

Auchinleck Manuscript, Bl. 31 v. Sp. 2.

Pe desputisoun bitven þe bodi *and* þe soule.

1 (1).

Als y lay in a winters niȝt
In a droupening bifor þe day,
Me þouȝt y seige a selli siȝt,
A bodi opon a bere lay;
5 (5) He hadde ben a modi kniȝt
And litel serued god to pay;
Forlorn he had his liues liȝt;
Pe gost moued out *and* wald oway.

2 (2).

When þe gost it schuld go,
10 (10) It biwent *and* wipstode,
Biheld þe bodi þat it com fro,
Wip reweful chere *and* dreri mode;
And sayd: „Allas *and* walewo!
Þou fikel flesche, þou fals blod!
15 (15) Whi liistow stinking so,
Pat whilom was so wilde *and* wode?

3 (3).

Þou þat were ywont to ride
So fair on hors in *and* out,
A queint kniȝt, ykid ful wide,
20 (20) Als a lioun fers *and* prout,
Wher is now þi michel pride,
And þi lede þat was so loude?
Whi liistow now so bare of side,
Ypricked in a pouer schroude?

Laud Manuscript 108, Bl. 200 v.

1 (1).

Als i lay in a winteris nyt
In a droukening bifer þe day,
Vor soþe i saug a selly syt,
A body on a bere lay;
5 (5) Þat havede ben a mody knygt
And lutel served god to payg;
Loren he haved þe lives lygt;
Þe gost was oute and scholde away.

2 (2).

Wan þe gost it scholde go,
10 (10) Yt biwente and withstod,
Biheold the body þere it cam fro,
So serfulli with dredli mod.
It seide: „Weile and walawo!
Wo worþe þi fleys, þi foule blod!
15 (15) Wreche bodi, wgy listoug so,
Þat gwilene were so wilde and wod?

3 (3).

Þow þat were woned to ride
Heyze on horse in and out,
So koweynte knit, ikud so wide,
20 (20) As a lyn fers and proud,
Þwere is al þi michele pride,
And þi lede þat was so loud?
Þwi listou þere so bareside,
Ipricked in þat pore schroud?

4 (4).

- 25 (25) Whare ben al pine worpliche wede,
Pine somers wiþ pine riche bed,
Pi proude palfrais *and* pi stede,
Pat þou about in dester led?
Pine haukes þat were won[t] to grede,
30 (30) *And* pine grehoundes þat þou fed?
Me þenke[p] pine [god] be ful gnede,
Now alle pine frendes be fro þe fled.

5 (5).

- 35 (35) Whar ben pine markes *and* pine poundes,
Pi folk *and* pi fair fyge,
Pi riche tresour bi rof *and* grounde,
Pi brigt broches, ring *and* beige?
Who durst þe bede stroke or wounde,
When pi baner was rered on heige?
Yuel artow proued in a stounde,
40 (48) Pi tayl is cutted þe ful neige.

6 (7).

- (49) Whare be pine castels *and* pine tours,
(50) Pine chaumbers *and* pine heige halle,
Pat paynted were wiþ prout flours,
And pine riche robes alle?
45 Pine quiltes *and* pi couertours,
Pi cendel *and* pi purpelpalle?
(55) Wreche, ful derk it is pi bour,
To morn þou schalt þerin falle.

7 (6).

- (41) Whare be pine cokes snelle,
50 Pat schuld go to graype pi mete
Wiþ swot spices, for to smelle,
Pat þou were neuer ful to frete,
(45) To make pi foule flesche to swelle,
Pat wilde wormes schal now ete?
55 *And* ich haue þe peyne of helle
Purch pi glotonie ygete.

4 (5).

- 25 (33) 3were ben pi wurdli wedes,
Pi somers with pi riche beddes,
(35) Pi proude palefreys and pi stedes,
Pat pouz about in dester leddes?
Pi faucouns pat were wont to grede,
30 And pine boundes pat pou fedde?
Me pinkep [pi] god is þe to gnede,
(40) Pat alle pine frend beon fro þe fledde.

5.

6 (4).

- (25) 3were beon pi castles and pi toures,
Pi chaumbres and pi riche halles,
Ipeynted with so riche floures,
And pi riche robes alle?
45 Pine cowltes and pi covertoures,
(30) Pi cendels and pi riche palles?
Wrechede it is nouz pi bour;
To moruwe pouz schalt perinne falle.

7 (6).

- (41) 3were ben pine cokes snelle,
50 Pat scholden gon greipe pi mete
With speces, swete for to smelle,
Pat pouz neuere were fol of frete,
(45) To do þat foule fleys to suwelle,
Pat foule wormes scholden ete?
55 And pouz havest þe pine of helle
With glotonye me bigete.

8 (8).

- (57) Whare be pine glewemen, *pat* schuld *he* glewe
Wip harp *and* fipel *and* tabourbete?
Trumpours, *pat* pine trumpes blewe?
60 (60) Hem *pou* zeue giftes grete,
Riche robes, held *and* newe,
For to glewe *he*, *per* *pou* sete.
Tregetours *pat* were vntrewe,
Of *he* hyc hadde grete bizete.

9 (9).

- 65 (65) For to here *hi* word ful wide,
And maky of *he* rime *and* raf,
Riche men for pamp *and* pride
Largeliche of pine *pou* gaf.
Pe pouer zede al bi side,
70 (70) Euer *pou* hem ouerhaf;
And zif *pai* com in pine vnride,
Pai were ystriken wip a staf.

10 (10).

- Of *he* pouer *pou* it nam,
Pat mani a glotoun ete *and* drank;
75 (75) *Pou* no rouztest neuer of wham,
No who perfore sore swank.
Pe riche was welcom *per* *he* cam,
Pe pouer was beten, *pat* *he* stank;
Now alle is gon in godes gram,
80 (80) *And* *pou* hast, wreche, litel pank.

11 (11).

- To morwe anon as it is day,
Out of kip fram alle pine kin
Alle bare *pou* schalt wende away,
And leuen al pine warldes winne.
85 (85) Fram *he* palays *pat* *pou* in lay
Wip wormes is now ytaken pin in;
Pi bour is bilt wel cold in clay,
Pe rof schal take to *hi* chin.

8.

9.

10.

11.

12 (12).

- 90 (90) Pou pat neuer in alle pi liue
Of pis warldes mock migtest be sad,
Now schaltow haue at al pi sipe
Bot seuen fet, vnnepe pat.
Pou migt yse pe sope *and* kipe,
Pat al is lorn pat pou bigat.
95 (95) No schaltow neuer make pe blipe,
Per oper men schal make hem glad.

13 (13).

- 100 (100) Of alle pat pou togiders droug,
Pou were harder pan pe flint;
Swiche schal make him large anoug,
Pat pou wel litel haddest ymint.
Pou pat madest it so toug,
Al pi bobaunce is now ystint.
Ich may wepe pat pou bi loug,
For al mi joie for pe is tint.

14 (14).

- 105 (105) Pi fals air schal be ful fain,
Pi fair fe to vnderfo;
Now wele is him pis day ysein,
Pat litel gode schal for ous do.
He no wold nougt giue ogain,
110 (110) To bring ous into rest *and* ro,
Of alle pi lond an acre or tvain,
Pat pou so sinfully com to.

15 (15).

- 115 (115) Pi wiif no wil no more wepe;
To nigt no migt he haue no rest,
No for fele pougtes slepe,
To wite what maner migt be best
In pi stede for to crepe; (v. Sp. 1)
Bi pis hye wot an oper al prest.
Be pou to morwen doluen depe,
120 (120) Anon pai schal be trewpefest.

— 31 —

12.

13.

14.

15.

16 (16).

Now schul pine sekatours seek
Al pi gode, when pou art ded;
Al togider schal go to wreck,
Haue men deled a litel bred.
125 (125) Ich man pike, what he may skek,
Hors *and* swine, schepe *and* net,
Gold *and* siluer, ne par us rec;
Ne be we bope bitauzt pe qued?

17 (17).

Now may pine neighbours liue,
130 (130) Wreche, patow hast wo ywrougt.
Pou stintest neuer wip hem to striue,
Til pai were to pouert brougt.
He was pi frende pat wald pe giue,
And pi fo pat gaf pe nougt.
135 (135) Pe curs is comen pat now wil eline,
Pat mani a man hap pe bisougt.

18 (18).

Now bep pe bedes on pe lizt,
Wreche, per y se pe lie,
Pat mani a man bad day *and* nigt,
140 (140) *And* lay on her knes to crie.
Allas! pat ich wretched wigt
Schal so gilteles abie
Pine misdedes *and* pine vntigt,
And for pe hard paines drie.⁴

19 (19).

Corpus respondit anime.
145 (145) When pe gost wip reweful chere
Hadde ymaked pis michel mone,
Pe bodi per it lay on bere,
A gastlich ping as it was on,
Lift vp his heued opon pe swere;
150 (150) As it were sike it gan to gron,
And seyde: „Wheper pou art mi fere,
Mi gost pat is fro me gon?⁴

16.

17.

18.

19.

20 (20).

It seyde: „Wheper pou be mi gast,
Pat me abreidest of min vuhap?
155 (155) Vncomli, me pougt, min hert brast,
When dep so diolfuli me drap.
Y nam be first, no worp be last,
Pat hap ydronken of pat nap;
Nis non so kene pat he is cast,
160 (160) Pe prodest arst may kepe his clap.

21 (21).

Wele y wot pat y schal rote;
So dede Alisaunder *and* Cesar,
Pat no man migt of hem finde a mot,
Ne of be moder pat hem bar.
165 (165) Wirmes ete her white prote,
So schal [hye] mine, wele am y war;
When dep so scharpliche schet his schot,
Per nis non [helpe] ogain char.

22 (22).

Per y seize bope clerk *and* knigt
170 (170) *And* old man bi gates go,
Y was a zong man *and* ligt,
And euer wende to liui so.
Halles heize *and* bours brigt
Y hadde ybilt *and* mirpes mo,
175 (175) Mi woning here wel wele ydigt,
And now dep hap me dempt perfro.

23 (23).

Mi woning here wel worpli wrought,
And wende to liui zeres fele;
Wodes, wones, watres y bougt
180 (180) Wip al pat ich migt pike *and* spele.
Pe world is torned togain mi pougt,
When dep, pat stilly can stele,
Hap me dempt oway wip nougt,
And oper welden alle mi wele.

20.

21.

22.

23.

3 *

24 (24)

- 185 (185) Soule, gif pou it me wilt atwite,
Pat we schul be bope yspilt,
3if pou hast schame *and* gret despite,
Al it is pine owhen gilt.
Y pe say at wordes lite
190 (190) Wip rigt resoun, gif patow wilt:
Pou berst pe blame, *and* y go quite,
Pou scholdest fram schame ous haue yschilt.

25 (25).

- For god pe schope after his schaft,
And gaf pe bope wit *and* skille;
195 (195) In pi lokeing y was laft,
To wissi after pine owhen wille.
I no coupe neuer of wicbecraft,
No wist what was gode no ille,
Bot as a bodi doumbe *and* daft,
200 (200) As pou taugtest me pertille.

26 (26).

- Sepen y was taugt pe to geme,
A witteles best as y was born,
And for to serui pe to queme,
Bope an euen *and* eke a morn.
205 (205) Pou pat coupest dedes deme,
Pou schult haue ben war biforn;
Of me, soule, pou haddest to geme;
Wip piself pou art forlorn."

27 (27).

Iterum anima corpori.

