &amp; 3e know well how he was to pe erth browth, wacchyd with knyghts of grett aray. He is resyn agayn, as be-fore he tawth. &amp; Ioscph of baramathye he hath takyn away.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[leaf 124] has risen again, and taken away Joseph of Arimathhea.
[Primus] servijatt.

soferyn luge, all þis is soth þat þe sey;
But all þis must be cyryd be sotylte,
& sey how his dysypylyes stolyn hym away;
And þis xall be þe answer, be þe asenttt of me.

secundus servijatt.

so it is most lylly for to be;
yower covncell is good and commendabyll;
so wryte hym a pystyll of speyallte,
& þat for vs xall be most prophytabyll.

pylatt.

now, masengyr', In hast hether þou coml!
on my masage þou must, with ower wrytyng,
to þe soferyn emperower of rome.
but fryst þou xall go to herodes þe king;
And sey how þat I send hymknowyng
of crystes deth, how it hath hym wrowth.
I charge þe make no lettyng
tyll þis letter to þe emperower be browth.

Nyncyus. pylatus.

My Lord', In hast yower masage to speede
On-to þat lorde of ryall renown,
Dowth þe nat, my lord, it xall be dow in-dede;
now hens woll I fast owt of þis townl.

Her goth þe masenger to Herodes.

[PART II. Scene 29.]

Nyncyus.

Heyll! soferyn kyng oder crownl!
þe prynys of þe law reccemmende to yower heynesse,
& sendytt yow tydynges of crystes passon,
As In þis wrytyng doth expresse.

Herodes.

¶ A! be my trowth, now and I full of blys!
þes be mery tydynges þat þey have þus dow!
Herod is glad of the news, and to be at one with Pilate.

now certes I am glad of þis;
for now ar we frendes, þat afore wher fon;
hold ð a reward, masenger, þat thow wer' gon, & recommend me to my soferens grace;
shew hym ð I woll be as stedfast asston;
ferr and nere, and In every place.

Here goth þe Masenger to þe emperower.

[PART II. Scene 30.]

The Emperor's Palace.

The Messenger greets the Emperor and gives him Pilate's letters.

Heyll! be yow soferenw, settyng In solas!
Heyll! worthy with-owtynpere!
Heyll! goodly to gravenþ all grace!
Heyll! emperower ofþ þe word ferr and nere!
soferenw, and itþ plese yower hye empyre,
I have brothw yow wrytyng ofþ grett a-prise,
wyche xall ð be pleseyng to yower desyre,
fromþ pylatt yower hye Iustyce.
He sentt yow word with lowly In-tenttt,
In everey place he kepytt yower cummanvndement,
as he is boundþ be his ofyce.

emperower.

A, welcum masenger ofþ grett ple3eavns!
þis wrytyng a-non lett me se!
my lugges anon gyffe a-tendans,
To unnderstond whatþ þis wrytyng may be,
wethyr it be good arþ ony deversyte,
Or elles natt for myþ awayll;
Declare me þis In all þe hast. 

provost!.

syr, þe sentelles we woll dyscus,
& it plese yower hye exselevyns,
the In-tenttt ofþ þis pstyll is þus:
pylatt recommendytt to yower presens,
And ofþ a prophett is þe sentelles,¹

¹ ¿read sentens.
whos name was callyd Iesus.
He is putt to dethe with vyolens,
for he chalyngyd to be kyng of Iewys;
for he was cru cyfèd to ded,
And syn was beryd, as pey thowth reson;
also he cleymèd him-sylf son of pe godhec.
pe therd nyght he was stollyn away with treson,
with his desyppelles pat to hym had dyleecyon,
so with hym away pey 3ode.
I merveyll how pey ded with pe bodyys corupcyon;
I trow pey wer fed with a froward fode.

Imperator.
crafty was per cownyng, pe soth for to seyn.
Thys pystyll I wyll kepe with me yff I can;
also I wyll have cronekyllyd pe 3er and pe reyne,
pat never xall be for-gott, who-so loke per-ow.
masengyr', owt of pis town with a rage!
Hold pis gold to pi wage,
mery for to make.

nvncyus.
fire-well, my lord of grett renown,
for owt of town my way I take.

Here entyr mawdleyne with hyr dysyppyll, pis seyynge.

[PART II. Scene 31.]

mavdlyn.
A! now I remembyr my lord pat put was to ded
with pe Iewys, with-owtyn gyltt or treson:
pe therd nyght he ros be pe myth of his godhec;
vup-on pe sonday had his gloryus resurrecylon;
And now is pe tyne past of his gloryus ascencyon;
He steyyd to hevyn, and per he is kyng:
A! his grett kendnesse may natt fro my mercyon.
Of Alle maner tongges he 3at vs knowyng,
for to vndyrstonde every langwage;
Now have pe dysyppylles take per passage

who was crucified because he claimed to be king of the Jews,
[leaf 125, back] and whose body was stolen by his Disciples.
to dyvers contreys her and sondyr,
to prech and teche of' his hye damage:
full ferr ar my brothyr\d de-partyd asondyr. 1348

[PART II. Scene 32.]
Her xall heyne opyne and Jesus xall show [hymself.]

Jesus says he has rested in the Moon,
the vessel of Purity,
his Mother,
Queen of Jerusalem and Empress of Hell.

No tongue can express her goodness.

Part II. Scene 32.

Jesus.
O, be on\clypsyd sonne, tempyll of\f salamon! 1349
In be mone I restyd, \fet never chonggyd goodnesse;
In be shep of\f noee, fles of\f Iudeon;
she was my tapyrnakyll of\f grett nobyllnesse,
she was be paleys of\f phebus bryghtnesse,
she was be wessell of\f puer\f clennesse,
wher my godhed 3aff\f my manhod myth,
My blyssyd mother, of\f demvre femyntyte
for mankynd, 3fe yeynddes defens,
quewne of\f Iherusalen, 3pat heuenly cete,
empresse of\f hell, to make resystens.
she is be precyus pyn\f full of\f ensens;
the precyus synamver, 3be body thorow to seche;
she is be mvske a-\f zens 3be hertes of\v yolens,
\f lentyll Ielopher a-\f zens 3be cardyakylles wrecch;
The goodnesse of\f my mother, no tong\f can expresse,
no\f no clerke, of\f hyr', hyr' Ioyys can wryth.
Butt now of\f my servannt I remembyr 3pe kendnesse;
with heuenly masage I cast me to vesyte,—
Raphael, myn angell, In my syte;— 1368
to mary Mavadley\n deconde In a whyle,
Byd her' passe 3be se be my myth,
And say she xall converte 3be land\f of\f maryyll.

angels.
O gloryus lord, I woll resortt

O gloryus lord, I woll resortt

1362

1363

1365

1368

1371

1372

1375
[PART II. Scene 33.]

Abase the novit, mary, In his place;
Ower lordes preceptt thou must full-fyll,
to passe thee see In shortt space
Onl-to the word of marcyll.

Kyng and quene converte xall 3e,
And byw a-myttyd as an holy apostylesse;
Alle thee lond xall be techyd alonly be the;
goddes lawys onl-to hem 3e xall expresse.

per-for hast yow forth with gladnesse,
goddes commavddement for to fullfyll.

mari Mawllelyyn.

He put from my person vij dewlles ma l to fle,
be vertu of hym alle thyng 3e was wroth;
to seeke thoyys peypill I woll rydy be.
as pou hast commavnddyyt, In vertw thee xall be brough.

with 3e grace, good lord, In deite,
Now to thee see I wyll me hy,
sam sheppyng to asspy.
Now spede me, lord, In eternall glory!
now be my spede, allmyty trenite!

[PART II. Scene 34.]

Here xall entyre a shyp with a mery song.

shep-man.

strye! strye! lett fall aw ankyr to grownd!
Her is a fayer haven to se!
connyngly In, loke but ye sownd;
I hope good harbarow have xal wee!
loke but we have drynke, boy pou.

boy.

I may natt for slep, I make god a wow;
3ou xall a-byde ytte, and 3ou wet my syr?

shep-man.

why, boy, we ar' rydy to go to dyner?
xall we no mete have?
108  MARY MAGDALENE.  PART II.  SCENE 34

[leaf 127, back]

The Boy declares he can't get the dinner, he's so bad with the cramp;

boy.

Natt for me be of good chyer,
thowe ye be sor hongord tyll ye rave,
I tell yow plenly be-forn;
for swyche a cramp on me sett is,
I am and a poynct to fare pe worse;
I ly and wring tyll I pyse,
And am and a poynct to be for-lorn.
pe master.

now, boy, whatt woll pe pis seyll?
boy.

but a fair damsels coming to help him,

Nothyng butt a fayer damsell;
she shold help me, I know it well,
Ar elles I may rue pe tymte pat I was born.
pe master.

Be my trowth, syr boye, ye xal be sped;
I wyll hyr bryng on-to yower bed;
now xall you lern a damsell to wed,
she wyll nat kysse pe on skorn.

The Shipman bets the boy.

bete hym.

pe boy.

A skorn, no, no, I fynd it hernest!
the dewlle of hell motte pe brest;
for all my corage is now cast!
alasse! I am for-lorn!

man[d]leyne.

Master of pe shepe, a word with the.
master.

[leaf 128]

The Master tells Mary Magdalene

All redy, fayer woman, whatt wol ye?
mary [maudleyn.]
of whense is thys shep? tell ye me;
and ye seyle with-in a whyle.

master.

that his ship sails at once to Maryle.

We woll seyle pis same day,
yf pe wynd be to ower pay.
Mary [maudleyn.]

Mary Magdalene. Part II. Scenes 34 and 35.

Now, ye hye kyng crist, mannes redempcyon, mote save yow, ser kyng, regnyng. In equite,
Mary Magdalene in Jesus's name begs the King of Marcylle to let her dwell there.

& mote gydde yow yow þe [way] toward sauasyon,
Iesu, þe son of þe myghty trenite,
That was, and is, and ever xall be,
for mannes sowle þe reformacyon;
In his name, lord, I be-seche þe,
with-In þi lond to have my manecyôn.

rex [King of Marcylle.]
Iesu! Iesu! quæt dyeyle is hym? þat?
I defye þe and þyn a-penyon!
thow false lordeyn, I xal fell þe flatt!
who made the so hardy to make swych rebon?

mary.
syr, I com natt to þe for no decepyon,
But þat good lord cristþ hether me compassyd;
to receyve hys name, ittis yower refecyôn,
and þi forme ofþ mysbele[1] be hymþ may be losyd.

rex.
asks who Jesus is,
And what is þat lord þat thow speke of her?

Mary.
Id est salvator, yft thow wyll ler,
þe secunde person þat hell ded conquar,
& þe son of þe father In trenyte.

Rex.
of what power,
And of what power is þat god þat ȝe reherse to me?

Mary.
He mad hevyn and erth, lond and see,
1 and all þis he mad of þis nowthe.

Rex.
woman, I pray þe answer me.
what mad god at þe fyrst be-gynnyng?
thys processe ondyrstond wol we,
that wolde I lerne; Ittis my plesyng.
[1 MS. & and all.]
Mary.

(Iesu, mercy!)

syr, I wyll declare al and sum,
what from God fiyst ded proceed;
He seyd, 'In principio erat verbum,'
& with þat he provyd his grett godheit;
He mad heuow for ower spede,
wher-as he sytth In trones hyee.
His mnystyrs next, as he save nede,
His angellus and archangylles all the compeny.

on þe munday he wold natt mys
To make some, mone, and sterrys & þe fyrmament;
The some to be-gynne his cors In þe oryent,
& ever labor with-owyn werynesse,
& kepytt his cors In-to þe occedent;
The twysday, as I owlyrstond þis,
grett grace for vs he gan to In-cresse;
þat day he satt vp-on watteris,
as was lykyng to his goodnesse,
As holy wrytt berytt wettenesse.

þat tyme he made both see and land,
All þat werke of grett nobyll-nesse,
as it was plc3yng to his gracyus son;
On þe weddysday, ower lord of mythe
made more at his plc3yng;
fysche In flod, and fowle In flyth;
And all þis was for ower hellpyng.
On the thorsday, þat nobyll kyng
mad dyverse bestes grett and smale;
He yaff hem erth to ther fedyng,
and bad hem cressyn þe hylle and dale.
And owi þe fryday, god mad man,
as it plc3ett his hynesse mo$t;

1 'Iesu mercy' is at the bottom of the page, in the margin.
after his own semelytude than, and saf hem lyfe of ye holy gost. 1516

On Saturday, he blest his works and bad 'em multiply; and

O[n] pe satyrday, as I tell can,
All his werkys he gan to blysse;
He bad them multiply and Incresse than,
as it was plezyng to his worthynesse.
And ond pe sonday, he gan rest take,
as skryptur declarytt pleyn,
at shold reverens make
to hyr makar pat hem doth susteyn,
vp-on pe sonday to leuen In his servyse,
& hym alonly to serve, I tell yow pleyn.

The King says his Gods did these things, 1520
Herke, woman, thow hast many resonnes grett;
I thyngk, ond to my goddes aperteinyng pey beth.
but pat make me answer son, I xall pe frett,
& cut pe tonge owt of hi heff.

Mary.
syr, yf I sayd amys, I woll retur[n] agayn;
leve yower encomberowns o[d] perturbacyon,
& lett me know what yower goddes byd,
And how pey may save vs from trevelacyon.

and orders all to go to their Temple.
Hens to pe tempyll pat we war',
and pe xall thow se a solom syth.
Com ond all, both lesse and more,
this day to se my goddes myth.
Here goth pe Kynge with all his a-tendavnt to pe tempyll.

[PART II. Scene 36.]

The King of Marcyle prays his God to speak to Mary Magdalene.

Purl 11.
The Temple at Marcyle.

Loke now, qwatt seyyst thow be pis syth?
How plezeavntly pey stond, se thow how!

Lord, I besech pi grett myth,
speke to pis chrisetyn pat here sestt pou.
' speke, god lord", speke! se how I do bow!
Herke, pou pryst!' qweat mennytt all this?
what! speke, good lord! speke! what eylytt pe now?
speke, as thow artt bothe of all blysse! 1546

prysbiter.

lord, he woll natt speke whyle chrisctené her' is.

Mary.
syr kyng, and it pleze yower gentylnesse,
gyff me lycens my prayors to make
on-to my god In hevené blysch,
sum merakyll to shewyné for yower sake.

Rex.

pray ði fylle, tyll ðen knees ake. 1552

mary.

Dominus, illuminacio mea, quen timebo!
Dominus, protecttor vite mee, a quo trepedabo!

Here xal ðe mament tremyll and quake.

Now, lord of lordes, to ði blyssyd name sanctificatt,
most mekely my feyth I recummend. 1556
pott dorð ðe pryd of mamentes violat!
lord, to ði lover ði goodnesse descendé;
left natt ðer pryd to ði poste pretent?,
wher-æs is rehersyd ði hye name Ihesus.
good lord, my prevor I feythfully send;
Lord, ði rythwysnesse here dyscus!

Here xall comme a clowd frome heven, and sett
 þe tempyl One a fyer, and þe pryst and þe cler[ð]
xallsynke; and þe kyngę gothe homé, þus seyyngę,

[Rex.]

A! owst! for angur I and þus deludyd. 1563 [leaf 131, back]
I wyll be-wreke my cruell tene.
alas! with-In my-sylfe I and concludytt.
þou woman, comme hether and wete whatt I mene;
My wyffand I to-gether many þersys have byw, & never myth be conceyvyd with chyld?,
DIGBY MYST.
he'll obey her God.  
yf' hou for pis canst synd a mene,  
I wyll a-bey pi god, and to hym be meke and mylct. 1570

Mary.

Now, syr, syn hou seyst so,  
to my lord I pr[a]ye with reythfull bone;  
be-leve In hym and In no mo,  
& I hope she xall be concevyd' sone. 1574

Rex.

Now he is sick,  
and will go to bed.  
A-woyd', awoyd', I wax all seke,  
I wyll to bed pis same tyde.  
I am so wexyd with 3ew sucke,  
pat hath ner' to deth me dyth. 1578

Here ye Kynge goth to bed In hast, and mary goth  
In-to an olde logge with-owt pe gate, pas seyynge.  

mary.

Mary prays to  
Christ to send her food and drink.

Now, cryst, my creatur, me conserve and kepe,  
pat I be natt contünddyd with pis reddure!  
for hungor' and thirst, to ye I wepe;  
lord, demene me with mesuer!  
as hou savydst' daniell from ye lyounes rigur,  
Be abacuk pi masengyr', relevyd with sustynovns,  
good lord, so hellpe me and sokore,  
lord, as itis pi hye ple3awns. 1586

[PART II. Scene 37.]  

Jesus.

My grace xall grow, and dond decend  
to mary my lover, pat to me doth call,  
Hyr assatt for to a-mend;  
she xall be relevyd' with sustinons corporall.  
now, awngelas, dyssend to hyr In especyll,  
And lede hyr to ye pryynsys chambyr ryth.  
bed hyr' axke of his good be weyys pacyfycal;  
and goo yow be-fore hyr with reverent' lyth. 1594
**Part II. Scenes 37 and 38.**

**Primum angelus.**

Blyssyd lord, In þi syth
we dyssend on- to mary.

**Ij" angelus.**

We dyssend from yower blyssse bryth;
On- to yower cummanvndement we alye.

**Tunc dissenditt angelus.**

mary, ower lord wyll comfortt yow send:
he bad, to þe kyng ye xulll take þe waye, 
ym to a-say, yf he woll condensend;
as he is slepyng, hemd to a-saye.

**Ij" angelus.**

Byd hym releve yow to goddes pay,
And we xal go be-fore yow with solenly lyth;
In a mentyll of whyte xall be ower araye;
The dorex xall opyn a-3ens vs be ryth.

**Mary.**

O, gracyus god, now I vnryrstond!
ths clothelyng of whyte is tokeynyng of mekenesse.
now, gracyus lord, I woll natt womd,
yower preseptt to obby with lowlynesse.

**Here goth mary, with þe angelus be-fore hyr e. to þe Kyngges bed, with lythys beryng, þus seyyng mary.**

**Mary.**

thow froward Kyng, trobelows and wood,
that hast at þi wyll all worddes wele,
Departe with me with sum of þi good;
that and In hongor, threst, and cold!
god hath þe sent warunygys selle;
I rede þe torne, and amen þi mooḍ;
Be-ware of þi lewdnesse, for þi own⁄ helo!
And thow qwen, tvrne from þi mooḍ.

**Here mari woydyt; and þe angyll and mary chong[e] hyr clotheyng, þus seyyng þe Kyngge.**
MARY MAGDALENE. PART II. SCENES 38 AND 39.

A! this day is com’d! I am very merry and glad;
The sun is up, and shineth bright.
A merveleous shewynge, In my sleep I had;
That sore me trobelyd, this same nyth:
A fayer woman I saw In my syth,
All In whyte was she clad’d;
Led she was with an angyll bryth,
to me she spake with wordes sad.

regina [The Queen of Marcylle.]

I trow, from good that hey were sent;
In ower hartes we may have dowte;
I went ower chambyr shold a brenyt,
for he lyth hat per was all a-bowth.
to vs she spake wordes of dred,
that we xuld help hem hat haue nede,
with ower godes, so god ded byd,
I tell yow with-owtyn dowthe.

rex.

Now, semely wyff, ye say ryth well.
A knyth a-now with-owtyn delay!
now, as pou hast byn trew as stytle,
goo fett hat woman be-fore me pis daye.

Miles.

my sovereyn lord, I take he waye;
she xall com at ower pleseawns.
yower soveryn wyll I wyll goo saye,
it is almesse hyr to a-wawns.

thunc transiunt miles ad mariam.

[PART II. Scene 39.] speed well, good woman! I am to he sent, yow for to speke with he Kyng.
MARY MAGDALENE. PART II. SCENE 39. 117

Maria.
gladly, ser, at hys Intentt», 1646
I comme at his own plseyngt.

Tunc transytt maria ad regem.
The mythe and pe powere of pe heye trenyte, 1647
the wysdom of pe son, mott governe yow In ryth!
the Holy gost mott with yow be!
what is yowre wyll? sey me In sythe.

Rex.

thow fayer woman, itis my delyth, 1650
pe to refresch is myn Intentt,
with mete and mony, and clothys for pe nyth,
And with swych grace as god hathe me lentt.

Maria.

Than fullfylle 3e goddes cummavndement, 1655
pore folk In mysch[ef], pem to susteyn.

Rex.

Now, blyssyd woman, reherse here presentt, 1658
the løyys of yower lord In heven.

Mary.

A! blyssyd pe ower, and blyssyd be pe tyme, 1659
pat to goddes lawys 3e wyll gyff credens,
to yower selfe 3e make a glaft pryme
Azens pe fendses Malcyows violens.
from god a-bove, comit pe In-fluens,
Be pe Holy gost In-to þi brest sentt down,
for to restore þi of-sens,
þi sowle to bryng to ewerlastynge salvacyon.
Thy wyll, she is grett with chyld;
Lyke as þou desyerst, þou hast þi bone.

Regina.

A! 3e! I felytt ster In my wombe vp and down; 1669
I am glad I have þe In presens.
O blyssyd womman, rote of ower savacyon,
þi god woll I worship with dew reverens.

Mary comes gladly.
Rex.

The King asks
Mary her name,

Now, fayer womman, scy me þe sentens,
I be-seche þe, whatt is þi name?

Mary.

ser, a-þens þat I make no resystens,
Mary mavdleynd with-owtnblame.

and thanks her,

O! blyssyd mary, ryth well is me
þat ewer I have abedyn þis daye.
now thanke I þi god, and specyally 32,
And so xall I do whyle I leve may.

mary.

3e xall thankytt peter, my master, with-owt delay. 1681
He is þi frend, stedfast and cler;
To allmythy god he halp me pray,
and he xall crestynd yow from þe tynddes power, 1684
In þe syth of þi god an hye.

rex.

now suerly 3e answer me to my pay;
I am ryth glad of þis tyddlynges.
Butt, mary, In all my goodes I sese yow þis day, 1688
for to bynt at yower gydyng,
And þem to rewlynd at yower pleseyng
Tyll þat I comme homd a-gaynd.
I wyll axke of þow neythyr lond nor rekynynge,
But I here delever yow powerd pleyn.

regina.

Now, worshepfull lord, of þa bone I yow pray, 1694
And it be pleseyng to yower hye dygni not.

Rex.

Madam, yower dysyer of þow to me say.
what bone is þat 3e desyer of þe me?
regina.
Now, worshipfull sovereign, In eche degree, 
pat I may with yow goo, 
A crestyn womman made to be. 
gracyus lord, it may be soo. 

Rex.
A-las! ye wyttys of wommen, how ye byn wyllt! 
And per-of fallytt many a chanse. 
A! why desyer it? and yow ar with chyld. 

regina.
A! my sovereign, I am knett In care, 
but ze consedyr now pat I crave; 
tor all ye lowys pat ever ware, 
be-hynd yow pat ze me nat leve. 

Rex.
wyff, syn pat ze woll take pis wey of pryse, 
per to can! I no more seyn! 
now, Iesu be ower gyd, pat is hye Iustyce, 
And pis blyssyd womman, mary magleyn! 

Mary.
syth ze ar consentyd to pat dede, 
the blyssyng of god gyff to yow wyll I; 
He xall save yow from all drede, 
In nomine patrys, et filij, et spiritus sancti. amen! 

Ett tunc navis venit In placeam, et navta dicit. 

[PART II. Scene 40.] 
[Navta.] 
Loke forth, grobbe, my knave, 
& tell me quat tydynges pou have, 
& yf pou a-spye ony lond. 

boy. 
In-to ye shrowdes I woll me hye. 
be my fythe, a castell I aspye, 
& as I ondyrstond. 

1698 The Queen begs that she may go with him. 
1701 
1704 The King dissuades his wife [leaf 134, back] from going. 
1705 She begs him not to leave her behind, 
1708 and he agrees to take her. 
1713 Mary blesses them. 
1716 

1717 The Shipman's boy Grobbe sees a Castle. 
1719
The ship arrives at Marcylle, and the King

[leaf 135]

Navta.

sett per-with, yf we mown, for I wott ittis a havyn towyn pat stondyt vp-on a stond. Ett tunece transit ad navem, et dicit rex.

[Rex. The King of Marcyle.] How, good man, of whens is pat shep? I pray ye ser, tell pou me.

Navta. ser, as for pat, I take no kepe; for quat cavse enquire 3e? Rex. for cavsys of nede, seyle wold we; ryth fayn we wold ower byn.

Navta. 3ee, butt me thynkytt, so motte I the, so hastely to passe, yower spendyng is thyn. I trow, be my lyfe, 1733 1734 1735 1736 1737

1738 1739 1740 1741 1742 1743 1744

Navta. but, for 10 marks, he agrees to take the King and Queen to the Holy Land.

Ten marke I wyll 3e gyff, yf pou wylt set me vp at pe cleyff In pe holy lond. Navta. set of, boy, In-to pe flok! Boy. I xall, master, pe wynd is good; Hens pat we wer.' lamentando regina.
[PART II. Scene 41.]

[Regina.]

A! Lady! helpp In þis nede,
þat In þis flock we drench natt.
O blyssyk lady! for-3ete me nowth!
A! mary, mary, flower ofw wommanned!

Rex.

a! My dere wyffle! no dred ze have,
butt trost In mary mavdleynþ,
And she from perelles xall vs save;
to god for vs she woll prayynþ.

regina.

A! dere hosbonþ, thynk on me,
& save yower sylle as long as ze may;
for trewly itt wyll no other-wyse be;
full sor my hart it makytt þis day.
A! þe chylþ þat be-twyx my sydes lay,
þe wyche was conseyyylþ on me be ryth!
Alas! þat wommannes help is away;
and hevy departynge is be-twyx vs In syth;
for now departe wee.
for de-fawte ofw wommen here In my nede,
deth my body makyth to sprede.
now, mary mavdleynþ, my sowle lede!
In manus tuas, domine!

Rex.

Alas, my wyff is ded!
alas! þis is a carefull chans!
so xall my chylþ, I am u-dreþ,
& for defawth of sustynouns.
good lord, þi grace gravnte to me!
A chylþ be-twewn vs of Incres,
an it is mother-les!
Help me, my sorow for to relese,
yfþ þi wyl it be!

