L'escofsois.
L'escoissoise.
SCOTISH POEMS,
REPRINTED
FROM SCARCE EDITIONS.

THE TALES OF THE PRIESTS OF PEBLIS.
The Palace of Honour.
Squire Meldrum.
Eight Interludes, by David Lindsay.

PHILOTUS, A COMEDY.
GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS, A METRICAL ROMANCE.
BALLADS, FIRST PRINTED AT EDINBURGH, 1508.

WITH THREE PIECES BEFORE UNPUBLISHED.

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

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS.
M, DCC, XCII.
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201, 11, for Sym read Syn.

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Eight
Interludes
by
Sir David Lindsay.

Copied from the Bannatyne
MS. in the Advocates' Library,
Edinburgh.
1783.
INTERLUDE

I.
The Auld Man and his Wife.
PERSONS

Nuntius, or the Messenger.
The Cotter.
Fynlaw of the fute band.
The Fuil.
The Auld Man.
Bessy his wife.
The Courteour.
The Merchant.
The Clerk.
Heir begynis the Proclamationoun of
the play, maid be Davuid Lynsay
of the Month Knight, in the
playfield, in the moneth of
the yeir of God 155 yeiris.

PROLOGUE.

Nuntius:

Richt famous pepill, ye fall undirland
How that ane Prince, richt wyis and vigilent,
Is schorily for to cum into this land;
And purposis to hald ane Parliament
(His thre Ellaitis thairto hes done consent)
In Cowpar toun, into thair best array
With support of the Lord Omnipotent,
And thairto hes asixt ane certane day.

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

Faill nocht to be upon the Castell hill,
Besyd the place quhair we purposis to play;
With gude stark wyne you: flaconis see ye fill,
And hald yourself the myrreast that ye may.
THE AULD MAN

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

SCENE I.

COTTER, NUNTIUS.

COTTER.

I fall be thair, with Goddis Grace,
Thocht thair ware nevir so giit ane prese;
And foremeit in the fair.
And drank ane quart in Coupar toun,
With my Goffep Johne Willamsoun,
Thocht all the bolt fowld rair.
I haff ane quirk Divill to my Wyfe,
That haldis me evir in sturt and stryfe:
That warmo, and sche wist
That I wald cum to this gud toun,
Sche wald call me fals ladrone loun,
And dume in the dust.
We men that hes sic wickit wyvis
In girt langour we leid our lyvis,
Ay de synd in dileis.
Ye Prentis hes gret prerogatyvis,
That may depait ay fra your wyvis,
And cheifs shame that ye pleis!
Wald God I had that liberty,
That I might paire, as weill as ye,

Without
Without the courtely law!
Nor I be stckit with a knyfe,
For to wad ony uder wyfe
That day sawld nevir daw.

Nuntius.
War thy wyfe deid I see thow wald be fane.

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

Nuntius.
Wald thow nocht mary fre hand ane uder wyfe?

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

Nuntius.
Than thow mon keip thy chestety, as eseciris.

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

[Exit Nuntius.]
Cotter, Wife.

Wife.

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

Cotter.

Ye gaif me leif, fair lucky Dame.

Wife.

Quhy hes thow taryit heir fa lang?

Cotter.

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

Wife.

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

Cotter.

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

Wife.

Na, I fall cum thair to sickerly;
And thow sall byd at hame, and keip the ky.

Cotter.
AND HIS WIFE.

Cotter.

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

Wife.

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

Cotter.

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

Wife.

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

Cotter.

The feind ressaif the handis that gaif me that I  
I befeik yow for Goddis saik, luckily Dame,  
Ding me na mair this day till I cum hame;  
Than fall I put me evin into your wil'

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

[Heir full the Wyfe ding the Carle, and he full cry Goddis mercy.

**Wyfe.**

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

**Wyfe.**

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

**Cotter.**

Gif thay be war, ga thow and they togidder,
I pray God nor the seind ressaif the fiddier.

[Exeunt.

**SCENE III.**

**Fynlaw.** The Fule.

**Fynlaw of the Fute band.**

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

Nocht lang sensyne, besyd ane syik,
Upoun the sonny syd of ane dyk,
I flew with my richt hand
Ane thousland, ye and ane thousland to,
My fingaris yet ar bledy lo!
And nane durst me gane sland.
Wit ye it dois me mckill ill,
That can nocht get sechting my fill,
Noudir in peace, nor weir.
Will ne man, for thair ladyis fakis,
With me fryk twenty markit fraikis,
With halbart, sword, or speir?
Quhen Inglesmen come into this land,
Had I bene thair with my bricht brand,
Withowttyn ony help,
But myne allane, on Pynky Craiggis,
I fowld haif revin thame all in raggis,
And laid on skelp for skelp.
Sea nane will secht, I think it best,
To ly down heir and tak me rest:
Than will I think nane ill.
I pray the Great God of his Grace
To lend us weir, and nevir peace,
That I may fecht my fill.

[Heir fill be ly down.

THE FULE.

My Lord, be him that ware the Crown of thorne,
A mair Cowart was nevir sen God was borne.
He lovys himself, and other men he lakkis,
I ken him weill for all his boists and Crakks.
Howheid he now be lyk ane Captane cled,
At Pynky Clerwev he was the first that fled.
I tak on hand, or I steir of this steid,
This crakkand Carle to fle with ane scheipheid.

SCENE IV.

The Auld Man, Bessy his wife, Courteour,
Merchant, Clerk, Fuil, Fynlaw.

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

Auld Man.

Bessy, my haurt, I mon ly doun and fleip,
And in myne arme see quetly throw keip.

Bessy.

My gud husband *
I pray God send yow grit honor and eis.

[some passages in these interludes vye with the Lystrata of
Aristophanes in obscenity, and we have been obliged to castrate
David Lindlay.

The
The Courteour.

Lusty Lady, I pray yow haintfully,
Gif me licence to beir yow cumpany.
Ye sic I am ane cumly courteour,
Qhilk nevir yit did woman dishonour.

Marchand.

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

Clerk.

I yow besieik, my lusty lady bright,
To gif me leif to ly with yow all nicht.
And of your gowpan lat me schut the lokkis,
And of fyne gold ye fall reisait ane box.

Fule.

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

Bessy-

Now welcome to me aboif thame aw.
THE AULD MAN

Was nevir wyfe sa straitly rokkit.

* * * * * *

Fule.

Thinkis he nocht schame; that Brybor

* * * * * *

Bessy.

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

Fule

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

Bessy.

Na than lat us ga play our fill.

[Heir fall they go to sum quiet place.

SCENE V.

FYNLAW, CLERK.

FYNLAW of the Futeband.

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

CLERK.
AND HIS WIFE.

CLERK.

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

FYNLAW.

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

CLERK.

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

[Exit.

FYNLAW.
THE AULD MAN

FYNDLAW.

Now art thou gane, the dum Divill be thy Gyd!
Yone Brybour was tae fleit, he durst not byld.
Be woundis and passionis had he spokkin mare ane word,
I fowld hai' hacket his heid as with my sword.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

AUDL MAN, BESSY, FULL.

[Heir fale the Gudman walking, and cry for Bessy.

My bony Bessy, quhair art thou now?
My wyte is fallyin o' thep I trow;
Quhair art thou, Bessy, my awin sweit thing,
My bony, my hait, my dayis darling?
Is thair na man that saw my Bess,
I trow she be gane to the mess.
Bessy, my hait, heiris thou not me?
My joy cry peip! quhair evir thou be.
Allace for evir now am I fey,

* * * * * * * * *

Sche may call me in infeane Iok

* * * * * *

BESSY.

Quhat now; Gudman? quhat wald ye hai'f?

AUDL MAN.

No thing, my hait, bot yow I craif.
Ye hai' bane doand sum busy wark.

BESSY.
AND HIS WYFE.

BESSY.

My hairt evin seand yow ane farc,
Of Holland claiith, baith quhyt and tewch.
Lat pruie gif it be wyid anewch.

[Heir fall febe put the Sack over his heid; and the Fuil
fall stiill in the kee agane.

AULDMAN.

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

BESSY.

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

AULDMAN.

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

SCENE VII.

FYNLAW, FUILL.

FYNLAW.

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

C War
War Golias into this feld,
I dawt nocht to shryk off his heid.
This is the sword that flew Gray Steill,
Nocht half a myle beyond Kynneill.
I was that nobill Campioun,
That flew Schyr Bewas of Sowth-hamtoun.
Hector of Troy, Gawyne, or Golias,
Had nevir half sa mekill hardiness.

[Heir fall the Fuill cum in with ane scheip heid on ane
staff, and Fynlaw fall be fleit.

Now, now, branded Benedictice!
Quhat ficht is yone, Schyrs, that I see.
In nomine Patris et Fili,
I trow yone be the spreit of Gy.
Na, faith it is the spreit of Marling,
Or sum sake gaist or gyrgarling.
Allace for evir! how fall I gyd me?
God fen I had ane hoill till hyd me!
But dawt my deid yone man hes sworne,
I trow yone be grit Gow naik Morne.
He gaippis, he glowris, howt welloway
Tak all my geir, and lat me gay!
Quhat say ye, Sir, wald ye halp my sword?
Ye mary fall ye, at the first word.
My gluvis of plaite, and knapskaw to;
Yowr pressonar I yeild me, lo.
Tak thair my purs, my belt, and knyfe
For Goddis faik, maister, saue my lyfe.
Na now he cumis for to ilae me;
For Gods faik Sirs, now keip him fre me!

I see
AND HIS WYFE.

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

[Exeunt].

NUNTIUS.

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

HuMANiTiE

and

Sensualitie,
Persons.

KING HUMANITIE, or Human Nature.
NUNTIOUS of the Messenger.
WANTONES
PLACEBO { Male.
SOLLACE

Lady Sensualitie.
HATMLINES
DANGER { Female.
Frind Jonat
G U D E C O U N S A L.

In Act II. or rather a little Interlude.

CHASTITIE.
SOWTAR.
TAILOUR,
Their Wives.
JENNY the Tailour's dochter's
DILIGENCE.
HEIR begynnys Schyr David Lindsay's play; maid in
the Grenetyd bessyd Edinburgh: quhilk I swrrettin but
schortly be Interludis, levand the grave mater thorof,
becaws the samyrne abuse is weill reformit in Scotland,
prayst be God. Quabarthrow I omittit that principal
mater, and swrrettin only sertane merry Interludis thorof,
verry pleand, beginnyng at the first part of the play.

PROLOGUE.

NUNTIUS.

The Fader, foundar of faith, and felicitie,
That your fassone formit to his limilitude,
And his Sone your Saviour, scheid in neceffitie,
That bocht yow frome baillis, ransanit on the rude,
Replegeing his prissionaris with his prectious blude;
The Haly Gaist, governour and grandar of Grace,
Of wysdome and weillfaire baith fountane and flude;
Save yow all that I se seifyt in this place!
And scheid yow from syn;
And with his spreit yow enspyre,
Till I haif schawin my defyre.
Sylence Soverains, I requyre,
For now I begin.

[pausa.

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

C 4
HUMANITIE AND

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

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

And heir be oppen proclamatioun
I warne, in name of his magnificence,
The Thre Estaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir with detfull diligence,
And till his grace mak thair obedience.
And first I warne the Spiritualitie;
And see the Burghis spair nocht for expence,
Bot speid thame heir with Temporalitie.

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

Richt so the virteous Lady Veretye
Will mak an peteous lamentatioun;
And for the trewh th sche will imprisonit be,
And baniseit a tyme owt of the toun.
And Chestety will mak hir narratioun,
How sche can get na luging in this land,
Till that the hevinly kincht Correctioun
Meit with our king, and commoun hand till hand.

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


King

O Lord of Lordis, and King of Kingis all,
Omnipotent off power, Prince but peir,
Eterne rignand in gloir celeltiall:
Unmaid makar, quhilk havand no mateir
Maid hevin, erth, fyre, air, and watter cleir;
Send me the grace, with peice perpetuall,
Sen thow hes gevin me dominationoun,
And rewill of pepill subject to my ceur.
Be I nocht rewill be counsiale and resloun,
In dignitie I may nocht lang endeur.
I grant my stait myself may noucht asseur,
Nor yit conserve my lyfe in sickernes:
Haif pety, Lord, of me thy creator
Supportand me in all my bussines!
I the requief, quhilk rent was on the rude,
Me till defend from deidis of defame;
That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my saifgaird, baith fra syn and schame.
I knew my dayis indeuris but a drame:
Thairfoir, O Lord, hairtly I the exhort
Till gif me Grace till use my diadame
To thy plefour, and to my grit confort!
SENsualitie.

SCENE II.

King Humaniteit, Wantones, Placebo.

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

Wantones.

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

Placebo.

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

* That is Humaniteit, or Human Nature.

Want-
Wantones.

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

Placebo.

Be God I se him at the laft,
A he war chuffit rynnand saft,
He glowris evin as he war agaft,
Or fleid for ane gait.
Na, he is drunkin I trow,
I perliave him well fow,
I ken be his creithy mow
He hes bene at ane feift.

Scene III.

The former persons. Sollace.

Sollace.

Now qua ha sa evir sic ane thrang?
Me thoacht sum said I had gane wrang.
Had I help I wald sing ane sang
With ane misry noyis.

I halif
I haif sic plefeour at my hairt,
That garris me fng the tribill pairt;
Wald sum gude fallow fill the quaft,
That wald my hairt rejoyfs.
Howbeid my coit be schort and nippit,
Thankit be God I am weill hippit,
Thocht all my gold may fon be grippit
Intill ane penny purfe.
Thocht I ane fervand lang hes bene,
My purchefis is nocht worth ane prene:
I may fng *Peblis on the Grene*,
For ocht that I may turfs.
Qhat is my name, can ye nocht gefs?
Ken ye nocht Sandy Sollace;
Thay callit my mider Tony Bess
That duelt betwene the Bowis.
Off twelf yeir awld fcbe leird to swyve.
Thankit be the Grit God of lyve,
Sche maid me faderis four or lyve.
But dowt this is na mowis.
Qhen ane wes deid I gat ane uder,
Wes nevir man had fa gnd ane moder,
For fcbe hes maid me freindis ane rudder,
Off lawit and leirr.
Sche is baith wyffs, worthly, and wicht,
For fcbe spairis nowdir cuik now knicht:
 e four and twenty upoun ane nich
Thair ane fcbe bleirit.
And gif I ley, fchyr ye ma speir.
Bat law ye nocht the king cum leir?
I am ane sportour and playfeir
To that yung King.
He said he wald, within schort space,
To pafs his tyme cum to this place.
I pray to God to gif him grace
And lang to ring!

Placebo.
Sollace, quhy tareit thow so lang?

Sollace.
The feind a faster I micht gang.
I micht not thrift owt throw the thrang,
Off wyvis fyfteene fuder.
Than for to ryn I tuik an rink:
Bot I felt nevir sic ane stink.
For our Lordis luve gif me ane drink.
Placebo my Bruder.

[Heir fall Placebo gif Sollace ane drink.

King.
My servand Sollace, quhat gart yow tary?

Sollace.
I wait nocht, Schyr, be sweit fant Mary.
I haif bene in ane fery fary,
Or ellis intill ane trans.
Schyr, I haif fene, I yow affeur,
The fairest erdly creature,
That evir weis formit be nateur
And moif till advance.
To luik on hir is grit delyte,
With lippis reid, and checkis quhyte.
I wald gif all this world quyte
To stond in hir grace.

Sche is wantone, and sche is wyifs;
And cled upoun the new gyifs.
It wald gar all your fleishe arrayifs
To luik on hir face.
Wer I ane king it sowld be kend,
I sowld not spair on hir to spend.
And this same nicht for hir till send
For my plefour.

Quhat raik of yowr prosperetie,
Gif ye want Sensualitie?
I wald not gif ane flane fle
For your tresour.

**KING.**

Forfuth, my freind, I think ye ar nocht wyifs
Till counsfale me to brek commandiment,
Directit be the Prince of parradyis.
Considering ye knew that myne entent
Is for till be to God obedient;
Quha dois forbid men to be licheronifs.
Do I nocht so perchance I saul repent.
Thairfoir I think your counsfale odiuifs,
The quhilk ye gif me till.
Becaufs I haif bene, to this dae,
Tanguam tabula rasa;
Quhilk is als mekle for till fae
Rady for gud and ill.
Beleif ye that we will begyle yow
Or from your vertew for till wyle yow?
Or with evill counsale for till fyle yow.
Bot, into gude and evill,
To tak your gratis pairt we grant,
In all your deids participant,
So ye be nocht ane ouir yung fant,
And fyne ane awld Divill.

Beleif ye, Schyr, that lichery be syn?
Na trow nocht that: this is my reasone quhy.
First at the Romane court will ye begyn,
Qhilk is the lemand lamp of Lichery:
Qhail Cardinalis and Byschoppis generaly
To luve Ladyis thay think ane pleisand sport,
And owt of Rome hes baneil Chestety,
Qha with our Prellattis can get ma resort.
Schyr, qubill ye get ane prudent quene,
I think your majesty serene
Suld haif ane lufly concubene,
'To play yow with all.
For I ken be your qualitie
Ye want the gift of Cheffetie,
Fall to in nomine Domini,
For this is my counfall.

Placebo.

Schyr, send furth Sandy Solace,
Or ellis your mynyeoun Wantonness,
And pray my Lady Pryores
SENSUALITIE.

The suth till declar.
Gif it be syn to tak ane eaty,
Or to kif lyk ane bummill baty.
The buik says, Schyr, omne probato,
And nocht for to spair.

SOLLACE.

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

SCENE IV.

SENSUALITIE, HAMELINES, DANGER, JONAT.

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

SENSUALITIE.

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

Vol. II.  D  Behald,
Behald, Luvaris, this lufty lady clair,
The fresche fontane of knichtis amorous.
Quhat thay desyre in laitis delitius,
Or quha wald mak to Venus observance,
In my mirthfull chalmer melodious
Thair fall thay find all pastyme & plesance.
Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre;
Behald my hals lufffum, and lilly quhyte;
Behald my vifage, flammand as the fyre;
Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte.
To luck on me Luvaris hes gret dellyte:
Richt so hes all the kingis of Christindome,
To thaim I haif done plesouris infinyte;
And specialy unto the Court of Rome.
Ane kifs of me war worth in ane morrowing
Ane mylyeoun of fine gold to Knicht or King;
And yit I am of nateur so towart,
1 latt no Luvaris pafs with forry hairt.
Of my name wald ye witt the verretye,
Forsuth thay call me Sensualitye.
I hald it bett now, or we furder gang,
To Dame Venus latt us go sing ane fang.

Hamelines.

Madame, but tayrring
For to serve Venus deir,
We fall pafs in ane ring.
Cum on sifter Dangeir.
SENSUALITIE:

DANGER.

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

HAMELYNES.

Sister, cum on ouir way,
And lat us not think lang,
In all the haift we may,
To sing Venus ane sang.

DANGER.

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

FRIND JONNAT.

That fall I do with all my hairt.
Sister, howbeid that I am hefs,
I am content to beir ane hefs.
Ye twa sowld luf me as your lyif.
Ye knaw I leird yow baith to swyif:
In my chalmer, ye wait weill quhair.
Senfyne the seind a man I spair.
Frind Jonnat, fy! yow ar to blame.
To speik fowill wordis think ye na schame?

Frind Jonat.
Thair is ane hunder heir sittand by
That luvis japing als well as I,
Micht thay get it in prevetic.
But quha begynnis the sang lat sic.

[Exeunt.

Scene V.

King, Wantonnes, Solace, Placebo.

Wantonnes.
I trow, Sir, be the Trinitie,
Yone fame is Sensualitie.
Gif it be sche, sone fall I see,
That soverane serene.

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

King.
Quhat war thay youe to me declar.

Wantonnes.
Dame Sensualitie baith gude & fair.

Pla-
S E N S U A L I T I E S

PLACEBO.

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

SOLLACE.

Quhat say ye, Sir, ar ye content
That sche cum heir incontinent?
Quhat waillis your kingdome and your rent,
And all your greit tresfour,
Withowt ye haif ane mirry lyfe;
And cast affyd all sturt and ftryfe?
And so lang as ye want ane wyfe,
Schyr, tak your ple four.
Gif it be true that ye me tell,  
I will na langer tary;  
I will gang preif that play myself,  
Howbeid the warld me wary.  
Als taif as ye may cary  
Speid yow with diligence,  
Bring Sensualitie  
Fra hand to my presence.  
Forsuth I wait not how it standis,  
Bot sen I heird of your tythandis,  
My body trymblis feit and handis,  
And sumtyme hot as fyre.  
I trow Cupido, with his dart,  
Hes woundit me owt thruche the hart.  
My spreit will fra my body part,  
Get I nocht my de'yre.  
Pafs on away with diligence,  
And bring hir heir to my prescence;  
Spair nocht for travell nor expence;  
I cair for na coift.  
Pafs your way, Wantonness,  
And tak with yow Sollace,  
And bring that lady to this place,  
Or ellis I am loift.  
Commend me to that sweit thing,  
And hir present this riche ring;  
And say I ly in languiffing,  
Bot s(che mak remeid.)
SENSUALITIE.