- Pe soule seyde: „Bodi, be stille!
210 (210) Who has pe lerned al pis witt?
Pou castest me pis wordes grille,
And list ybollen as a bit.
What wenestow, wreche, pei pou fille
Wip pi foule flesche a pit,
215 (215) Of al pine dedes pou hast don ille,
Pat pou so ligteliche schal go quit?

25 (7).

195 (50) For god schop þe aftir his schap,
And gaf þe hoþe wyt and skil;
In þi loking was i laft,
To wisse aftir þin oune wil.
Ne toc i nevere wychecraft,
Ne wist i gwat was guod nor il,
200 (55) Bote as a wretche dumb and daft,
Bote as toug taugtest [me] þertil.

26 (8).

205 (60) Set to seruen þe to queme,
Boþe at even and a mornen,
Sipin i was þe bitaugt to gеме,
Fro þe time þat þoug was born.
Þoug þat dedes coupest deme,
Scholdest habbe be war biforn
Of mi folye, as it semet;
Noug wip þiselve thoug art forlorn."

27 (9).

210 (65) Þe gast it seyde: „Bodi, be stille!
3wo hap lered þe al þis wite,
Þat givest me þese wordes grille,
Þat list þer bollen as a bite?
Wenestoug, wretche, þog thoug fille
215 (70) Wid þi foule fleichs a pite,
Of alle dedes thoug didest ille,
Þat þoug so litli schalt be quite?

28 (28).

What! Wenestow, wreche, to gete grip,
Pei þou lege loken in clay?
And þei þou roti pil *and* piþ,
220 (220) And blowe wiþ þe winde oway,
Ȝete þou schalt com, lim *and* liþ,
Ogain to me at domesday,
Stond at court, *and* y þe wiþ,
To kepe þere our hard pay.

29 (29).

225 (225) For in þi lokeing y was laft,
For to do astow me bede;
Pe bridel wiþ þe tep þou laugt,
And dedest ay ogain mi red.
To schame *and* sorwe it was þi draugt,
230 (230) To vilanie *and* wickedhed;
Ȝern y chidde *and* wiþ þe faugt,
And euer þou toke pine owen red.

30 (30).

Y bad þe þenke in soulenedes,
Messes, matines *and* euensong;
235 (235) Þou seyð, þou most don oper dedes,
For þat was ydel mannes gong.
To wode or to feld þou gedest,
Or to court, to deme wrong;
Bot for pride or gret medes
240 (240) Litel gode þou dest among.

28 (10).

Wenestou nou gete þe griþ,
Per þouȝ list roten in þe clay?
(75) Pey þouȝ be rotin pile and pid,
220 And blowen wiþ þe wind away,
Ȝeot sehaltouȝ come wiþ lime and lȝþ
Agein to me on domesday,
And come to court, and i þe wiþ,
(80) For to kepen oure harde pay.

29 (11).

To teche ȝwere þouȝ me bitauȝt;
Ac ȝwan þouȝ þouȝtest of the qued,
Wiþ þi tēþ þe bridel þouȝ .laugt,
Þouȝ dist al þat i þe forbed.
(85) To sunne and schame it was þi drauȝt,
230 Til untid and til wikkedeþed;
Inouȝ i stod ageyn and fauȝt,
Bot ai þouȝ nome þin ounē red.

(12).

Wan i þe wolde teme and teche,
Ȝwat was wel and ȝwat was guod,
(90) Of Crist ne kirke was no speche,
Bote renne aboute and breyð wod;
Inouȝ i migte preye and preche,
Ne migte i nevere wende þi mod,
(95) Þat þouȝ woldest god knouȝleche,
But don al þat þin herte [to] stod.

30 (13).

I bad þe þenke on soulenede,
Matines, masse and evesong;
235 Thouȝ mostist first don opere dede;
(100) Þou seidist al was idel gouȝ.
To wode and water and feld thouȝ edest,
Or to cour[t], to do men wrong;
Bote for pride or grettore mede
240 Lutel þouȝ dust guod among.

31 (31).

Who may more tresoun do
Or his lord better bigine,
Pan he pat al his trist is to,
And is wip him as owen hyne?
245 (245) Po pat pou were priuen and pro,
And knewe al werkes mine,
Pi selue pou purvaideest rest *and* ro,
And damnedest me to bellepine.

32 (32).

Now may wilde bestes ren
250 (250) *And* woni vnder linde *and* lef,
Foules fle bi feld *and* fen,
Sepen pi wreched hert clef.
Pine eigen er blinde *and* may nougt kenne,
Pi moupe is doumbe, pin er is def;
255 (255) *And* loply list on me to grenne,
— — — — —

33 (33).

Par nis no leuedi, brigt of ble,
Pat wele was wont of pe to lete,
Pat o nigt wald ly bi pe,
260 (260) For ping pou migtest hir bihete.
Pou art vnsemly for to se,
Vucomly for to kis swete;
Pou no hast no frende pat nil pe fle,
And pou com starteling in pe strete."

34 (34).

Corpus respondit anime.

265 (265) Pan pe bodi bigan to say:
„Soule, pou hast wrong ywis,
Al pi gilt on me to lay,
Pat pou hast lorn heuenblis.
Whar was y bi wode or way,
270 (270) Sat or stode or dede ougt mis,
Pat y no was euer vnder pine ay?
Wele pou wost *and* sope it is.

31 (32).

- (249) Ho may more trayson do
(250) Or is loverd betere engine,
Pan he pat al is trist is to,
In and ougt as oune hyn?
245 Ay seppe poug was priven and pro,
(Mittis) ded i alle mine,
(255) To porvege pe rest and ro,
And poug to bringe me in pine.

32 (14).

- (105) Noug mouwe pe wilde bestes renne
250 And lien under linde and lef,
And foules flie bi feld and fenne,
Sipin pi false herte clef.
Pine eigene are blinde and connen nougt kenne,
(110) Pi mouth is dumb, pin ere is def;
255 And noug so lodly poug list grenne,
Fro pe comeþ a wikke wef.

33 (15).

- Ne nis no levedi, brigþ on ble,
Pat wel weren iwoned of pe to lete,
(115) Pat wolde lye a nizth bi pe,
260 For noughþ pat men migte hem bihete.
Poug art unsemly for to se,
Uncomli for to cussen suwete;
Poug ne havest frend pat ne wolde fle,
(120) Come poug stertlinde in pe strete."

34 (16).

- 265 Pe bodi it seide: „Ic seyge,
Gast, poug hast wrong iwys,
Al pe gult on me to leye,
Pat poug hast lorn pi mikil blis.
(125) Were was i bi wode or weyge,
270 Sat or stod or dide ougt mys,
Pat i ne was ay under pin eyge?
Wel poug wost pat soth it ys.

35 (35).

Or whare zede ich vp *and* doun,
Pat y no bare þe at mi bac,
275 (275) *And* was þine hors fram toun to toun,
At eueri stede ymake þe mak?
Ful wele þou wistest of mi roun,
What ich dede or what y spac;
Bi skil þou art ybrougt adoun,
280 (280) *And* y go quite wipouten lac.

36 (36).

For al þe while þou was mi fere,
Ich hadde alle þat me was nede,
Ich migt yse, speke *and* here,
Zede *and* rode, drank *and* ete.
285 (285) Lopliche ischaunched is mi chere,
Seþþen þe time þat þou me lete;
Def *and* doumbe y ligge on bere,
Y no may stir hond no fet.

37 (50).

(393) Ac giue ichadde ben a nete,
290 Oper a schepe, oper a swine,
(395) Pat zede about *and* drank *and* ete,
And were yslawe *and* passed pine,
Pan hadde ich neuer ytaken kepe,
No knowe þat ale fram þe wine,
295 Pan hadde ich neuer com in helle depe,
(400) Noupe at mi last fine."

38 (37).

Iterum anima corpori.
Pe soule seyð: „It is no dout,
(290) About, bodi, þou me bare;
Þou mostest nedes, y was wipout
300 Hond *and* fot, y was al war.
Bot as tow bar me about,
Y no migt nougt do þe lest char;
(295) Perfore mot ich nedes stoupe;
So dop he þat oper no dar.

35 (17).

- (130) Wedir i ede up or down,
275 Pat i ne bar þe on my bac,
Als þin as fro toun to toun,
Als se þoug me lete have rap and rac?
Pat tou ne were and red roun,
(135) Nevere did i þing ne spac;
280 Here þe soþe se men mouen,
On me þat ligge here so blo and blac.

36 (18).

- (140) For al þe wile þoug were mi fere,
285 I hadde al þat me was ned,
I migte speke, se and here,
I ede and rod and drank and et.
Lodli chaunched is my chere,
Sin þe tyme þat þoug me let;
Def and dumb i ligge on bere,
Pat i ne may sterin hand ne fet.

37 (19).

- (145) I scholde have ben dumb as a schep,
290 Or as a nouwe, or as a suyn,
Pat et and drank and lai and slep,
Slayn and passid al his pin;
Nevere of catel nome kep,
(150) Ne wyste wat was water ne wyn,
295 Ne leyn in helle þat is so dep,
Ne were þe wit þat al was tin."

38 (20).

- (155) Þe gast yt seide: „Is no doute,
300 Abouten, bodi, þoug me þar;
Þoug mostist nede, i was wipoute
Hand and fot, i was wel war.
Bote as tou bere me aboute,
Ne migt i do þe leste þar;
Þorfore most i nede loute;
(160) So doth þat non oper dar.

39 (38).

305 In a woman were we bred
 And born togiders bope to,
 And on o barm forsterd *and* fed,
 (300) Ay til þou coupe speke *and* go.
 For loue softliche y þe led,
310 No durst y neuer do þe wo;
 To lese þe y was fordred,
 Y nist whare to gete mo.

40 (39).

 (305) I seize þe fair of flesche *and* blod,
 Al mi loue on þe y cast;
315 Þatow me brewe me þougð gode,
 And lete þe haue ro *and* rest.
 Þat made þe wel stern of mod
 (310) *And* of dedes wel vnwrast;
 To wer wip þe was me no bot,
320 Þou bar me opon þi brest.

41 (40).

 Glotonie *and* licherie,
 Pride *and* hat *and* coueytise,
 (315) Niþe *and* ond *and* envie
 Ogaines god *and* alle hise,
325 In þat luste for to lye,
 Was þi won in al wise;
 Þat schal y wel dere abyē,
 (320) No wonder þei me sore agrise.

39 (21).

305 Of o wymman born and bredde,
Body, were we bope tvo,
Togidre fostrid fayre and fedde,
Til þou coupist speke and go.
(165) Softe þe for love i ledde,
310 Ne dorst i nevere do þe wo;
To lese þe so sore i dredde,
And wel i wiste to getin na mo.

(22).

(170) For me þou woldest sumwat do,
Wzile þou were zong a litil first,
For frendes eyge þat þe stod to,
Þe wile þou were betin and birst;
Oc wan þouz were þriven and þro,
(175) And knewe hunger, cold and virst,
Al þin oun wil þou dist.

40 (23).

I sau þe fair on fleychs and blod,
And al mi love on þe i kest;
315 Þat þou þrive me þougte guod,
(180) And let þe haven ro and rest.
Þat made þe so sturne of mod,
And of werkes so vnwrest;
To figte with þe ne was no bot
320 Me þat þouz bar in þi brest.

41 (24).

(185) Glotenie and lecherie,
Prude and wicke coveytise,
Niþe and onde and envie
To god of hevne and alle hise,
325 And in unlust for to lye,
(190) Was te wane in al wise;
That i schal nouz ful dere abyē,
A! weyle! sore may me grise.

