

THE
BANNATYNE
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE
1568

VOL II

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCCXCVI

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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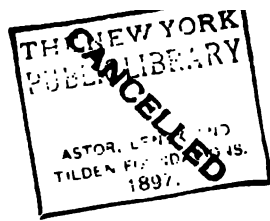
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COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE
1568

PART I

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
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GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY ROBERT ANDERSON,
22 ANN STREET.

N O T E.

THE BANNATYNE MS., believed to be the most extensive Collection of early Scottish Poetry extant, is as yet to a large extent unprinted. The Council of the HUNTERIAN CLUB asked permission from the Curators of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, to copy and print the entire MS., and their assent having been cordially given, arrangements were made to carry out the work in the most accurate manner.

Part I. is now issued, containing the first, and a portion of the second, of the "fyve pairtis" into which the MS. is divided.

The issue would have been much further advanced had it not been delayed through the lamented death of the Rev. G. A. PANTON, of Edinburgh, one of the Council, who had undertaken the charge of the transcript, and correction of the proofs. His fellow Members of Council may here fitly express their sense of loss in the sudden removal of so able a scholar, so kind a friend, and so worthy a man.

Printing has for some time been resumed, and will now, the Council hopes, go on without interruption to a satisfactory conclusion.

GLASGOW, *December*, 1873.

BANNATYNE MS.

The CONTENTS having been accidentally omitted from Parts I. to IV. of the BANNATYNE MS. they are herewith supplied. An Index and Glossary for the work will be issued on its completion, when these temporary CONTENTS may be cancelled.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
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1897.

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The Wryttar to the Reidaris.

YE reverend redaris, thir workis revolving richt,
Gif ye get crymis, correct thame to your micht,
And curfe na clark that cunnyngly thame wrait,
Bot blame me baldly brocht this buik till licht
In tendereft tyme, quhen knowlege was nocht bricht, 5
Bot lait begun to lerne and till tranflait
My copeis awld, mankit, and mvtillait;
Quhais trewth, as standis, yit haif I, fympill wicht,
Tryd furth, thairfoir excuse fumpairt my estait.

Now ye haif heir this ilk buik sa provydit, 10
That in fyve pairtis it is dewly devydit.
1 The first concernis Godis gloir and our saluatioun;
2 The nixt ar morale, grave, and als besyd it,
3 Grund on gud counsale. The thrid, I will nocht hyd it,
Ar blyith and glaid, maid for our confollatioun; 15
4 The ferd of luv, and thair richt reformatioun;
5 The fyift ar tailis and storeis weill discydit:
Reid as ye pleifs, I neid no moir narratioun.

God.

GOD is a substance for evir durable,
Eterne, omnipotent, mercifull and just,
Quha gydis all thingis in order convenable;
A God in quhome ilk man awcht for to trust,
Quha for prayar givis grace to mortifie our lust,
In quhais feir and luv all that fall endeur
Sall estir this lyif off bettir lyif be feur.

ANE MOST GODLIE
MIRRIE AND LUSTIE RAPSODIE
MAIDE BE SUNDRIE LEARNED SCOTS POETS
AND WRITTEN BE GEORGE BANNATYNE
IN THE TYME OF HIS YOUTH.

Fol. 1. a.

I.

*Heir begynnis the richt excellent, godly and lernit Werk
callit the Benner of Pietie, compylit be the famous
and renoumit Poet, Mr Johne Bellenden, Archeden
of Murray, concer[ning] the Incarnatioun of our
Saluour Chryst.*

QUHEN goldin Phebus movit fra the Ram,
In to the Bull to mak his mansioun,
And hornit Dean in the Virgin cam,
With vifage pail in hir assentioun,
Approcheand to hir oppositioun; 5
Quhen donc Awrora with hir mistie schowris,
Fleand of skyis the bricht reflexioun,
Hir siluer teiris skalit on the flouris;¹

The sefoun quhen the greit Octavian
Baith erd and feis had had in² gouirnance, 10
With diademe as roy Cefarian,
In maist excellent honor and plesance,
With every gloir that micht his fame advance;
Quhen he the croun of hie triumphe had worne,
Be quhais peax and royell ordinance 15
The furious Mars wes blawin to the horne;

¹ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *schowris*. ² Ib.—*had in his*.

- The famyne tyme quhen God omnipotent
Beheld of man the greit callamitie,
And thocht the tyme wes than expedient
Man to redeme fra thrald captiuitie, 20
And to reduce him to felicitie,
With body and fawle to be glorificat,
Quha wes condempnit in the lymb to bie,
Fra he wes firft in fyn prevaricat;
- M^{rcie.} Befoir the Fader Mercy than appeiris, 25
With flude of teris rainnand fra hir ene;
Said, "Man hes bene in hell fyve thowfand yeiris,
Sen he wes maid in feild of Damascene,
And crewall tormentis daly dois sustene
But ony confort, cryand for mercie. 30
How may thy grace nocht with thy pietie mene
Of thy awin werk the grit infirmitie?"
- Veretie. "And be the contrare," than said Veretie,
"Thy word eterne but end is permanent,
Vnalterat but mvtabilitie, 35
Withowttin slicht¹ of ony argument;
Quhen Adame wes fund² inobedient
In Paradice thruche his ambitioun,
Perpetually, be richtous jugement,
Off thy blift vifage tynt fruisioun." 40
- Pece. Than Pece said, "Lord haif in thy memorie
That man, thy wark, was creat to that fyne,
That he nicht haif perfyte felicitie
With the aboif the hevynis cristellyne, 45
Quhilk Lucifer did thruch his soly tyne,
Sumtyme maid to thy image worthiest:
It wes said than be prophecie devyne
That thou fowld fleip and in my bosum rest."

¹ Dupl. Text—*sicht*. ² Ib.—*maid*.

Justice. And Justice said, " His odious offence
 Contrare thy hie excellent dignitie, 50
 His oppin fyn and wilfull negligence
 Befoir thy sicht fowld mair aggregit bie,
 Sen thow art Alpha, O and Veritie:
 Be richtous dome, Adame and all his feid,
 For treffone done agane thy maieftie, 55
 Condempnit is to thoill the bitter deid."

Thir ladeis foure contending beselie,
 With argumentis and mony strong repplyis,
 Befoir the bliffit Fader equalie, **Fol. 2. a.**
 Sum for justice, and sum for mercie cryis: 60
Sentence. The Fader wret ane sentence in this wyifs,
 "For treffone done aganis oure maieftie,
 The bittir deid falbe ane sacrfifyis
 The grit offence of man to fatisfie."

The hevin, the eird baith serchit vp and doun, 65
 Nane wes thair fund sufficient cheretie
 Man to redeme with this conditioun.
 Than God, eterne in his diuinitie,
 Seand it wes sa grit difficultie
 To purge the spot of fyn originall, 70
 Wes penitent that he maid man to bie
 In to this ward, with fawle perpetuall.

Thir ladeis foure than callit hes agane,
 And said, " Your myndis fall fulfillit be;
 Ye fall ay still in to my court remane, 75
 And in this maner haif fraternitie:
 My Mercy falbe knit to Veritie,
 Than Peax and Justice fall togidder brace;
 My Sone falbeir the burding of this plie,
 And man falbe reconcyld to my grace." 80

THE BANNER OF PIETIE

The Fader than on Gabriail did call
 And said, " My ferwand pas with diligence
 To Mary myld, my spous emperiall,
 In wark nor word that nevir maid offence:
 And say to hir with humill reverence, 85
 My tender Sone fall in hir bosum breid,
 And in hir chalmer mak his residence:
 Hir honor favit, and hir madinheid."

Man nicht nocht mak ane sacrifice conding,
 For Adams syn and his posteritie, 90
 To God; alswa it wes nocht according
 Allanerlie to thoilloure miserie. Fel. 2. b.
 Thairfoir it wes convenient to be
 Chryist God and man, with dowble natur cled,
 That he, as man, for oure offence nicht de, 95
 And syne, as God, to ryifs agane frome dede.

Off God and man the bliifit¹ Mediateur,
 Be sentence of the bliifit Trinitie,
 Is cum in bosum of the Virgin peure,
 Subdewand him to our mortalitie, 100
 Thocht he wes equall in diuinitie²
 To God eterne, Fader³ omnipotent;
 Yit man to faif fra thrald captiuitie,
 Vnto the deid wes maid obedient.

As craft of⁴ hand vpoun the stringis playis, 105
 Proportionat in hevinly melodie,
 Quhair thre at anis⁵ presentlie assayis
 The vnifone and concord armonie,
 The craft, the string, the hand indifferentlie,
 Ane found is hard over the eir jocund; 110
 Suppois thir thre concurris equalie,
 Yit nane of thame, bot stringis, makis the found.

¹ Dupl. Text—*reuthfull*. ² From Dupl. Text—MS. has *diuinitie*.

³ Dupl. Text—*Vnto his fader, God*.

⁴ Ib.—*and*. ⁵ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *attanis*.

THE BENNER OF PIETIE.

7

Richt fo the Fader and the Halie Spreit
 Off man tewk nevir incarnatioun;
 And yit thay war in to thair mynd compleit, 115
 Participant in operatioun,
 Consenting to that hie legatioun
 Maid to the blissit Virgin tendirlie,
 Quhen Gabriell maid annuntiatioun:
 The Sone incarnat wes allanerlie. 120

Then jonit wes, in perfytt vnitie,
 Devyne perfone and miserie of man,
 The Moder peur, full of virginitie,¹
 The fervent hairt and faith maift fouerane, Fol. 3. a.
 God, faule and flesche at anes to remane, 125
 Passing the strenth of mannis argument,
 Ane standing thre, and thre ay standing ane,
 Be michtie werk of God omnipotent.

Thre marvelous And of thir thre the formeft vnioun
 thingis. Wes mervellus in maift excellent gre, 130
 Quhen of the hevin the michtie Campioun
 His Godheid knit to oure humanite,
 Oppynit the port, and coft our libertie,
 Quhairthrow the fruct of all our grace began,
 Quhilk micht nocht haif sa grit difficultie 135
 As to tak natur of ane mortal man.

The secund wes ane richt excellent thing,
 Quhen moderfull wes the Virgin, vndefloir;
 Quhair natur stwneift and had grit wondering,
 And all that hevinlie labur did abhoir. 140
 Than Reffone said, " It wes nocht fene afoir
 Into this warld be ony levand leid,
 Ane chyld to be of ony woman boir,
 Hir bosum clene, withowttin manis feid."

¹ Dupl. Text—*The moder full of pure wirginitie.*



The thrid excellent wes and marvellus, 145
 Quhen fervent hairt and faith togidder ran,
 Ane thing to natur richt contrarius,
 Quhen scho this subteill argument began;
 How may thir tway haif credence soveran
 With sicker faith into our hairt obscure, 150
 That God eterne nicht stand ane mortall man,
 Ane mother how¹ to be, the Virgin pure.

Thow Godheid trine, rignand in vnitie,
 Mover of all with sicht maist provident,
 Gevar of lyfe with all tranquillitie, 155 Fol. 3. b.
 Into thy self ay standand permanent!
 All vthir thing, bot thow, art indigent.
 Thy mercie grit, thy gudnes ineffable,
 Baith hevin and erd ar insufficient
 To schaw thy wit and gloir inestimable. 160

O Sone of God! that for the weill of ws
 Tuik in thy mynd so grit sollicitude,
 Fra hivin to cum in natur glorius,
 Off the blift Virgin takand flesche and blude.
 Howbeit thy Godheid and oure nature rude 165
 Discordand war be distance infinite,
 Thow schawin hes thy michtie celcitude,
 Quhen thay wer knit in ane persone perfite.

For thy grit gudnes, and that mekle pane
 Thow had in corps and sawle intellectuive, 170
 Quhen blude and watter birst fra every vane,
 And grundin speir owtthrow thy hairt did ryve,
 Quhen fra thy body chasit wes thy lyve,
 Bring ws amang tha happie senaturis,
 Quhome thow hes coftin with thy woundis fyve, 175
 Quhen faule depairtis in oure lattir houris.

*Heir endis the Benner of Pietie compylit be Maister Iohine
 Bellentyne, Archdene of Murray.*

¹ Dupl. Text—full.

*And followis the Proheme of the Cosmographie of
Scotland¹ compylit be the said Mr Iohine Bellentyne.*

II.

*The Proheme of the Cronicle compylit be the famous Fol. 4. a.
and renounit Clerk, Maister Johine Bellentyne,
Archedene of Murray, direct to King James the
Fyift, verry lernit and morale.*

QUHEN siluer Diane, full of bemis bricht,
Fra dirk eclips wes past this vther nicht,
And in the Crab, hir propir mansioun, gane,
Artophilax contending at his micht,
In the grit eift, to set his visage richt, 5
(I mene the ledar of the Charle wane)
Aboif oure heid wes the Vrfis twane;
Quhen sterris small obscuris in oure sicht,
And Lucifer left twinkland him allane,

The frosty nicht, with hir prolixit houris, 10
Hir mantill quhyt spred on the tendir flouris;
Quhen ardent labour hes adressit me
Translait the story of oure progenitouris,
Thair greit manheid, wifdome and honouris;
Quhair we may cleir, as in ane mirrou, fe 15
The furius end sumtyme of tirannye,
Sumtyme the gloir of prudent gouvernouris,
Ilk stait appryfit in thair facultie:

My wery spreit, defyryng to reprefs
My emptiue pen of frutles befiness, 20
Awalkit furth to tak the recent are;
Quhen Priapus, with stormy weid opprefs,

¹ MS. has *Cotland*.

Requeistit me, in his maist tendirnefs,
 To rest ane quhyle amynd his gardingis bare;
 Bot I no maner cowth my mynd prepare 25
 To sett assyde vnplefant havinefs,
 On this and that contemplating solitare.

And first occurrit to my remmembring
 How that I wes in service with the king,
 Put to his grace in yeiris tendireft, 30
 Clerk of his comptis, thocht I wes inding
 With hairt and hand, and every vthir thing
 That nicht him pleifs in ony maner best;
 Quhill hie invy me frome his service kest
 Be thame that had the court in gouerning, 35
 As bird but plumes heryit of hir nest.

Oure lyfe, oure gyding, and our aventuris
 Dependis frome thir hevinlie creaturis,
 Apperandly be sum necessitie;
 For thocht ane man wald sett his besy curis, 40
 So far as labor and his wifdome furis,
 To fle hard chance of infortunitie,
 Thocht he eschew it with difficultie,
 The cursid weird yit ithandly enduris,
 Gevin to him first in his natiuitie. 45

Off erdlie stait bewaling thus the chance,
 Of fortoun gud I had no esperance;
 So lang I fwomit in hir feis deip,
 That sad Avysing with hir thochtfull lance,
 Cowth fynd na port to anker hir firmance; 50
 Quhill Morpheus, the drery god of fleip,
 For very rewth did on my curis weip,
 And fet his flewth and deidly countenance
 With snorand vanis to throw my body creip.



Me thocht I wes in to ane plefand meid, 55
 Quhair Flora maid the tendir blewmis spreid
 Throw kyndlie dew and humouris nutratie;
 Quhen goldin Titan, with his flammis reid,
 Aboif the feis rafit vp his¹ heid,
 Diffounding doun his heit restoretive 60
 To every frute that natur maid on lyve,
 Quhilk wes afoir in to the winter deid
 For stormis cawld and froiftis penetryve.

Ane siluer fontane sprang, with wattir cleir,
 Into that place quhair I approchit neir, 65
 Quhair I did fone espy ane felloun reird
 Off courtly gallandis, in thair best maneir Fol. 5. a.
 Reiofing thame in seafone of the yeir,
 As it had bene of Mayis day the feird.
 Thair gudly havingis maid me nocht effeird. 70
 With thame I saw ane crownit king appeir,
 With tender downis ryfand on his beird.

Thir courtly gallandis settand thair intentis
 To fing, and play on diuerse instrumentis,
 According to this princis appetit, 75
 Two plefand ladeis come pranfand owir the bentis,
 Thair coiftly clething schew thair michtie rentis;
 Quhat hairt micht wifs thay wantit nocht a myt;
 The rubeis schone vpoun thair fingaris quhyt;
 And, finaly, I knew be thair confentis, 80
 This ane, Vertew, that vther hecht Delyt.

Vertew and
 Delyt.

Thir goddeffis, arrayit in this wyfe,
 As reverence and honor lift devyfe,
 Afoir this prince fell doun upoun thair kneis;
 Syne dreffit thame in to thair best awyfe 85
 (So far as wifdome in thair power lysis)

¹ MS. has *hir*.



To do the thing that micht him best appleifs,
 Quhair he reiofit in his hevinly gleifs;
 And him defyrit, for his hie empyrifs,
 Ane of thame two vnto his lady cheifs. 90

Delyt begynis. And first Delyt vnto this prince said thus,
 "Maist valyeant knyght in deidis amorus,
 And lustiest that evir natur wrocht,
 Quhilk in the floure of yewth mellyfluus,
 With notis sweit and sang mellodius, 95
 Awalkis heir amangis the flowris soft,
 Thow hes no game bot in thy mirry thocht.
 My hevinly blifs is fo delitius,
 All welth in erd but it avalis nocht.

"Thocht thow had France, and Italie also, 100
 Spaine, England, Pole, with vthir realmis mo;
 Thocht thow micht rigne in stait most glorius;
 Thy pissant kingdome is nocht worth ane stro, Fol. 5. b.
 Gif it vnto thy plefour be ane fo,
 Or trubill thy mynd with curis dolorus. 105
 Thair is no thing may be fo odius
 To man, as leif in miserie and wo,
 Defrawdand God of natur genius.

Foure Elementis. "Drefs the thairfoir with all thy besy cure,
 That thow in joy and plefour may endeur, 110
 Be sicht of thir foure bodyis elementar;
 Two hevy and grofs, and two ar licht and peure.
 Thir elementis, be wirking of nateure,
 Doith change in vthir; and thocht thay be richt far
 Fra vthir severit, with qualeteis contrare, 115
 Of thame ar maid all levand creature,
 And finaly in thame resoluit ar.

"The fyre in air, the air in watter cleir,
 In erd the watter turnis without weir,
 The erd in watter turnis oure agane. 120
 So furth, in ordour: nathing confowmis heir.
 Ane man new borne begynniss to appeir
 In vthir figeur than afoir wes tane;
 Quhen he is deid, the mater dois remane,
 Thocht it refolve in to fum new maneir: 125
 No thing is new; nocht bot the forme is gane.

"Thus is no thing in erd bot fugitive,
 Passand and cumand be spreiding successe.
 And as ane beift, so is ane man confave
 Off feid infuse in memberis genitive; 130
 And furth his tyme in plefour dois ourdrive,
 As chance him leidis, quhill he be laid in graue.
 Thairfoir thy hevin and plefour now ressave,
 Quhill thow art heir in to this present live;
 For eftir deth thow fall no plefour have. 135

"The rose, the lilleis, and the violet,
 Vnpullit, fone ar with the windis ouirfet,
 And fallis doun but ony fruct, I wifs;
 Thairfoir I say, sen that no thing may let,
 Bot thy bricht hew mon be with yeiris fret, 140
 (For every thing bot for ane seffone is)
 Thow may nocht haif ane moir excellent blifs, Fol. 6. a.
 Than ly all nicht in to myne armes plet,
 To hals and braifs with mony lusty kifs;

"And haif my tendir body by thy fyd, 145
 So proper, fet, quhilk natur hes provyd
 With every plefour that thow may devyne,
 Ay quhill my tendir yeiris be ouirfyd.
 Than, gif it pleifs that I thy brydill gyd,

Thow mon alway fro aigit men declyne; 150
 Syne drefs thy hairt, thy curage and ingyne,
 To suffer nane into thy houfs abyd,
 But gif thaey will vnto thy lust inclyne.

“Gif thow defyris into the feyis till fleit
 Of hevinly blifs, than me thy lady treit; 155
 For it is said be clerkis of renoun,
 Thair is na plesour in this erd so greit
 As quhen ane lovar dois his lady meit,
 To quickin his lyfe of mony deidly soun.
 As hiest plesour but comparifoun, 160
 I fall the geif, in to thy yeiris sweit,
 Ane lusty halk with mony plwmis broun;

“Quhilk falbe found sa joyus and plesant,
 Gif thow in to hir mirry flichtis hant,
 Of every blifs that may in erd appeir, 165
 As hairt will think, thow fall no plenty want;
 Quhill yeiris swift, with quheilis properant,
 Confowme thy strenth, and all thy bewty cleir.”
 And quhen Delyt had said on this maneir,
 As rege of yowtheid thocht maift relevant, 170
 Than Vertew said, as ye fall eftir heir;

Verteu begyn-
 nis.

“My landis braid, with mony plentouus schyre,
 Sall gif thy hienes, gif thou list desyre,
 Trivmphant gloir, hie honour, fame devyne; 175
 With sic pissans, that thame na furius yre,
 Nor weirand aige, nor flame of birnand fyre,
 Nor bitter deth, may bring vnto rewyne. Fol. 6. b.
 Bot thow most first ensuffer mekle pyne,
 Aboif thy self that thow may haif empyre:
 Than fall thy fame and honour haif na fyne. 180

“My realmes is fet among my fois all,
 Quhilkis hes with me ane weir continwall,
 And evir still dois on my bordour ly;
 And thoct thay may no wayis me ovirthrall,
 Thay ly in wait, gif ony chance may fall, 185
 Of me fumtyme to get the victorie.
 Thus is my lyf ane ythand chevalry:
 Labor me haldis strong as ony wall,
 And nothing brekis me bot fluggardy.

“Na fortoun may aganis me nocht avail, 190
 Thoct scho with cluddy stormis me affail:
 I brek the streme of scherp adwerfite:
 In wedder loun and maift tempestous hail,
 But ony dreid, I beir ane equall fail;
 My schip so strang, that I may nevir die. 195
 Wit, reasone, manheid, governis me so hie,
 No influence, no sterris may prevaill
 To rigne on me with infortunitie.

Comparifoun. “The rege of yewth may nocht dantt it be,
 But grit distrefs and scherp aduerfite; 200
 As be this reasone is experience.
 The syneft gold or silver that we fe
 May nocht be wrocht to oure vtilite,
 But flammis kene and bittir violence:
 The moir distrefs, the moir intelligence. 205
 Quhay falis lang in hie prosperitie,
 Ar sone ouerfet be stormy violence.

“This fragill lyf, as moment¹ induring,
 But dowt fall the and every pepill bring
 To sicker blifs, or than eternall wo. 210
 Gif thow be honest labour dois ane thing,
 Thy panefull labour fall vaneis but tareing,

¹ MS. has *moment*, or *monent*.



Howbeit thy honest werkis do nocht fo.
 Gif thow be lust dois ony thing also,
 The schamefull deid, without disseuering,
 Remanis ay, quhen plefour is ago.

215 Fol. 7. a.

Ane vthir com-
 parifon.

“As carvell ticht fast tending throw the fee
 Levis no prent amangis the wallis hee;
 As birdis swift, with mony bissie plwme,
 Perffis the air, and wait nocht quhair thay flee;
 Siclyk our lyfe, withowt actiuitie,
 Giffs na fruct, howbeit ane schaddow blwme.
 Quhay dois thair lyf in to this erd coinswme
 Without vertew, thair fame and memorie
 Sall vaneis sonar than the reky fwme.

220

225

Thrid com-
 parifon.

“As watter purgis and makis bodeis fair;
 As fyre be natur ascendis in the air,
 And purefeis with heitis vehement;
 As floure dois smell; as fruct is nvrefare;
 As pretious balmes revertis thingis fair,
 And makis thame of rot impatient;
 As spyce maift sweit, and ros maift redolent;
 As sterne of day, be moving circulare,
 Chaisis the nicht with bemis replendent:

230

“Siclyk my werk perfytis every wicht
 In fervent lufe of maift excellent licht,
 And makis man in to this erd but peir;
 And dois the faule fra all corruptioun dicht
 With odour dulce, and makis it moir bricht
 Than Diane full, or yit Appollo cleir;
 Syne raisis it vnto the hieft speir,
 Immortaly to schyne in Goddis ficht,
 As chofin spous, and creatour most deir.