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

WANTONNES.

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

SOLLACE.

Schyr, lat na sorrow in yow fink,
Bot giff us ducattis for to drink,
And we fall nevir fleip a wink
Till it be bak or age.
Ye know well, Schyr, we haif na cunyie.

KING.

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

Ye of this fang, Schyr, we ar fane,
We fall nowdir spair for wind na rane,
Till our day wark be done.
Fair weill, for we ar at the flicht.
Placebo rewill our Roy at richt;
We fall be heir, man, or midnicht
Thocht we merche with the mone.

[Heir fall thay depairt singand mirrely.

Scene VI.

Wantonnes, Sensualitie, Solace.

Wantonnes.

Pastyme with plefour, and grit prosperitie,
Be to yow, soverane Sensualitie!

Sensualitie.

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

Wantonnes.

In faith I traw we be at the farrest.

Sensualitie.

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

Wantonnes.

Mary, Wantonnes, the King's secretair.

Sen
SENSUALITIE.

SENSUALITIE.
Quhat king is that quhilk hes sa gay ane boy?

WANTONNES.

HUMANITIE, that richt redowtit Roy,
Quha does commend him to yow hairtfully;
And sendis yow heir ane ring with ane ruby,
In takin that, abuse all creatour,
He hes choisin yow to be his paramour.
He bad us say that he will be bot deid,
Without that ye mak heftily remeid.

SENSUALITIE.
Quhat can I help howbeid he sowld forfair,
Ye ken richt weil I am na medcynnar.

SOLLACE.

Yis lusty laidy, thocht he war nevir so seik,
Ane kis of yow, into ane morrowin,
Till his soikness micht be grit confortin,
And als he makkis yow supplicatioun
This nicht with him to mak collatioun.

SENSUALITIE.
I thank his Grace of his benivolence.
Gude Syrs, I fall be reddy evin fra hand;
In me thair fall be fund na negligence,
Both nicht and day quhen his Grace will demand.
Pass ye befoir, and say I am cummand,
And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane sicht.
And I to Venus makis ane faythfull band,
That in his armes I think to ly all nicht.

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

SENSUALITIE.
Sche fall be at cumand, Schyr, quhen ye will.
I treft sche fall fynd yow flying your fill.

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

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

SCENE VII.

KING, WANTONNES.

Gude morrow, maister, be the mess.

KING.

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

WANTONNES.

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

KING.

Than, WANTONNES, full weill is me,
For thow hes faird beth meit and see,
Be him that maid the mone.
Thair is an thing that I wald speir,
How fall I do quhen schein schein his heire,
For I know nocht the craft perqueir
Off luvis gyn.
Thairfoir at lenthy mon me leir
How to begin.

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

King.
God forbid, Wantonnes, that I gif you leif.
Thow art over perellows ane pege sic practikkis to prey.

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

King, Sensualitie.

Heir fall Sensualitie cum to the King and say,

O Venus, Goddes! unto thy cellitude
I gif lawid, gloir, honour, and reverence,
Quhilk grantit me sic perfyte pulchritude,
That princes of my persone hes plesance.
I mak ane vow, with humill observance,
Richt reverently thy tempill to vifse
With sacrific unto the Deitie.
To every flait I am so agreeable,
That few or nane refusis me at all.
Paipis, patriarkis, nor prellatis venerable,
Commoun pepill, nor princis temporall,
Bot subject all to me Dame Sensuall.
So fall it be ay quhill the warld enduris,
And specially quhair yowtheid hes the curis.
Quha knawis the contrair?
I treit few in this cumpany,
Wald thai declar the verety,
Unthrald to Sensuallity,
Bot with me makis repair.
Bot now my way I mon advance
Till ane prince of puiffance,
Quhilk yung men hes in governance,
Rowand in his rage.
I am richt glaid, I yow asseuir,
That potent prince to get in ceuir,
Quha is of lustines the luir,
And moist of curage.

[Heir fall scbe mak reverence, and say,
O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair!
God CUPIDO preserve your celfitude!
And Dame VENUS mot your cors fra care,
As I wald scbe did keip my awin hairt blude!

KING.

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

[Heir fall scbe pafs to the chalmer and say,
I ga this gait with richt gude will;
Schyr WANTONNES, tary ye still;
Lat HAMELINES the cop fill,
And beir yow cumpany.

HAMELINES.

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

WANTONNES.

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

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

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

Wantonnes.
Now weill said be our Leddy.
I will beir my maiftir cumpany
Till that I may endeur;
Gise he be wiskand wantonly,
We fall fling on the fleuir.

[Heir fall thay pass all to the chalmer  and
Gude Counsale fell say,

Scene IX.

Gude Counsale.

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

And
And sched his pretious blude on every fyde:
Quhois pretious passioun from feinds you defend,
And be your gracious governour and gyd.
Consider my soverains I yow befeik;
The cause most principal of my heir cumming
Princis, nor Potestatis, ar not worth a leik,
Be thay nocht gyddit be grace and governing.
Thair was nevir empirour, conquerour, or king,
Without my wisdome micht availl their weill to awance.
My name is Gude Cunsale without fenyeing:
Lordis for lack of my law ar brocht till mischance.
And so for conclusion
Quho gydis thame not be Gude Cunsale,
All in vane is thair travell;
And synally forsyne fall thaim faill;
And bring thame to confusion.
And this I understand
For I haff made residence
With princis of puissance,
In England, Italy, and France,
And mony uthir land.
Bot owt of Scotland, Allace!
I haff bene beneift lang space.
That gart our gydars want grace,
And dy lang or thair day.
Becaufs thay lichtlyit Gude Cunsale,
Fortoun turnyit on thame hir faill,
Qhillk brocht this realme to mekill bail.
Quha can the contrair say?

My
SENSUALITIE.

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

Heir I omitt the nixt mater following, because it is
writtin heirestre in the leif quhair Flattert
terris *. Now terris Dame Chestetie.

* Beginning of Interlude V.

Vol. II. E ACT
ACT II*

SCENE I.

CHESTETIE, SOUTAR, TAILOUR.

Heir fall Dame CHESTETIE pass and seik laging ahort all the Spirituall Eftait, and Temporall Eftait, quhill sehe cum to the SOWTTAR, and TAILYEOUR, and say:

CHESTETIE.

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

SOWTTAR.

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

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

TAILYEOUR.
SEN S U AL I T I E.

TAILYEOUR.

Is this fair Ledy Chestety?
Now welcum be the triinitie!
I think it war a grit pitie
That ye sould be thairowt.
Your grit displeasure we forthink.
Sit doun, Madame, and tak a drink;
And lat na sorrow in yow sink,
Bot lat us play cop owt.

SOWTTAR.

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

[Heir fall thay gar Chestete sit doun and drink.

SCENE II.

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

JENNY.

Mynny, how! Mynny, Mynny!

TAILYEOURIS WYFE.

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter Jenny?
Jenny my joe, quhat dois thy daddy?

E 2

JENNY.
JENNY.

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

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

Quhat dois the Sowttar, my gudman?

JENNY.

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

TAILYEOURIS WYFE.

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

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

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

TA. WYFE.

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

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

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

SCENE III.

The same, Tailour, Soutar, Chestitie.

TAIL. WYFE.

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

CHAISTETY.

Mary, Chestetie is my name by Sant Blayis.

TAIL. WYFE.

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

Bot my gudman, the trewith I say the till,
Garris me keip Cheilitie fair aganis my will.
Bezaus that monflour he hes maid sic ane mynt,
With my bedstaff that daistard beiris ane dynt.
And als I vow cum thow this gait agane,
Thy buttokkis fall be beltit, be sant Blane.

Tai. Wyfe.

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

Sowt. Wyfe.

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

Sowtar.

The feind reaiff the handis that gaif me that!

Sowttarìs Wyfe.

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

Tai. Wyfe.

That fall I do, Cummer, be Goddis hairt.

[Heir thay fall ding thair Gudmen.]
SENSUALITIE.

TAILYEOUR.

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

SOWTAR.

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

SCENE IV.

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

SOWTARIS WYE.

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

TA. WYE.

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

E 4 Sow.
Sow. Wyfe.
Cummar, will ye draw off my hoifs and schone;
To fill the quart I fall rin to the toun.

T. Wyfe.
That fall I do, be him that maid the mone,
With all my hairt; thairfoir, Cummar, fit doun.
Kilt up your clais abone your waitt,
And speid yow hame agane in haift,
And I fall provyd for a paitt,
Our corsfs to confort.

Sowt. Wyfe.
Than help me for till kilt my clais;
Quhat and the paddois nipt my tais?
I dreid to droun heir, be Santt Blais,
Without I get support.
Cummar, I will nocht droun mysell.
I will go be the Castill hill.

T. Wyfe.
I am content, be Bryddis Bell,
Sa ye hait yow go quhair ye will.

[Heir fall thay depairt: and Diligence fall say.

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

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

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

The Puirman and the Pardonar.
Persons

The Puirman.
Diligence.
The Pardonour.
The Soutar.
The Soutar's Wife.
Wilkin the Pardonar's Boy.
Heir followis certane mirry and sportlam interludis, content in the play maid be Schyr David Lindsay of the Month Knicht, in the playseild of Edinburgh, to the mocking of abusounis usit in the Cuuntré be diversi sortis of Estait.

SCENE I.

Puirmans, Diligence.

Heir fall enter the Puirmans.

Off your almons, gude folkis, for Goddis luve of hevin,
For I haif moderles bairnis sex or fevin.
Gif ye will gif na gude, for luve of sweit Jesu,
Wifs me the richt way to Santt Andreus.

Diligence sayis.

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

Puirmans.

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

Diligence:
Diligence.

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

"Heir fall the Carle clym up and fit in the Kings ell." 
Com down; or, be goddis croun, theif loun, I fall play the.

Peurman.

Now fieveir be thy brunt shinnis the Divil ding thame frae the.
Quhat say he be thir court knavis? be thay get hail claiss
Sa fone thay leir to ban, to sweir; and trip on thair taiss.

Diligence.

Methocht the Carle me callit knave evin in my face,
Be Sante fillane, thow falt be flane, bot gif thow ask grace.

Loup; or be the gud Lord thow falt lois thy heid.

Peurman.

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

Diligence.

"Heir be takis away the leddir."
Loup now, gif thow lift, for thow hes loist the leddir.

Peurman.

It is full weill thy kynd to lowp, and licht in a tedder.

Thow
AND THE PARDONAR. 63

Thow fal be fane to setche agane the ledder, or I lowp:
I fall fitt heir into this chyre, till I haif towmit this stoup.

[Heir fall the Carle loup off the caffald.

Diligence.

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

Peurman.

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

Diligence.

Quhat divill allis the cowrd Carle?

Peurman.

Mary, mekill sorrow!
I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow.

Diligence.

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

Peurman.

I dwell into Lowthiane, a myle bot for Tranent.

Diligence.

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

Peurman.

Sir, evin at Sanct Andrus, evin to seik law.

Diligence.
Diligence.

To syke law in Edinburgh is the narrest way.

Peurman.

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

Diligence.

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

Peurman.

Gud man, will ye gif me of your cheretie?
And I fall declar to yow the blak veretie.
My fadir was an auld man, and ane air;
And was of aige fourscoir yeirs and mare:
And Mald, my mudir, was fourscoir and fyistene:
And with my labour I did thame baith fußene.
We had a meir, that careit salt and coill;
And evirilk yeir sche brocht us hame a foill.
We had thre ky, that was baith fatt and fair,
Nane tydiar hyne to the toun of Air.
My fader was sa walk of blude and bane
He dyit, quhair foir my moder maid grit mane;
Than sche deit to, within ane olk or two;
And than began my poverty and wo.
Our gude gray meir was baitand on the feild,
Our landis laird tuik hir for his here geild.
Our vicar tuik the best kow be the heid,
Incontinent quhen my Fader was deid;
And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder
Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane uder.
Than Mæc, my wyfe, did murne baith evin and morrow,
Till at the last scheid dyit for very sorrow:
And quhen the vicar hard tell my wyfe was deid,
The third kow than he cleikit be the heid.
Thair ** * ** clais, quhilk was of reploch gray,
The vicar gart his clerk cleik thame away.
Quhen that was gan I micht mak no debait,
Bot with my bairnis part for to beg my mait.
Now haif I tald yow the blak veritie,
How I am brocht to this miseritie.

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

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

Diligence.
Thow art the daist full that evir I saw.
Trowis yow, man, be the law to get remeid
Of men of kirk? na nevir till thow be deid.
Syr, be quhat law, tell me quhairfoir or quhy,  
That our vicar sould tak fra me three ky?  

**Diligence.**  

Thay haif na law, except aye confuetude;  
Quhilk law to thame is sufficient and gude.  

**Peurman.**  

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

**Diligence.**  

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

**Peurman.**  

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

* * * * * * * * * *  

Quhiddir say ye that law is evill or gude?  

**Diligence.**  

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

**Peurman.**
Peurman.

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

Diligence.

Be fewr of preistis thow will get na support.

Peurman.

Gif that be trew, the seind reseaif the fort!
So sen I se I get none udir grace,
I will ly doun, and rest me in this place.

Scene II.

The Pardonour.

[Heir fall the Peurman by aoun in the field: and the Pardonour fally cum in and say:

Devoitt Pepill, gud day I say yow,
Now tarry a little quhill, I pray yow.
Till I be with yow knawin.
Wait ye not weill quhow I am namit?
A nobill man, and undefamit,
And all the suth war schawn.
I am Syr Robert Rone Rakar,
Ane publict persyte Pardonar,
Admittit be the Paip.]

F2
Schyr, I fall schaw yow for my wage,
My pardonis, and my prevelege,
Quhilk ye fall se, and graip. 
I gif to the Divill, with gud entent,
This wofull wickit New Testament,
With thame that it transflattit:
Sen lawit men knew the veritie,
Pardonaris gettis no cheretie,
Withowt that we debait it.
Amangis the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis,
As all my mervellis men begylis
Be our fair fals flattery;
Ye all tha craftis I can perqueir
Richt weill informit be a freir,
Callit Ypocrasy.
Bot now, allace! owr grit abusioun
Is cleirly knawin to our confusioun,
Quhilk I may fair repent:
Oif all credence now am I quyrt,
Ilk man hes me now at dispyte,
That reidis the New Testament.
Wander be to thame that it wrocht,
Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht,
Als I pray to the rude
That Martyne Luter, that fals loun
* * * * * * * * * *
Had bene smored in thair crode.

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

[Heir fall be lay down his waris upoun the burde.
My potent Pardonnis ye may fe,
Cum fra the Can of Tartarie
Weill seilit with ester schellis.
Thocht ye haif no discretioun,
Ye fall haiff full remissioun,
With help of buikis and bellis.
Heir is a relik, lang and braid,
Of Fynmakowll the richt chaft blade,
With teith, and all togeddir.
Of Collingis kow heir is a horne,
For eitting of Makameillis corne
Was flane into Baguhider.
Heir is the cordis, baith grit and lang,
Quhilk hangit Johnnie Armstrong,
Of gud hempt, soft and sound:
Gud haly pepill, I fland ford,
Quhavir beis hangit in this cord,
Neidis nevir to be dround.
The culum of St. Bryddis cow;
The gruntill of Sантт Antonis fow,
Quhilk bure his haly bell;
Quha evir heiris this bell clink,
Gife me a duccat to the drink,
He fall nevir gang till Hell,
Withowt he be with Belliall borne.
Maifteris, trew ye that this be scorne?
Cum, win this pardone, cum!
Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hait,
I haif power thame to depairt:
Me think yow deif and dum!
Hes nane of yow curst wickett wyvis,
That haldis you into sturt and stryvis?
Cum, tak my dispensatioun.
Off that cummer I fall mak yow quyt,
Howbeid your self be in the wyte,
And mak an fals narratioun.
Cum wyn the pardone, now lat see.
For meill, for malt, or for money,
For cok, hen, gufe, or gryfs,
Off relikkis heir I haif a hunder.
Quhy cum ye not? this is a woundir:
I trow ye be not wyfs.

SCENE III.

PARDONAR, SOWTTAR, and SOWTTAR'S WYFE.

SOWTTAR.

Welcum hame, ROBINE ROME RAKAR!
Our haly patent Pardonnar,
AND THE PARDONAR.

Gif ye haif dispensatioun
To paire me, and my wickit wyfe,
And me delyvir fra flurt, and Itrye;
I mak yow supplicatioun.

PARDONAR.

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

SOWTAR.

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

PARDONAR.

Quhat kin a woman is thy wyfe?

SOWTAR.

A quick divill, Syr; a florme of Itrye.
A frog that fylis the wind.
A filland flagg; a flyrie suff;
At ilka pant siche lattis a puff,
And hes no ho behind.
All the lang day siche me dispyttis;
And all the nicht siche flingis and flyttys;
Thus sleip I nevir a wink.
That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
The mekle divill ma not endeure
Hir stubornes and flink.
Theif, Cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill,
In faith my friendschipe thou salt feil,
And I the fang.

Sowttar.

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

Pardoner.

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

Sowttar's Wyfe.

Ye, that I am, with all my hait,
Fra that fals hurefone to depairst,
Sa that theiff will consent.
Caussis to pairt I haiss anew,
Becauss I get na chalmer glew,
I tell you verralie.
I marvell not, so mot I thryve,
Suppoiss that swingeour nevir swyve,
He is baith cawld and dry.

Pardonnar.

Quhat wilt thow gif me for thy parte?
Sowttar's Wyfe.

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

Pardonar.

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

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

Sowttar.

* * * *

[ Here the Sowttar fall do the lyk.

Pardonar.

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

SCENE
SCENE IV.

PARDONOUR, WILKIN.

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

PARDONAR.

I am heir, WILKIN Widdifow.

WILKIN.

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

PARDONAR.

Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

WILKIN.

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

Sum
Sum sayis a fals Sarafene;  
And sum sayis yow ar for certane  
*Diabolus incarnatus.*  
Bot kep ye fia subjecioun  
Of that curst King *Correctioun*;  
For be ye with him fangit,  
Becaufs ye are ane Rome Rakar,  
Bot dowt ye will be hangit.

**PARDONAR.**

Quhair fall I luge into the toun?

**WILKYN.**

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

**PARDONAR.**

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

**WELKIN.**

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

*Byd*
THE PUIRMAN

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

SCENE V.

PARDONAR, PUIRMAN.

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

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

PARDONAR.

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

PUIRMAN.

Will that pardoun get me my kye agane?

PARDONAR.

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

[Heir sal the PARDONAR fane him with his rellikkis.

3
AND THE PARDONAR.

PARDONAR.

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

PEURMAN.

Now, haly Maister, quhat fall that pardoun cost?

PARDONAR.

Lat see quhat money thow beiris in thy bag.

PEURMAN.

I haif ane groit heir, bundin in ane rag.

PARDONAR.

Hes thow nane uder siluer bot ane grote?

PEURMAN.

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

PARDONAR.

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

PEURMAN.

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

PAR-
PARDONAR.

A thousand yeir! of pardoun I the gife.

PEURMAN.

A thousand yeir I will not leif sa lang.
Delyver me it, Maiister; syne lat me gang.

PARDONAR.

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

PEURMAN.

Bot I can se nothing, Schyr, be our Leddy.
Forfuth, Maiister, I trow I be not wyifs,
To pay, or I haif fene my merchandyifs.
That ye haiff gottyn my grote full fair I rew.
Schyr, quhidder is your pardoun blak or blew?
Maiister, sen ye haiff tane fra me my cunyie,
My merchandyffe schaw me withowttyn senyie,
Or to the Bishop I fall pass, and planyie,
In St. Andrus, and summond yow to thair senyie.

PARDONAR.

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

PEURMAN.

I crave my grote, or ellis my merchandyifs.

PAR-
AND THE PARDONAR.

PARDONAR.

I gaif the pardoun for a thowland yeir.

PEURMAN.

Quhair fall I get that pardoun, let me heir.

PARDONAR.

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

PEURMAN.

Sall I get na thing for my grote till than?

PARDONAR.

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

PEURMAN.

Na than, Maister, gif me thy grote agane.
Quhat say ye, Maisters? Call ye this a gude reffoun,
That he fuld promise me ane gud pardoun,
And heir reffai a my money in this steid,
Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
Quhen I am deid, I wait full feckerly
My fillie fawl fall pass to purgatory;
Declair me that, now God nor Baliall bind the,
Quhen I am thair, curst carle, quhair fall I find the?
Nocht into hevin, but rader into hell:
Quhan thou art thair, thow can not help thy fell.
Quhen wilt thow cum, my bailis for to beit?
Or I the find my hippis will get a heit.
Trowis thow, Bowchour, that I will by blude lammis?
Gif me my grote, the divill dryte on the gammis.

PARDONNAR.

Swyth, stand aback; I trow this man be mangit.
Thow gettis not this grote thocht thow fuld be hangit.

PEURMAN.

Gif me my grote, weill bund unto my clout;
Or be Goddis breid Robene fall beir a rowt.

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

The Sermon of Folly.

Vol. II.
Persons.

Folly.

Diligence.

King.
[Heir ends this interlude: and follows another interlude of the same play.