42 (41).

Oft we were togiders prat,
330 What we schuld bope haue;
Litel hede tok pou of pat,
When pou seige ded men in graue.
(325) Pou dest al pat þe warld þe bad,
And þat þi foule flesche wold craue;
335 *And* y þe suffred *and* dede as mad,
Pou to be maister *and* y þi knaue.“

43 (42).

[Corpus respondit anime.]
Pou þat were so worply wrougt,
(330) Pou seyst y maked þe mi þral?
Al þat euer þe of rougt,
340 Pou it dest *and* y forhal.
And y no misdede neuer nougt,
No y no raft, no y no stal,
(335) Of þe com euer þe first pougt.
Abigge who so bigge schal!

44.

45 (43).

Ac haddestow, so Crist it oupe,
3if me hunger, þrost *and* cold,
355 *And* chasted me, þat no gode no coupe,
(340) To bismar when þat y was bold,
Swiche as y lerd in mi zoupe,
Ich used, when þat y was old,
And went at [þi] wil norþ *and* soupe,
360 *And* lete þe haue þi wil at wold.

42 (25).

330 Pou was warned her bifore,
 3wat [we] bope scholden have;
 (195) Idel tale held tou pat pore,
 [Pog] pou saug fele bi dun in grave.
 Pou dist al pat þe werld þe bad,
 And pat þi fleys þe wolde crave;
335 I þolede þe and [dude] as mad,
 (200) To be maister and i þi cnave.“

43 (26).

 „Iweneste poug, gost, þe geyned out
 For to quite þe wiþ al,
 Poug þat was so wordly wrougt,
340 To seye i made þe my þral?
 (205) Dud i nevere on live nougt,
 I ne rafte ne i ne stal,
 Pat furst of þe ne kam þe pougt.
 Aby yt þat abyge schal!

44 (27).

345 3wat wist i wat was wrong or rith,
 (210) Wat to take or 3wat to schone,
 Bote þat poug pottist in mi sigth,
 Pat al þe wisdom scholdest cone?
 3wanne poug me taugtist on untigth,
350 An me gan þeroffe mone,
 (215) Þanne dud i al my mizth,
 Anoþer time to have my wone.

45 (28).

 Oc haddist poug, þat Crist it ouþe,
 Given me hunger, vurst and cold,
355 And poug witest me; þat no guod coupe,
 (220) In bismere 3wan i was so bold,
 Pat i hadde undernomen in gouþe,
 I havede holden old;
 Pou let me rekyn north and south,
360 And haven al my wille on wold.

46 (44).

- (345) (To sinne þou wiet it was mi kinde,
As al mankinde is also,
And be þis wreche worl[d] minde,
And euer couayt mo *and* mo.
365 Þou schust haue leten me fast binde,
(350) When y to sinne wold haue go;
Bot when þe blinde lat þe blinde,
In dicke þai falle boþe to."

47 (45).

- [Iterum anima corpori.]
Pan þe soule bigan to wepe,
370 And seyde: „Bodi, allas! allas!
(355) Pat ich euer seige þe zete,
For al mi loue on þe y las.
As þou louedest me þou lete,
And madest me an houue of glas,
375 And y dede þat þe þougʒt swete,
(360) And þou mi traitour euer was.

48.

(29).

- (225) Pouz scholdist for no lif ne for lond,
Ne for non oper worlde winne,
Have soffrid me to lein on hond,
Pat havede tornd to schame or sunne;
Oc for i þe so eise foud,
(230) And þi wretche wit so þunne,
Pat ay was wriþinde as a wond,
Pe[r]fore coupe i nevere blinne.

46 (30).

- To sunne þouz wistist was my kinde,
As mankinne it is al so,
(235) And to þe wretche world so minde,
And to þe fend that is ore fo.
365 Pouz scholdest er have late me binde,
Wan i misdede, and don me wo;
Ac gwanne þe blinde lat þe blinde,
(240) In dike he fallen boþe two."

47 (31).

- 370 Tho bigan þe gost to wepe,
An seide: „Bodi, allas! allas!
Pat i þe lovede evere zete,
For al mi love on þe i las.
(245) Pat tou lovedest me þouz lete,
And madest me an houue of glas;
375 I dide al þat þe was sete,
And þouz my traytor evere was.

48 (33).

- Pe fend of belle þat haveþ envize
To mankune, and evere hap had,
Was in us as a spie,
380 (260) To do sum god gwan i þe bad.
The world he toc to cumpaynize,
Pat mani a soule haveð forrad,
Pey þre wisten þi folye,
And madin, wretche, þe al mad.

Erlanger Beiträge zur englischen Philologie I.

49 (46).

385 When y bad þe schrift take,
And lete þine sinnes ay *and* o,
Do penaunce, fast *and* wake,
Þe fend seyð: 'Þou schalt nougt so!
(365) So gong þi riot to forsake,
390 And euer to liue in sorwe *and* wo!
He bad þe ioie *and* mirþe make,
And þenke to liue zeres mo.

50 (48).

(377) And when y bad þe lete pride,
Pat þou no bere þe nougt so stout,
395 Þe foule fende was þe bi side,
(380) And bad þou schust be fers *and* proude,
And weri riche robes wide,
And nougt as a begger in a clout,
And on heize hors ride
400 Wip fair meine in *and* out.

51 (47).

(369) And when y bad þe arliche arise,
(370) And nimen of þi soule kepe,
Þou seydest, þou no migtest in non wise
For þi miri morweslepe.
405 When ze þre hadde sett gour asise,
No wonder þei y sore wepe;
(375) Ze ladde me bi gour enprise,
As þe bucher dop þe schepe.

52 (49).

(385) When þou hast ytold þi fals tale,
410 Ay þou were ogain me forsworn;
Al þou held trefale,
Pat men told þe biforn.
Ze ladde me bi down *and* dale,
(390) As men dop ox bi þe horn,
415 Per him schal be browe his bale,
Pat his prote schal be forsworn.

49 (34)

- 385 (265) 3wan i bad þe reste take,
Forsake sunne ay and oo,
Do penaunce, faste and wake,
Þe fe[nd] seide: 'Þouȝ schalt nouȝt so!
Pos sone al þi blisse forsake,
390 (270) To liven ay in pine and wo!
Ioyȝe and blisse i rede þouȝ make,
And þenke to live ȝeres mo!'

50 (35).

- 395 (275) 3wan i bad te leve pride,
Þi manie mes, þi riche schroud,
Þe false world þat stod bi side,
Bad þe be ful quoynte and proud,
Þi fleychs with riche robes schride,
Nouȝt als a beggare in a clouȝt,
And on heize horse to ride
400 (280) With mikel meyne in and ouȝt.

51 (36).

- 405 (285) 3wan i bad þe erliche to rise,
Nim of me, þi soule, kep,
Þouȝ seidest, thou migtest a none wise
Forgon þe murie morweslep.
Wȝan ȝe hadden set your sise,
3e þre traytours, sore i wep;
Ye ladde me wid oure enprise,
As þe bopelere dop is schep.

52 (37).

- 410 (290) 3wan [ȝe] þre traitours at o tale
Togidere weren agein me sworn,
Al ȝe maden trotevale,
Þat i haved seid biforn.
3e ledde me bi doune and dale,
As an oxe bi þe horn,
415 (295) Til þer as him is browen bale,
Per his prote schal be schorn.

53 (51).

- (401) Ac þei alle men vnder mone
Ous to deme were sett on benche,
On of þe paines ous schal be done,
420 Þe lest þeine no migt biþenche.
(405) No helpes ous non bede no bone,
No may we non wiles wrenche.
Hellehoundes com sone,
And y no may nougt fram hem blenche.

54 (52).

- Corpus respondit anime.*
425 *And when þe bodi seize þe gast*
(410) *Þis wo and þis mone make,*
„Allas! it seyð, mi lif ylast,
Þat y haue lived for þi sake!
Þat min hert no hadde ybrast,
430 *When y was fro mi moder take,*
(415) *And seþþen into a pit ycast*
Vnto a nadder or to a snake!

55 (53).

- Þan hadde ich neuer ylerned,*
What was iuel no what was gode,
435 *No of þis warldes mok zerned,*
(420) *No paines poled, as y now mot;*
Owe wher no scynt no may bere our ernd
To him þat bougt ous wiþ his blod,
In hellefire ar we be forbernd,
440 *Of sum prayer to don ous bot.*

(38).

(300) For love þi wille i folewede al,
And to min oune deth i droug,
To foluwe þe, þat was mi þral,
Þat evere were false and froug;
Þoug it dist and i forþal,
We wistin wel it was woug;
Perfore mote we kepe ore fal,
Pine and schame and sorewe inoug.

53 (39).

(305) Þeig alle þe men noug under mone
To demen weren sete on benche,
420 Þe schames þat us schullen be done
Ne schuldin halven del biþenke.
Ne helpeþ us no bede ne bone,
(310) Ne may us nou no wyl towrenche.
Hellehoundes cometh nou sone,
Forþi ne mouwe we noyþer blenche."

54 (40).

425 3wan þat bodi say þat gost
Pat mone and al þat soruwe make,
(315) It seyde: „Allas! þat my lif hath last,
Pat i have lived for sunne sake!
Pat min herte anon ne hadde toborste,
430 3wan i was fram mi moder take;
I migte have beþ in erþe kest,
(320) And ileizen and iroted in a lake.

55 (41).

435 Þanne haved i nevere lerned,
3wat was uvel ne 3wat was guod,
Ne no þing with wrong gernd,
Ne pine þoled, as i mot;
(325) 3were no seint migte beren ore ernde
To him þat bougte us with is blod,
In helle 3wanne we ben brend,
440 Of sum merci to don us bot."

56 (54).

Iterum anima corpori.

- (425) „Nay, bodi, nay, now is to lat,
For to pray or for to preche,
Now þe wain is atte gat,
And þe tong hap lorn his speche.
445 O point of our payn to abat,
(430) In alle þe warld nis no leche;
Ac sikerliche we gop o gat,
Swiche is godes hard wreche.

57 (55).

- Ac haddestow a litel ere,
450 While ous was togider liif ylent,
(435) When þou feldest þe sike *and* sere,
Shriuen þe *and* þe fende yschent,
And haue ylate a reweful tere,
And bisougt Jhesu of amendement,
455 Þe portest neuer haue had fere,
(440) Pat he no wold ous grace haue sent.

58 (56).

- Ac þei alle þe men þat bep a liue,
Were prestes, messe for to sing,
And alle widowes *and* alle wiue
460 Her hondes for þe wolde wring,
(445) No migt telle þe paines riue,
For soþe yseyd, wipouten lesing,
Seppen we no migt ous for schame schriue,
Pat schuld ous now to ioie bring.

59 (57).

- 465 Bodi, y may no lenger duelle,
(450) To stond for to speke wip þe;
Hellehoundes here ich gelle,
And fendes mo þan y may se,
To com to feche me to helle,
470 And y not whider y may fle;
(455) And þou schalt com wip flesche *and* felle
At domesday *and* wone wip me.“

56 (42).

- (330) „Nay, bodi, noug is to late
For to preize and to preche,
Nou þe wayn is ate gate,
And þi tonge hap leid þe speche.
445 O poynt of ore pine to bate,
In þe world ne is no leche;
(335) Al tegidere we gon o gate,
Swilk is godes harde wreche.

57 (43).