235

240



- “This vthir wenche, that clippit is Delit,
Involwis man, be fensuall appetit, 245
In every kynd of vice and miserie;
Becaufs na wit nor reffone is perfyte
Quhair scho is gyd, bot skathis infinit,
With dolour, schame, and vrgent povertie.
For scho wes get off frothis of the fie; 250
Quhilk signefeis, hir plefeir vennemit
Is midlit ay with scherp adwerfitie.
- “Duke Hanniball, as mony awthouris wrait,
Throw Spanyie come, be mony passage strait,
To Italy in furour bellicall; 255
Brak down the wallis, and the montanis flait,
And to his army maid ane oppin gait,
And victoreis had on the Romanis all:
At Capua, be plefeir fensuall,
This Duck wes maid so soft and dilligait, 260
That with his fois he wes sone overthrall.
- “Off fers Achill the weirly deidis sprang
In Troy and Grece, quhill he in vertew rang;
How lust him flew it is bot rewth to heir.
Sicylk the Troianis, with thair knychtis strang, 265
The velyeant Greikis fra thair rowmis dang,
Victoriously exercit mony yeir:
That nicht thay went to thair lust and plefeir,
The fatall horfs did throw thair wallis fang,
Quhais prignant fydis wer full of men of weir. 270
- “Sardanapall, the prince effeminat,
Fra knichtlie dedis wes degenerat;
Twynand the threidis of the purpour lynt
With fingeris soft, amangis the ladeis fat;
And with his lust cowth nocht be fatiat, 275

- “ Quhill of his fois come the bittir dynt.
 Quhat nobill men and ladeis hes bene tynt,
 Quhen thay with luftis wer intoxicat,
 To fchaw at lenth, my toung fowld nevir stynt.
- “ Thairfoir Camill, the valyeant chevaleir, 280
 Quhen he the Gallis had dantit be his weir,
 Off heretable landis wald haif na recompence;
 For, gif his bairnis and his freindis deir
 Wer vertewis, thay cowld nocht fail ilk yeir
 To haif ynewch be Romane providence; 285
 Gif thay wer gevin to vyce and infolence,
 It wes nocht neidfull for to conqueifs geir,
 To be occasioun of thair incontinence.
- Revard of Fol. 8.
 verteu. 290
 “ Sum nobill men, as poetis lift declair,
 Wer deifeit; sum goddis of the aire;
 Sum, of the hevin: as Eolus, Vulcan,
 Saturne, Mercurie, Apollo, Jupitair,
 Mars, Hercules, and vthir men preclair,
 That glory immortal in thair lyvis wan.
 Quhy war thir pepill callit goddis than? 295
 Becaus thay had ane vertew singlar,
 Excellent, hie aboif ingyne of man.
- Revard of 300
 vyce. 305
 “ And vthiris ar in reik sulphurius;
 As Ixion, and wery Sifiphus,
 Eumenides, the Feureis richt odibill,
 The proud Gyandis, and thrifty Tantalus;
 With hugly drink, and fude most vennemus;
 Quhair flammis bald and mirknes ar fenfibil.
 Quhy ar thir folk in panis fo terribill?
 Becaus thay wer bot fchrewis vicius,
 Into thair lyf, with deidis most horribill.

“ And thocht na fruct wer eftir confequent
 Of mortall lyf, bot for this warld prefent
 Ilk man to haif allanerly refpect;
 Yit vertew fowld fra vice be different, 310
 As quick fra deid, as riche fra indigent.
 That ane, to gloir and honor ay¹ direct;
 This vthir, faule and body to neclect:
 That ane, of reffone moift intelligent;
 This vthir, off beiftis following the effect. 315

“ For he that nold aganis his luftis ftrive,
 Bot leivis as beift of knowlege fenfitive,
 Eildis richt faft, and deth him fone ourhaillis.
 Thairfoir the mvle is of ane langer lyve 320
 Than ftonit hors; alfo the barrane wyve
 Appeiris yung, quhen that the brudy falis.
 We fee alfo, quhen natur nocht prevailis,
 The pane and dolor ar fa pungitive,
 No medecyne the patient availis.

Concluſioun. “ Sen thou hes hard baith our intentis thus, 325
 Cheifs of ws two the maift delitius:
 Firft to fuftene ane fcherp adwerfitie,
 Danting the rege of yowtheid furius;
 And fyne poſſeid tryvmphe innvmerus,
 With lang impyre and he felicitie: 330
 Or haif, ane moment, fenfualitie
 Of fuliche yowth in lyf voluptuous,
 And all thy dayis full of miferie.”

Be than Phebus his fyrie cairt did wry
 Fra fowth to weft, declynand befely 335
 To dip his ſteidis into the occiane;
 Quhen he began ovirfyle his viſage dry,
 With vapouris thik, and cluddis full of ſky;

¹ *hie* written below.

And Notus brym, the wind meridiane,
 With wingis donk, and pennis full of rane, 340
 Awalknit me, that I nicht nocht espy
 Quhilk of thame two wes to his lady tane.

But fone I knew thay wer the goddeffes
 That come in sleip to vailyeant Hercules,
 Quhen he wes yung, and fre of every lore 345
 To lust or honor, povertie or riches;
 Quhair he contempnit lust and ydilnes,
 That he in vertew nicht his lyf decore;
 And werkis did of maist excellent glore.
 The moir increffit his panefull bissines, 350
 His hee tryvmphe and loving wes the more.

Than thrwch this morall eruditoun
 Quhilk come, as said is, in my visoun,
 I tuke purpoifs, or I forder went,
 To wryt the story of this regioun, 355
 With deidis of mony illuster campioun.
 And, thocht the pane appeiris vehement,
 To mak the story to the redaris moir patent,
 I will begin at the defcriptioun
 Off Albion, in maner subsequent. 360

Finis. Compyld be Maister Iohine Bellenden.

III.

*The Prolog of the tent buik of Virgill, compyl'd be the noble poet, Mr. Gawyn Dowglafs, Bischop of Dunkeld:—
Of Godis Workis to be inconprehensible be man,
wit, or reffone, as for example of the Trinitie.*

Fol. 9.

HE plasmatur of thingis vniuerfall,
Thow renewar of kynd, that creat all,
Inconprehensible thy werkis ar to confaif,
Quhilk grantit hes to every wicht to haif
Quhat thing maift ganis vnto his governall. 5

How marvellus bene diuifionis of thy gracis,
Diftribut fo to ilk thing, in all placis!
The fon to fchyne over all, and fchaw his licht,
The day to labour, ffor rest thow ordanit nicht;
For diuerfs cauffis, fchupe feir fefsonis and fpacis. 10

Frefche ver to burgeoun herbis and fueit flowris;
The hait fommer to nvreis corne all houris,
And breid alkynd of fowlis, fische, and beift;
Hervift to randir his fructis maift and leift;
Winter to fnyb the erth with froftie fchowris. 15

Nocht that thow neidit ocht, all thing thow wrocht,
Bot to that fyne thow maid all thingis of nocht,
Of thy gudnefs to be participant;
Thy Godheid na richer, nor yit mair fkant,
Nowthir now nor than, fet ws wrocht of nocht. 20

Thy maist supreme indiuifible substance,
 In ane natur, thre perfonis, but difcrepance,
 Rignand eterne, reffavis nane accidence;
 For quhy? thow art richt at this tyme present
 It that thow wes, and evir fall, but variance. 25

Sen our natur God hes to him vnyt,
 His Godheid vncorrupt remanis perfyt,
 The sone of God havand verry naturis twane
 In ane perfone, and thre perfonis all ane
 In deitie, natur, maiestie, and delyt. 30

The Sone the felf thing with the Fader is;
 The felf substance the Holie Gaift, I wifs,
 Is with thame baith; thre distinct personage,
 As wes,¹ and falbe, evir of ane age,
 Omnipotent, ane Lord, equall in blifs. 35

Quhilk soverane substance, in gre superlative,
 Na cunning comprehend ma nor discrive;
 Nowther generis, generat is, nor dois proceid,
 Allane begynner of every thing, but dreid,
 And in the felf remanis eterne on lyve. 40

The Fader, of none generat, creat, nor bore,
 His onlie Sone ingenneris evirmoir;
 Not makis, creatis, bot ingeneris alway
 Of his substance; and all tyme of baith tuay
 Proceidis the Haly Gaift, equall in glore. 45

Off baith, frome ane begynning, proceidis he;
 Sa bene the werkis of the Trinitie
 Maist excellent, and wonderfull to confaif:
 Yit thame to trest the mair mereit we haif,
 That be na manis reffone previt may bie 50

¹ ? ar, war.

The Fader knawis him felf, quhilk knalege spreidis
 Be generatioun eterne, that evir breidis
 His Sone, his word and wifdome eternale:
 Betuix thir twa is luve perpetuale,
 Quhilk is the Haly Gaift, fra baith proceidis. 55

Nocht that the Faderis natur myneift is,
 Of his fubftance he generis his Sone in blifs;
 Nor fo the Sone, of kynd is eiboir
 That he ane pairt hes and no moir; Fol. 10.
 Bot all he gevis his Sone, and all is hifs. 60

The ilk thing he him gevis, that he remanis:
 This fingle fubftance indifferentle thus ganis
 To thre in ane, and ilkane of tha thre
 The famyne thing is in ane maieftie,
 Thocht thir thre personis be feuerall in thre granis. 65

Similitude. Lyk as the fawll of man is ane, we waite,
 Havand thre poweris diftinct and feperait,
 Vndirftanding, reffone, and memoir:
 Intelligence confidderis the thing befoir,
 Reffoun decernis, memor keipis the confait. 70

As thay bene in ane fubftance knit all thre,
 Thre perfonis regnis in ane deitie.
 We may tak als ane vthir fimilitude,
 Groifly the famyn purpois to conclude;
 Flamb, heit, and licht, bene in ane fyre we fe. 75

Quhair evir the low is, hete and licht bene thare;
 And had the fyre bene birnand evirmair,
 Evir fowld the flamb ingennerit haif his licht,
 And of the birnand low the flambis bricht
 Perpetwaly fowld hait haif fprung alquhare. 80

So generis the Fader the Sone with him eterne,
 Frome baith procedis the Haly Gaift coeterne.
 Thus rud exampillis and figuris may we geif;
 Thocht [God] be his awin createur to preif,
 War mair vnliknefs than liknes to defcerne. 85

Freind, ferly not, na caufs is to complene,
 Albeit thy wit grit God may nocht attene;
 For, micht thow comprehend be thyne engyne
 The maift excellent maieftie devyne,
 He micht be reput ane pretty God and mene. 90

Confidder thy reffone is fo feble and lite,
 And his knowlege profound and infinite;
 Confidder how he is vnmenfurable:
 Him, as he is, to know thow art nocht able;
 It fufeifs the beleif the creid perfyte. 95

God is, I grant, in all thing, not excludit;¹
 Gevis all gudnes, and is of nocht denudit;
 Of him hes all thing pairt, and he not mynneift;
 Haill he is alquhair, not devydit, nor fynneift;
 Withowt all thing he is, and not excludit. 100

O Lord, thy wayis bene investigable!
 Sweit Lord, thy felf is fa inestimable,
 I can wryt nocht bot wounderis of thy micht,
 That lawleit fa far thy maieftie and hicht
 To be borne man in till ane oxis ftabill. 105

Thow tuke mankynd of ane vnwemmit maid,
 Incloft within ane virgynis bofum glaid,
 Quhome all the hevynnis micht nevir comprehend;
 Angellis, fcheipherdis, and kingis thy godheid kend,
 Thocht thow in crib betuix twa beiftis wes laid. 110

¹? includit.

Quhat infinit excellent hie bonte
 Aboif thy werkis all, in wonderfull gre!
 Lord, quhen thow man maid to thyne awin image,
 That tynt him felf throw his fulifche dottage,
 Thow man become, and deit to mak him fre. 115

Maid thow nocht man first prefedent vndir the,
 To dant the beiftis, fowlis, and fifche in fe,
 Subdewit till him the erth and all thairin; Fol. 11.
 Syne paradise grantit him and all his kin,
 Gaif him fre will, and power nevir to de? 120

Enarmid him with reffone and prudence;
 Only bad him keip thyne obedience,
 And to him fowld all creaturis obey?
 Bittir was that fruct for his ofspring, and fey,
 Maid deth vnknawin be fund, and lyf ga hence. 125

O thyne inestimable lufe and cheretie!
 Become ane thrall to mak ws bundin fre,
 To quickin thy sklavis thold fchamefull deid maift fell;
 Blift be thow virginall fruct, that herreit hell,
 And payit the price of the forbiddin tre! 130

Thocht thow lerge fremis fched vpoun the rude,
 Ane drop had bene fufficient of thy blude
 Ane thowfand warldis to haif redemit, I grant;
 But thow the well of mercy wald not fkant,
 Ws to provok to lufe the, and be gude. 135

Commoun-
 ioun.

Over all thys syne, thy infinit godheid,
 Thy fefche and blude, lufly with wyne and breid,
 To be our fude of grace, in plege of glorie,
 Thow laft ws gaif, in perpetuall memorie
 Of thy paffioun and dolorus panefull deid. 140

Quhat thankis dew or gainyeild, Lord benyng,
 May I, maift sinfull, wrechit captive indyng,
 Rander for this foverane hie bontie?
 Sen body, sawle, and all I haif of the,
 Thow art my price, mak me thy pray conding. 145

My makar, my redemar, and fupport!
 Fra quhome all grace and gudnes cumis at fchort,
 Grant me thy grace my misdeiddis till amend,
 Of this and all my warkis to mak gud end:
 This I befeik the, Lord, I the exhort. 150

Frome the begynning and end be thow my muse:
 All vthir Joue and Phebus I refuse.
 Lat Virgill hald his maumentis till him felf;
 I wirfchep nowdir ydoll, ftok, nor elf,
 Thocht furth I wryt, fo as myne auctor dufe. 155

Is nane bot thow, the Fader of goddis and men,
 Omnipotent eternal Joue I ken;
 Only thy help, Fader, thair is nane vthir:
 I compt nocht of thir pagane godis ane futhir,
 Quhas power may nocht help ane haltane hen. 160

The fcriptur clips the God, of goddis Lord;
 For quhay thy mandimentis keipis in accord
 Bene ane with the, not in fubftance, bot grace,
 And we our Father callis the in every place:
 Mak ws thy fonis in cheretie, but difcord. 165

Thow haldis court over criftall hevynis cleir,
 With angellis, fanctis, and hevinly fpreatis feir,
 Thay, but feiffing, thy gloir and loving fingis:
 Manifest to the, and patent, bene all thingis;
 Thy fpous, and quene maid, and thy moder deir. 170

Concord forevir, mirth, rest, and endles blifs
 Na feir of hell, nor dreid of deth, thair is
 In thy hie realme, nor na kynd of ennoye,
 Bot all weilfair, eifs, and evirlestand joye;
 Quhais he plesance, Lord, lat ws nevir misf!

175

Finis. quod Mr. Gawyne Dowglas.

IV.

*Ane Ballat of the Creatioun of the Warld, Man, his
 Fall and Rcdemptioun, maid to the tone of The
 Bankis of Helecon.*

Fol. 12.

GOD, be his word, his work began,
 To forme the erth and hevin for man,
 The sie and watter deip;
 The sone, the mone, the starris bricht,
 The day divydit frome the nicht, 5
 Thair courfis for to keip;
 The beiftis that on the grund do mvfe,
 And fische in to the see;
 Fowlis in the air to fle abvfe,
 Off ilk kynd creat hee; 10
 Sum creiping, fum fleiting,
 Sum fleing in the air,
 So heichtly, so lichtly,
 In moving heir and thair.

Thir workis of grit magnificence, 15
 Perfytit be his providence,
 According to his will:

Nixt, maid he man, to gif him gloir,
 Did with his ymage him decoir,
 Gaif paradice him till. 20
 Into that garding, hevinly wrocht
 With plesowris mony one,
 The beiftis of every kynd war brocht,
 Thair names he fowld expone;
 Thame nemmyng, and kennyng, 25
 As he list for to call,
 For pleifing and eifing
 Off man, subdewit thame all.

In hevinly ioy man fo posselt,
 To be allone God thocht not best, 30
 Maid Eve to be his maik;
 Bad thame increfs and mvltiplie,
 And eit of every fruct and trie
 Thair plesour thay fowld taik,
 Except the trie of gud and ill 35
 That in the middis dois stand,
 Forbad that thay fowld cum it till,
 Or twiche it with thair hand;
 Leift plucking, or lucking,
 Baith thay and als thair feid, 40
 Seveirly, awsteirly,
 Sowld dye withowt remeid.

Now Adame and his lusty wyfe
 In parradyce leidand their lyfe,
 With plesowris infineit, 45
 Wanting na thing fowld do thame eifs,
 Ilk beift obeying thame to pleifs,
 As thay cowlde wifs in spreit:
 Behald, the serpent, subtilly
 Invyand manis estait, 50

With wickit craft and subtilty,
Eve temptit with diffait;
Nocht feiring, bott speiring,
Quhy scho tuke not hir till,
In vsing and chusing 55
The fruct of gud and ill?

“Commandit ws,” scho said, “the Lord,
Nowayis thairto we fowld accord,
Vnder eternall pane;
Bot grantit ws full libertie 60
To eit of every fruct and trie,
Except that tre in plane.”

“No, no, not so,” the serpent said,
“Thow art diffaut thairin;
Eit ye thairof, ye fall be maid 65
In knowlege lyk to him,
In femyng, and demyng
Off every thing arricht,
Als dewly, als trewly,
As ye war goddis of nicht.” 70

Eve, with thir fals wordis thus allurit,
Eit of the fruct, and fyne procurit
Adame the fame to play.

“Behald,” said scho, “how pretious,
So dilicat and delitious, 75
Befyd knowlege for ay.”
Adame, puft vp in warldly gloir,
Ambitioun and of pryd,
Eit of the fruct; allace thairfoir,
And swa thay baith did flyd; 80
Neglecting, fforgetting
The eternall Goddis command,

Quha scurgit and purgit
Thame quyt owt of that land.

Quhen thay had eitin of that frute, 85 Fol. 13.
Off joy than war thay destitute,
And faw thair bodyis bair.

Annone, thay past with all thair speid,
Off leivis to mak thame felvis a weid,
To cleith thame was thair cair. 90

During the tyme of innocence,
No fyn nor schame thay knew;
Fra tyme thay gat experience,
Vnto ane bufs thay drew;
Abyding, and hyding, 95
As God fowld nocht thame see;
Quha spyit, and cryit,
"Adame, quhy hyddis thow thee?"

"I being naikit, Lord, throw feir,
For schame I durst nocht to compeir, 100
And so I did refuse."

"Had thow nocht eitin of that tre,
That knowlege had nocht bene in the,
Nor yit no sic excuse."

"This helper, Lord, thow gaif to me, 105
Hes cawfit me transgrefs."
Sayd scho, "The serpent subtilly
Perfwadit me no lefs;

Intreitting, be eitting,
That we fowld be perfyte, 110
Me fylit, begylit;
In him lysis all the wyte."

The Lord, that evir jugeit richt,
Bringand his iustice to the licht,

The serpent first did iuge. 115
" Because the woman thou begylyt,
For evir thou shalt be exylyt,"
Said he, " withoutt refuge.
Betuix hir feid and thy ofspring,
Na peax nor rest falbe, 120
And her feid fall thy heid down thring,
For all thy subtilty;
Abhorit, deformit,
Thou on thy breift fall gang,
In feiding, and leiding 125
Thy lyfe the beiftis amang."

The woman nixt, for hir offence,
Did of the Lord ressaif sentence:
Hir fowrrow shold increfs,
With wo and pane hir childrene beir, 130
Subdewit to man, vnder his feir,
No liberty posses.
For Adamis falt he curst the erth,
That barane it shold be,
Withoutt labour shold yeild na birth 135
Off coirmis, erb, nor tre;
Bot wirking and irking
For evir shold remane,
And being, in deing,
In erth returne agane. 140

O crewall serpent! vennemus,
Dispytfull and seditious,
The grund of all our cair:
Thou fals bound slave vnto the divill,
Thou first inventar of the evill 145
Off blifs quhilk maid us bair;

O diuillis flaive! did thow beleaf,
 Or how had thow sic grace,
 Thairby for evir thow nicht leif,
 Aboif in to that place? 150
 Thy grudgeing gat scrudgeing;
 And swa God lute the sie,
 A diffavar, no cravar,
 Off his reward fowld be.

O dilicat dame, with eiris bent, 155
 That harknit to that fals serpent,
 Thy banis we may fair ban;
 Without excufe thow art to blame,
 Thow justly hes obtenit that name,
 The verry Wo of Man. 160

With teiris we may bewaill and greit
 That wickit tyme and tyd,
 Quhen Adame was cauffit to fleip,
 And thow tane of his fyd.
 No fleiping, bot weiping, 165
 Thy feid hes fund sensyne:
 Thy eitting, and sweitting,
 Is turnd to wo and pyne.

Adame, thy pairt quha can excufe,
 With knowlege thow that did abuse 170
 Thy awin felicitie?

The serpentis fals inventing, 175
 The womanis fone consenting,
 Was nocht sa wickitlie.

God did prefer the to this day,
 And thame subdewid to the;
 So all that thay cowld mene or say,
 Sowld not haif movit the

To brecking, abiecking
 That heich command of lyfe, 180
 Quhilk gydit, provydit
 The ay to leif but ftryfe.

Behald the stait that man was in,
 And als how it he tynt throw fyn,
 And loist the fame for ay; 185
 Yit God his promiseis dois performe,
 Send his Sone, of the virgyn borne,
 Oure ransone for to pay.
 To that gret God lat ws gif gloir,
 To ws hes bene fo gude, 190
 Quha, be his deith, did ws restoir,
 Quhairof we war denude;
 Nocht karing, nor sparing
 His body to be rent;
 Redemyng, releiving 195
 Ws quhen we war all schent.

*Finis q. Sr Richart Maitland of
 Lethingtoun, Knycht.*

V.

The lxxxiii Psalme of Dauid.

GOD, for thy grace, thow keip no moir silence:
 Ceifs not, O God, nor hald thy peax no moir.
 For, lo! thy fois with crewall violence
 Confiderat ar, and with ane hiddeous roir,
 In this thair rage, thaye riballis brag and schoir; 5
 And thay that hait the moift maliciously,
 Aganis thy nicht thair heidis hes raisd on hie.

E



For to opprefs thy pepill thay pretend
 With fubteill flicht, and move conspiracie
 For sic as on thy fecreit help depend. 10
 "Go to," fay thay, "and latt ws vtterlie
 This natioun rute owt frome memorie,
 And of the name of Ifraleitidis lat nevir
 Forther be maid mentioun for evir." Fol. 14. b.

Conspyrit ar, with crewall hairtis and fell, 15
 Thus aganis the togidder in ane band,
 The Edomeitidis, that in thair tentis to dwell,
 And Ifmaleitidis jonit with thame to stand;
 The Moabeitidis, vpoun the vder hand,
 With the prowid race of Agareines, togidder 20
 Affemblit ar, and wicketly confidder;

Geball, Ammon, and Amalek, all thre
 Marche furth ilkane with his garifoun;
 The Philiftenis, formeft thay think to be,
 The indwellaris of Tyre with thame ar boun; 25
 Afchur alfo is thair companyeoun;
 With the childrene of Lott to arrayed,
 In thair fuppoirt his benner is displayed.

Do thow to thame as thow did to the hoift
 Off Madian; Jabin,¹ and Sifera, 30
 At Kyfon flude; in Endor lyvis thay loift,
 To dung the land quhair as thair bodyis lay.
 Lyk Oreb, Zeb, Zeba, and Salmunna,
 So mak thow thame; evin thair moift mighty princis,
 And all the cheif rewlaris of thair provincis. 35

Quhilk faid, "Lat ws inherit, as our awin,
 Godis mansionis." My God, mak thame to be
 Lyk rolling quheilis, or as the ftibill blawin

¹ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *Jafin*.

Befoir the wind. As fyre the wid we se
 Dois burne, and flame devoir, on montanis he, 40
 The hether crop, so lat thy tempest chace thame,
 And thy quhirle wind with terror so deface thame.

Thair faces, Lord, with schamefulnes fulfill;
 That thay may seik thy name in mynd to prent.
 Confoundid let thame be, and evir still 45
 Vexid with wo; ye, mak thame schemd and schent:
 And lat thame know that thow art permanent,
 That Jehova, thy name, allone parteineth
 To the, over all the erth quhois glory regneth.

Finis.

VI.

Followis a Song of him lying in poynt of deth.