SCENE I.

FOLLY.

Heir enteris FOLLY.

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

SCENE II.

FOLLY, DILIGENCE.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat Brybour is yone, that makkis fie beiris?

FOLY.

The feind ressaif that mowth that speiris!

G 2

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

Diligence.
Found fule, quhair hes thow bene so lait?

Foly.
Mary, cumand doun thruch the bony gait:
Bot thair hes ben ane grit debaitt
Betwix me, and ane sow.
The sow cryd guff! and I to gay.
Throuch speid of fute I gat away.
Bot in the middis of the cafsway
I fell into ane midding.
She lap upoun me, with a bend.
Quhaevir tha middingis sowld amend,
God fend thame ane mischervus end,
For that is Goddis bidding.
As I war pudlie thair, God wait;
Bot with my club I maid debait.
I fall nevir cum agane that gait,
Schir, be all hallowis.
I wald the officiaris of the toun,
That sufficeis sic confusioun,
That thay war harbertyt with Mahoun;
Or hangit on the gallowis.
Fy! that sa fair a cuntre
Sowld stand sa lang, but polletie.
I gif thaim to the diuill haftlie
That has the wyte.
I wald the provost wald tak in heid
Of yone middingis to mak remeid,
Quhilk patt me and the sow at seid.
Quhate man I do bot flyte?

SCENE III.

King, Folly, Diligence.

King.
Pass on my serward Diligence,
And bring yone sule to our presence.

Diligence.
It fal be done, bot tareing.
Folly thow mon go to the King.

Folly.
The King ?, quhat kind a thing is that?
Is yone hee with the goldin hatt?

Diligence.
Yone fame is he: cum on thy way.

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

G 3

King.
THE SERMON

KING.

Quhome on Foly?

FOLLY.

Mary of ane sow.
Schyr, fche hes sware that sche fall slay me,
Or ellis hyt baith the bagflanis fra me.
Giff ye be King, schyr, be Sanct ANN,
Ye sould do justice to ilk man.
Had I nocht keipit me with my club,
That sow had dround me in ane dub.
I hair say thair is cum to the toun
Ane King callit Correction;
I pray yow tell me quhilk is he?

DILIGENCE.

Yone with the wingis; ma thow not se?

FOLLY.

Now waly faw that weill fard mow!
Schyr, I pray you correct yone sow;
Quhilk with hir teith, but swerd or knyfe,
Had maist heve rest me of my lyfe.
Gif ye will not make correction,
'Than gif me your protection,
Off all swine to be skaithles,
Bewix this toun, and innernes.
OF FOLLY.

Diligence.
Hes thow, Foly, ane wyfe at hame?

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

Diligence.
Paraventure sche be with bairne.

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

**Diligence.**

Better bring hir to the leichis heir.

**Folly.**

Trittell, trattell! sache ma not steir.
Hir verry buttokis makkis sache beir,
It skairris baith foill and filly.
Sache bokkis sache baggage fra hir breist,
Thay want na bubblis that sittis hir neist,
With ilka quhilly billy.

**Diligence.**

Recuverit not sache at the last?

**Folly.**

Ye, bot wat ye weill sache farrit faist,
Yit quhen sache sichis my hairt is fairy.

**Diligence.**

Will sache nocht drink?

**Folly.**

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

Quhen
OF FOLLY.

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

DILIGENCE.

Quhat is in that creill, I pray the tell?

FOLLY.

Mary, I haif foly hattis to fell.

| DILIGENCE. |

I pray the fell me ane, or tway.

FOLLY.

Na, tary quhill the markit day.
I will fit doun here be Sant Clune
And gif my babies thair disjone.
Cum heir gud guknis, my dochter deir,
Thow fall be maryit within ane yeir
Upoun ane frier of Tullielum:
Na thow art nowther deif na dum.
Cum heir stvlty, my fone and air,
My jo, thow art baith gude and fair;
Now fall I feid yow as I mae:
Cry lyke the gorbettis of ane kae.

DILIGENCE.

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

FOLLY.
Folly.

Now bumbalary; bum, bum.

Diligence.

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

Folly.

Wa yit agane, now this is thryis,
The divill worry me, and I ryis,
Bot I fall brek thy pallat.

Hald doun your heid, ye ladroune loun!
Yone fair lafs, with the fating goun,
Garris yow thus bek and bend,
Tak thair a neidill for your lace.
Now, for all the hyding of your face,
Had ye it intill a quiet place,
Ye wald not wane to flend.
Thir bony anis, that ar cleid in silk,
Thay ar als wantoun as ane wilk.
I wald forbeir baith breid and milk,
To kiss thy bony lippis.
Suppois ye luik, as ye war wreth,
War we at queit behind a claith,
OF FOLLY.

Ye wald nocht spair to preve my graith

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

Diligence.

Thow mon be dung with poillis.
Swyth, varlot! haist the to the King,
And lat alone thy cracling.
Lo heir is Folly, schyr, all reddy.
A richt sweir swingeir, be our Leddy.

Folly.

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

Diligence.

Our new bishoppis hes maid a preiching:
Bot thow hard nevir sa plefand teiching.
Yone bishop will preich thruch all the cost.

Folly.

Than stryk ane hay into the post;
For I hard nevir, in all my lyfe,
A bishoppe cum to preiche in Fyfe.
Gif bishoppis to be preichours leiris,
Wallaway! quhat fall werd of freirs?
And prellatis preiche in bruch and land,
The sily freiris, I undirstand,
Thay will get na mair meill nor malt;
So I dreid freiris fall dec forsalt.
Sen swa is that yone nobill king
Will mak men bishoppis for preiching?
Quhat say ye, fyr, hald ye not beft
That I ga preiche amang the reft?
Quhen I haif preitchit, on my beft wyifs,
Than will I fell my merchandyifs
To my bredir, and tendir maitis,
That dwellis amang the thre estaitis;
For I haif heir gud chaffray
Till ony fule, that liftis to by.

[Heir fell FOLLY hing up his battis upoun the pulpet.
God sen I had ane doctoris hude!

KING.

Quhy FOLLY: wald thow mak ane preiching?

FOLLY.

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

KING.

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

Diligence.
He war far meitar in the kiching
Amang the pottis, sa Chryft me faift.
Fond Folly, I will be thy clark,
And answer ay with amene.

FOLLY.
Now, at the beginning of my wark,
The seind reslave that graceles gane.

[Heir fall FOLLY begin bis Sermoun.

TEXT.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

Salomone, the moist sapient king,
In Israell quhen he did ringe,
Thir wordis in eceffe he did wryte,
"The numbir of fulis ar infinyte."
I think na schame, sa Chryft me fayve,
To be ane fule amang the laive;
Howbeid ane hundreth stantis, heirby
Peranter ar as gaukit fulis as I.
I haif of my genalogy
Dwelland in every cuntry,
Erlis, Duckis, Kingis, and Emperouris,
With many gukkit conquerouris,
Quilk dois in foly perfeveir;
And hes done so this mony a yceir.
Sum seikis in wordly dignities,

And
And sum in sensuall vaneties:
Quhat vailis all thair vane honouris,
Nocht beand seur to lyve twa houris?
Sum gredy fule dois fill the box;
Ane uder fule cumis, and brekis the lokkis,
And spends that uthir fulis hes spaird,
Quha nevir thocht on thame to waird.
Sum dois as thay sowld nevir dee.
Is not this foly, quhat say ye?

*Sapientia huys mundi efi stultitia apud Deum.*

Becaufs thair is sa mony fulis,
Rydand on horsis, and sum on mulis,
Heir I haiff brocht gud chaffry
Till ony fule that likkis to by.
And specially for the thre staitis:
Quhar I haif mony tendir maitis
Quhilk gart thame gang, as ye ma se.
Backwart thruche all the cuntrè.
With my cramery gif ye lift mell;
Heir I haif foly hattis to fell.
Quhomfor is this hatt, wald ye ken?
Mary for infaciable merchand men.
Quhen God hes send thame habundance,
Ar nocht content with sufficeance,
Bot failis into the stormy blastis
In winter, to get grritar caffis,
In mony terribil grit torment,
Agains the acts of parliament.

Sump
OF FOLLY.

Summ tynis their geir, and surn ar drownd;
With this sic merchands fuld be crownd.

Diligence.

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

Folly.

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

Diligence.

Quhat hude is that, tell me I pray the?

Folly.

This is ane haly hude, I say the.
This hude is ordaind, I the aistaur,
For spirituall fulis that takkis in cure
The faulis of grit dioceis,
And regiment of grit abbaeis,
For greidynes of wardly pelf,
That can not justly gyd thaimself.
Uder fawllis to saive it settis thame weill,
Syne sendis thair ane fawl to the Deill.
Quhaever dois so, thus I conclude,
Upoun his heid set on this hude.

Diligence.

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

Folly.

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

King.

Speik on, Folly, I gif the leif.

Folly.

Than haif I remissioun in my fleif.
Will ye leif me to speik of Kingis?

King.

Ye: hardelly speik of allkin thingis.

Folly.
OF FOLLY.

Folly.

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

Diligence.

Thow leis! I trow the fule be mangit.

Folly.

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

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All
All the princis of Allmanye,
Spanish, Flandeiris, and Italie.
This present yeir ar all on flocht.
Sum will thair wagis find deir bocht:
The paip, with bombard, speir, and scheild,
Hes send his army to the seild.
Sant Petir, St. Paule, nor St. Andrew,
Rasit nevir sic ane oift I trow.
Is this fraternall cheretie?
Or furius foly? quhat say yow?
Thay leird not this at Chrystis fculis,
Thairfoir I think thame verry fulis.
I think it foly, be Goddis modder,
Ilk Cristin prince to ding doun uder.
Becaus that this hatt fowld belong thame,
Ga thow and parte it richt amang thame.
The profesie, withowtyn weir,
Off MARLING beis compleit this yeir:
For my guddame, the GYRECARLING
Leird me this profesiie of MARLING,
Quhairof I shall schaw the sentence,
Gif ye will gif me awdience.

Flan, frat, resurgant, simul ipsam viribus urgent.
Dami valectabunt: Vaillances bella parabunt:
Sit tibi nomen in a,
Mulier caccavit in olla,
Hoc æpusum comedes.
OF FOLLY.

Folly.

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

Finis of this Interlude.
INTERLUDE V.

Flattery, Deceit, and Falsehood, mislead King Humanity.
Persons.

Flattery.
Falset.
Dissait.
King Humanitie.
Wantones.
Hamelines.
Danger.
Sollace.
AN UThIR INTERLUDE.

Heir enteris Flattery, new landit owt of France; and Stormsleid at the May.

SCENE I.

Flattery.

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

Quhen
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD.

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

SCENE II.

FLATTERY, FALSET.

FALSET.

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

FLATTERY.

Quhy, brudir Falset; knawis thow not me?
I am thy brudir Flattrie.

FALSAT.
MISLEAD KING HUMANITIE.

FALSAT.

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

FLATTERY.

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

FALSAT.

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

FLATTERY.

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

SCENE
SCENE III.

FLATTERIE, FALSET, DISSAINT.

Heir fall Dissaït entir.

Bonneur, bruder, with all my hairt!
Heir am I cum to take your pairt
Baith into gude and evill.
I met Gude Counsale be the way,
Quha pót me in ane felloune fray.
I gife him to the divill.

FALSATT.

How chappit yow, I pray the tell?

DISSAINT.

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

FALLSETT.

Mary seikand King Humanitie.
MISLEAD KING HUMANITIE.

Dissait.

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

Falsat.

Quhat is your counsale that we do?

Dissait.

Mary this is my counsale, lo.
Till tak owr tyme quhill we may get it,
For now thair is na man to let it;
Fra tyme the King begin to fleir him,
Gude Counsale than I dreid cum neiir him,
And be we knawin with Correction,
It will be our confusion.
Thairfor now brether deyifs
To find sum toy of the new gyifs.
FLATTERY.

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

DISSAIT.

Be my fawle that is weill davyisit,
Ye fall fe me fone disfayisit.

FALSET.

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

[Heir fall FLATTERY help his iwa marrowis.

DISSAIT.

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

FALSETT.

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

DISSAIT.

I say thow lukis evin lyk a lour.
Now, bruder FLATTRY, quhat do ye?
Quhat kind a man schaip ye to be?
Flattery.

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

Dissaitt.

A freir! quhairto? thow cannot preiche.

Flattery.

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

Dissait.

And I rest anis a freiris cowll,
Betwixt St. John'soun and Kynnowill.
I fall ga fetche it, gif thou wilt tary.
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

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

DISSAIT.
Heir is thy ganenyng, all and sum:
This is the cowll of Callielum.

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

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

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

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

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

Falsett.
Mary, I wat not how to call mysell.

Dissait.
Bot yit anis name the bairnis name.

Falsett.
Discretioun, Discretioun, a Goddis name.

Dissait.
I neid not now to cair for thrift.
Bot quhat fall be my Godbairne gift?

Falsett.
I gif the all the divillis of hell.

Dissait.
Na, bruder, hald that to thy fell.
Now sit doun, lat me baptyifs the:
Bot yit I wat not quhat to call the.

Falsat.
I pray the name the bairnis name.

Dissait.
Sapience, Sapience, a goddis name.

Flattery.
Bruder Dyssait, cum bapteifs me.

Dissait.
Than sit doun lawly on thy knee.

Flat-
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

FLATTERY.
Now, bruder, name the bairnis name.

DISSAITH.

DEVOTIOUN, in the divils name.

FLATTERY.
The divill reßaif the ladroune loun !
Thow hes wet all my new schevin croun.

DISSAITH.

DEVOTIOUN, SAPIENCE, and DISCRETIOUN,
We thre may rewill a haill regioun.
We fall find meny crafty thingis
For to begyle aue hundreth kingis.
For thow salf crak; and thow salf clatter:
And I fall senye: and thow fall flatter.

FLATTERY.
But I wald haiff, or we depairtit,
A drink to mak us bettir heartit.

DISSAITH.
Weill said, be him that heryit hell:
I was evin thinkand that myself.

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

Now till we get the kingis presence,
We will fit doun, and keip sylence.
I fe ane yunder, quhatevir he be.
I trow full weill yone same is he.
Steir nocht, bruder, bot hald us still,
Till we haif hard quhat be his will.

**SCENE IV.**

**King, Wantones, Hamlines, Danger, Solace.**

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

**King.**

Now quhair is Placebo, and Sollace? Quhair is my menyeoun Wantonnes? Wantones, how! cum to me sone.

**Wantones.**

Quhy cryd ye, schyr, till I had done?

**King.**

Quhat was thow doand, tell me that?

**Wantones.**

Mary, leirand how my fader me gat. I wait not how it stendis, bot dowt; Methink the warld rynnis round abowt.

Vol. II. I **King.**
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

King:
And so think I man, be my thrift.
I fe fyistene moin into the lift.

Wantones.

Lat Hamelines my lais allane;
Sche bendyt up aye twa for ane.

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

Denger.
And as for Placebo and Sollace,
I hald thame baith in mirrenes;
Howbeid I maid it sumething tewch,
I fand thame chalmer glew anewch.

Sollace.
Mary thow wald gar ane hundreth tyre,

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

SOLLACE.

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

KING.

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

WANTONES.

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

SCENE V.

KING, &c. FLATTERY, FALSET, DISSAINT.

[Heir fall the thre VYcis cum, and mak thair salutatioun
to the King, and say,

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

Iz

KING.
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD.

KING.

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

DISSAIt.

DISCRETION, syr, that is my name perfay.

KING.

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

FLATTERY.

But dowt my name is callit DEVOTION.

KING.

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

FALSETT.

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

KING.

Can thow not tell quhat is thy name?

FALSET.

I kend it, or I cam fra hame.

KING.
KING.

Quhat aillis the can not schaw it now?

FALSAT.

Mary, thay call me Thyn Drink I trow.

KING.

Thyn Drink! quhat kin a name is that?

DISSAINT.

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

FALSAT.

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

FLATTERY.

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

FALSET.

That same is it by St. Michaell.

KING.

Quhy could thow not tell thy name thy fell?
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

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

King.

Sapience sould be ane man of gude.

Falset.
Sir ye may knaw that be my hude.

King.

Now haife I Sapience and Discretioun,
Quhow can I faill to rewill this regioun?
And Devotioun to be my confessor.
I trow thir thre cum in a happy hour.
Heir I mak the my Secretar;
And thow fall be my Thesawrar;
And thou fall be my Counsellour,
In spirituall thingis to be Confessor.

Flattery.

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

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

FALSAT.

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

DISSAIT.

Schyr, I ken be your phifnomye,
Ye fall conquiefs, or ellis I lye,
Drunken Denmark, and all Allmane,
Spittlefeild, and the realme of Spaine.
Ye fall haif at your governance
Renfrew, and the Realme of France;
Ye English, and the town of Rome;
Cortorphine, and all Christinidome.
Quhairto, Syr, be the Trinitie,
Ye ar an very Aperfe.

I ♣ FLAT-
FLATTERY.

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

DISSAID.

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

FALSET.

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

KING.
King.

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

Finis of this Interlude, and part of play: beirefiir fall Gude Counsall appeir, and fall be boslit away; and Lady Che-tetie and Ve- retie fall be put in flokis: and Sensualitie fall gyd the yung king for a time.
INTERLUDE VI.

The three Vices overcome Truth and Chastity.
Persons.

King Humanitie.
Dissait.
Flattery.
Falset.
Gude Counsal.
Veretie.
Spiritualitie.
Chestetie.
Diligence.
Sollace.
Sensualitie.
INTERLUDE VI.

SCENE I.

KING, DISSAINT, FLATTERY, FALSAT, GUDGE COUNSEL.

KING.

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

DISSAINT.

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

FLAT-
Flattery.

I dreid full soir, be God himsell,
That yone awld Carle be Gud Counsall.
Get he anis to the kingis presence,
We thre will get na audience.

Dissait.

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

Flattery.

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

Gude Counsall.

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

Dissait.

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

GUD COUNSALE thay call me at hame.

Falsett.

Quhat sayis thow Carle? art thow GUD COUNSALE?
Swyth pass the hence, unhappy unsale!

GUD COUNSALE.

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

Flattery.

Swyth, hursone Carle, devoid this place.

GUD COUNSALE.

Broder, I ken yow weill enewch,
Howbeid ye mak it never fa tewch:
Flattery, Dissait, and False Report,
Thay will not suffer to resort
GUD COUNSALE to the Kingis presence.

Dissait.

Swyth, hursone Carle, ga pak the hence.

[Heir fall thay hurle away Gude Counsalle.

Gude Counsal.

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

Howbeid
Howbeid Gude Counsall heftely be not hard,
With yung Princis yit sowld thay not be skard;
Bot quhen yowtthewid hes blawn his wantoun blast,
Than fall Gud Counsall rewill him at the last.

SCENE II.

Flattrry, Falsat, Dissait.

*Heir fall the thre Vycis passt to ant Counsall.*

Flattrry.

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

Dissait.

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

Flattrry.

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

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

Dissait.

That mowth speik man, my awin deir bruthir.
SCENE III.

Veretie, Dissait, Flattrey, Falset.

[Here fall Veretie entir, and pass to hir place; quhail Flattrey fall s踰ir hir with s踰ir.

Veretie.

Gif men of me wald haif intiligence,
Or knaw my name, thay call me Veretie.
Off Chrystis law I haif experience;
And hes oursalit mony stormy see.
Now am I feikand King Humanitie,
For of his grace I haif gud experance,
Fra tyme that he acquantit be with me;
His heich honour and gloir I fall avance.

Dissait.

Sanfte Pater! quhail haif ye bene?
Declair to us of your novellis.

Flattrey.

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

Falset.
OVERCOME TRUTH AND CHASTITY. 131

Falset.

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

[Heir the Vycis gais to the Spiritual Estait, and lyis
upon Veretie, desiring bir to be put in captivite,
quhilk is done with diligence.

Flatter.

Qhate buik is that, harlot, into thy hand?
Owt Walloway! this is the New Testament
In Ingis tung, and printit in Ingland.
Herefy, Herefy, fyre, fyre, incontinent!

Veretie.

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

Dissait.

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

Veretie.

For Christis saik I am richt weill content
To suffeir all thing that fall pleifs his grace;
THE THREE VICES

Howbeit ye put a thousand to torment,
A hundred thousand fall ryifs in their place.

[Heir rall VERETIE sit down on hir kneis, and say.

Get up, thow fleipis all to lang, O Lord!
And mak aone reasonable reformatioun
On thame quhilk dois tramp doun thyne hevenly word;
And hes aone deidly indignatioun
At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun.
Suffer thame not moir to be molleit.
O Lord! I mak the supplication,
With thyne unfreindis lat me not be opprest.
I haif no moir to say.

FLATTERY.

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

DISSATIS.

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

SPIRITUALITIE.

I think ye farve sum recompense;
Tak thair ten crownis for your rewarid.
SCENE IV.

CHESTITIE, Diligence.

[Heir fall entir Chestitie, and say;

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

Diligence.

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

Chaitetie.

My friend, quharof I neid not think na schame,
Dame Chestetie, baneift frame toun to toun.

Diligence.