Part II. Scene 41.

At sea. A rock on an island. The Holy Land.

1746

The Queen of Marcylle calls on Mary to help her.

[leaf 135, back]

1750

1753

1754

She is in child-birth,

1757

1761

1763 and having no woman's help,

commits her soul to God,

1766 and dies.

1770

1771 The King laments his wife's death,

1775
The storm increases.

The men want to throw the Queen's corpse and his child overboard.

The King begs them to put it and his child on a rock.

The ship reaches the Holy Land.
MARY MAGDALENE.  PART II.  SCENES 41 AND 42.  123

ex.

I gravnt þe, ser, so god me save.
lo, here is all þi comnownt,
all-edy þon xall it have,
and a marke more þan þi gravnt.
& þan page, for þi good obedyentt,
I gyff yow be-syde yower styntt,
Eche of yow a marke for yower wage.

nawta.

now he þat mak bothe the day and nyth,
He sped yow In yower ryth,
well to go on yower passage!

[PART II.  Scene 42.]

peter.

now all creatures vp-ow mold,  1802 The King of
þat byn of crystes creacyon,  Marcyllie pays
to worcep lesu þey ar be-hold,  the Shipman
nor' never a-jens hym to make waryacyon.  and his Boy,

rex [The King of Marcyllie.]  1805

ser, feythfully I be-seehe yow þis daye;
wher peter þe apostull is, wete wold I.  1806

peter.

ittis I, syr, with-owt delay;  1815
of yower askyng tell me qwy.

rex.

ser, þe soth I xall yow seyn,  1820 [leaf 137]
and tell yow mynw Intentt with-In a whyle.
þer is a woman hyth mary magdelyn,  and says that
Þat hether hath laberyd me owt ofþ mercyll;—
on-to þe wyche woman I thynk no gyle,—
and þis pylgramage cavyd me to take.
I woll tell yow more of þe stylle,
for to cresten me from wo and wrake.  1823 Mary Magdalene

1827 has sent him to

1827 be baptizd by
peter.

O, blyssyd be þe tyme þat 3e an' falle to grace, 1828
& 3e wyll kepe yower be-leve after my techeung,
& alle-only for-sake þe fynd saternas,
the commavndme[n]tes of' god to have In kepyng.

rex.

for-soth, I be-leve In þe father, þat is of' all wyldynge,
And In þe sou, Lesu Crist,
also In þe holy gost, his grace to vs spredynge.
I be-leve In crystes deth and his vprysynge.

Petyr.

ser, þan whatt axke 3e? 1836

Rex.

and prays Peter to baptize him.

Holy father, baptymw, for charyte,
Me to save In eche degre
from Þe fyndes bounde.

1839

petyr.

In þe name of' þe trenite, 1840
with þis water I baptysse 3e,
þat þou mayst strong be,
Λ-þem Þe fynd to stond.

1843

Tune aspagrit illum cum aqua.

rex.

A! holy fathyr, how my hart wyll be sor, 1844
of' cummav[n]ddementt and 3e declare nat þe sentens.

petyr.

syr, dayly 3e xall labor1 more and more,
tyll þat 3e have very experyens;
1847
with me xall 3e wall2 to have more eloquens;
& goo vesyte þe stacyons by and by ;
to nazareth and bedleym goo with delygens,
& be yower own In-speccyon yower feyth to edysy. 1851

[1 MS. lobar.] [2 ð dwell: wall is to well, slow.]
MARY MAGDALENE. PART II. SCENES 42 AND 43. 

Rex.

now, holy father, derevorthy and dere,
myn\n Intent\n now know 3e,
it\n full to 3ere,
\p\nt I cam to yow ower\p\n he se,
crystes servont and yower to be,
\& he lave\p\n ever to fulfyll.
now woll I hom\n In-to my courte.
yower pry\p\n blys\p\n gravnt vs tylle,
\p\nt, feythfully I crave.

petrus.

now In \p\n name of\p\n I\p\n,
Cum patre et sancto spiritu,
He kepe \p\n and save!

et tunc rex transit ad navem, et dicit rex.

[PART II. Scene 43.]

[Ex.]

Hold\p\t ner, shepman, hold, hold! 

boy.

ser, 3endyr is on\p\n cally\p\n after cold.

navta.

A, ser! I ken yow of\p\n old.
be my trouth, 3e be welcum to me.

Rex.

now, gentyll marraner, I \p\n pray,
what-so-ewer \p\nt I pay,
In all \p\n hast \p\n 3e may,
Help me ower \p\n se.

navta.

In good soth we byn\p\n a-tenddawnt\p\n ;
gladly 3e xall have yower gravnt\p\n ,
with-owtyn\p\n ony connownt\p\n .
comme In, In goddes name!
and tells Grobbe to haul up the sail.

Grobe, boy! he wynd is nor west!
fast a-bowth he seyle cast
rere vp he seyll In all he hast,
as well as thou can.

et tunc navis venit ad-circa placeam: rex dicit.

[PART II. Scene 44.]

[Rex.] master of this shyp, cast forth yower yee!
me thynkyt he rokke I gy[n] to a-spye.
gentyll master, 3ether vs gye;
I xall qwyt yower mede.

navta.

I feth it is he same ston
[pat yower wyff lyeth vp-on];
ye xall be per even a-non,
werely Indede.

where they laid the Queen's corpse, with her child.

[Leaf 133, back]

The King sees his babe all sound,
O | You myty lord\ of\ heven\ region,\nsendyr is my babe of my\ own\ nature,\n preservyd\ and\ keptt from\ all corruptcyon!\n blyssyd be | pat lord | pat | pe dothe socur,\n and his wife too. And my wyff lyeth her fayer and puer!\n fayer\ and\ cler\ is hur color to se!\n a! good lord, yower grace with vs Indure,\nMy wyvys lyfe for to illumyn\.
A, blyssyd\ be | pat puer vergyn,\nfrom\ grevos slepe she gynnyt revyve!\nA! pe somne of grace on\ vs doth shynne!\nnow blyssyd\ be god, I se my wyff a-lyve!

regina.

and blesses Mary Magdalene for saving her,

O vergo salutata, for owr savacyon!\nO pulcra et casta, cum of nobyll alavybn!\nO almyty maydyn\, owr sowlys confortacyon!\nO demyr mvdlybn, my bodyys susty\navns!
Mary Magdalene. Part II. Scenes 44 and 45.

You hast wr[a]ppyd vs In wele from all waryawns, 1904 and for taking her with her husband into the Holy Land, letting her be baptized by St. Peter.

Let me with my lord I[n]-to þe holy land.

I am baptysyd, as ye ar', be maryvs gyddavys, oft sent peterys holy hand;

I sve þe blyssyd crosse þat cryst shed on his precyws blyssyd;

His blyssyd sepulcur also se I;

whe[r]for, good hosbond, be mery In mode, for I have gon þe stacyounes by and by.

Rex.

I thanke it, Iesu, with hart owlye;

now have I my wyf and my chylk both.

I thankytt, mavadlcynd and ower lady,

& ever shall do with-owtyn othe.

et tunc remigant a monte, et navta dicit.

[Navta.]

Now ar þe past all perelle;

Her is þe lond of mercylle!

now goo a lond, ser, whan þe wyll,

I pr[a]ye yow for my sake.

Rex.

godamercy, Icýtlyll manrane!

Her is x ti oþ nobylles cler,

And euer þi frynd both ferre and ner;

cryst save þe from wo and wrake!

Here goth the shep owþ of þe place, and mavdl[leyn] seyth.

[PART II. Scene 45.]

[Mary Maudleyn.]

o, dere fryndes! be In hart stabyll,

& [thynk] how dere, cryst hathe yow bowth!

A-þens god be nothyng versabyll;

thynk how he mad all thyng of nowth.

thow yow In poverte sumtyme be browth, [y]itte be In charyte both nyth and day,
for Poverty is
God's house.

Blessed are the
meek,

and the feeders
of the hungry.

They who de-
stroy sin are the
Children of Life.

[leaf 139, back]

The King and
Queen kneel
down before

Mary Magdalene
and hail her as
their help

and the savor of
the Queen and
her boy.

Mary welcomes
them,

and says they
have become
God's own
knights.

She gives the
King back his
goods.  [leaf 140]

for þey byw blyssyd þat so byw sowth,
for pavpertas est domum Dei;
god blyssyt alle þo þat byw meke and good,
& he blyssyd all þo þat wepe for synne.
þey be blyssyd þat þe hungry and þe thirsty gyff fode,
þey be blyssyd þat byw mercyfull a-zen wrecched men,
þey byw blyssyd þat byw dysstroccyon of synne,
On-to þe wyche blysse bryng both yow and me,
that for vs dyyd oþ þe rode tre. amen.

The King and
Queen kneel
down before

Mary Magdalene
and hail her as
their help

and the savor of
the Queen and
her boy.

Mary welcomes
them,

and says they
have become
God's own
knights.

She gives the
King back his
goods.  [leaf 140]
now woll I labor forth, god\(\text{f}\) to plese,
more gostly strenkth me to purchase.

\textit{rex.}

O, blyssyd\(\text{f}\) mary, to comprehend,
Ower swete sokor, on\(\text{w}\) vs have pete!

\textit{regina.}

To departe from\(\text{f}\) vs why shovld\(\text{f}\) se pretende?
O blyssyd lady, putt vs nat to \textit{yat} poverte!

\textit{Mary.}

Of\(\text{i}\) yow and yowers I wyll have remem\text{bera}v\(\text{n}\)s,
& dayly [y\(\text{r}\)]ower bede woman for to be,
\textit{yat} alle wyckydnesse from\(\text{f}\) yow may have delever\(\text{a}\)ns,
In quiet \textit{and resty} \textit{yat} leve may \textit{se}.

\textit{rex.}

now thanne, yower puer\(\text{b}\) blyssyng\(\text{f}\) gravnt vs tylle!

\textit{mari.}

The blyssyn\(\text{f}\) of\(\text{g}\) god\(\text{f}\) mott yow ful\(\text{y}\)ll!
ille vos benedicatt, qui sene\(\text{f}\) fine vivib\(\text{e}\) et regnat!

\textit{Her g}oth\(\text{m}\)\textit{ary} In-to \(\text{e}\) \textit{wyld}y\(\text{r}\)nesse, \textit{and} \textit{bus}
\textit{seyyng} Rex.

\textit{Rex.}

\(\text{A}!\) \textit{we} may syyn\(\text{f}\) \textit{and} \textit{we}yyn\(\text{f}\) also,
\textit{yat} we have for-gow\(\text{f}\) his lady fre;
it brynggytt my hart \textit{In} care \textit{and} \textit{woo},
\textit{be} whch ower gydde \textit{and} governor shovld\(\text{f}\) a be.

\textit{Regina.}

\textit{yat} doth perswade all my ble,
\textit{yat} swete sypprese \textit{yat} she wold\(\text{f}\) so;
In me restytt neyther game nor gle,
that she wold\(\text{f}\) from\(\text{w}\) owere presens goo.

\textit{Rex.}

now of\(\text{f}\) hyr goyng\(\text{f}\) I am\(\text{n}\) nothyng\(\text{f}\) glad,
But my lond\(\text{d}\)es to gydden I m\text{vst} a-plye:
\([\text{for sine.}]
\)

\textsc{digby myst.}
Mary Magdalene. Part II. Scenes 46 and 47.

The King of Chyrchys in cetyys I woll edyfye, & who-so a-zens ower feyth woll replye, I woll pongsch [s]wyh personnes with perplyxcyon; Mahonk and his lawys I defye. 1987

A! hys pryde ovvt of my love xall have polucyon, & holle ow-to Jesu I me be-take. 1989

Mary Magdalene resolves to live in humility, and charity, and abstinance, feeding only on food from heaven. [leaf 141]

In his deserte abydyn wyll wee; My sowle from synne for to save, I wyll ever abyte me with humelyte, & put me In pacyens, my lord for to love; In charyte my werkes I woll grave, And! In abstynens all dayys of my lyfe. Thus my concyeyts of me doth crave; than why shold I with my consyens st[r]yffk? & ferdar-more I wyll leven! In charyte, at þe reverens of ower blyssyd? lady, In goodnesse to be lyberall, my sowle to edyfye; of worldly odes I wyll leve all refectyon; Be þe fode þat commyt from heven on hye, thatt god wyll me sendk, be contemplatyff. 2003

[Part II. Scene 46.]

Mari In herimo.

In his deserte abydyn; wyll wee; My sowle from synne for to save, I wyll ever abyte me with humelyte, & put me In pacyens, my lord for to love; In charyte my werkes I woll grave, And! In abstynens all dayys of my lyfe. Thus my concyeyts of me doth crave; than why shold I with my consyens st[r]yffk? & ferdar-more I wyll leven! In charyte, at þe reverens of ower blyssyd? lady, In goodnesse to be lyberall, my sowle to edyfye; of worldly odes I wyll leve all refectyon; Be þe fode þat commyt from heven on hye, thatt god wyll me sendk, be contemplatyff. 2003

[Part II. Scene 47.]

Jesus. O! þe swetnesse of ðy prayors sent ow-to me, fro my wel-belovyd frynd with-owt waryovis! with gostly fode releveyd xall she be. angelles! In-to þe clowdes ye do hyr havüü; þer fede with manna to hyr systynovis; with Ioy of ðy angylles þis lett hur receyve; Byd hur In Ioye with all hur afyawüü, for fynddes frawd xall hur non deseyve. 2011

1 The upper stage of the Pageant-Waggon. No doubt a curt:

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The upper stage of the Pageant-Waggon. No doubt a curt:
**Mary Magdalene. Part II. Scene 48.**

**J*]"* angelus.**

O *pou* redulent rose *pat* of* a vergyn* sprong!*  
O *pou* precyus palme of* wytory!  
O *pou* osanna, angelles song!  
O precyus gemme born of* ower lady!  

**PART II. Scene 48.**

Here xall to angylles desend In-to wyldynesse;  
and other to xall bryng an oble, opynyly aperyng  
a-loft In *pe* clowddes; *pe* to be-nethyn xall bryng  
mari, *and* she xall receyve *pe* bred, *and* *tan* go  
a-"en In-to wyldynesse.

**ij*]"* angelus.**

Mari, god gretyt *pe* with hevenly Influens,  
He hath sent *pe* grace with hevenly synys;  
*pou* xall bywy onoryd with *loye* and *reverens,  
In-hansyd In heven* above *wergynnnes.  
*pou* hast byggyd *pe* here among* spynys,  
god woll send *pe* fode be revelacyon;  
*pou* xall be receyvyd In-to *pe* clowddes,  
gostly fode to reseyve to *pi* savacyon.

Mari.  

**fiat voluntas tua In heven and erth!**  
now an* I full of* loya* and blysse;  
*lavd* *and* preyse to *pat* blyssyd *byrth!  
I an* redy, as his blyssyd* wyll isse.  

**Her xall she be halsyd with angelles with reverent song.**

**Asumpta est maria in nubibus; celi gavdent,**  
**Angeli lavdantes felium Dei; et dicit mari:**

O *pou* lord of* lorddes, of* hye domenacyon!  
In heven* and erth worshippyd be *pi* name.  

[1 MS. sprong]
MARY MAGDALENE. PART II. SCENE 49.

How pou devydyst me from hovngur and wexacyon,
O gloryus lord, In pe is no fravddes nor no defame!
but I xuld serve my lorl, I wer to blame,
wych fullylyt me with so gret felicete,
with melody of' angylles shewit me gle and game,
& have ied me with fode of' most delycye.

[PART II. SCENE 49.]

Her xall speke an holy prest in pe same wyldyrnesse bus seyyng pe prest.

[The holy Prest.]

A Priest begs Jesus, by his 7 names,

O lord of lorddes! what may pis be?
so gret mesteryys shewyd from heven,
with grett myrth and melody,
with angylles brygth as pe lewyn.
Lord Jesu, for pi namys sewynne,
as gravnt me grace pat person to se.

Her he xal go in pe wyldyrnesse and spye mari
in hyr devocyon, bus seyyng pe prest.

He goes near, sees her, greets her,
Heyl, creature, crystes delecceon!
Heyl, swetter than suger or cyppresse!
Mary is pi name be angylles relacyon,
grett art pou with god for pi perfythesse.
pe Ioye of Jerusalem shewyd pe expresse,
pé wych I never save pis xxx wynter and more;
wherfor I know well pou art of gret perfy[t]nesse,
I woll pray yow hartely to she[w] me of yower lord.

and asks her about her Lord.

Mary says she's livd 30 years in her cell,
Be pe grace of my lord Jesus,

pis xxx wynter pis hath byn my selle,
& thryys on pe day enhansyd bus,
with more Ioy pou ony tong can telle.
never creature cam per I dwelle,

[1 MS. gravnt.]
[2 This beats Shakspere's growing babies into the marriageable Marina and Perdita in the course of Pericles and Cymbeline.]
tyme nor tyde, day nor nyth,
pat I can with spece telle,
But a-lonly with goddes angyldes bryghth.
But þou art wolcum on-lœ to my syth
yf þou be of good conversacyon;
as I thynk In my delyth,
Thow sholddyst be a man of devocyon.

prest.
In crystys lœv, I am sacryed a pryest,
mynysteruyd be angelus at my masse.
I sakor þe body of ower lord Jesu cryst,
& be þat holy manna I leve In sowthfastnesse.

Mari.
now I rejoyse of yower goodnesse,
But tyme is comme þat I xall asende.

pryst.
I recommede me with all vmbylnesse,
On-lœ to my sell I woll pretenden.
Her xall þe prest go to his selle, þus seyng

Jesus.

[PART II. Scene 50.]

Jesus.
now xall mary have possession,
be ryth eniryrtawns a crownd to bere;
she xall be fett to everlastyng savacyon,
In Ioye to dwell with-owtyn fere.
now, angelus, lythly þat þe wer ther!
On-lœ þe prystes sell a-pere þis tyde;
my body In forme of brede þat he bere,
Hur for to hossell, byd hym provyde.
þus angelus.
o blyssyð lord! we be redy,
yower massage to do with-owtyn treson.
þus angelus.
to hyr I wyll goo and make reportur,
how she xall com to yower habytacyon.

and held converse with none
but God's angels.
The Priest says that he cons-
crates Christ's body,
and lives on it.
He goes back to his Cell.
Jesus says that
Mary shall dwell in joy.
He bids the angels tell the
Priest to go and houseth er.
PART II. Scene 51.
The Wilderness; the Priest’s Cell.

The angels bid the Priest take the Last Sacrament to Mary. [leaf 144]

They’ll bear lights before it.

[PART II. Scene 51.]

Here sall iij angyll’s go to mary and to þe prest, þus seyynge þe angelles to þe prest.

[angels.]

ser pryst, god cummav[n]dytt from heven region, 2086
je xall go hosyll his servont expresse,
And we with yow xall take myny-stracyon,
to bere lyth be-fore his body oft worthynesse. 2089

pryst.

angyWes, with all vmbyllnesse,
In a westment I wyll me aray,
to mynystyr my lord oft gret hynesse,
straytt þer-to I take þe way. 2093

[PART II. Scene 52.]

The Wilderness: Mary’s Cell. Then, Heaven.

An Angel tells Mary of her coming death.

Another appears with the Priest,

Hic aparuit angelus et presbiter cum corpus dominicum.

[Presbiter.]

þou blyssyd woman, invre In mekenesse, 2102
I have browth þe þe bred oft lyf to þi syth,
to make þe suer from all dystresse,
þi sowle to bryng to euerlastyng lyth. 2105

Mari.

O þou mythy lord oft hye mageste, 2106
þis celestyall bred for to determynw,
ths tyne to reseyve it In me.  

Her she reseyvyt it.
my sowle \textit{perwith} to illuminy,
I thank pe lord of\textsuperscript{a} ardent love.
now I know well I xall nat opprese.
Lord, lett me se pi Ioyys above!
I recumdmend my sowle on\textit{w}-to pi blysse.
Lord, opyn\textit{w} pi blyssyd\textit{d} gates!
ths erth at thys tyme ferven\textit{t]ly} I kysse.
In manus tuas, Domine—
Lord, \textit{with} pi grace me wysse!—
Commendo \textit{spiritum} meum! redemisti me,
Domine Devs veritat\textit{s}!
\textit{j\textsuperscript{y}ur} angel\textit{us}.
now reseyve we piis sowle, as resow\textit{d} is,
In heven\textit{w} to dwelle vs a-mong\textit{t}.
\textit{i\textsuperscript{y}ur} angel\textit{us}.
\textit{with-owtyn\textit{w} end\textit{k}} to be in blysse,
now lett vs syn\textit{g} a mery song\textit{t}.
\textit{gavdent In celis}.\textsuperscript{1}
\textit{pryst}.
O! good god! grett is \textit{pi} grace;
O Iesu! Iesu! blyssyd\textit{k} be \textit{pi} name;
A! mary! mary! mych is \textit{pi} solas,
In heven\textit{w} blyssy \textit{with} gle \textit{and} name;
\textit{pi} body wyl I cure from\textit{w} alle maner blame,
& I wyl passe to \textit{pe} bosshop of\textit{t} \textit{pe} sete,
thys body of\textit{t} mary to berye be name,
\textit{with} alle reverens and solemnnyte.
suff�ren\textit{s of\textit{t}} \textit{his} proces\textit{s}, thus enddyt \textit{pe} sent\textit{s}
that we have playyd\textit{k} In yower syth.
Alle-mythy god, most of\textit{t} magnyfyc\textit{is},
mote bryng\textit{y}ow to his blysse so bryght,
In pres\textit{ens of\textit{t}} \textit{pat} kyng!—
now, freudes, thus enddyt thys mater,—

\textsuperscript{1} ? Draw the curtain from the upper stage of the Pageant-Waggon, and all join in the Finale with the two (or three) Angels and Priest below. Or, ought a last Scene to begin with l. 2120?
to blysse bryng bo hat byn) here!

Let's sing the 'Te Deum.'

now, clerkys with woycys cler,

Te Deum lavdamus lett vs syng'.

The Play ends.

Explycit oreginale de sancta Maria magdalena.

Epilogue.

yff Ony thyng' Amyss be,

blame connyng', and nat me:

I desyer pe redars to be my frynd?,

yff per be ony amyss, pat to amend?.
A Morality of Wisdom, Who is Christ.

(Imperfect; by a fresh and later hand, introducing the Hollorn Quest, and having no East-Midland xal, &c.)

How Lucifer tempts the Mind, Will, and Understanding of Man to sin.

In 8-line stanzas: Scene I, abab-bcbe; Scenes II, III, and IV (what's left of it), aaab-aaab. Some stanzas are ryme-linkt with their followers, as abab-bcbe—cdcd-dede.
[THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.]

[Wysdam of Christ, p. 139.
Anima, or the Soul, p. 140.
Anima’s Five Wyttles, as Five Vergynes, p. 145.
The 3 Powers of every Christian Soul:—
   Mynde, p. 145, 181, 189.
   Wylle, p. 145, 181, 190.
   Vnderstondyng, p. 145, 181, 189.
Lucyfer, p. 179.

| A shrewed Boy, p. 189. |
| Understanding’s 6 Jurors: Wrong, Sleight, Doblenesse, Falsehed, Ravyne, DiscEyte, p. 199. |
| Will’s 6 Women: 3 disguised as Gallants, and 3 as Matrons, p. 200. |

[The rest, wanting.]
[A MORALITY OF WISDOM, WHO IS CHRIST.]

[Scene 1.]

M[yles] B[lythe].

ffyrst entreth 1 Wysdam in a ryche purpyll cloth of gold, with a mantyl of the same ermyned within, having a-bought his neck a ryall hood furred with ermyn, vpon his hed a cheveler with browes, a berd of gold of Sypres curled. A ryche Imperial crowne ther-vpon, set with riche Stonys and perlys. In his left hand a ball of gold with a crosse vpon, And in his right hand A regall Sceptre, bus seyng.

[Wysdam.]

If ye wyH wete the propyrte,
And the resoun of my name Imp[er]iaH,
I am clepyd of hem that in erthe be,
euerlastyng wysdom to my nobley eg: H,
Wiche name accordith best in especiH,
and most to me is conuenient.

Although eche persaw of the trinite be wysdam
eternalH,
and all thre· on / euerlastyng wysdam to-gedyr present,
Neuertheless, for-Asmoche as wysdom is propyrly
Applied to the sow be resoH,
And also it fallith to hym specially
be-cauce of his highest generacion;
therfor the belouyd sow hafi this signyficacion,

Customably Wysdam / now g.d, now m.an,

1 The crost h and H, and tagd d', f', n', are not markt in this clarendon type.
Spowse of the chirche and verray patron,
Wyfe of eche chose sowle: thus wysdam be-gan.

Here entreth Anim as a mayde in a whight cloth of gold, gy[<]ely purfyled with menyver, a mantyll of blak, ther-vpon a cheueler lyke to wysdam, with a riche chapetelet lasyd be-hynde, hangyng down with .ij. knottes of gold and syde tasselys, knelyng down to wysdam, pus seyng.

[Anim.]

Hanc amaui et exquisui,

fro my yougte this haue I sought,

To haue to my spouse most specially;

for a lover of your shappe am I wrought,

A-bove a[ll] hele and bewte that euer was sought.

I haue louyd wysdam as for my light,

for a[ll] goodnesse with hym he brought,

In Wysdam I was made a[ll] bewte bright;

Of your name the high felicite,

no creature knoweth full exposicion.

Wysdam.

Sapiencia specialior est sole;

I am founden light with-out com[.]parison,

Of sterrys a-bove a[ll] the disposicion,

for-sothe of light the very brightnesse,

Merou[.] of the devyne domynacion,

And the Image of his goodnesse.

Wysdam is better than a[ll] worldly precio[s]nesse;

And a[ll] that may desyre be

Is not in comparisow to my lykenesse;

the lengthe of the yeres in my right syde be,

And in my lefte syde richesse, ionye, and prosperite.

lo! this is the worthynesse of my name.

Anim.

A! Souereyn! Wysdam! if your benyngyte wold Speke of love, that were a game.