O Lord my God, sen I am brocht	To ¹ grit distrefs,	
And thrwche my body thair is nocht	Bot havinefs,	
Mak haift in tyme to succour me,	O richteous Juge.	
Sen I haif nane in erth bot the	For my refuge,	
My only howp and confidence	In the is sett,	5
Affuring me that my offence	Salbe forgett,	
And all my tormentis fall tak end	With suddane speid,	Fol. 15. a.
Quhen thow sic confort fall me fend	As I haif neid.	
Lord, strenth me with thy patience	To suffer ay	
Quhat pleiffis best thyne excellence	On me to lay;	10
And lat me nocht declyne at all	In tyme of greif,	
Bot evirmair on the to ² call	For my releif.	
Help me to beir my burding, Lord,	For I am walk;	

¹ Dupl. Text—*In.*

² *Ib.*—*I.*

And latt my strench and chairge accord,	For thy names faik.	
Affist me with thyne haly spreit,	That I may still,	15
With steidfast hairt and howp repleit,	Abyid thy will.	
At leift sum pairt, I the befeik,	To swaige my pane;	
As thow art luving, kynd and meik,	Thy wreth refrane.	
Into thy justice and jugement	Deill nocht with me;	
Bot sen I am so penitent,	Grant me mercie.	20
Quhen that my senffis ar all gone,	And wordis dois fail,	
My hairt and mynd on the allone	Salbe all hail.	
Thy sweit promiseis and tendir luv,	Na tyme nor tyde,	
Owt of my mynd fall nocht rem[u]ve,	Nor yit lat flyd.	
And gif thow will that suddanly	I fall depairt,	25
I recommend my sawle to the	With cheirfull hairt,	
Quhair it fall haif ane dwelling place	With angellis hie,	
To rigne in hevinly luv and peace	Eternallye. ¹	
Or ellis, gif that thy plesour be	My lyfe to spair,	
Releif me of my meserie	And present cair.	30
Remeid me, that am lyik to mang,	And foir opprest,	
And I fall sing thy praeyse als lang	As I may leif.	

Finis.

VII.

The Sawle of man.

OFF all the gude createuris of Goddis creating
 Maist peur and pretious is the sawle of man;
 A perfect substance, at na tyme abating;
 Quhilk, with the body, the passionis suffer can;
 In vertew, joyus; in vyce, baith wyifs² and wan; 5
 Quhilk, estir daith, fall ressaif the rewarde
 Of werkis in lyftyme it did maist regarde.

¹ Dupl. Text—*Perpetually.*

² *Ib.—wa.*

The Lyfe in man.

Lyfe, that cuppillis the sawle and body in ane,
 Is fraill and vane, mair slippry than the flyme;
 A heipfull of cairis, bot quyet hes it nane; 10
 Ordanit of God a priffone for a tyme,
 To plege and purge the body and sawle frome cryme; Fol. 15. b.
 Quhilk quha fa spendis verteously and wele,
 Sall eftir it ay in glory and joyis dwele.

Conscience.

In quhat ordor fa evir a manis lyfe is heir led, 15
 The conscience excufis or accusis plane,
 Vthirwayis to perfwaid standis in na sted;
 It prevailis in witness to joy or to pane.
 Feir God, trust in him, and wickitnefs refraine;
 Keip saif the conscience frome feir and trymbing, 20
 That trew faith and peax may be at thy ending.

Prayar and Repentance.

Prayar is the maift haly, devyne service
 That man heir on erth vnto God may present.
 Faith, with repentance, is the dew and perfett devyce
 That withstandis the diuill and his curfit entent. 25
 Pray to God, trust in him, bot first be penitent;
 For, as a feuir fchip favis thame that be thairin,
 Sa prayar, be repentance, favis ws frome drownyng in fyn.

Faith.

Faith is a steidfastnes and trewth of thingis
 Spokin and covenantit off God, or of man. 30

FEIR OF GOD.

A richt faith in God with it all wayis bringis
 Invinfibil powar, that michtelly can
 Withstand the affaltis of the crewall Satan:
 For he that is faithfull and trew in all thingis
 Hes michtyar fervandis than lordis or kingis.

35

Feir of God.

Withowt the feir of God na man can be just,
 Nor yit richtly rewill his corrupt nature.
 Feir strangly mortifyis all filthy lust;
 Feir syndis entrance in to a lyfe moist peure,
 Quhilk feir vpoun luve dependis maift feure;
 Or ellis feir withowt luve increffis hatred;
 And quhame men do feir, thay wifs war perifched.

40

Aristotle.

Bettir it is to dye, the sawlis lyfe to save,
 Than to loifs the sawle, the bodyis lyfe to have.

Seneca.

It is better to haif the sawle garniffid with vertew,
 Than the body deckid with purple, gold, or blew.

45

Finis.

VIII.

The first Salme.

Fol. 16. a.

Beatus vir.

H Appie is hie hes hald him fre
 Frome folkis of defame;
 Always to fle iniquite
 And fait of fyn and schame.

Bot hes his will conforme vntill 5
 The Lordis command and law,
 Thame to fulfill, with purpoifs still
 Boith day and nicht to know.

He fall haif brute, as tre on rute
 Endlang the rever plantit; 10
 To burge and schute, and fall gif frutt
 In tyme, as God hes grantit.

Quhois leif and blaid fall nevir faid,
 Bot fragrant ay be¹ flureift;
 Quhois workis on braid sall evir² spraid, 15
 And richtoufly be nvreift.

Sall non be fo off nochtis no,
 Quhilk bene of curfit kind:³
 Bot thay fall go lyk duft and stro
 Bene vaneift with the wind. 20

Evoll men lykwyifs fall nocht arryifs⁴
 To jugement as thay⁵ trust;
 Nor thame that lyifs in fyne of[t] fyifs
 To counsale with the just.

¹ Dupl. Text—*be and.* ² *Ib.—profprus.*
³ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *bind.* ⁴ Dupl. Text—*thay fall nocht ryifs.*
⁵ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *the.*

THE FIFTY-FIRST PSALME

For air and lait the Lord well walk 25
 The wayis of vertuous men,
 And every gait of wickete flat:
 Sall perreils owt of ken.

Gloria Patri.

To Fader gloir be evirmoir;
 To Sone and Halý Spreit: 30
 As wes afoir, now is in itoir.
 And ay falbe, So be it.

Finis et ad Alex^r Scott.

IX.

The fyiftý[frist] Pshalme.

LORD God deliuer me, allace! Fol. 16. b.
 For thy grit mercy, rewth, and grace,
 Soir mornyng, grufing on my face,
 Rew on my miserie:
 Als for the mvltitud and space 5
 Off thy heich clemens, heir my cace,
 And my trespafs expell and chace;
 Lord God deliuer me.

Wefche me, and mak my fawle ferene
 Frome all iniquite that bene; 10
 Clenge me of cryme and mak me clene,
 All vycis for to fle.
 For my transgressioun haif I fene,
 Quhilk tormentis me with tray and tene,

THE FYIFTY-FIRST PSHALME.

41

And ay my fyn forgane myne ene; 15
Lord God deliuer me.

Only to the I did offend,
May non my misf bot thow amend,
As by thy fermondis thow art kend
Ourcum all contrarie. 20

In filth, lo! I begyn and end,
By fyn maternall I am fend,
With vyce I vaneifs and mon wend;
Lord God deliuer me.

Thow had to veritie sic zeill, 25
That of thy wisdome did reweill
Incertane hid thingis for my weill,
And laid befor myne e.

For, quhen thy fowth of grace I feill,
I falbe clengit clene as steill, 30
And quhyttar than the snaw gret deill;
Lord God deliuer me.

Thow fall gif glaidnes vnto heir,
Me into joy and mirthfull cheir,
Quhen all my febill bonis efeir 35
Sall gif the lovingis hie.

Heirfoir avart thy vifage cleir, Fol. 17. a.
So that my fynnis cum not the neir;
Off my misfdeidis, quhilk dois me deir,
Lor[d] God deliuer me. 40

Creat within me and insound
Ane hart immaculat and mound,
Ane steidfast hairt renew and ground
Within my breift to be.
Fleme me nocht fra thy face fecound, 45

Bot lat thy Haly Spreit abound;
Lord God deliuer me.¹

Restoir me to the exultatioun
I had in the of my saluatioun,
And with thy Spreit of cheif probatioun 50
[Vpstirre my hairt to thee]²
I fall to fynnaris mak narratioun,
And wicket men in deviatioun
I fall thame ken to consolatioun;
Lord God deliuer me. 55

Lord God deliuer me, and gyd
Frome sshedding blude and homicyd;
My tung fall preifs the, just, but pryd,
And petefull, all thre:
Lowfe thow my lippis, that tyme and tyd 60
I may gif to the lovingis wyd,
Till all that fermely list confyd;
Lord God deliuer me.

Knew I thow covet sacrfyifs,
Or offerand holocast wald pryifs 65
I fowld thame gif, bot thow dennyifs
Sic to ressaif in gre;
For thy oblatioun, Lord, it lyifs
In humill hairt, contreit alwyifs;
Pennens of spreit thow nolt dispyifs; 70
Lord God deliuer me.

Sweit Lord, to Syon be fuave,
And strenth the wallis of thy conclave, Fol. 17. b.
Jerusalem, thy haly grave,
Quhilk makis ws ransone fre: 75

¹ A line of this stanza omitted in MS.

² From old version—MS. has *Ainx Sovirkie*.

This sacrifice than thow falt have
 Off thy just pepill, and reffave
 Thair laill trew haitis with all the lave;
 Lord God deliuer me.

Gloir to the Fader he aboif, 80
 Gloir to the Sone for our behoif,
 Gloir to the Haly Spreit of loif,
 In trenefeld vnitie;
 As wes, is, falbe ay, but roif,
 Ane thre, and thre in ane, to proif, 85
 Thy Godheid nevir may remoif:
 Lord God deliuer me.

Finis quod Scott.

X.

[*The Tabill of Confessioun.*]

TO The, O mercifull Salviour, Jefus,
 My King, my Lord, and my Redemar fweit,
 Befoir thy bludy figor dolorus
 I repent my synnys, with humill hairt contreit,
 That evir I did vnto this hour compleit, 5
 Baith in werk, in word, and eik¹ intent;
 Falling on face, full law befoir thy feit,
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

To The, my fweit Saluioir, I me fchirryve,
 Committing me in thy mercy [maift] excelleng,² 10

¹Dupl. Text—*in*.

²MS. has *excellenting* altered to *excelling*, and the word *excelling* written afresh after it. Dupl. Text has—*And dois me in thy mercy moft excellenting*.

Off the wrang spending of my wittis fyve,—
 In hering, feing, gusting, twiching, and smelling,
 Ganestanding, greving, moving, and rebelling
 Aganis The my God and Lord omnipotent;
 With teiris of sorrow frome my ene distilling, 15
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

I wretchit fynner, vyle, and full of vyce,
 Off the Sevin Deidly Synnys dois¹ me schirryve,— Fol. 18. a.
 Off pryde, off yre, invy, and covetyce, 20
 Off lichery, gluttony, with flewth ay to ourdryve,
 Exercing vycis evir in all my lyve,
 For quhilk, allace! I fervit to be schent:
 Rew on me, Jesu, for thy woundis fyve!
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

I confes² me, Lord! that I abufit haif 25
 The Sevin Deidis of Mercy Corporall,—
 To hungre meit, nor drynk to thrifty³ gaif,
 Nor vefcit the feik, nor did redeme the thrall,
 Harbreit the wolfsome, nor naikit cled att all,
 Nor yit the deid to bury, tuke I tent: 30
 Thow, that put mercy aboif thy workis all,
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

In the Sevin Deidis of Marcy Spirituall,—
 To ignorantis nocht gaif I my teiching,
 Synnaris correctioun, nor destitut counfall, 35
 Na vnto wofull wretchis conforting,
 Nor to my nyctbouris support of my praying,
 Nor was to ask forgifnes penitent,
 Nor to forgif my nyctbouris offending;
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent. 40

¹ Dupl. Text—do. ² Ib.—schryif. ³ Ib.—*christie drink I.*

Lord! I haif done full littill reverence
 To thy Sacramentis excellent of¹ renoun,—
 Thy Haly Supper ffor my fyn recompence,
 And of my gilt the holy² satisfactioun,
 And Bapteme, als quhilk all my fyn wesche doun; 45
 Heirot, als far as I was negligent,
 With hairt contreit, and teiris falling doun,
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

Commandis. The Ten Commandis,—ane God for till honour,
 Nocht tane in vane his name, no³ sleiar to be, 50
 Fader and moder to wirfchep at all hour,
 To be no theif, the haly day to vphie,
 Nychtbouris to lufe, fals witness for to fle,
 To leif adultre, to covet no manis rent;
 Aganis thir preceptis⁴ culpable knaw I me; 55 Fol. 18. b.
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

**Articulis
 creid.** The⁵ Articulis of Trewth,—in God to trow,
 The Fader that all thingis wrocht and comprehendit,
 And in his haly bliffit Sone, Jesu,
 Of Mary borne, on croce deit, to hell discendit, 60
 The thrid day ryfing, to the Fader ascendit,
 Off quick and deid to cum, and hald jugement;
 In to thir poynttis, O Lord! quhair I offendit
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

I trow in to the bliffit Haly Spreit, 65
 And in the Kirk, to do as it commandis,
 And to thy dome that we fall ryfs compleit
 And tak our flesche agane, baith feit and handis,
 All to be saiff in stait of grace that standis;
 Plane I rewoik in thir quhair I miswent, 70

¹ Dupl. Text—*of excellent.* ² Ib.—*Gif I for my sin bewaill and mak.*
³ Ib.—*no man.* ⁴ Ib.—*In all this world, Lord.* ⁵ Ib.—*In.*

Befoir The, Juge and Lord of fee and landis,
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

I fynnyt, Lord! that nocht being strong as wall,
In howp, in faith, in fervent cheretie;
Nocht with the Foure Vertewis Cardenall, 75
Aganis vycis seure enarming me,
With fortitude, prowidence, and temperance, thir three
With justice evir [in] work, word, or intent;
To The, Chryft Jesu, casting vp myne e,
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent. 80

Off fyn als aganis the Haly Spreit,
Of vertew postponyng, and fyn aganis nateur,
Off [in]contritioun, confessor¹ indiscreit,
Of reffait finfull of The my Saluour,
Of non repentance,² and satisfacion seure, 85
Of the Sevin Giftis the Haly Gaift me sent,
Of Sex Petitionis in Pater Noster peur;
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

Nocht thanking The of gratitud nor grace,
That thow me wrocht, and bocht [me] with thy blude; 90 Fol. 19. a.
Of this schort lyfe remembring nocht the space,
The hevenis blifs, the hellis hiddoufs feid,³
But moir trespafs, my fynnis to remeid,
Concluding nevir all thrwch in myne entent;
[O] Thow, quhois blude on rude ran for my deid,⁴ 95
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

I knaw me vicious, Lord, and richt culpable
In aithis sweiring, leifing, and blaspheming,
Off frustrat speiking in court, in kirk, and table,

¹? confessioun. ²Dupl. Text—*undone penence.* ³Ib.—*sede.*
⁴Ib.—*for men ran redd.*

In wordis vyle, in vaneteis expreming, 100
 Preyſing my ſelf, and evill my nichtbouris deming,
 And ſo in ydilnes my dayis haif ſpent;
 Thow that was rent on rude for my redeming,
 I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

I fynnit in confaving¹ thochtis jolie, 105
 Vp to the hevyn extolling myne ententioun,
 In he exaltit arrogance and folye,
 Prowdnes, derifioun, ſcorne and vilipentioun,
 Prefumptioun, inobedience and contemptioun,
 In fals vane gloir and deidis negligent; 110
 O Thow, that deit on rud, for my redemptioun,
 I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

I fynnit als in reif and in oppreſſioun,
 In wrangufs gudis taking and poſſeding,
 Contrar gud² reſſoun, conſcience and diſcretioun, 115
 Of³ prodigall ſpending, but rewth of peure folkisneiding,
 In fowll diſceptionis, in fals inventionis breiding,
 To conqueifs⁴ honor, trefor, land and rent,
 In fleſchly luſt aboif meſur exceding;
 I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent. 120

Off mynd diſſymvlat, Lord! I me confefs,
 Of feid vndir [ane] freindly countenance,
 Of parciall jugeing, and perveſs wilfulneſs,
 In flattering wordis for fynning of ſubſtance, 125
 Of fals ſoliſting ffor wrang deliuerance
 At Counſale, Seſſioun, and at Parliament;
 Of every gilt, and wicket govirnance,
 I cry The mercy, and laſar to repent.

I ſchryve me of all curſit cumpany, Fol. 19. b.
 All tymes both witting and vnwitting me, 130

¹ Dupl. Text—*diſſaving*. ² Ib.—*my*. ³ Ib.—*In*. ⁴ Ib.—*conquere*.



Off criminall caufs, off deid of felony,
 Of tyranny, and vengeable crewaltie,
 In hurt¹ or flawchter, culpable gif I be,
 Be ony maner,² deid, counfale, or consent;
 O deir Jefu! that for me deit on tre, 135
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

Thocht I haif nocht thy pretious feit to kifs,
 As had the Magdalene, quhen scho did mercy craif,
 I fall, as scho, weip teiris for my misf,
 And every morrow feik The at thy graif; 140
 Thairfoir, forgif me, as Thow hir forgaif,
 That feis my hart as hiris penitent!
 Thy pretious body in breift or I reffaif,
 I cry The mercy, and lafar to repent.

To mak me, Jefu, on The to³ remember! 145
 I ask thy Passioun me fo to habound,
 Quhill nocht vnmenyeit be in me ane member,
 Bot fall in wo, with The, of every wound;
 And every straik mak throw my hart a ffound,
 That evir did stenyie thy fair flesche innocent, 150
 So that no pairt of my body be found,
 Bot crying The mercy, and lafar to repent.

Off all thir fynnis that I did heir expreme,
 And als foryet, to The, Lord! I me schryif,
 Appeling fra thy justice court extreme 155
 Vnto thy court of mercy exvlyif;
 Thow mak my fchip in bliffit port to arryif,
 That failis heir in stormis violent,
 And faif me, Jefu! for thy woundis fyve,
 That cryis The mercy, and lafar to repent. 160

Finis quod Dumbar.

¹ Dupl. Text—*deid.* ² *Ib.*—*wyis.* ³ *Ib.*—*for to.*

XI.

[O most heich and eternall King.]

O MOST heich and eternall King, Fol. 20. a.
 Thow helpis the lame and blind to ficht;
 Frome the dois every vertew spring,
 Geving the fone and mone thair licht.
 Help now to gyd my mynd arricht 5
 This lattir sentence till apply,
 Quhilk come to me this vthir nicht:
 He that wold¹ leif most lerne to dy.

 [O Lord, quho can gife and be lame,
 Or iuge cullouris, wanting his ficht; 10
 Or how fuld I ane mater frame
 That hes no knowlege to indyt?
 How can ane blind man schut arrycht,
 Being all blind without ony e?
 Sic can nocht lichtly hit the quhyt: 15
 He that will leive most lerne to de.²]

 My cluddy ficht, O Lord, mak cleir,
 Tak of the mist that hurtis foir,
 And latt the licht of grace appeir.
 Thow cumis to faif that wes forloir, 20
 The blind to ficht thow dois restoir;
 Sic is thy gentill courtasie.
 To the be lawid and prayifs thairfoir:
 He that wold³ leif most lerne to dy.

 Oppin my eis, my mercifull Lord, 25
 The licht of faith cleirly to fie,

¹ Dupl. Text—*will.* ² From Dupl. Text—not in MS.³ Dupl. Text—*will.*

And to beleif thy secreit word,
 The quhilk dois fay, "Cum vnto me,
 All ye that labor, refrefcit to be."
 This proclamatioun Chryft did cry 30
 To tak from ws iniquitie:
 [He that will leif most lerne to dy.¹]

Chryft come nocht the richtoufs to call,
 Bot fynnaris to repentance.
 Off him we haif the confort all, 35
 Quhairfoir, his holy name avance.
 He makis for ws purveance,
 Gif we in tyme frome vyce dois flee;
 With him we fall haif heretance:
 He that wold leif most lern to dy. 40

Agane God fayis, "Gif ye me lue,
 Than ye most keip my commandment."
 This text all godly men dois move,
 To be to him obedient.
 It is for ws expedient 45
 His godly will to magnifie,
 And of our finfull lyvis repent:
 He that wold leife most lerne to dy. Fol. 20. b.

Dy frome all fyn and wicketnes,
 Frome pryd and² abhominatioun. 50
 Dy frome fleuth and covetoufnes,
 Preifs³ to gud occupatioun.
 Now is tyme, mak preparatioun
 Our fynfull lyvis to mortify.
 For help to God mak meditatioun: 55
 He that wold leif most lerne to dy.

¹From Dupl. Text—not in MS. ²Dupl. Text—with *hir*.

³Ib.—*And preifs*.

"Gif thow defyre for to leif long,
 In rest and peice, and fee¹ gud dayis,
 Frome speiking lysis refrane thy tong."
 The four and thretty Salme thus sayis, 60
 To call ws vnto godly wayis,
 And wickit toungis to pacifie.
 Remember this, mak no delayis:
 He that wold leif most lerne to dy.

Tak Chryiftis croce vpon your back, 65
 And follow him in leving peur.
 Wirk weill in tyme, and be nocht flak,
 For heir we can not long endeur.
 Tyme gois away, ye may be feur;
 Our flowris fedis away trewly, 70
 Thairfoir to God for grace procure:
 He that wold leif most lerne to dy.

The psalme doith say, "Call vpoun me
 In tyme of tribulatioun,
 And than I will deliuer the." 75
 The Lord hes sic compassioun,
 To him mak supplicatioun,
 And call vpoun him fathfully,
 Quhen ye haif visitatioun:
 He that wold leif most lerne to dy. 80

O Lord of lordis celestiall!
 Thy mighty arme doith ws defend.
 Be the we ryis, quhen we do fall;
 Thy mercy non can comprehend.
 Lord, pardone ws quhair we offend, 85 Fol. 21. a.
 Heir in this vaill of miferie.

¹ Dupl. Text—*To leif in rest and fee.*

Thus I conclud, and makis ane end:
He that will leif most lerne to dy.

Finis quod [Ro.¹] Norvall.

XII.

[*Christe qui lux es et dies.*]

CHRISTE qui lux es et dies,
O Jesu Chryft, the verry licht
And daye that vndois all dirknes,
Vncovering mirknes of the nicht,
The² licht of licht, beleve it richt,³ 5
Thow grant ws all, but⁴ disperance,
Of thy visage to haif a sicht,
Lumen beatum predicans.

Precamur, fancte Domine,
Our haly Lord, to the we pray, 10
Defend ws in this nicht, that we
In the mot rest withowt effray;
And grant ws grace, that we may fay
This ympne fo plefandy to the,
To bed quhen that we boun ws ay, 15
Noctem quietam tribue.

Ne grauis sompnus irruat,
Thow tak ws, Lord, in thy keiping.
Fra our ennemy, and all his wreth,
Defend ws, Lord, attour all thing. 20
Fra dully dremis in our sleping,⁵

¹ From Dupl. Text—not in MS. ² Dupl. Text—*Thow*.
³ Ib.—*belevit richt*. ⁴ Ib.—*all ay but*. ⁵ Ib.—*dule dremyngis in sleping*.

Fra Baliall, and his belfull bache,¹
 Lat nevir our fefche in confenting,
 Nos tibi reos ftatuat.

Oculi fompnum capiant, 25
 Our ene tak fleeping on² this wyfe,
 That our hart walk and be constant
 In hevynly thocht and thy ferwyifs,
 Fra we tak ref, quhill that we ryifs;
 Sen we may nowdir mvt nor munt 30
 Thy haly hand, keip ws that lyifs,
 Famulos qui te diligunt. Fol. 21. b.

Defenfor nofter, afpice,
 Our only God and Defendour,
 Behald our ennemy, and fe 35
 Ay³ wating ws fra hour till hour.
 God fend ws grace fra hevynis tour
 To brek thair power and thair prefs,
 And fave ws fra thair fawis [fa] four,
 Quos fanguine mercatus es. 40

Memento noftri,⁴ Domine,
 Haif ws in mynd, and grant ws meid,
 Till in this frivoll fefche ar we.
 Haif mercy, Lord, of our mifdeid;
 Thow art the defenfor⁵ at neid 45
 Of our fawlis in neceffitie.
 On domifday, quhen all fall dreid,
 Adefto nobis, Domine.

Deo Patri fit gloria,
 To glorius God, the Fader fre, 50
 And to his onlie Sone alfwa,

¹ Struck out in MS. and altered by another hand to *bake*. Dupl.
 Text—*back* or *bath*.

² Dupl. Text—*in*. ³ Ib.—*Euir*. ⁴ Ib.—*mei*. ⁵ Ib.—*defenfor evir*.

And to the Holy Gaift, all thre,
 Evirlesting gloir,¹ but ending, be.
 Thow grant ws grace, quhen we hyne ga,
 That we thyne endles joy may fe,
 In sempiterna secula. [*Amen.*²]

55

Finis.

XIII.

[*O licht of licht, and licht of licht most cleir.*]

O HICHT of hicht, and licht of licht most cleir,
 Prince without peir, Crhyft Jesu, King of micht,
 Sone schynyng bricht aboif Saturnus spheir,
 Quhois vefage heir ffor ws wox dym of ficht,
 The way to beir ws to eternall licht.

5

Thy bittir passiou, thy pane and thy torment
 In ws now prent with pane and sic pvnitioun,
 That exerfitioun off deidis penitent
 In ws be lent with teiris of contritioun,³
 Quhill thow consent, thow gif ws thy remiffioun.