Than pafs to ladies of religioun,
Quha makkis thair vow to observe Cheftetie.
Lo quhar thair fittis ane Priores of renoun,
Amang the rest of spiritualitie.

K 3

[Heir
Diligence.

Madame, quhat garris yow gang lait,
Tell me how ye haif done debait,
With Temporall and Spirituall Stait,
Quha did yow maist kyndnes?

Chestetie.

In faith I saud bot ill, and war;
That gart me stand from thame afar,
Evin lyk a beggar at the barr,
And s emit me moir and lefs.

Diligence.

I counsel yow, bot tareing,
Pays till Humanitie the king,
Perchance he of his Grace benyng,
Will mak to yow support.

Chestetie.

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

SCENE
SCENE V.

King, Sensualitie, Solace, Dissait, &c.

Chestitie, Veretie.

Sollace.
Soverane, get up, and sce ane hevenly sicht,
A fair lady in quhyt abilyement.
Sche may be peir to ony king or knycht,
Moist lik ane angell be my jugement.

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

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

K 4
Sensualitie.

Pass on than, SAPIENCE and DISCRETIOUN,
And baneis hir out of the kings presence.

DISSAUIT.

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

[Heir fall thy barle CHESTETIE to the stokkis; and sebe fall say,
I pray you, Syr, be patient,
For I fall be obedient
Till do quhat ye cumand,
Sen I se thair is no remeid;
Howbeid it war to suffer deid,
Or flemd out of the land.
I wyt the Empriour CONSTANTYNE
That I am put to sic rewyne,
And banefit from the Kirk.
For sen ye maid the Paip a king
In Rome I cowld get na lugeing
Bot hyde me in the mirke,
Bot Lady Sensualitie
Sensyne hes gydit that cuntre
And mekle of the rest.
And now fche rewllis all this land
And hes dereffit hir cummand
That I sowld be opprest.
Bot all cumms for the best
To thame that lovis the Lord;
Thocht I be now opprest
I treist to be restord.

[Heir fall thay put bir in the fokkis: and fche fall say
to Veretie,
Syfther, allace this is a tairfull case,
That we with Princis fa sowld be abhord.

Veretie.
Be blyth, Syfther, I treist within schort space
That we fal be richt honorablie restord;
And with the King we fall be at concord.
For I heir tell Divyne Correction
Is now landid, thankit be God our Lord.
I wait he will be our protectioun.

Finis of this Interlude.

Ane proclamationoun to be tane in eftirwart of the Parliament.
[Part II. of the Play*.]

INTERLUDE VII.

The Parliament of Correction.

* See the Prologue next following.
Persons

King Correction.
King Humanitie.
Gude Counsal.
Diligence.
King Correction's servant.
Falset.
Flattrry.
Dissait.
Wantones.
Veritie.
Chestetie.
The Three Estates.
Johnie the Common Weil.
Sarjantes.
Povertie, or the Puirman.
INTERLUDE VII.

PROLOGUE.

Heir fall Messengir Diligence say:

At the command of King Humanity
I warne and charge all Memberis of Parliament,
Baith Sprituall Stait, and Temporalitie;
That to his Grace thay be obedient;
And speid thame to the Court incontinent,
In gud order arrayit ryally.
Quho beis absent, or inobedient,
The kingis displeasure thay fall underly.

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

This vers eikit qubilk is in the first proclamation.
Prudent Pepill, I pray yow all,
Tak na man grief in speciall,
For we fall speik in general,
For pastyme, be my say.
Thairfoir till that owr rymes be rung
And owr mistonat fangis be fung
Lat every man keip weill a tung
And every woman tway.

*****

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I pray you,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>For that is even anewch to slay yow;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Because that is to cum I say yow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The best pairt of our play.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SCENE I.

KING CORRECTION's Boy.

[Heir fall Entir Correction's Varlet, for Reformatioun, and say:

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

For
For he mak'is reformatiouinis
Owt thruch all Cristin nationis,
Quhair he findis grit debaitis.
And, sa far as I understand,
He fall reforme into this land
All the thre Estaitis.
God furth of hevin he hes him send,
To puncis all that dois offend
Unto his Majestie;
As evir him lift to tak vengeance,
Sumtyme with swerd and pessilence,
With derth and powertie.
Bot quhen the Pepill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Than will he gif thame grace:
Bot thay that will not be correctit,
Richt feddanly will be directit,
And flemid far from his face.
For sylence I protest
Off Lord, Laird, and Leddy;
Now will I run but rest,
And tell that all is reddy.
SCENE II.

DISSAIT, FLATTRY, FALSET.

DISSAIT.

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

FLATTRY.

I will ga to spiritualitie,
And preiche owt thruche his Dyocie,
Quhar I will be unknawin.
Or keip me cloise into sum cloister,
With many petious pater noster,
Till all the boist be blawin.

DISSAIT.

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

FALSAT.
Na cair thou not, man, for my thrift;
Trow thou that I be daft?
Na I will leif a lusty lyse,
Withowtyn ony sturt or stryse,
A mang the Men of Craft.

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

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

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

[Heir fall thay stieill the Kingis box.

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

Vol. II. L DISSAIT.
THE PARLIAMENT

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

FALSAT.
Richt weill devysit, be St. BLAIS.
Wald God we war out of this place!
[Heir fall they cast away their Counterfeit Clais.

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

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

DISSAIT.
Thy heid fall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
Pelour, without I get my pairt.
Swyth, hurfone smaik, ryve up the lokkis,
Or I fall lik the thruche the hairt.
[Heir fall thay secht with silence.

FALSAT.
OF CORRECTION.

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

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

SCENE III.

CORRECTIONUN, Gude Counsall.

CORRECTIONUN enterris.

It tak heir bot certane schort pairtis owt of the speichis;
becaus of the lang Proceffè of the Play.

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

L 3

Gude
Gude Counsall.

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

Correction.

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

Gud Counsall.

That am I not, my lord, full wais me!
Bot lyk ane brybour halden at the Bar;
Thay play Bokkeik, even as I war a skar.
Thair come thre knavis, in cleithing counterfeit,
And fra the King thay gart me stond afar;
Quhois names war Falsat, Flattery, and Dissait.
Bot quhen the knavis hard tell of your coming
Thay fell away, ilk ane ane sundry gait,
And keft fra thame thair counterfeit clothing:
For thair loving full weill thay can debait;
The Marchand Men thay haife resset Dissait;
And for Falset full weill, my Lord, I ken
He will be richt weill trettet, air and late,
Amang the maist paif of the Craftismen.

Flattery
OF CORRECTION.

Flatt'ry he's tane the hebit of a Freir,
Purpoising to begyle the Spirituall Estait.

Correction.

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

SCENE IV.

Correction, Gude Counsall, Veritie,
Chestitie.

Veritie.

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

Correction.

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

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

L 3  Bot
Bot I beseik your Majestie Royall,
That ye wald pass to King Humanitie;
And freme fra hym yone Lady Sensuall,
And entir in his Service Gud Counsale,
For ye will find him very counsalable.

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

SCENE V.

CORRECTIOUN, Gud Counsal, Veritie,
Chestitie, King Humanitie.

[Heir fall Gud Counsal, Veretie, and Chestetie,
cum to the King, with CORRECTIOUN.

CORRECTIOUN.
Get up, Syr King! ye haif fleipit anewch
Into the armes of Lady Sensuall.
Be feme that moit belangis to the pleuch,
As afterwart perchans reherfs I fall.
Remember how the King Sardanpall
Amang fair Ladys tuk his luft sa lang,
So that the maist part of his Legis all
Rebeld, and sync hym dulfally doun thrang.
Remember how, into the tyme of Noy,
For the fowlls stink and sin of Lechery,
God, be my wand, did all the warld destroy.

Sodem
OF CORRECTION.

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

KING:

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

CORRECTION.

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

Sensualitie.

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

[Heis fall Sensualitie depairt fra the King.]
CORRECTION.

My Lord, sen ye ar quyt of Sensualitié,
Reffaif into your Service Gud Counsale,
And richt so this fair Ledy Chestetie,
Till ye mary sum Queene of blude royall.
Observe than Chestetie matrimonial.
Richt so reffaif heir Veretie be the hand.
Use thair Cunsale, your fame fall never fall;
Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band.

[Heir fall the King reffaiff the thre Vertues.

KING.

I am content your cunsall till inclyne;
Ye beand of a gud condition.
At your cummand fall be all that is myne.
And heir I gife you full Comission
To punish faultis, and gife remission.
To all vertew I shalbe consonable:
With you I fall confirme an unioun;
And at your counfall stand ay firme and stable.

CORRECTION.

I counsale yow, incontinent,
Agane proclame the Parliament
Of all the thre Estaitis.
That thay be heir with diligence,
To mak to yow obedience,
And sone dref all debaites.

KING.
OF CORRECTION.

KING.

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

DILIGENCE.

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

KING.

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

* Here half a stanza seems wanting.
Diligence.
I will get riches with that rent,
Eftir the day of Dome,
Quhen in the coillpitts of Tranent
Butter will grow on brome.
All nicht I had sa mekill drewth,
I might not sleip a wink.
Or I proclame ocht with my mowth,
But dwt I mon have drink.

Scene VI.

King, Humanitie, Correctioun, Wantones,
Veritie, Chastitie.

Correctioun.
Cum heir, Placebo, and Sollace,
With your Cumpanyeoun Wantones;
I ken weill your conditioun.
For tyting of Humanitie;
To refliif Sensualitie,
Ye mon suffer punitioun.

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

That
OF CORRECTION.

That Lichery coulde na man haiff greivit,
Because it is so usit.
Schyr, we fall mend our condioun,
So ye gif us ane free remissioun;
Bot gif us leif to sing,
To dance, and play at Chefs, and Tabblis;
To reid Storyis, and mirry Fabillis,
For plefour of the King.

CORRECTION.

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

KING.

Qhail is SAPIENCE, and DISCRETION?
And quhy cumis not DEVOTION nar?

VERETIE.

SAPIENCE, Syr, was ane verrry Loun,
And DISCRETION was nyne tymes war.
The suth, Syr, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle your Excellence;
And wald not suffer to resort
Non of us thre to your presence.
THE PARLIAMENT

CHARISTETIE.

Thay thre was FLATTERY, and DISEASE, And FALLS, that unhappy loun.
Againis us thre quhilk maid debait, And baneist us fra toun to toun.
Thay gart us tway fall into soun, Quhen thay us lokkit in the stokkis, That daftard quhilk ye calld DISCRETION
Full thiftously he stall your box.

KING.

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

SCENE
SCENE VII.

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

[Heir fall the thre Estaitis compeir to the  
Parliament; And the King fall say:

My prudent Lordis of the thre Estaitis,  
It is our will, aboif all oydir thing,  
For to reforme all thay that makkes debaitis;  
Contrair the richt quhilk daylie dois maling.  
And thay that dois the commoun weill dow thring.  
With help and counsall of king CORRECTION,  
It is our will for to mak punifing,  
And plane Oppressiouis put to subjectioun.

DILIGENCE.

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

JOHNYE THE COMMOUN WEILL.

Owt of my gait, for Goddis saik lat me gae.  
Tell me agane, gud maister, quhat ye sae?
Diligence.

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

Common Weill.

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

Diligence.

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

Johnie.

Forsuth they call me Johnie the Commoun Weill.
Gude maister, I wald speir at you ane thing,
Quhar trest ye fall I find yone new maid king?

Diligence.

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

Johnie.

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

[Heir fall Johnie run to lowp owr the watter, and he fall faill in the middis of it.

Diligence.

Speid the away, thou tarreis all to lang.

Johnie.
OF CORRECTION.

JOHNIE.
Syr, be this day I mighty not faister gang.
Gud day! Gud day! God saif baith your Gracis!
Waly, Waly, sa thwa weill fard facis!

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

JOHNIE.
Mary, Johnie the Commoun weill of Fair Scot-

KING.
The Common weill has bene amang his Fais,

JOHNIE.
Ye, that, fyr, garris the Commoun weill want Clais.

CORRECTION.
Qhome upoun complene ye, or quho makes yow debailis?

JOHNIE.
Syr I complene upoun the King, and all the thre Es-

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

How,
How, senzef Flattrey! the feind fart on that face;
Quhen ye war gyddar of the Court we gat littill grace.
Ryis up Falsat, and Dissait, withowttyn ony fenye,
I pray God nor the Divills Dam dryt on that grunye.
Behald as the loin luikis even lyk a Thieff.
Many wicht workmen ye haif brecht to mischeiff.
My Soverane Lord Correction, I mak yow supplication,
Put thir tryit tratouris from Christis Congregatioun.

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

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

2d Sarjand.
Cum heir, Gossop, cum heir, cum heir.
Your rakles lyff ye fall repent;
Quhen had ye wont to be fafwair?
Stand still, and be obedient.

1st Sarjand.
Thair is not ane in all this toun,
(Bot I wald nocht this tale was told)
OF CORRECTION.

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

[Heir ar thay led, and put in the skokks.

GUD COUNSALL.

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

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

Povertie.

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

Correctioun.

Or I depairt I think to mak gud ordour.

Commoun Weill.

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

Tam.
OF CORRECTION.

TEMPORALITIE.

Quhat oydir ennemyifs hes thow, lat us ken?

COMMON WEILL.

Schyr, I complene upoun all ydill men.
Forquhy, Syr, it is Goddis awin bidding
All Cristinmen to wirk for thair leving.

Santt Pawle, the pillar of the kirk,
Sayis to tha wrachis that will not wirk,
And bene to vertowifs labour laith,

Qui non laborat, non manda eat:
This being in Inglis toung to treit,
"Quho laboris nocht he fall not cit."
This bene agane thir strang beggarris,
Fidlaris, Pypparis, and Pardonnaires,
Thir Juglaris, Jeftouris, and ydill senjouris,
Thir Ballett Beraris, and thir Bairdis;
Thir sweir fvengeouris with Lordis and Lairdis,
Mo than thair rentis may fuftene,
Ar to thair profeit neidfull bene.

Quhilk bene ay blythift of discordis,
And deidly seid amang the Lordis.
For than thay Tratouris mon be treittit,
Or ellis thair quarrellis ar undeabantir.

And Monkis, Preiftis, Channonis, and Freiris,
Augustynes, Carmalytis, and Cordeleiris;
And uthyrs that in Cowllis bene cled;
Quhilk laboris not and bene weill fed.
THE PARLIAMENT

CORRECTION.

Quhome upoun, man, wilt thow complene?

JOHNIE.

Mary, Syr, ma and mae agane.
For the peur pepill cryis with teiris
The grit misusing of Justice Airs,
Exercit mair for covetyce,
Nor for punissing of vyce.
Ane pegrall theif, that steilis a cow,
Is hangit; bot he that steilis a bow
With als mekill geir as he may turfs,
That theif is hangit be the purs.
So pykand peprall thevis ar hangit:
Bot he that all the world hes wrangit,
A crewill tyrrand, a strang transgressour,
Aue commoun public plane oppressour,
By buddis will he obteine favouris:
Off Thesaurur, and Compositouris,
Thocht he terve grit punissioun,
Getis efy Compositioun;
And thruche lawis Consistoriall,
Prolix, corrupt, and pertiall,
The Commoun pepill ar put at under:
Thocht thay be peur it is na wonder.
OF CORRECTION.

Correction.

Gud Johnie, I grant all that is trew,
Your infortune full fair I rew.
Or I pairt off this natioun
I fall mak reformatioun.
And als my Lordis Temporalitie,
I yow cummand in tyme that yee
Expell oppressioun of your landis.
And als I say to yow Marchandis,
And evir I synd, be land or see,
Dissait into your cumpanie,
Qhilk ar to commoun weill contrair,
I wow to God I fall not spair,
To put my fword to executioun,
And mak on yow extreme punissioun.
Mairattour, my Lord Temporalitie,
In gudly haift I will that yie
Lett into few your temporall landis,
To men that labourris with thair handis;
Bot nocht to Jenkyne Gentill man,
That nowdir will he work, or can;
Qhhairby that polleece may encrest.

Temporalitie.

I am content, Syr, be the Mess,
Swa that the Spiritualitie
Lett thairis in few, als weill as we.
My Spirituall Lordis ar ye content?

M 3
Na, we man tak avysiment.
In sic materis for to conclude
Our heftelly, I think nocht gude.

Correction.

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

Spiritualitie.

Syr, I can schaw yow exempcioun
Fra yowr temporall punissioun,
The quhilk we purpois to debaitt.

Correction.

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

Temporalitie.

My Soverane Lord, we will obey,
And tak your part with ha'rit and hand,
Quhatevir ye pleis us to cummand.

[Heir fall thay sit down and ask Grace.

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

And
OF CORRECTION.

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

CORRECTION.

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

[Heir fall thay embrace the COMMOUN WEILL.

CORRECTION.

JOHNIE, haif ye ony mae debaitis
Aghanis my Lordis the SPIRITUAL Eftaitis?

JOHNIE.

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

SPIRITUALITIE.

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

JOHNIE.

Gramercy, than fall I not speir.
First to complene to our Vicar;
The peur cottar lyand to die,
Havand small Bairnis twa or thre,
And hes twa ky, withowttyn no,
The Vicar must haif on of tho,
With the gray coit, that happis the bed,
Howbeid the wyfe be pearly cled.
And gif the wyfe de on the morne,
Thocht all the bairnis fowld be forlorne,
The udir cow he cleikis away,
With hir pear coit of raplack gray.
Wald God this custome war put doun,
Quhilk nevir wes foundit be respone.

**Temporalitie.**

Ar all thy tailis trew that thow tellis?

**Povertie.**

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

**Johnie.**

Our persone heir he takcis no othyr pyne,
Bot to reslaiff hys teindis, and spend thame syne.
Howbeid that he be obleist be resloun
To preiche the Evangill to his parichoun;
OF CORRECTION.

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

TEMPORALITIE.

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

SPIRITUALITIE.

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

SCRYBE.

Ye gar me wryt mony sundry act,
And to me ye nevir cast in a plac.

POVERTY.

Ha, my Lordis, for the holy Trinitie,
Remember for to reforme the Consistory;
It hes mair need of reformatioun,
Nor Plutois Court, be cokkis passioun.

PERSONE.

Quhat causis hes thow, pylour, for to plenyie?
Quhail wes thow evir summond to thair senyie?
Povertie.

Mary, I lent my gosslup my meir to fetche in coillis,
And he hir drownit into the quarrell hoillis;
And I ran to the Constry for to p'enyie,
And thair I hapnit amang ane gredy menjie.
Thay gait me first ane thing thay call *citandum*,
Within aucht dayis I got bot *lybellandum*,
Within ane month I gat, *ad opponendum*;
In half a yeir I gat *ad interloquendum*,
And fyn I gat, quhow call ye it, *ad replicandum*.
Bot I coul'd nevir ane word yet understand him.
And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis;
And gart me pay for four and twenty aftis;
Bot or thay cum half gait *ad conclusendum*.
The fiend a plack was left for to defend him.
Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair traine;
Syne bodie *ad eos* bad me cum agane.
And than thay ruikis thay rowpit woundir fast;
For sentence-sylver thay cryit at the last.
Off *pronunciandum* thay maid me wounder fane
But I gat never my gud gree meir agane.

Temporalitie.

My Lordis, we mon reforme thir consifiory lawis,
Quhois grit defame abone the Hevin blawis.
I wift ane man in persewing a cow,
Or he had done he spendit half a bow;
OF CORRECTION.

So that the King's honour we may advance
We will conclude as they half done in France.
Lat spirituall maters pass to Spiritualitie;
And temporall maters to Temporalitie.
Quho failis in this fall coist thame of thair gude.
Scryb, mak an Act for so we will conclude.

Spiritualitie.

That act, my Lordis, planely I yow declar,
It is agenis our profesitt singular.
Till all your actis planely I discontent.
Notar, thairof I tak an instrumment.
INTERLUDE

VIII.

The Punishment of the Vices,
Persons.

Correction.
King Humanitie.
Gude Counsal.
Common Weil.
Sarjants.
Povertie.
Commoun Thift.
Oppressioun.
Flattry.
Falset.
Dissait.
INTERLUDE VIII.

SCENE I.

COMMOUN THIFT, POVERTIE.

Heir fall entir COMMOUN THIFT.

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

POVERTIE.

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrist?

THIFT.

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

In Ewisdale was my dwelland place.
Mony wyf gart I cry allace!
At my hand thay gat nevir grace,
Bot ay forlorne.
Sum sayis ane king is cum amang us,
That purpoifis to heid and hang us;
Thair is na grace and he may fang us,
Bot on ane pin.
Ring he, we thieves will get na gude.
I pray God, and the holy rude,
Sen he had smord untill his cude,
And all his kyn.
Get this curt king men in his grippis,
My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis*.
The Divill I gif thair tung and lippis,
That off me tellis.
Ade v! I dar nocht langar tary,
For be I kend thay will me kary,
And put me in ane fery fary,
I see nocht ellis.
I raif, be him that herreit hell,
I had almaiit forget myfell.
Will na gud sallow to me tell
Quhair I may find
The Erle of Rothes’ best haikney?
That wes my cirand heir away.