1 The crost h and H, and tagd d, k, w, are not markt in this clarendon type.
Wysdam.

Of my love to Speke it is myrable:  
be-holde now, Sovle, with ioynfulH mynde,  
howuely I am, how amyable,  
to be halsyd and kysseyd of mankynde.  
To aH clene Sovles I am fuH hende,  
And euer present wher that thei be.  
I love the louters with-ouyun ende,  
that thei loue have stedfast in me.  
the prerogatyve of my love is so grett,  
that who tast therof the lest droppe, surf  
all lustes and lykenges wordely shaH lete;  
thei shaH seme tyH hym filthe and ordun.  
thei that of the hevy burthen of Synne hatli cure,  
My love dischargethli and purifieth clene;  
It strengthethi the mende, the sove makith pure,  
yevyli wysdam to hem that perfight bene.  
who takithi me to spowse, may veryly wene,—  
if a-bove aH thyng he loue me specially,—  
that rest and tranquyllite he shaH sene,  
and dey in Sekyrnesse of ioye perpetuall.  
The hey lony of my worthynesse of my love,  
AngeH nor man) can teH playnly;  
it may be felt in experience from a-bove,  
but not spoke ne told as it is veryly,  
the godly love, no creature can specyfie.  
What wrecH is, that lounthi not this love,  
that lounthi his louters euer so tenderlye,  
that his SigHt from them neuer kaw remove.

Anima.

O Worthy Spouse, and Souereyne sayr!  
O sweete amyke, ourl ioye, ourl blisse!  
to your love who doth repeyer,  
All felicite in that creatur is;  
What may I yeve you a-geyn for this,  
O creatour, louter of your creatur?
A MORALITY OF WISDOM.  SCENE 1.

though be our' freelte we do a-mys,
Your gret mercy euer sparidli reddur?  

a! Souereyn Wysdam! sanctus sanctorum!  
What I may I yeve to your most plesaunce?

Wysdam.

Wisdom asks for Soul's heart and obedience.

ffili ! prebe michi cor tuum!  
I aske not ellys of this Substaunce,  
the cleene hert, the meke obeisaunce;  
yeve me that, and I am content.

Anima.

A! Souereyn! Joy, myn hertes affiaunce!  
The fervour of my love to you I represente;  
that meki the my herte, your loue so feruent:  
Teche me the Scolys of your devenyte.

Wysdam.

conformity of her will to his.

desire not to sanoer in cunningges to excellent,  
But drede and conforme your will to me,  
for it is the heleful discyplyne that in wysdam may be:  
The drede of god, that is begyung;  
the Wedys of Symne it makith to flee,  
And swete vertuose herbis in the Soule spryng.

Anima.

She can know him

O endeles wysdam! how may I haue knowyng of thi godhed: in-comprehensible?

Wysdam.

by knowing herself.

by knowyng of your-Selff, ye may haue felyng,  
What god is in your Soule Sensyble;  
the more knowyng of your-Selff possible,  
the more verily ye shall god knowe.

Anima.

The Soul (of Man)

O Souereyn! Auctour! most credible!
your lesson I attende as I owe,
I that represent her (the soule of man).

What is a soule, wyll ye declare?
Wysdam.

It is the ymage of God that all by-gan,
And not only ymage, but his lykenesse ye Are.
of all creatures the fayrest ye ware,
In-to the tyme of Adamys offence.

Anima.

lord, syth we, thi soules, that nought were thare,
Why of the fyrst man bey we the violence?

Wysdam.

for euery creatur' that hath ben or shal
Was in nature of the first man, Adam.
of hym takynge the fylthe of synne orygynaH,
for of hym all creatures cam.
then be hym, of reason ye haue blame,
and be made the brondes of helle.
when ye be bore first of your dame;
ye may in no wyse in heven dwelle,
for ye be disfygured be hys synne,
and damnyd to derkenesse from goddes sight.

Anima.

How doth grace than A-geyn be-gynne?
What reformyth the soyle to his first light?

Wysdam.

Wysdam, that was god and man right,
Made a full Sethi to the fader of heven,
by the dreedfuli dethi to hym was dight,
of wiche dethi spronge the sacramentes sevyn;
Wiche sacramentes, all synne washe a-wey.
fyrst, baptem clensyti synne orygynaH,
And reformeth the soule in feith verray
to the glorious lykenesse of god eternalH,
And makith it as fayer and as celestialH
As it never disfowled had be,
And is cristes owne special," His restyng place, his plesaunt see.  

**Anima.**

In A soule, what thynges be, By wiche he hath his very knowyng?

**Wysdam.**

In a Soul are 2 parts;

1. Sensuality or fleshly feeling, which the S Wits serve.

tweyn parties: the oŵl is the sensualite, wiche is clepyd the fleshly felyng;
The .v. outward wittys to hym be seruyng;
Whan thei be not rulyd ordynatly, the sensualite than̂ without lesyng
is made the ymage of synne, then̂ of his foly.

That other parte, that is clepyd resoŵd,
And that is the ymage of god̂ propyrly,
ffor by that the soule of god̂ hath cognycion, and be that hym seruyth and louyth duly;
Be the nether parte of reason he knoweth discretly,
AH ertely thynges how thei shalbe vsyd, What Subjecti to his myghtyss bodyly,
And what nediti not to be refusyd.

These tweyne do signyfie
Your disgysyng And your Araye, Blak̂ and Whyte, fowle and fayr verylye;
every soule here / this is no naye;
blak̂, by steryng of synne that comyth al day, Wiche felyng comyth of sensualite;
And White, be knowyng of resoŵ verry;
of the blisse of infinite deite.
Thus a soule is both fowle and fayr; fowle as a best, be felyng of synne, fayr as aunge of hevyw the hayr, by knowyng of god̂, by hys resoŵ withinne.

**Anima.**

Than may I sey thus, and begynne, with .v. prudent virgyynes of my Reme,
tho be the 1° wytty of my soule with-inne,

‘Nigra sum, et formosa filia Ierusalem.’

Here entreth v. virgynes in white kertelys and mantelys, with chevelers and chapelyttes, and Synge ‘Nigra sum, sed formosa filia Ierusalem, sicut tabernacula cedar, et sicut pelles salomonis.’

Anima.

The doughters of Jerusalem me not lak',
for this dyrke shadowe I bere of humanity,
That as the tabernacle of Cedar', with-out, it is blak',
and with-Inne, as the skynne of Salomon, full of bewte,

‘Quod fusca sum, nolite considerare me,
quia decolorauit me sol Iouis.’

Wysdam.

Thus all the soules that in this lyve be,

Mind. 165 The Soul says she's dark outside, but beautiful within.

Wylle. 164 Five Virgins in white, enter.

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‘Quod fusca sum, nolite considerare me,
quia decolorauit me sol Iouis.’

Wysdam.

Thus all the soules that in this lyve be,
A MORALITY OF WISDOM. SCENE 1.

When Mind thinks of God's gifts to her, Whan in my-selve I haue mynde, and se the benefetes of god! And his worthynesse, how hole I was made, how fayr, how fre, how glorious, and how gentyl to his lyknesse, this insight bryngeth to my mynde What grates I ough to god\$ a-geyn, [graces] that thus hath ordeyned with-outen ende Me in his blisse euer for to reigne; thanne myn insufficiens is to me peyn\$, that I haue not wher'-of I to yolde my dette, thynkyng my-self creatur' most veyne; than for sorowe my brow\$ I knette, Whan in my mynde I bryng to-gedyr the yeeres and dayes of my Synfulnesse, the v unstabylnesse of my mynde hedyr and thedyr, Her falls and frailties have been so horrible, My\$ horrible fallynges and frelnesse, my-self\$ right nought than I confesse, for be my-self\$ I may not ryse with-out special grace of goddes goodnesse, thus mynde makyth me my-self\$ to dispise; I seke, and fynde no-where comfort, but only in god\$ my creature; than vn-to hym I do resort, and say 'haue mynde of me my sauyor!' Thus mynde to mynde bryngeth that fauvor'; thus be mynde of me, god\$ I can knowe; Good\$ mynde of god, it is the fygur; and this mynde to haue, aH cristew\$ owe.

Wille.

II. Will is the likeness of the Godhead. And I of\$ the soule am the wy\$; of\$ the godhed\$, lyknesse and a fygun'; with good\$ wy\$, no man may spy\$, nor with-outen good\$ wy\$, of\$ blis be sure. What soule wy\$ gret mede recyr', he must gret wy\$ haue in thought or dede,
Vertuosly sett with conscience pur; for in wyH onely, standyth mannys dede. WyH for dede oft is take, therfor the will must wele be disposed, thanne ther be-gynyth AH grace to wake, iff it with synne be not Anosed; Ther-for the wyH must be wele apposed, or that it to the mevynges yeve consent, the lybrary of reason must be vnclosed, And after his domys to take entent. Oure wyH in god must be only sett, And for god to do wylfully; Whan good wytt reysytli, god is in vs knett; And he performeth the dede veryly; of hym comyth aH wyH sett perfighly, for of our-self we haue right nought, but synne, wrecchednesse, and foly; he is begynner and grounde of WyH and thought. Than this good wyH seid be-fore is be-houefull to eche creatur, iff he cast hym to restore the soule that hath take of Cure, Wiche of god is the fygure, As longe as the figure is kept fayr, And ordeigned ever to endure In blisse, of wiche is the very hayr.

Vnderstondyng.

The iiij. parte of the Soule is vndyrstondyng, for by vnderstondyng I be-hold what god is, In hym-selff begynnyng with-out begynnyng, And ende with-outen ende, that shall never mys. Incomprehensible in hym-selff he is, his werkes in me I can-not comprehende. how shuld I holly hym than? that wrought this? and hallow him, thus by knowyng of me, to knowyng of god I ascende.
A MORALITY OF WISDOM. SCENE 1.

Understanding explains God's attributes.

I know in Aungelys he is desiderable,
for hym to be-hold, thei desire souereynly;
In his Seyntes most deleitable,
for in hym thei Ioye assiduly;
In creatures / his Werkes ben most wonderfully,
for all this is made by his myght,
bi his wysdom gouernyd / most souereynly,
and be his benygynte inspired all soules with light.
of all creatures he is louyd souereyne,
for he is god of eche creature,
and thei be his people that euer shal reigne,
In whom he dwellyth as in his temple sure.

When I of this knowyng make reporiture,
And se the loue he hath for me wrought,
It bryngeth me to love / that prince most pure,
for loue that lorde made man of nought.
This is that loue wiche is clepyd charite;
for god is charite, as auctours telles,
and who is in charite, in god dwellith he,
and god that is charite, in hym dwelles.

Thus Vnderstondyng of god compelles
To come to charite: than haue his lyknesse, lo.
Blessed is that soule that this speche spelles,
Et qui creauit me, requieuit in tabernaculo meo.

Wysdam.

Wisdom shows how the Soul loves God, by its Mind, Will, and Understanding.

lo! these thre myghtes in o soule be:
Mynde · WyH · and Vnderstondyng;
be mynde of god the fadyr, knowyng haue ye;
Be Vnde[r]stondyng of god the sone, ye haue knowyng;
by wyH, wiche turnyth in-to lone brenyng,
god the holy gost that clepyd is love:
not thre goddes, but ow god in beynge;
thus eche clene soule is simylitude of god A-bove.
Be mynde, feith in the fader haue we;
hope in our lorde iem, by vnderstondyng;
and be wyH in the holy gost, charite.

Charity. 287

Free-will is above all.

And a-bove aH this ye haue fre wyH;
of that be Ware by-fore aH thynge,
iauH that peruert, aH this doth Spylle.
ye haue iij. enemie, —of hem be-ware!—
the worlde, the fillesh, and the fende:
your v. wyttes, from hem ye spare,
that the sensualite thei bryng not to mynde.

The Soul's 3 foes are the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.
From them, the 5 Wits are to be kept.

The lower part of Reason is to be under the rule of the higher part.

Thus in me, wysdam, your werkes be-gynne;
begin your works in Wisdom, and win ever-
lasting joy.

Anima.

Sonereigne lorde, I am bounde to the;

The Soul recounts God's good deeds to her.

Whan I was nought, thu made me thus glorious;

Whan I perished thurgh synne, thu sauyd me;
Whan I was in grett pareH, thu kept me, Christus; 312
Whan I erryd, thu reducyd me, Jesus;

Whan I was ignoraunt, thu taught me truthe;
Whan I synnyd, thu correct me thus;
When I was hevy, thu conforted me be rathe; 316

Whan I stonde in grace, thu holdest me that tyde; 317

Whan I falle, thu reisest me myghtily;
Whan I go wele, thu art my gyde;
When I come, thu receyvist me most louyngly; 320
MORALITY OF WISDOM. SCENE 2.

The Soul praises God for his goodness.

thu hast anointed me with the oyle of mercy;
thy benefetys, lord, be innumerable;
Wherfore, laude endles to the I crye,
recommendynge me to thi end[es] powr\[e] durable.

Here, in be goyng out, the v. wyttes syng 'tota pul-cras' &c. thei goyng be-fore, Anima next [and] hir folwynge, wysdame; and after hym Mynde, wylle, and vnderstondynge, alle iij. in whit clothe of golde, chevelerede and crestyme in on sute. And after the song entreth lucyfere in a deuely a-ray with-out, and within as a prowde galaunt, seyng thus on this wyse.

[Scene II. (aaab, aaab).]

Lucyfer.

Out herrowe I rore,
for envy I lore;
My place to restore,
god hath made man;
all come thei not thore,
Woode and thei wore,
I shaH tempt hem so sore,
ifor I am he that synne be-ganne;
I was an Angel,
I was aungh of light,
lucifer I hight,
 presumyng in goddes\[e] sight,
Wherfor I am lowest in helle;
In reformyng of my place, is light
Man, whan I haue in most dispight,
Euer castyng me with hem for to fight,
In that heuynly place that he shulde not dwelle.
I am as wyly now as thaw;
the knowyng that I had, yet I can;
I know all compleccions of man,
wher\[e] to he is most dispose\[d];
And ther-in I tempte hym ay whan,
I marre his myndes to thei wan,
that wo is hym god hym by-gan;

[1 MS. gooddes.]
Man is a holy man whom I must disfigure, and bring his soul to nought.

Man is God's likeness.

I'll disfigure him, and bring him to nought.

The Soul has 3 parts.

I'll tempt man's flesh.

But as the Soul must consent to evil,

And then damming deeds 'll follow.

I'll change into a bright being,

And never rest till I defile man's soul.

Here Lucifer devouydeth, and connymth in ageyne as a goodly galaunt.
Scene III.
The Devil bamboozles Mind, Will, and Understanding.

Mind declares he'll follow Christ's teaching.

Understanding says that is sweeter than the rose.

Will says his will is one with God's.

Lucifer talks to Mind:

Why are you all idle here? It's the Devil's doing.

There's a time for prayer, and another for work.

Ought a man who has wife and house, to leave work,

My mynde is euer on Iesu, that ended vs with vertu; his doctrine to sue, euer I purpose.

Vnderstondyng.

Mynde. My mynde is euer on Iem, that endued' vs with vertu; his doctryne to sue, euer I purpose.

Understanding is in trewe, that with feith vs did renewe; his lawes to purswe is swetter to me than the sauour of the rose.

Will.

And my will is his wyH verily, that made vs his creatures so specialy, yeldyng vn-to hym laude and glory for his goodnesse.

Lucifer.

ye fennyd' fladers, founders of foly, vt quid hic statis tota die ociosi?

ye will perisshe or ye it aspy;

the devyH hath accombred' you expresse,

Mynde, mynde, ser! haue mynde of this!

Mynde.

He is not idyll that with god' is.

Lucifer.

No, Ser', I prove wele pis:

lo, this is my suggestion;

aH thynghe hathi dew tynes, prayer, fastyng, labour, aH thes;

whan tyme is not kept, that dede is mys;

be more plenerly to your informacion:

her' is a man' that leyth wardly,

hath wyff, children, and seruauntes besy,

And other charges that I not specify:

Is it lefH to this man
To leve his labour vsydy truly?
his charges parisch that god yave duly,
and yeve hym to praye and ese of body;
who-so do thus, with god is not than;
Martha plesid god gretly thore.

Mynde.
ye, but Maria plesid hym moche more.

lucyfer.
yit the lest had blisse for euermore.
is not that I-now?

Mynde.
contemplatyfe lyff is sett be-fore.

lucyfer.
I may not be-leve that in my lore,
ffor god hym-self, whan he was man bore,
what lyff led he? answere thu nowe!
was he euer in contemplacion?

Mynde.
I suppose not, be my relacion.

lucyfer.
and all his lyff was informacion
& example to man.
 Sumtyme with synners he had conversacion,
sumtyme with holy also communicacion,
sumtyme he labored, prayde: sumtyme tribulacion:
this was vita mixta, that god her be-gan;
And that lyff should ye her sewe.

Mynde.
I can be-leve that ye say is trewe.

lucyfer.
contemplatyff lyff for to sewe,
It is gret drede; and se cause why:
thei must fast, wake, and pray, euer newe,
Vse hard levyages, and goyng with disciplyne dewe,
silence, tears,
And if thou fail in this, thou offendest God highly.

silly, despair,
Silly in to despair, and summe in to madness:

God doesn't like this.

Then, be in the world,
Who clymyth high, his fall is great.

kepe Syllence, wepe, and surfettes eschewe;

Then, be in the world, vse thynges nescesse,
the common is best expresse;

Who clymyth high, his fall is great.

Mynde.

truly me seme ye have reason.

lucyfer.
do as I tell you, Apply you than to this conclusion.

Mynde.¹

I can make no replycacion,

your resons be grete,

I can-not for-yete this informacion.

lucyfer.

thynke ther-vpon, it is your saluacion.

now and vnderstondyng wold haue delectacion,
alle syngler deuocions he wold lete,

use your wits, your wv. witte a-brode let sprede,
dress well, Se how comly to man is precious wede,
do many deeds, what worshippe it to be Manfull in dede,

but bryngeth in dominacion.

Of the Symple, What profite it to take hed?

get riches, be-hold how richesse destoryeth me de;

feel well, It makith man fayr, hym wele for to fede;
breed children & of lust and lykyng comythy generacion.

Vnderstondyng, tendr ye this informacion.

Vnderstondyng.

In this I fele a maner of delectacion.

¹ MS. Make]
A MORALITY OF WISDOM. SCENE 3. 155

lucifer.
A! ha! Ser! than the ther make a pawsacion,
Se and be-hold the world a-bought;
lyte thyng suffysyth to saluacion,
AH maner synny syns distroyetl contricion,
thei that despeyer mercy have grett conpu[n]ccion,
god plesyd best with good wyH no dowte,
therfor WyH, I rede you inclyne,
leve your stodyes tho be devyne,
your prayers, your' penance, of Ipocrytes the signe,
and lede a comown lyff.
What synne is in mete, in ale, in wyne?
What synne is in richesse, in clothynge fyne?
AH thyng god ordeigned to man to inclyne.
Leve your nyse chastyte, And take a Wyff;
better is fayr frute than foul pollucion.
What sayth sensualite to this conclusion?

WiH.
As the v. wyttys yeve informacion,
It semeth your' resons be good.
lucifer.'
the wiH of the soule hath fre dominacion;
Dispute not to moche in this with reason;
yitt the nether parte to this takith summe Instruccion,
And so shuld the ouer parte, but he were woode.

WiH.
me same, as ye sey, in body and soule
man may be in the world, and be right good.
lucifer.
ya, Ser, be Seynt Powle!
but truste not these prechours, for thei be not good,
for thei flatter and lye as thei wer wood;
ther is a wolfe in a lombe skynne.

1 A stanza of Scene I form, ahah, bebe, is here put into the aaab, aaba of Scenes II, and III and IV.
WyH.

Will agrees to go in for larks.

ya, I wyH no more row a-geyn the fmode,
I wyH sett my soule on a mery pynne.

lucyfer'.

be my treuthe, that do ye wysely,
god'l ouythi a clene soule and a mery,
Accorde ye .iij. to-geder by,
& ye may not mysfare.

Mynde.

So do Mind and to this suggestion) agree me.

Vnderstondying.

Understanding. Delight ther-In I haue truly.

WyH.

And I consent ther-to frely.

lucyfer'.

Lucifer backs them up;

tells em to get money, and be jelly.

A! ha! ser! ah mery than!, and a-wey car?!
go in the world', se that a-bought,
gete good' frely, caste no dought;
to the riche, ye se men' lowly lought;
yeve to your body that is nede,
& euer be mery; lett reuH rought!

Mynde.

ya! ellys I be-shrewe my snowte.

Vnderstondying.

and if I care, catche me the gowte.

WyH.

And if I spare, the deuyH m.e spele.

lucyfer.

Go your wey than!, And do wysely;
chaunge that syde aray.

Mynde.

I it defye.
Vnderstondyng.
we wille be fresh, and it hape la plu Ioly.
fiare-wele, penance!

Mynde.
\(1^\text{st} \) worshippys I wy\( f \) my mynde applie.

Vnderstondyng.
My\( w \) Vnderstondynges in worshepys and glorye.

Wy\( f \).
And I in lustes of\( l \) lechory,
As was sumtyme gyse of\( f \) fraunce,
with\( l \) why whypppe.
fiarewe\( f \), \( q u a d \) \( I \); the deny\( R \) is vp.

Exeuntia.

\( l u c i f e r \).
Of\( l \) my desire now haue I summe
wep\( l \) onys brought in-to Custumme,
than\( w \) farewele, consiens, he were clumme,
I shuld haue all\( l \) my wy\( f \).
Resou, I haue made both\( d e f t \) and\( d u m m e \),
grace is out, and putt a rome,
whedyr I Wi\( H \) haue, he sha\( H \) cumme;
So at the last I sha\( H \) hym spille.
I sha\( H \) now ster e his mynde
to that synne made me a fende,
Pryde, wiche is a-geyn\( w \) kynde,
and of\( a l l \) synnes he\( d e f t \);
So to couetysse he sha\( H \) wende,
for that enduryth to the last ende;
and\( v n - t o \) lechery, and\( I \) may hym rende,
than\( w \) am I seker\( l \) the soule is de\( d e f t \).
that soule, god\( l \) made incomparable,
to his lykenesse most amyable;
I sha\( H \) make it most reprobable,
Evy\( n \) lyke to a fende of\( h e l l e \).
At his det\( H \) I sha\( H \) appere in formable,
Shewyng hym ah hys synnys ab-homynable,  
Prevyng his soule damnable,
So with dispeyr I shaH hym quelle.  
WhyH clennesse is man kyn,
Verely the soule, godk is with-in;  
And whan it is in dedly synne,
It is veryly the deuelys place:  
thus by colours and false gynne,  
many a soule fro hevyn1 I wynne.
Wyde to go I may not blynne,  
with this false boy god' geve hym ille grace!

Here he takith a shrewede boy with hym, and goth his way cryeng.

[Scene IV. (aaa1, aaab.)]

Mynde.

Lo me here in newe a-ray!  
[. . . . . . . . . . ]
Whyppe, whyrre, care a-way!
fare-wele, perfeccion!
Me semeth my-self most lykly ay,
It is but honest, no pride, no nay,
I wyH be thresshest be my fay,
for that accordith with my complextion.

Vnderstondyng.

And haue here one as thressli as you,
Ah mery, mery, and glad now!
I haue gete good, god wote howe;
for loye I spryng, I skyppe;
good makith ony mery, to god a vowe.
fareweH, conscience, I knowe not yowe!
I am at ease, had I Inowe;
truthe, on syde I lete hym slippe.

Will.

Will is jolly too.  
o! hor' ony as Iolye as ye;
I am so lykyng, me seme I fle;
I haue a-tastid lust; farewell, chaste!
Myn hert is euer-more light.
I am full of felicite,
My delyte is all in bevte,
ther is no Ioye but that in me;
A Woman me semeth an hevynly sight.

Mynde.
And these ben my syngler solace:
kynde fortune and grace,
kynde nobley of kynred me yovyn hase,
and that makyth me soleyne;
fortune in worldes worshepe me doth lace,
grace yevith coryous eloquence, and that mase,
that all vnkunynge I disdeyne.

Vnderstondyng.
and my Ioye is especial

to hurde vp rychesse for fere to falle,
to se it, to handele it, to telle it alle,
& streightly to spare,
to be-hold ryche and ryaH.
I bost, I avaunt wher I shalH,
Riches makyth a man equaH
to hem sumtyme his souereignes were.

WyH.
to me is Ioye most laudable,
thressehe disgysynge to seme amyable,
Spekyng wordys delectable,
Perteynyng vn-to loue;
It is loue of Ioyes inestimable,
to halse, to kyss the affiable;
A lover is sone perceyvable
be the smylyng on me whan it dothli remove.

Mynde.
to a-vaunte thus, me semeth no shame,
for galauntes now be in most fame;
Mind is proud of his dress.

Courtly persones, men hem proclame; moche we be sett bye.

Vnderstondyng.

[leaf 167, back]

The riche covetouse, who dare blame,
Of gode and symonye though he bere the name?
to be false, men reportith it game,
It is clepyde wysdam: "what! that! quod Wyly." 606

WyH.

think no more of Lechery than a drink.

And of lechory to make a-vaunt,
men) forse it no more than drynke a-taunt:
these thynges be now so compassaunt,
we seme it no shame.

Mynde.

Mind will dress grandly,

Coryous aray I wyH euer haunt.

Vnderstondyng.

Understanding be false,

And I, falsenesse, to be passaunt.

WyH.

Will fornicate; And I, in lust my fleshe to daunt;
no man dispise these; thei be but game.

Mynde.

I rejoyse of thes: now let vs synge.

Wnderstondyng.

And if I spare euyH, Ioye me wrynge.

WyH.

haue at, quod I: lo! howe I sprynge.
lust makith me wondyr wylde.

Mynde.

and they'll all sing a song.

A tenor to you both I brynge.

Vnderstondyng.

And I a mene for ony kynge.
Wyff.
And but a trebyff I out-wrynge,
the deuyff hym spede that myrth exyled.
& content.

Mynde.
how be this, trowe ye nowe?

Vnderstandyng.
at the best, to god a vowe.