10 Fol. 22. a.

For weill war me the mirreit of thy woundis,
 That passis the boundis of our iniquitie
 With mercy, this world in syn that dround is,
 Fro hellis houndis conserve our sawlis fre,
 Quhen that thow foundis thy awfull horne on hie.

15

Redemptor gud, reffaif in paradice
 Thy merchandyce that thow bocht on the rude;

¹ Dupl. Text—*joy*. ² From Dupl. Text—not in MS.
³ Dupl. Text—*offioun*.

Latt not the wude, infernall cokatrice
 Fra the ws tyfe, sweit Jefu, myld of mude,
 For the grit pryce and vertew of thy blude. 20

Obedient Sone thow wes to the deid,
 And all in reid for ws wes revin and rent,
 Schamit and fchent with thorny croun on heid,
 Rute of remeid, gife ws, fra hyne we went,
 Thy bliffit¹ steid aboif the firmament. 25

Finis.

XIV.

[*Spair me, gud Lord, and mak me clene.*]

SPAIR me, gud Lord, and mak me clene;
 For my lyfe dayis thay be richt nocht.
 Quhat is a man, thocht he be kene,
 Bot waittis away as dois a thocht?
 Think, Lord,² of erd thow hes ws wrocht, 5
 And in to clay that turne mon we,
 Quhen ony baill is for ws brocht:
 Than parce michi,³ Domine.

A man is of a woman born,
 His lyf is bot a littill thrav, 10
 His wretchitnes is him beforne,
 Quhill he is weill, he standis no aw;
 In his maift welth, he can not know
 Nowdir him self nor yet God hie.

¹ Dupl. Text—*blisfull.* ² Ib.—*Lord think.* ³ Ib.—*nobis.*

Quhen we ar deid, and lyis full law, 15
Than parce michi, Domine.

My fawll is irkit¹ of my lyfe, Fol. 22. b.
Thru²ch wretschitnes quhilkis³ me within,
For labor, sorrow, sturt, and stryif,
Dreid of deid, and dalie fyn. 20
The feind, he wetis his pray to win,
Ws till abandoun evir wald hie;
Quhen deid, his devoir salbegyn,
Than parce mihi, Domine.

Sall paipis, bifchopis, and clerkis sterf? 25
Sall thay haif hell for fynnis faik?
Ye, thay fall haif as thay deserf;
For thay a full hard compt fall mak,
Because the kirkis gudis thay tak,
Syne dois thairfoir nocht thair dewtie, 30
Except sic fynnis thay fair⁴ forfaik:
Than parce michi, Domine.

Sall lordis and ladeis die and rot,
Or fall thay stynk, that smellis now sweit?
Sall wormis thame brefe abowt the throt, 35
Quhair goldin colleris hingis so meit?
Quhen thay ar prickit in a schein,
Than loft is all thair ryaltie.
Bot nicht thay leif, thay wold so yeit:
Nunc parce mihi, Domine. 40

I mene richt weill quhat evir I fay,
Wald God to that we cowld tak heid,
And graith our fawllis the reddy way
Aganis the feirfull day of deid.

¹ Dupl. Text—*irkit*. ² *Ib.*—*For*. ³ *Ib.*—*is*.
⁴ *Ib.*—*Bot thay sic fynnis fair*.

Lord, for thy woundis that foir cowth bleid, 45
 Quhen thow for ws deit on tre,
 Tak no vengeance for our misdeid,
 Bot parce michi, Domine.

Finis.

XV.

[*Cum Haly Spreit moift superne.*]

CUM Haly Spreit moift superne, 45
 Vefy thy pepill, and inspyre. Fol. 23. a.
 Illumene ws with licht eterne,
 In flame ws with the fervent fyre 5
 Of luvē of the with sic defyre,
 That nothing erdly fover¹ ws
 Nor pairt ws fra thy hie empyre:
 Veni, Creator Spiritus.

Quhen ony werkis we begin,
 Thow be with ws, O Haly Gaift. 10
 Latt no evill spreit ws within
 Mak foiorne, quhair thow fowld be plaift.
 Cum Sone, and tak the houfs in haift;
 Cum Capitane, gude and gratius,
 At morrow, or our claythis be laift: 15
 Veni, Creator Spiritus.

And thocht the ennemy wald intend
 To fett a fege the² houfs abowt,
 Be thow within for to deffend
 We force³ nocht quha affaill thairowt. 20

¹ Dupl. Text—*feuir.* ² Ib.—*thy.* ³ ? fear.



Cum, Lord, and in our lugeing lowt,
 Cum, our Proteſtor gloriuſ,
 Quhome we fall thank and lawd but dowl:
 Veni, Creator Spirituſ.

Finis.

XVI.

[*Ye Sonis of Men, be mirry and glaid.*]

YE fonis of men, be mirry and glaid,
 And leif in conſolatioun;
 Tak in your hairtis no clothis ſaid,
 Dule, dreid, nor diſperatioun.
 Haif howp of your ſalvatioun. 5
 Think of the joy that is to cum,
 Be meik in tribulatioun:
 Lawdate ſervi Dominum.

Be glaid, ye princis, moiſt potent,
 Quhome God hes gevin, of his fre grace, 10
 Grit ryell renoun, riches, and rent,
 And luſty lordſchyppis to imbrace. Fol. 23.
 Benyngly fall vpoun your face,
 And love the Lord of all and ſum,
 That of this lyf he lent yow heſ: 15
 Lawdate ſervi Dominum.

And ye, quhome God na poſſeffouris
 In to this warld hes maid heirdoun,
 Of beneficis, boundis, nor treſſouris,
 Ye thank als richelie his renoun, 20

As ye all cuntreis, tour, and toun
 Joyfit, of Jordane to ye flume;
 Thy compt is lefs¹ at conclusioun:
 Lawdate serui Dominum.

Quhairfoir I reid boith riche and peur, 25
 That of your pairt ye be content;
 For warldly subftance is not feur,
 Nor is poffeffioun permanent.
 Think that this lyfe is nocht the lent
 For fkafig heir of fcruf and fkum, 30
 Bot to ferve God with clene entent:
 Lawdate fervi Dominum.

Sen that fra God your grace cummis all,
 Fra your regrait ye gif him girth;
 Thocht he your gud tak, grit and fmall, 35
 Fader and moder, barne and birth,
 Blafpheme him not be feild nor firth,
 Nor drowp ye not as ye war dum,
 Bot boith in mowth and mynd, with mirth,
 Lawdate fervi Dominum. 40

Gif God lift tak vnto his gloir
 Your freind, thairfoir fay not allace,
 Bot humly gif him thankis thairfoir,
 That tuik him to fa joyfull place,
 Quhair ye, with blifs, fall vthiris brace 45
 Super occurfois fyderum,
 Your Saluioir feing in the face:
 Lawdate fervi Dominum.

Finis.

¹ Dupl. Text—*Lefs thy compt is.*

XVII.

[*Ye that contreit bene and confest.*]

YE that contreit bene and confest, Fol. 24. a.
 A sprituall glaidnes to you tak;
 For ye reffair a glorious gait,
 The Lord, that all the hevynnis did mak.
 Awalk in spreit, and be not waik; 5
 Think evir thair watis yow ane fo;
 With humill hairt him not foirfaik:
 Letamini Justi in Domino.

 Ye fowld be glaid for ressonis feir;
 For now it is the tyme of grace, 10
 The tyme of penitence, and prayeir,
 The tyme of¹ conqueifs, and of purchase,
 Of the triumphand hevinly place
 That evill angellis wer baneift² fro;
 For ye fall see his bliffit face:³ 15
 Letamini Justi in Domino.

 Now is the tyme of battell stowt,
 That every ane of ws⁴ fowld be
 Inarmit, baith within and owt,⁵
 With howp, faith, and cheritie, 20
 Aganis thir crewall fayis thre,
 The divill, the warld, the flesche also,⁶
 With the Croce in your standart hie:
 Letamini Justi in Domino

 Ye that ar richtous of intent, 25
 And groundit vpon futhfastnes,

¹Dupl. Text—*of he.* ²Ib.—*exylii.* ³Ib.—*occupy thair place.* ⁴Ib.—*is or.*
⁵Ib.—*and without.* ⁶Ib.—*The world, the flesche, the feind also.*

And list not to no wrang consent,
 To lye, deffais, nor to opprefs,
 Lat joy in to your hairtis increfs;
 For he that brocht ws owt of wo 30
 Sall weill reward yow moir and less:
 Letamini Justi in Domino.

Finis.

XVIII.

Ane Prayer for the Pest.

O ETERNE God! of power infynyt,
 To quhois hie knowlege na thing is obscure
 That is, or was, or evir falbe, perfyt¹ Fol. 24. b.
 In to thy sicht, quhill that this warld indure;
 Haif mercy of ws indigent and peure. 5
 Thow² dois na wrang to pvneifs our offens:
 O Lord, that is to mankynd haill fuccure,
 Preserve ws fra this perrelus pestilens. ✓

We the befeik, O Lord of lordis all!
 Thy eiris inclyne, and heir our grit regrait;³ 10
 We ask remeid of the in generall,
 That is of help and confort defolait;
 Bot thow, with rewth, our hairtis recreat,
 We ar bot deid but only thy clemens;
 We the exhort, on kneis law prostrait, 15
 Preferf ws fra this perrellus pestilens.

We ar richt glaid thow pvneifs our trespass
 Be ony kynd of vthir tribulatioun;

¹Dupl. Text—*or falbe is perfyt.* ²Ib.—*That.* ³Ib.—*degrait.*

ANE PRAYER FOR THE PEST.

Wer it thy will, O Lord of hevin! allais,
 That we fowld thus be haiftely put down, 20
 And dye as beiftis, without confeffioun,
 That nane dar mak with vthir refidence.
 O bliffit Jefu! that woir the thorny crown,
 Preferve ws frome this perrellus peftilens.

Vfe dert, O Lord, or feiknes, and hungir foir, 25
 And flaik thy plaig that is fo penetryve.
 Thy¹ pepill ar perreift, quha ma remeid thairfoir,
 Bot thow, O Lord, that for thame loft thy lyve,
 Suppoifs our fyn be to the pungityve,
 Oure deid ma nathing our fynnyis recompens. 30
 Haif mercy, Lord! we ma not with the ftryve,
 Preferve ws frome this perrellus peftilens.

Haif mercy, Lord! haif mercy, hevynis King!
 Haif mercy of thy pepill penetent;
 Haif mercy of our petoufs puniffing! 35
 Retreit the fentence of² thy juft jugement
 Aganis ws fynnaris, that fervis to be fchent
 Withowt mercy; we ma mak no defens. Fol. 25. a.
 Thow that, but rewth, vpoun the rude was rent,
 Preferve ws frome this perrellus peftilens. 40

Remmember, Lord! how deir thow hes ws bocht,
 That for ws fynnaris fched thy pretius blude.
 Now to redeme that thow hes maid of nocht,
 That is of vertew barrane and denude,
 Haif rewth, Lord! of thyne awin fym[i]litude; 45
 Puneifs with pety, and nocht with violens:
 We knaw it is for our ingratitude
 That we ar pvneift with this peftilens.

¹Dupl. Text—*The.*

²*Ib.*—*and.*

Thow grant ws grace for till amend our mis,
 And till evaid this crewall suddane deid: 50
 We knaw our fyn is all the cause of this.
 For oppin fyn thair is fet no remeid,
 The Justice of God mon pvneifs than bot dreid;¹
 For by the law he will with non dispens,
 Quhair Justice laikis, thair is eternal feid 55
 Of God, that fowld preferf fra pestilens.

Bot wald the heiddifman, that fowld keip the law,
 Pvneifs the peple for thair transgressioun,
 Thair wald na deid the peple than owrthraw;
 Bot thay ar gevin so planely till oppressioun, 60
 That God will nocht heir thair intercessioun;
 Bot all ar pvneift for thair innobediens,
 Be sword or deid, withowttin remissioun,
 And hes just cause to fend ws pestilens.

Superne Lucerne, guberne this pestilens, 65
 Preserve and serve that we not sterve thairin,
 Declyne that pyne, be thy devyne prudens.
 O Trewth, haif rewth, lat not our slewth ws twin;
 Our syt, full tyt, wer we contryt, wald blin,
 Dissiver, did never, quha evir the befocht. 70
 Send² grace, with space, and ws imbrace³ fra fyn;
 Latt nocht be tynt that thow so deir hes bocht. Fol. 25. b.

O Prince preclair! this cair cotidiane,
 We the exhort, distort it in exyle;
 Bot thow remeid, this deid is bot ane trane 75
 For to diffaisf the laif, and⁴ thame begyle.
 Bot thow, fa vyifs, devyifs to mend this⁵ byle
 Of this mischeif, quha ma releif ws ocht.

¹ Dupl. Text—*be deid.* ² Ib.—*Bot.* ³ Ib.—*for to arrace.*
⁴ Ib.—*falsly and.* ⁵ Ib.—*to win us fra that.*



For wrangus win, bot thow our syn ourfyll:
Latt nocht be tynt that thow fo deir hes bocht. 80

Sen for our vyce, that Justyce mon correct,
O King most hie! now pacifie thy feid;
Our syn is huge, refuge we not suspect,
As thow art Juge, deluge ws of this dreid,¹
In tyme assent, or we be schent with deid; 85
We ws repent, and² tyme mispent forthocht,
Thairfoir, evirmoir be gloir to thy Godheid:
Lat nocht be tynt that thow fa deir hes bocht.

Finis. [*quod* Henrystone.³]

XIX.

The Song of the Virgin Mary.

[*Callit Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*⁴]

Magnificat
anima mea
Dominum.

WITH lawd and prayifs my faule hes magnifeid
The eternal God,⁵ both ane, two, and thre,
That all hes maid, and every thing dois gyid;
Quhilk, of his micht and bonteufs petie,
Off his gudnes and eik benignitie, 5
Only of his mercy, lift to haif plesance
For to confidder and gratiousslie to fie
To my meiknes, and humill attendance.

Et exultavit
Spiritus meus.

My spreit also, with thocht and hairt efeir,
Reiofit hes with fully of abundance 10

¹Dupl. Text—*And thow be juge disluge us of this feid.*

²Ib.—*For we repent all.* ³In a different hand. ⁴From Dupl. Text.

⁵Dupl. Text—*Lord.*

In God, that is my souerane haill enteir,
 And all my joy, and all my sufficance,
 My haill defyre, and my full sustenance.
 Within my thocht he is so deip ingrave
 That, bot in him without variance, 15
 In all this world I can no glaidnes haive.

**Quia respexit
 humilitatem
 ancille sue.** For he frome hevin gudly hes behold Fol. 26. a.
 Of his hand maid the humilitie.
 Quhairfoir, in sic only, for he wold
 All kinrikkis faue, Bliffit call thay me; 20
 Of quhilk, O Lord, the thank be vnto the,
 With prayis and honor of hevery hairt and tounge,
 For this allone be to thy name ay founge.

**Quia fecit mihi
 magna.** For he to me hes done thingis grit,
 Of he renoun and passing excellence. 25
 His grace so fully to me dois fleit;
 For he is mighty, off maist magnificence;
 His name is holy and maist of reverence,
 Than, for to leif it, fall I nevir astart
 To trust in him with my hoill mynd and hairt. 30

**Et miseri-
 cordia eius etc.** And his marcy, moift passing famous,
 Frome kin to kin, and so doun to kinreid,
 Sall throw his grace be so plenteoufs
 Perpetually, that it fall ay proced,
 And specialy to thame that lue and dreid 35
 My gratius Lord, with hairt, will, and mynd.
 To fuche his pitie fall spring and spreid,
 Of dew richt, and nevir be behind.

**Fecit potentia
 in brachio suo.** And als his arme he forcit and maid strang,
 His dreidfull micht that men may sie and knaw; 40
 And prowde men, that thay ringin not to lang,



- He severit hes, and maid thame fo full law;
 With all his hairt doun fra the quheill thame thraw,
 For to abait thair surquedry and pryde
 Full foddanly, and laid thair boift on fyd. 45
- Deposuit po-
 tentes de fede. The mighty potent frome thair ryell fie,
 Evin as he wold, he hes thame brocht law doun;
 And humill and meik, for thair humilitie, Fol. 26. b
 He hes avancit to full hie renoun;
 For he can mak ane transmutatioun 50
 Fro law to hie, as it is sene full oft,
 And, quhen he¹ list, the dominatioun
 Of warldlie pomp to fallin full vnsoft.
- Esurientes
 impleuit. He hes fulfillit and fosterit in thair neid,
 With gudis and² plenteus lerges, 55
 Thame that [wer³] hungyrie, indigent, and in dreid,
 And thame relevit of all thair wretchitnes;
 And he the riche hes rawcht frome thair riches,
 Full wyld and waift, to walk vpoun the plane;
 And suddanlie thame plungit in distrefs, 60
 And solitar to lat thame leif in pane.⁴
- Suscipit
 Israël puerum
 suum. And⁵ he his chosin chyld of Yfraell
 Benynglie hes taik in to his grace,
 And of his mercy hes remembrit weill
 To woyid all vengeance frome his face; 65
 And humill pepill fall occupy his place,
 And peax falbe seifit in his stall,
 And rewth fall his richt so imbrace
 To fett his mercy aboif his warkis all.
- Sicut locutus
 est. As he hes spokin and suthfastly behecht 70
 To our faderis that we haif had befoir,

¹ Dupl. Text—*him*. ² Ib.—*With the gudis of*. ³ From Dupl. Text.
⁴ Dupl. Text—*vane*. ⁵ Ib.—*For*.

To Abrahame, and to his syid arricht,
That his mercy fall left for evirmoir;
For without it this world had bene forloir;
To the quhilk to mak men to attene, 75
He hes maid mercy, mankynd to restoir,
Off all his werkis to be soverene.

Finis.

Followis Ballatis of the Nativitie of Chryste.

XX.

[*Now glaidith euery liffis creature.*]

NOW glaidith euery liffis creature, Fol. 27. a.
With blifs and comfortable glaidnefs.
The hevynnis King is cled in our nature,
Ws fro the deth with ranfoun for to redrefs.
The lamp of joy, that chafis all dirkneps, 5
Ascendit to be the warldis licht,
Fro euery baill our boundis for to blefs,
Borne of the glorius Virgyn Mary bricht.

Abone the radius hevin etheriall,
The court of sterris, the courfs of fone and mone, 10
The potent Prince of joy imperiall,
The he surmonting Empriour abone
Is cummyn fra his mychtie Faderis trone
In erd, with ane inestimable licht,
And is, of angellis with a sweit intone, 15
Borne of the most cheft Virgin Mary bricht.



Quhoeir in erd hard fo blyth a story,
 Or tithing of fa grit felicite,
 As how the garthe of all grace and glory
 For lue and mercy hes tane humanite; 20
 Makar of angellis, man, erd, hevin, and fe,
 And to ourcum our fo, and to put to flicht,
 Is cumin a bab, full of benignite,
 Borne of the most cheft Virgin Mary bricht.

The fouerane Senyour of all celfitude, 25
 That fittis abone the ordour cherubin,
 Quhilk all thing creat and all thing dois includ,
 That neuir fall end, na neuir moir did begin,
 But quhome is nocht, fra quhome no tyme dois rin,
 With quhome all gud is, with quhome is euery wicht, 30
 Is with his woundis cum for to wesche our syn;
 Borne of the most cheft Virgin Mary bricht.

Quhairfoir fing all with confort and glaidnes,
 And cast away all cair and cuvatic; 35
 Devoyd all wo and leif in merines;
 Exerce vertew and banyfs euery vice;
 Difpyfs fortoun, richt rynis on fynk and sife;
 And, in the honour of his blisfull mycht,
 All welcum we the Prince of Paradice,
 Borne of the most cheft Virgyn Mary bricht. 40

Finis.

XXI.

[*Rorate celi desuper.*]

RORATE celi desuper!
 Hevins distill your balmy schouris,
 For now is rissin the bricht day ster,
 Fro the rofs Mary, flour of flouris:
 The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris, 5
 Surmunting Phebus in the est,
 Is cumin of his hevinly touris;
 Et nobis Puer¹ natus est.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis, Fol. 27. b.
 Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris feir, 10
 And all ye hevinly operationis,
 Ster, planeit, firmament, and speir,
 Fyre, erd, air, and watter cleir,
 To him gife loving, most and left,
 That come in to so meik maneir; 15
 Et nobis Puer natus est.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,
 And thank your Maker hairtfully;
 For he that ye mycht nocht cum to,
 To yow is cumin full humly, 20
 Your faulis with his blud to by,
 And loufs yow of the feindis arrest,
 And only of his awin mercy;
 Pro nobis Puer natus est.

All clergy do to him inclyne, 25
 And bow vnto that barne benyng,
 And do your obseruance devyne

¹ MS. has *Power*.

To him that is of kingis King;
 Enfence his altar, reid, and fing
 In haly kirk, with mynd degest, 30
 Him honouring attour all thing,
 Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Celestiall fowlis in the are
 Sing with your nottis vpoun hicht;
 In firthis and in forrestis fair 35
 Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,
 For passit is your dully nycht;
 Aurora hes the cluddis perft,
 The son is riffin with glaidfum lycht,
 Et nobis Puer natus est. 40

Now spring vp flouris fra the rute,
 Reuert yow vpwart naturaly,
 In honour of the bliffit frute
 That raifs vp fro the rose Mary;
 Lay out your levis lustely, 45
 Fro deid tak lyfe now at the left
 In wirfchip of that Prince wirthy,
 Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Syng hevin imperiall, most of hicht,
 Regions of air mak armony; 50
 All fishe in flud and foull of flicht,
 Be myrthfull and mak melody:
 All GLORIA IN EXCELSIS cry,
 Hevin, erd, fe, man, bird, and best,
 He that is crownit abone the sky 55
 Pro nobis Puer natus est.

Finis. quod Dumibar.

XXII.

[*Jerusalem reiofs for joy.*]

<p>JERUSALEM reiofs for joy; Jefus the sterne of most bewte In the is rissin, as rychtous roy, Fro dirknes to illumyne the; With glorius soun of angell gle The Prince is borne in Baithlem, Quhilk fall the mak of thraldome fre; Illuminare Jerufalem!</p>	<p>Fol. 28. a. 5</p>
<p>With angellis licht, in legionis, Thow art illumynit all about; Thre Kingis of streng regionis To the ar cumin with lusty rout, All drest with dyamantis but dout, Reverst with gold in every hem, Sounding attonis with a schout, Illuminare Jerufalem!</p>	<p>10 15</p>
<p>The regeand tarrant that in the rang, Herod, is exilit and his ofspring The land of Juda, that josit wrang; And rissin is now thi richtoufs King. So he, so mychtie is and ding, Quhen men his gloriufs name dois nem, Hevin, erd, and hell makis inclynyng; Illumynare Jerufalem!</p>	<p>20</p>
<p>His cummyng knew all element; The air be sterne did him perfaife; The watter, quhen dry, he on it went;</p>	<p>25</p>



HAILL, GODDIS SONE, OF MYCHTIS MAIST.

The erd, that trymlit all and raife;
 The fone, quhen he no lichtis gaif;
 The croce, quhen it wes done contem; 30
 The stanis, quhen thay in pecis claif;
 Illumynare Jerufalem!

The deid him knew that raifs vpricht,
 Quhilk lang tyme had the erd lyne vndir;
 Crukit and blynd declarit his micht, 35
 That helit of thame so mony hundir;
 Nature him knew, and had grit wundir,
 Quhen he of wirgyn wes borne but wem;
 Hell, quhen thair yettis wer broken a fundir:
 Illumynare Jerufalem! 40

Finis.

XXIII.

[Hail, Goddis Sone, of mychtis maist.]