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

Sçauroit mon col que mon cul poise.
He is richt stark, as I heir say,
And swift as wind.
Heir is my bryddill, and my spurris,
To gar him laifs our feild and furris.
Might I him gett now owir the durris
I tak na cure.
Off that horfs micht I get ane ficht,
I haif na dowl yit or midnicht,
That he and I sould tak the flicht
Thruich Dyfart muir.
Off cumpanary tell me, bruder,
Quhilk is the richt way to the Stouder;
I wald me welcum to my moder
Gif I micht spaid.
I wald gif baith my hat and bonnat,
To gett my Lord; and sayis Bryn Jonat
War we beyond the watter of Annat
We sould not dreid.
Quhat now Oppressoun, my bruder deir,
Quhat mekill Divill hes brocht the heir?
Maitser tell me the cauls perquier
Quhat ye haiff done?
SCENE II.

COMMOUN THIFT, OPPRESSIOUN.

OPRESSIOUN.

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

THIFT.

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

* A line wanting.
OF THE VICES.

OPPRESSOUN.

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

Heir fall Commoun Thift put his feit in the stokkis;
and Oppressoun fall stiel awaie and betray him.

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

THIFT.

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

OPPRESSOUN.

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

THIFT.

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

OPPRESSOUN.

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

N 2 Or
Or evir we meit agane.
Haif I nocht maid ane honest chift
That hes betrafit Commone Thief?
For thair is nocht under the lift
A curstar cors.
I am richt seur that he and I,
Within this half yeir, craifely
Hes stowin ane thowsand sheip and ky,
By meiris and hors.
War God that I war found and haill
Now liftit into Liddisdaill,
The Merfs sowld synd me beiff and caill,
Quhat rack of breid?
War I thair lyftit with my lyfe,
The Divill sowld styk me with a knyffe,
And evir I cum agane in Fyfe,
Quhill I wer deid.
Adew! I leif the Divill amang yow,
That in his fingaris he may fang yow,
With all leill men that dois belang yow.
For I may rew
That ever I cum into this land.
For quhy ye may weill understand
I gat na geir to turn my hand.
Yit anis adew!

[Exit.]
SCENE III.

CORRECTION, KING HUMANITIE, FLATTERY, FALSET, DISSAID, GODE COUNSEL, SARJANTS, POVERTIE.

CORRECTION.
I Counsell yow, Syr, now fra hand,
Gar baneis yone frier owt of this land,
And that incontinent.
Do ye not so, withowtyn weir,
He will mak all this toun on steir,
I knaw his fals intent.
Yone rattrand knavis, withowtyn fable,
I think thay are nocht profitable
For Christis Regioun.
To begin reformatioun
Mak of thame depravioun,
This is my opinion.

FIRST SARJAND.
Come, Syr, pleis ye that we twa inbind thame?
And ye fall se us sone degrade thame
Of rewle, and skaiplarie.
Correction.

Pass on, I am richt weill content.
Syne baneis thame incontinent
Out of this countré.

First Sarjand.

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

Flattery.

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

2d Sarjand.

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

1st Sarjand.

Thir Freirs to escaip punissioun,
Haldis thame at thair exemptioun,
And no man will obey.
Thay ar exemit, I yow afferure,
OF THE VICES.

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

2D SARJAND.  
On Domefday, quhen Chryft fall say  
Venite, Benedici;  
The Freiris will say, without delay,  
Nos fuimus exempti.  

[Heir fall thay spulie Flattrie of the Kings habite.]

GUD COUNSAL.  
Syr, be the Haly Trinitie,  
This famen is fenvs Flatterie,  
I ken hym be his face.  
Belevand for to get promotioun,  
He said that hys name was Devotiohn;  
And fo begyld your Grace.

1ST SARJAND.  
Cum on, Syr Flattrie, be the mess  
We fall leir yow to daunce,  
Within any bonny littill space,  
Ane new paven of Fraunce.

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

N 4  
Bot
Bot I fall help to hang my marrowis,
Baith FALSAT, and DISSAIT.

**CORRECTION.**

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

**FLATTERY.**

Off that office I am content.
Bot our Prelattis I dreed repent
Be I fleand from thair face.

*Heir fall FLATTERY pass to the flakkis, and sit besyd his marrowis.*

**DISSAIT.**

Now FLATTERY, my awld cumpanyeoun
Quhat dois yone King CORRECTION ?
Knavis thow not his entent ?
Declair till us of thy novellis.

**FLATTERY.**

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

**DISSAIT.**

Now Walloway! will he gar hang us?
The Divill brocht yone curt king amang us,
For mckill flurt and stirye.
OF THE VICES.

FLATTERY.

I had bene put to deid amang yow,
Had nocht I tuik on hand to hang yow,
And so I savit my lyf.
I heir thame say thay will cry doun
All freiris and preissis of this regioun,
Sa far as I can seill;
Becaus thay ar not necessar.
And als thay ar all haill contrar
To Johnie the Common Weill.

POVERTY.

Now I besieik yow, for all hallowis,
Gar hang Dissait, and all his fallowis;
And baneifs Flattery off the town,
For thair was never sic ane loun.
That beand done I hald it best
That every man go tak his rest.

CORRECTION.

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

1ST SARJAND.

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

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

THIFT.

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

IST SARJAND.

Fy hurfone Cairle, I feill a flink.

THIFT.

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

IST SARJAND.

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

THIFT.

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

Repent
Repent your lyvis, all plane oppressowris,  
Or ellis ga chuse yow gude confessouris;  
And mak yow ford.  
For, and ye tary in this land,  
And cum undir Correctionis band,  
Your grace fall be, I undirstand,  
Ane gud shairp cord.  
Adew my bruthir Annan theivis,  
That holpit me in my mischeivis;  
Adew Grosars, Niksonis, and Bellis,  
Oft haif we fairne owthruch the fellis.  
Adew Robson, Howris, and Pylis,  
That in our craft hes mony wylis.  
Littleis, Trumblis, and Amefrangis;  
Adew all theivis that me belongis!  
Tailyeouris, Erewynis, and Eltwandis,  
Speidy of flicht, and flicht of handis:  
The Scottis of Eifdaill, and the Gramis,  
I haif natyme to tell your namis.  
With King Correctionoun be ye fangit,  
Beleif richt feur ye will be hangit.  

1st Sarjand.  
Speid hand man with thy clitter clattar.  

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

Heir fall Flattery hang Thift.  

2 Sar-
2 Sarjand.

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

Dissait.

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

2D Sarjand.

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

Dissait.

Allace, maister, ye hurt my crag.

2D Sarjand.

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

Dis.
Adew my maisteris Marchand Men,
I haif ye servit, as ye ken,
Trewly, baith air and lait.
I say to yow, for conclusioun,
I dreid ye gang to confusioun,
Fra tyme ye want Dissait.
I leird you, Merchandis, mony a wyle,
Upaalandys wyves for to begyle,
Upoun the marcat day.
And gart thame trew your stuff was gude,
Quhen it wes rottin be the rude;
And saweir it was not sway.
I was ay roundand in your eir;
And levid yow for to ban and saweir,
Quhat your geir coist in France,
Howbeid the Divill a werd was trew.
Your craftines gis Correction knew
Wald turne yow to myschance.
I lerid yow wylis mony fawld,
To mix the new wyne with the awld,
That saffone was na folly.
To sall richt deir, and by gud chaip,
And mix ry meil amang the saip,
And saffrone with ayldolly.
Forget not okar, I counsail yow,
Mair nor the Vicar dois the cow,
Or Lordis thair daubill maill.
Howbeid your elwand be to scant,
Or your pound nocht twa uncis want,
Think that bot littill faill.
Adew the grit clan Jamesoun,
The blude royall of Cowpar toun,
I was ay to yow trew.
Baith Andersone, and Paterson;
Abone thaim all Thome Williamsone
My absens fair will rew.
Tho[me Williamsone, it is your pait
To pray for me with all your ha[irt,
And think upon my werkis;
How I leird you ane gud leffoun,
For to begyle, in Edinburch toun,
The bishop and his clerkis.
Ye young Marchands may cry Allace,
Lucklaw, Welands, Carncrofs, Douglace,
Yon curt king ye may ban.
Had I levit bot half an yeir,
I sould haif leird yow craftis perqueir
To begyle wyffe and man.
How may ye Marchandis mak debaitt,
Fra ye want me your man Dissait,
For yow I mak grit ca[r.
Withowt I ryis fra deid to lyve,
I wat weill ye will nevir thrive,
Fardar nor the fourt air.

Heir fall Dissait be hangit.

IST SAR-
OF THE VICES.

1ST SARJAND.

Cum heir, FALSAT, and mens this gallowis
Ye mon hing up amang your fallowis,
For your cancel contioun.
Mony ane wicht man haif ye wrangit;
Thairfoir but dowt ye fall be hangit,
But mercy or remissioun.

FALSET.

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

To
To gard some fatt and fair;
They think that practik but a mow.
Howbeid the Divill a thing it dow,
To thame I leird that lair.
I leird Talyouris, in every roun,
To schaip fyve quarters fra a goun
In Angus and in Fife.
To Upalandis Taylyeouris I gaif gud leve
To fleil a filly flump, or fleive,
To Kittok his awin wyff.
My gud maister Andro Fortoun,
Off talycouris that may weir the croun,
For me he will be hangit;
Talyeour Beverge, my son and air,
I wait for me will rudly rair,
Fra tyme he se me hangit.
The bairfit dekin Jamie Raff,
Quha nevir yit bocht kow nor caff,
Becaus he cannot steill;
Willy Caidyeich will mak na pleid,
Howbeid hys wyff want beif and breid,
Yet he gud mat and meill.
To the browstaries of Cowpar toun
I leif tham my blak malefoun,
Als hairtelly as I may.
To mak thin aill thay think na salt
Off mekill barme, and littill malt,
Agane the mercat day.
And thay can mak withowttyn dowt:
A kind of aill thay call barns owt;
Wait ye how thay mak that?
A coubroun quene, a laichly lurdane,
Off strang weesch sheill tak a jurdane
And settis in the pylefat.
Quha drinkis of that aill, man or page,
It will gar all thair harnis rage.
That jurdane I may rew
It gart my heid rin hiddy giddy.
Schyrs, God nor I de in a widdy
Gif this taill be not trew.
Speir at the Sowttar Geordy Fellie,
From tyme that he hes filld my belly,
With this unhelfum aill.
Than all the baxtaris will he ban,
That mixt breid with dust and bran,
And fyne flour with beir meill.
Adew, my maisteris, wrichtis and masonis,
I neid not leir yow ony lessonis;
Yow know my craft perqueir.
Adew blaksmiths, and beremeris,
Adew the flinkind cordenowris,
That fellis the schone and eir.
Goldsmyths fairweill, abone thame all,
Remember my memorial
With many ane crafty caft.
To mix set ye not by twa prenis
Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,
Lyk as I leird yow laft.
Quhen I was lugit upaland,
The shipherdis maid to me ane band
Richt craftelly to steill.

Vol. II.
Than did I gif ane confirmation
Till all the schipherdis of this natoun,
That thay sowld nevir be leill;
And ilk ane to reflet ane uder;
I knaw fals schipherdis fifty fuder
War all thair cairteleis kend.
Quhow thay mak thair conventiounis
On mountains far fra any townis;
God lat thame nevir mend.
Amang craftysmen it is ane wounder
To find ten leill amang ane hunder;
The treuth I to yow tell.
Adew I man na langar tary:
I mon pafs to the king of Fary,
Or ellis straitcht way till hell.

[Heir sall be luik up to his marrowis, that ar hangand
and say:
Waes me for the gud Commoun thift;
Was nevir man maid mar honest chift
His levin for to win.
Thair wes nocht in all Liddisdaill
That ky mair craftelly could stecill,
Quhar thow hingis on that pin.
Sawth an reffaiff thy sawle Dissaitt,
Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,
And als my fadar' bruder.
Duill sall the filly marchand men!
'To mak thame service weill I ken
Sall nevir get an uder.

\[Heir\]
OF THE VICES.

[Heir fall Flattery fasten the cord about his nek; and
therefiir Falsat fall say:

Gif any man lift for to be my mait,
Cum follow me, for I am at the gait.
Cum follow me all cative covetous kings,
Revaris but richt of uther menis realmis and ringis.
Together with all wrangous conquerouris;
And bring with yow all publick oppresouris;
With Pharo, King of the Egyptiens;
With him in hell fall be your recompence.
All crewll scheddaris of blude innocent,
Cum follow me, or ellis rin and repent *.
And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie;
Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for graces,
In hidous hell I fall prepair thair places.
Cum follow me all fals corruptit juges,
With Ponce Pylat I fall prepair your luggis.
All the officiallis that partis men with thair wyvis,
Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis;
With all fals ledaris of the consfry law;
With wantone scrybis, and clarkis all in ane raw,
That to the peur maks mony partiall trane,
Syne bodie ad oilo, gars thame cum agane.
And ye that takkis rewarid at baith the handis,
Ye fall with me be bund in Bellialls bandis.
Cum follow me all cursit unhappy wyvis,
That with your gudmen day ly flyttis and sryvis,

* Here a line wanting.

O 2 And
And quierly wirh rebaldis makkis repair,
And takkis na cair to mak ane wrangus air.
Ye fall in hell rewardit be, I wene,
With Jesabell of Israell the quene.
I haif ane curt unhappy wyf myself,
Wald God sche war befoir me intill hell.
That bismair war sche thair, withowttyn dowt,
Owt of hell the divill sche wald ding owt.
Ye mareit men evin as ye luif your wyvis *
My wyffe with priesxis sche did me grit unricht;
And maid me nyne tymes cukald in ane night.
Fairweill, for I mon to the widdy wend;
For quhy Falsat maid nevir ane bettir end.
[Heir fall Flattrry bing him up; and a kae fall be
castin up, as it were his sawle.

Flattrry.

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

* Another line wanting

Now
OF THE VICES.

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

GUDE COUNSALL.

Or ye depairt, Syr, off this regioun,
Gif Johnie the Commoun Weill ane gay garmoun
Becaus the Commoun Weill hes bene our luikit;
That is the caufs that Common Weill is cruickit.
With singular profeit hes his bene suppreslyt.

CORRECTION.

Als ye haif said, fader, I am content.
Sarwands gif Johnie ane new habilyiement,
Off fattyne, damaske, or of velvuyt fine,
And gis him ples into our parliament syne.

Commoun Weill.

All virtuous pepill, yow may be rejofit,
See Commoun Weill hes gottyn ane gay garmoun.
And ignorantis owt of the kirk depeyt.
Devoit doctorris, and clarkis of renoun,
And Gud Counsall, with Ledy Veretie,
Ar professt with our Kingis Majestie.
Bliet be that realme, that hes ane prudent king,
Quihilk does deynt to heir the veritie,
Puniffing thame quhilk planely dois maling
Contrar the Commoun Weill, and Equetie!
Thair may na pepill haif prosperetie,
Quhar ignorance hes the dominioun,
And Commoun Weill be tirrandis strampit doun.
THE preceding pages were printed before any copy of David Lindsay's Satyre, or Play, came to the hands of the editor, that piece being extremely scarce. Having at length been so fortunate as to procure the loan of the edition printed at Edinburgh in 1602, 4to *, the following variations have appeared between the Play and the Interludes here published.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Having thus stated the progress of the play, the various passages omitted in the MS. shall be given with exact references; and afterwards such minute corrections, and various readings, as appeared worthy of attention: so that the present may be a complete edition, both of the MS. Interludes, and of the Play.
Methocht I hard ane mirrie fang:
I the command in haist to gang,
Se quhat yon mirth may mene.

Wantones. I trow Sir, &c.

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

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

Then follows Interlude VII. Scene 7.

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

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

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

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

P 3
To the tavern, or ever I slent;
And pray to God omnipotent
To send you all gude rest.

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

_Diffait._ Stand by the gait, that I may theer.
Aifay Koks bons how cam I heir?
I can not mis to take sum theer,
Into sa greit ane thrang.
Marie, heir ane cumlie congregatoun!
Quhat ar ye firs all'of ane nation?
Maisters, I speik be protestatioun,
In dreid ye tak me wrang.
Ken ye not, Sirs, quhat is my name?
Gude faith I dar not schaw it for shame;
Sen I was clekit of my dame,
Yet was I never leil.
For Katie Unfel was my mother,
And Common Thief my father-brother:
Of sic freindship I had ane sither,
Howbeit I cannot steil.
Bot yit I will borrow and len;
As be my cleathing ye may ken,
That I am cum of nobill men,
And als I will debait,
That quarrel with my feit and hands;
And I dwell amang the merchands.
My name gif onie man demands,
They call me Diffait,
_Bon geur bruder, &c._

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

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

*Falstaff.* Ye hardlie, Sir, keip yow in clois,
And quyer, till we cum again:
Brother, I trow be coks toes
Yon bairdit bogill cums for ain twaine.

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

*Flattrie.* *I driefull falt fair, &c.* *(Play, p. 31.)*

P. 155. *Their spertis to rejoyys.*

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

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

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

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

*[Now they return to the King.]*

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

P 4

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

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

_Rex._ Let him fit thair, with ane mischance:
And let us go to our paftance.

_Wantonnes._ Better go revell at the rackat,
Or ellis go to the hurlie hackat:
Or then, to schaw our curtlie corsles,
Ga se quha best can rin thair horsles.

_Solace._ Na, Soveraine, or we farther gang,
Gar Sensualitie fings ane sang.

_[Heir fall the Ladies sing ane sang; the King fall ly
down amang the Ladies; and then Veritie fall enter._

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

Wo than, and duill, be to yow Princes all,
Sufferand the puir anes for till be opprefl!
In everlasting burnand fyre ye fall,
With Lucifer, richt dulfullie be drefl.
Thairfoir in tyme, for till eschaip that neft,
Feir God, do law, and justice equally
Till every man: se that no puir opprest
Up to the hevin on yow ane vengeance cry.

Be just judges, without favour or fead,
And hauled the baiance euin till everie wicht.

Let not the fault be left into the head,
Then shal the members reulit be at richt.

For quhy, subiects do follow, day and nicht,
Thair governours in vertew and in vyce.

Ye ar the lamps that sould schaw them the licht:
Lo leid them on this fliddrie rone of yce.

Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus,
And gif ye wald your subiects war weil gevin,

Then verteouslie begin the dance your fell,
Going befoir; then they anone, I wein,

Sall follow yow, either till hevin or hell.

Kings sould of gude exempills be the well:
Bot gif that your strands be intoxicate,

Insteid of wyne, they drink the poyfon fell.

Thus pepill follows ay thair principate.

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

And speciallie, ye princes of the Preifs,
That of peopill has spiritual cuir,

Dayly ye sould revolve into your breiflis,

How that thir haly words ar still maist sure;

In verteous lyf gyf that ye do indure,

The pepill will tak mair tent to your deids,

Than to your words: and als baith rich and puir
Will follow yow, baith in your works and words.

[Heir]
[Heir fal Flattrie & Veritie with ane aum countenance.

Gif men of us, &c. Play. p. 35.
P. 734. He's spoken manifest herefore. P. p. 36.

[Heir thay cum to the Spiritualitie.

Flattrie. O reverent fatheris of the spiruall stait!

We counsaill yow be wyte and vigilant.

Dame Veritie hes lichtit now of lait,
And in hir hand beirand the New Testament.

Be scho reslavit, but doubt wee ar bot schant:
Let hir nocht ludge thairfoir into this land.
And this wee Reid yow do incontinent,
Now quhill the King is with his luif sleipand.

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

It fall be done, evin as ye have deyisti.
We think ye serve ane gudlie recompence,
Defendaund us, that we be nocht suppysit.

In this mater we man be weil advysit:
Now quhill the King misknavis the veritie,
Be scho reslavit, then we will be depysit.

Qwhat is your counsell, brother, now let se?

Abbot. I hauld it best, that we incontinent

Gar hauld hir fast into captivitie,
Unto the thrid day of the Parliament,
And then accuse hir of hir herisie;

Or than banissh hir out of this cuntrie.
For with the King gif Veritie be knawin,
Of our greit gloire we will degradit be;
And all our secreits to the Commouns schawin.

Persone.
**PLAY.**

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

**Spiritual.** Schir Perseone, ye fall be my commissair,  
To put this mater till executioun;  
And ye, Sir Freir, becaus ye can declar  
The haill processe, pass with him in commissioun.  
Pas all togidder with my braid bennioun;  
And gif scho speiks against our libertie,  
Then put hir in perpetuell prifoun,  
That sche cum nocht to King Humanitie.

    [*Heir fall thy pas to Veritie.*]

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

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

Flattrie
P. 132. bottom.  
Tak thir ten crownis for your rewaerd.  

Veritie. The prophesie of the Prophefet Efay  
Is praftickit, alace, on mee this day,  
Quha faid the veritie fould be trampt doun  
Amid the streit, and put in strang presoun;  
His fyve and fystie chapter quha lift luik  
Sall find thir words writtin in his buik.  
Richt fa Sanct Paul wrytis to Timothie,  
That men fall turne thair earis from veritie.  
Bot in my Lord God I have esperance,  
He will provide for my deliverance.  
Bot ye, princes of Spiritualitie,  
Quha fould defend the sinceir veritie,  
I dreid the plagues of Johnes Revelatioun  
Sall fall upon your generatioun;  
I counfal yow this mifle t' amend  
Sa that ye may eschaip that fatal end.  