Wyff.
as mery as the byrd on bowe,
I take no thought.

Mynde.
the welefare of this world is in vs, I a-vowe.

Vnderstandyng.
let eche man telle his condicions how.

Wyff.
be-gynne ye, and haue at yowe,
for I am a-shamyf of right nought.

Mynde.
this is cause of my worshippe:
I serue myghty lorshipe,
And am in grete tendreshippe;
Therfor moche folke me dredys;
myn sewe to my frendshippe,
for meyntenance of her shenshipe;
I support hem by lordshippe;
for to gete goff, this a grete spede is.

Vnderstandyng.
And I vse lorourry,
Embrace questes of periury,
choppe and chaunge with symonye,
& take large yiftes;
DIGBY MYST.
be the case never so try,
I prove it false, I swere, I lye,
with a quest of my affye:
the redy wey, this now to thrift is. 646

WyH.

and what trowe ye be me?
More than I take, spende I thries thre;
Sumtyme I geve, sumtyme thei me,
And am ever fresshe and gaye;
ffewe places now ther be,
But vnclennesse ye shaH ther se,
It is holde but a nysete;
lust is now comon as thei waye. 654

Mynde.

tawe procedith not for mayntenance.

Vnderstondyng.

Trouthe recuryth not for abundaunce.

WyH.

and lust is in so grete versaunce,
we forse it nought. 658

Mynde.

In vs the worlde hathi most affiaunce.

Vnderstondyng.

Now thre be in so grett a-queyntaunce.

WyH.

ffewe ther be out of our allyaunce;
While the worlde is thus, take we no thought. 662

Mynde.

thought! nay, ther geyne stryve I. 663

Vnderstondyng.

We haue that neditHI vs, so thryve I.
A MORALITY OF WISDOM. SCENE 4.

WyH.
And gyve that I care, neuer wyve I;
let hem care that hath for to sewe.

Mynde.
Who lordship shal sue, must it by.
Vnderstondyng.
who wyH haue law, must haue mony.

WyH.
ther pouert is the male wry,
thoug right be, he shal neuer renewe.

Mynde.
wronge is born vp boldly,
though al the world know it opynly;
mayntenaunce is now so myghty,
And al Is for mede.

Vnderstondyng.
the lawe is so coloured falsly
by sleightes and by periury;
brybes be so gredy,
that to the pore trowthe is take right now hede.

WyH.
wo goete or lese, ye be ay wynnan;
mayntenaunce and periury now stand;
ther wer neuer so moche reynand
seth god was bore.

Mynde.
And lechory was neuer more vsande,
of lernyd and lewyd in this lande.
Vnderstondyng.
so we thre be now in hande.

WyH.
ye, and most vsyed every-where.1

1 The ryme needs 'whore.'
Mind, Will, and Understanding agree to get up a Dance.

Mind or Maintenance (backing of wrong) calls in his crew of 7:

Indignacion, Sturdiness, Malice, Hastiness, Vengeance, Discord, Maintenance,—

the Devil's Dance,—

and Trumpets to fit cm.

let se, com In, Indignacion and Sturdynesse,

Malyce also and hastynesse,

wreche and discorde expresse,

And the viij. am I, mayntenancce.

Vij. is a nombyr of discorde and inperfightnesse.

lo, hev is a yomanry with loveday to dresse,

And the deuyf had swore it, thei wold bere vp falsnesse,

And mayntyn) it at the best; this is the develys daunce;

and here menstrellys be conuyenent,

flor tromps shuld blowe to the Jugement;

of batayle also it is one instrument,

yeyng comfort to fight;

therfor thei be expedient
to these meny of mayntement,

blow 1 sett, se madame regent,

and daunce, ye laddes, your hertes ben light!

lo! that other spare, this meny will spende.

Vnderstanding.

ye! who is hym shal hem offende?

1 is altered to l, or vice-versa.
who wyH not to hem condescende,
he shaH haue thretys.  714

Mynde.
thei spille, that lawe wolde amende.  Law-Reformers
shall be amasht.  Vnderstonds yng.
yit mayntenauce, no man dare reprehende.

WyH.
these meny, thre synnys comprehende
pryde, Invy, and wrathe in his hestys.  718

Vnderstonds yng.
now wyH I than be-gynne my traces:
Iorour in one hood berithi to 
ffaces,
tayre speche and falsched in onw space is,
is it not ruthe?  719  Understanding
the Holborn Quest.
the queste of holborn come in-to this places,
ageyne the right euer thei rechases,
of whom thei hold not hard thei grace is,
many a tyme haue dampnyd truthe.  722

Here entrithe vj.  Iorours in a sute gownyde with
hoodes a-bowte her nekkes, hattes of maynten-
ance ther-vpone vyserede diversely, here myn-
stralle a bagpy[pe].

Mynde.
let se first wronge and sleight,
doblenesse and falsched shew your myglit,
now ravyne and discyte.
now holde you here ro-gedyr,
this menyes conseuyens is so streyte,
that report as mede yevith beyte.
her is the quest of holborn, an euH endyrecte,
thei daunce aH this londe hyder and thedyr,  726
and I, periury, your foundour;
Now daunce on vs aH, the world doth on vs wonder.
lo! here is a meyne loue welefare.  727
Mynde.

ye, thei spende, that true men spare.

WyH.

haue thei a brybe, thei haue no care
who hath wronge or right.

Mynde.

thei forse not to sweare and stare.

WyH.

thoughi aH be false, lesse and more.

Vnderstondyng.

wiche wey to the wode wyH the hare,
thei knewe, and thei at rest sett als tight;
some seme hem wyse
for the flader of vs, covetyse.

WyH.

now, mayntenance and periury
hat he shewed the trace of her company;
ye shaH se a spryng of lechery,
pat to me attende.

her form is of the stews clene rybaldry,
thei wene sey sothi whan that thei lye;
of the comow thei synge eche weke by and by;
thei may sey with tynkeri, 'I trowe late amend.'

Here entre vj womane in sute, [thre] disgyse
eas galauntes, and thre as matrones, with wonder-
fulle vysers, conregent; here mynstrallys, an
hornypye.

[The rest is wanting.]
[The following sketch of the rest of the play is from Mr. J. P. Collier's account of the Macro MS. (after, the late Hudson Gurney's, and just promist me on loan by the Trustees of his Will (9 March, 1880) in his Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry, (1833 and) 1879, ii. 210-12:—]

"They [Will's 6 Retainers] are called Recklesshood, Idleness, Surfeit, Greediness, Spouse-breath, and Fornication. The minstrels play 'a horneppye', and they all dance until they quarrel, when Mynde exclaims in a rage:—

'Hurle hens these harlotts, here gyse ys of France!'

and the eighteen mutes being driven off, Mind, Will, and Understanding remain on the stage. Mind says to his two companions:

'Leve then thyself dalyance,
Ande set we ordenance
Of' better chevesaunce [enterprise—J. P. C.]

How we may thrive.

Undyrstondyng.—At Westmynster, with out varyance,
The nex terme shall me sore avaunce
For retornys, for enbraces, for recordaunce;
Lythlyer to get goode, kan no man on lyve.

(p. 211) Mynde.—And at the parvyse1 I will be
A' Powlys, be-twyn two and three
With a menye folowyng me .

Wyll.—Ande ever the latter, the lever me:
Wen I come lat to the cyte,
I walke all lanys and weys to myne aflynyte;
And I spede not ther, to the stewys I resort.'

They continue to converse in this strain for some time, Understanding dwelling, especially, on the tricks of the law. Just as they are about to make their exit, in order to eat and drink together, Wisdom unexpectedly enters; while Anima, having been disfigured and corrupted by Mind, Will, and Understanding, 'apperythe in the most horrybull wyse, fowlere than a fend.' She afterwards gives birth to six of the deadly sins, and the operation is thus described:—'Here reynyt out from undyr the horryball mantyll of the Soule, six small boys in the lyknes of devyllys, and so retourne ageyn.' Anima becomes sensible of her dreadful transformation, and Mind, Will, and Understanding find that they are the cause of it. It is added:—

'Here they go out, and in the goynge the Soule syngyth in the most lamentabull wyse, with drawte notes, as yt ys songyn in the passyon wyke'; in allusion probably to the prolonged manner of drawling out the notes of psalms at that season.

1 Parvyse means the Portico. This passage settles the doubt (see Glossary to Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, voc. 'Parvis') as to where the Parvis at London was situated: it was where lawyers met for consultation—viz. the portico of St. Paul's Cathedral...—J. P. C.
“Wisdom makes a long speech, in order to give the characters time to dress themselves; after which, ‘here entretre Anima, with the five wytts goyng before; Mynde on the on syde, and Undyrstondynge on the other syde, and Wyll folowyng, all in (p. 212) here lyst clothynge, her chappelettys and crests, and all havyng on crownyss, syngyngynge in here commynge’. Mind, Will, and Understanding renounce their evil courses, and Anima rejoices in the change. The conclusion or epilogue, not assigned to any character, is as follows:—

‘Volis qui timetis Deum
Orietur sol rusticum.
The true son of ryghtusnes.
Wyche that ys our lorde Jhiu,
Shall sprynge in hem that drede hys meknes.
Nowe ye must evry soule renewe
In grace, and vyces to eschew,
And so to ende with perfection,
That the doctryns of wysdom we may sew.
Sapientia patris graunt that, for hys passyon. Amen.’

At the end is a list of the characters, but it does not include Will, nor any of the persons who have entered to dance.”

——

Note on the HOLBORN QUEST, p. 165, l. 773.

The William Smith, Rouge Dragon, whose plans of Cambridge and Canterbury are given in my Harrison II (see p. 16* there), wrote also “A Breeft Description of the Famovs Cittie of London, Capitall Cittie of this Realme of England. &c. Am°. 1588.” Harleian MS. 6363; and from it, leaf 13, I take his account of the City Quest, which shows what the Holborn one ought to have done and been:—

“Wardmote Enquest.

“There is also The Wardmote Enquest, Chosen euery St. Thomas day, in euery ward a quest. And are chosen after this manner. The Aldermen of euery ward, causeth all ye Inhabitants thereof, to assemble at a Church, or some other place within the said ward, where is chosen out amongst them about 24 parsons, which are called The Wardmote Enquest. And these do sitt all ye Christmas Holly-daies till Twelift Day. And call before them all such parsons (in their ward) as be noted (yea, or suspected) of any notable cryme, which if they fynd culpable: They present them in wrytynge, vnder their handes & Sealls, into the guildhall. Also they go into every mans howse within the said ward, & peruse their weights & measures, which, if they fynd not Inst: they breake them in peeces.

“Also they present euery man, at whose dore the Street is not well paved: also all Strumpetts, Baudes, Raylers, Skolders, & such Lyke, which being found faulty, are punished accordingly. And therefore euery baudy bacheler had nead to looke to hym self.”
CHRIST'S BURIAL AND RESURRECTION

A Mystery.

IN TWO PARTS, IN THE NORTHERN DIALECT:

FROM THE BODLEIAN MS. E Museo 160.

PART I TO BE PLAYD ON GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON,
PART 2 ON EASTER-DAY IN THE MORNING.

PART I.

(At Christ's Cross and Sepulchre.)

Joseph and the Three Maries lament Christ's Death.—With Nicodemus they take his body from the Cross.—His Mother utters her Complaint over him (p. 188, 189, 191—197).—He is buried.

PART II.

(In Jerusalem and at Christ's Tomb.)

The Three Maries go to Christ's Sepulchre.—Peter laments his treachery (p. 210); Andrew and John comfort him.—Christ appears to Mary Magdalene (p. 219), and then to the 3 Maries (p. 222).—The Apostles go to the Sepulchre (p. 225).—All sin.

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1 Originally: See the aewe, a*, all (l. 4, 7, 653, &c.); aewn, own (p. 185, l. 401); till, to (l. 403, 428, 528); havest thou (l. 403); know, know (p. 188, l. 496; p. 189, l. 514, &c.); wald, would (p. 189, l. 531; p. 190, l. 564, &c.); lawly, lowly (p. 226, l. 1715); s, verbal plural; swiftly, quickly (p. 186, l. 444; qwantite, quantite (p. 192, l. 621; p. 196, l. 737); quick, quick, living (p. 198, l. 814); quhit, quite, requite (p. 199, l. 859, &c. See more overleaf.
[THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.]

PART I.

Josephe of Aramathye. | 2. Mary, the Mother of James.
The Three Maries. | 3. Mary Magdalene.
  1. Mary Salome (see note 3, p. 54 above). | Nicodemus (p. 184).
  | The Virgin Mary (p. 186).
  St. John the Evangelist (p. 187).

Besides these, in Part II (except Joseph and Nicodemus).

The Angel (p. 205). | St. Andrew, Peter's Brother
St. Peter (p. 209). | (p. 213).
Jesus (p. 219, 222).

Dr. Richard Morris kindly sends me the following note on the Dialect of this Mystery:

"I've look'd over the 'Mystery' and find that it was originally in the Northumbrian dialect (has 2 and 3 sing. in -s, l. 1469, 1543 (is thou, 184/293); pl. in s, see l. 1426; till, sign of infinitive, ll. 692, 1335, 1345, 1580; sho, she, &c), but that it has been greatly alter'd and modernized (see footnote on p. 184, good Northumbrian).

"Northumbrian and Midland forms are mixed together (cp. sho and shee; 3rd pers. sing. in s and th, see p. 182), and whole lines have been alter'd to get a Midland ryme (cp. l. 203-4, original endings wo and sho; for hee = she, and not he; p. 202, l. 918-19, sho and go, original rymes).

"The Midland element is easily recognized to be of the West Midland type.

"1. The text contains a large number of Northern terms.
"2. pt. tense and pp. in -t, 'wipet, blessit, wrappit,' &c., &c.
"3. Os, as: This word occurs about 30 times, and as it is common in West Midland work, I take the frequent occurrence of it to be proof positive of Midland influence. The poem is still Northern, as distinct from Southern."

1 Cp. pres. participles in -ing, not Northern; the dropping of u in past participles of strong verbs not Northern (p. 194).
THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

[MS. E Museo 160 [once 226], (Bodl. Libr.), leaf 140.1]

This is a play to be playede, on part on gud-friday after-none, & the other part on Ester-day after the resurrectione, In the morowe, but at [the] begynnynge ar certene lynes which [must] not be saide if it be plaiede, which (... another line cut off).

The prologue of this treyte or meditations off the buryalle of Criste & mowynyng therat.

A Soule that list to singe of loue
Of Crist, that com till vs so lawe,
Rede this treyte, it may hymn moue,
And may hym teliie lightly with awe,2
Off the sorow of Mary sumwhat to knawe,
Opon gudfriday after-none;
Also of theaposttiles awe,
And how mawdleyvn sworowe cessit not sow;
And also
How Iosephe of Aramathye
And other persons holye;
With Nichodeyme worthely,
How in thair harte had wo.
Fyrst lat vs mynde how gud Iosephie,
On this wise wepite Cristes dethe:—

1 The MS. is lettered on the back:—"Crom. Papish Play."
The stanzas are almost all 6 lines, aab, eeb; some 8, aab, eeb. The Virgin's Complaint, p. 191-3, is mainly in eights, abab, bebe, with some sixes and sevens. Some couplets follow it. Parts of it (p. 194-5) have the same burden 'Who can not wepe, com lerne of me,' as the earlier poem in my Hymns to the Virgin and Christ, E. E. T. Soc. 1867, p. 126-7.

2 In margin of leaf 140 back, at foot.
Iosephe.

A

Lesse! that euer I levit thus longe!

This day to se so grete wronge!

So felt Cruellitee & paynes stronge

Were neuer seyn or this!

Such envy, such rancor, such malesse!

Of cruel tormentes such excesse!

O pilate, pilate! in thy palesse,

He that neuer did amysse,

This day was damnyt! o Innocent bloode,

Most of vertue, most graciose & gude,

This day strenyt owt lik a floode

And lyk a ryvere grete;

On caluery mownnt, on lenghe & brede!

O caluery! thy greyn colore is turnyd to rede

By a blessit lammes bloode which now is dede.

Alese! for faynt I swete,

Remembringe that so cleyne on Innocent shuld dye,

Which ledd his life the most perfitlye,

And wrought sich warkes wonderoslye,

Ose Iudea can recorde.

What mortall creature, that powre myght haue

To make a dede man rise owt of his graue,

Lyinge ther-in iiiij dayes tayve,

But god, the gretist lorde?

A man to haue his sight, born starke blinde,

From Adams Creation where shall we fynde?

Or what prophettès can ye call to mynde,

Of whom maybe verrifyed?

So grete a miracle aboue naturs riglite?

To many othere blind men he gaue the sighte,

And wrought many wounders by godly myghte,

As it is well certificde.

From the hyft I com bot now down,

Wher I left the holy women in dedly swound.

O ye pepull of this cetye & of this town,
Herd ye not the Exclamation 1
And the grete bruňte which was on the h[i]H, "Crucify hym! Crucify hym! slo hym & kiH!"
Peace! now harkyn! I pray you stand stiH; Methink I here lamentation:1

thre mariye sais aH to-gider in a voce.

Aiunt iij marie
O most dolorose day! O tym of gretist sorowe!

Mavdleyne
O sisters, stand stiH vn-tyH to-morowe!
I trow I may not leue.3

Ioseph
I here the mawdleyne / bitterly compleyn). What gud creature / may hym-self refrayn)
In this piteosemyscheffe.4

j3 maria.
O day of lamentation 1!

ij3 maria.
O day of exclamatione!

Thrid mary.
O day off suspiratione!
Which Iewes shall repent!4

Mavdleyne.
O day most doloruse!

ij3 maria.
O day paynfulH & tediose!

1 Off the wepinge of the iij Maries.
2 saide mawdleyne crost through.
3 This line is crost through:
   This hard holy Ioseph standinge ryght gayn
4 The MS. adds:—[The maries in that statione
   Then saide on this fascione]

Lines crost through.
O pepuH most cruellt & furiose,
Thus to slo an Innocent! 69

ij a maria

O mawdelyn, your master dere,
How rewfully he hinges here,
That set you first in ceile! 70

Mawdelyn

¶ A ! cesse, sisters! it sloes my chere!
His dulfull deth I may not bere!
Devowt Iosephe, I se hym here,
Our cares forto keyle. 76

O gud Iosephe, approche to vs nere;
Behold hym woundit with a speare,
That louede yow so weyH! 79

Iosephe

¶ O1 mawdelyn, said Joseph,2 I pray you here;
& your susters als to be of gud chere.

Magdal[e]yn

¶ O frende Ioseph! this prince had neuer pere!
The well of mercy / that made me clere;
And that wist ye weile. / 84
Nay, gude Ioseplie, com nere & behold! 85
This bludy iammes body is starke & colde.
O! hadde ye seyn your paynes many-folde,
Ye walde haue beyne right sory.
Ioseplie! luk bettere, beholde & see,
In how litill space how many woundes bee!
Here was no mererce,3 her was no pitee,
But Cruel delinge paynfully. 92
O goode Ioseplie, I am aH dysmayede 93

1 gud crosst through, instead of said Joseph.
2 The poetaster has again forgotten that he's writing a play.
3 merceye alterd.
To see his tendere fleshe thus rewfully arayed,
On this wise so woefully displayed,
Woundit withie nayH & spere!
O dere Iosephie / I feyH my harte wex cold,
Thes blessite fete / thus bludy to be-hold,
Whom I weshid with teres manyfokd,
And wyped with my heare.
O how rewfull / a spectakiH it\' is!
Neuer hast bee seyn / ne shaft be after this,
Such crueH rigore to the kinge of blisse;
The lord that made aH,
Thus to suffere in his humanitee,
And that only for our iniquitee!
O makere of man! what lone & pitee
Had thou for vs so thratt!
O gude Iosephe, was ye not present here?

Ioseph.

¶ Yis, moder mawdleyn), it changid my chere.
The wounder was so grete, I yrkit to com nere.
But I was not farre hence.

Magdalena.

¶ O Iosephie, If I told you euery circumstaunce
Of the moste merite & perseueraunce
Of hym pat neuer did offence,
Thys highe kinge pat hinges befor our face,
Displayede on Crosse in this piteos place,
And teH you of his pacience;
Frend Iosephie, this day am I sure,
Seantly with force ye myght it indure,
But your hart shuld tendere
How he sufferte to be takiH,
Sore scourgit & nakit
On aH his body sclender!
And not-with-standinge your manly hart,
Frome your Ees the teres walde starte,
To shew your hevynesse.

Com hithere, Iosephe, & stande ner this rood!

Loo! this lamme spared not to shedd his blude

With most paynfull distresse;

Her was more rancore shewed than equitee,

Mich more malace than ony pitee,

I reporte me; your-self behold & see!

His payn passis all other;

Alh if he were the prince of peace,

Therfor my sorow haves no releace.

Iosephe

¶ Gude mawdleyn, of your mowrnynge cease;
It Ekes my doole, dere moder: 1

Maria Iacobi ij

Who can but sorrow for it?

Goode frende Iosephe, what creature maye

But sorrow to se this wofull daye,

The day of gretist payne?

Maria solamee

¶ 2 Wo & sorrow must nedes synke
Mor in our hartes than met & drinke,
To se our saueyoure slayne.

Iosephe.

¶ Alese, women! ye mak my hart to relente,
Beholdinge his body thus torne & rente,
That inwardly I wepe;

But, gude Mawdleyn, shew vn to me

Where is mary his mother so free.
Who haues that maide to kepe?

Mawdleyn

A Iosephe, from this place / is sho3 gone.

To haue seyn hir, a harte of stone,

1 MS. has this line crosst through:—

The seconnd Mary began to sawe

2 The MS. puts before Wo, 'The thrid mary said', but it is crosst through.

3 wente crosst through.
For ruth the wald have relente:
Right many tymes emanage vs here
Sche swownyd with most dedly chere,
Ose morthere mekest kente.
With full longe prayere, scant we myglite
Cause hir parte from this peteose sighte;
Scho made many compleymyte;
Ye saw neuer woman pis wise dismaide;
Zebedeus & Iolin hase hir convaide;
To spek of hire I faynte.
Many men spekes of lamentacion
Of moder, & of their gret desolation
Which that thy did in-dure
When that their childer dy & passe;
But of his peteose tender moder, alasse,
I am verray sure
the wo & payn passis all other;
Was ther neuer so sorowfull a mother
For inward thought & cure,
When sho harde hym for his enmype praye,
And promesid the thefe the blissis aye,
And to hir-self no word walke saye;
Sche sighid, be ye sure.
The soune hyng, & the moder stood,
And euer sho kisid the droppes of blood
That so fast / raw down;
Sche extendit hir Armes hym to brace;
But sho myght not towech hym, so high was the place,
And then sho felt in swoune.

Iosephie

A Gude mawdleyn, who can hir blame,
To se hir awn soul in so grete shame,
With-owt ony olifence.
But, mawdleyn, had he ony mynd on hir in his
passion?

DIGBY MYST.
Mavdley

See, yee, Iosephe! of hir he had grete compassion; Os apperit by evidence;

For, hanginge on the Crosse most petyfully,

He lukyd on that maide, his moder, rewfully,

And with a tender cow[n]tenauence,

As who say, "modere! the sorow of your harte Makes my passion mor bitter & mor smarte,

Ye beweuer in my remembrance.

Dere modere, becausie I depart os nowe, Iohn my Cosyn shal waite on yowe, Your conforte for to bee."

Loo, he had hyr on his gracioso mynd,
To teche all chi[l]deren to be kind.
To fader & modere of dewtee.
This child wald not lefe his moder alone,
Not-withstandinge hir lamentabilH mone & hevynesse.

[Io]seph

A, gud lady, full wo was shee!
But can ye teH what wordes saide hee
There in that grete distresse?

Mavdleyn

O Iosephe, this lame most meke,
In his CrucH tormentes & paynfulH eke,
But fewe wordes he had!

Saue that in grete Agonye
He saide thes wordes, "I am thrustye,"
With chere demure & sadd!

[Io]seph

Mawdleyn: Suppose ye his desire was to drinke?

1 In the MS. the line before is crosst through:— "Than saide Iosephe right peteoslee.
2 Mawdleyn saide crosst through.
Mardley

Nay, verrelke, frend Ioseph, I thinke
He thruste no lyquore;
His thruste was of charitee;
For our faitlie & fidelitee,
He ponderite the rigore,
Off his passion done so cruellye;
For the helth of mannyes soule cheffyle
He thruste & desirede.
And then, after tormente longe,
& after paynes fell & stronge,
This mekist lam expyrde:
For wikkit synners pis lam m is dede.
Alese! my hart wex hevy os lede,
Myndinge my wrichitnesse.
Where was euer a mor synful creature
Than I my-self? nay, nay; I am sure
Was none of mor offencesse.
O! what displeasur is in my mynd,
Rememberinge that I was so vnkyne
To hym that hinges here,
That hinges here so pitieoslye
For my synnes done owtragoslye!
Mercy, lorde, I requere!
Not-withstondinge the gre[t] enormitee
Of my fowle synnes, & of his humylitee,
This lambe, this Innocent,
For my Contrition he forgaue mee
Only of his fre mercifull pitee;
Neddres must my harte relente.
This is the sacrifice of remission;
Crist, all synners havinge contrition,
Callith to mercy & grace,
Sayinge thes swete wordes, "return to mee,
Leve thy syn, & I shalbe with thee,
Accepte in euery place."
Had not beyne his most mercifull consolatione.
I, wrecche of all wretches, into desparation
Had fallen right dangerouslye;
My dedes were dampnabill of righte,
But his mercesse accepte my harte contrighte,
And reconsiled me gracioslye.
O mekest lambe, hanginge here on hye!
Was ther none othere meyn but pou must nede dy,
Synners to reconsyle?
A, Sisters, sisters! what sorow is in me,
Beholdinge my master on this peteose tree!
My harte faynte; I may no longer dree.
Now lat me pawse a whyle;
O, where shall ony comfortli com to mee,
And to his modere, that Maid so free?
Wald god, here I myght dye!

ij° Maries.

How I sorrow for Him!

What can comfort me?

His feet that I wiped with my hair
are pierct with a nail.