H AILL, Goddis Sone, of mychtis maist!
 That with the gloriis Fader began,
 Euir rynging with the Haly Gaift,
 All feing, present now and than,
 Quhome comprehend no hevynis can, 5
 Nec genus temporum mensurabit,
 For ws thow tuk the forme of man:
 Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Firft be the prophetis it wes schawin
 To ws, Lord, of thy cuming heir; 10
 Be angellis fyne in erd maid knawin,

And be appostillis preschit cleir,
Writtin be euangelistis but weir, Fol. 28. b.
Quos quatuor testes permisifti,
That with thi deid thow bocht ws deir: 15
Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Hale, Jesu, Virgyn immaculat!
Hale, Virgynis fruct, fareft and best!
Out of the lilly illuminat
Thow sprang but spot, rofs ryellest, 20
Quhen fro the nobillest nest
Thow raifs a femine regis Daudid
To ranfone ws and bring to rest:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Thow King most gloriufs and grete! 25
Quhat meiknes wes thy mynd within,
Out of thi he supernall fete
Law to discend and wesche our sin,
Making a maid of our pure kin
For to be callit mater Christis, 30
Our faulis fra the feind to win:
Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Hail, crownit King of angellis cleir!
Hail, Lord of all the angellis he!
Hail, Prince of parradice but peir! 35
Hail, Empriour of erd and fe!
That fro the Faderis maiestie,
Qui omnia secula creauit,
Come down for ws a man to be:
Beatus venter qui te portauit. 40

Quhen we wer banyft fro thi blifs,
And in the lymb fra lichtnes lent,
Mercy bad the forgif our mis,

And mekle mekit thyn entent;
 Bot Richt said euer in jugement, 45
 Quod fumma veritas fuiſti,
 And mycht nocht to that wrang confent:
 Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Thus euer quhen Mercy ſpak for man,
 Rycht ſaid, "He feruit for to de." 50
 Sa vpoun this a ſtryfe began
 In hevynnis conſiftory he.
 Thow Sone of God, thame to agre,
 Lis quorum celis non ceſſauit.
 To de for man thow tuk on the: 55
 Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Than with fueit found and melody
 Sang all the angell ordouris cleir,
 And all the hevinly cumpany
 Reioſit with a blisfull cheir. 60 Fol. 29. a.
 Peace kift Juſtice, hir ſiſtir deir,
 Quia nos redimere¹ voluifti;
 Than Rycht and Mercy imbracit neir:
 Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Be Mercy firſt thow wald on rude 65
 De for ws fynnaris, that thow wrocht;
 And fyn be Richt ye hell denude
 Off ws quhome with thi blud thow bocht.
 Quhen this wes to concluſioun brocht
 Virginem Gabriell ſalutauit 70
 With ane gratia mekle of thoct:
 Beatus venter qui te portauit.

This Virgyn fueit, that neuir offendit,
 Wes ſone obedient to thi will;

¹ MS. has *redemere*.

HAILL, GODDIS SONE, OF MYCHTIS MAIST.

75

And thow as dow in hir discendit 75
The haly Scriptur to fulfill.
Ws to deliuer frome exill
Tunc in hunc mundum peruenifti,
Quhairfoir euir loving be the till:
Beata vbera que fuxifti. 80

The nycht of thi natiuite
The erd wes full of plesand licht,
The hevin wes full of angell gle,
The hellis power wes put to flicht,
A sterne raifs with bemis bricht 85
Et omnem terram illuminauit,
In signe that thow wes borne that nycht:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Thre kingis with grit reuerence
Gold, sence and myr did to the bryng, 90
In signe of thy magnificence;
And that thow wes the gretest King
But end eternaly to ring,
Tu regnum¹ munera recipifti.
The angellis did about the sing, 95
Beata vbera que fuxifti.

Into this erd, with pane and greif,
Our faulis fra the feind thow wan;
Grit hungir, thrift, cauld and mischeif
Thow sufferit for the saik of man. 100
Sevin tymes for ws thy blud outran,
Qui nos ab omni crimine lauit,
Syn deit for ws with vifage wan:
Beatus venter qui te portauit.

Finis.

¹ ? regia.



XXIV.

[*We that are bocht with Chrystis blude.*]

<p>WE that ar bocht with Chrystis blude, Lat ws with loving till him lout, That ranfonit ws vpoun the rude Fra ruffy ragmen and his route. Quhairfoir fuld we thir deuillis doute Habentes talem Redemptorem? Write we in till our standert stoute Virgo peperit Saluatorem.</p>	<p>Fol. 29. b. 5</p>
<p>Chest Virgyn Mary, in hevin now hicht, Thow moder of the King of gloir, The blyth birth of thi bosum bricht Hes done ws to the joy restoir. We fall sing euir in erd thairfoir Ad tui nominis honorem, How that but macull, lefs or moir, Virgo peperit Saluatorem.</p>	<p>10 15</p>
<p>The he Lord fro the hevin abone As dew discendit in the dovne, And ws, his seruandis, succurit sone Out of the herbry of Mahoun. Our ranfoner of grete renoun Curauit seculi langorem With his most glorius passiou: Virgo peperit Saluatorem.</p>	<p>20</p>
<p>Thy bosum blift be that bare Our Saluatour, fareft of face.</p>	<p>25</p>

War nocht thi frucht, that flurist fair,
Our lynnage all had said, allace!
Thow glorius grane and plant of grace
Que germinauit celestem florem, 30
Infernall dragonis for to chace:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Thow lusty ledy, lamp of lycht,
Loud louit with celestially fang,
Of the is borne our dawning brycht 35
That doun our dreary dirknes dang.
Our brycht Appollo fra the sprang,
Dans mundi tenebris splendorem,
That fra the dragon rest the stang:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem. 40

The hevynnys Lord culd law discend
In the all sinfull man to faue.
Him, that nocht hevin culd comprehend,
Thy wamb wes wirthy to ressaue.
Thow clofit in thy cleir conclaue 45
Celi et terre conditorem,
Quhilk derfly doun the dragon draif:
Virgo peperit Saluatorem,

We haif put ws and God betuene
Our Saluator, Jezu, on the rude, 50 Fol. 30. a.
His croun of thorne, his wundis kene,
His passioun, and his pretious blude,
His muder Mary, myld of mude,
Lacrimas eius et dolorem,
That our hir face ran doun as flud: 55
Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Betuix ws and thy fellone fede
Ane wall ar Chrystis woundis fyve;

His body bathit in blud all rede,
 The scurgis that his flesch did ryfe, 60
 The speir that Longens did indryfe
 In *latus eius per vigorem*,
 Schaip the no moir with ws to stryve:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Betuix ws, varlo, and thy weris 65
 All Chrystis passioun we put compleit;
 Nocht Sanct Johnis heid and the Madalanis teiris,
 The pappis of the Virgyn sueit,
 The blud and wattir that scho did grete
 Propter filialem¹ amorem, 70
 Quhen that scho fell down at his feit:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

He mycht be callit a mercifull King,
 Him self that offerit to be flane,
 To keip his peple fro perriffing. 75
 That Prince he tuk on him the pane,
 He lost his blud in every vane
 Et mortuus est propter amorem;
 Rycht wald we fuld lufe him agane:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem. 80

The faikles lamb that neuir offendit,
 Full mekle to the deid him gave;
 Syne with his croce to hell discendit,
 And rudly down the yettis rave. 85
 Dragonis with dule on vthir drave
 Vultus Jesu propter terrorem.
 He gart thame vndirstanding haue:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

The terrible pit quhen he had temyt
 Of faulis vnnumerable to nevin, 90

¹ MS. has *filiolem*.

He went with thame that he redemyt,
 And enterit in the blifs of hevin
 Ad Patrem omnium creatorem,
 Quhair angellis fingis with joyfull stevin:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem. 95

O Lord, fen we haif no refuge
 Bot the, that hes sa deir ws bocht,
 Latt mercy wey our synnys huge, Fol. 30. b.
 Or thi iustice punyce ocht;
 We creaturis, that thow hes wrocht, 100
 Parce Domine, et fac fauorem;
 Latt nevir thy blud be sched for nocht:
 Virgo peperit Saluatorem.

Finis.

 XXV.

[*Omnipotent Fader, Sone, and Haly Gaist.*]

OMNIPOTENT Fader, Sone, and Haly Gaist!
 Egall in glory, puer, and maieftē;
 Thre evin of mycht, and on of mychtis maift,
 Ay rignand in eterne diuinite;
 Off a will, substance, and equalite, 5
 In quhome is nowthir first, last, moir, nor left;
 To be laud in tryne and vnite:
 Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Sentence of grace is now diffinityfe
 Concludit in the hevinly conciftory; 10
 Our deth anon returnit is to lyfe.

In erd is borne the blisfull King of glory,
 To manis heir quhilk is a myrthfull story.
 Sing, christin peple, with folace, joy, and fest;
 Be glaid and blyth, and be no langar sory: 15
 Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Our dirk orifoun and fable emysphery
 Is lychnyt now with licht of euery licht;
 Discendit is the Prince of he empery
 With fchynyng face to chace away our nycht, 20
 And mak vpspring our purpour dawning brycht;
 Our blisfull day is clerit in the est,
 The sterne of joy hes lent of him a ficht:
 Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Go we and meit him with deuot orifoun, 25
 And welcum him, our Saluour most fueit,
 That for ws sufferit grit vexatioun
 And hurt of body, bair of heid and feit,
 In travell, torment, thrift, hungir, cauld, and heit;
 And syne for ws a martir heir did sist, 30
 Off quhois cummyng tak confort euery spreit:
 Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Finis.

XXVI.

[*The Sterne is rissin of our Redemptioun.*]

THE Sterne is rissin of our redemptioun
 In Baithlem, with bemes blyth and bricht;
 The Sone of God in erd he schewin him boun,
 Amang his angellis with a glorijs licht,
 As hevynnyis Lord of maiefte and mycht! 5

Cum mortall kingis, and fall on kneis doun
 Befoir the King of lestand lyfe and lycht: Fol. 31. a.
 The Sterne is rissin of our redemptioun.

All empriouris, kingis, princis, and preleittis,
 Heir nakit borne and nvreist vp with noy, 10
 Leif all your wofull truble and debaittis,
 Cum, luke on the eternall King of joy;
 Ly all on grufe befoir that hich grand Roy,
 That only King of euery regioun,
 Off Perce, of Ynd, of Egipt, Grece, and Troy: 15
 The Sterne is rissin of our redemptioun.

Inclyne befoir the Cristin Conquerour,
 Of euery kith and kinryk vndir sky
 The he Makar, the¹ mychte Saluatour.
 The meik Redimar most to magnify 20
 With reuerend feir doun on your facis ly,
 And on this day in his laudatioun,
 Aue Redemptor Jesu! all ye cry;
 The Sterne is rissin of our redemptioun.

We may nocht in this vale of bale abyd, 25
 Ourdirkit with the fable clud nocturn;
 The Sterne of glory is rissyn ws to gyd
 Abone the speir of Mars and of Saturn,
 Abone Phebus, the radius lamp divrn,
 To the superne eternall regioun, 30
 Quhair noxiall skyis may mak no fogeorn;
 The Stern is rissin of our redemptioun.

All follow we the Sterne of most brichtnes
 With the thre blisfull orientall kingis,
 The Sterne of day, Voyder of dirknnes, 35
 Abone all sterris, planeitis, speiris, and fingis;

¹ MS. has *of the*.

MY WOFULL HAIRT ME STOUNDIS.

Befeiking him, fra quhome all mercy fpringis,
 Ws to reffaue, with mirth of angell foun,
 In to the hevin quhair the Imperiall ringis:
 The Stern is riffin of our redemptioun.

40

Finis Natiuitatis Dei.

[*Sequuntur de eius Passione quedam cantilene.*¹]

XXVII.

[*My wofull Hairt me stoundis throw the vanis.*]

MY wofull hairt me stoundis throw the vanis
 Quhen I behald my Makar on the tre,
 Wondit, forbled, all plungit in till panis,
 With rewthfull voce syn cryand vpoun me:
 "O mortall man, behald with hert and e
 How for thy faik me panis dois opprefs,
 Thocht for thy syn, my tender spous, I de,
 Benedic̄ta sit Sancta Trinitas."

5

My Fader said, "Go to thi deid, my deir."
 With all blythnes-I wes obedient,
 With my disciplis toward the yerd culd steir;
 Syne fone allone till oratioun I went,
 Suet my blud, prayit with mynd fervent,
 Betrafit and tane with men of grit trespafs,
 All the brethir fled of my convent:
 Benedic̄ta sit Sancta Trinitas.

10

Fol. 31. b.

15

Behind my bak thay band my handis fast,
 Till Annas houfs me led incontinent.

¹ MS. has *sequitur . . . quedam cantilene.*

Malcus me struk, till Caiphas I past,
 Fals witnes aganis me wer present 20
 As blasphemar of God Omnipotent.
 But ony law thair I condampnit was,
 Amang thair feit defowlit and forschent:
 Benediċta sit Sancta Trinitas.

Befor fals jugeis I wes falsly accusit, 25
 Sustenit straikis and blasphematioun;
 Myne ene fyld, my face gritly confusit,
 Malice but mesur ranit on my persoun,
 To Pylet presentit with grit derisoun;
 Syn to Herod rycht sone thay gart me pass; 30
 Thus I sustenit scorne and grit elusoun:
 Benediċta sit Sancta Trinitas.

I wes refusit, and the thief wes fred;
 Off all vestment dispoylit and maid bair,
 Bund till a pillar, scurget quhill I bled, 35
 Brissit my body, ryvin bayth hyd and hair;
 Till eik my pane, and gar my schame be mair,
 With purpour cleth thay cled my mortall mafs;
 Baith fell and flesch it fowit and maid fair:
 Benediċta sit Sancta Trinitas. 40

Vpoun my heid thay thrang a croun of thorn,
 Put in my hand a reid ffor derisoun,
 Vpoun thair kneis adorand¹ me in scorn;
 The thorne pykis thay to my tay dang down;
 Bot fame and name thay think to confound. 45
 Thair vyle spitting my panis gart all cras
 Fra heid to fute, that neuir a parte wes found:
 Benediċta sit Sancta Trinitas.

¹ MS. has *andornand*.

Vpoun my bak thay put ane hevvy tre,
 Led me to deid, with tormentis me flew; 50
 Off all vestmentis thay barit my bode,
 On lenth and breid my plagit persone drew,
 Throw feite and handis rud nalis thay threw.
 My spirit than preuit all pane and bittirnes;
 Wes non this pane, bot only God, that knew: 55
 Benedic̄ta fit Sanct̄a Trinitas.

Fra xij to iiij vpoun the croce I hang,
 Plungit in panis and perplexite; Fol. 32. a.
 Longins a lance in to my body thrang; 60
 I wes tane doun, and woundit richelie;
 My muderis splene pairsit calamide;
 My bliffit body, quhilk passit all rihis,¹
 Within a crag wes clofit quietle:
 Benedic̄ta fit Sanct̄a Trinitas.

To Lymbus Patrum I passit but mair pane, 65
 Fred all my knyghtis fra captiuite;
 To my appostillis I apperit fyne agane,
 All my discipillis lete myne ascensoun se,
 In glob of grund, full of felice,
 With science feir exertand all solafs: 70
 Quha feruis me fall fing thair finale,
 Benedic̄ta fit Sanct̄a Trinitas.

Hail, God eternall, haill, grace in all glore!
 In substance on, in personage hale thre.
 Hale, Prince superne, haill, hevinly Empriore! 75
 Hale, in the trone of thy devinite!
 Hale, of honor, puer, and dignite,
 Science, piete, vertew, and gudlinafs,

¹? riches.

Immenfurable be all tyme, stait, and gre!
Benedicta fit Sancta Trinitas. 80

Finis. [quod Clerk.¹]

XXVIII.

[O Wondit Spreit and Saule in till exile.]

O WONDIT spreit and faule in till exile,
Schaddow of deth, and myrroure of myrknes,
Spendand thy sicht, thy gyd is full of gile,
Vndir the hevin thow findis bot fikilnes.
Dignite is dowble, in euery stait distres, 5
Deid is certane. O blind lust, I inqyre,
In vicius vanite wilt thow yit perfewyr?

O faith deformit, and gife it be faltles,
Quhy in thy deidis is sic diuersite,
As witles worme, vanerand in wrechitnes, 10
Pure of vertew, riche in iniquite,
Refusand verite, chesand vanite?
Sen Chryft and sanctis fa deir the hevin hes bocht,
Trest weill, O man, thow cumis nocht thair for nocht.

Off euery wa the verry deliuerance, 15
The grund of grace, off syn remiffioun,
Victorius triumphe of vertewis haboundance,
The grund and hicht of verry perfectioun;

¹ In a different hand.

All thir ar fundin in Chryftis passioun.
 O hevinly trefur, in falt of ferching hid, 20
 Imprent thy grace off my mynd in the mid. Fol. 32. b.

With mynd deuot and hairtly compaciencie,
 Behald the Sone of God in orisoun.
 In bludy fueit he prayit for our offence,
 In paciencie eik the kifs tuk of tressoun; 25
 The Apostils fled with defolatioun.
 As prefoner commend the in his cure,
 The to redeme sic dolour cuth indure.

Freindles amang his fais, in febill plite,
 As impotent and wirthy of dampnatioun, 30
 Thay fylit his face with spitting and dispite,
 Sylit his ene, as fule in dirisoun:
 His patience passit imaginatioun.
 Peter than fell. Quhairfoir, O fynnare!
 Repent with Petir, and leif nocht in dispare. 35

Quhen Mary saw hir blissit Sone Jhefu
 Led throw the cite, with diuers panis smerte,
 Hir dule exceidand his dolour cowth renew;
 Vnthankfulnes of man thirlit his hairte.
 The end of auirice of wrechis now aduert: 40
 Judas throw cuvatic, the girm of Sathanas,
 Hingit him self, as man dispair of grace.

Christ wes accusit in prefens of Pilate,
 The Jowis cryit him for to crucefie,
 Barrabas wes fred. O chance infortunate! 45
 The Sone of God wes scurgit crewalie.
 O hevinly Flour of our humanitie!
 Thy fairnes fedit, thy virgin face vox pale:
 Now man behald thi Makar immortale!

Vpoun his heid thay thrang a croun of thorn 50
For diadem, a croce to beir of tre;
Ane King of Jowis thay saluft him in scorn,
Betuix twa thevis thai deput him to de.
Thus throw his lufe and our iniquite
He sufferit. Thow fynnit, O man, maift frevolus, 55
Thocht thow be wrechit, thy price is rycht pretius.

Thay drew him on the croce with violence,
His vanis brak, his banis wes innwmerable;
Cavillit his clething. The theif confessit offence,
With all his mycht to grace he maid him able. 60
Cryft prayit thair for his fais but fable;
His meik mudir, abone all virgins blift,
Hairtly commendit to Johne the euangelift.

O bliffit Virgin! sege of our Saluour, Fol. 33. a.
Quhat thocht thow of thy commendatioun? 65
Sic dule mycht neuir yit martiris indure;
Thair panis wes mixt with consolatioun;
Bot in the laik of lamentatioun
Thow fowpit wes, seand thy Son torment,
Complenand thus to God omnipotent: 70

“O God abufe, that regnis eternally,
Excerce thy servand, plungit in strang distres,
Seand my Sone and Makar immortall
Thus hoverand in the hicht of hevines.
The fowrd of sorrow at my hairt cowth increas, 75
With pvnift spereit in sic perplexite,
Dippit in dolour dre furth thi prophece.”

O man, behald the wofull diffeuerance!
Behald Mary! behald hir Sone Jesu!
Gife rewth hes rowme in thy remembrance, 80



With peteous hairt his passioun thow perfew,
 Throw quhilk thow may thy innocence renew.
 O hevinly faule, knaw thy felicite!
 Slay nocht thy self with fals iniquitie.

Att hour of none he cryit haly; 85
 The sone wes clofit in till clud obscure;
 Myr mixt with gall he taiftit thair trewly;
 The stanis raif, deid raifs abuse nature;
 The Magdalenis but distance culd indure.
 Off all his panis quha mycht expreme the lest, 90
 Quhen that he cryit, "Consumatum est"?

His spreit commendit in to his Faderis cure,
 The vale trymblit throw diuifioun;
 Bayth hevin and erd, and lyfeles criature,
 Vnto thi Makar schew compassioun. 95
 Refume thy spereit, man, full of confusioun;
 For lufe of Jesus, devoyd the of thi vice,
 Quhilk for the offerit him self in sacrafice.

Doun fra the croce Josefph than Jesu bur,
 And spycit his body with pretius vnyement; 100
 Syn grathit him in to his sepulture.
 Mary, his muder, with him wes ay present.
 Immortal God, Makar Omnipotent!
 Gife me thi grace, forgiff me my offence,
 Conforme my will to thy benevolence. 105

Punyfs nocht thy peple, Lord God, in thy grevance;
 Think quhy thy Sone Cryst sufferit sic passioun;
 The croun of thorne, the croce, eik Longins lance,
 For manis syn makis intercessioun.
 Haif rewth of manis lamentatioun,

To quhome, as Redemar, thow culd with all commend.
 For lufe of him, ws fra our fa defend.

Finis.

XXIX.

[*Compacience perffis, Rewth and Mercy stoundis.*]

COMPACIENCE perffis, rewth and mercy stoundis
 In myddis my hairt, and thirlis throw the vanis;
 Thy deid Jefu, thy precius crewell woundis,
 Thy grym passiou, grit torment, and crewell panis,
 Ingranit sadly into my spreit remanis; 5
 Sen me of nocht thow bocht with thy blude,
 My ene for dolour wofull teiris ranis,
 Quhen that I fe the nalit on the rude.

In liper Symonis houfs, of Bathany,
 Thy feit annoyntit Mary Magdalene 10
 With precius balme and verdus spicardy;
 Scho passit, fra thyn hir fynnyes wes forgeuen.
 Thy flesch and blud in breid and wyne, but wene,
 Gif thy disciplis, and lawlie wische thair feit.
 Thy manheid dred thy passiou to sustene, 15
 Quhen that thow prayit in the Mont Oliveit.

To gyd the Jows come Judas Skareoth,
 And lust the kift; all thi discipillis fled.
 As ane wrechit man, to Caiphas and Pilate,
 Bundin as a theif, so thow harlid and led 20

M

COMPACIENCE PERSSIS.

Till Arrot; Arrot had the in purpou~~r~~ habeit ~~clad~~.
 For hethin the halfit, blasphemying with mony blaw,
 Bundin at a pillar, blaiknit and foirbled,
 In Lithofates, quhair that thay held thair law.

Cuttis for thi coit thay keft, wes neurir sewit, 25
 Out throw thi harnis pykis of thornis applyit,
 Defowling thy ene in to thi vifage spewit,
 And, for derisoun, King of Jowis thai cryit.
 That wycht, Sanct Petir, thy name thrifs denyit;
 Drowpand in dule, myrk wes thi mynd Mare; 30
 Thy voce than all throw Jerufalem hyit,
 To fe thi Sone, that thow fostherit, dee.

Rufchit on the croce thir wirdis did thow ~~reipit~~,
 "Scitio." Rycht furyth thay seruit the with gall.
 Scherp wes the speir, strang nalis lang and greit 35
 Thy ribbis routit, thi face ourspittit all.
 To Golgatha, God Sone selestiall,
 Thy corfs throw forfs thow bur with our and heit,
 Thy tendir hyd, thy flesch virginall,
 Wery for wrocht in watter, blud, and fueit. 40

Throw Mareis faule the fuerd of ferror ~~thrift~~,
 Quhen that thow said, "Lo thair thi Sone, ~~woman~~;"
 Commandit hir to Johine the evangelist,
 Scherp bludy teiris hir cristall ene ouran. Fol. 34. a.
 Sowand wer thy sydis, fair scurgis bla and wan, 45
 Nakit and pail, deid on the croce thow hang,
 Thy vanis burfin, thy fennonis schorn than,
 Crownit with thorne for scorn, twa thevis amang.

My wofull hairt is bayth roiofit and fad,
 Thy corfs, Lord Jesus Chryft, quhen I behald. 50
 Off my redemptioun I am merry and glaid,

Seand thy panis fair wep I wald.
 Cryand haly, the gaiftly spereit thow yald;
 To Longens hand the blud ran in a rest;
 Thy pretius blud for our redemptioun thow fald, 55
 Quhen thow inclinith with "Consummatum est."

Dirk wes the sone fra the sext hour to nyne,
 Montanis trymblit, hillis, erd schuk and claif;
 Senturio said, "Thow art Godis Sone devyne."
 Jofephe decurio spifit the in the graif 60
 With mir miost, most pretius and swaif.
 The thay gart de and forgaif Barrabas.
 My faule with sanctis, sueit Saluatur, ressaif,
 Sen that thi passiou purgis my trespas.

*Finis de Passione.
 Et sequitur de Resurrectione.*

XXX.

[*Thow that hes bene obedient.*]

THOW that hes bene obedient
 To God, be prayeris and abstinence,
 For thy trespas als penitent,
 But spot and clene of all offence,
 Ryfs with the Lamb of Innocence, 5
 To den that did the dragoun draife.
 This day, with he magnificence,
 The Lord hes rissin fro dede to lyffe.

The sving triumphale of the croce
 Schew to confound the feindis feid, 10

And quhair he fechtis with maift force
 With confessioun hald doun his heid.
 Ryfe with thi ranfoner fro deid,
 And the of all thy synnys schryfe,
 Thow rew vpoun his woundis reid, 15
 That for the deid, and raifs on lyfe.

And thow that art in hairt so dour,
 That nocht for his grit passioun growis,
 Behald thi meik fueit Saluour!
 The to inbrace how that he bowis; 20
 Se how he marterit wes with Jowis,
 And how he stud for the in stryff.
 Haif he thi lufe, all he allowis,
 That for the deid, and raifs on lyfe.