- 450 Ac haddeþ þoug a litel er,
þwile us was lif togidre lent,
Po þat was so sek and ser,
(340) Us schriuen and þe devel schent,
And laten renne a reuly ter,
And bihigt amendement,
455 Ne þorte us have frigt ne fer,
þat god ne wolde his blisse us sent.

58 (44).

- (345) Þey alle þe men þat ben o lyves,
Weren prestes, messes to singe,
And alle þe maidenen and þe wyves
460 Wydewes, hondene for to wringe,
And migte suweche fyve
(350) Als is in world of alle þinge,
Sipin we ne mouwen us sulven schrive,
Ne schulde us into blisse bringe.

59 (45).

- 465 Bodi, i may no more duelle,
Ne stonde for to speke with þe;
(355) Hellehoundes here i zelle,
And fendes mo þan men mowe se,
þat comen to fette me to helle,
470 Ne may i noweder from hem fle;
And þoug schalt comen with fleys and felle
(360) A domesday to wonie with me.“

60 (58).

Hadde he no raper þis word yseyd,
It wist neuer whider to go,
475 It was yhent in a brayd
(460) Wip a þousand fendes *and* zete mo.
And when þai hadde on him ylayd
Her scharpe hokes al þo,
It was in a sori playd,
480 Ytoiled bope to *and* fro.

61 (59).

(465) Sum were rogged *and* rowe tayled,
Wip brode boches on her bak,
Scharpe clawed *and* long nailed;
Nas no lim wipouten lak.
485 Rewefully he was aseyled
(470) Wip many a fende, blo *and* blak;
Merci! he cri[e]d, *and* litel vailed,
When god wald take his hard wrak.

62 (60).

Sum þe chael al toprast,
490 *And* zoten in þe led al hot,
(475) *And* bad he schuld drink fast,
And birly about al o brod.
A fende þer com atte last,
Maister he was, ful wele y wot,
495 A colter glowend on him cast,
(480) Pat purch þe hert þe point it smot.

63 (61).

Glaiues glowend to him þai sett
To bac, to brest, in ich a side,
Pat at þe hert þe pointes mett,
500 *And* made him woundes depe *and* wide;
(485) *And* þan þai asked hou pat he let
His hert, pat was ful of pride;
3if he hadde any þing pat [men] him bett;
More schame him schuld bitide.

60 (46).

Ne havede it non er þe word iseyd,
It ne wiste gwider it scholde go;
475 In abreken at a breid
A þousend develene and zet mo.
(365) 3wan thei haddin on him leyð
Here scharpe cloches alle þo,
Yt was in a sori pleyt,
480 Reuliche toyled to and fro.

61 (47).

For thei weren ragged, roue and tayled,
(370) With brode bulches on here bac,
Scharpe clauwes, longe nayled;
No was no lime withoute lac.
485 On alle halve it was asayled
With mani a devel, foul and blac;
(375) Merci criende lutel availede,
3wan Crist it wolde so harde wrac.

62 (48).

Some þe chaules it towrasten,
490 And goten in þe led al hot,
And bedin him to drinke faste,
(380) And senke abouten him a broð.
A devil kam þer ate laste,
Pat was maister, wel i wot,
495 A colter glowende in him he þraste,
Pat it þoruz þe herte it smot.

63 (49).

(385) Gleyves glowende some setten
To bac and brest and bope sides,
Pat in his herte þe poyntes mettin,
500 And maden him þo woundes wide;
And seiden him, fol wel he lette
(390) Þe herte, pat was so fol of pride;
Wel he it hadde pat men him bihette;
For more scholde it bitide.

64 (62).

505 Worpliche wede for to were
 (490) Pai seyð þat he loued best;
 An heuð brini for to bere
 Al glowend on him þai kest,
 Wip hot claspes for to spere,
510 Þat fast sat to bac *and* brest,
 (495) *And* hiled al his oper gere;
 A stede him com al so prest.

65 (63).

 Þe stede was bridled wip a bridel,
 A curssed deuel as a cot,
515 Þat loude grad *and* zened wide,
 (500) Þe blo fire fleize out at his prote;
 Wip a sadel vp to þe midside,
 Ful of scharp pikes yschote,
 As an hechel on to ride;
520 *And* al was gloweand eueri grot.

66 (64).

 (505) In þe sadel he was yslong,
 As he schuld to þe turnament;
 A þousand fendes on him dong,
 And al to peces him torent;
525 At euerie dint þe spark outsprong,
 (510) As a brond þat were forbrent;
 Wip hote speres he was ystong
 And wip þer hokes al torent.

67 (65).

And when he hadde riden þat foule rode
530 In þe sadel þer he was sett,
 (515) Þai slong him doun als a tode,
 And hellehoundes to him lett,
 And breyd of him þe peces brode,
 Wel dolefulliche he was ygret;
535 Þere þe foule fendes glode,
 (520) Of blod men migt folwe þe tred.

64 (50).

505 Wordly wedes for to were
Pei seiden pat he lovede best;
(395) A develes cope for to bere
Al brennynde on him was kest,
With hote haspes imad to spere,
510 Pat streite sat to bac and brest;
An helm pat was lutel to here,
(400) Kam him and an hors al prest.

65 (51).

Forth was brougt pere with a bridel
A corsed devel als a cote,
515 Pat grisliche grennede and zenede wide,
Pe leyge it lemede of his prote;
(405) With a sadel to the midside,
Fol of scharpe pikes schote,
Also an hechele onne to ride;
520 Al was glowende ilke a grote.

66 (52).

Opon pat sadil he was sloungen,
(410) As he scholde to pe tornement;
An hundred devel on him dongen,
Her and per pan he was hent;
525 With hote speres poruz was stongen,
And wip oules al torent;
(415) At ilke a dint pe sparkles sprongen,
As of a brond pat were forbrend.

67 (53).

3wan he hadde riden pat rode
530 Opon pe sadil per he was set,
He was kast down as a tode,
(420) And hellehoundes to him were led,
Pat broiden out po peces brode,
Als he to helle ward was fet;
535 Ther alle pe fendes fet it trode,
Men migte of blod foluwe pe tred.

68 (66).

Pai bede he schuld hunti *and* blowe,
And clepe forþ Bausan *and* Beweviis,
His raches him were won[t] to knowe,
540 He schuld sone blowe þe priis;
(525) An hundred fendes on a rowe
Forþ him driue, maugre his,
Til he com to þat lopli lowe,
Helle, y wot, ycleped it is.

69 (67).

545 When he com to þat foule won,
(530) Þe fendes casten vp a zelle;
Þe erþe opened *and* tochon,
Smok *and* smorþer þerout welle;
Of wild fir *and* of bronston
550 Seuē mile men migt haue þe smelle.
(535) Wel wo is þe soule bigon,
Pat schal suffri þat tende del.

70 (68).

And when þe soule þis sigt yseige,
Whider it schuld, it cast a crie,
555 And seyð: „Jhesu, þat art on heige,
(540) And on þi schaft þou haue mercie!
Þou madest me þat art so sleige,
Þi creatour so was y,
As oper mani þat bep þe neige,
560 Pat þou so wele hast don by.

71 (69).

(545) Þou þat wistest al bifore,
Whi madest þou me to wroþer hele,
To be totogged *and* totore,
An oper to welden al mi wele?
565 Þo wrechis þou woldest haue forlore,
(550) Wele migtestow hem hadde yspele;
Pat pai no had neuer be bore,
To giue þe — — — — —!“

68 (54).

- (425) He beden him hontin and blowen,
Crien on Bauston and Bewis,
Pe ratches pat him were woned te knowen,
540 He scholden sone blowe pe pris;
An hundred develes, ratches on a rowe
(430) With stringes him drowen, unpane his,
Til he kome to pat lodli lowe,
Per helle was, i wot to wis.

69 (55).

- 545 Wgan it kam to pat wikke won,
Pe fendes kasten suwilk a zel,
(435) Pe erpe it openede anon,
Smoke and smoper op it wal,
Bope picb and brumston;
550 Men mygte fif mile have pe smel.
Loverd, wo schal him be bigon.
(440) Pat hap peroffe pe tenpe del.

70 (56).

- Wgan pe gost pe sope isey,
Wgide[r] it scholde, it kaste a cri,
555 And seide: „Jhesu Crist, that sittest on hey,
On me, pi schap, noug have merci!
(445) Ne schope poug me pat art so slyg?
Pi creature al so was i,
Als man pat sittes pe so ny,
560 Pat pou havest so wel don by.

71 (57).

- Poug pat wistest al bifer,
(450) Wgi schope pou me to wroper hele,
To be pus toggged and totoren,
And opere to haven al mi wele?
565 Po pat scholden be forlorn,
Wretches pat tou migtest spele,
(455) A! weile! wgi lestoug hem be born,
To geve pe foule fend so fele?“

72 (70).

		Pan bigo	—	—	—	—	—	—
570		„Caitif, no	—	—	—	—	—	—
	(555)	To crie to	—	—	—	—	—	—
		No for to c	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Pou hast f	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Pou hast y	—	—	—	—	—	—
575		And pat schalt	—	—	—	—	—	—
	(560)	And al pat le	—	—	—	—	—	—

73 (71).

		Pe foule fend	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Bi top <i>and</i> tay	—	—	—	—	—	—
		And slonggen i	—	—	—	—	—	—
580		Doun in to	—	—	—	—	—	—
	(565)	Per neuer s	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Hemself pa	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Pe erpe ano	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Anon pe don	—	—	—	—	—	—

74 (72).

585		When it wa	—	—	—	—	—	—
	(570)	In helle it	—	—	—	—	—	—
		On heveri	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Opon pe b	—	—	—	—	—	—
		To Jhesu Cr	—	—	—	—	—	—
590		Oft he cr	—	—	—	—	—	—
	(575)	For fere	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Com to —	—	—	—	—	—	—

75 (73).

		Y ponki	—	—	—	—	—	—
		His mic	—	—	—	—	—	—
595		Pat sar —	—	—	—	—	—	—
	(580)	A sinful	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Po pat —	—	—	—	—	—	—
		To schri	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Nas ne —	—	—	—	—	—	—
600		Pat go —	—	—	—	—	—	—

72 (58).

- Agein him þe fendes gonnen crize:
570 „Caitif, helpeþ þe na more
To calle on Jhesus ne Marie,
(460) Ne to crie Cristes ore.
Loren þouȝ havest the cumpainye,
Þou havest served us so zore;
575 Þarfore nou þou schalt abyē,
As opere þat leven on oure lore.“

73 (59).

- (465) Þe foule fendes þat weren fayn,
Bi top and tail he slongen hit,
And kesten it with myȝt and mayn
580 Doun into the develes pit,
Per sonne ne schal nevere be seyn;
(470) Hemself he sonken in þermit.
Þe erpe hemsulf it lek ageyn,
Anon þe donge it was fordit.

Sou ke parla cely ki ceste avision aveit weu e dit
issi:

74 (60).

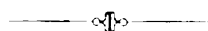
- 585 (475) Wȝan it was forth, þat foule lod,
To hellewel, or it were day,
On ilk a her a drope stod,
For frigt and fer þer as i lay;
To Jhesu Crist with mild mod
590 (480) Ȝerne i kalde and lokede ay,
Ȝwan þo fendes hot fot
Come to fette me away.

75 (61).

- I þonke him þat polede deth,
His muchele merci and his ore,
595 (485) Þat schilde me fram mani a qued,
A sunful man as i lai þore.
Þo þat sunfol ben, i rede hem red,
To schriven hem and rewen sore;
Nevere was sunne idon so gret,
600 (490) Þat Cristes merci ne is wel more.

76 (74).