O, where shaH ony comfortli com to mee,
And to his modere, that Maid so free?
Wald god, here I myght dye!

ij° Maries.

How many bludy letters beyn) written in his buke,
SmaH margente her is.

Iosephe

Ye, this parchement is stritchit owt of syse.
O derest lorde! in how paynsfuiH wise

1 had fallen crosst through.
2 In the MS. these 3 lines are crosst through:—
   Ose mawdleyne thus sore did wepe
   The othere ij° Maryes tuk gude kepe
   And saide riglote soberlye
3 saide sho crosst through.
4 In the MS. the line before is crosst through:
   Than said Iosephe a nobill man of prise
Haue ye tholit this!
O, all the peplh that passis here-by,
Beholde here inwardlee with your Ees gostly,
Consider well & see,
Yf that euer ony payw or torment!
Were lik vnto this which this Innocent
Haves suffert thus mekle!
Remembere man! remembere well, & see
How liberaH a man this lord was & free,
Which, to saue mankind?
On droppe of blude haues not kepit ne sparid!
FuH litiH for ease or plesure he carid,
By reason ye may finde,
Which on dropp of blood hase not resaruyd.
O lord, by thy deth we beyn preseruyd;
By deth thou hast slayne deth;
Was neuer no love lik vnto thyw,
That to this meknes thy-selfe wald inclyn,
& for vs to yelde thy brethe.
Thou knew their were no remedy to redeym syn,
But a bath of P blude to bath mans saule in;
And thou were well\(^1\) assent
To let it ren owt most plenteosly.
Where wer euer sicch love? neuer, verrely,
That such wise wald content.
To his fadere, for vs he made a sure render.
Loo! euery bone ye may nowmbere of his body tender,
For vntollerabilH paynes
The tormentours sparede no Crueltee,
With sharp scowrages te-terre his fleshie, ye may see,
With thorns thrust in his braynes;
Grete nayles dreven, the bones aH to brake;
Thus in Euery parte the nayles they did wrake.
O cruelH wikitnese,
From the Crowne of the bede vnto the too,

\(^1\) content crosst through.
THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

This blesit body was wrappit all in woo,
In payn & distresse.
In this displaied body, wher may it be found,
On spot, or a place, bet ther is a wound,
Owther mor or lesse.

Se his side, hede, handes & fete!
Lo! AH his body with blude is wete,
So paynfull was his presse.
On yche parte he is paynede sore,
Sawe only the tunge, which enuer-more
For syyners did prayee.

Mawdlen.

O piteous sight! Who saw euer a spektacie more pitevs,
A more lamentable sight & dolorus?
AA! this woufH daye!
Alesse, this sorow that I endure
With grete inwarde hevynes & cure!
Alesse, pat I do not dye,
To see hym dede, made me of noglite,
And with his deth thus haves me bouglite;

O cruel torment!
O Cruel tormentrye!
O dere master, be ye not displeasid!
Yf I myght dy with yow / my hart wer wel easid;
O! faynt, & faynt it is

Ioseph.

What meyn3e women, in goddis name?
Moder! to mych sorow / 3e mak; ye be to blame;
I pray yow, leve AH this!
He that hingeth here of his humiliite,
From deth shall aryse, for right so saide hee;
His wordes must nedes be trewe:

1 The next line in the MS is crosst through :—
2 The next line in the MS is crosst through :—
3 To that word mawdlen awnswert thus
4 Holy Iosephe awnswerit to this same
This is the finale cause & conclusion,
To bringe our mortal enemy to confusion
And his powere to subdewe.
For this cause he descendid from he heav'nly place
Born of he mekist virgyne all full of grace,
Which now most sorrowfull is.
For that cause he did our natur take,
Thus, by deth, to sloo deth, & for mannes sake,
And to restor hym to bysye.
Wherfor, good women, your-self confort;
Amongst vs agayn / he shal resorte,
I trust verrehe; I pray you, completly,
not thus heavyley.

Mavdle[yln.]

1 Nedes must I compleyn, & that most bitterley,
& I shal te[y] yow whye :—
In-sensibi[ll] Creaturs / beyw trovblid, ye see ;
The son had lost his sight; Eelippid was hee;
Therth tremblied ferfullye;
The hard flynt & stone / is brokyn in sundre;
Yf resonable creatures / be trovblid : it is no wonder;
And emange al[ ] speciallye,
I, a wrec[f] woman / a, wrec[i] ! a, wrec[i]!
Behold these bludy welles / her may you feche
Balme more precious than golde!
O ye welles of mercy / dyggide so depe,
Who may refrayw / who may bot wepe,
These bludy streymys to be-holdie?
O fontains flowinge with water of life,
To wash away corruptiow / of wondes infectyfe,
By dedly syne grevose!
Ah with meknese is measured this ground, with-out

dowte,

1 The line before in the MS. is crosst through :—
9 Than said Mavdleyne A Josephe free
Wherin so many springes of mercy flowes owte,
Beholde, how so plenteose!

*Altera maria.*

Mawdleyne, your mowrnynge avayles nothmge.

Lat vs speke to Iosephe, hym hertely desiringe

for To finde some gude waye,
This Crucified body down to take,
And bringe it to sepulture, & so let make

Ende of this wofull daye.

*Ioseph.*

3e shall understand yit more, that I

Haue beyne with the Iuge Pilat instantleye
For this same requeste,
To berye this most holy bodye;
Ande he grauntid me suft tenderlye
To do os me thought beste.

I haue spokene with Nichodemus also;—
Ye shall se hym takyn down, or ye go;—
That he taryes so longe, I marvele.
A! I se hym now com vpward the hiH.
Cesse of youre wepinge, I pray you, be stH;
I trust aH shalbe weH.

Nichodemus, come nerre! we haue longe for you
thought.

[Nichodemus venit.]

O worthy lorde, who made aH thinge of noght,
With the most bitter payn to deth is thou broughte;
Thy name bessit bee!

1 The next line and a quarter are crosst through in the MS:—
2 The next line is crosst through in the MS:—
3 The next 4 lines are crosst through in the MS:—
4 The other Mary myldly gate awnsweringe
And saide
And saide Iosephe gude women & worthye
When that Nichodeme see Crist, put all boght,
Hinge all hide in his blude,
Than kneide he downe with hartely hevy thoughte,
And saide with milde made.
O, how a pitefull sight is this,  
To se the prince of eteverlastinge blisse  
To hinge here on this tree,  
O most lovinge lorde, thy gret mercy,  
To this havese the constreynyd!  
Why wold thy awn pepiH, bi awn) flokke,  
Thus crucyfy the, & nayH tiH a stokke?  
Why haves thou not refreynyd?  
For fourty yere in wildernesse,  
Theire olde Faders in theire progresse  
Thou fed with angelles foode,  
And brought them in-to the land of promission,  
Wher they fand lond in euery condischion,  
And all thinge that was goode.  
A! A! Is this theire gramecy? is this theire reward?  
Thy kindnesse, thy gudnese, Can they regard?  
No better but thus?  
Notwithstandinge the vesture of bi humanyte,  
That pou were the verrey son of god, pay myst see  
By myracles most gloriose.

Ioseph.

1  gude brothere, 2 of your compleinte 2 Cesse!  
3 e renewe agayne grete hevynesse,  
Now in thes Women here.

Nicodeme.

Nay, 4 gret comfurthe we may haue all,  
For, by his godly powere, arise he shall,  
And the thride daye apera.  
For ons he gaue me leue with hym to reasone,  
And he shewet of this deth, & of this treasone  
& of this Crueltee,
THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

And how for mankynd he com to dye,
And that he shuld arise so glorioslye
By his myghtee maiestee
And with our flesch in hevyn tilh ascend:
Many swete wordes it plesit hym to spend
Thus speking vnto me,
That no man to hevyn myght clym,
But if it were by grace of hym
Which con dow to make vs free:
Nemo ascendit in celum nisi qui descendit de ccelo.

Ioseph, redy to tak crist dow, sais.

Let us then take down the Body,
To tak down this body, lat vs assaye!
Brother Nichodemus, help, I yow praye!
On Arme I wald ye hadd,
To knokk out thes nayles so sturdy & grete.
O safyoure! they sparid not your body to bete;
Thay aught now to be sadd.

Mawdleyn.

Gude Iosephie, handil hym tenderlye!

Iosephe.

Magdalen, hold His feet?
Stonde ner, Nichodemus! resaunc hym softlye!
Mawdleyn, hold ye his fete!

Mawdleyne.

Make haste.
His Mother is coming.
Haste yow, gude Iosephie, hast yow whiklye!
For Marye his moder wiH com, fer I;
A ! A ! that virgyne most swete!

Nichodemus.

I saw hir beneth the on the othere side;
With Iohn I am sure sho wiH not a-bid
longe frome this place.

Mary, virgyn & mother, com then sayinge.

¥ A, A, my dere sone Iesus ! A, A, my dere sone Iesus !
THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

Io lin euangeliste.

Gude Marye, swete cosyn! mowrn ye not thus,
Ye see how stondes the case.

Mawdleyne.

Allese, scho commys! A, what remedye!
God Ioseph, comfurth hire stedfastlye,
That virgyne so ful of woO!

Mary virgyn sais, falles in swown.

Stonde still, friendes! hast ye not soo!
Have yee no fere of mee;
Lat me help to tak my dere son down!

Mary mawdleyn.

Lo! I was sure sho walkd faill in a swown!
Her, on every sid, is pitee.

Iosephe.

Help, Mawdleyn, to revyue hir agayn!
A. a. This womans harte is plungid with payn!
Hir sorowe sho cane not cesse.

Io lin euangeliste.

A, A! dere Ladee, wherfore & why
Fare ye on this wise? will ye here dy?
Leyf of this hevynesse!
Ye promesit me ye wold not do thus.

Mawdleyn.

Speke, ladye! speke for the loue of Jesus,
Youre swete sone, my master here!

Marye virgyn.

A, A! Mawdleyn, mawdleyn! your master so dere!

Io lin Euan geliste.

Most meke modere, be now of gude chere!

Wipe awaye that rynnys owte so faste!
From your remembrance, rayse owt at ye last
Of his passione the Crueltie.

1 repeated over leaf.
Iosephie.
Tak comfurthe, marye! this wailinge helpes nothinge.
Your dere soñ we wil to his sepulcre bringe
Als it is aH ourë dewtee.

Mary Virgyne.

God reward yow of your tenderness!  
I shall assiste you with aH humitnesse;
But yit, or he departe,
Suffere me my mynd for to breke,
How be it fulH scantly may I speke
For laynte & febH harte:
A, A, Cosyn Iohin! what shaI I saye?
Who saw euë so dolfuH a daye,
So sorowfuH a tym, as this?
This wofuH moders sorow / who cane it expresse,
To se hir own] chyld sleyn} with cruelnesse?
Yit myn ownH swet son, your woundes wold} I kysse,

O, GabrielH, gabriëH!
Of gret Ioy did ye tell
In your first Salutation;
Ye saide the holigost shuld co[m] in mee,
And I shuld consaine a child in virginitee,
For mankind salutation.
That ye said truthe, right welH knaw I;
But ye told] me not my son shuld dye,
Ne yit the thought & care
Of his bitter passion], which he suffert nowe.

O! old Symeon! fulH su[the said yowe ;
To spek ye wold not spare.
Ye saide / The sword of sorow suld enter my hart!
Ye, ye, luste Symeon! now I feH it smarte,
With most dedly payH!
Was there neuer moder that felit so sore!
I-wise, Iohin, I feH it alway more & more!
Help! help now, MawdleyH!
& cadit in extas{iad}.  

The Virgin Mary lamenta 

her Son's death, 

and calls to mind the Angel Gabriel's salutation of her,

and Symeon's saying that the Sword of Sorrow should enter her heart.
Mawdleyw.
Mek moder & mayde, leve your lamentation!
Ye swown stil on pase with dedly suspiration;
Ye mare youre-self & vs.

Iolain Evangelist.
Ye shal lefe of your paynfull affliction,
Callinge to your mynd his resurrection
Which salbe so glorivse;
This knaw ye, & hat beste

Mary virgyw.
I knaw it weH, or ellis in reste
My harte shal neuer bee;
I myght not leve, nore endure
On myynate, bot I am sure
The thrid day ryse shaH hee;
But yit havinge remembrance
The gret Cruelty & FeH vengance
Of the Iues so vnkind,
Which thus wikkitly has betrayed?
Goddes sou, born of me, a mayd,
Most sorowfuH in my mynd.
O Iudas! why didist thou betraye
My son, hi master? what can you saye,
Thy-sell for thiH excuse?
Of his tender mercyfuH charite,
Chase he not the on his xij to bee?
He wald not be refuse.
Callyt not he to his supere & last refection?
Cowth you not put owt hi pesyn & infection
Saue thus only,
Vuto thy master to be so vn-kimd?
Was his tender gudnese owt of thy mynd?
So vn-naturallye?
Gaue he not to the his body in memoriaH,
And also in remembrance perpetuaH.

503
510
[leaf 149, back]

St. John bids
Mary think of
Christ's again-
rising.

513
514

516

She says, that
is her only sup-
port.

525
526

She reproaches
Judas for his

528

531

532

534
[leaf 150]

treachery to his
tender Master.

537
538
The Burial of Christ.

At his suppre there?

He that was so comly & fayre to be-hold,

How durst thou, Cruel hert, to be so bold?

To cause his dy thus here?

By thy treson, my son here is slayn!

My swete, swetist son! how suld I refreyne,

This bludy body to be-hold?

Iosephie.

Gud dere Marye! git you hence!

We shall bery hym with all reverence,

& ly hym in the mold.

Haue hir hence, John, now, I desire!

Ihoannes Evangeliste.

Mary is askt to go away,

Com on, swete lady, I sow require;

I shal gife yow attendance.

Ioseph.

On of yow women ber hir Companye!

Altera maria.

I shal wayte on hir. Go we hence, marye!

Put all this from your remembrance!

Marie Virgyn.

What meyn ye, frendes? what is your mynd?

Towards me be not so vn-kinde!

His moder, am not I?

Wold ye have the moder depart hym fro?

To lefe hym thus, I wille not so,

But bide, & sitt hym bye.

Therefore, gud Ioseph, be content.

Ioseph.

Aa! Marye, for a gud consent

We wald not haue you here.

Marie Virgyn.

Wold ye re-newe mor sorow in me?
THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

Iosephe.

Nay, gud lady, that were pitee.

Marye Virgyne.

Than late me abide hym nere!
Iolin! why spek ye not for my conforte?
Mi dere sone bad me to you resorte,
And allway on you call.
Ye know weH, her is my tresure,
Whom I loue beste, whom all my pleasure
is & euer be shal;
Her is my likinge & all my loue;
Why wald ye than me hens remove?
I pray yow hartly, cese!
Departe I may not, bot by fors constreynydt.
Remembringe departinge, ales, my hert is paynd
mor then I may expresse!
Now, dere swee coysyn! I you praye!
Myn awn dere love, which on thursdaye,
Of his grace special,
Of his lovinge mynd & tendernes,
And of verrey Inward kindnes,
At suppere emanges you all,
He admyttid you frendly for to reste
& slepe on his holye godly breste,
For a special prerogatife,
Because of your virginite & cleennesse.
Der' coysyn, encrease not myn heavynesse
Yf ye desire my life!
But, gud frendes, here in-treyt not ye,
But be content, & suffere mee
Ons yit for to holde,
For to holde here in this place,
And in myn armys for to embrace
This body which now is cold,
This bludy body woundit so sore,
Of my swet son: Iolin, I aske no more!
THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

Io john Euangeliste.

Lady, if ye will have moderation
Of youre most sorrowful lamentation,
Do as ye list, in this case.

Marie virgyné.

Io lin, I shall do as ye thinke gude.

[leaf 151, back]
Gentil Iosephie, lat me sit under your rude,
And holde my son a space.

Nichodemus.

Let vs suffere the modere to compleyn
Hir sonnes dethe in verrey certeyn,
Tha ease hir & content.

Iosephie.

Ye! so shal hir sorrowfull harte
Alway to suffere smarte,
And we can but repente.

Marie Virgyné.

The Virgin takes Christ's body in her arms,

O sisters, Mawdleyn, Cleope, & Iacobye!
Ye see how piteful my son doth lye
Here in my armys, dece!
What erthly mother may refreyn,
To se hir son thus Cruelly sleyn,

and laments over Him,

A! my harte is hevy os lede!
¶ Who shall give me water sufficient,
And of distillinge teris habundance,
That I may wepe my fill with hart relent.
After the whantite of sorrowfull remembrance?

¶ For his sak that made vs all,
Which now ded lyes in my lappe;

recalling His Birth and Circumcision.

Of me, a mayd, by grace special,
He pleside to be born, & sowket my pape.

[leaf 152]

Of verreye man at his circumcision,
And þer shed his blude for manmys hape.
Al-so at my purification,
Of hym I made a fayre oblation,
Which to his fader was most plesinge.
For fere, than, of herodes persecution,
In-till egip[t]e fast I fled with hym—
His grace me gidding in euery thinge,—
& now is he dede! that changes my cher!
Was neuer child to moder so lovinge!
Who hat cañ not wepe, at me may lere.
Was neuer deth so Cruell as this,
To slo the gyvere of all grace.
Son! suffer me your wounds to kisse,
& your holy blude spilt in this place!
Dere son! ye have steyn[y] your face,
Your face so frely to behold.
Thikk bludy droppes rynnes down a-pace,
Speciosus forma, the prophet told.
But ales[e]! your tormentes so manyfold!
Hase abatid[y] your visage so gloriose!
Cruell Iewes! what mad yow so bole?
To commyt þis Cryn[þ] most vngraciose,
Which to your-self is most noyose?
Now shaþ aH the cursinges of your lawe,
Opon yow faþ most myschevose,
& be knawen of vagabundes ouer awe.
He & I com both of your kyn,
And that ye kithe vn-curteslye;
He com for to fordo u[þ] your syn[þ],
But ye for-suke hym frowardly.
Who can not wepe, com sit me bye,
To se hym[þ] that regnyd in blisse,
In hevy[n] with his fader gloryoslye,
Thus to be slay[n] in aH gilitlesse.
Son! in your handes ar holes wis,[þ]
And in your fete that so tender were;
A gret wounde is in your blessit sid[þ],

DIGBY MYST.
The Virgin Mary's Lament over Christ's Corpse.

FuH deply dreyn\(\) with a sharpe sper\(\);  
Your body is bete & brussik here;  
On euery sid\(\) no place is free:  
Nedes muste I wepe with hevy chere.  
Who can not wepe, com lern\(\) at me,  
† And beholde your lorde, mynw awn\(\) der\(\) so\(\),  
Thus dolfulye delt with, ose ye see.  
Se how his hede with thornys is thronge!  
Se how he naylit was tiH a tree!  
His synow\(\)s & vaynes, drawne so straytlee,  
Ar brokyn\(\) sonder by payns vngude!  
Who can\(\) not wepe, com\(\) lern\(\) at me,  
And be-holde hym\(\) here put hange on rude!  
† Se ah\(\) a-bowte the bludy streynes!  
O man! this suffert he for thee!  
Se so many feH & bitter peynes!  
This lamme shed his blude in fuH plentee:  
Who can not wepe, com\(\) lern\(\) at mee!  
Se ah\(\) his frendes is from hym fied!  
AH is but blude, so bett was hee  
Fro the sole of his fute vnto he hedi!  
† O swete child! it was nothinge mete—  
Saue your sufferance, ye had no pere,—  
To lat Judas kisse thes lippes so swete;  
To suffer a traytor to com so nere,  
To be-tray his master myldist of chere.  
O my swete child! now suffer yee  
Me your moder, to kisse yow here,—  
Who can\(\) not wepe, com lern\(\) at me!—  
† To kisse, & swetly yow imbrace;  
Imbrace, \& in mynw armes hold\(\);  
To hold, \& luke on your blessit face;  
Your face, most gracioso to behold\(\);  
To beholde so comly, euer I wold;  
I wold, I wold, stiH with yow bee;  
StiH with yow, to ly in moid\(\),
Who can not wepe, com lern at mee!

My meek is to dy, I wald not leve;
Leve, how suld I? sithen dede ar yee.
My lif were ye / noght can me greve,
So pat I may in your presence bee.

Me, your woful moder, her may ye se;
Ye see my dedly sorow & payn,—
Who can not wepe, com lern at mee!—

To see so meke a lambe her slayn;
Slayn of men that no mercy hadd;
Had they no mercy, I reporte me see;
To se this bludy body, is not your hart sadd?
Sad & sorowfulH, haue ye no pitee,
Pite & compassion to se this cruelte.
Crueltie, vnkindnese! O men most vnkind!
Ye that can not wepe, com lern at mee!

Keping this Crucifix still in your mynd!

When ye war born, of me, a maybe myld,
I sange lullay to bringe you on slepe:
Now is my songe, alas, alas, my child!
Now may I wayle, wringe my handes, & wepe!

Who shalbe my comforth? who shalt me kepe,
Save at your departinge ye segnyte to mee

Joh, your cosyn, most virtuous & sepe,
Who that can not wepe, com & lern at mee!

O derest childe! what falt haf ye done?
What was your trispace,—I wald knav it layn,—
Wherfor your blessid blude is forsid forth to rone?
Haue murtherid any person or ony man slayn,
That your avn pepiH bus to yow dose endeyn?
Nay / nay / nay / ye neuer did olence!
Was neuer spote of syn in your cler conscience!
And not-withstandinge their felf indignation,
Only of gudwille & inward charitee,

Also for loue, & mannes saluation,

1 'standinge in this place' cross through. 2 MS. did of.
THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

3e haue suffert all this of your humylitee!  
Of your large mercee, gret was pe whantite;
Grete was pe multitude of your merites all,
Thus for mannes sake to tast pe bitter gal.

Soñ! helpe, help your moder in this wofult smarte!
Comfurth your wofull moder, pat neuer was vnkind!
In your Conception, ye reyoyet my harte;
But now of dedly woo / so gret cause I find,
That pe loy of my haylsinge is passit fro my mynde.

Let me hold you on my lap!
Yit suffer me to hold yow her on my lape,
Which sumtym gafe you mylk of my pape.
O swete, swetist child! woo be vn-to me!
O most wofull woman / your awn moder, loo!
Who shall graunt it me / with you for to dee?

What can I do?
The son is dede / what shall the moder doo?
Where shall sho resorte? whider shall sho goo?
Yit suffer me to hold yow a while in my lap,
Which sum-tym gafe yow mylk of my pap!

Death, take me!
O creweH deth! no lenger thou me spare!
To me thou wer welcom, & also acceptabill;
Oppresse me down at ons / of the I haue no care.
O my son, my saueyour / & Joyce most comfortabill,
Suffere me to dy / with yow most merciabill!
Or at lest lat me hold you / a while in my lape,
Which sum-tym gauke yowe pe milk of my pape!

O ye wikkit pepiH, with-out mercy or pitee!
Why do ye not cruycyfe & hinge me on pe crosse?
Spare not your nayles / spare not your crueltee!
Ye can not make me to row in greter losse
Than to lesse my son pat to me was so dere!

Dear Son,
Why sloo ye not pe moder / which is present hot?
Dere sone! if the Iwes / yit will not sloo me,
Your guidues, your grace, I besech & praye,
So call me to your mercy, of your benigne!
To youre mek suters ye neuer saide yit naye;
Then may ye not your moder, in this cavse delaye.
The modere, with the child he desires for to reste;  
Remembere myvn awyn son / hat 3e sowkit my briste!  
ii Remember when your fleshe was soft os tender silke,  
With the grosse metes then you wold not fede,  
But gawe you the licour / of a mayduns mylke;  
TiH Egip[t]e in myne / Armes / softly I did you lede;  
But your smylinge contenaunce I askit non other mede,  
Then be content / that I with you may riste,  
Remembere my dere son / hat 3e sowkit my briste!  
ii At your natuiitee, remember, my dere son,  
What vessell I brochit to your nobiH grace!  
Was per neuer moder that brochit sich a ton!  
From my virgyne pappes / mylken ran owt a-passe;  
To your godly power / natur gaf a place;  
Ye sowkit maydens milke / & so did neuer none,  
Nore her-after shalt / saue your-self alone /  
ii When ye sowkid my brest / your body was hole & sound.  
Alese! in euery place Now se I many wound!  
Now, help me, swet mawdleyn / for I fall to be ground!  
And me, wofull mary, help now, gud Iolin!  
[ Couples.]  
Iohn Evangeliste  
Than, gude swete lady, lef your gret mou!  
Mary Virgyn  
A. A. Mawdleyn! why devise ye nothinge,  
To this blessid body for to gif praysinge?  
Sum dolorose ditee Express now yee,  
In pe dew honour of his ymage of pitee,  
Mawdleyn  
To do your biddynge, ladye, [I] be rightt sayn,  
But yit, gud lady, your teres 3e refreyyn!  
Iosephe  
Now, mary! deliuer that blessit body till vs!  

1 MS. myns.
Mary Virgy

Will ye take from me my own son Jesus? 800

Nichodemus

Good lady, suffer vs to bringe hym to his grave!

Mary Virgy

Dear Friends,

Swete frendes! suffer me mor respit to haue! 802
Haue compassion of me, frendes, I 3ou praye!
So hastely, fro me tak hym not a-waye!
Yf to his sepulcre nedes ye wil hym bere,
Bery me, his moder, with myn awn son here!
When he was lyvinge, to leve I desirid;
Now sit hen he is ded, aH my Joie is expirid;
There-for lay the moder / in grave with the child!

Iohannes evangelista.

O mary, modere, & maiden most mylk! 810
Ordere your-selfe, os reson doth require.

Ioseph

Com on! lat vs bery this body that is here! 812

Mary Virgy

O, now myn harte is in a mortall drede!
Allas! shal I not kep hym nothire whik ne ded?
Is ther no remedye?
Yit, Iosephe, agayn the cloth ye vnfold,
that his gracioso visage I may ons behold,
I pray yow interlye!

Ioseph

Pece, gude marye! ye haue had aH your will.

Mary virgy

This parting kills my heart.

Ales! this departinge / my tender hart doth kille! 820
Gud Coysyn John, yit spek a word for mee!