And thow that ar with errour dirkit, 25
 Follow the Lord, the way is plane;
 And of his fute stappis be nocht irkit,
 That tuk thy gydschip with sic pane. Fol. 34. b.
 Quhen thow gois wrang, return agane,
 And with thi ranfoner revyfe, 30
 Lang to sin to ly nocht flane,
 Bot ris with him fro deid to lyif.

O man! that wes in syn disparit,
 Tak now gud howp and haif fruitioun;
 For thow, that rebell wes declarit, 35
 Hes of thi realme restitutioun.
 Now blindit is thi imbitioun
 With blud of Christis woundis fyif,
 And felit agane is thi remiffioun
 To ryfe with him fro deid to lyfe. 40

Finis.

XXXI.

[*Surrexit Dominus de Sepulchro.*]

SURREXIT Dominus de sepulchro,
 The Lord is rissin fra deid to lyfe agane,
 Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno,
 Quhilk for our synnys on the croce wes flane;
 Quhame to annoynt went Mary Magdalene, 5
 Ibat Maria Salame cum ea;
 Quhen Godis angell thus did anfuer plane,
 "Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua!"

This angellis weid wes fnawith in cullour,
 His face as fyrflacht flawmit, ferly brycht; 10
 The knychtis keparis of Christis sepultour
 Fell doun as deid, afferit of his licht,
 Quhome to behald thay had no grace nor mycht;
 Et terre motus est factus in Judea;
 The wird of Jefew is fulfillit rycht, 15
 Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua!

Behaldin the brichtnes of this angell,
 The Magdalene and Mare Salamee
 Abafit wer in sprit, as fayis the Ewangell,
 And stud abak. "Be nocht afferd!" faid he, 20
 "The Lord is rissin quhome ye come to fe,
 Ipse preceedit vos in Gallelea;¹
 To his Appostillis ga tell the verite,
 Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua!"

¹ MS. has *Gallelea*.

All honour we this Lord with joy and glory, 25
 Thanking that mychty Campioun invincible,
 That wan on tre trevmphe of he victory;
 Syne brak the hellis dungeoun most terrible,
 And cheft the dragonis hidous and horrible
 Per crucis validiffima trophea, 30
 And brocht the fawlis to joy euir permanfible:
 Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua!

Pleifs we this Lord that did in battell byd Fol. 35. a.
 For ws, quhilk had non vthir bute nor beild,
 Quhill bludy wes his bak, body, and fyd; 35
 He wes our mychte pavifs, and our scheid.
 Or Phebus dirknes him Goddis Sone reveild
 Sanguinea erant eius cannepea;
 He deit triumphand, he raifs and wan the feild:
 Surrexit sicut dixit, allelua! 40

Finis.

XXXII.

[*Done is a Battell on the Dragon blak.*]

DONE is a battell on the dragon blak,
 Our campioun Chryft confoundit ~~his~~ his forte;
 The yettis of hell ar brokin with a crak,
 The signe trivmphall raifit is of the crece,
 Pro youlis. The diuillis trymmillis with hiddoufs voce, 5
 The faulis ar borrowit and to the blifs can go,

Chryft with his blud our ranfonis dois indoce:
Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer,
The crewall ferpent with the mortall ftang; 10
The auld kene tegir, with his teith on char,
Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for ws fo lang,
Thinking to grip ws in his clowfs ftang;
The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer fo,
He maid him for to felye of that fang: 15
Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

He for our faik that sufferit to be flane,
And lyk a lamb in facrifice wes dicht,
Is lyk a lyone riffin vp agane,
And as gyane raxit him on hicht; 20
Sprungin is Aurora radius and bricht,
On loft is gone the glorijs Appollo,
The blisfull day departit fro the nycht:
Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

The grit Victour agane is riffin on hicht, 25
That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit;
The Sone that vox all pail now fchynis bricht,
And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit;
The knell of mercy fra the hevin is foundit,
The Criftin[s] ar deliuerit of thair wo, 30
The Jowis and thair errour ar confoundit:
Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

The fo is chafit, the battell is done ceifs,
The prefone brokin, the jvellouris fleit and flemit;
The weir is gon, confermit is the peifs, 35
The fetteris lowfit and the dungeoun temit,
The ranfoun maid, the prefoneris redemit;

O MAN, REMEMBER.

The feild is win, ourcumin is the fo,
 Dispultit of the trefur that he yemit:
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

40

Finis quod Dunbar.

*Followis Exortationis of Chryst to all Synnaris
 to repent thame of the same.*

XXXIII.

[*O Man, remember, and prent in to thy thocht.*]

O MAN, remember, and prent in to thy thocht
 Quhat I haif done to bring thy faule to rest.
 The gloir of hevin I left and sett at nocht,
 And tuk mankynd, thy dolour to degest,
 In all my lyfe rycht panefully opprest;
 Syne for invy the Jowis culd me fla,
 Rycht crewaly with malice manifest:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Fol. 35. b.

5

Wald thow behald perfytyly my passiou
 With hairt contreit, and rew on my torment,
 Haif thow no dout it suld be thy saluatioun.
 Wald thow remembir with schame as I wes schent
 Fra I wes borne, quhill that my spereit wes sprent,
 That neuir had rest bot pyne nycht and day,
 Quhill I but rewth vpoun the rud wes rent:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

10

15

Remembir, man, vpoun Mont Oleueit
Quhen I fatt thair at my deuotioun,
That for the bayth blud and wattir fuet
Our all my body in grit effusioun; 20
For feir of deid wes lyk to fuet in fwoun.
Na tung can tell the torment, tene, and tra
That I haif tholit for thy redemptioun:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Quhen Judas me kift, the Jowis but baid me band 25
With raipis rud, quhill that the blud brest out;
Hurlit as ane theif, that durft thame nocht ganestand,
To Annas houfs, with that fowll rounfy rout
Calland me fule with mony ane cry and schout;
Blerand thair ene, cryand O bubo ba, 30
As blind feld best thay best me all about:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

To Pylet than thay presentit me in haift,
Be his decreit, that I fuld sone be deid.
Than he furthwith to Herod sone me chaift, 35
Be caus he had the Galianis to leid.
In habeit quhyt, for hething, he me cled,
In foull derifioun to him that I come fra;
Be my prefens endit wes thair feid:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra. 40

Than he anone dispolyeit me all bair,
And I wes bund and bett, both bak and fyd;
Thay sonyeit nocht to mak my fydis fair.
With all thair wit thay wrocht me woundis wyd, 45
Fra nek to heill vnhurt thay left no hyd.
Forbled and blaknit quhill I wes blak and bla,
Be my manheid in wit I mycht nocht byd:
Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

In purpour habit thay cled me as ane king, With reid in hand, with grit dispyt and scorn.	Fol. 36. a. 50
“Haill, King of Jowis!” wes than thair salufing. Blerand thair ene, thay knelit me beforne; Syn thristit on ane crewall croun of thorne Vpoun my heid, and pairfit my harnis fwa That windir wes nor my lyffe wes forlorne: Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.	55
Ane heuy croce, that wes bayth grit and squair, Thay gart me beir to Caluary on my bak, With littill help; thay fonyeit nocht my fair. To surdir my deid my fais wes rycht frak; Dispytfull wurdis betuene to me thay spak. Wes nane to help, my freindis wes fled away, My face ourspittit, bludy, wan, and blak: Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.	60
Syne fett me doun quhill I wes cald agane, And ay thai dred that I fuld gett reskew. With all thair wit thai fett to get me flane; Quhill I wes deid thair mycht no mirth thame glew, Thairfoir my deid thai scharply did perfew. Quhen all wes dry, bayth bak and fyd couth fla, And raif of all, my panis to renew: Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.	65 70
Be this wes done, with nalis lang and grit, Baith feit and handis thay nalit to the croce; On lenth and breid, as thay wer out of wit, Thay drew me lang, and maid me meit of force. Quhen that wes don thay leit me fall deorfs, Renewand agane my pane fra top to ta, That all my vanis and fennonis wer devorfs: Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.	75 80

For grit dispyt, vpone Mont Caluary,
 To wondir on as I had bene ane theif,
 I hang on croce, that all the warld mycht se,
 Betuene twa theifis, as I had done mischeif. 85
 Thow did the deid, thow mycht mak no releif;
 Grit schame I sufferit the mendis for to ma,
 Blaspheimit I wes with sorrow and repreif:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

For grit dispyt, vpoun Mont Caluary,
 Als lang als lyfe wes left my corfs within, 90
 Thay tyrit nocht to do me tene and tray.
 With ane scherp speir thay thocht it wes no sin
 To perfs my harte quhill all ran on the grene;
 Syne gaif me to drink bittir gall betuene;
 Syne gafe the gaift, my baner can displa, 95
 Ourfett the diuill, and all his werkis but vene:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

O man vnmercifull! quhat is within thi mynd, Fol. 36. b.
 Seand quhat pane I sufferit for his faik,
 That is to me vnthankfull and vnkynd, 100
 Quhilk is thi Makar, and maid the as thy¹ maik?
 To se the schent my sorrow may nocht slaik;
 Thow suffers nocht my torment and my wa;
 Agane my will thy weill gois all to wraik:
 Amend thy myfs, this plaig fall pafs the fra. 105

Thow hes grit caus to murne and nocht to sing
 For thy misdeid, that cairis for no syn.
 Thow lykis in lust and ryalte to ring,
 Having no dreid how lang to ly thairin;
 Yit thow presomes eternall blifs to win. 110
 Thow art begyld and thow trow it be fa;

¹? my or his.

Confess in tyme, and of thi malice blin:
Amend thy mys, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Do thou nocht this, presome nocht to haif lyif,
Justice man punyfs the syn, quhair euir it be. 115
Into this world wes neur fyn moir ryif,
And nane to pvnyfs the grit iniquite
That now aboundis in he and law degre.
Justice will nocht that sin vnpunift ga,
Suppois that I of fynnaris haif pete: 120
Amend thy mys, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Thow irkis nocht to ferue thy innemy,
That ill reuardis his feruand at the end.
My law with the is lychleit and laid by;
Thow takis nocht keip thi Makar to offend, 125
Off all thi malice that may the weill amend.
Both thocht and deid thou pleisis weill thy fa,
And in my seruice listis nocht thy tyme expend:
Amend thy lyfe, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Wolupteoufs lyif, quhy thinkis thou so weill, 130
The quhilk fall end with sorrow and with pane,
That the begylis, and may nocht help a deill?
To thy tinfall it schawis bot a trane;
Throw sensuall lust thy faule may sone be flane;
Resist in tyme, to syn be euir thra, 135
Schort is the joy, the pane will ay remane:
Amend thy mys, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Quhy haitis thou me, that luis the our all thing?
That I the lufe the deid now may be schawin;
Off all my workis thou hes the gouerning, 140
And be thy deid thy lufrent may be knawin.
I lyk it nocht that thou fuld be ourthrawin,

TO THE HIE, POTENT, BLISFULL TRINITIE.

101

And sched my blud thy ranfone for to pa,
And maid the fre off det, that thou wes awin:
Amend thy mis, this plaig fall pafs the fra.

Fol. 37. a.

145

Quhat fall I say? Thow vnkynd but weir,
Vntrew, vnthankfull vnto thy Creatore,
That the hes bocht with my hairt bluid so deir.
Quhair haif I feilit, or done to the iniure?
To win thy lue I haif done all my cure.
Leive thy evill lyfe, and leif vpoun my lay,
And thou fall neid non vthir procureur:
Amend thy mis, this plaig fall pafs the fray.

150

Haif mercy, Lord, our error we deplor,
We grant our gilt, submittand ws to grace;
Latt nocht this deid but pietie ws devoir.
Quhair we haif failit to the, O Lord! allace,
We fall ammend, and thou will grant ws pece.
Haif mercy, Lord, haif mercy, we the pray,
Thow fruct vnfyld, thou fareft floure of face:
Befeik oure God this plaig to put ws fray.

155

160

Finis quod Stewart.

XXXIV.

[*To the Hie, Potent, Blisfull Trinitie.*]

TO the hie, potent, blisfull Trinitie,
That in ane Godheid egall regnis abone,
Be gloir and lawid in coeternitie!
Fra hevin to erd, with song and sweit entone,
The Sone is cum fra the hie Fader in trone,

5

TO THE HIE, POTENT, BLISFULL TRINITY.

And taneoure kynd at this triumphall feft,
 Vpone the dragone a battell for to done:
 A fummo celo egressio eius est.

The Virgynis wamb be glorifeit and blift,
 That bure our mighty Saluour Missias, 10
 Oure campioun Chryft, that to the feild him drest,
 Moir strong than Hector, Sampfone, or Goliass;
 That Lucifer cheift and all his allias,
 And all the feyndis affreyit most and left;
 Surrexit gigas ad currendum vias: 15
 A fummo celo egressio eius est.

In sole posuit tabernaculum suum, Fol. 37. b.
 And as a spous of chalmer did proceid,
 This campioun kene in oure reskorfs did cum
 Swifstar nor Dyane throw all the hevynis on breid, 20
 Moir velyeant nor Mars vpoun his steid,
 Moir fresche nor Phebus ryfand in the est,
 Mor terrible eik nor Saturne for to dreid:
 A fummo celo egressio eius est.

This wicht invinsible, and victorius king, 25
 Quhois bricht plaitis attoure all Juda schone,
 But vanegard, reirgard, scaill, or ony wing,
 His velyeand body to battell gaif allone,
 Aganis all mortall and immortall fone,
 Having no dreid of dethis scherp arreift; 30
 For caufs of ws he gart the dragone grone:
 A fummo celo egressio eius est.

Glaidith ye sterris and hevinly spheiris,
 Signis and plenneitis, that wer in his passage;
 For he, the michtie Lord that yow all steiris, 35
 Throw your bricht regionis maid his blift veyage.

Glaid ye, O Man! maid eftir his image,
For quhois faik he willingly, but requeft,
Stervit on rude with deidly pale vifage:
A fummo celo egressio eius est. 40

Finis.

XXXV.

[O Man, vnthankfull to thy Creator.]

O MAN, vnthankfull to thy Creator,
Behald the gift of nature and of grace!
Sa weill for the as God hes done his cure,
To win thy luvē in mony findry cace. 5
That bliffit Prince is blyith the to imbrace
With all his hairt, wald thow with him accord,
That leivis the nocht quhill fyn he fra the chace:
Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

Behald, of awld, quhat kyndnes he hes wrocht!
That the deliuerit of Egiptis servitude, 10
Quhair thow was neir to thy confusioun brocht. Fol. 38. a.
Thair, but his help, thow had bene destitute;
Of all thy blifs he is baith crope and rute.
Misknaw thow him, thow fall pay trewly ford;
Keip thow command, thow falbe blift but bute: 15
Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

Behald, how riche arrayit is the erd,
To thy vphald, in habeit plenteus!
Yeildand the frucht as anfueris to the querd,
Cawfit be God, be wirking marvellus. 20

O MAN, VNTHANKFULL TO THY CREATOR.

Suppois thow be to him contrarius,
 He schawis gud will thy conscience to remord,
 Sa potent to puneifs, fa littill rigorus:
 Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

All that he maid wes subiect, man, to the; 25
 Baith hevin and erd he formit for thy caufs,
 And ordanit all at thy command to be,
 And thow to be obeyfand to his lawis.
 Bot now, allace, fa far fra faith thow fawis
 Be deidly fyn, to castin grit discord, 30
 The maift, the leift, throw wicketnes ourthrawis:
 Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord?

Yit nevir the lefs mankynd he hes him tane,
 Sufferring grit schame and panefully opprest;
 With Jowis being scrugit, bayth bak and bane; 35
 Crownit with thornis for skorne withowttin rest;
 Hurlit lyk a theif to Calvary in heft.
 Vpoun ane croce he the to grace restoid,
 Nalit thairon, blasphemit as ane beift:
 Quhy art thow, man, vnthankfull to thy Lord? 40

Repent thy sinfull lyfe, and the ammend,
 Fra thynfurth se thow cuvat no manis geir;
 And now in tyme I mak it to the kend
 Thair is no cryme, bot thow mone it forbeir,
 And thow be faif fra furius feindis feir; 45
 Or vthir wayis in smoke thow falbe smord,
 In hellis pane, in wofull wa, and weir,
 Be thow aganis thy gratius, thankfull Lord.

Finis.

XXXVI.

[*Christ crownit King and Conquerour.*]

CHRIST, crownit king and conquerour, Fol. 38. b.
 Makar of all, martir and remeid,
 Salwe of all fair, and sweit succour,
 Howp of all haill, and help at all neid,
 Saif ws synnaris¹ of Adames feid; 5
 Defend and fre ws frome oure fo
 Thow Lord to all that leivis on leid :
 Jesu, nostra redemptio!

Thow wit, thow well of all mercy,
 Grantar and gevar of all grace, 10
 In the our treft is most trewly;
 That we may speid, spend on ws space
 To get of our gilt forgifnes,
 And our misdeidis both all and fum,
 Thow Virgins frucht faireft of face, 15
 Amor et desiderium!

Jesu, our luv and our delyt,
 Our lust, our² lyking till³ allow,
 This world may not thy wircchep wryt;
 To quhois bidding all thing mon bow 20
 That wes, or falbe, or is now;
 The firmament, the feild, and flum,⁴
 Quhy fowld thay nocht gif blifs to yow,
 Deus, creator omnium?

Thow michtie Makar of all thing, 25
 But vder, as confermis the creid,
 Incomperable, baith knyght and king,

¹ Dupl. Text—*sinfull.* ² Ib.—*and.* ³ Ib.—*to.* ⁴ Ib.—*and the flume.*

CHRIST CROWNIT KING AND CONQUEROUR.

Most royall Roy that we of reid,
 To do ws fra the dulfull deid¹
 Thow borne was of ane birdis bofum; 30
 Quhen we fowld² spill thow gart ws speid,
 Homo in fine temporum.

Neir warldis end thow was mane maid,
 Confautit but mans seid or fyn;
 Thocht thow be lichtit in fo law a bed, 35
 Thy maiefty was nocht to myn,
 Thow wald be comptit of our kin Fol. 39. a.
 To win ws all to weill fra wa;
 To tell thair can no tung begin,
 Que te vicit clementia. 40

Quhat petie was that the compellit
 To tak mankynd and mak ws fre,
 Ane theolog me trewly tellit,
 Sayand the cheif was cheretie
 Gart the discend for ws to die; 45
 And for our saik thy will was fa
 To tak the sic humilitie
 Vt ferres nostra crimina.

To beir our syn thow thocht it fweit,
 And sufferit for our saluatioun; 50
 War it vndone, thow wald doid yeit,
 Sic was thy awin affectioun;
 Quhat mycht be moir delectioun³
 Than thoill⁴ sic angir for our offens,
 Thow, in thy peirles passioun, 55
 Crudelem mortem patiens?

Thow dampnit was to⁵ crewall deid
 To lowifs fra Lucifer that was lorne;

¹ Dupl. Text—*diuillis dreid.* ² Ib.—*wald.*
³ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *affectioun.* ⁴ Ib.—*suffir.* ⁵ Ib.—*to ane.*

Our all thy body ran strems reid,¹
 On thy heid thristit ane croun of thorne. 60
 Thow was skurgit with skrech and sorne,
 Sic panis thow previt to procur ws pefs;
 With ane scharp speir thy fynd was schorne
 Vt nos a morte tolleris.

Evir endles deid fra ws to do, 65
 Thow was best bludy, bair as beist.
 Lord, len ws lafar, lyf, and space,
 Owt of this warld or that we wend;²
 And grant ws gratioufly thy grace
 That we our misdeidis may amend; 70
 And frome the diuill our sawlis diffend,
 Quha wachis evir the same to fla;
 Conducting ws to joy³ but end,
 In sempiterna secula.

Finis.

XXXVII.

[*Eternall King, that sittis in Hevin so hie.*]

ETERNALL King, that sittis in hevin so hie, Fol. 39. b.
 And clymmith vp the cluddis schynyng licht,
 As Zepherus with bemis in the skie,
 Quhilk illumynis the ruddy sterris bricht;
 O vnigeneit Sone to God of micht! 5
 All thing creat having in libertie,
 Ws grant that we my sing with hairt vprycht
 This impne, Eterne Rex altiffime!

¹ Dupl. Text—*strems down reid.* ² Ib.—*or we hyne wend.*
³ Ib.—*to thi joyis.*

Excelland, michtie, and immenfurable,
 O gracious God, moft fouerane Lord and King! 10
 Quhilk in thy lufte palyce moft delectable
 Abone Saturnus thow fittis eternaling,
 Distill the balme of thy mercy ding,
 As thow art one with two¹ in vnitie,
 Sa that we ma among thy joyis ring 15
 With the,² Eterne Rex altiffime!

O Increat! O Godis Sone of micht!
 And eik carnat all of a virgin schene,
 As throw the glaſs dois Phebus ſchyne³ fo bricht,
 Scho bure hir birth remaningvirgyn clene; 20
 And eik the criſtale hevinis all bedene,
 Aſcending vp the trone ſtanding fo hie,
 With mercy on ws wretchit ſynnaris mene,
 O thow, Eterne Rex altiffime!

[Moſt fouerane God, that fittis in trinitie, 25
 Of quhilk thy Sone we haif of a virgin ybore,
 And regnent on two and in thre,
 And with his croce he did agane reſtoir
 The faderis auld, in lymbo that wes forloir,
 From the obſcure and dirk aduerſite; 30
 Lat ws vnto the offend no moir,
 O thow, Eterne Rex altiffime!]⁴

O thow, Eterne Rex altiffime!
 On quhome this warld alhaill now dois depend⁵
 Doun frome thy ſelf, vt primum mobile, 35
 Cowth prevelie⁶ within the comprehend
 That in thy fouerane joy withouttin end
 Thow grant thy gracious viſage we may ſie,
 And all treſpafs perfytyly to amend
 To the, Eterne Rex altiffime! 40

Finis.

¹ Dupl. Text—*two regnand.* ² Ib.—*the O.* ³ Ib.—*moſt.*

⁴ This ſtanza from Dupl. Text—not in MS.

⁵ Dupl. Text—*That all this warld dois in thy hand depend.* ⁶ Ib.—*primely.*

XXXVIII.

[*Quhen be Devyne Deliberatioun.*]

QUHEN be devyne deliberatioun
 Off perfonis thre in a Godheid yfeir,
 The grit message and hie legatioun Fol. 40. a.
 Wes fend vnto the bliffit Lady deir
 Be Gabriell, scho being in hir prayeir 5
 Asking of God, as profetis dois expreme,
 To send the Sone that fowld the warld redeme,

 The angell to the Virgin is removit,
 And to Marie he said on this maneir;
 "Haill, full of grace, derrest and best belovit, 10
 God is with the. To him thou art most deir,
 Most pretious and principall, but peir,
 Thow sweit fruct¹ tre, and well of fanetie,
 God will of the tak his humanitie."

 The Virgin wynderit of that hie message, 15
 And was abaisit in hir humill spreit,
 On to the angell having this langage,
 With sobir mynd and wordis verry sweit,
 As scho that was of grace full² repleit;
 "How may this be, I fowld confave a chyld, 20
 I knaw no man, my madinheid is vnfyld?"

 "Be nocht perturbat in your aduertance,
 Your benyng eir vnto my voice inclyne;
 The Faderis power, the Sonis sapience,
 The vertew of the Holie Gaift devyne 25
 Within thy wame fall obvmbir and schyne;

¹ Dupl. Text—*well*. ² *Ib.*—*full of grace*.

Thow fall confaif, baith clene in deid and thocht,
Him that the maid and all this world of nocht."

All creatouris on kneis fall ye doun ;
Consent, Virgin, vnto this hie message, 30
Quhairby followis the redemptioun
Of Abrahame and all his hail lynnage.
Thow¹ Word, may now infernall folk dischairge,
The faderis eik, that dirknes dois inhanfs, Fol. 40. b.
With wofull Adame weiping in pennans. 35

This gloriu Lady and Virgin celestiall,
As God fa wald his prophecie fulfill,
Remmembraing eik the weilfair of ws all,
"Lo heir," scho said, "Godis humill ancill,
Be it to me estir thy word and will." 40
And be scho had hir wordis thus expremit,
Confautit was hie that all the world redemit.

Thow, Moyfes busk remanyng vncombuft,
Quhilk was fair signe of thy virginite,
Refrene ws fra all warldlie² fleschlie lust, 45
No thing to joy bot in thy Sone and the;
And gif ws grace, that hour quhen we fowld³ dee,
Be thy fair frucht, that place in hevin to win
That ordanit was for Adame⁴ and all his kin.

Finis.

¹ Dupl. Text—*Thy.* ² *Ib.*—*frawart.* ³ *Ib.*—*fall.* ⁴ *Ib.*—*Abrahame.*

XXXIX.

[O Lord, my God, on quhome I do depend.]