P. 133. bottom. Play, p. 40.  
Amang the rest of Spiritualitie.  
Chaslitie. I grant yon ladie hes vowit chaslitie,  
For hir professioun thairto fould accord.  
Scho maid that vow for ane Abefie,  
Bot nocht for Chrift Jefus our Lord.  
Fra tyme that thay get thair vows, I fland ford,  
They banifh hir out of their cumpanie:  
With Chaslitie thay can mak na concord,  
Bot leids thair lyfis in fensualitie.  
I fall obferve your counfal, gif I may,  
Cum on, and heir quhat yon ladie will fay.  

[Chas-
Chastitie passis to the Ladie Priores, and sayis.

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

Priores. Pas hynd, Madame, be Christ you cum nocht heir,
Ye ar contrair to my complexioun.
Gang feik ludging at sum auld Monk or Freir,
Perchance thay will be your protectionoun;
Or to Prelats mak your progressioun,
Qubhils ar obleist to yow, als weil as I.
Dame Sensuall hes gevin directioun
You till exclude out of my cumpany.

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

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

Forfuith,
Forfuith, my lords, they call me Chastitie.
I you beseech, of your graces bening.
Gif me judging this nicht for charitie.

Spiritualitie. Pas on, Madame, we knew you nocht;
Or be him that the world wrocht
Your cumming fall be richt deir cost,
Gif ye mak langer tarie.

Abbot. But doubt we will baith leif and die
With our luif sensualitie;
Wee will haif na mair deall with the
Then with the Queene of Farie.

Parsone. Pas hame amang the Nunnis, and dwell,
Quhilks ar of chastitie the well;
I trait thay will, with buik and bell,
Ressave you in thair closter.

Chastitie. Sir, quhen I was the Nunnis amang,
Out of their dortour they mee dang,
And wald nocht let me bid sa lang
To say my Paternoster.
I see na grace thairfoir to get.
I hauld it best, or it be lait,
For till go prove the Temporal flait,
Gif thay will mee refaif.
Gud day my lord Temporalitie,
And yow merchant of gravitie,
Ful faine wald I have haiberie
To ludge amang the laif.

Temporal. Forfuith we wald be weil content
To haiberie yow with gude intent,
War nocht we haif impediment,
For quhy, we twa ar maryit.
Bot wist our wyfs that ye war heir,
Thay wold mak all this town on fleir.
Thairfoir we reid yow rin areir
In dreid ye be miscaryit.

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

P. 134. The same stanzas occur p. 57.
P. 135. A stanza wanting.

Diligence. Hoaw Solace! gentil Solace, declar unto
the King,
How thair is heir ane ladie fair of face,
That in this cuntrie can get na ludging,
Bot pitifullie flemit from place to place,
Without the king, of his especiall grace,
As ane servand hir in his court refait.
Brother Solace, tell the King all the case,
That seho may be refavir amang the laif.

Solace: Soveraine get up, &c. Play, p. 47.
P. 141. This prologue in the Play, p. 62, more pro-
perly forms the epilogue to part I. of the Play.
P. 142. Scene 1. immediately follows the former in-
terlude.

Thir ar the words of the redoutit Roy,
The Prince of Peace, above all Kings King,
Qubilk hes me sent all cuntries to convoye,
And all misdoars dourlie to down thing.
I will do nocht without the convoining
Ane Parliament of the eelaites all;
In their presence I fall, but feiynyeing,
Iniquitie under my sword doun thrall.

Thair may no Prince do acts honorabill,
Bot gif his counfall thairto will assist.
How may he knew the thing maist profitabill,
To follow vertew, and vycis to resift,
Without he be instrucit and solisf?
And quhen the King stands at his counself found,
Then welth fall wax, and plentie as he lift,
And policie fall in his realm abound.

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

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

Quhat is ane King? Nocht bot an officiar,
To caus his leiges live in equitie;
And under God to be ane punisher
Of trespassours against his Maiestie.
Bot quhen the King dois live in tyrannie,
Breakand justice for fear or affeccion,
Then is his realme in weir and povertie,
With shamefull slauchter, but correction.
I am ane judge, &c. (Play, p. 52, 53.)
P. 150. end of Scene 4.

[Correction passes towards the King with Veritie,
Chastitie, and Gude Counsell.

Wantonnes. Solace, knawis thou not quhat I se?
Ane knicht, or ellis ane king, thinks me,
With wantoun wings as he wald fle.
Brother, quhat may this mein?
I understond nocht be this day
Quhider that he be freind or fay:
Stand still and heare quhat he will say;
Sic ane I haif nocht fene.

Solace. Yon is ane stranger, I stand forde:
He femes to be ane lustie lord.
Be his heir-cumming for concord,
And be kinde till our King,
He fall be welcome to this place,
And treatit with the Kingis grace.
Be it nocht sa we fall him chace,
And to the divell him ding.

Placebo. I Reid us put upon the King;
And walkin him of his sleiping.
Sir, rife and se an uncouth thing.
Get up, ye ly too lang.

Sensualitie. Put on your huide, John Fule, ye raif.
How dar ye be so pert, Sir Knaif,
To tuich the King? Sa Christ me saif
Fals huirfome thow fall hing.

Correct. Get up, Syr King, &c. (Play, p. 55, 56.)
P. 151. bottom, I lat you wit, &c.

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

[Heir fall sfhe pafs to Spiritualite.

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

Spir. Welcome our dayis darling;
Welcome with all our hart;
We all, but feinyeing,
Sall plainlie tak your part.

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

Correct. Sen ye are quyf, &c. (Play, p. 57.)
P. 152. Correct. Now Sir tak tent quhat I will say,
Observe thir same baith nicht and day,
And let them never part yow fray;
Or ets, withoutin doubt,
Turne ye to Sensualitie,
To vicious lyfe, and rebadrie,
Out of your realme richt schamefullie
Ye fall be ruttit out.
As was Tarquin, the Roman King,
Quha was for his vicious living,
And for the schameful ravifching
Of the fair chaist Lucre.
He was degraidit of his crown,
And baneift of his regioun:
I maid on him correctioun,
As stories dois expres.

Rex. I am content, &c. (Play, p. 58.)
P. 153. The stanza deficient is thus to be supplied:

Gang warne the Spiritualitie,
Rycht fa the Temporalitie,
Be oppin proclamatioun,
In gudlie haiat for to compeir,
In thair maiat honorabill maneir,
To gif us, &c.
P. 156. How fall I keep my realme in rest?
Gude Couns. Initium sapientiae est timor Domini.
Sir, gif your hienes yearnis lang to ring,
First dread your God abuif all uther thing,
For ye ar bot ane mortal instruiment
To that great God and King Omnipotent,
Preordinat to his divine Maiestie
To reuU his peopill intill unitie.
The principali point, Sir, of ane Kings office
Is for to do to everilk man justice;

Q. 2 And
And for to mix his justice with mercie,
But rigour, favour, or partialitie.
 Forsuith it is na little observance
Great regions to have in observance.
Quhaever taks on him that Kinglie cuir,
To get ane of thir twa he suld be suir:
Great paine and labour and that continuall;
Or ellis to have defame perpetuall.
Quha guydis weill, they win immortal fame;
Quha the contrair, they get perpetuall shame.
Efter quhais death, but dount, ane thousand yeir
Thair life at lenth reheart fall be perqueir.
The Chroniklis to knaw I yow exhort;
Thair fall ye finde baith gude and euill report:
For everie Prince, efter his qualitie,
Thocht he be deid his deids fall neuer die.
Sir, gif ye pleafe for to use my counfall,
Your fame and name fall be perpetuall.

[Heir fall the messinger Diligence return, and cry a
Hoyyes, a Hoyyes, a Hoyyes, and say,
At the command of King Humanitie, &c. as here, p.
141, 142. (Play, p. 62, 63.) to the line
The best pairt of our Play: then follows,
"The End of the first part of the Satyre. Now fall
the pepill mak collatioun, then beginnis the Interlude,
the Kings, Bishops, and principal players, being out of
their seats."

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

[Heir
[Heir fall Diligence mak his proclamatioun.

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

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

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

[Heir fall the Thrie Eftaits cum fra the palyeoun,
gangand backwart, led be thair cyces.
Wantonnes. Now braid benedicite!

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

Q 3 Solace
Solace. Brother Wantonnes, quhat thinks thow?
You are the Thrie Esuits I trow,
Gang and backwart.

Wanton. Backwart, Backwart! Out wallaway!
It is great shame for them, I say,
Backwart to gang.
I trow the King Correctioun
Man mak ane reformation
Or it be lang.
Now let us go, and tell the King. [pause.]
Sir, we have sene ane meravelous thing
Be our judgement.
The Thrie Esuits of this regioun
Ar cummand backwart throw this toun
To the Parliament.

Rex. Backwart, backwart! How may that be?
Gar speid them hailstelie to me,
In dreid that thay ga wrang.

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

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

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

[Heir fall the Thrie Estaitis cum, and turne their
gaces to the King.

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

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

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

Rex. Welcum to me my prudent lords all;
Ye ar my members, suppois I be your heid.
Sit down, that we may with your just counfall
Aganis misdoars find soveraine remeid.
Wee fall nocht spair, for favour nor for feid,
With your avice to mak puniticun,
And put my sworde to execution.

_Corr._ My tender friends, I pray you with my hart
Declair to me the thing that I wald speir,
Quhat is the caus that ye gang all backwart?
The veritie thairof faine wald I heir.

_Spirit._ Soveraine, we have gane sa this mony a yeir.
Howbeit ye think we go undecently,
Wee think we gang richt wonder pleafantly.

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

_[Thay ar set down, and Guid Counfdell fall pas to his seat._

_Rex._ My prudent lords, &c. (Play, p. 83.)
_P. 157._ And plane oppreffouris, &c. Ibid.

_Spirit._ Quhat thing is this, Sir, that ye have devysit?
Schirs, ye have neid for till be weill advysit.
Be nocht hailtie into your executioun;
And be nocht our extreime in your punitioun.
And gif ye please to do, Sir, as wee say,
Postpone this Parlament till ane uther day.
For quhy? The peopill of this regioun
May nocht endure extreme correction.

_Correct._ Is this the part, my lords, that ye will tak,
To mak no supportatioun to correct?
It dois appeir that ye ar culpabill,
That ar nocht to Correctioun applyabill.
Suyith, Diligence, ga schaw it is our will,
That everilk man opprest geif in his bill.

Dilig. All manner of men, &c. (Play, p. 83.)
P. 159. Ye that, Sir, garris, &c.

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

Johne. Becaus the Common-Weill has bene overlukit.

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

Johne. Becaus the Thrie Eitaits gangs all backwart.

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

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

As for our reverend faders, &c.

Play, p. 85.

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

Loe heir is Falsit, and Dissair, weill I ken,
Leiders of the merchants and fillie crafts-men,
Quhat mervel thocht the Thrie Eitaits backwart gang,
Quhen sic ane vyle cumpanie dwels them amang?
Quhilk hes reulit this rout monie deir dayis;
Quhilk gars John the Common Weil want his warme clais.

Sir, call them befoir yow, and put them in ordour,
Or els John the Common Weil man beg on the bordour.


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

Howbeit I se thy skap skyre skoird,
Thou art ane sluvat I stand foird.  
(Transposed)

2d Serj. Put in your leggis into the flockes,
For ye had never ane meiter hois.

Thir sluwats flink as thay war broks;

Now
Now ar ye sikker I suppose.
My Lords wee have done your commands.
Sall we put Covetice in captivitie?
Correct. Yea, hardlie lay on him your hands,
Rychtra uppon Sensualitie.
Spirit. This is my Grainterc and my Chalmerlaine,
And hes my gould, and geir, under hir cuiris.
I mak ane vow to God, I fall complaine
Unto the Paip how ye do me injuris.
Covet. My Reverent Fathers tak in patience,
I fall nocht lang remaine from your presence;
Thocht for ane quhyll I man from your depaityt,
I wait my spreit fall remaine in your hart.
And quhen this King Correctiouun beis absent,
Then fall we twa returne incontinent.
Thairfoir adew.
Spirit. Adew; be Sanct Mavene,
Pas quhair ye will, we ar twa naturall men.
Sensual. Adew, my lord.
Spirit. Adew, my awin sweit hart.
Now duill fell me that wee twa man depart!
Sensual. My Lord howbeit this parting dois me paine,
I trait in God we fall meit sone againe.
Spirit. To cum againe I pray you do your cure;
Want I yow twa, I may nocht lang indure.
[Heir fal the Sergeants chase them away, and they
fall gang to the seat of Sensualitie.
Tempor. My Lords, ye knaw the Thrie Estaits
For Common-weil suld mak debaits;
Let now amang us be devyfit
Sic actis, that with gude men be pryfit,
Conforming to the common law;
For of na man we fould stand aw.
And, for till faif us fra murmell,
Schone Diligence fetch us Gude Counsell.
For quhy he is ane man that knawis
Baith the Canon and Civill Lawis.

Dilig. Fader, ye man incontinent
Passe to the Lords of Parliament;
For quhy thay ar determinar all
To do na thing bye your counsell.

Gude Coun. That fall I do within schort space;
Praying the Lord to send us grace
For till conclude, or wee depart,
That thay may profeit efterwet
Baith to the Kirk, and to the King:
I fall desyre na uther thing.

My Lords, God glaid the cumpanie.
Qwhat is the cause ye fend for me?

Merchand. Sit doun, and gif us your counsell,
How we fall slaik the great murmell
Of pure peopill, that is weill knawin;
And as the Common-weill hes schawin,
And als wee knaw it is the Kings will,
That gude remeid be put thair till,
Sir Common-weill, keep ye the bar,
Let nane except yourself cum nar.

Jobne. That fall I do, as I best can,
I fall hauld out baith wyfe and man.
Ye man let this puir creature
Support me for till keip the dure.

I knaw
I knew his name full fickerly,
He will complain als weill as I.


P. 163. Thir juglars, &c.
Thir carriers and thir quintacensfours.
Ibid. Lubiilk laboris not, &c.

I mein, nocht laborand spirituallie,
Nor for thair living corporallie,
Lyand in dennis, like idill doggis;
I them compair to weill-fed hoggis.
I think thay do themselfis abuse,
Seeing that thay the warld refuse,
Haifing profef s sic povertie,
Syne fleis faft fra necessitie.

Quhat gif thay povertie wald profefs?
And do as did Diogenes,
That great famous philosophour,
Seing in earth bot vaine labour,
Al utterlie the warld refusit
And in ane tumbe himself inclusit;
And leisit on herbs, and water cauld;
Of corporal fude na mair he wald.
He trotit nocht from toun to toun,
Beggand to feid his carioun:
Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes
The warld of him was cummerles.
Rycht sa of Marie Magdalene,
And of Mary th' Egyptiane,
And of auld Paull the first Hermeit;
All thir had povertie compleit.

Ane
Ane hundreth ma I micht declair;
Bot to my purpos I will fair,
Concluding sleuthful idilnes
Against the Common-weil expresse.

Correct. *Qubom upon ma, &c.* p. 164. (Play, p. 92.)
*P. 169. Our parfone will not, &c.* (Play, p. 94.)

Pauper. Our bishops, with their luftie rokats quhyte,
Thay flow in riches royallie, and delyte.

Lyke paradice bene thair palices and places;
And wants na pleafour of the fairest faces.
Als thir Prelates hes great prerogatyves;
For quhy? Thay may depairt ay with thair wyves,
Without ony correcTioun or damage;
Syne tak ane uther wantoner but marriage.
But doubt I wald think it ane pleasant lyfe,
Ay on, quhen I lift, to part with my wyfe,
Syne tak an uther of far greater beutie:
Bot ever, alace, My Lords, that may not be!
For I am bund alace in marriage;
Bot thay lyke rams, rudlie in thair rage,
Unpyfalt rinnis amang the fillie yowis,
Sa lang as kynde of nature in them growis.

Person. Thou lies, fals hoirsun raggit loun,
Thair is na Preifs in all this toun
That ever usit sic vicious crafts.

Johne. The fiend refflave thay flattrand chafts!
Sir Domine, I trowit ye had be dum.
Quhair devil gat we this ill-fairde blaitie bum?

Person. To speik of Preifs be sure it is na bourds;
Thay will burn men now for rakles words:

And
And all thay words are herifie in deid.

Johne. The mekil seind refave the saul that leid!
All that I say is trew, thocht thou be greisit;
And that I offer on thy pallet to preisit.

Spr. My lords, why do ye thoil that lurdun loun
Of Kirkmen to speik sic detraffOUN?
I let yow wit, My Lords, it is na bourds
Of Prelats for till speik sic wantoun words.
Yon villaine puttis me out of charitie.

Temp. Quhy, my lord, sayis he ocht bot verity?
Ye can nocht stop ane puir man for till pleinyie,
Gif he hes faltit summond him to your seinyie.

Spr. Yea that I fall, I mak greit God a vow,
He fall repent that he spak of the kow.
I will not suffer sic words of yon villaine.

Pauper. Than gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.

Spr. Fals carle, to speik to me stands thou not aw?

Pauper. The seind refave them that first devysit that law!

Within an hour after my dade was deid,
The Vickar had my kow hard be the heid.

Person. Fals huirsun carle, I say that law is gude,
Becaus it hes bene lang our confuetude.

Pauper. Quhen I am Paip that law I fall put doun;
It is ane fair law for the pure commoun.

Spr. I mak ane vow thay words thou sal repent.

Counf. I yow requyre, my lords, be patient.

Wee came nocht here for disputatiouns;
Wee came to make gude reformationus.

Heirfoir
Heirfoir of this your propositioun
Conclude, and put to executioun.

Merchand. My Lords, conclude that all the temporal lands
Be set in few to laboreris with their hands,
With sic restrictiouns as fall be devysit,
That thay may live, and nocht to be supprysit,
With ane ressonnabill augmentatioun;
And quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun
That the Kings grace does mak him for the weir,
That thay be reddie with harnis, bow, and speir;
As for myself, my lord, this I conclude.

Counfal. Sa fay we all, your resfoun be fo gude.
To mak an Act on this we ar content.

Johne. On that, Sir Scribe, I tak an instrument.
Quhat do ye of the corp-present and kow?

Counfal. I wil conclude nathing of that as now,
Without my lord of Spiritualitie
Thairto consent, with all this haill cleargie.
My lord Bischop, will ye thairto consent?

Sprit. Na, na, never till the day of Judgement.
Wee will want nathing that wee have in use;
Kirtil, nor kow, teind lambe, teind gryse, nor guse.

Temp. Forsuth my lordis, &c. (Play, p. 97.)
P. 169. Seven pages omitted.
Notar thairof 1 tak an instrument, (P. p. 97.)

Temp. My lord, be him that al the world has wrochtt,
We set nocht by quhider ye consent or nocht;
Ye ar bot an estait and we ar twa;
Et ubi major pars ibi tota.
Tak tent now how the land is clein denudit
Of goud, and silver, quhilk dailie gais to Rome
For buds, mair then the rest of Christindome.
War I ane king, Sir, be coks passioun
I fould gar mak ane proclamatioun,
That never ane penny fould go to Rome at all,
Na mair then did to Peter or to Paul.
Da ye nocht fa heir, for conclusioun,
I gif you all my braid black malefoun.

Merchant. It is of treuth, Sirs, be my christindome,
That mekil of our money gais to Rome.
For we merchants, I wait, within our bounds
Hes furnecift Preestis ten hundreth thousand pundis;
For thair finnance nane knawis fa weill as wee.
Thairfoir, my lords, devyse some remedie;
For throw thir playis, and thir promotioun,
Mair for denners, nor for devotioun,
Sir Symonie has maid with them ane band.
The gould of weight thay leid out of the land.
The Common-weil thair throch bein fair opprest;
Thairfoir devyse remeid, as ye think best.

Counsell. It is schort tyme sen ony benefice
Was sped in Rome, except greit bishcipries;
Bot now for ane unworthie vickarage
Ane preest will rin to Rome in pilgramage;
Ane cavell, quhilk was never at the seule,
Will rin to Rome, and keip ane bichops mule;
And syne come hame with mony colorit crack,
With ane buirdin of benefices on his back.

Quhilk
Quhilk bene against the law ane man alaine
For till posses ma benefices nor ane.
Thir greit Commends, I say, withoutin faill
Sould nocht be given bot to the blude Royall;
Sa I conclude, my lords, and sayis for me,
Ye sould annull all this pluralitie.

_Spirit._ The Paip has given us dispensatiouns.

_Couns._ Yea, that is be your fals narratious.
Thocht the Paip, for your pleafour, will dispence,
I trow that can nocht cleir your conscience.

Advyce, my lords, quhat ye think to conclude.

_Temp._ Sir, be my faith I think it very gude
That fra hencefurth na Preifs fall pas to Rome;
Becaus our substance thay do still consume;
For pleyis, and for thair profeit singualair,
Thay haif of money maid this realme bair.
And als I think it beft, be my advyce,
That ilk Preif fall haif but ane benefice;
And gif thay keip nocht that fundatioun,
It fall be cau of deprivatioun.