605	(585)	Jhesu pa	—	—	—	—	—	—
		And schope	—	—	—	—	—	—
		And wip	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Of ame	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Pine	—	—	—	—	—	—
	(590)	In heu	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Pi pass	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Perto	—	—	—	—	—	—
		Explicit	—	—	—	—	—	—



Sa grace ly doine Jhesu Crist,
Ki ce dite de meins escrit!
De li server de quer parfit,
A tous otreie ly seint espirit!

Vernon Manuscript, Bl. 285 v.

A disputacion bytwene þe bodi and þe soule.

1 (1).

Als ich lay in winteres niht
In a droupnyng tofore þe day,
Me þhougte i seih a selly siht,
A bodi þer hit on beere lay;
5 (5) Þat hadde iben a comeli kniht
And luitel iserued god to pay;
Loren he hedde þis lyues liht;
Pe gost was oute and wolde away.

2 (2).

And whon þe gost him scholde go,
10 (10) Hit turned ageyn and git wiþstod,
Beheold þe flesch þer it com fro,
So serwefuliche mid dreri mood;
And seide: „Allas and weilawo!
Þou fikele flesch, þou false blod!
15 (15) Whi lyst þou now stynkynde so,
Þat whilen weore so wylde and wod?

3 (3).

Þou þat weore iwont to ryde
So hize an horse in and out,
So queynte a kniht and kud so wyde,
20 (20) Als a lyoun fers and proud,
Where is now al þi muchele pride,
And þi leete þat was so loud?
Whi lyst þou þere so bare þi syde,
Prikked in so pore a schroud?

Digby Manuscript 102, Bl. 136 r.

Disputacio inter corpus *et* animam.

1 (1).

As i lay in a wynternyzt
In a derkyng bifore þe day,
Me þougt i se a selly sigt,
A body on a bere lay;
5 (5) That hadde ben a mody knyzt
And litil had *serued* god to pay;
Lorne he hadde his lifes lizt;
Þe gost was out *and* went away.

2 (2).

When þe gost was went hit fro,
10 (10) Hit withstynt and þerby stode,
Bihelede þe body þere hit come fro,
With simple chere and drery mode;
And saide: „Allas *and* wele away!
Þou foule flesch, þou vile blode!
15 (15) Why lyes þou now stynkyng so,
Pat sum tyme was so wilde *and* wode?

3 (3).

Þou pat was wonede to ryde
So heiz on hors in *and* oute,
So kene a knyzt *and* kidde so wyde,
20 (20) As a lyoun fiers and proude,
Where is now þy michel pride,
And þi let pat was so loude?
Why lyes þou now so bareside,
Prikked in so pouere a schroude?

5 *

4 (4).

25 (25) Where ben now alle pine worpili wedes,
 Pi somers mid pi bourliche beddes,
 Pi palfreis and pi nōble stedes,
 Pat pou aboute in destre leddes?
 Pi faucouns pat were wont to grede,
 30 (30) And pi grehoundes pat pou feddes?
 Me pinkep pi good is pe ful gnede,
 Now al pi frendes ben from pe fledde.

5.

6 (5).

(35) Where ben pyne castels *and* pi toures,
 Thi chaumbres and pin heize halle,
 Pat peynted weoren *with* feire floures,
 And pyne riche robes alle?
 45 Pi quyltes and pi couertoures,
 Pat sendel and pat pourprepalle?
 Lo! wrecche, wher is nou pi boure?
 (40) To morwe schaltou perinne falle.

7 (6).

50 Where be nou alle pyne cokes snelle,
 Pat scholde go greipe pyne mete
 Mid riche spiceries, for to smelle,
 Pat pou were gredi for to frete,
 (45) To don pi foule flesch to swelle,
 Pat now wole foule wormes ete?
 55 And me pe put and pyne of helle
 Mid pi glotenye hast pou gete.

4 (4).

Where ar now alle py worthy wedes,
Py somers with thy riche beddes,
Thy palfrays *and* py proude stedes,
Pat pou aboute in destre leddes?
Py faukones pat were wonte to brede,
30 (30) And grehoundes pat pou feddes?
Me pinke[p] py gode is now ful gnede,
Now alle py frendes arn fro þe fledde.

5 (13).

Wher ar py markes *and* py poundes,
Py folk *and* py faire fegh,
35 Py grete tresour by roue *and* grounde,
(100) Brigt broches, ryng *and* begg?
Who durst bed þe stroke or wounde,
When py baner was born on hegh?
Yuel art pou proued in a stounde,
Py tail is kuttet þe ful negh.

6 (5).

Where ar py castels *and* py tours,
Py chambre *and* py hyge halle,
(35) Pat payntede was wiþ proude flours,
And py riche robes alle?
45 Thy quyltes *and* py couertours,
Thy cendal *and* py purprepalle?
Lo! wrecche, where is now py boure?
40) To morne schal pou þerin falle.

7 (6).

Wher bep now py cokes snel,
50 Pat shulde go *and* graith py mete
With riche spicerie, for to smel,
Pat pou was gredy for to frete,
(45) That dede py foule flesch to swel,
Pat now shal foule wermes ete?
55 And i þe hard put of hel
For py glotonie mone gete.

8 (7).

(50) Wher be þeose gleomen þe to glewen,
Harpe *and* fipele and tabourbete?
60 Þis pipers, þat þis bagges blewen,
And þat þou gaf þe *giftes grete,
 Þe riche robes, olde and newe,
 To zelpen of þe, þer þei seete?
(55) Suche truilours þat neuer nere trewe
 Of þe hedden gret bigete.

9 (8).

65 For to bere þi word so wyde,
 And maken of þe rym and raf,
 Suche gylours for pompe and pride
(60) Largeliche of þin þou gaf.
 Ac þe pore eoden al be syde,
70 For euer hem þou ouerhaf;
 And gif þei comen in eny vnryde,
 Sone heo weore striken myd a staf.

10 (9).

(65) Of suche pore þou hit nom,
 Þat mony a gloten eet and dronk;
75 Neuer ne rougtest þow of whom,
 Ne ho þerfore sarrest swonk.
 Þe riche was welcume whon he com,
(70) Þe pore was beten þat he stonk;
 Now is al gon mid godes grom,
80 And þou hast, wrecche, luyte þonk.

11 (12).

(90) Ac to morwe whon hit is day,
 Out from kip and al þy kyn
 Bare schalt þou wenden away,
 And leuen al þis worldes win.
85 In proud paleys þeiz þou her lay,
 Wiþ wormes is nou nomen þyne in;
(95) Þi boure is bult so cold in clay,
 Þe roof to resten on þi chyn.

8 (7).

(50) Wher ar þy mynstrels þat schulde þe glue
With harpe *and* fythel *and* tabourebete?
The pypers, þat in bagges blue,
60 And þat þou gaf þy giftes grete,
Thy proude robes, olde *and* nue,
To gelpe on þe, þere þai sete?
(55) Suche truyleurs neuere true
Of þe hadde gret bigete.

9 (8).

65 For to bere thy word so wide,
And make of þe bop rym *and* raf,
Suche gylours for pompe *and* pride
(60) Largely of þyn þou gaf.
But þe pouere zeden al be side,
70 Or euere ham þou ouerhaf;
And if þay come in eny vnride,
Sone were þay striken wip a staf.

10 (9).

(65) Of þe pouere þou hit nam,
Pat meny gloton ete *and* dranke;
75 Neuere þougtest þou of wham,
Ne who þerfore sore swanke.
The riche was welcome when he cam,
(70) Þe pouere was bete þat he stanke;
Now is al gone with godis gram,
80 And þou haues, wreche, litel thanke.

11 (12).

(90) But to morn when it is day,
Out of kigt *and* al þy kynne
Bare shal þou wend away,
And lef here al þy worldes wyne.
85 In proud palays if þou here lay,
With wormes now is taken þin ynne;
(95) Thy boure is bilt in ful cold clay,
Þe roue shal rest rigt at þy chynne.

12 (11).

90 Pou, wrecche, þat in al þi siht
Neore neuere of worldes wyne sad,
Nou hastou nouþur lond ne lip,
But seuen foote and vneþe þat.
(85) Nou sixtou, and þe soþe hit kip,
Al is loren þat þou er gat;
95 And þou ne schalt neuer eft be blyþ
Of þat oþur wol make hem glad.

13 (10).

(75) Of al þat þou togedere droug,
And were hardore þen þe flynt,
100 Suche schul make hem large inoug,
Þat þow neuere neddest hit mint.
And þou þat madest hit so toug,
Al þi bost is sone astint.
Ac i mai wepen þat þou be loug,
(80) For al my blisse is for þe tynt.

14 (30).

105 And þi false heyr is now fayn,
Þi feire fe for to vnderfo;
(235) Wel is him þis day iseyn,
Þat luytel good schal for þe do.
Nolde he nout nou giuen ageyn,
110 To bringen vs into reste and ro,
Of al þat londe a fote or tweyn,
(240) Þat þou so synfuliche come to.

15.

12 (11).

90 *Pou*, wrecche, *pat* in al *py* siht
Was neuere of worldes wyne sadde,
Now has *pou* neper lond no liht,
Bot seuen fot *and* vnnep *patte*.
(85) Now sees *pou*, *and* *he* soth wile kiht,
Pat al is lorn *pat* *pou* er gatte;
95 And shal neuer more be bliht
Of *pat* other wole make hem gladde.

13 (10).

(75) Of al *pat* *pou* togider drogh,
And was wele harder pan *he* flynt,
100 Suche schul now make hem large ynogh,
Pat *pou* neuere naddest hit mynt.
And *pou* *pat* madest hit so togh,
Al *py* bost is sone stynt.
Bot *y* may wepe *pat* *pou* by logh,
(80) For al my blis is for *he* tynt.

14 (14).

105 (105) Thy fals heir is now ful fayn,
Py faire fees to vndergo;
Wele is him *pis* day isseyne,
Pat litel good wile for *he* do.
Ne wold *he* nougt *gyue* ageyn,
110 (110) To brynge vs bop to rest *and* roo,
Of al *pat* lond a fot or tweyn,
Pat *pou* so synfully come to.

15 (15).

115 (115) Now wil *py* wyf no more wepe;
O nygt ne shal she haue no rest,
Ne for fele pougtes slepe,
What man *hir* byfel best
In *py* stede for to crepe;
Be *pys* she wot of on al prest.
Be *pou* to morn doluen depe,
120 (120) Sone pay shulle be treupfest.

16 (31).

And þyne excecuteurs schul nou seche
Þyn oþer þing, nou þou art ded;
Al schal geynliche gon to wreche,
Haue þei deled a luytel bred.
125 (245) Vche to pyke þat he con skekke,
Scheep or swyn or hors or net;
Ac luytel þerof vs þar recche,
Sipen we beop bope bitauzt þe qwed.“

17.

18.

19 (32).

145 And whon þe gost mid grisli chere
(250) Hedde þus maad his muchele mon,
Pe bodi þer hit lay on bere,
An atelich þing as hit was on,
Pe hed haf vp and þe swire;
150 As þing al seek hit gaf a gron,
(255) And seide: „Whoder þougtest þou fere,
Pat were þus freschliche from me gon?

16 (16).

Alle þy sectours shal now seke
 Þy other catel, now þou art dede;
 Al shal sone go to wreke,
 Haue þay delt a litel brede.
 125 (125) Ilkon shal pyke þat he may skeke,
 Shep or swyne, hors or nete;
 But litel þerof thar vs reke,
 For we ar boþ bytaugt þe quede.

17.

18 (17).