<p>O LORD, my God, on quhome I do depend! Thow, that hes evir bene my help and gyd, And daylie dois frome denger me defend, Grant me in the fermlic for to confyd. Suffer me nocht thrwch slewthfulnes to flyd, Bot grant me grace, boith now and evirmoir, To randir the most humill thankis thairfoir.</p> <p>A parfyt luv, gud Lord, grant vnto me, With humill hairt to gif the prayfis still, Feiring for till offend thy maiestie, Bot daylie to obey thyne holy will. Be my defens frome that thing that is ill And, for thy onlie trewth and promeifs faik, Gif eir and heir the prayar that I maik.</p> <p>Grant me thy grace to gyd me vprichtlie; Mak me thyne holy preceptis for to know; Latt thy commandimentis so governe me To do to every ane the thing I aw. Instruēt me, Lord, in thy most bliffit law; Maik me nocht our defyrus for to haif, Bot ay to rander as I wold reffafe.</p> <p>For of ane mafs thow hes ws formit all, And of the clay thow creat every wicht; And to the erth schortly returne we fall, Nocht knawing quhen nor quhair, be day or nicht. Sen all that leivis ar fynnaris in thy sicht,</p>	<p>Fol. 41. a.</p> <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p>
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Oure confort, joy, and our felicitie
 Confistis only in thy grit marcye.

Body and fawill I humly recommend
 Into the handis of the, my God, allone.
 As thow hes evir done in tymes bygone,
 Harkin vnto my petoufs plaint and mone,
 And gif me patiens to abyd thy will,
 With perfytt hairt to gif the prayiffis still.

30

Fol. 41. b.

Finis.

XL.

[O Creaturis creat of me your Creator.]

O CREATURIS creat of me your Creator!
 To¹ my liknes wrocht be my providence,
 Quhy selyie faith?² Quhy fall³ ye in error
 Evir quhair ye syn throw follyth⁴ negligence?
 Sen I proffer ay to be your deffence,
 Ye mankynd, quhy tak ye not now na heid?⁵
 My will war, thocht thow did offence,
 Thow fowld me not⁶ mistrest for thy misdeid.

5

Thow sleipis in syn fra⁷ yeir to yeir;
 Fro day to day thow will not ryifs;
 Bot quhen thow feilis the deth is neir,
 Than begynniss thow for⁸ till aggryifs;
 Than fayis thow, "Mercy will not suffyifs;
 Thocht I it ask, it will nocht speid."
 Thow wreche, quhy will the⁹ me dispryifs?
 Mistrest me nevir for thy misdeid.

10

15

¹ Dupl. Text—*Vnto.* ² Ib.—*ye your faith.* ³ Ib.—*fele.* ⁴ Ib.—*folie.*
⁵ Ib.—*nocht na heid.* ⁶ Ib.—*fould nocht.* ⁷ Ib.—*fro.*
⁸ Dupl. Text omits *for.* ⁹ Dupl. Text—*thow.*



Gif thow fallis throw thy brukilnes,
 Caft vp thy heid, behald the hevin,
 Think on the pane¹ and grit distrefs
 I sufferit for the; in myld stevin 20
 Call vpoun me, baith morne and evin,
 And thow fall find me reddy at neid.
 Haif cheretie, and lueve thy nychtbouris evin,
 And nocht mistrest² for thy misdeid.

Do this, and trest thy synnis be forgeif; 25
 For trest fall caufs redemptioun.
 Dispair thow not, how³ evir thow leif,
 Marcy⁴ is in my Faderis possessioun.
 Cleme it for heretage, that is reffoun,
 And thow fall haif it to thy neid 30
 Aganis the devillis strang temptatioun:
 Mistrest me nevir for thy misdeid.

I bid the ask, for grant I wald; Fol. 42. a.
 I bid the serche among the laif;⁵
 I bid the trest, to mak the bald: 35
 Ask of thy bruthir, and thow fall haif.
 Vnkynd thow art, me to disfaif:⁶
 Denny I will not the, albeid
 That thow a fute war neir⁷ the graif;
 Yit nocht mistrest⁸ for thy misdeid. 40

I am thy bruthir, and fittis in trone;
 Thow leidis thy lyfe vndir my seit,
 Wappit in misdeidis mony one.
 I mycht smot oft, quhair⁹ I the treit,
 Bot I thold sic panis¹⁰ greit 45

¹ Dupl. Text—*panis*. ² Ib.—*And mistrest me nocht*. ³ Ib.—*few*.
⁴ Ib.—*Sic marcy*. ⁵ Ib.—*for I wald saif*. ⁶ Ib.—*disprais*.
⁷ Ib.—*in*. ⁸ Ib.—*mistrest nocht*. ⁹ Ib.—*quhen*.
¹⁰ Ib.—*Bot I thold with sic pennance*.

To faif thy sawll¹ wald thow tvik heid.
Behold my woundis, of rewth repleit,
And nevir miftrest² for thy misdeid.

I wald nocht force to die agane,
And ane drop mercy war fundin dry. 50
It is full sweit to suffer pane
To faive ane sawill eternaly.³
And I haif nicht, will, and maistry;
Ane kingis word fall stand in steid.
Quhy fleis thow than for thy folly? 55
Miftrest me nocht for thy misdeid.

It grevit me moir that Caen miftrest
The keling of Abell, that was so gude,
And moir displeid⁴ me that Judas left
No mercy craif, me sellung to the rude. 60
To Pylat and Herod, that war so wude,
My mercy wald I nevir forbeid.
Than withstand not⁵ as thay withstude:
Man miftrest nevir for thy misdeid.

Cum to my croce, and sie ane⁶ theif, 65
For onis his⁷ asking, gat him grace.
Se Pawle, that did me mekle⁸ greif,
How wirthy appostill⁹ he eftir wafs. Fol. 42. b.
Se Mary Magdalene, for hir trespass;
And Petir forfuk me thryifs for dreid; 70
Now be thay worthy in hevins¹⁰ place:
Than miftrest¹¹ nocht for thy misdeid.

My moder knelit vnto me,
And mvrnit¹² for me that was in cair;

¹ Dupl. Text—*For petie to spair the.* ² Ib.—*miftrest nevir.*
³ Ib.—*To faif . . . evirlestandly.* ⁴ Ib.—*displeit.* ⁵ Ib.—*it nocht.*
⁶ Ib.—*a.* ⁷ Ib. omits *his.* ⁸ Ib.—*greit.* ⁹ Ib.—*a appostill.*
¹⁰ Ib.—*full wirthy in my.* ¹¹ Ib.—*me nocht.* ¹² Ib.—*cryit.*

And to my Fader I knelit¹ for the, 75
 And fchew my body and woundis bair.
 Than quho may stop my mercy² thair?
 Gif deth war neidfull, yit³ fowld thow fpeid.
 In⁴ weill or wo, quhair evir thow fair,
 Miftrest me not⁵ for thy misdeid. 80

Quhat neid the now for to dispair,
 And hes sic freindis for the to speik?
 My Fader is thyne; thow art his air;
 I am thy broder; quho can it breik?
 My modir is thyne, that is fo meik.⁶ 85
 I will the help, quhen thow hes neid.
 Thy luve fra me quhy wald thow steik?⁷
 Miftrest thow nevir for thi misdeid.

Quhat lyikis the now? Quhat will thow moir?
 Gif thow hes neid, heir is succour; 90
 Gife thow be neidles, tell me befor;
 I see thy governance in every hour.
 Thow dwellis in prefone, heir is thy boure:
 Cum hame agane, tak thair thy meid,
 Celestiall blifs of hie honour; 95
 And miftrest not for thy misdeid.

Finis quod Ledgait, monk of Bery.⁸

¹Dupl. Text—*And I to my Fader knelit.*

²Ib.—*may warn mercy.* ³Ib.—*by it.* ⁴Ib.—*For in.* ⁵Ib.—*Miftrest nevir.*

⁶Ib.—*fcho can now reik.* ⁷Ib.—*Thy will fra me will thow vþ fleik.*

⁸Ib.—*Bery.*

HEIR ENDIS THE FIRST PAIRT OF THIS BUKE,
CONTENAND BALLATTIS OF THEOLIGIE.

Fol. 43. a.

FOLLOWIS THE SECOUND PAIRT
 OF THIS BUK, CONTENEAND VERRY
 SINGULAR BALLATIS, FULL OF WISDOME
 AND MORALITIE, ETC.

Fol. 43. b.

XLI.

Tu viuendo bonos, scribendo sequare peritos.

Wit.

THE grittest tresour, withowt comparifon,
 For mans felicitie heir in this lyfe,
 Aboif gold and siluer, is wit and discretion,
 To tempir the joyfull and confort the penyfe,
 Or vthir wayis to instruct man in peice or stryif.
 Wit alsa is increffit be wyifs workis reiding,
 And lyk the fructles tre is wit but gud doing.
 etc.

5

XLII.

[*Furth throw ane Forrest as I fure.*]

FURTH throw ane forrest as I fure,¹ Fol. 44. a.
 Attour ane rever cowth I ryd,
 All kynd of birdis that body bure²
 Vpoun tha brenchis could abyd.
 Than spak ane bird, hard me befyd, 5
 "For ony thing that evir may be,
 Thir wirdis in hairt fe that thow hyd:
 In alkyn mater mefure the."

 "First, luve thy God attour all thing,
 That maid the lyk to³ his image, 10
 And syne the ordand in hevin to ring,
 But end to³ haif that heretage.
 Till Adame, throw his grit outrage,
 Maid ws to licht, (this is no le.)
 Law in to hell in grit thirlelege: 15
 In alkyn mater⁴ mefur the."

 "Sen God hes ranfonit all at richt
 Out of the seindis handis of hell,
 Chryft wes born of the virgyn bricht;
 So said Sanct Johine in his wangell; 20
 Syne deid,⁵ and raifs, and herreit hell,
 And fred mankynd, and maid him fre.
 Sen it is trew that I the tell,
 In alkyn mater⁴ mefur the."

 "Yit fall he cum on domifday, 25
 And deme our deidis, dout ye nocht,

¹ Dupl. Text—*fuir*. ² Ib.—*beuir*. ³ Ib.—*till*. ⁴ Ib.—*materis*.
⁵ Ib.—*deit*.

Sum to pane, and fum to pley,
 Eftir the werkis that we haif wrocht.
 Fra baill to blifs sen he hes¹ bocht,
 And denyeit him felf for ws to de,
 We lufe him baith in deid and thoct:
 In alkyn mater mefur the."

30

"Mefure is ane instrument
 Decernis thingis that is in weir.
 Quha that to mefur takkis tent,
 To tell his tretifs wer full teir.
 Leit at my lair, gif thow will² leir
 The gait quhair glaidnes is and gle;
 Sen he may help baith thair and heir,
 In alkyn mater mefur the."

35

40

"Be nocht ourfkerfs, nor yit our lerge,³
 Gif thow will leir⁴ fone at my lair;
 For thow hes a⁵ full havy chairge;
 Bot gif thow wyfly fpend and fpair,
 Tak mefur with the evir mair.
 Se thow na wreche nor waiftour be,
 Sen heir is nocht bot fenyeit fair:
 In alkyn materis mefur the."

45 Fol. 44. b.

"Be nocht our mad attour mefur,
 Nor yit our meik in thy moving;
 Be nocht our rad, for no dreddure,
 Nor yit our derf⁶ in thy doing.
 As Cato fayis in his teiching,
 In al thingis knaw the quantetie,
 As all tyme askis of every thing:
 In alkyn materis mefur the."

50

55

¹ Dupl. Text—*we are.* ² Ib.—*will.* ³ Ib.—*lairge.* ⁴ Ib.—*lerne.*
 ⁵ Ib.—*ane.* ⁶ Ib.—*darf.*

"Do for thy freind as it effeiris;
 Chaiftyn thy ferwand with mefure;
 Reward thow as the caufs requyris;
 Thy maifter wirfcchep, and honour. 60
 To pure and feik gif thow fuccour;
 Thy nychtbour lufe in cheretie;
 Thy weddit wyf lufe¹ peramour:
 In alkyn materis mefur the."

"With mefure fuld we walk and fleip; 65
 With mefure fuld we fpend and fpair;
 With mefur fuld we gaddir and keip;
 With mefur fuld thow leif evirmair;
 With mefur fuld we lufe and fair;²
 With mefur fuld we ferch³ and fle. 70
 Sen mefur is moft fingulair,
 In alkyn materis mefur the."

"Thocht a man be keip in prefone,
 Be nocht our perte⁴ him to fuppryfs;
 Oft tymis thow may fe be reffone, 75
 A man may fall and rycht vpryfs.
 Thow art nocht ficker on na kin waifs,⁵
 The ficlyk caifs thy awin may be;
 That fample may be fene oft fyifs:
 In alkyn materis mefur the." 80

"Mefure ftanchis fturtis and ftryvis;
 It is a rewill of grit wyfnefs;
 It garris reffoun ring and ryfs,
 And exylis wrang⁶ and wicket diftrefs. 85
 Quhair men dreidis, it is doutlefs
 The futhfaftnefs it garris thame fe,

¹ Dupl. Text—*lufe but.* ² Ib.—*lufe alquhair.* ³ Ib.—*fecht.*
⁴ Ib.—*ouirperte.* ⁵ Ib.—*in no kin wyfs.* ⁶ Ib.—*wrangis.*

Sen it is grund till all glaidnefs:
In alkyn materis mefur the."

"Mefure is a ticht castell,
Ane haifty caufs of repentance; 90
Be war for war, ffor wit ye weill,
Off evill tungis cumis ignorance.
Be nocht our dum for no distance,
Nor our mirthfull for¹ maieftie;
Caft baill and blifs in a ballance: 95
In alkyn materis mefur the."

"Fra pryd and cuvatic the² keip,
Fra wicket yre, and fra invy; Fol. 45. a.
In deidly fyn fe thow nocht fleip,
In lichery, nor glottony, 100
Nor³ in fweirnes; for wat⁴ thow quhy?
Thir ar the fevin grathis the to die,
And flayis thy sawll eternaly:⁵
In alkin mater mefur the."

"Aganis pryd tak thow⁶ lawlines, 105
And cheretie aganis invy;
Aganis yre alfo⁷ tak meiknefs,
And cheftetie for⁸ lichory.
For fweirnes and for gluttony
Tak abstinens, and vertewis be; 110
For covetyce gife liberally:⁹
In alkin materis mefur the."

I prayit that bird of patience
Quhat that¹⁰ fcho was, or of quhat kynd.

¹ Dupl. Text—*of*. ² *Ib.*—*son the*. ³ Dupl. Text omits *Nor*.
⁴ Dupl. Text—*wait*. ⁵ *Ib.*—*fra God deidly*. ⁶ Dupl. Text omits *thow*.
⁷ Dupl. Text omits *alfo*. ⁸ Dupl. Text—*aganis*. ⁹ *Ib.*—*lairgely*.
¹⁰ Dupl. Text omits *that*.

Scho faid to me, " Dame Conscience, 115
 That oft remmemberis manis mynd.
 Sen Chryft the coft, be to him kynd,
 That maid this warld verralie.
 Thow clenge the clene, or thow hyne wend:
 In alkin materis mefur the." 20

Finis.

XLIII.

*The Prollog of the Nynt Buk of Virgell. In
 Commendatioun of Vertew.*

THIR lusty verfis of he nobilite
 Agilite did wryt of lusty clerkis,
 And thairon markis wifdome, vtilite,
 Na vilite, no sic vnworthy werkis:
 Scurrilite is bot for doggis that barkis; 5
 Quhay thairto harkis fallis in fragilite.

Honestie is the way to wirthinels, Fol. 45. b
 Vertew, dowltes, the perfynt gait to blifs;
 Thow do no mis, and eschew ydilnes;
 Perfew proves, hold no thing that is his; 10
 Be not rakles to fay fone, I wifs,
 And of this the contrair wirk exprefs.

Do to ilk wicht as done to thow wold be;
 Be nevir fle and dowble, nor yit our licht;
 Vfe not thy nicht aboif thyne awin degre; 15
 Clym not our hie, nor yit our law to licht;

Wirk no mawgre, thocht thou be nevir fo licht;¹
Hold with the richt, and preifs the nevir to lie.

Finis quod Gawyn Dowglais.

XLIV.

[*Quhylome in Grece, that nobill regioun.*]

Sapientium
octavus quis?

QUHYLOME in Grece, that nobill regioun,
Thair dwelt awcht clerkis of grit science,
Philosofhouris of nobill discretioun.
At thame was askit, to preif thair prowdenche,
Aucht questionis of mirk intelligence; 5
The quhilk² they anfwerit, eftir thair intent,
In siclyk wayis as heir is subfequent.

The first questioun was, "Quhat erdly thing
Is best to God and maift commendable?"
The first clerk anfwerit withowttin tareing, 10
"A manis sawill evir firme and stabill
In richt, fra trewith nathing vareable.
Bot now, allace, fair may we weip,
For cuvatrice hes brocht trewth on fleip."

The fecound was, "Quhat is maift odious?" 15
"A dowble man," said the philosofhour,
"With virgin face and taill³ vennemous,
With ane fair wow and ane fals perfour,
Ane stinkand carioun in ane goldin coffour. Fol 46. a.

¹ ? wicht. ² Dupl. Text—*quhilke*. ³ Ib.—*a taill*.

QUHYLOME IN GRECE.

It is ane monstour in natoris lenage, 20
A man to haif ane dowbill vifage."

The thrid thing was, "Quhilk is the best doar
That may be till a wyfe appropriat?"
"A clene lyfe," was the clerkis answer,
"Vnreprovit, cheft, and immaculat, 25
Withowt figne, takin, or speiche inordinat,
Or evill countenance, quhilk is to difpyfe:
No fyre mak, and no fmuke will ryfe."

The ferd questioun is, "Quhat maidin may
Be callit clene and full of cheftitie?" 30
The clerk answerit and said, "Off hir alway
All creaturis reportis grit honeftie,
Quhair of all folk efchamit is to lie;
And thairfoir madynis keip your gud name furth,
And remmember your gud name is gold wurth." 35

The fyift questioun, "Quha is riche but frawd?"¹
"The man quho can of² his gud him³ fuffyifs;
Quhat evir he haif⁴ he gevis God the lawd;
He covettis nothing⁵ in vngodlie wyifs;
His hairt devoyid is of all covetyifs; 40
His body heir, his spreit is all abuve:
This man is riche, for God dois him lwe."

The sext is,⁶ "Quha is ane peur man evir in wo?"
"A covettoufs man withowt discretioun,
That in his hairt nevir can haif ho; 45
The moir gude, the lefs diftributioun;
The richer, ay the warfs of conditioun:
Men commonly callis him ane nigart,
Sir Gy Brybour is his cheif ftewart."

¹Dupl. Text—*Quhilk is a riche man without fraude.* ²Ib.—*that can to.*
³Dupl. Text omits *him.* ⁴Dupl. Text—*Quhat fo he hes.* ⁵Ib.—*nocht.*
⁶Dupl. Text omits *is.*

“Quhilk is ane wyifman?” is the fevint questioun. 50
 “He that will nocht, and may do mekle noyance; Fol. 46. b.
 Quha that may pvneifs, and levis punitioun,
 A menfurable man, and withowt vengeance;
 Ane¹ wyifman put this in remembrance,
 Sayand, ‘Had I vengit all my harme, 55
 My cloik had nocht me furrit half so warme.’”

“Quhilk is ane fule?” that is the laft demand.
 “He that wald hurt, and hes no power;
 Had he grit nicht, he wold mekle command;
 In malice grit, his nicht not worth a peir; 60
 He thriftis fast, bot littill may he deir;
 He thinkis not how wyfmen faid beforne,
 ‘God fendis a thrawart cow a fchort horne.’”

Finis quod Chawfeir.

XLV.

[*Allone as I went vp and doun.*]

ALLONE as I went vp and doun
 In ane abbay was fair to fe,
 Thinkand quhat consolatioun
 Was best in to adwersitie;
 On caifs I keft on syd myne e, 5
 And saw this writtin vpoun a wall;
 “Of quhat estait,² man, that thow³ be,
 Obey and thank thy God of all.”

¹ Dupl. Text—*A.* ² *Ib.—stait.* ³ *Ib.—that evir thow.*

Thy kindome and thy grit empyre,
 Thy¹ ryaltie nor² riche array 10
 Sall nocht endeur at thy defyre,
 Bot as the wind will wend away.
 Thy gold and all thy gudis gay,
 Quhen fortoun list, will fra the fall;
 Sen thow sic sampillis³ feis ilk day, 15
 Obey and thank thy God of all.

Job wes maift riche, in writ we find, Fol. 47. a.
 Thobe maift full of cheritie;
 Job woux pure, and Thobe blynd, 20
 Bath tempit with aduerfitie.
 Sen blindnes wes infirmitie,
 And pouerty wes naturall;
 Thairfoir rycht patiently⁴ bath he and he
 Obeyid and thankit God of all.

Thocht thow be blind, or haif ane halt, 25
 Or in thy face deformit ill,
 Sa it cum nocht throw thy defalt,
 Na man fuld the repreif by skill.
 Blame nocht thy Lord, sa is his will;
 Spurn⁵ nocht thy fute aganis the wall; 30
 Bot, with meik hairt and prayer still,
 Obey and thank thy God of all.

God of his iustice mon correct,
 And of his mercy petie haif;
 He is ane juge to nane suspect, 35
 To puneifs synfull man and faif.
 Thocht thow be lord attour the laif,
 And estirwart maid bound and thrall,

¹ Dupl. Text—*In.* ² *Ib.*—*nor in.* ³ *Ib.*—*exemplis.*
⁴ *Ib.*—*Thairfoir in patience.* ⁵ *Ib.*—*Spurn.*

Ane pure begger with skrip and staif,
Obey and thank thy God of all. 40

This changeing and grit variance
Off erdly staitis vp and down
Is nocht bot caufualitie and chance,
As sum men sayis without reffoun;
Bot be the grit prouisioun 45
Of God aboif that rewill the fall;
Thairfoir evir thow mak the boun
To obey and thank thy God of all.

In welth be meik, heich nocht thy felf,
Be glaid in wilfull pouertie; 50
Thy power and thy warldis pelf
Is nocht bot verry vanitie.
Remember him that deit on tre,
For thy faik taiftit the bittir gall;
Quha heis law hairtis and lawis he¹ 55
Obey and thank thy God of all.

Finis quod Mr Ro^s Henrysone.

XLVI.

[*Memento, Homo, quod Cinis es!*]

MEMENTO, homo, quod cinis es!
Think, man, thow art bot erd and afs!
Lang heir to dwell na thing thow prefs,
For as thow come fa fall thow pafs,

¹Dupl. Text—*Quha hys law and lawis he.*

MEMENTO, HOMO, QUOD CINIS ES!

Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glafs;
 Hyne glydis all thy tyme that heir is. 5
 Think, thocht thy bodye ware of brafs, Fol. 47. b.
 Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Worthye Hector and Hercules,
 Forcye Achill and strong Sampfone, 10
 Alexander of grit nobilnes,
 Meik David and fair Abfolone
 Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone
 At will of God that all thing feiris:
 Think, man, exceptioun thair is none, 15
 Sed tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht now thou be maist glaid of cheir,
 Fairest and plefandest of port;
 Yit may thou be, within ane yeir,
 Ane vgfum, vglye tramort; 20
 And fen thou knowis thy tyme is schort,
 And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,
 Think, man, amang all vthir sport,
 Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thy lustye bewte and thy youth 25
 Sall feid as dois the fomer flouris;
 Syne fall the swallow with his mouth
 The dragone Death [that all devouris.]¹
 No castell fall the keip, nor touris,
 Bot he fall feik the with thy feiris; 30
 Thairfore, remembir at all houris
 Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht all this world thou did posseid,
 Nocht estir death thou fall posses,
 Nor with the tak, bot thy guid deid, 35

¹ In a different hand.

Quhen thou dois fro this warld the dres.
So speid the, man, and the confes,
With humill hart and sobir teiris,
And sadlye in thy hart inpres
Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris. 40

Thocht thou be taklit nevir so fure
Thow fall in deathis port arryve,
Quhair nocht for tempest may indure,
Bot ferflye all to speiris [dryve¹].
Thy Ranfonner, with woundis fyve, 45
Mak thy plycht anker and thy steiris,
To hald thy faule with him on lyve,
Cum tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Finis quod Dumbar.

XLVII.

[*O mortall Man! remembir.*]

O MORTALL man! remembir nycht and day Fol. 48. a.
How schort the tyme is that thou hes heir to spend;
Remember eik thy pompeous he array,
How fuddanly it fall tak ane fynall end.
Cast the thairfoir mispendit tyme to mend, 5
Quhill thou hes space thow of thy foly cefs;
Leif thy trespasss, thy God dreid till offend:
Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Remembir, man, how noble thou art wrocht
Vnto the similitud of Godis image; 10

¹Not in the MS.

O MORTALL MAN! REMEMBER.