Iohne Evangelista

Be content, swet mary, for it may nott bee / 822
Mary Virgyn

A. A. toward me ye be verreye Cruel! 823
Yet lat me bid ons my owne soul far-well!
Ye may it not denye.
Now, fare-well, only Ioye of all my harte & mynde!
Farewel the derest / redemption of mankind!
Suffert most bitterlye.

Ioline Euangelist

Com one, gud Mary, cono!

Nichodemus

Some of you women be thy hir companye.

ij° Maries

We shaH gife hire attendance
Faithfully with humble reuerance.  Exeunt  832

Iosephie

Now in his grave lat vs ly hym down,
And then resorte we agayn to the town, sepelit[ur]
To her what men will saye.
Mawdlyn, ye must hense departe.

Mawdlen

Ye, & that with a sorowfull harte,
Mournynge nyght & daye.
Fare-well, swete lambe! far-well, most innocent! 839
Wrichit mawdlyñ / with most hartly intent
Commendes hir to your grace.
Far-well, der master! far-well, derest lord!
Off your gret mercye / ye shalpe warlk record?
Her-after in ylk place /
Summe precious balmes I will go bye,
TiH anoynt & honour this blessit body,
Os it my dewty is.
Fayre Iosephi & gude Nichodemus,
I commend you to the kepinge of Iesus!
He will whit you all this.

Let me bid my Son farewell!

[leaf 156]

The Burial of Christ.
Iosephie

Fare-wel, mawdleyn! to your-self comfurth take!
Of this blessit beriafl / lat vs ane end make!
Here now is he gravid, & her* lyes hee,
Which for loue of man, of his charite
Suffert bitter passion).

Gret comfortlie it is vnto vs all,
That the thride day aryse he shall
In the most gloriose fassion).
The tyme drawethe fast, & approchis ner';
Schortly I truste sum gud tidinges to her*.
Devowte Nichodemus, departe we as nowe.

Nicodemus.

Gladly, frende Ioseph, I wil go with 3owe.

Thus her* endes the most holy
Beriafl of ye body of Crist Iesu.1

1 The second part, The Resurrection, runs on without a break in the MS.
[Part II. Christ's Resurrection.]

[Mainly in Sixes, aab ccb. Note the long Sevens (alabbecc) and short Sixes after l. 1133, p. 209.]

Her begynnes his resurrection
on pas[e]he daye at Morn. 865

[Scene 1.]

Mawdleyne begynnës, sayinge 867

Pascha.

This grete hevnese & payn! 867
Ales! howe longe shal he remayn? 867
Howe longe shal he endure 869
And rist with-in my most carful heart? 869
Howe longe shal I seyle this dedlys smarte? 872
Who shal my sorowe cure? 872
Howe longe shal I lef in desolation? 873
When shal he houre of consolation, 875
That my mastre I maye see, 875
Which opon the friday laste, 875
Was Crucified & nailit fast, 875
Petcosly till a tre? 878
So pyteose a sight & lamentabiH, 879
So dolorose & miserabiH, 881
I hop ye shal neuer fynd, 881
Cursid kayn was verrey CruH, 884
And slew his aw[n] brothe re AbH 885
Of a maliciouse mynd; 885
Yit was he not so maliciouse 887
Ose the cruH lewez most owtragiose, 887
Which her? has slayn my lord? 887
The sonnes of Iacob, gret envy had, 890
Agayns per brother? Ioseph; 890
Os scriptur doth record; 890
Thay intendit to slo hym malishosly,
And yet pay did not soo Cruelly
Os wrought thes Iewes wild!

Few 3eres past, herod the kinge
Put to deth many 3onglinge,
& many moders child!

Here in the land off Israel;
But of such Cruelte harde ye neuer telt
Ose done was one Fridaye,
When so grete rigore & tyrannye
Was in theire hartes, to garre hym dye
Which was so graciose aye!

AbeH & Iosephe wer gude & graciose,
But theire dedes wer not so gloriose
Nor of so vertuose kynf,
Ose of hym which in his humanitee
Wrought grete myracles in his diuinitee,
Als ye may call to myud,
For aH his werkes so weH devside,
Emange tham thus to be dispised,

And with Cruelty slayn!
Ales! when I remembere his woo,
Scantly may I spek or goo,
In harte I haue such payn.

I haue bought here oyntmentes preciose
To ensalue his body most graciose,
To doo it reuerence.

My sister Cleophe saide that shee
To the sepulture walkd goo with mee,
And doo hir diligence.

Of the thridday this is pe mornyinge,
And of my dere master yit herd I nothinge,
Wherfor I am moste hevee.

Alese! felishipe her is noon!

Rathere then I faile, I will go Alone.
A, dere lorde! your mercee!
Secunde Marye commys in, & sais,
A, my harte! what þou art faynt!
How longe shalt we thus mak complaynt? 927
So sorrowful tym newer was!
When shalt confort com of our desire?
What woman is this þat lyes here?
It is mawtleyn, alse! 932
Sister mawtleyn! why waile ye on this wise?
Gud sister! we pray 3ou stand vp, a-rise!
Comforth your-self wyslye!

Mawtleyn)
Off your commynge, sister, I am glade;
I-wise I know welþ þat se be sadþ;
Ye haue causse, os welþ os I. 938

Secundþ Marye
Ther is no gud Creatur, dar I saye,
But inwardly sorowe he may,
And compleyn bitterlye,
To remembere the feþ torment;
And Cruel payne of this Innocent
Which levit so vertuoslye.
Of his meknese hymself he offred,
What-soeuer payn to hym was profred,
This lambe,1 god[ys] solo so free;
Nothinge ragid he, ne was vnpaciente,
But cuer most mekly tilha his payw he went,
With bayne benigitée.
From the tym of Abrahame,
þat our faders from Egip[t] cam,
Or when sorow was maste,
I am suere was newer day so piteouse,
So doolfulþ, & so dangerouse,
Ose friday that is paste,
When alf the crueltye was owt souglit,

1 þat or ys blotted.
II. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. SCENE 1.

To destroy him made all thing of nought,
To sloo him that gyves life!
Owt of my mynd this neuer goo shal,
That for man, diete the maker of all,
By his manheed passyve.

Mawdleyn
So doolful a day was neuer befor this!
But go we to the Monyment wher his sepulcre is,
To anoynte his body there.

Secund Marye
Sister, I com for that sam Intent;
Ther is nothinge can me better content;
To go, I haue no fere.

Mawdleyn
Then, gude sister, lat vs goo devotlee.

Secunda marye
Abide! yonder commes Marye Iacobee;
I trow, with vs sho wil goo.

Thride Marye commys in
O gude sisters, how is it with yowe?

Mawdleyn
A, dere sister! neuer soo evill os nowe!

Thrid Marye
Gud mawdleyn, say not soo!
This is the third day, 3e remember wel.

Mawdleyn
Ye; bot of my master & lorde, I her' not tell,
Therfore I can not cease.

We were goynge to [the] Monyment
Wher-os lyeth that swete Innocent.
Loo, here, Oyntmentes of sweynese!

Thrid marye
Gude sisters, on yow shaH I wayte.
Secunde Marye
Then let vs tak he way furth strayte.

Mawdelyn
Sisters, I perceyve the place is her-bye;
Lat vs ordeyn our oyntmentes accordinglye
With all humylite.
Here lyes he hat was merciful to synners all!
Here lyese he, most pitcose when we did call!
Com nerr sisters, & see!
Lo, here is the place wher he body was laid,
Which born was of a virgyn & a cleyn maid.
TiH honour it, grete causse hane wee.
Gud sisters, be we not affrayd!
To do hym reverence & dewtee!
Here he lyeth, whose lif surmountes all opera,
Which rysed from deth to lyve, Lazarus my brother,
Now a levinge man!
He lyese her, which by his powre devyn,
In chana Galilee turnyde water to wyn,
Ose many testyfy Can.

The angeH spekes :
Whom seke ye, women sanctifiede?

Three maryes to-gider sais:
Jesus of nazareth crucified,
The redeemer of mankind!

AngeH.
He is resyne! he is not here!
To his disciples he shall apere;
In galilee thay shall hym fynd.

Mulier, quid ploras // Woman, why wepis you soo?

Mawdelyn
For myn harte is full of sorow & woo.
My lorde, hat was the kinge of blisse,
Is takyn away; I wat not wher he is.

1 MS. whose whose
PART II. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. SCENE 1.

Angel

The Angel again tells them

Com hiddër, women! approche mor nere!
Be of gude comfurth & of gud cher',
For so gret cause ye haue:
He that ye seke so beselye,
With gude mynd so faythfullye,
Is resyn here from his grave!
The son of gode, in his humanite
Sufferde deth / & by his diuinitee
Is resyn the thrid daye.
For redemption of man was he born,
Displayede on the crose, & all to-torn
In right piteose araye.
The batel is done, & victorye renuyd!
The grete enmy of man þerby is subduyd,
That most hatid mankynd.
Com hiddër, & behold with your Eye
The place where þe body did lye!
Be Ioycos now of mynd!
Loo! here is the cloth droppid blud',
Which was put on hym, takyn of þe rud,
Ose your-self did see.
For a remembrance, tak it yee,
And hy yow fast to Galilee;
For ther', appey shall hee.

Mawdleynd

Yit must myn herte wepe Inwerdlye,
Yit must I mowrn contynuallye,
Myndinge my master dere.
O! what mynd harte is hevy & lotie,
When I beholde this piteose clotlic
Which in my hande is here;
This cloth with blude þat is so stayned,
Of a maydens child so sor constraynido.

Mary Magdalene still mournas.

[leaf 160, back] On Cross when he was done!
O rygore vnaight! O crueltee!
O wikkitt wyffhuHuese! O peruerseite!
O hertes harde os stone,
to Put to deth a lamb so meke!
WeH may the teres rowldown your cheke!
WeH may your hertes relent;
Myndinge the payng my lord & master felte!
O! in my body my herte now dothe melte!
To dy, I were content!

Secund Marye
Sister Mawdlen, to blame ye are,
With this dedly sorow your-self to marre,
Your-self thus to torment;
Ye torment your-selfe, & crucifye;
Ye haue cause to tak gladnes, & whye,
Ye haue proue evident,
That your master & oures, by his godly myght
Is resen from deth / to lyfe! an angiH bright
Schewes thes tidinges tih vs,
And shewed vs the place / wher his body laye,
Which is not ther'/ for-ji let passe a-waye
Our sorow most grevouse.

Thride marye
Sister Mawdleyn, in your hart be stabiH!
We shaH here tidinges right comfortabiH,
And pat I trust shortlye;
For that is suth veritabiH,
Saide so afore suthlye.

Mawdleyn
A. A. Sisters / my sleuth / & my neeligence!
I haue not don my dewty ne my diligence,
Ose vnto me did faH!
At my masters sepulcre, if I hade gifen attendance,
And waytid wisely with humble alliance
Os I was bound most of aH,
Mary Magdalene laments that she didn't come earlier to see Christ's arising.

I shuld haue seyn his vprisinge gloriose
Of my swete lorde / of pe which desirose
I am, & nedes must bee.

1 Alese, sisters! I was to tidiose,
That holy sight to see.¹
Than I shuld haue had comfort vncomparabîll, Of the which Ioye / to speke I am not abîll;
Than I hade seyn my lorde
To haue resyn from his sepulture,
With his bludy wounde, of hym I had ben sure.
Ales! when I record²
How I myghte haue had a sight of your presence, Who then aught of verrey congruence
To be mor glad than I,
Which ye haue calle† by your grace onlee,
Beynge gretist synner / vnto your large merce,
And that most² curtesly?
Whoso will not wayte when pat tym is,
When faynest he wold therof, shal he mysse;
So it faris by mee.
O, wold to god I had made more haste!
My sleuthfult werke is now in wast!
3it, gud lord, haue bou pitee!
When Symon to dyner did hym call, Amonges the gestes & straungers all,
With meknese soberlye
I com in with mynde contrite,
For I hade levi† in bow all delite,
In syn of lichere.
Not-with-standinge the gret abhomynation
Of my gret synnes ful of execration
Yit of his benigne—
As with all mercy he was replete—
He sufferte me with teris to wesh his fete!
Loo, his mercyfull pitee!

¹—¹ These 2 lines are at the bottom of the page.
² 'gracioslye or' crost thro.
My synful lips, which I did abuse,
To towech his blessit fleche he wold not refuse;
And ther right oppenlye,
Of his most piteous tenderneise,
The pardoun of my synnes & gret excesse,
He gave to me hoolye!
Now may I wringe, both wepe & wayle,
Myndinge on friday his gret bataile
He had on crosse of tree,
And tuk opoyn hym for vs alle
To owr-com the send pat made vs s:.
A, Sisters! weH mowyn may wee!

Second marye:
Sister Mawdlyn! it is bot in vayn
Thus remedilesse to mak compleyn;
Ther-for it is the best,
Ych on of vs a diuerse way to take.
His apperinge, Joyful may vs make,
And set our hartes in reste.

The thride marye:
Ye, to seck & inquere, let vs haste hye;
Sister mawdlyn, this is next remedye;
And perfore departe wee.

1Mawdlyn:
O lorde & master! help vs in hye
To haue a sight of thee! 1

Tune exuery hee tres Marie.

Part II. Scene 2.

Petrus intrat, flens amare: 2

Allmyghty god, which with thyin inward Ec 1134
Seest the depest place of manny's conscience,
And knowest euery thinge most cler & perfitlee,

1—1 These 3 lines are at the foot of the page.
2 Some stanzas of long sevens, ababcc, now alternate with tho old sixes, aab aab, shortend.

DIGBY MYST.
St. Peter, weeping, asks Christ's mercy

Haue mercy, haue pitee; haue you compatiencye!
I confess & knowlege my most gret ofience,
My fowle presumption & vnstabilnesse!
Let þi mekiH mercy ouerflowe my synfulnesse!
And yit I know welH,
No erthly thinge can tellH,
Nor zit it expresse,
My fawtes & gret syn
Which I am wrappid in
With1 dedly hevinesse.
That I denyed mayster / & þat most vnkindlye!
For when thay did enquire / if þat I did hym knoo,
I saide I neuer sawe hym! a-lesse! why did I soo?
With teres of contrition),
With teres of compassion),
What a fawte it was,
The servaunte, alas,
His master to forsake!
When his grace callid me / fro warldly besines,
And of a poore fisheare / his disciple! alas, mee!
I was callit Symon Bariona, playnyly to expresse;
But he namid me "petrus" / 'petra' was hee:
Petra is a stone / fulH of stabilitie,
Alway stedfaste / alase! wherfor was I
Not stabih accordinige / to my nam stedfastlye?
O my febiH promesse!
O my gret vnkindnesse,
To my shame resaruydH!
O mynde so vnstabiH,
Thou hast made me culpabiH!

1 mo crosst through.
Deth I have deservyd! It pleasid thy gudnese, gret kindnese to shew mee, Callinge me to pi grace / & gudly conversacion; And when it pleasid thi godhed / to tak but three To beholde & see the highe speculation Of thy godly maiesty in thy transfyguration, Thy special grace did abiH me for on, With the gud blessid Iames / & pi cosyn Iolin. Alese! pat I was so vnkind! To hym, so tender of mynd! To me most vnworthye! Ales! the paynes ar smarte Which I fele at my harte, And that so bitterlye! O lorde! what example / of meknese shewed ye! On thursday after supere, it pleasid your grace To wesh your seruauntes fete / who euer are did see More perfite meknese / shewet in any case? I my-self was present / in the same place. Alese! of my-self / why presumyd I, Consideringe your meknese / don so stedfastlye? A! myn vnkinde chaunce! When it commys to remembrance, In my mynde it is euer. I fele owt of mesure Dedly payn & displeasure, That I can not dessenere. O mercyfulH redeemer / who may yit recownte The paynes which pi-self / for vs did endure! Unworthy if I were / I was with pe in pe mount Where peou sweet bludy droppes / man saule to recure. In that gret agonye / I am right verrey sure, Stony harte of flint! / peou wald pam haue mevid, Scynghe thy tendernese / to man by pe relevid. O, that passion was grete, When blud droppes of swet
St. Peter's Lament over his Faithlessness.

He was betrayed by Judas, His Disciple.

He said I shuld for-sak hy / or pe cok crow / thris.

And 3it [thow] were betrayed by his iniquitee!

Oh, when He lookt on me

And I forsook Him, tho' I said I wouldn't leave Him.

ran down a-pace!

That was excedigne payne

In euery membre & vayn,

As apperit by his face!

Of Judas, thow were / betrayede by & bye,

Which was thy discipuH & familiere with the;

It greevè the more, I knew it certanlye.

He was fede at þi burde / of þi benigneitee,

And 3it [thow] were betrayed by his iniquitee!

Yf a straunger had don / þat dede so trayterouse,

It had beyn mor / tolerabille & not so greuwse.

Dauid did say in prophecye,

' Homo pacis mee, in quo sperau,

Supplantauit me!'

O lord! your 1 pacience may be perceyvíd,

Which suffert so to be betrayed?

Of Judas! woo is hee!

FuH of wo may I bee, sorowfulH & pensyve,

Complenyng & wepinge with sorow inwertlee,

And wep bitter teres / al þe days of my life;

Myn vnstable delinge / is euer in myn Ee.

I saide I walcP not leve my master for to dee;

He said I shuld for-sak hym / or þe cok crow / thris. 2

Afterwerk, when hee

Lokid open mee

With a myldH cowntenaunce, 3

Ose he stude on the groundH

Emange his enmyse bownH,

O, I wepit abundaunce!

Then my teres continually

Ran down most sorowfully,

And yit thay can not cesse.

How may I cesse or stynte?

Yf my harte wer of flinte,

1 mercy erased. 2 ? read 'thrie' = thries, thrice.
3 Catchwords: — 'As he stod on þe grounde.'
I haue caus to wepe dowtlese.
O caytife, O woufulH wreche!
from thy harte thou may feche
Sore & siglies depe!
O most vnkind man,
What creatur may or can,
The from sclaunder kep,
To forsake þi master so tender & soo good,
Which gaue to þe þe keyes / of all holy kirke,
And mor-ouer for thy sake / shed his owne blud!
O synfulH caytysfe / now aught I sore tilH irke!
Ales, Iolyn! why did not I
Follow my master so tenderlye
Os 3e did to the ende?
But for ye delt soo stedfastlye,
My master gaue you marya
to kep in your commend.
Yf this dedly woo & sorowe
Endure with me vnto to-morowe,
Myn hart in sunder will breke.
Now, lorde, for þi tender mercyes all,
Reconcyle me to grace, & to þi mercy caH!
Ales, I may not speke!

et sic cadit in terram, flens amare.
Andreas, frater petri, dicet.

A. Brothere peter, what nedes all þis?
I se weH, good cownceH whil yow mysse.
Dry vp your teres & rise!
Comforth your-selfe, I require yow, & praye!
We shaH haue gud tidinges! this is þe thrid day /
Sorow not in this wise!

Iohannes Evangelista:

Stand vp, gud brother, & mesur your hevynese!
This gret contrition of your hart, dowtlese
To god is plesant sacrifice.

1245 I unnaturally

1249 forsook my so good Master

who shed His blood for me.
PART II. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. SCENE 2.

Peter

A, gud brethere, Andrewe & Ioelin,
Was neuer creatur so wo-begon
Os I, wrec most vnwyse!
For rememberinge the infinite gudnese
Of my lorde / & my most vnkyndnese
Don so Wrichthlye,
At my hart, sorow sittes so sore,
That my dedly payn encrest mor & more!
Alese, my gret folye!

Andreas

Gud brethere peter, your-self 3e comfort;
Ther is none of aß, bot comfurth may he haue;
For emonge vs a gaynour lorde shal resorte.
By his passion / his purpasse / was, man-kind to saue;
This is the thrird daye / in which from his graue
He shalH arise / fro deth, I haue no dowte;
Therfor lettH comfurth / put this sorowe owtH!
Brothere peter / þe verrey truth to saye,
Few of vs aß / hade perfit stedfastnesse,
But sumwhat dowlid / & wer owt of the waye;
Not-wit/standinge / of his godned / the clernesse
Schewed by his miracles / with all perfitnese;
And ye ye remember, brethere / in his last oblation
He spak of our vnstabilnesse / & of his desolation,
Saynge "Omnes vos scandalum patiemini,"
ÅH ye shalH suffer sclaunfer / for me,
Os who say, ye shalH / forsak me a-lonly;
The hird-man shalbe strikyH / & þe flokk, which we bee,
Schalbe disperbilitH / & away shalH fle.
Loo, gud bretherH peter / he knew our frealtes aß;
Our gude master is mercifull / & gracioso with-aß;

1 onlee (sic) cross through.
2—2 These five lines are in the margin at bottom of leaf 164, back.

Peter still laments his cruelty.

[leaf 165]

Andrew begs him to take comfort, as

Christ will rise this third day,

and He foretold that His disciples should forsake Him.
And yow, brother Peter / the most specialli
Hase cause of comfurth / for of his church þe had
He chace you by order / by his grace frelye;
For-þi, from your harte / put þis fere & dred.
Ye, if ye remember, he said to yow in dede,
Thy faith shall neuer faile / what-so-euer befaH;
Therfor haue gud hope / & comforth spirituaH.
Ye askit hym ons a whestion / wherwit he was content;
'How oft to your brother / synw ye shuld relese:'
Ye thought vij tymes / were verrey sufficient;
But he said sevynry tymes & vij: ye suld forgif dowtles;
A gret now[m]ber it plesit / hym thiff expresse;
The gret frelty of man / he saw in his godly mynd.
For-thy, for your trispace / pardon may ye find;
How-be-it, of your-self / to presume, to blame ye were;
Man þat is freale, of hym-self suld haue fere.
Your penance [&] contrition / acceptabiliH must bee;
Therfor in your harte reIoye / ye may be fayw,
Rememberinge he has put [yow] in gret auctoritee.
That he has saide ons / he wiH neuer caH agayw,
"Quodcumque ligaueris" / he said; þes wordes ar playw;
And gane yow Þe keyes / of hevyw & of heH,
So to lowse & to bynd / this can we al tell.

Iohannes euangelista.
Gude brother peter / marke ye well, & note:
The wordes of Andrewe beyn sadH & ponderose;
In your conscience, I knaw weH / is noþt so great mot,
But that mercy may clere it / of hym that is so gracioso.
Persuenter it was þe wiH / of our master Jesus
That þe shuld not be present / his passion to see,
Which he hade on the hill / in þe most Cruetee.
¶ Peter, if ye had seynw / your mastere at þat poynH,
I trov þat syþ: had beyw to hevy / to yow thiff endure:
He had torment opoH torment / in every vayw & Ioynt;
St. John tells Peter how
Christ's body was torn and nailed; how His
blood was shed;

When his body was halid! & stritchid' with ropes, Ran owt so plentuosly / his wiH it was to spendk 1344
AH his precios blude / mannnes sor till amend.
With-owt compleint he suffert' the nayles & pe spere;
But gretist payn' pat he had / was for his moder dere.
He sufferd' patiently,
To be betrayed' vnkindly,
To be accusid' falsly,
To be intreytid Cruelly,
To be scornyd' most deneynglye,
To be fugek wrangfully,
To be dampnyt to deth dolfully,
With other paynes sere;
To be crucified' piteosly,
To be woundid vniversally,
With scowrges, nayles, & spere.
For thses causes, he walk' be bornj / of a maidk most
obedientl.

But now the time of Desolation is ended; that of Grace is come;

Now the gret rawson is paiel / which was requiri'd
For redemption] of man, of the fader omnipotent;
The tyme of desolation / is now expirid; 1362
The tyme of grace is commen, so longe of vs desirid!
Hevynej zeates so longe / closid' for gret syn,
Our saucyour gafe yow the keyes / to open, & to lat in.
He knew weH, for his deth / we shuld be afayedk: 1366
And perfor, ose ze remembe' / he told vs afore.
:His godhed saw weH / pat we shuld be dismaid;
Of his resurrection] / he comfort'd vs thersfor;
He saide he shuld arise / & live enure-more.
This is the thride daye / thersfor dowt nothinge,
But shortly we shaU here / of his gloriose vprisinge.
Brether, I wolde tarrye with yow longer here, 1373
But nedes I must go to the virynw mylke.
Most sorowful is hir hart / most hevy is hir chere;
AII Ioye & comfurthe / from hir is exile;
AII hir rememberance / is of hir dere childde.
My master assignyt me / to gyve hir attendance,
And that is my dewtye / with aII humblye observauce.
Hir sorow increacyse aye, 1380
As weH nyght os daye,
In most piteose araye;
For I darsay suerlye,
Sen hir son was betrayed,
& in his grave layde,
The maid hath me dismayd?
For sorow inwerdlye,
That sho nowther tuk rist ne slepe,
Ne from hevynese hir-self cowth kepe;
But euuer-more still dose sho wepe,
That I am verrey sure,
Hartes harder then stone
Wold be mollyfyed anone,
& melte to see hire mone,
That sho dose endure.
To here hir mourne so moderlye,
To se hir wep so tenderlye,
AII myn hert it fayles.
Now sho spekes of the scornes;
Now sho remembers pe thornes
And the grete sturdy nayles;
Now sho spekes of his pacience;
Now sho myndes his obedience,
That vnto deth was.
Now of his visage spekes shee,
DefiliK with deformyte,
Of sowH spittinge, a-lasse!

St. John describes the Virgin Mary's sorrow:
Now of his woundes dos sho speke, & of the sperd which did breke Hir sonnes blessid sidp.
Thus is sho an comfortlesse, Replet with al dulfulnesse; Therfor I may not bide, As for this tym I wiH departe.
Brother' peter, be of gud harte, For other' cause haue ye none. Now farweH, for a starte, I shaH sow mete anow.

Peter
Praye fore me, brother', for goddes sake!

Iohannes euangelista
Brother, to yow no discomfurth take, But truste euer faithfullye!
We shaH haue comforth, 3oure sorowe to slake, And that I truste shortlye.