(130) Now is þe cursyng on þe lizt,
 Wreche, þere i se þe lye,
 Pat meny on bad þe day *and* nyzt,
 140 And knele[d] on þair knees to crye.
 Bot allas! þat i wreched wyzt
 Shal now so gultles aby
 (135) Al þy schame *and* þy vnryzt
 Wip sorwe *and* woo þat i shal drye."

19 (18).

Audiens tunc corpus redargucionem spiritus et
 voce quasi iracundiosa sono quodam lamentacionis
 horribilis sic respondit dicens.

145 And when þe gost wip grisly chere
 Hadde þus made his michel mone,
 The body þere hit lay on bere,
 (140) A grisly þyng as bit was one,
 The hed heued vp *and* þe swere;
 150 As thyng al seek hit gaf a grone,
 And saide: „Whider þougtest þou fere,
 Pat is þus þroly fro me gone?"

20 (33).

What eyleþ þe, þou grymli gaast,
Pat me þus breidest of myn vnhap?
155 So broþliche as myn herte barst,
(260) Þe dep so deolfulliche me drap.
I nam nouþer furst ne last,
Pat schal drynken of þat nap;
Nis non so kene þat he nis cast,
160 Þe pruddest may arst kepe his clap.

21 (34).

(265) What breidest þou þat i schal rote?
For so dude Sampson and Cesar,
Pat no mon con nou fynden a mote
Of hem, ne of [þe] mooder þat hem bar.
165 Wormes forgnowen heor alre prote,
(270) So schulen heo myn, nou am i war;
Þer dep so redi fynt dore opene,
Ne may helpe no zeyn char.

22 (35).

Ac whon i seig boþe clerk and kniht
170 And opur men bi gates go,
(275) And ich was mon of muchel miht,
And euere wend haue dured so,
Hize halles and boures brigt
Hedde i maad wiþ murþhes mo,
175 Mi dwellyng here so feire idiht,
(280) Pat dep hap me þus demed fro.

23 (36).

Mi wonyng here so murie i wrougt
And wende hane lyued zit zeres fele;
Wyde wones and boldes bougt
180 Mid al þat euere i migte stele.
(285) Nou wente þe world ageyn my þougt;
And dep, þat con so stille stele,
Hap me demed away wiþ nougt,
And opere towelden al þis wele.

20 (19).

- (145) Hit saide: „What ayleþ þe now, gast,
Pat me þus braydes of my vnhap?
155 Ne wist þou how my hert brast,
When dep so doelfully me drap?
I nam nougt þe ferst ne þe last,
(150) Pat shal drynke of þat nap;
Nis non so kene þat he nys cast,
160 Pe pruddest may erest kepe his clap.

21 (20).

- What braydest þou me þat i shal rote?
For so dede Sampson *and* Cesar,
(155) Pat no man kan nougt fynde a mote
Of ham, ne of þe moder þat ham bar.
165 Wormes ghozen here aller þrote,
So foul þay ligge, now am y war;
Ther dep wil come, suffre man mote,
(160) Ne may helpe non gayn chare.

22 (21).

- When y se boh clerk *and* knygt
170 And oper mo by waies go,
And y was man of michel mygt,
And euere wend endured so,
(165) Heigh halles *and* boures brygt
Had y made wip myrthes mo,
175 My duellyng here ful faire ydigte,
Pat dep hap me þus demed fro.

23 (22).

- My wonyng here so mury i wrougt,
(170) And wend haue lyued gut zeres fele;
Brode wastes *and* wodes y bougt
180 Wip al þat euere y mygt spele.
Now is þe worlde went agein my þougt;
And dep, þat kan stille me stele,
(175) Hap me dryue away wip nougt,
And other towelden al my wele.

24 (37).

185 And gif *pou* wolt me perof wyte
 (290) Pat bope schul we ben ispilt,
 Mid pi self scholdest *pou* furst flyte,
 For al was hit pyn owne gilt.
 Pat schewe ich pe wip wordes luyte
 190 And wip rigt resun, gif *pou* wilt;
 (295) Pou art to blame, and ich al quite,
 For bope schuldestou vs from schome han schilt

25 (38).

For god pe schop aftur his schaft,
 And gaf pe bope wit and skil;
 195 And in pi lokyng al was ich laft,
 (300) To wissen after pyn owne wil.
 Ne coupe i neuere of wikked craft,
 Ne wuste what was good or il,
 But as a beest doumbe and daft,
 200 And as *pou* tauhtest me pertil.

26 (39).

(305) For ich was betaugt pe to zeme,
 A witles ping as ich was boren,
 And set to seruen pe to queme,
 Bope an euen and at moren.
 205 Ac *pou* pat deedes coupest deme,
 (310) Scholdest ha ben war beforen
 Of my folye, as hit now seme;
 And pus art how pi self forloren."

27 (40).

Pe soule seide: „Bodi, be stille!
 210 Who hap leret pe pis wit,
 (315) To giue me pis wordes grille,
 Per *pou* lyst bollen as a bit?
 Wenest *pou*, wrecche, heiz *pou* fille
 Mid pat foule flesch a pit,
 215 Of al pat euere *pou* hast don ille,
 (320) Pat *pou* so libtly schal be quit?

24 (23).

185 And if *pou* wilt *perof* wyte,
Pat we shul bop be spilt,
Wip *py* self *pou* sholdest ferst flyte,
(180) For al it is *pin* owen gilt.
Pat now *y* schewe wip wordes lyte
190 And wip reson, if *pou* wilt;
Pou art to blame, and *y* al quyte,
For *pou* sholdest fro synne vs bop haue sbilt.

25 (24).

(185) For god *pe* shope after his schap,
And gaf *pe* bop wit *and* skil;
195 And in *py* lokyng was *y* laft,
To wisse after *pin* owen wil.
Ne coup *y* neuere of wikked craft,
(190) Ne wist what was gode ne il,
But as a best dombe *and* daft,
200 And al *pou* taugtest me *per*til.

26 (25).

I was bytaugt *pe* for to zeme,
Bop at euen *and* at morne,
(195) And sette to serue *pe* to queme,
A witles *pyng* as *y* was borne.
205 But *pou* pat dedes coupest deme,
Pat pere *pou* art *py* selue forlorne,
Of my folie, hit may wele seme,
(200) Y shulde haue be war byforne."

27 (26).

Respondit tunc *spiritus* ad corpus.
Then sayd *pe* soule: „Body be stille!
210 Who hap lerned *pe* al *pis* wit,
To gif me *pis* ansuer grille,
Pere *pou* lyst bolned as a bit?
(205) Wenestou, wrecche, *poung* *pou* fille
Wip *py* foule flesche a pit,
215 Of al pat euere *pou* has done ille,
Pat *pou* so liztly shal be quyt?

28 (41).

Wendest *pou* þus to geten grip,
Þeiz *pou* lyst roted in þe clay?
Nay! þeih *pou* rote pile and pip,
220 And blowe wip þe wynd away,
(325) 3it schalt *pou* come *with* lime and lip
Ageyn to me at domesday,
And come to court and ich þe wip,
For to kepe vre rihte pay.

29 (42).

225 To loke, seistou, weore *pou* me taugt;
(330) Ak sone so *pou* coupest of eny qued,
Mid þe teep þe bridel *pou* laugt,
And duest al þat ich forbed.
To synne *and* serwe was þi draugt,
230 To serwe and to wikkedhed;
(335) Euere ich flot ageyn and faugt,
Ac euere *pou* nomme þin owene red.

30 (43).

Ak whon i spek of soulenedes,
Masse, matynes or euensong,
235 Pou mostest arst don oþur dedes,
(340) And toldest hit al idel zong.
To riuer or to chase *pou* eodes,
Oper to court, to deme wrong;
Bote for pride or muchele medes
240 Luytel good *pou* duest among.

31 (20).

And ho may more tresun do
Or his lord better engyne,
Then he þat al his trust is to,
(155) And mid hym as his owne hyne?
245 Euer sipeþ *pou* coupest go,
Stunten noldest *pou*, neuer fyne,
Pi self to dihten reste and ro,
(160) And me to purchasen put and pyne.

28 (27).

- Wenestou now to gete grip,
(210) Pouz þou lie roten þere in þat clay?
Nay! þouz þou rote pile *and* pith,
220 And al toblowe wip wynd away,
Ȝet schal þou come with lym and liþ
Agein to me on domesday,
(215) And come to court *and* y þe wip,
For to kepe oure rygt pay.

29 (28).

- 225 To loke, þou saiest, þou was me taugt;
But when þou coupe of eny quede,
Wip þe teep þe bridel þou laugt,
(220) And dedest al þat y þe forbede.
To synne *and* schame was þy draugt,
230 To sorowe *and* to wikkedhede;
Ful ofte y flote agayn *and* faugt,
But ay þou toke þyn owen rede.

30 (29).

- (225) For when y monede þy soulnedes,
Messe, matyns *and* euensong,
235 Þou most first do oper dedes,
And saydest, hit was al ydel gong.
To ryuer or to chace þou zedes,
(230) Or to court to deme wrong;
But it were for pride or grete nedes,
240 Litel gode þou didest among.

31 (30).

- And who may more treson do
Or his lord bettere engyne,
(235) Pan he þat al his trist is to,
And wip him as his owin hyne?
245 Ay seþ þou were þryuen and pro,
And wistest alle werkes myne,
Þy self purueidestou rest *and* ro,
(240) And me hast digt pitte *and* pyne.

32 (21).

250 Ac now mowen þis bestes renne
And liggen vnder lynd and lef,
And foules fien by feld and fenne,
Sipen þi false herte clef.
(165) Þyn ege is blynd and con not kenne,
Pi mouþ is doumbe, þin ere is deaf;
255 And þou begynnest þus to **grenne**,
From þe comeþ a wikked **weef**.

33 (22).

(170) Nis no ladi, so briht of ble,
Pat of þe weore wel woned to lete,
Pat o day wolde wiþ þe be,
260 For al þe gold þou euer gete.
Vnsemely art þou on to se,
Vncomelich for to cusse swete;
(175) Þow hast no frend þat nolde fle,
Come þou startlynge in þe strete."

(23).

(180) „Nai, grimly gost, al þe for nougt
Mid me to holde chide and cheste;
For clyuen most i to þi þougt
And bouwen as a bounden beeste,
To don al þat þe of rougt;
Ich was euer at þin heste.
Wipstonden þe ne dorst i nougt,
For mid þe weren migtes meste.

(24).

(185) For as ich was to þe igiuen,
And as þyn asse ich þe bar,
As mayster ouer me to lyuen,
Pat wel was of myne wrenches war;
And whon þou heddest me forþ dryuen,
(190) And iput til eny char,
Al to þe counseil most i cliuen,
As he doþ þat non oper ne dar."

32 (32).

Now may þese wylde bestes renne
250 (250) And liggen vnder lynd *and* leef,
And foules fle be felde *and* fenne,
Ay seþen þy fals hert cleef.
Thy eye is blynde *and* can nougt kenne,
Py mouþe is dombe, þin eres ar deaf;
255 (255) And þou so lonly list to grenne,
Fro þe comeþ a wikked weef."

33.

34 (14).

265 (105) Pe bodi grunte, and gon to seye:
„Gost, þou hast þe wrong iwis,
Al þe gult on me to leye,
Pat þou hast þus iloren þi blis.
Wher was ich be wode or weye,
270 (110) Sat or stood or dude out mis,
Pat i nas neuere vndur þyn eige?
Wel þou wost pat sōp hit is.

35.

36.