_Merchant._ As ye haif said, my lord, we will consent.
Scribe mak ane Act on this incontinent.

_Couns._ My Lords, thair is ane thing yit unproponit,
How Prelats, and Preis fis aucht to be disponit.
This beand done wee have the les ado.
Quhat say ye, firs? This is my counsfal, lo,
That or wee end this present Parliament,
Of this matter to tak rype advyfement.
Mark weill, my lords, thair is na benefice
Given to ane man bot for ane gude office:

Vol. II.  R  Quha
LINDSAY'S

Quha taks office, and syne than can nocht us it, Giver and taker I say ar baith abusit. Ane Bishops office is for to be ane preichour, And of the law of God ane publick teachour; Richt sa the Person, unto his parochon, Of the Evangell sould leir them ane leffoun. Thair sould na man desire sic dignities, Without he be abill for that office. And for that caus I say, without leisng, Thay have thair teinds, and for na uther thing.

Sprit. Freind, quhair find ye that we fuld prechours be?

Coun. Luik quhat Sanct Paul writes unto Timothie; Tak thair the buik, let se gif ye can spell

Sprit. I never red that, thairfoir reid it your sel.

[Counfall fall read thir wordis on ane buik. Fidelis fermo, si quis Episcopatum desiderat, bonum opus desiderat, opertet eum irreprensibilem esse, unius uxor is virum, sobrium, prudentem, ornatum, pudicium, hospitalem, doctorem, non vulnentum, non percussorem, sed modestum. That is, This is a true saying, If any man desire the office of a Bishop, he desires a worthie worke: A Bishop therefore must be unreprouveable, the husband of one wife, &c.

Spir. Ye temporal men, be him that heryt hell, Ye ar ovir peart with sic maters to mell.

Temp. Sit still, my lord, ye neid not for til braull; Thir ar the verie words of th' Apostill Paull.
Spir. Sum sayis, be him that woare the crowne of thorne,
It had bene gude that Paull had neir bene borne.

Counf. Bot ye may knaw, my lord, Sanct Paul's intent.
Schir, red ye never the New Testament?
Spir. Na, sir, be him that our lord Jesus sauld,
I red never the New Testament, nor Auld.
Nor ever thinks to do, Sir, be the Rude:
I heir freiris say that reiding dois na gude.

Counf. Till you to reid them I think it is na lack;
For anis I saw them baith bund on your back.
That famin day that ye was consecrat.
Sir quhat meinis that?

Spir. The feind flick them that wat.

Merch. Then, befoir God how can ye be excusit,
To haif an office, and waits not how to us it?
Qhahirfoir was gifin you all the temporal lands,
And all thir teinds ye haif among your hands?
Thay war gifin yow for uther caufes, I weipe,
Nor mummil matins, and hald your clayis cleine.
Ye say, to the Apostills that ye succeed,
Bot ye schaw nocht that, into word nor deid.
The law is plaine; our teinds fuld furnifch teichours.

Counf. Yea, that it fould; or fusteine prudent prei-

chours.

Pauper. Sir, God nor I be stickit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our Persoun preichit in all his lyfe.

Person. Quhat devil raks the of our preiching, un-
docht?

Paup. Think ye that ye fuld have the teinds for nocht?

R 2 Pers.
Perf. Trowis thou to get remeid, carle, of that thing?
Paup. Yea be Gods breid richt fone—war I ane King.
Perf. Wald thou of Prelats mak deprivation?
Paup. Na: I fuld gar them keip thair fundation.
Quhat devill is this, quhom of sould Kings fland aw
To do the thing that they sould be the law?
War I ane king, be coks deir passioun,
I sould richt fone mak reformatioun;
Failyeand thairof your grace sould richt fone finde
That Preists fall leid yow, lyke ane bellie blinde.
Johne. Quhat gif King David war leivand in this dayis?
The quhilk did found fa mony gay Abayis,
Or out of heavin quhat gif he luikit doun,
And saw the great abomination
Amang thir Abefles, and thir Nunries,
Thair publick huirdomes, and thair harlotries?
He wald repent he narrowit fa his bounds,
Of yeirlie rent thriescoir of thowland pounds.
His successfours mak-s litill ruisse, I ges,
Of his devotioun, or of his holines.
AbbaIfe. How dar you, carle, presume for to declair?
Or for to mell the with fa heich a mater?
For in Scotland thair did yit never ring,
I let the wit, ane mair excellent king.
Of holines he was the verie plant,
And now in heavin he is ane michtfull Sanct;
Becaus that fyftein Abbasies he did found;
Quhair throw great riches hes ay done abound

Into
Into our Kirk, aud daylie yet abounds.
Bot Kings now I trow few Abbasies founds.
I dar weill say thou ar condemnit in hell,
That dois presume with sic maters to mell.
Fals huirsun carle, thou art ovir arrogant
To judge the deids of sic ane hailie sanct.

*Johne.* King James the First, roy of this regioun,
Said that he was ane fair Sanct to the crown.
I heir men say that he was sumthing blind,
That gave away mair nor he left behind.
His succesours that holines did repent,
Qubilk gart them do great inconvenient.

*Abbas.* My lord Bischop, I mervel how that ye
Suffer this carle for to speik herefie?
For be my faith, my lord, will ye tak tent
He servis for to be brunt incontinent.
Ye can nocht say bot it is herefie
To speik against our law and libertie.

*Spir.* Sancte pater, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Exame yon carle, syne mak his dilatioun;
I mak ane vow to God Omnipotent
That bystour fal be brunt incontinent.

[Flat.] Venerable father, I fall do your command;
Gif he servis deid I fall fune understand.      [Pausa.
Fals huirsun carle, schaw furth thy faith.

*Johne.* Methink ye speik as ye war wraith.
To yow I will na thing declair,
For ye ar nocht my Ordinair.

[Flat.] Quhom in trowis thou, fals monster mangit?

*Johne.* I trow to God to se the hangit.
War I ane King, be coks passioun,
I sould gar mak ane congregatioun
Of all the freirs of the four ordouris,
And mak yow vagers on the bordouris.
Sir, will ye give me audience,
And I fall schaw your excellence,
Sa that your grace will give me leife,
How into God that I beleife.

Correct. Schaw furth your faith, and feinye nocht.

Jobne. I believe in God that all hes wrocht;
And creat every thing of nocht;
And in his son our Lord Jesu,
Incarnat of the Virgin trew,
Quha under Pilat holit passioun,
And deit for our salvatioun,
And on the thrid day rais againe,
As halie scriptour schawis plane.
And als, my lord, it is weill kend
How he did to the heavin ascend,
And fet him doun at the richt hand
Of God the father, I understand;
And fall cum Judge on Dumisday.
Quhat will ye mair, sir, that I say?

Correct. Schaw furth the irst; this is na game.

Jobne. I trow Sanctam Ecclesiæ;
Bot nocht in thir Bischops nor freirs,
Quhilk will, for purging of thir neirs,
Sard up the ta raw and doun the uther.
The mekill Devill refave the fiddcr!
Correct. Say quhat ye will, firs, be Sanct Tan,
Methink Johne ane gude Christian man.

Temp. My lords, let be your disputationoun;
Conclude with firm deliberatioun,
How Prelats fra thyne fall be disponit.

Merch. I think for me evin as ye first proponit,
That the King's grace fall gif na benefice,
Bot till ane preichour that can use that office.
The fillie fauls, that bene Christis sheip,
Sould nocht be givin to gormand wolfs to keip.
Quhat bene the caus of all the heresies,
Bot the abulioun of the prelacies?
Thay will correct, and will nocht be correctit,
Thinkand to na prince thay will be subjeectit.
Quhairfoir I can find na better remeid,
Bot that thir kings man take in thair heid,
That thair be given to na man bishopries,
Except they preich out throch thair diofies;
And ilk persone preich in his parochon.
And this I say for finall conclusion.

Temp. Wee think your counfall is verie gude:
As ye have said wee all conclude.
Of this conclusioun No er wee mak an Act.

Scrybe. I write all day bot gets never ane plack.
Pauper. Ha my lordis for the Holy Trinitie, &c.
P. 171. It is aganis our profeitt singular.
Wee will nocht want our profeit, be Sanct Geill.
Temp. Your profeit is against the Common-weil;
   R 4
   It
It fall be done, my lords, as ye have wrocht,  
We care nocht quhidder ye consent or nocht.  
Quhaisoir servis then all thir Temporal Judges,  
Gif temporal matters fould seik at yow refuges?  
My lord, ye say that ye ar sprituall,  
Quhaisoir mell ye than with things temporall?  
As we have done conclude, so fall it stand.  
Scribe put our Acts in ordour evin fra hand.  


*[Heir fall Veritie and Chaittie mak thair plaint at the bar.*  

Veritie. My Soverane, I beseik your excellence  
Use justice on Spiritualitie;  
The quhilk to us hes done great violence,  
Becaus we did rehers the veritie.  
Thay put us close into captivitie,  
And fa remanit into subjectioun,  
Into great langour and calamitie,  
Till we were fred be King Correctioun.  

Chait. My lord, I haif great caus for to complaine,  
I could get na ludging intill this land;  
The Spiritual Stait had me fa at disdance,  
With Dame Sensuall thay have maid sic ane band.  
Amang them all na friendship, Sirs, I sand;  
And quhen I cam the nobill nunnis amang,  
My lustie Ladie Prioris fra hand  
Out of hir dortour durlie sche me dang.  

Veritie.
Veritie. With the advyse, Sir, of the Parliament
Hairlie we mak yow supplicationoun,
Caufe King Correctioun tak incontinent
Of all this fort examinationoun.
Gif they be dignie of deprivatioun,
Ye have power for to correct sic cases.
Cheafe the maist cunning Clerks of this nation,
And put mair prudent pastours in thair places.
My prudent lوردis, I say that pure craftsmen
Abuse sum Prelats ar mair for to commend;
Gar exame them, and sa ye fall fune ken
How thay in vertew Bishops dois transcend
Scribe. Thy life, and craft, mak to thir Kings kend.
Quhat craft hes thou, declar that to me plaine?
Tailyeour. Ane Tailyeour, Sir, that can baith mak
and mend;
I wait nane better into Dumbartane.
Scr. Quhairfoir of tailyeours beirs thou the styl?
Tail. Becaus I wait is nane within ane myl
Can better use that craft, as I suppois:
For I can mak baith doublit, coat, and hois.
Scr. How call thou you, Sir, with the schaiping knie?
Sowtar. Ane sowtar, sir, nane better into Fyse.
Scr. Tell me quhairfoir ane sowtar ye ar namit.
Sowt. Of that surname I need nocht be ahamit.
For I can mak sconie, brotekins, and buittis.
Gif me the coppie of the King's cuittis,
And ye fall se richt fune quhat I can do;
Heir is my laifs, and weill wrocht ledder, lo.
Coun*. O Lord my God! this is ane mervelous thing
How sic misfordour in this realme sou'd ring!
Sowtars and tailyeours thay ar far mair expert
In thair puir craft, and in thair handie art,
Nor ar Prelatis in thair vocatioun.
I pray yow, sirs, mak information.

Veritie. Alace, Alace, quhat gars thir temporal Kings
Into the Kirk of Christ admit sic doings?
My Lordis, for lufe of Christ's passioun,
Of thir ignorant mak deprivatioun,
Quhilk in the court can do bot flatter and fleich.
And put into thair places that can preich.
Send furth, and seik sum devoit cunning Clarks,
That can fur up the peopill to gude warks.

CorreSt. As ye have done, Madame, I am content.
Hoavv Diligence! pas bynd incontinent,
And seik out throw all towns and cities,
And visit all the universitics;
Bring us sum Doctours of Divinitie,
With Licents in the Law and Theologie,
With the maist cunning Clarks in all this land.
Speid fane your way, and bring them heir fra hand.

Dilig. Quhat gif I find sum halie Provincial,
Or minister of the gray freiris all?
Or ony freir that can preich prudentie,
Sall I bring them with me in cumanie?

CorreSt. Cair thou nocht quhat estait sa ever he be,
Sa thay can teich and preich the veritie.
Maist cunning Clarks with us is beft beluifit:
To dignitie thay fall be first promuifit.

Quhidder
PLAY.

Quhiddar thay be Munk, Channon, Preift, or Freir,
Sa thay can preich, faill nocht to bring them heir.

Dilig. Than fair-ueil, Sir, for I am at the slicht.
I pray the Lord to send yow all gude nicht.

[Heir fall Diligence pas to the palyeoun.

Temp. Sir. we beseik your soverane celsitude
Of our dochtours to have compassioun,
Quhom wee may na way marie, be the Rude,
Without wee mak sum sum alienatioun
Of our land, for thair supportatioun.
For quhy? the markit raifit bene sa hie,
That Prelats dochtours of this natioun
Ar maroit with sic superfluitie;
Thay will nocht spair to gif two thousand pound
With thair dochtours to ane nobill man;
In riches sa thay do superfabound.
Bot we may nocht do fa, be Sanct Allane.
Thir proud Prelats our dochters fair may be, sa
That thay remaine at hame sa langs unmaryit.
Schir let your Barrouns do the best they can,
Sum of our dochtours I dreed fal be miscaryit.

Correct. My Lord, your complaint is richt reasonabill,
And richt fa to your dochtours profitabill.
I think, or I pas aff this natioun,
Of this mater till mak reformatioun.

P. 179. Wanting in the Play.
P. 180. At the end of this scene not less than ten
pages are omitted. Play, p. 112.

[Heir fall Diligence convoy the Thrie Clarks.

Dilig.
Dilig. Sir, I have brought unto your excellency
Thair famous Clarks of greit intelligence;
For to the common peopill thay can preich,
And in the scuillis in Latine young can teich.
This is ane Doctour of Divinitie;
And thir twa Licents, men of gravitie.
I heir men saie thair conversatioun
Is maist in divine contemplatioun.

Doctour. Grace, peace, and rest from the hie Trinitie
Moot rest among this godlie cumpanie!
Heir ar we cumde, as your obedient,
For to fulfill your just commandements;
Quhatever it please your grace us to command,
Sir, it fall be obeyit evin fra hand.

Rex. Gud freinds, ye ar richt welcome to us all.
Sit doun all thrie, and geif us your counfall.

Correct. Sir, I give yow baith counfal and command
In your office use exercitioun.
First, that ye gar search out, throch all your land,
Quha can nocht put to executioun
Thair office, after the institutioun.
Of godlie lawis, conforme to thair vacatioun;
Put in thair placis men of gude conditioun.
And this ye do without dilatioun.
Ye ar the head, sir, of this congregatioun,
Preordinat be God omnipotent,
Quhilk hes me send to mak yow supportatioun;
Into the quhill I fal be diligent.
And quhasevir beis inobedient,
And will nocht suffer for to be corrett,

Thay
Thay fal be all desposif incontinent,
And from your presence they fall be deject.

Counsell. Begin first at the spiritalitie,
And tak of them examinatioun,
Gif they can use thair divyne dewetie.
And als I mak yow suppliacion,
All thay that hes thair offices misusit,
Of tham mak haistie depriviacion.
Sa that the peopill be na mair abuset.

Correft. Ye are aane Prince of Spiritalitie,
How have ye usit your office now let se.

Spir. My lords, quhen was thair ony Prelats wont
Of thair office till ony King mak count?
Bot of my office gif ye wald have the seill,
I let yow wit I have it usit weill.
For I tak in my count twyfe in the yeir,
Wanting nocht of my teind ane boll of beir:
I gat gude payment of my temporal lands,
My buttock-mail, my coattis, and my ofFrands;
With all that dois perteine my benefice.
Confider now, my lord, gyf I be wyfe.
I dare nocht marye contrair the common law,
Ane thing thair is, my lord, that ye may knaw,
Howbeit I dar nocht plainlie spouse ane wyfe,
Yit Concubeins I have had four or fyfe.
And to my fons I have given rich rewaists;
And all my dochters maryit upon lairds.
I let yow wit my lord I am na ruill,
For quhy? I ryde upon ane amland muill.
Thair is na temporal lord in all thé land
That makkis sic herur, I let you understand.
And als, my lord, I gif with gude intentioun
To divers Temporal Lords are yeirlie pensioun,
To that intent that thay, with all thair hart,
In richt and wrang fal plainlie tak my part.
Now have I toould you, sir, on my beft ways
How that I have exercit my office.

Corret. I weind your office had bene for til preich,
And God's law to the peopill teich.

Quhairfoir weir ye that mytour ye me tell?

Spir. I wat nocht, man, be him that herryit hell.

Corr. That dois betakin that ye, with gude intent,
Sould teich and preich the Auld and New Testament.

Spir. I have ane freir to preich into my place.
Of my office ye heir na mair quhill pasche.

Chasitie. My lords, this Abbot and this Priorcs
Thay scorne thair gods; this is my reasoun quhy,
Thay beare ane habite of feinyet halines,
And in thair deid thay do the contrary.
For to live chaift thay vow solemnitly;
Bot fra that thay be siker of their bowis,
Thay live in huirdome and in harlotry.
Examine them, Sir, how thay observe their vowis.

Corret. Sir Scribe, ye fall at Chasitie's requiest,
Pas and exame yon thrie in gudlie haift.

Scribe. Father Abbot, this Counsal bids me speir
How ye have usit your Abbey thay wald heir?
And als thir Kings hes given to me commissioun
Of your office for to mak inquisitioun.
Abbot. Tuiching my office I say to yow plainlie,
My monks and I we leis richt eafflie;
Thair is na monks, from Carrick to Carraill,
That fairs better, and drinks mair helsum aik.
My Prior is ane man of great devotioun,
Thairfoir daylie he gets ane double portioun.

Scribe. My lord, how have ye keipt your thrie vowes?

Abbat. Indeid richt weill, till I gat hame my bows;
In my abbey when I was fane profelfor,
Than did I leife as did my predecessour.
My paramour is baith a!s fat and fair
As ony wench into the foun of Air.
I send my sons to Pareis to the fcuillis;
I traißt in God that they fal be na fuillis.
And all my dochter I have weill providit.
Now judge ye gif my office be weill gydit.

Scribe. Maifter Persone, fchaw us gif ye can preich?

Perf. Thocht I preich nocht I can play at the caiche.
I wait thair is nocht ane among you all
Mair ferilie can play at the fute ball;
And for the carts, the tabils, and the dyse,
Above all Persouns I may beir the pryece.
Our round bonats we mak them now four nuickit,
Of richt fyne fluiß, gif yow lift cum and luik it.
Of my office I have declarit to the:
Speir quhat ye pleis, ye get na mair of me.

Scribe. Quhat say ye now, my lady Prioris,
How have ye usit your office can ye ges?
Quhat was the caus ye refusit haibrie
To this young lustie ladie, Chastitie?
Priores. I wald have harborit hir with gude intent,
Bot my complexion thairto wald not affent.
I do my office after auld use and wount.
To your Parliament I will mak na mair count.

Veritie. Now caus sum of your cunning Clarks,
Qub'ilk ar expert in heavenlie warks.
And men fulfillit with charitie,
That can weill preiche the veritie;
And gif to sum of them command
Ane sermon for to mak fra hand.

Correct. As ye have said I am content,
To get sum preich incontinent. [Pausa.
Magister noster, I ken how ye can teiche
Into the feuillis, and that richt ornatlie;
I pray yow now that ye wald please to preiche
In Inglisch roung, land folk to edifie.

Doctour. Soverane I fall obey yow humblie
With ane schort sermon, presfentlie in this place;
And schaw the word of God unfeinameitlie,
And sinateiri, as God will give me grace.

[Heir fall the Doctour pas to the pulpit, and say,
Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata.

Devoit peopill, Sanct Paull the preichour sayis,
The fervent luife, and fatherlie pitie,
Qub'ilk God Almichtie hes schawin mony wayis
To man in his corrupt fragilitie,
Exceeds all luife in earth, sa far that we
May rever to God mak recompence condig;
As quha sa lifts to reid the veritie,
In halie scripture he may find this thing.
Sic Deus dilexit mundum.

Tuiching nathing the great prerogative
Quhilk God to man in his creation lent,
How man of nocht create superlative
Was to the image of God Omnipotent,
Let us consider that special luif ingent
God had to man, quhen our foir father fell,
Drawing us all, in his loynis immanent,
Captive from gloir in thirlage to the hell.

Quhen Angels fell, thair miserabill ruyne
Was never restorit: bot for our miserie
The sun of God, secund person divyne,
In ane pure Virgin tuke humanitie;
Syne for our fake great harms suffered he,
In fasting, walking, in preiching, cauld and heit;
And at the laft ane schameful death deit he,
Betwix twa theis on croce he yeild the spreit.

And quhair an drop of his maist precious blude
Was recompence sufficient and conding
Ane thousand wordz to ransom fra that wod
Infernall feind, Satan; notwithstanding
He luifit us fa, that for our ransoning
He sched furth all the blude of his bodie;
Riven, rent, and fair wondir, quhair he did hing,
Naild on the croce on the Mont Calvary.