Tune exit Iohannes; et dicit Petrus:
Brother Andrewe / god reward 3oure euer speciallye!
For Iohn & ye, with youre swete wordes of consolation, Hase easid my mynd / with conforte stedfastlye.
I am in trewe faith & hope / with-out desperation, In my saule now havyng / spiritual jubilation, Trustinge on the mercy / of my master & lord, Of whose infinite gudnese / I shaH euer recorde.
Let the dew of mercy faH opow vs!
'Ostende faciem tuam / & salui erimus!'
Schewe thy powere, gud lord / & to vs appere!
Let beames of thi grace approche to vs nere, Super nos, writchit synners!

[Scene 3.]
Intrat maria Magdalena.
O, I writchit creature / what shaH I doo?
O, I a wofull woman / whidere saH I goo?
My lorde, wher shal I find?
When shal I see that desiri\$ face,
Which was so full of beuty & grace
To me, the most vnkind?
I haue sought, & besely inquerid
Hym whom my harte all-way has desired,
And so desiries still.
Quem diligit anima mea', quesui;
Quesui illum, et non inueni!
When shal I haue my wi\$?
I haue sought hym desirusly,
I haue sought hym affectuosly,
With besines of my mynd.
I haue sought hym with mynd hartely,
The tresure wher-in my hart dose lye.
O deth, thou art vnkind!
On me, vse thou & exercise
The auctorite of thy office!
My bales thou may vnbind.
What offence, deth, haue I don to the,
Which art so ouer vnkind to me?
Nay, Nay, deth! be not soo!
Filie Ierusalem, Wher-os ye goo,
Nunciate dilecto meo,
Quia amore langueo:
Of Ierusalem, ye virgyns clere,
Schew my best loue that I was here!
Tell hym, os he may prove,
That I am dedly seke /
And all is for his loue.

Jesus intrat, in specie ortulani, dicens,
Mulier, ploras? quem queris?
Woman, why wepis thou? whom sekes thou thus?
Tell me whome thou wald haue!
II. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. SCENE 3.

Mawdlen:

I sex my master & swete lorde Iesus,
Which her was layd in grave.

Iesus.

Woman, thou mournest to piteoslye,
And compleynist' the most hevilye,
Thy mynd is not content';
Thyn hart' is trowblit, weff I see,
All full doloruse, os thinkes mee,
Thou has not thynd intente.

Maudleynd

Mary Magdalene thinks He is the gardener.

Myn intent! that knowes hee
On whom my hart is set, & ay shalbee.
Gardener, I yowe praye,
Schew vnto mee, if ye can,
Yf that ye did see here ony man
Tak his body awaye.

Iesus dicit. "Maria!"

Mawdleynd awnswers, "Raboni!"

Iesus

He bids her not touch Him,
Noli me tangere!
Mary, towche me not now!
But in-to Galiliee go thowe,
And to my brethre' saye,
And to peter which sorowfull is,
That I am resen from dethe, to lif ay in blisse.
Renyng perpetuallye!
Exhort' tham to be of gud chere,
And hastely wyff I to tham apere,
To comfurth loefullye.

Mawdleynd

O myn harte! wher hast thou bee?

Com homd agayn, & leve with mee!
My gret sorow is past!
Now may thou entone a mery songe,
For he whom thou desiridst so longe,
I haue sow now at laste!
I thanke your grace with hert intere,
That of youre gudnese to me wald apere,
And make my hert thus light.

Secund marye intrat, cum maria.
Soror, nuncia nobis:
Gud mawdleyn, sister! how standes with you?

Mawdleyn:
Dere sisters! neuer so welH os nowe!
For I haue hade a sight,
Of my lorde & master, to my comfurth specialtH.
To his godhed I render thankes immortaltH,
Os I am bound of dewtee.

Thrid marye:
It Apperis, suster, by your counthenaunce,
That the gret sorow is owt of remembraunce;
And so, by your sawe, gret cause haue yee.

Mawdleyn:
I haue gret cause, sisters, I knaw it welH;
For of my Ioye he is the springe & whellt,
And of my lyfe sustenaunce.

Secunde marye:
Haue ye seyn our lord, sister? ar ye sure?

Mawdlenn:
Sister, I haue seyne my gretist tresure,
My harty Ioye & plesaunce!

Thride mary
A. Sister! gret comfert may your hart inflame.
Mawdelen

He spoke to her, 3e, gude sister! he callit me 'mary' by my name,
And spak with me homlye. 1522
I saw hym bodely, in flesh & bloode,
Oure redemere, which for vs hang on the roode! 1523
He shewed hym gratioslye,
And bade me go to his disciples sone,
Thaine to certifye of his resurrectione; 1526
& so wille I shortly doo.

Secunde Marie

A. A! Mawdley! right happee ye were! 1529
Ye spente not in vayn so many bitter tere!
Gret grace is lent yow too! 1531

Jesus appears to the Three Maries,

blesses and comforts them,

Tunc venit Iesus, & salutat mulieres istas iij.
Tamen mulieres nil dicunt ei, sed procidunt ad pedes eius.

and says He has delivered His prisoners from Hell.

My blessinge here I youe geve!
Let sorow no more youre harte meve,
But haue comfort allwaye!
I am resene fro deth, so may ye tell;
I haue deliuered my presoners frome hell,
And made them sure for aye! [exit Iesus] 1538

Mawdley

Now, gud sisters, be no more sadde;
Ye haue cause, os welle os I, to be gladde;
Oure lorde, loo, of his gudnese,
Of his heghe & godly excellence,
Haves shewed vs here his Joyeful presence
With wordes of swetnese!
My wordes wer not fantastical, sisters, yee see;
I told youe no lesinge, Sisters, report mee;
Ye haue seyn with your/ eye.

[leaf 179]

Mary Magdalene rejoices with the other Maries.
Thrid mary

Oure spirites ben revivid; our harte beyn light!
O mawdleyw! this was a gloriose sight,
Schewed to vs gracioslye!

Secund marye

Blessid be that lorde / blessit be that kinge
That haues comfurth vs thus with his vprisinge
So sone & glorioslye!

Mawdleyw

Susters, in Ioye of this Ioyfulnese,
A songe of comforte lete vs expresse
With notes of Armonye!

hee tres cantant idem, id est, "Victime pascha[li]"[2]
in cantifracto vel saltum in pallinodio
Andreas et Iohann[es], cantantes hoc. Scilicet.
"Die nobis maria. quid vidisti in vi[a?]"[3] respondent mulieres cantantes. "Sepulcrum Christi
viue[ntis]" et cetera, vsque ad "Credendum est /"
Apostoli respondentes cantant. "Credendum est
magis soli marie veraci, quam iudèorum turbe fal-
laci." Mulieres iterum cantant "Scim[us] Christ-
tum surrexisse vere /" Apostoli et mulieres [tres]
cantant quasi concredentes. "Tu nobis Christe rex
misere[re]. Amen." Post cantum dicit petrus.

(* Sufficit si cantetur eisdem notis et cantibus
vt habetur in sequentia prædicta)

1 MS. immolant. This Sequence is from the Easter Sunday Mass, held at Tierce, 9 a.m. See Note, p. 227-8.
2 Some of the writing in the Margin is cut off.
3 The Sequence of which this and the following quotations form part, is both in the Easter Sunday Matins (held before Dawn), and in the 9 o'clock Mass. See p. 227.
PART II. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. SCENE 3.

Then Peter asks Mary Magdalene for news.

Mary Magdalene tells Peter that Christ is risen, and has restored Adam and his mates to Paradise.

The other Maryes confirm these glad tidings.

Petrus dicit post cantum:
How is it now, marye? Can ye teH Any newes which may lik vs well? Blithe is youre Countenaunce.

Mawdleynd Peter, in youre mynde be fast & stabill; I can shew youre tydings most comfortabil; Trust it of assurance!

Peteere Gude marye, of hym I wolde knowlege haue.

Mawdleynd that Christ is risen, and has restorid Adam & his in-to paradise, Which were in helles captiuitie!

Peter God graunte youre wordes war not in vayn!

Mawdlen Peter, That I saye is trew & certayn, And therfor dowt no more!

Secund marye Brother, we saughe our lord's face to face; He Apperit to vs in this same place. And bad vs mowrne not so sore!

Thride mar[y]e He bade vs testify & teH That he was resyn in flesh & felH, And dy he shaH no more.

Petere A, mary! gret grace to youe is lent,

To whom our lord was so content,
Befor other till aperne.

1 which crosst through.
He said, ye all shuld see hym in Galilee;
And peter, youre selfe expressly namyd hee;
Therfore be of gud chere!

Andrew

Yit to his sepulcre lat vs go, & see,
To satisfye our myndes from all perplexitee.

Peter

So counsell I we doo.

Tune ibunt. precurrens Iohannes dicit
Brother pETER, com hither & behold!
It is no fabli that marye vs hase told;
This thing is certen, loo!
How say ye, brother, be ye satisfied?

Petrus

Brother Iohn, I am fully certifyed
To gife credens her-too.
Now shal the suth be verifed
Of hym that most may doo /
O, mychie ar we bound, gud lord, to your highnes!
For vs wer ye born, & also circumcision;
For vs were ye temp[t]id in the wildernese;
Now Crucyfied to deth, most shamfully dispised!
Yit all this, gade lorde, had vs not sufficyed
But ye had resen fro deth / by your godhed glorius;
Your resurrection was most / necessarye for vs.
Youre uneknese suffert deth for our salvation,
And now are ye resen for oure Justification;
Your name ever blessit bee!

Andrew

This resurrection, to all pe world is consolation,
For of oure fayth it is trew consolation,
Approvd by his diuinitie.

DIGBY MYST.
Iohannes Evangelista

Brether! Ioy, & comfurth, & Inwardı jubilationı, 1608
And gostly gladnese, in vs all Encrease may.
We have passid the tym of dole & desolationı,
And also I am sure / & right welı dare I saye, 1611
The Ioyfuıı treure of our hartı / we saııı se pis daye!
Honour, Ioy & glory / be to hym without end,
Which after sich sorow, comfurte can sendı! 1614
To laude & prayse hym, lat vs be abowtı;
To loue hymı, & lose hymı, & lawly hym lowtı,
With myndı & mowth devoutlye. 1617
Ther, bretherı with Ioyfuıı hartı,
And devoutıı sisters on your parte,
Entone devoutıı sisters on your parte, 1620

They all sing a Song of Praise.

tune Cantant omnes simul “Scimus Christum,”
velıı aliam sequentiam aut ympnum de resurrectione.
Post cantum, dicit Ioh[an]nes, finem faciens /

Loo, downıı fro hevynıı / ener-mor grace dos springıı!
The gudnese of god is incomparabılı, yee see :
Her was sorow & mournyngıı / lamentacion & wepingıı;
Now is Ioy & gladnese / & of comfurth plentıı,1 1624
joyfully depart wee / now owtıı of this place, 1625
Mekly abidıngę the inspirationıı of grace,
Which we belefe 1627
Schaıı comıı to vs this nyghtıı!
Now, far-wellıı every wııghtıı!
We commentıı yow ahlıı to his nyghtıı,
Which for vs suffert grefe. 1631

Explicitıı

1 Written at the bottom of the page; in a later hand:—written by me. . . (torn off).
**Note.** To explain the parts of the Romanist Service referred to on pages 223, 226, Miss Mary Lambert, of Milford House, Elms Road, Clapham Common, S.W., who took so much interest in Canon Simmons's edition of *The Lay Folks' Mass Book* (E. E. T. Soc., 1879), has been good enough to send me the Paschal Time, vol. i, of "The Liturgical Year," by the Very Rev. Dom Prosper Guéranger, translated from the French by the Rev. Dom Laurence Shepherd, Dublin, and J. Duffy, 1871." And as most of our members probably know nothing (like I do) about Papal services, I make full extracts for them.

(p. 125.) The Office of Matins [in the Morning before Dawn].

The Night Office of every Sunday . . . consists of 3 portions called *Nocturns*. Each Nocturn is composed of 3 Psalms with their Antiphons, followed by 3 Lessons and Responsories. These Nocturns . . . end with the Ambrosian Hymn, the *Te Deum*; they begin after midnight, and are over by the aurora, when the still more solemn office of *Lauds* is chanted. But this Night [i.e. Easter Sunday after 12 a.m.] has been almost wholly spent in the administration of Baptism . . . This is the reason of there being only one Nocturn for the Night Office [now called *Matins* because it's performed in the morning] of Easter Sunday.

(p. 138.) In most of the Churches in the West, during the Middle-Ages, as soon as the Third Lesson was read, and before the *Te Deum*, the Clergy went in procession, singing a Responsory, to the Altar, where the Blessed Sacrament had been kept since Maundy Thursday, and which was called the *Chapel of the Sepulchre*. Three Clerics were vested in Albs, and represented Magdalene and her two companions. When the procession reached the Chapel "and the 3 Clerics had gone to the Altar, and sung a verse" Two Chanters [= the Peter, Andrew and John of the Play] stepped forward towards the Altar steps, on which the Clerics were standing, and addressed them in these words of the Sequence:

Tell us, O Mary, what sawest thou on the way?  
*Die nobis, Maria, Quid vidi in via?*

The first Cleric, who represented Magdalene, answered:

I saw the Sepulchre of the living Christ: I saw the glory of him that had risen.  
*Sepulchrum Christi viventis, Et gloriam vidi resurgentis.*

The second Cleric, who represented Mary, the mother of James, added:

I saw the Angels that were the witnesses:  
*Angelicos testes*

I saw the winding-sheet and the cloths.  
*Sudarium et vestes.*

The third Cleric, who represented Salome, completed the reply, thus:

Christ, my hope, hath risen!  
*Sururxit Christus, spes mea.*

He shall go before you into Galilee.  
*Precedet vos in Galileam.*

The two Chanters [= the 3 Apostles of the Play] answered with this protest of faith:

It behoves us to believe the single testimony of the truthful Mary, rather than the whole wicked host of Jews.  
*Credendum est magis soli Maria veni, Quam Judaeorum Praeva cohorti.*
NOTE.

Then the whole of the Clergy\(^1\) joined in this acclamation:

We know that Christ hath truly risen from the dead. Do thou, O Conqueror and King, have mercy upon us! 

\(\text{Scimus Christum surrexisse}
\text{A mortuis vere:}
\text{Tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere!}\)

After the Matins, comes at dawn, \textit{Lauds}, so called "because it is mainly composed of Psalms of Praise." This is followed at 9 a.m., the hour of Tierce, by \textit{Mass}, in which, after the Antiphon, Prayer, Easter Song, Introit, Collect, Epistle, Gradual, and Alleluia-verse (p. 158—164) have been sung,

"the Church adds to her ordinary chants, a hymn full of enthusiastic admiration for her Risen Jesus. It is called a \textit{Sequence}, because it is a continuation of the \textit{Alleluia}.

Let Christians offer to the Paschal Victim the sacrifice of praise.

The Lamb hath redeemed the sheep:
the innocent Jesus hath reconciled sinners to His Father.

Death and Life fought against each other, and wondrous was the duel:

The King of Life was put to death;
yet now he lives and reigns.

Tell us, O Mary, &c.

\(\text{Victima paschali laudes}
\text{Immolent christiani.}
\text{Agnus redemit oves:}
\text{Christus innocens Patri}
\text{Reconciliavit pecatores,}
\text{Mors et vita duello}
\text{Conflixere mirando:}
\text{Dux vita mortuus}
\text{Regnat vivus.}
\text{Die nobis, Maria [&c., as above].}\)

It is clear, then, that the Play was only a better and more realistic performance of part of the Romish Church service. This quasi-acting of Easter Mysteries in church is new to me.\(^2\) It is not done now, Miss Lambert says.

\(^1\) The play gives the first 2 lines to the 3 women, and the last line only to the women and apostles conjoined.

\(^2\) Sequences. "The first, or the \textit{Victima Paschali}, is, we believe, by the vast majority of critics accredited to a monk, Notker by name, of the celebrated monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, who flourished in the ninth century, and attained to much renown by his talent for writing sacred poetry. According to some, he is said to have been the first who caused this species of composition to be introduced into the Mass; and, if we are to believe Durandus, he was encouraged in this by Pope Nicholas the Great (858—867). Others ascribe its introduction to Alcuin, the preceptor of Charlemagne. The \textit{Victima Paschali} is also sometimes attributed to Robert, King of the Franks." p. 224 of "A History of the Mass and its Ceremonies in the Eastern and Western Church," By Rev. J. O'Brien, A.M. . . 3rd Edition, Revised, New York, 1879. —M. LAMBERT.

\(^3\) I have since seen, in a review of the English Hase's book on Mysteries and Miracle Plays, 1880, that Prof. Ward has noted the fact in his History of the Drama, from the Germans, who've taught us so much.
GLOSSARY AND INDEX.
MAINLY BY
S. J. HERRTAGE, B.A.

A (often), 89/915, have
Abacuk, 114/1584, Habakkuk
Abasse, 107/1376, vb. be abashed, fear
A-baye, 68/363, sb. bay, surrender
Abey, 114/1570, obey
Abill, 211/1178, vb. fit, make fit
A-bought, 3/3, adv. about; a-bowght, 60/154, around, about
Abuse, 203/1111, vb. misuse, use improperly
Abyll, 58/99, adj. fit, becoming
Abyll, 58/99, adj. fit, becoming
Abyron, 60, 159, Hebron (?)
Advertacyounes, warnings, information, knowledge
Aferd, 94/1033, adj. afraid
Afyabylle, 75/548, affable
Agayn-sayd, 55/15, vb. contradicted, opposed
Ajen, 128/1935, prep. towards
A-ajens, 58/91, towards, prep. towards
Alapye, 60/158, (?) what country
Alme, 82/717, a. kind, gentle. Lat. amnis
Almesse, 116/1642, sb. lit.: alms, hence, an act of kindness
Ambra, 67/339, sb. amber
A-mons, 76/569, prep. amongst
Amyke, 141/70, sb. friend, Lat. amicus
A-mytyyd, 107/1381, pp. admitted, ranked

Ananias, p. 35
Angell Raphael, p. 107; other angels, p. 10, 51, 53, 205
Anima or the Soul, p. 140; her Five Wits, p. 145
Anna the Prophetess, p. 19, 261
Anosed, 147/224, pp. Halliwell says, "acknowledged," but the context seems rather to require hindered, or opposed. Is it harmed, spilt, from the Fr. naire, to hurt (?)
A-penyon, 110/1463, sb. opinion
A-plye, 129/1582, vb. apply myself, set myself to
A-queyntowns, 77/580, sb. acquaintance, intimacy
Arend, 50/136, sb. errand
Arente, 63/407, vb. raise
Arimaitha, Joseph of, p. 172
Aspecyall, 93/1137, especial
Asprongyn, 100/1173, sprung up, risen
Assatt, 114/1589, sb. (?) distress, or estate = estate, state
Assye, 60/158, Asia
At, 194/609, prep. of, from
A-trey, 92/983, vb. Fr. 'attraire, to allure,mite, inuagle, toll on: attraction, an illuring, inuicing, inuagling."—Cotgrave.
Attes, 80/693, at his, at its
Aunterous, 27/1415, adventurous
Avdyecans, 55/2, sb. audience, hearers
Avoydtyr, 64/264-5, vb. goes out
Awansyd, 58/107, pp. advanced, promoted
A-want, A-want, 90/928, interj. get out, avaunt
Awans, 116/1642, vb. advance, assist
Awayl, 104/1309, vb. profit, advantage
Awe, 171/4, 7, adj. all
Awete, 97/1111, vb. Latin avete, hail!
A-woyle, 69/404, vb. avail, profit
Ay-when, 150/345, adv. everywhen, at all times, ever
Babbyd, 87/863, pp. smitten, struck
Bales, 219/1450, sb. pl. griefs, pains
Balys, 90/919, sb. troubles, misfortunes. A.S. healu
Balys, 82/735, sb. rod
Bamys, 93/1018, balms
Baramathye, 102/1260. Arimathean
Be, 101/1223, prep. by
Be-cum, 95/1052, pp. 'where he is be-cum' = what has become of him, where he has gone to
Bede-woman, 129/1967, sb. a woman bound to pray for another
Bedlem, 10/237; 60/159. Bethlehem
Be-dred, 3/64, dreaded
Beclezbub, 82/725
Be-hold, 123/1814, pp. beholden, bound
Be-holdyn, 80/658, adj. obliged, bound in gratitude. The corrupted form beholdyn is very common in the writers of the 17th cent.
Belfagour, 82/725, pr. nn. Belphagor, a devil
Belial, p. 43
Belle, 99/1169, vb. roar, as deer 'bell'
Be-lyve, 122/1801, adv. at once, quickly, hastily
Bemmys, 90/934, sb. trumpets. A.S. bome
Benevolens, 1/21, sb. good-will, kindness
Benyng, 71/442, adj. benign
Beral, 70/425, sb. (?) beryl: as we should say "the pearl of beauty"
Berdes, 57/51, sb. maidens
Bertzaby, 60/159. Beer-sheba
Besawnt, 101/1218, sb. besant, a golden coin so called from having been first coined at Byzantium, or Constantinople
Besene, 27/16, drest, adorn'd
Be-shrew, 156/506, 1 pr. s. curse
Be-take, 72/465, vb. commend; 130/1639, 1 pr. s. commit, commend
Beth, 112/1528, pr. pl. are
Bethany, 57/82
Bettyl browyd, 82/724, adj. with overhanging brows. Compare P. Plowman, B. v. 190
Bey, 143/108, 1 pr. pl. buy, pay or suffer for
Bey the bargayn, 90/937, 941, pay the penalty, pay the price for
Blasse, 90/934, vb. wave
Blasyd, 83/745, vb. on fire, in flames
Blé, 57/68; 129/1977, sb. countenance, complexion, colour. A.S. bleo
Bleryd is over eye, 92/983, a phrase signifying, "we have been deceived or mocked." The expression is common: see, for instance, Sir Ferumbras, ed. Heritage, 391; Romant of the Rose, 3912, &c.
Blomfylde, Myles, poet, p. 27, 41
Blysch, 88/885; 97/1117, sb. bliss, joy
Blyssynd, 125/1859, sb. blessing
Bone, 84/780, 1 pr. s. bun, am confused with a noise in my head and ears; 'bombon as been (bummyn or bymbyn) Bombizo.' Pr. Parv. 'To bomme as a fly doth, or husse, braire'. Palsgrave, sb.
Bone, 117/1668, sb. prayer. O. Icel. bon
Bord, 79/630, sb. table
Bornyd, 71/43, adj. (?) burnished
Boron, 56/50, sb. barons
Bote, 90/191, sb. care, healer
Botell (truss) of haye, 30/85
Bovnteest, 91/952, most bountiful
Bowth, 127/1925, pp. bought, redeemed
Brace, 177/179, vb. embrace, clasp
Brayd, 99/1148, sb. haste, hurry
Bren, 146/196, sb. brows
Brent, 116/1629, pp. been burnt
Brochit, 197/782, pp. s. tapped, opened, broached. "Brochyn, or settyn a vesselle broche (abroche), attinino, clipsiido." Prompt. Parv.; brochit, pt. s. 197/783
Brondse, 3/64, sb. sword
Brystyf, 86/322, vb. bursts
Byrde, 212/1215, sb. board, table
By, 2/37, prep. by hym, by his way
Byggyd, 130/2024, pp. settled, placed
Byyn, 56/150, vb.; 70/420, vb. be; 112/1533, pr. pl. be, are
Caiphas, p. 28, 42
Carefull, 94/1034: 121/1768, adj. anxious, full of care, sad
Castell, 87/843, sb. village
Cawth, 61/191, pp. caught
Cayftiff, 79/631, sb. wretch
Cayseres, 90/936, sb. Emperors, Cæsars
Caystytys, 57/58, sb. (?) caitiffs, wretches
Chana, 205/999, Cana
Chapetelet, 140/16, sb. chaplet
Cheveler, 130 1, sb. a wig
Children, the Killing of the, p. 1. 13
Choppe, 160/641, 1 pr. s. bargain, barter. A.S. ceapian

Christ, his 7 Names, 132/2044
— or Wisdom, a Morality of, p. 137
Chyldyrm, 87/851, sb. children
Chyr, 56/48, sb. cheer
Chyr, 77/375, vb. cheer, please
Clary, 67/342: 72/477, sb. a kind of sweet wine
Clifys, 57/55, sb. (?) cliffs
Cler, 113/15023, sb. clerk, Lat. clericus
C leyf, 120/1741, sb. cliffs (?)
Clower, 65/294, sb. clover
Clywytt, 93/1000, clave, split
Cognysshon, 57/76, sb. knowledge
Comic scenes, p. 39, 99, 108
Compylyd, 85/806, pp. written as in a book
Conctypotent, 49/596, all-powerful
Connownt, 123/1803, sb. covenant, sum bargained for
Conregent, p. 166, at foot: (?) Contrary, 90/940, contrarily
Conversion of St. Paul, p. 27
Coroscanit, 91/953, adj. shining, bright. Lat. coruscantium
Coryosyte, 74/511, smartness, finery; a dandy, 75/550
Coryous, 189/581, adj. curious, strange
Costodyer, 51/628, custodian, guard
Cowinnyng, 85/866, sb. science, knowledge
Cowif, 1011224, vb. cough
Crabbysh, 30/91, uncivil, rude
Cressyn, 111/1512, vb. increase, multiply
Cunynng, 1/24, skill, science
Cyrus, Lazarus's father, p. 56, 64
Dandy Curiosity, in a play, p. 73, 74
Daysys Iee, 74/515, daisy
Deadly Sins, the Seven, p. 75
Debonarius, 71/444, adj. courteous
GLOSSARY

Despise, see 212/1228, 115/1613.

Dectours, 79/650, sB. debtors

Dedencyngle, 216/1352, adv. undeservedly, unworthily

Dec, 212/1229, vb. die

Defame, 132/2035, sB. villainy

Detye, 156/511, 1 pr. s. despise.


Delacion, 49/588, delay

Delectary, 83/751, delightful

Delycyte, 91/946: 132/2039, deliciousness, delightfulness

Demenc, 114/1582, rule, manage

Dempite, 80/662, deem'd, judge

Dent, 64/272, sB. stroke

Departe, 58/102, vb.; 115/1613, imp. s. share

Dereworthly, 125/1852, adj. precious, dear. A.S. deorwyrfb

Dessetres, 58/104, sB. distress

Desyern, 82/721, vb. desire, pray

Deuely, 150/324, adj. deuilish, resembling a devil

Deversary, 83/754, adj. diverse

Devils, 8 beaten, p. 82; see p. 53

Devys, 86/832, sB. duty

Dewresse, 65/281, sB. hardship.