37 (18).
I scholde haue ben but as a schep,
290 Or as an oxe, or as a swyn,
Pat eet and dronk, lay and sleep,
(140) Slayen and passed al his pyn;
Neuer of catel nomen no kep,
Ne chosen þe water from þe wyn,
295 Ne nou ne scholde into belle dep,
Nere þe wit pat al was þyn.“

34 (33).

**Respondit iterum corpus ad animam voce querula
dicens.**

265 The body bigan to grone *and* say:
 „Gost, þou doest wrong ywys,
 Al þat gylt on me to lay,
 (260) Pat þou hast lorn so michel blys.
 Wher was y by wode or way,
270 Sat or stode or dide ougt mys,
 Pat y nas euere vnder þe ay?
 Wele þou wot þat soþe it ys.

35.

36.

37 (38).

290 I ne scholde haue ben but as a shep,
 Or as an ox, or as a swyn,
 Pat ete *and* dranke, lay *and* slep,
 (300) Slayn *and* passed al his pyn;
 Ne neuere of catel taken kep,
 Ne chosen þe watere fro þe wyn,
295 Ne now ne scholde to helle dep,
 Ne were þe witte þat al was þyn.“

(19).

- (145) „Careyne vnkynde, what hast *pou* seid?
For euere were *pou* luper and les,
For to brewe me bitter breid,
And me to puyten out of pees.
Wip lime iwrougt, wip tonge iseid,
(150) To harme was *pi* raple res;
Wip schome is now *pi* leete ileyd,
Wip serwe me newep me *pat* mes.

38.

39.

40.

38.

39.

40.

42 (13).

330 So feole tyme weore þou þrat,
 What þow, wrecche, scholdest haue;
 And luitel giue þou of þat,
 Þeig þou sege al þi kuu igraue.
 (100) Þou dudest al as þe world þe bad,
 And as þi foule flesch wolde craue;
 335 I suffred þe and dude as mad,
 To be maister and ich þi knaue."

43 (15).

„And þou þat were so worpliche wrought,
 Þou seidest ich made þe my þral?
 (115) Ac al þat euer þe of rougt,
 340 Þou hit dust and ich hit hal.
 Ne misdude ich neuer nougt,
 Ne i ne rafte, ne i ne stal,
 Pat arst of þe ne com þe þougt.
 (120) Abugge hose abugge schal!

44 (16).

345 What wuste i what was wrong or rigt,
 What to take or what to schone,
 But as þou putttest in my siht,
 Pat al þe wisdam schuldest haue kone?
 (125) Ac whon i dude an vntiht,
 350 And eft sones gon me þerof mone,
 Penne leide i al my miht,
 Anoþer tyme to haue þe wone.

42 (31).

330 „So fele tymes y þe þrat,
What we boþe schulden haue;
But litel tale gaf þou of þat,
(245) Þoug þou see alle þy frendes graue.
Þou dide[st] as þe world þe bad,
And as þy foule flesch wolde craue;
335 I suffred þe *and* dede as mad,
To be my lord *and* y þy knaue.“

43 (34).

(265) „And þou þat was so wonderly wrought,
Þou saiest y made þe my þral?
Al þat euere þe of rougt,
340 Þou hit didest *and* y wip al.
Ne mysdide y neuere nougt,
(270) Ne y ne rafte, ne y ne stal,
That ferst of þe ne come þe þought.
Abye who it abyte schal!

44 (35).

345 What wist y was wrong or rigt,
What to take or what to shone,
(275) But as þou puttest in my sigt,
Pat al þe wisdom shuldest haue conc?
For when y dide ones an vnrigt,
350 And oft gan me þerof mone,
Þenne laide y al my mygt,
(280) Anoper tyme to haue my wone.

45 (25).

Ac heddest *pou*, so Christ hit oupe,
Igiue me bope hongur and cold,
355 (195) And itauzt me, pat nougt ne coupe,
But ligge in bisemare so bold,
Pat ich vsede in my zoupe,
Hedde ich holden, whon ich was old;
Ak *pou* me lete reyke norp and soupe,
360 (200) And hauen al my wille in wold.

46 (17).

Wel ougtestou wite wat was my kynde,
(130) As vre eldren weren ar tho,
To be pis wrecched wor[l]d so mynde,
And euer coueyten mo and mo.
365 Allas! Whi neddest *pou* me bynde,
Whon i wolde to synne haue go?
(135) Ac per pe blynde lat pe blynde,
In dich pei fallen bope two."

47 (26).

„A! *pou* foule flesch vnseete,
370 Ful of falsnesse and fallas!
Pat ich pe seze euer zete,
For al my loue on pe i las.
(205) Pat *pou* louedest me *pou* leete,
And maadest me an houue of glas;
375 Ich dude al pat pe phougte swete,
And *pou* traytur euer was.

48.

45 (36).

But haddest *pou*, *and* god it oup,
Gyue me hunger, *pirst and* colde,
355 And wissede me, *pat* no goed coup,
But lye in bismere so bolde,
(285) That y lerned in my zoup,
Y helde hit, sepen y was olde;
And *pou* me let rayke norp *and* soup,
360 And haue al my wile in wolde.

46 (37).

Wele wistou what was my kynde,
(290) And al mankynde it is al so,
To haue *pis* wikkede world in mynde,
And ay coueyten mo *and* mo.
365 *Pou* shuldest haue leten me bynde,
When y wolde to synne go;
(295) But when *pe* blynde ledep *pe* blynde,
In dyk fallep *pay* bop to."

47 (39).

Respondit adhuc spiritus ad corpus.

(305) „Haa! *pou* foule fleshe vnsete,
370 Nede *pou* makes me say: Allas!
Pat y seye *pe* euere gete,
For al my loue on *pe* y las.
Pat *pou* louedest me *pou* lete,
(310) And madest me an howe of glas;
375 I dede al *pat* *pe* was swete,
And *pou* traytour euere was.

48 (40).

Pe fend of helle *pat* hap enuy
To al mankynde, *and* ay hap had,
(315) Was euere aboute *pe* as a spy,
380 To eny gode when y *pe* bad.
Pe world he drowe to company,
Pat mony a soul hap forrad;
Pay to wisten al *py* foly,
(320) *And* made *pe* bop blynde *and* mad.

49 (27).

385 And whon ich bad þe schrifte take,
(210) And leuen þi synnes euer and o,
Do penaunce and faste and wake,
Þe fend seide: 'Schalt þow not so!
Þus zong þi ryot forsake,
390 To lyuen longe in serwe and wo!
(215) Ioye and murþe i rede þou make,
And þenke to lyuen zit zeres mo!

50 (28).

395 And whon ich bad þe leuen pruide,
(220) Þyne mony mees, þi semeli schroud,
Þis wrecchede world þe stood be syde,
And bad þe be ful queynte and proud,
Þi flesch mid riche robes schruide,
Nout as a beggere in a clout,
Ac on heiz hors for to ryde
400 Mid muche meyne in and out.

51 (29).

(225) Ak whon ich bad þe erliche aryse,
And of me taken rihtliche kep,
Þou seidest, migtest þou none wyse
For þi murie morewesleep.
405 And whon ze hedden set goure assyse,
(230) Ze preo traitors, sore ich wep;
Ze ladde me mid oure empyrse,
As þe bopelere dop his schcep."

52.

49 (41).

385 For when y bad þe schrift take,
And lef þy synnes ay *and* o,
Do penaunce, faste *and* wake,
 (325) Þe fend saide: 'Shal þou nougt so!
390 Pus gong al þy ryot forsake,
And lede þy lyf in sorwe *and* wo!
Ioye *and* blisse y rede þe make,
And þenk to lyue zet zeres mo!

50 (42).

 (330) And y bad þe lef pryde,
395 Py meny mes, þy riche shroud,
Þe wikkede world stode þe bi syde,
And bad þe be queynt *and* proud,
Py flesch wip riche robes shryde,
 (335) Nougt as a beggar in a clout,
And on heyz hors to ryde
400 Wip michel meyne in *and* out.

51 (43).

And when y bad þe erly ryse,
And take of me rygtly kepe,
 (340) Þou saydes, þou mygt nougt in no wyse
405 For þe mury morneslepe.
And when ze had set goure assyse,
Ze pre traitours, sore y wepe;
Ze led me wip goure empyrse,
As þe belweper dop þe shepe.

52 (44).

 (345) And when ze had tolde goure tale,
410 Agein me were ze alle sworn;
Al ze helde hit truteuale,
Pat euere had y saide befor.
Ze led me be doun *and* dale,
 (350) As an ox by þe horn,
415 To stede þer him ys browen bale,
Per his prote shal be shorn.

54 (44).

- 425 (345) And þo þe bodi seig þe gost
Such deol and such mone make,
And seide: „Allas! my lyf is lost,
Þat euere i liuide for þine sake!
Þat myn herte anon ne barst
- 430 (350) Whon ich was from my mooder take,
Or ben into a put icast
Mid a tadde or mid a snake!

55 (45).

- 435 (355) For þenne nedde i neuer ilerned,
What was vuel ne what was good,
Ne no þing wrong izeorned,
Ne pyne suffred, as i now mot;
Wher no seynt mai beode vre ernde
To him þat bougt vs mid his blod,
Þat we ne ben in þis fuir forbrende,
- 440 (360) Þorw his merci to don us boot.“

56 (46).

- 445 (365) „Nai, wrecche, nai, now is to late,
For to preye or for to preche;
Now is þe wayn rigt atte gate,
And þi tonge hap leyd þe speche.
O poynt of vre peyne to abate,
In al þis world nis non such leche;
Þat boþe we schullen gon o gate,
Such is Christes wrappe and wreche.

53 (48).

If alle þe men now vnder mone
To deme vs were brougt on benke,
Þe schames þat vs shal be done
420 (380) Ne mygt þay nougt half beþenke.
Ne helpeþ vs no maner bede ne bone,
Ne vs ne may no wile ne wrenke.
Helleboundes comen ful sone,
Fro þaim ne may we neuere slenke.“

54 (45).

Iterum respondit corpus ad spiritum.

425 And when þe body se þe gast
Suche doel *and* mone make,
(355) Hi[t] saide: „Allas! my lyf last,
Þat euere y lyued for þy sake!
Þat my hert sone ne had brast,
430 When y was fro my moder take,
Or ben into a pitte ycast
(360) Wip a tode or wip a snake!

55 (46).

For þenne ne had y neuere lerned,
What was ille ne what was gode,
435 Ne no catel wip wrong zerned,
Ne pyne þoled, as y now mote;
(365) Wheþer no seynt may bed oure erend
To him þat bougt vs wip his blode,
Þat we ne be in helle forberned,
440 Þurȝ his mercie to don vs bote.“

56 (47).

Iterum respondit spiritus ad corpus.

„Certes, now it is to late,
(370) For to preie or for to preche;
Now is þe wayn at þe gate,
And þy tonge haþ layde þe speche.
445 A poynt of oure peyn to abate,
In al þis world þere nys no leche;
(375) Þat bop (ne) shul we gon o gate,
Suche is Cristes hard wreche.

57.

58.

59 (47).

465 I may now no lengor dwelle,
(370) Ne stonden heer to speken mid þe;
For helleboundes ich here ȝelle,
And fendes mo þen i may se,
Þat comen to fecchen me to helle,
470 Ne may i non gates fle;
(375) And þow schalt comen in flesch and felle
At domusday to wone wip me."

60 (48).