Et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

O cruel death, be thé the veremous
Dragon, the Devill infernal lost his pray;
Be thé the stinkand, mirk, contagious,
Deip pit of hell mankynd ecaipit fray.
Be the the port of Paradise alway
Was patent maid unto the heavin fa hie,
Opinnit to man, and maid ane reddie way
To gloir eternal with the Trinitie.
  And yit for all this luife incomparabill
God askis no rewaird fra us againe,
Bot luife for luife: in this command bot fabill
Conteinit ar allhalie the lawis ten,
Baith all and new, and commandiments everilkane.
Luife bene the ledder, quhilk hes bot steppis twa,
Be quhilk we may clime up to lyfe againe,
Out of this vaill of miserie and wa.

_Diliges Dominum tuum, Deum tuum, ex toto corde tuo,
et proximum tuum sicut teipsum; in his duobus
mandatis, &c._

The first step faithlie of this ledder is
To luife thy God, as the fountaine and well
Of luife and grace: and the secund, I wis,
To luife thy nictbour as thou luisis thi fell.
Quha tynis ane step of thir twa gais to hell,
Bot he repents, and turne to Christ anone,
Hauld this na fabill, the halie Evangell
Bears in effect this wordis everie one.

_Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata, &c._

Thay tyne thir fleps, all thay quhaeavir did sin
In pryde, invy, in ire, and lecherie;
In covetice, or ony extreme win,
Into sweirnes, or into gluttanie;
Or quha dois nocht the deids of mercie,
Gif hungrie meit, and gif the naikit clayis.—
Perf. Now walloway, thinks thou na schame to lie?
I trow the devill a word is trew thou sayis.
Thou sayis thair is bot twa steppis to the heavin,
Quha failyies them man backwart fall in hell.
I wait it is ten thousand mylis, and sevin,
Gif it be na mair I do it upon thy fell.
Schort leggit men I se, be Bryds bell,
Will nevir cum thair, thay steppis bene fa wyde;
Gif thay be the words of the Evangell
The Spirituall men hes mister of ane gyde.

Abbot. And I belief that cruikit men and blinde
Sall never get up upon fa hich ane ledder.
By my gude faith I dreid to ly behinde,
Without God draw me up into ane tedder.
Quhat and I fall, than I will break my bledder.
And I cum thair this day the devill spied me,
Except God make me lichter nor ane fedder,
Or send me doun gude widcok wingis to flie.

Perf. Cum doun daftart, and gang fell draiff,
I understand nocht quhat thou said;
Thy words war nather corne nor caiff,
I wald thy toung againe war laide.
Quhair thou sayis pryde is deidlie fin,
I say pryde is bot honefie;
And covetice of warldlie win
Is bot wisdome, I say for me.
Ire, hardiness, and gluttonie,
Is nathing ellis but lyfis fude;
The natural fin of lecherie
Is but trew luife; all thir ar gude.
Doctor. God and the Kirk has given command
That all gude Christian men refuse them.

Perf. Bot war thay fin I understand
We men of Kirk wald never use them.

Doctor. Brother, I pray the Trinitie
Your faith and charitie to support,
Causand you knaw the veritie,
That ye your subjects may comfort.
To your prayers, peopill, I recommend
The rewlars of this nobill regioun,
That our Lord God his grace mot to them fend
On trespassours to mak punitioun;
Prayand to God from seinds yow defend,
And of your sins to gif yow full remissioun.
I say na mair to God I you commend.

[Heir Diligence spyis the Freir roundand to the Prelats.

Dilig. My lords, I persave that the Spiritual stait
Be way of deid purpois to mak dehait;
For be the counfall of yon flattrand freir
Thay purpois to mak all this toun on freir.

1st Licent. Traist ye that thay will be inobedient
To that quhilk is decreitit in Parliament?

Dilig. Thay se the Paip with awfull ordinance
Makis weir against the michtie King of France;
Richt sa thay think that Prelats fuld nocht sunyie
Be way of deid defend thair patrimonie.

1st Lic. I pray the, brother, gar me understand
Quhair ever Christ possessit ane fut of land.
Dilig. Yea that he did, father, withoutin faill,
For Christ Jesus was King of Israel.

1st Lic. I grant that Christ was king abuist all kings,
Bot he mellit never with temporal things;
As he hes plainlie done declair himselff,
As thou may reid in his halie Evangell;
" Birds hes thair nefts, and tods hes thair den,
" Bot Christ Jesus, the Saviour of men,
" In all this warld hes nocht ane penny braid,
" Quhairon he may repois his heavenlie head.

Dilig. And is that trew?

Lic. Yes, brother, be Allhallows,
Christ Jesus had na propertie, bot the gallows.
And left nor, quhen he yeildit up the spreit,
To by himself ane simpill winding scheit.

Dilig. Christ's succesours, I understand,
Thinks na schame to have temporal land.
Father, thay have na will, I you affure,
In this warld be indigent and puir.
Bot, sir, sen ye are callit sapient,
Declair to me the caus with trew intent
Quhy that my lustie ladie Veritie
Hes nocht bene weill treatit in this cuntrie?

Bachelor. Forfuith quhair Prelats uses the counfall
Of beggand freirs, in mony regioun,
And thay Prelats with Princis principal,
The veritie but doubt is trampit doun;
And Common-weil put to confusioun.

Gif this be trew to yow I me report,
Thairfoir, my lords, mak reformation
Or ye depairst, hairtlie, I yow exhort.

Sirs,
Sirs, Fréirs wald never yit, I yow assure,
That ony Prelats usit preiching;
And prelats tuke on them that cure
Fréirs wald get nathing for thair fleiching.

_I counsall yow, Sir, &c. p. 181._ (Play, p. 122.)

About eight pages omitted. (Play, p. 123.)

The speech of the First Sarjand stands thus in the Play.

_Cum on my Ladie Priores,_

We fall leir yow to dance,
And that within ane lytill space,
Ane new pavin of France.

[Heir fall thay spoyle the Priores, and sche fall have
ane kirtel of silke under her habit.

Now, brother, be the maffe
Be my judgement I think
This halie Priores
Is turnit in ane cowelink.

_Priores. I gif my freinds my malisoun,
That me compellit to be ane Nun,
And wald nocht let me marie;
It was my freinds greadines
That gart me be ane Priores.
Now hartlie then I warie.
Houbeit that Nunnis sing nichits and days,
Thair hart waits nocht quhat thair mouth says,
The suith I yow declar.
Makand yow intimatioun,
To Chrisliis congregatioun
Nunnis ar nocht necessair.

_Bot_
Bot I fall do the best I can,
And marie sum gude honest man,
And brew gude aill and tun.
Mariage, be my opinioun,
It is better Religioun
As to be Freir or Nun.

Flat. Freir. My Lordis for Gods saik let nocht hang me.
&c. here, p. 183 to 185.

To Johnie the Common-weill. (P. p. 125.)

[Heir fal the Kings and the Temporal Stait round
togider.

Correct. With the advice of King Humanitie
Heir I determine with rype adyfysement,
That all thir Prelats fall deprivit be;
And be decreit of this present Parliament
That thir thre cunning Clarkis sapient
Immediatlie thair places fall posses,
Because that thay have bene fa negligent,
Suffering the word of God for till decres.

Rex Hum. As ye have said but doubt it fall be done;
Pas to and mak this interchainging sone.

[The Kings servants lay hands on the thrie Prelats,
and says.

Wanton. My lords, we pray you to be patient,
For we will do the Kings commandement.

Spirit. I mak ane vow to God and ye us handill,
Ye fall be curft and graggit with buik and candil;
Syne we fall pas unto the Paip, and pleinyie,
And to the devill of hell condemne this meinyie.
For quhy? Sic reformation, as I weine,
Into Scotland was never hard nor seine.

\[ Heir fall they spuiye them with silence, and put their habits on the thrie Clarks. \]

**Merchant.** We marvell of yow, paintit sepulturis,
That was sa bauld for to accept sic curis,
With glorious habite rydand upon your muillis;
Now men may se ye are bot verie fuillis.

**Spir.** We say the Kings war greiter fuillis nor we,
That us promovit to sa greit digniteit.

**Abbot.** Thair is ane thousand in the Kirk, but doubt,
Sic fuillis as we, gif thay war weill socht out:
Now, brother, fen it may na better be,
Let us ga soup with Sensualitie.

\[ Heir fall thay pas to Sensualitie. \]

**Spir.** Madame, I pray yow mak us thrie gude cheir,
We cure nocht to remaine with yow all yeir.

**Sensual.** Pas fra us fuillis; be him that has us wrocht
Ye ludge nocht heir, becaus I knaw yow nocht.

**Spir.** Sir Covetice, will ye also misken me?
I wait richt weill ye wil baith gif and lend me.
Speid hand my freind, spair nocht to break the lockis,
Gif me ane thousand crouns out of my box.

**Covet.** Quhairfoir, Sir fuill, gif you ane thousand

crouns?

Ga hence, ye feime to be thrie very louns.

**Spir.** I se nocht els, brother, withoutin faill
Bot this fals world is turnit top ouir taill.
Sen all is vaine that is under the lift,
To win our meat we man make uther schift;
With our labour except we mak debait,
I dreid full fair we want baith drink and meat.

Pers. Gif with our labour we man us defend,
Then let us gang quhair we war never kend.

Sprit. I wyte thir freirs that I am thus abuist,
For by thair counfal I have bene confust;
Thay gart me trow it suffisit, alace,
To gar them plainlie preich into my place.

Abbot. Alace, this reformatioun I may warie,
For I have yit twa dochters for till marie;
And they are baith contractir, be the rude,
And waits nocht how to pay thair tocher gude.

Pers. The devill mak cair for this unhappie chance,
For I am young, and thinks to pas to France,
And tak wages amang the men of weir,
And win my living with my sword and speir.

[The Bishop, Abbot, Persone, and Prioires, depairts altogether.

Gude Counf. Or ye depairt, sir, of this regioun, &c.
here p. 197, 198. (Play, p. 127, 128.)
And Commoun Weill be tirrandis frampit doowne.

[Pausa.

The Speech of Common Weal, p. 193. is given in
the Play to Correction, and is thus continued.

Now Maisters, ye fall heir incontinent,
At great leyfour, in your presence proclamit
The Nobill Actis of our Parliament,
Of quhilsks we neid nocht to be alchamit.
Cum heir, Trumpet, and found your warning tone
That every man may knaw quhat we have done.

[Heir
[Heir fall Diligence, with the Scribe, and the Trumpet, pas to the pulpit, and proclame the Actis.

The First Act.

It is devysit be thir prudent Kings,
Correctioun, and King Humanitie,
That thair Leigis, induring all their ringis,
With the avyce of the Estaitis Thrie,
Sall manfullie defend and fortifie
The Kirk of Christ, and his religioun,
Without dissimulance or hypocristie,
Under the pain of their punitioun.

2. Als thay will that the Actis honorabill,
Maid be our Prince in the last Parliament,
Becaus thay ar baith gude and profitabill,
Thay will that everie man be diligent
Them till observe, with unfeinyeit intent.
Quha disobeyis inobedientlie
Be thair lawis, but doubt they fall repent,
And painis conteinit thairin fall underly.

3. And als, the Common-weil for til advance,
It is statute that all the temporal lands
Be set in few, efter the forme of France,
Till verteous men, that labours with thair hands,
Resonabillie restrictit with sic bands,
That thay do service nevertheles.
And to be subject ay under the wands ;
That riches may with policie increas.

4. Item, this prudent Parliament hes devysit,
Gif lords hold under thair dominioun
Theifis, quhairthroc puir peo’il bene supriffit,
For tham thay fall make answeir to the croun,
And to the puir mak restitution,
Without thay put them in the judges hands,
For thair default to suffer punitioun;
Sa that na theisifs remaine within thair lands.

5. To that intent that justice fould increas,
It is concludit in this parliament,
That into Elgin, or into Innerneffe,
Sall be ane fute of Clarks sapient,
Togidder with ane prudent President,
To do justice in all the Norther Airtis
Sa equallie without impediment,
That thay neid nocht seik justice in thir pairtis.

6. With licence of the Kirks halines,
That justice may be done continuallie,
All the maters of Scotland, mair and les,
To thir twa famous faits perpetuallie
Sal be direcit, becaus men seis plainlie *
Thir wantoun Nunnis ar na way necessair,
Till common-weil nor yit to the glorie
Of Christs Kirk, thocht thay be fat and fair.
And als that fragill ardour feminine
Will nocht be misset in Christs Reliigioun,
Thair wits usit till ane better fyne,
For common-weill of all this regioun,
Ilk Senature for that erectioun,
For the uphalding of thair gravitie,
Sall have fyve hundreth mark of pensioun,
And also bot twa † fall their nummer be.

* Here seems a defect.
† Of Edinburgh, and of the North.
Into the North saxteine fall thair remaine; Saxtein richt sa in our maist famous toun Of Edinburgh, to serve our Soveraine; Chosen without partiall affliction Of the maist cunning Clarks of this Regioun; Thair Chancellar chosen of ane famous Clark, Ane cunning man of great perfection, And for his pension have ane thousand marks.

7. It is devyfit in this Parliament, From this day furth na mater Temporal, (Our new Prelats thairto hes done consent,) Cum befoir Judges Consistoriall, Quhilk hes bene sa prolixt and partial To the great hurt of the communitie. Let Temporal men seik Judges Temporal, And Spiritual men to Spritualitie.

8. Na benefice beis giffin, in tyme cumming, Bot to men of gude erudition, Expert in the Halie Scripture, and cunning, And that thay be of gude conditioun; Of publick vices but suspicion; And qualsiect nicht prudentlie to preich To thair awin folk, baith into land and toun; Or ellis in famous scuillis for to teich.

9. Als becaus of the great pluralitie Of ignorant preists, ma than ane legioun, Quhair-throch of teichours the heich dignitie Is vilipendit in ilk regioun, Thairfoir our Court has made provisioun That na Bischops mak teichours in tyme cumming.
Except men of gude erudition,
And for Preistheid quaiteit and cunning.
Siclyke as ye se, in the borrows town,
Ane tailyeour is nocht sufferit to remaine,
Without he can mak doubter, coat, and gown;
He man gang till his prenteichip againe.
BischoPS toould nocht reslave (methink certaine)\footnote{law ?}
Into the Kirk, except ane cunning Clark:
Ane idiot preiit Esay compaireth plaine
Till ane dum dogge, that can nocht byte nor bark.

10. From this day furth se na Prelars pretend,
Under the paine of inobedience,
At Prince or Paip to purchase ane commend,
Againe the kow * becaus it dois offence:
Till ony Priest we think sufficience
Ane benefice, far to serve God withall.
Twa Prelacies fall na man have from thence,
Without that he be of the blude Royall.

11. Item this prudent Counsell has concludit,
Sa that our haly Vickars be nocht wraith,
From this day furth thay fal be cleane denudit
Baith of cors-prefent, cow, and umef claith;
To puir commons becaus it hath done skaith.
And mairover we think it lytill force,
Howbeit the Barrouns thairto will be laith,
From thence furth thay fall want thair hyrald-hors.

12. It is decreit that in this Parliament
\text{Ilk Bischope, Minister, Priour, and Persoun,
To the effect they may tak better tent
To saulis under their dominion,
Efter the forme of thair fundatioun,
Ilk Bischop in his Diofe fall remaine;
And everilk Persone in his parachoun,
Teiching thair folk from vices to refraine.

13. Because that clarks our substance dois confume
For bils and proces of thair prelacies,
Thairfoir thair fall na money ga to Rome,
From this day furth for any benefice,
Bot gif it be for greit Archbishopsproies.
As for the rest na money gais at all,
For the incieffing of thair dignities,
Na mair nor did to Peter nor to Pauull.

14. Considering that our Preists, for the maist part,
Thay want the gift of Chastitie we fe,
Cupido hes fa pefit them throch the hart,
We grant them licence and frie libertie *
That thay may have fair Virgins to thair wyfis,
And fa keip matrimoniall chastitie,
And nocht in huir dome for to leid thair lyfis.

15. This Parliament richt fa hes done conclude
From this day forth our Barrouns temporall
Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude
With baftard bairns of Stait Spirituall.
Ilk ffait amang thair awin felfis marie fall.
Gif Nobils marie with the Spiritualitie,
From thyne subject thay fal be, and all
Sal be degraithit of thair Nobilitie;

* A line wanting.
And from amang the Nobils cancellate,
Unto the tyme thay by thair libertie,
Rehabilit be the civill magistrate.
And fa fall marie the Spiritualitie;
Bischops with Bischops fall mak affinitie,
Abbots and Priors with the Priorits,
As Bischop Annas in Scripture we may se,
Maryit his dochter on Bischop Caiphas.

Now have ye heard the Achts honorabill
Devysit in this present Parliament;
To Common-weill we think agreabill
All faithfulli folk soould heirof be content,
Them till observe with hartlie trew intent,
I wait nane will against our Achts rebell,
Nor till our law be inobedient,
Bot Plutos band, the potent prince of hell.

[Heir fall Pauper cum befoir the King and say.

Pauper. I gif yow my braid bennesoun,
That has givin Common Weill'a gown;
I wald nocht for ane pair of plackis
Ye had nocht maid thir nobill Achts.
I pray to God, and sweit Sainft Geill,
To gif yow grace to ufe them weill;
Wer thay weill keipit I understand
It war great honour to Scotland;
It had bene als gude ye had fleipi,
As to mak achts and be nocht keipit.

Now I besik yow for all-hallowis, &c. p. 185. Play,

p. 133.

Minute
Minute Corrections, and Variations.

Pag. Lin.

23. **Nuntius**—Play, Diligence.
46. 9. *for mot*, read mot keip.
52. 5. *for thame*, read him.
53. 1. *for Cruelin meuf*, read trewker mens.
56. 14. Go east about the nether mill; probably a variation betwene the representations at Coupar and at Edinburgh.

57. *The same stanzas occur* p. 134.
61. *line laſt, wald not—that wald not cut.*
62. 3. *for elly read chyre.*
   — 5. *for liveir, read sweir.*
63. 3. *for caffald, read scaffald.*
   — 5. prete—pert,
65. 8. *the word wanting is umeft.*
66. 12. ganan—ganar.
68. *1. pen. The line wanting is,*
   Black Bullinger, and Melancthoun.
   — 1. laſt, crode—cude.
69. 17 Makameillis—Makconnalls.
74. 6. *read Upoun Dame Fleschers midding.*
78. 15. *for fenyie, read fenyie.*
80. 5 *for blude, read blinde.*
   — 6. *for the gammis read thy gammis.*

Page
84. 3. Found read Fond.
86. 4. hyt—byte.
91. l. antepen. for hay read hag.
98. 23. for fran read Frän; for iplam, Hispan.
— 24. for Vallances read Vallones.
— 25. for epulum read epulum.
103. 8. Stormesteid be feiny—Colit on sea ay fen.
104. 3. for wound, read wind.
105. 5. frody—frelie.
106. 9. for howbirdis read bawbirdis.
107. l. en. for now, read my deir.
110. 5. read, This is ane coull of Tullielum.
— 6. porteris — portouns. A MS note explains it
   "portaffle or mass-book," portitorium.
— .after line 14 insert,
   Quhen lords ar heldin at the yet.
119. 1. For mony a craft, Sir, do I can.
— 17. Drunken—Danskin, (Dantzic.)
— 21. for Engling read Rugland.
126. 12. berdit mowch—lyart beard.
133. 3. for cowratouris read creatouris.
— 16. fl, read fal.
147. 12. face—ficht.
150. 7. for at, read with.
162. 8. Povertie—Pauper; and so on being the
   Puir man of Iut. III.
163. 13. senjouriis—cuitchours.
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Page. Line.
164. 11. for peprall, read peggral.
177. 5. read Micht I him get to Ewis durris.
 — 12. Stouder—Strother.
 — 16. read, To get my Lord Lindsay's brown Jonet.
     (Jennet).
178. 4. The line wanting is
     I bef-ik yow my brother deir,
     Bot half &c.
181. 1. antepen. inbind—invaíst.
 — line last, for rewle, read cowle.
183. 7. for Kings habite, read Freirs habite.
184. 8. fleand—fleimde.
187. After line 1. insert,
     All ye misdoats and transgressouris.
190. 5. for Cowpar toun, read Clappertoun.
 — 17. This line deleted, probably to avoid offence, and
     is thus supplied,
     For wanting of your wonted grace.
191. line last, for ye, read thay.
 — 20. Caidyeich—Caidyeich,
     22. for yet, read get.
193. 2. coubroun—curtil.
 — 12. for my, read his.
 — 20. for beremeris, read Icremeris.
Page. Line.
193. 22. for and eir, read our deir.
    — 27. gudlynis—gudlingis.
194. 6. cairteleis—canteleinis.
195. After line 10. insert,
    Prelats that hes ma beneficts nor thrie.
196. 9. for wyvis read lyvis, and insert,
    Let never priestes be hamlie with your wyvis.
197. 2. rubratour—rubyatour.
    — 24. for his hes bene, read he hes bene ʃa; and add,
    That he is baith cauld, naikir, and disgyfit.

END OF VOl. II.
Pinkerton, John
Scotish poems

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