Diete, 204/961, pt. s. died

Discent, 1/3, sB. descent


Docctor, 88/877, sB. daughter

Dog Latin, 100/1187

Dolar, 95/1058; Doulour, 95/1056, sB. grief

Don, 63/227, pp. done

Done, 206/1043, pp. placed, put.


Doole, 176/1358, sB. sorrow, grief.

O. Fr. doel

Doth, 56/42, sB. doubt

Doctors, 57/68, sB. daughters

Dowt, 60/156, sB. fear

Dowt, 216/1371, imp. s. fear

Dowth, 103/1279, doubt

Dree, 180/259, vb. suffer, endure.

A.S. dreggan

Drench, 121/1747, subj. drown

Drye, 911/1043, vb. suffer. A.S. dreggan

Drynychyn, 83/754, pp. drowned, overwhelmed.

Dya, 67/339, sB. Dyachylon (?)

Dylf, 76/503-4, sB. devils

Dylfe, 61/187, sB. devil

Dylle, a Devil, p. 91

Dyscus, 113/1502, imp. s. show abroad, spread, prove

Dysmay, 94/1035, am troubled, dismayd

Dysses, 57/80, sB. decease

Dyssesse, 95/1056, sB. pain, grief

Dyssever, 50/27, vb. separate, pick out

Dysspyttyd, 93/999, did despite to

Dysyer, 74/513, desire

Eclippid, 183/356, pp. eclipsed.

Ee, 209/1134, sB.; 212/1228, eye

Egall, 53/6, adj. equal

Eikes, 176/138, pr. s. increases.

A.S. ecan

Emende, 1/3, vb. amend, correct

Emme, 100/1172, sB. uncle. A.S. ecem

En-abyte, 80/683, vb. dress, array

Enhanse, 58/111, vb. raise, advance; 'enhansyd,' 132/2056

Enrytawns, 133/2075, sB. inheritance

Ensalue, 202/916, vb. embalm

Entone, 221/1398, vb. intone, sing

Erber, 76, sB. garden

Ermony'e, 236/1620, sB. harmony, melody

Ewy, 83/774, adv. ever

Exspot, 72/458, vb. expel, drive out

Elytt, 113/1545, ails, troubles

Eakown, 90/942, sB. falcon

Fantastical, 222/1545, adj. fanciful, "fancy-bred"

Fathyrod, 80/904, sB. Fatherhood

Favorows, 90/942, 91/9481, adj. well-favoured, handsome

Faworus, 80 673, desirous

Faytors, 60/145, sB. wretches, rascals

Fectually, 79/643, adv. in truth

Fegetyff, 66/318, adj. fugitive, slippery

Felshiphe, 202/924, sB. company.

"A Felischippe. Consortium,
Fell, 172/18, adj. cruel, furious
Felle, 75/535, vb. fell
Felle, 115/1615, adj. many. A.S. feel
Femynyte, 57/71, sb. the good qualities of a woman
Fles, 106/1351, sb. fleece
Flyth, 111/1507, vb. flight
Fode, 90/942, sb. lit. woman, hence wife. Fody, 91/948, pl.
Fon, 221/1500, pp. found
For, 2/44, prep. in spite of For, 60/141, prep. to prevent For-gon, 129/1974, pp. lost
Forse, 160/608, pr. pl. make or think of importance, regard
For-thy, 215/1317, conj. therefore Foundyd, 152/303, adj. foolish
Frangabyll, 66/320, brittle
Fray, 3/39, vb. storm, rage
Fray, 91/968, sb. fear, terror
Freell, 88/838, adj. frail, sinful, weak [persons]
Freelnesse, 146/200, sb. frailty, weakness
Frelyt, 215/1316, sb. frailty, weakness
Fres-e, 90/942, adj. fresh, fair
Frest, 91/971, adv. at first, before
Frett, 112/1529, vb. grieve, pain, torture, tear to pieces
Freth, 84/786, sb. fretting, grief
Freyst, 103/1272, adv. first
Fulfillyd, 57/74, vb. filled
Galonga, 67/339, sb. (?) galingale
Garle nent, 27/16, ornament
A Gentleman's servant, 30/90
Gramercy, 185/410, sb. great thanks, gratitude. Fr. grand merci
Grates, 146/190, sb. pl. thanks, gratitude
Gravnt, 123/1805, agreement; 123/1873, desire, pleasure (?)
Grawous, 65/293, adj. grievous, heavy
Grobb, a ship's boy, 107, 125; 119/1717
Grogly, 75/549, a. (?) ugly
Grom, 73/480, sb. person, man
Grome, 72/478, sb. name of a place
Gromys, 75/549, sb. men. persons
Gronddar, 66/326, sb. foundation
Grooth, 56/38, vb. (?) grow, or 'grooch', grumble, murmur
Grovell, 99/1155, sb. gruel
Grudge, 3/70, vb. grumble, murmur
Gyddyn, 129/1982, vb. guide, govern
Gydyr, 72/478, sb. guelder
Gyn, 90/934, vb. begin
Gynnyn, 126/1897, pr. s. begins
Gyntely, 140/16, adv. finely, grandly
Hals, 83/745, sb. neck. A.S. heals
Halse, 07/347, vb. embrace
Halsyd, 131/2031, pp.; 141/44, saluted, greeted, welcomed
Hape, 192/628, sb. happiness, good
Harbarow, 107/1398, sb. shelter, refuge
Harlettes, 59/127; Harlottes, 56/27, sb. low wretches, villains
Harrow, 91/963, interj. the old Norman exclamation calling for assistance
Havnys, 130/2007, vb. raise, carry up (see 'in-hansyd,' enhanse?)
Hawkyn, Acolyte of the priest of Maryll, 99/1143
Haylingsge, 196/744, sb. salutation, greeting
Hayr, 144/159, sb. heir
Heegges, 101/1198, sb. hedges
Hele, 122/1790, sb. safety
Heleful, 142/80, adj. wholesome
Hell harrowd, p. 91
Her, 80/669, sb. hair
Here, 98/1124, pron. their
Herod, King, p. 3, &c.; his death, p. 16; p. 59, 103
Herod's Philosopher, p. 60
Herrowe, 150/325, int. haro! a cry for help
Hestes, 57/52, sb. behests, commands
Idols burnt at Marcyll, p. 113

Joseph, Christ’s reputed father, p. 10, 17
Joseph of Arimathea, p. 172
Iudeon, 106, 1351, Gideon

Kelle, 74/520, sb. (?) prostitute: compare ‘collet’
Kente, 177/156, pp. known
Kepe, 120/1728, sb. care, thought
Kepit, 181/186, pp. cared, thought
Kertelys, 145/164, sb. pl. kirties, gowns
Keyle, 174/76, vb. cool, assuage. A.S. celan

Kings of the Flesh, the World and the Devils, p. 60
Knett, 57/58, vb. knit, involve
Knett, 57/77, pt. s. joined, united
Knette, 146/196, 1 pr. s. knit, crinkle, my brows
Knowledge, 87/868, vb. acquaint, tell

Kyd, 63/230, pp. known

Laberyd, 123/1823, pp. workt, caused to go or wander (labour)
Lace, 159/580, vb. entangle, involve
Lad, 56/43, sb. common men
Lak, 145/165, imp. pl. blame
Langbeynnes, 61/190, sb. (?) long-bones
Lase, 73/497, sb. binding, ornament
La-syd, 140/16, pp. laced, fastened
Lave, 125/1857, sb. law
Lawly, 226/1616, adv. lowly, humbly

Lazarus, his Death and Raising, p. 53, 54

Lechery, a character, p. 71
Led, 93/1015, sb. lid, cover
Lef, 201/873, vb. live
Len, 55/13, sb. limb
Lere, 74/527, vb. teach

Lesinge, 222/1546, sb. lie. A.S. leasing

Letificacion, 2/26, joy, rejoicing
Lewyn, 132/2043, sb. lightning
Locucion . . . speech


See Loselles.
Lore, 150, 326, 1 pr. s. am lost

Hight, 150/334, 1 pr. s. am named
Ho, 93/1015, pron. who
Hof! 73/491, ho!
Holborn Quest, the, 165/773, p. 163
Holy Ghost, the, p. 38

Holy Land, p. 119
Home, 101/1226, vb. hum
Hort, 91/963, pt. pl. (?) hurt
Hosell, 153/2081, vb. administer the holy communion to. A.S. huslian, 134/2087
Hosteler, p. 30, ostler
Houre, 159/584, vb. hoard
Hye, 209/1132, sb. haste
Hyr, 112/1524, pron. their
Hyrre, 68/377, pron. her
Hyth, 123/1822, pp. named, called. A.S. hatch

Iorourry, 161/939, sb. (?) wearing, or jurying, serving on juries (to give false verdicts)
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Loselles, 61/190, sb. lazy, rascally fellows. "Lorel, or losel, or ludene (lordayne S. lurdeyn P.).
Luce." Prompt. Parv.
Lowe, 226/1616, vb. praise, worship
Lowt, 226/1616, vb. bow to, worship
Lowte, 56/43; 90/926, sb. bow
Lure, 82/715, sb. light
Lucifer, p. 179
Lure, 216/1337, sb. decoy, trap, the Cross
Lyfeloll, 58/87, sb. livelihood
Lyll, 103,1265, likely
Lynne, 76/558, vb. cease [to lead]
Lyth, 84/768, 774, sb. light
Lyturall, 52/658, of letters, of literature
Lytynnyd, 92/975, pp. lightened, emptied
Lyve, 58/91, vb. live
Mahondes, 60/142, sb. Mahound, Mahomet
Malesse, 172/20, sb. malice
Malyng, 70/434, Malyngny, 70/428, adj. evil, malign
Mament, 113/1534, sb. idol
Mancyon, 110/1461, stay, dwelling
Marcyle, the King and Queen of, Idols of, p. 54
Mare, 189/510, 2 pr. pl. destroy, upset. A.S. merran
Margaretton, 67/339, sb. pearls
Margente, 180/273, sb. margin, vacant space
Marie-, the three at the tomb of Jesus, 93; Jesus appears to them, 95
Marre, 56/39, vb. destroy
Marry, 61/192, pp. destroyed
Maries, 64/257, (?) Mars
Martha, p. 58, 65, 83, 86, 88
Mary, Christ's reputed Mother, p. 11, 17, 186
Mary Magdalen, a Play in 2 Parts, p. 53
Mary Salome, p. 93, 97, 173
Mary the mother of James, p. 92, 97, 173
Mary, the mother of James, p. 159/381, pr. s. makes, causes
Mawt, 72/476, sb. (?) Malta
May, 170/416, sb. maid
Mell, 93/1003, strife, trouble
Melleflueus, 85,794, mellifluous
Memoryall, 98/1134, memory, remembrance
Mene, 160/620, sb. a contralto, or counter-tenor voice
Menyver, 140/16, sb. fur of the ermine mixed with that of the weasel
Mercury, another Devil, p. 44
Merrorys, 57/73, sb. (?) shinings, graces, beauties
Messenger, p. 59, 62, 63
Messeure, 114/1552, moderation
Metyest, 53,3, adj. most meet, fitting
Meyn, 180/255, sb. means, way
Midland Dialect, p. 53, 170
Mind, a character, and her 6 Retainers, p. 138
Mo, 57/80, adj. my
Mold, 123, 1812, sb. earth
Monument, 89, 894, sb. tomb, sepulchre
Monymont, 204/964, sb. tomb, grave
A Morality of Wisdom or Christ, p. 137
Morell, 99/1155, (?) a man's name
Moryd, 97/1099, pp. rooted, firmly fixed
Mosed, 151/348, pp. mased, bewitched
Mot, 215/1329, sb. a spot, fault
Moteryng, 59/128, sb. muttering, grumbling
Mown, 69/392, vb. may, can
Mundus, King of the World, p. 66, 76
Mynnate, 189/518, sb. minute
Mynstrelly, 98/1141, minstrelsy
Myscheffe, 173/61, sb. misfortune
Nemyows, 87/857, adj. exceeding
Nevyn, 60/315, vb. mention, declare
Nicodemus, p. 184
Noe, 106/1351, Noah
Non, passim, none, no one
Northumbrian and Midland dialects, p. 170
Noyose, 193/650, adj. hurtful, harmful
Noyttinent, 79/640-1, ointment
Nymyos, 97/1112, adj. exceeding. Lat. nimium
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Nysete, 162/653, sb. folly, foolishness

Oble, 131/2019, sb. a kind of wafer-cake, sweetened with honey. It was the usual name for the consecrated wafer in the Mass

On, 82/718, a. one

Oncllypsyd, 106/1349, adj. unclipped

Oncuryd, 84/769, pp. uncovered, taken away the covering of

On-quarte, 84/779, adj. unhearted, dismayed, troubled, in pain

Onymentes, 80/668, sb. ointments

Oppresse, 135/2111, (?) suffer, be cast away

Opteyn, 61/182, vb. hold a place, prevail

Ore, 56/38, conj. or

Os, as, p. 170


Ough, 146/190, t pr. s. owe

Owst, 80/660, pt. s. owed

Pacyfycal, 114/1593, peaceable

Pageant - waggon, its 2 stages, p. 130, 135

Pakle, 99/1154, sb. pack

Panne, 83/738, sb. (?) pan (of pitch)

Parre, John, p. 24

Passyw, 204/962, adj. suffering

Paul, the Conversion of, p. 27

Pay, 91/960, sb. pleasure, pleasing

Peconuwt, 73/490, adj. hanging, loose

Perhennuall, 79/637, perennial, constant

Perplyxeyon, 130/1986

Perswade, 129/1977, take away (?)

Pertely, 62/206, adv. openly, publicly

Pese, 75/535, sb. cup

Pesyn, 180/533, sb. poison

Phy, 95/1068, vb. (?)ie, trust

Pilate, p. 63, 87

Pitture, 151/350, vb. picture, image

Players, names of the, p. 23, 26, 54, 138, 170

Plejeavne, 104/1304, sb. pleasure

the Poet who speaks the Prologue and Epilogue, p. 1, 22, 26

Ponderite, 179/217, pt. s. (?) weighed pondered

Porchase, 55/22, vb. obtain, gain

Porchasyd, 81/689, pp. obtained, gained

Porvyowns, 77/582, sb. providing

Poste, 113/1559, sb. power

Poyt, 72/458, vb. put; 78/606, (?) strive

Povnse Pylat, 87/862, Pontius Pilate

Pregedyse, 63/234, sb. violence

Preors, 98/1137, vb. prayers

Pretende, 96/1076; 133/2073, vb. go before, proceed

Priest, a heathen, p. 99, 113

Prommyssary, 63/237, sb. deputy

Provost, in a play, p. 59, 104

Provo-styacyon, 60/163, sb. regency, vice-gerency

Pryse, 70/417, sb. prize: beryt he prysse, bere he prysse, 72/472, take first place

Pver, 125/1859, adj. pure

Purfyled, 140/16, adj. trimmed, edged or embroidered

Purpete, 81/710, sb. (?) special care, or pure pity

Pynsynesse, 78/606, sb. pensiveness

Pyrked, 68/358, adj. proud, elated.

See Halliwell, s. v. Perk.

Pystull, 104/1313, sb. epistle, letter

Quell, 99/1168, vb. kill.

A. S. cowell

Quesson, 80/662, sb. question

Qwat, 102/1249, what

Rage, 105/1331, sb. haste, hurry

Ragnell and roffyn, 101/1200

Raphael the Angel bids many go and convert the land of Marcyll, p. 107

Readers of an acted Play, 136/2143, p. 170

Rebon, 110/1465, sb. (?) rebound, answer, insolence

Recure, 66/311; 79/6251; 211/1202, vb. recover, redeem

Reddure, 114/1580, sb. violence

Rede, 122/1793, sb. guide, counselor
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Rede, 115/1616, 1 pr. s. advise
Refreyne, 97/1116, vb. (?r) restrain themselves
Releæ, 56/41, vb. free (from harm or responsibility)
Rem, 59/114; Reine, 59/125, sb. realm
Reporte, 176/133, 1 pr. s. urge, argue, declare
Reporur, 133/2084, sb. report
Represse, 56/49, sb. punishment
Rese, 61/180, vb. rise
Resonnable, 89/904, able to be heard
Restoratyf, 79/651, sb. restoration, repayment
Resun, 93/1024, pp. risen
Reynd, 96/1083, pull, pluck
Roie, 91/670, vb. were riven, split
Rome, the Emperor of, p. 55, 59, 104
Rownd, 73/409, vb. whisper, chat
Rud, 206/1030, sb. rood, cross
Rvtull, 93/1020, adj. rueful, sad
Ruthe, 149/316, sb. pity
Rythe, 59/150; Ryth, 59/126, sb. right
Rythewys, 88/889, adj. righteous
Ryve, 145/175, vb. rive, destroy

-s, 2 & 3 sing. in, p. 170

St. Andrew, p. 213
St. John, p. 94, 187; and St. Peter, p. 94, 123, 209
S. A. (St. Andrew), 133/2068, 1 pr. s. consecrate
Satan, Prince of the Devils, p. 66, 68, 76
Saul, after Paul, p. 27, 33, 46
Save, 132/2051, 1 pl. s. saw, have seen
Sawen, 87/852, vb. save
Seduect, 82/716, pp. seduced, led away
Segnyte, 195/723, 2 pl. pl. assigned, committed
Semblled, 69/403, pp. met, assembled
Seme, 63/240, adj. seemly, handsome
Sensuality, a character, p. 80

Sentelles, 104/1311, 1315; (?for sentence, intelligence
Sepoltur, 87/844, sepulchre, tomb
Serybyl or Serybb. p. 55
Sese, 118/1638; 128/1958, endow, put in possession, give seisin
Seth, 143/122, sb. a full seth = full aseth, full satisfaction
Sette, 97/1104, sb. city
Seyld, 99/929, adv. seldom
Shep, 106/1351, sb. ship
Shepyng, 107/1392, sb. ship
Shewing, 116/1621, vision
Shipman or Captain in a play, p. 54
Sho, she, p. 170
Shower, 86/822, sb. struggle, pain
Shuyd, 58/86, pp. showed
Simeon the priest, p. 16
Simon the Leper, p. 77
Skreptour, 61/171; Skræptour, 61/179, sb. Scripture
Soferous, 87/864, sb. suffering
Sokor, 65/286, sb. succour, help
Soleyne, 159/579, adj. (?) alone. singular, unique
Sond, 111/1504, sb. word, order
Sond, 109/1439, sb. land, shore
Sops in wine, 75/536
Sote, 1/13; 90/1071, adj. sweet
Sottes, 62/203, sb. fools
Sowket, 192/262, pt. s. sucked
Sowth, 83/743-4, sb. (?) sawt = assault, attack
Sowth, 66/307, pp. sought
Spece, 132/2060, sb. speech, words
Spece, 96/1072, sb. (?) view, from Lat. aspicio (?)
Speceews, 78/828, special, particular
Spyll, 146/215, vb. be ruined, fail
Spynys, 131/2024, sb. pl. thorns, thickets
Stableman or Ostler, p. 39
Stanzae, two plays in 8-line, p. 1, 137; a play in 7-line, p. 25; a play mainly in 8-line, p. 171; see too, p. 53, at foot.
Sterynge, 144/153, sb. stirring, incitement
Stey, 96/1077, vb. ascend
Steyyd, 105/1341, vb. ascended
Stoonndes, 93/1018, sb. moment, time. A.S. stund
Streyntnes, 53/97, sb. hardship
Strong, 93/1002, adj. strong, violent
Strytt, 70/426, adj. straight
Style, 116/1637, sb. steel. A.S. style
Stynte, 212/1240, i pr. s. stop, cease
Styntt, 123/1807, sb. allowance, bargain, agreement
Subjectary, 83/752, subject, thrall
Subjugal, 55/7, sb. subject
Sudare, 95/1049, sb. napkin, kerchief. It occurs in exactly the same meaning in Wyclif's version of John xx. 7
Sue, 75/532, vb. follow
Suspiratione, 173/64, sb. sighing. Lat. suspirationem
Suspiration, 188/500, adv. truly, with truth
Sweritt, 84/780, adj. black
Syest, 95/1061, sighest
Syn, 86/830, conj. since
Synamver, 106/1361, sb. (?) Fr. 'Cinnabre': m. Cynoper, Vermillion, Sanguinarie... a soft red and heauie stone found in Mines.'—Cotgrave.
Sypresse, 139/1978, sb. Fr. 'Cy-pere': m. Cyperus, or Cyppresse, Galingale (a kind of reed).—Cotgrave. A sweet herb, a sweet person
Syrus, Lazarus's father, p. 56, 64
Syyyn, 129/1973, vb. sigh
Syyng, 57/63, sighing
Tapynнакyll, 106/1352, sb. tabernacle, vessel
Tappysster, 73/495, sb. barmaid
Taverner, in a Play, p. 72
Tawth, 102/1259, taught
Tayve, 172/38, adj. (?) decaying
Tene, 71/438, vb. injure, annoy—th constantly used for—ght, as lyth, light, nyth, night, myth, might, &c.
Thar, 139/1437, impers. vb. need. A.S. hearf
Ten, 82/732, pron. that
Tholt, 181/276, pp. suffered, endured. A.S. Folian
Throll, 175/108, adj. miserable, mean
Threst, 115/1614, sb. thirst
Thruste, 179/215, sb. thirst, desire
Thrustid. 179/214, pt. s. thirsted for. A.S. hyrstan
Thrustye, 178/210, adj. thirsty. A.S. hystig, hystig
Thryst, 73/492, sb. thirst
Thyrlite, 180/268, pp. pierced. A.S. hrilian, Eng. drill
Tiberius Caesar, p. 55, 59
Tideoe, 208/1079, adj. anxious, impatient
Till, to, with the infinitive, p. 170
To-brost, 91/966, pp. broken to pieces
Ton, 197/783, sb. tun, vessel
Toukkyng, 91/969, sb. touching, touch
Treyte, 171/3, sb. treatise, little piece
Tripident, 2, stage direction, let them dance
Tros-yd, 89/910-11 adj. bound, wrapped
Trott, 76/555, vb. (?) shake
Trotte, 71/438, vb. hasten, hurry off
Tyr, 60/158, Tyre
Understanding, a character, and her 6 Jurors, p. 138
Veruens, 96/1093, sb. fervency
Very, 3/76, adj. true, real
Virginite, 191/589, sb. chastity, purity of life. Often applied, as here, to males as well as females
Vysered, 165/726, adj. wearing a visor or mask
Vysers, 166/754, sb. pl. visors, masks
Waly, 124/1848, vb. (?) dwell
Wardly, 152/405, adv. carefully
Waryacyon, 123/1815, sb. variation, or (?) opposition
Waryovns, 130/2005, sb. variance, disagreement
Watkin, a Messenger, p. 4, 6, &c.
Wawys, 89/829, sb. waves
Weepers in black at a burying, 86/855-7
Went, 68/376, pp. gone
Wentt, 96/1079; 116/1629, vb. thought, weened
Werely, 80/675; 122/1791, adv. verily, assuredly
Weryauns, 58/92, sb. variance, change
Weryfyft, 61/178, vb. verifies, confirms
Weryous, 56/36, adj. troublesome
Wete, 95/1059: 123/1817, vb. know
Wetty, 102/1250, adj. learned
Whan, 150/346, adv. ay whan = every when, ever, always
Whanhope, 81/694, sb. despair
Whantite, 192/621, sb. quantity
Whatt-so-ever, 102/1235, whatsoever, whatever; the pronunciation whatsoever is not uncommon amongst the lower classes
Wher, 68/368; 104/1288, vb. were
Whit, 199/850, vb. requite, repay
Whythly, 68/376, adv. = wyght, 68/227, quickly, speedily
Will, a character, p. 138; her 6 Women or Retainers, p. 161-7
Wisdom or Christ, a Morality of, p. 137
Wod, 2/39, adj. mad, furious
Wolunte, 55/3, sb. will
Wondynn, 55/23, adj. enveloped, wrapped, and so, protected
Wonde, 115/1609, turn, refuse
Woo, 66/311, pron. who
Word, 56/31, sb. world
Wordely, 141/51, adj. worldly, earthly
Wos, pron. whose

Woydyt, 115/1618, pr. s. goes out
Wrake, 68/380, sb. harm, injury
Wreach, 72/499, sb. harm
Wrowth, 79/631, pp. wrought, done
Wry, 163/669: (?) read 'malewy', mishap, misfortune: Fr. malheur
Wryng, 108/1409, vb. turn and twist about in pain
Wyan, 72/479, sb. Guienne
Wycys, 90/1083, sb. vices
Wyhylls, 68/377, sb. wiles
Wyldyng, 57/59, sb. wielding, command
Wyldyng, 124/1832, sb. power, wielder
Wyre, 94/1027, sb. doubt. "Awere or dowte. Dubium, ambiguum, perplexus." Prompt. Parv.
Wys, 89/895, guide, show
Wytory, 134/2093, victory
Wyyst saff, 78/624, vb. vouchsafe

Xall, 56/41, &c., shall; thou xall, 100/1716
Xuld, 132/2036, &c., should
Xulldes, 99/1163, vb. shouldst

Yce-lyd, 102/1237, sb. eye-lid
Ynge, 102/1242, adj. young
Yrkit, 175/111, impers. pt. grievances
Ywys, 67/338, adv. assuredly
Yye, 98/1124, sb. eye
Yys, 79/640-1, sb. eyes

Yaf, 122/1799, Jaffa, Joppa
Yfi, 135/1343, vb. gave
Jede, 92/973, pp. gone. A.S. code
Jen, 114/1577, sb. pl. of eyes, yen

Jene = yearning(?)
Jentybryr, 67/343, sb. ginger
Jepe, 165/724, adj. active, careful.
A.S. geap
Jode, 105/1324, vb. went
Jonglinge, 202/895, sb. young child, inhabitant
Jyn, 73/503, adj. young