And as hit hedde þus iseid,
Nuste hit whodere hit schulde go,
475 And to him wip a lodly breyd
(380) Comen a þousund fendes or mo..
And sone þei hedden on hym leyd
Heore scharpe cloches alle þo;
Hit was in a deolful pleyt,
480 Reupliche itoyled to and fro.

57 (49).

- 450 (385) But haddest þou a litel ere,
Whiles vs was lyf togedre lent,
So þou feldest þe seke *and* sere,
Schryuen þe and þe deuel schent,
And leten renne a reuful tere,
455 (390) And had wile of amendement,
Ne þurt vs now haue be in fere,
Pat god ne wolde his wile haue went.

58.

59 (50).

- 465 I ne may no lengere duelle,
Ne stonde here to speke wip þe;
(395) For hellehoundes here y ȝelle,
And fendes mo þen y may se,
Pat comen to fecche me to helle,
470 Ne may y no gates fle;
And þou schalt come in flesch *and* felle
(400) At domesday to wone wip me."

60 (51).

- 475 And when þe gost had þus sayd,
Ne wist hit whider hit shulde go,
But to it at a wroply brayd
Come a þousand fendes *and* mo.
(405) And sone þay hadden on him layd
Pair scharpe clokes alle þo;
Hit was in a sory playd,
480 Reuly totered to *and* fro.

Erlanger Beiträge zur englischen Philologie I.

61 (49).

(385) For summe were ragged and tayled,
Mid brode bunches on heore bak,
Scharpe clauwes and lōnge nayled;
Nas non of hem wipouten lac.
485 On alle halue hit was assayled
(390) Of mony a deuel blo and blac;
Merci crizinge luitel hym vayled,
Sipen god hit wolde so harde him wrak.

62 (50).

490 Summe his chekes al towraste,
And goten in þe led al hot,
(395) And beeden he scholde drynken faste,
And giuen aboute him a brod.
A foul deuel com þer atte laste,
495 Þat was mayster, wel ich wot,
(400) A coltur glowynde in hym he caste,
Þat hit þorw his herte smot.

63 (51).

500 Sweordes glowynges summe setten
To bak, to breste, to vche a syde,
Þat at his herte þe poyntes metten,
(405) And maden on him woundes wyde.
Heo askeden him how wel hit lette,
Þe herte, þat was so ful of pride;
3if he hedde gut þat men him hette,
For more he moste sone betyde.

64 (52).

505 Worpliche weden for to weren
(410) Seyden heo þat he louede best;
An heui brunye for to beren
Al brennynges on hym was kest,
Wip strayte haspes for to speren,
510 Þat strayte sat to bac and brest;
(415) An helm, þat luitel was to heren,
Com hym and an hors ful prest.

61 (52).

- (410) For summe were ragged *and* tailed,
And brode bunches on here bak,
Sharpe clawes *and* long nailed;
Was non of hem wipouten lak.
485 On alle halues it was assailed
Of meny a deuel bop blo *and* blak;
(415) Mercie cryyng litel auailed,
Sep god him wolde so hard wrak.

62 (53).

- 490 Summe his chauels al towrast,
And putten him in pe lede al hote;
Pay bad he sholde drynke fast,
(420) And shenk aboute him alle a brode.
A deuel come pere atte last,
Pat was mayster, wele y wote,
495 A cultur glowand in him he cast,
Pat it pruz his hert smote.

63 (54).

- (425) Glayues glowand summe sette
To bak, to brest, to ayther syde,
Pat at his hert pe poyntes mette,
500 And made him pe woundes wyde.
Pay asked him how wele he lette
(430) Pe hert, pat was so ful of pryde;
If he had zet pat men him hette,
For more shulde him sone betyde.

64 (55).

- 505 Worpy wede for to were
Sayde pay pat he louede hest;
(435) An heuy bryny for to bere
Al brennand on him was kest,
Wip streit hespes for to spere,
510 Pat fast him sat to bak *and* brest;
An helme, pat litel was to bere,
(440) Come him and a hors ful prest.

65.

66 (53).

525 (420) He was pere in a sadel slongen,
And scholde to a tornement;
An hundred deuelen on hym dongen,
Heer and per he was ihent;
At vche a dunt pe sparkes sprongen,
As a brond pat were forbrent;
Mid hote speres was he stongen,
Mid scharpe swerdes al torent.

67.

68 (54).

(425) And beeden him for to hunten and blowe,
And clepen Bauson and Benfys,
Pe racches pat hym scholde knowe,
540 For sone mosten heo blowe pris;
An hundred racches on a rowe
(430) Driuen hym, al vnponk his,
Til he com to a lodly lowe,
Helle hit was, ichot to wis.

65 (56).

515 Furpe pay brought him at pat tyde
A cursed denel als a cote,
Pat lonly loked *and* ganed wyde,
(445) Pe leug lemed of his prote;
Wip a sadel to midde pe syde,
Pat ful of sharpe nailes sote,
As he shulde to belle ryde;
520 Al was brennand ilk a crote.

66 (57).

(450) He was sone in pat sadel slungen,
And shulde to pe turnement;
And hundre[d] deuels on him dungen,
Here *and* pere he was hent;
525 At ech a dynt pe sparkes sprungen,
As of a brond pat were forbrent;
(455) Wip hote speres was he stungen,
Wip yren hokes al torent.

67 (58).

530 And when he had ryden pat rode,
Out of pe sadel pere he was sette
He was cast down as a tode,
(460) And bellehoundes to him lette,
Pat brayden out pe peces brode,
Wip reuly reymes pay him grette;
535 On alle four forþ he glodde,
Pe woundes prug his bert mette.

68 (59).

(465) Pay bad him hunt *and* blow,
And cal on Baugan *and* Beaufitz,
Racches pat he was woned to know,
540 For sone schuld pay blow priz;
And hundred racches on a row
(470) Dryuen him, vnþank his,
To pay come to a lonly low,
Helle it was, y wote ywis.

69 (55).

545 And þo heo comen to þat wikked won,
 Þe fendes casten vp a zel;
 (435) Þe eorpe opuede vp anon,
 Smoke *and* smolder vp þer wel;
 Of þe pich and þe brymston
 550 Men mihte mony a mile haue smel.
 Lord, wo is hym bigon,
 (440) Þat þer schal haue þe haluendel.

70 (56).

And whon þe gost þe soþe seig,
 Whoder hit scholde, hit made a *cri*,
 555 And seide: „God, that sittest an heig,
 Of me þou haue mynde and merci!
 (445) Ne schop þou me þat art so sleig,
 And þi creature was i,
 As mony on þat sitteþ þe neyg,
 560 And þat þou hast so wel do bi?

71 (57).

Þow, god, þat wustest al beforen,
 (450) Whi schop þow me to wroþer hele,
 To ben þus toggged and totoren,
 Or for to welden eny wele?
 565 Þulke þat scholden han ben loren,
 Wel migtest þou such werkes spele;
 (455) Allas! whi leetest vs be boren,
 To giuen þe foule fendes so fele?“

72 (58).

Þe fendes gunnen ageyn to crye:
 570 „Caytif, helpeþ þe now no more
 To clepen on Jhesu ne on Marie,
 (460) Ne for to craue Cristes ore.
 Iloren hast þow þe cumpaynye,
 For serued hast þou vs so gore;
 575 Þi ryot þow schalt now abuyge,
 As opere þat leueþ vppon vre lore.“

69 (60).

- 545 When þay come to þat wikkede wone,
Pe fendes casten vp a gelle;
(475) Pe erþe opynede vp anone,
Smoke *and* smoldre vp ther welle;
Of þe pyche *and* of brimstone
550 Men mygt meny a myle haue smelle.
Lord, woo is him bygone,
(480) Pat pere shal haue þe haluendelle.

70 (61).

Et iudicio dato exclamauit spiritus.

- And sone þe gost þe soþe seyȝ,
Whider it sholde, it kest a crye,
555 And sayde: „God, þat sitte[st] on heyȝ,
Of me, þy schup, þou haue merceye!
(485) No schope þou me þat art so sleȝȝ,
And þy creature am y,
As meny one þat sittes þe neȝȝ,
560 And þat þou hast so wele done by?

71 (62).

- Þou, god, þat wýstest al byforn,
(490) Why shope þou me to wroþer hele,
To be þus tugged *and* totorn,
Or for to welden eny wele?
565 Po þat shulden haue ben forlorn,
Wele þou myȝtes þaym haue spele;
(495) Allas! why lete þou þaym be born,
To gif þe foule fend so fele?“

72 (63).

- Pe fendes gan ageyn to crie:
570 „Kaytif, helpeþ þe now no more
To crie on Jhesu ne on Marie,
(500) Ne for to craue Cristes oore.
Lorn has þou payre companie,
For serued has þou vs so gore;
575 Þy wikkedbede þou schalt abie,
As opere þat lyuen in oure lore.“

73 (59).

- (465) Þe fendes þat of him weore fayn,
Bi top and tayl þei henten hit,
And slongen hit myd a modi mayn
580 Into þe aller deoppeste pit,
Þer neuer sonne ne schal be seyn;
(470) Heomself asonken in þermit.
Þe eorþe closede hitself ageyn,
And þe dungoun was fordit.

74 (60).

- 585 And hit was forþe, þat foule lod,
Faste hit gon neigen þe day;
(475) On vche an her a drope stod,
For fyn fere þer i lay;
To Jhesu Crist wiþ mylde mod
590 ðerne ich clepede and crigede ay;
So was i ferd, ich was neig wod,
(480) Þat heo me scholden haue boren away.

75 (61).

- I þonke him þat suffrede dep,
His muchele merci and his ore,
595 Þat saued me from so many a qwed,
A synful wrecche as i lay þore.
(485) Alle synful ich rede hem red,
Heore synnes for to rewen sore;
For nis no synne in world so gret,
600 Þat Cristes merci nis wel more.

76 (62).

- A! Jhesu, þat vs alle hast wrought,
(490) Lord, after þi feire face,
And mid þi precious blod ibougt,
Of amendement gef vs space,
605 So þat þin hondewerk leose nougt
In so deolful stude and place;
(495) Ac þe ioƿe þat þou hast vs wrought,
Graunte vs, god, for þyn holy grace! Amen.

73 (64).

- (505) Þe fendes þat of it were fayn,
By top and tail þay hent it,
And slungen hit wip a mody mayn
580 Rygt into þe deppest pit,
Þere neuere sonne schal be sayn;
(510) Þay sonken yn þaimself þeremit.
Þe erp loukede itself agayn,
And þe doniounne was foredit.

74 (65).

- Enigilans tunc sompniator dixit.
585 And when it stynt, þat lote vngode,
Fast gan hit neyze þe day;
(515) On ech a here a drope stode,
For frigt and ferd þere y lay;
To Jhesu Crist wip mylde mode
590 So sore y calde *and* cried ay;
So was y ferd, y was neig wode,
(520) Þat þay me shulde haue born away.

75 (66).

- I þonke it him þat suffred ded,
His michel mercie *and* his oore,
595 Þat saued me fro so meny a qued,
A synful wrecche as y lay þore.
(525) Alle synful y ham red,
To shryue ham and rewe sore;
For nis no synne in world so gret,
600 Þat Cristes mercie is wele more.

76 (67).

- But Jhesu, þat vs alle hast wrougt,
(530) Lord, aftir þy faire face,
And wip blessed blod vs bougt,
Of amendement gif vs grace,
605 Þat þy hondwerk lese nougt
In þy blesful stede a place;
(535) But þe ioye þat þou hast to vs wrougt,
Graunte vs for þy holy grace! Amen.
Explicit disputacio inter corpus et animam.