Remembir als how deir he hes the bocht
 With his hairt blude, and with non vder wage.
 Remembir als the strang and he vaillage
 He did for the to bring thy faule to peifs.
 For schame thairfoir stynt of thy foly rege: 15
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Gife thow with syn hes done thy faule forfair,
 Behald thy consciens with thy sprituall e;
 And gif thow fyndis it hurt and woundit fair,
 Caft for remeid, or dowlfles it will de. 20
 Thairfoir in tyme ceifs fensualite;
 Call on thy Lord, moft peirlefs of provefs,
 Off micht and power, mercy and pece:
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Thy licherows lyf both and thy wantounes, 25
 Bot gif tho mend quhill thow hes tyme and space,
 Sall turne in eternall bittirnes,
 Fra Deid cum to and lay on the his mace;
 Eftir that rest thair is no rest, allace!
 Tak heid in tyme, this reffoun is no lefs; 30
 Thairfoir, but latt I pray the purchefs grace:
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Gife thow mispendit hes thy tyme bipaft
 Throw yewthis rege, with fruster vane plefans,
 Return agane, haif houp, be nocht agaft 35
 Quhen every man of Chryftis allegance
 Forthinkis thair syn, and takis thame to pennans;
 To be of mair perfectioun suld thay pres;
 Repent thairfoir with hail deliuerans:
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es! 40

Confess thy fynnis with hairt and mynd contreit,
 Compleit thy pennans gevin by the prechour;
 Than dowt thow nocht the diuillis dynt a myte;
 Thow art the fone than of our Saluour,
 Quhilk sched his precius blud for the in flour. 45
 Thus may thow nocht bot gif thow wilt perreifs,
 He is fa graciус evir aboif mefour:
 Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Quod Lichtoun, *monicus*.

XLVIII.

[*Off Lentren in the first mornyng.*]

OFF Lentren in the first mornyng, Fol. 48. b.
 Airly as did the day vpspring,
 Thus fang ane bird with voce vplane,
 "All erdly joy returnis in pane."
 "O man! haif mynd that thow mon pafs; 5
 Remembir that thow art bot afs,
 And fall in afs return agane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane."
 "Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth;
 Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth, 10
 Devoring fruct and flowring¹ grane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane."
 "Welth, wardly gloir, and riche array
 Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
 Ourcowerd with flouris laid in ane trane: 15
 All erdly joy returnis in pane."

¹ This reading is doubtful; the word may perhaps also be read *flouring*.

“Come nevir yit May fo frefche and grene,
 Bot Januar come als wod and kene;
 Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.” 20

“Evmair vnto this warldis joy
 As nerrest air fuceidis noy;
 Thairfoir, quhen joy ma nocht remane,
 His verry air fuceidis pane.”

“Heir helth returnis in feiknefs 25
 And mirth returnis in havinefs,
 Toun in defert, forrest in plane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.”

“Fredome returnis in wrechitnefs,
 And trewth returnis in dowbilnefs, 30
 With fenyeit wirdis to mak men fane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.”

“Vertew returnis in to vyce,
 And honour in to avaryce;
 With cuvatyce is confciens flane: 35
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.”

“Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
 Wirk for the joy that leftis evir;
 For vder joy is all bot vane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.” 40

Quod Dumbar.

"Gif¹ ony man his lyfe nicht lenth, 25
 I wat it had bene Salamone:
 Of all wifdome he had the strenth,
 He knew the vertew of erb and stone;
 He cowl'd nocht for him felf difpone
 Attoure his dait to leif a² year; 30
 Ane wyfar wicht was never none:
 Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

"Quhairto fowld I thir fampillis fay;
 Thow hes sene mo than I can tell
 Off lordis in to this land perfay, 35
 Sum wyfe, sum wicht, sum forfs, sum fell.
 Thay dowttit nowthir hevin nor hell,
 Thay wer so wicht withowttin weir;
 Now with thair fawle we will nocht mell:
 Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir." 40

"And gif thow beis ane³ marchand man,
 And wynnys thy living be the see,
 Spend part of the gude thow⁴ wan, Fol. 49. b.
 And keip the ay with honestie.
 Fra thow be gane, I tak on me, 45
 Thy wyfe will haif ane vthir feir;
 Thy dalie fample thow may fe:
 Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

"Or gif thow hes a benefice,
 Preifs nevir to hurde the kirkis gude; 50
 Do almoufs deidis to peure always
 In to this warld; to win the rude
 Thow mon be bwreit⁵ in thy hude;
 Thy windene fcheit is nocht in weir,

¹From Dupl. Text—MS. has *Give*.

²Dupl. Text—*ane*.

³Ib—*a*.

⁴Ib.—*that thow*.

⁵Ib.—*buwid*.

Thy airis ar of eild to dwid:¹ 55
Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

"I fay this be a preift of pryd,
That wes full wanton of his will;
Gold and filuer lay him besyd,
The fremmit thair of thair baggis can fill. 60
All that thay prayit for him wes ill,
For now thay drink and makis gud cheir;
Wyifmen said he did nane² skill:
Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

"And of this preift I will speik mair, 65
That had fa mekle of warldis wrack;
Off all his freindis lefs and mair
He wald nocht mend thame worth ane³ plack:
Quhill Deid he hint him be the back, 70
That he nicht nowdir stand nor steir,
And lute him nocht his testment mack:
Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir."

"Sen for no wifdome, nor no strenth,
Nor for no riches in this erd,
That ony man his lyf may lenth, 75
Naythir for freyndschip⁴ agane wanewerd,
I tak on hand fra thow be berd Fol. 50. a.
Thy fectouris spendis thy gudis cleir;
Thow may fay that a fowle the lerd:
Do for thy felf quhill thow art heir." 80

Finis.

¹ Dupl. Text—*doud.* ² *Ib.—na.* ³ *Ib.—a.*
⁴ *Ib.—Nor for no strenth.*

L.

[*Confidder, Man, all is bot Vanitie!*]

CONSIDDER, man, all is bot vanitie!
 That we heir haif in to this world within;
 For, fra the tyme of our natiuitie,
 Fast vnto deid a restles rink we rin:
 Thairfoir is best that we ammend our fyn 5
 And God befeik of mercy or we dee.
 To leir this lessone latt ws now begyn:
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Will we nocht prent in to oure mynd and pens
 That it is bot richt schort tyme we haif heir, 10
 As we may weill se be experience;
 The quhilk fowld put ws all quyt owt of weir:
 For thay, that war baith wardly wyifs and deir,
 Ar went away and vaneift as we see;
 And fa mon we quhat tyme that Deid will speir: 15
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

The fynfull flesche, that heir was cumly cled,
 Sall foddanly be clofit in to clay,
 And with the famyne the wormis salbe fed,
 The quhilk befoir in fyn was nureift ay. 20
 The silly sawill fall pas a wilfome way,
 Trymland for dreid,¹ as dois the leif on trie;
 Quhat fall oure wantoness awaill that day:
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

All cunnyng, craft, knowlege, or yit kin, 25
 May nocht ane houre prolong the terme of deid,

¹ Dupl. Text—*for dreidour.*

Nor gold, nor¹ gud, that in the world we win;²
 Aganis this sentence thair is no remeid.
 Land, nor yit³ rent, fall stand ws in no fteid;
 Bot, ill we will we, dowltes we mone die; 30
 Aganis this sentence thair is na remeid:
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Thus deid is sicker but exceptioun, Fol. 50. b.
 Fra quhilk⁴ we can ws nocht defend
 Be no maner of protectioun; 35
 Bot of this world we⁵ mon wend,
 The tyme and place to ws⁶ vnkend;
 We knaw nocht⁷ quhen nor quhair to die:
 Thus, sen vncertane is oure end,⁸
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie! 40

Yit, neuirthelefs, the tyme that we haif tynt
 May be redemit be help of Godis grace,
 Sa we repent befor the suddane dynt
 Off the vncertane deid, quhill we haif space;
 Eftir the quhilk thair is na help, allace! 45
 Bot gif that we get mercy or we die,
 We ar bot tynt; this is ane havy cace:
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

Lo! we may sie the lyf that we ar in
 Is grantit to⁹ ws to win the eternall blifs; 50
 And gif perchance we fall in deidly syn,
 Yit we may ryifs agane and mend our mis.
 Thairfoir, in schort, my counfall it is this,
 That we sett ws all vycis for to fle,
 And thocht we fail our mendis acceptit is:¹⁰ 55
 Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie!

¹Dupl. Text—*na*. ²Ib.—*we may win*. ³Dupl. Text omits *yit*.

⁴Dupl. Text—*the quhilk*. ⁵Ib.—*weirlefs we*. ⁶Ib.—*boyth ar to ws*.

⁷Ib.—*For we wat nouthir*. ⁸Ib.—*is our lyvis end*. ⁹Dupl. Text omits *to*.

¹⁰Dupl. Text—*And gif we felye to mend is bettir I wis*.

Bot it is grit perell for to delay
 Our demereittis and misdeidis to mend,
 Differrand thame vnto the latter day,
 The quhilk vnsicker is and als vnkend.
 Thairfoir is best provyd afoir¹ the end,
 Cheifand the sicker, lattand the vnseur² be,
 And grace at God ask ay as we offend ;
 For in this warld is nocht bot vanitie.

60

Finis.

LI.

[Lettres of Gold writtin I fand.]

LETTRES of gold writtin I fand
 LIntill a buike was fair to reid,
 The sentence plane till vndirstand ;
 Thairfoir till it I tuik gude heid.
 With havy hairt and mekle dreid
 I red the scriptour verement,
 The quhilk said thus trew as the creid,
 "Ryifs, deid folk, and cum to jugement."

5

Fol. 51. a.

"Ryifs, deid folk, ryifs," forfuth it said,
 Cum on, belyve ye mon compeir,
 That law down on the erth ar laid ;
 Get vp gud speid and be nocht sweir.
 Mak compt how ye haif levit heir
 In to this wretchit warld present ;

10

¹ Dupl. Text—*befoir*.² *Ib.*—*vnficker*.

Your conscience tellis your deidis cleir 15
 Befoir the Juge in jugement.

Fra hevin to hell, throw erd and air,
 That hiddoufs trump fa lowid fall found,
 That throw the blaft, I yow declair,
 The ftanis fall cleive, erd fall¹ redound; 20
 Sall no man refpect get that ffound
 For gold, for riches, or for rent;
 For all mon cum ouir fee and found
 And prent thame to jugement.

In fiefche and bane as ye war heir, 25
 Thocht ye wer brint in powder² all,
 Befoir the Juge ye mon compeir
 To mak your compt, baith grit and fmall.
 Nane adwocat for ocht fall fall;
 Bot your awin conscience innocent 30
 Sall fpeik for yow, quhen ye ar call³
 Befoir the Juge in jugement.

May nocht be hid, I yow declair,
 That evir ye did in deid or thocht;
 Sall nocht be cullerit, all beis bair 35
 How prevelly that evir ye wrocht.
 The twynkling of your ene beis⁴ focht,
 Quhen fynnaris fchamefully ar fchent;
 Thairfoir be war or ye be brocht
 Our foddanly to jugement. 40

Paip or prelattis preciffit⁵ of wit, Fol. 5r. b.
 In to this world that clymmis fo⁶ hie

¹Dupl. Text omits *fall*. ²Dupl. Text—*pulder*.
³Ib.—*quhen tha yow call*. ⁴Ib.—*be*. ⁵Ib.—*prices*.
⁶Dupl. Text omits *fo*.

To win the fowll vane gloir of it,
 Be war ye fall accusit be;
 The folk ye tuke to keip lat se 45
 The faith to teiche as ye wer sent
 Hirdis to be and tuke your fee;
 Cum answer now in jugement.

Ye kingis he of stait and nicht,
 That warldly conquéis and vane gloir 50
 Desyrit ay¹ baith day and nicht,
 And all your lawbor fet thairfoir:
 Quhat helpis than your nicht, your stoir,
 Quhen warldis welth away is went?
 May nane yow hyd in hoill, nor boir; 55
 For all mon ryfs to jugement.

Gif ye haif kepit just² and richt
 The law ellyk to riche and peure,
 With blyth hairt in the Jugeis sicht
 Ye may appeir, I yow assure. 60
 Haif ye misgovernit ocht your cure,
 Sair may ye dreid the hard torment
 Off hellis fyre, that fall indure
 Perpetuall eftir jugement.

O crewall knychtis and³ men of pryd!
 That evir, in armes and chevelrye,
 Hes socht oure all this warld fo wyd
 Yow till avance with victory,
 Ay blud to sched sa crewaly; 65
 Gud tyme wer heir for to repent, 70
 Or ye be schot doun foddanly,
 And brocht on forfs to jugement.

¹ Dupl. Text—*hes ay.* ² *Ib.—justice.* ³ Dupl. Text omits *and.*

For that day is no grace to gett,
 Nor that day fall na mercy be,
 Fra that the Juge in fait be fett. 75
 Haif thow done weill; full weill is the,
 That awfull Juge quhen thow fall fe, Fol. 52. a.
 Sa full of yre in face servent
 To synneris for iniquitie,
 That mon vpryifs to jugement. 80

Ye men of kirk, that cure hes tane
 Of sawlis for to wetsche¹ and keip,
 Ye will² be tynt, and ye tyne ane,
 In your defalt, of Goddis scheip.
 Be walkand ay that ye nocht sleip; 85
 Luke that your bow be reddy bent;
 The wolf abowt your flok will creip;
 Ye mon mak compt at jugement.

Be gude of lyfe, and bissie ay
 Gud examplis for to schaw; 90
 Stark in the faith, and luke allwey
 That na man cryme vnto³ you knaw.
 Lat ay your deid follow your saw,
 And to this taill ye tak gud tent,
 Sayweill but doweill is nocht worth a straw⁴ 95
 For yow to schaw in jugement.

And warldly wemen be⁵ ye war;
 Your wit is waik, leir to be wyfs:
 Grit cawfs of syn forsuth ye ar,
 Throw your fowll pryd and claithis of pryifs. 100
 Ay prowld in busking and⁶ garmond nyifs,
 Inflammand lychman,⁷ of intent

¹ Dupl. Text—*yeme.* ² Ib.—*mon.* ³ Ib.—*in to.* ⁴ Ib.—*ane saw.*
⁵ Ib.—*now be.* ⁶ Ib.—*and in.* ⁷ Ib.—*lycht men.*

To lichery thame for to tyifs;
Ye mon mak compt in jugement.

Ye merchantis, that the gold fa reid 105
Vpbrace in to your boxis¹ bad,
Quhat may it help, quhen ye ar deid,
The gadderit riches that ye had?
Be all weill win,² ye may be glad
Befoir the Prince maift prepotent; 110
Be it nocht so, ye may be sad,
Quhen that ye cum to jugement.

Leill labouraris, that nicht and day Fol. 52. b.
Dois that thay may for to vphald
This wretschit lyfe, full blyth may thay 115
Cum to thair compt quhen thay ar cald.
Weill may thay byd with haitis bald;
To no man did thay detriment,
Bot pure lyfe led heir as God wald;
Yit thay fall cum to jugement. 120

Thairfoir me think, for to conclude,
Grit rent nor riches proffetis nocht;
For grit aboundance heir of gude
Dois men grit truble in thair thocht.
Weill fall thay worth,³ that fa hes wrocht 125
Off fufficence can be content;
Thair can no sickerer way be wrocht⁴
To help thame⁵ at jugement.

All is bot vane and vanitie,
Into this warld that we haif heir; 130
Grit riches and prosperitie

¹ Dupl. Text—*baggis*. ² Ib.—*wynnyn*. ³ Ib.—*We fall thame worth*.
⁴ Ib.—*focht*. ⁵ Ib.—*To help a man*.

Vpfofteris vyce, that is na weir;
 Makis men to fall in fynnis feir,
 Misknaw¹ thair God, fyne consequent
 To Godis seruice makis thame maist² fweir; 135
 Ryifs, deid folk, cum to jugement.

Finis quod Wa[lter]³ Broun.

LII.

[*At Matyne Houre in Midis of the Nicht.*]

AT matyne houre in midis of the nicht,
 Walknit of sleip, I saw befyd me sone
 Ane aigit man, semit sextie yeiris of sicht,
 This sentence sett, and song⁴ it in gud tune!
 "Omnipotent and eterne God in trone! 5
 To be content and lufe the⁵ I haif caufs
 That my licht yowtheid is opprest and done;
 Honor with aige to every vertew drawis."
 "Grene yowth! to aige thow mon obey and bow;
 Thy foly luftis leftis skant ane⁶ May; 10
 That than wes witt is naturall foly now,
 As warldly witt,⁷ honor, riches, or fresche array.
 Deffy the devill, dreid God and domifday;
 For all falbe accufit as thow knawis. Fol. 53. a.
 Bliffit be God my yutheid is away: 15
 Honor with aige to every vertew drawis."
 "O bittir yowith, that semis delitious!
 O haly aige, that sumtyme semit foure!

¹ Dupl. Text—*Misken.* ² Dupl. Text omits *maist*.
³ Dupl. Text—*Schir Wa[lter]*. ⁴ *Ib.*—*sang.* ⁵ *Ib.*—*that.* ⁶ *Ib.*—*a.*
⁷ Dupl. Text omits *as* and *witt.*

AT MATYNE HOURE.

O reftles yowth, hie, hait, and vicious!
 O honeft aige, fulfillit with honoure! 20
 O frawart yowth, frutles and fedand flour!
 Contrair to confcience baith to God and lawis,
 Off all vanegloir the lamp and the mirroure;
 Honor with aige till every vertew drawis."

"This world is fett for to diffaive ws evin; 25
 Pryd is the nett, and covece¹ is the trane:
 For na reward, except the joy of hevin,
 Wald I be yung in to this world agane.
 The fchip of faith tempeftous wind and rane
 Dryvis² in the fee of Lollerdry that³ blowis. 30
 My yowth is gane, and I am glaid and fane:
 Honor with aige till every vertew drawis."

"Law, luve, and lawtie, gravin⁴ law thay ly;
 Diffimvlance hes borrowit confcience clayis;⁵
 Aithis, writ, walx,⁶ nor feilis ar not fet by; 35
 Flattery is fofterit baith with freindis and fayis.
 The sone, to bruike it that his fader hais,
 Wald fe him deid; Sathanas sic feid fawis.
 Yowtheid, adew! ane of my mortall fais:
 Honor with aige with every vertew drawis." 40

Finis quod Kennedy.

¹ Dupl. Text—*cwvaticc.* ² Ib.—*Driffis.* ³ Ib.—*and.*
⁴ Ib.—*graffin.* ⁵ Ib.—*claithis.* ⁶ Ib.—*wax.*

LIII.

[*Walking allone amang thir Levis grene.*]

WALKING allone amang thir levis grene,
 Into ane femely forrest fair and fre,
 Quhair I was cled with bewis bricht and schene,
 I did me lene vntill ane athorne tre,
 Quhair birdis fang with curage wounder hie, 5 Fol. 53. b.
 Reherfand ay this verfs in to my eir,
 "Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus¹ geir."

I marvellit gritly quhat this fong fowld mene,
 And it imprentit fadly in my thocht.
 Than fang ane bird with curage fra the splene, 10
 "O man! revolve and think how thow art bocht,
 Quhairwith, quhomefra, quhairto, and quha the coft
 Fra the fowill feyind and all his felloun feir:²
 Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus¹ geir."

I studeit than of this birdis indyte, 15
 And did revolve rycht oft in myne entent
 Gif I sic sentence had hard in to wryte.
 This bird than fang agane incontinent,
 "O fuliche man! dreid thow thy jugement,
 Or throw thy hert the Deth do dryve his speir: 20
 Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir."

Proceiding furth fo in hir fermond feir,
 With cowrious not and wordis fcherp and kene,
 Hir girfly text did perfs myne hert weill neir,
 As throw the quhilk away I wald haif bene. 25

¹ Dupl. Text—*lyfe refloir all wrangus.*

² Ib.—*Fra ruffe ragment and is felloun feir.*

For quhy? I nicht not hairtly do sustene
 So scherp ane fermone blawing¹ in myne eir:
 "Man! mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir."

My stormy face schew weill than myne entent
 Vnto this bird, and scho fang suddanly, 30
 "Quhat, man, availis² all this warldis rent,
 Thy self in hell, thair to dwell³ fynaly?
 Thairfoir, in tyme, I reid the ask mercy,
 And for thy syn daly mvrne mony a teir:
 Man! mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir." 35

"Thocht thou in dignitie be constitute,
 Or yit of landis thou haif grit heretage;
 On⁴ thy subiect gif thou makis wrang perfute,
 Dowltes thy sawill fall stand for that in plege
 On dumifday, quhen thou fowld tak curage 40 Fol. 54.a.
 The to defend befor the Juge aufteir:
 Man! mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir."

"Thocht thou be yung in to thy yeiris grene,
 Beleving⁵ that thy lyfe fall long endeure,
 My counsale is thy⁶ foly thou refrene; 45
 Or dowl the theif cum brek thy sawlis dure,
 Quhen thou wait not, in to the mirk obscure.
 Thair is no tyme I tell the now but weir:
 Man! mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir."

I anwerit than this bird in crabitnes, 50
 "I wait I am in to my flowris grene,
 And als my corps is hail withowt feiknes;
 Thairfoir, I wait, I may richt weill sustene
 Thir mony yeiris, my curage is fo clene.

¹Dupl. Text—*blawand.* ²Ib.—*Quhat availis the man.*
³Ib.—*to dwell thair.* ⁴Ib.—*Off.* ⁵Ib.—*Entrefland.* ⁶Ib.—*thyn.*

Quhairfoir fowld I fa fone this leffone leir, 55
To mend my lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir?"

"God fayis his felfe in facreit wangell,
Till him quha cumis in the thrid vigill
Sall nevir haif pairte of no kin pane of hell,
So he will than amend his vycis ill.¹ 60
For thy quhairfoir fowld I my yowtheid spill,
Pynnand my felf, doand away plefeir,
To mend my lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir?"

"Thairfoir in to my yeiris grene and ying 65
I will to² craif and tak that I may gett;
For wyfemen fayis, Quha dois in yowith inbring,
In aige he fall grit stormes do ourefett.
Quhairfoir grene yowth I will not do foryett,
For no sic fong that bird may fing on breir,
To mend my lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir." 70

"Weill," quod the bird, "thy curage is richt hie,
Havand hie knowlege of thy mortall stait,
Thinkand perchance ay in this lyfe to be.
Na! na! in faith, with Deth thow mon debait; Fol. 54. b.
Quhair,³ as I trow, thou than⁴ fall haif chekmait, 75
Quhen thow wald beg ane houre owt of a⁵ yeir
To mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir."

Hir crewall dyte than maid me moir⁶ agaft,
And als hir fong richt foir effrayit me;
Luking⁷ quhen Deth his speir fowld at me caft, 80
My curage fell befoir was wounder hie;
Not yit for that⁸ my fenfuality

¹ Dupl. Text—*vycis evill.* ² Ib.—*do.* ³ Ib.—*And.*
⁴ Ib.—*than thow.* ⁵ Ib.—*ane.* ⁶ Ib.—*fore.* ⁷ Ib.—*Thinkand.*
⁸ Ib.—*thy.*

Vnto my reffone wold aggreit neir
To mend my lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir.

Incontinent this bird perfavit weill 85
How at hir fermond bait my confcience.
Scho fayd, "Twa contrar wayis¹ I feill:
The ane² is gud, the vthir is offence.
Thairfoir the rewill with reffone and prudence,
That fra contraryis thow art purgeit cleir: 90
Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir."

I said annone, "Quhat kind of bird art thow,
That tareis me all day with tyrfum³ taill?"
Scho anfwerit sone and said, "I tell the now,
Synderifis my name is but ony⁴ fail, 95
Quhilk the fall dryve to the fyre infernaill,
Bot gif thow wirk, as I do the⁵ requeir,
To mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir."

"Now to conclude and end this breif fermond;
Quhairevir thow fair, entrest thow sickerly, 100
Myne endyting in to thin eiris fall found,
And perce thy confcience continwaly.
Quhairfoir, gif thow willis leif⁶ eternaly,
Perfew vertew, and vycis do forbeir:
Man! mend thy lyfe and reftoir wrangus geir." 105

Scho braidit furth with that and twik the flicht,
And I vprais and hamewart schup to fair:
Be than fair Phebus, with his bemis bricht, Fol. 55. a.
Had purgit clene and pvrefeit the air.
My reffone fone⁷ vnto me did repair, 110

¹Dupl. Text—*wayis in the.* ²Ib.—*lane.* ³Ib.—*with sic ane.*
⁴Ib.—*it is but.* ⁵Ib.—*the do.* ⁶Ib.—*lyfe.*
⁷Ib.—*fo.*

And counfallit me this lessone for to leir,
Man! mende thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.

Richt weill I knew¹ than in this schort lessone
The verry wey vnto² saluatioun:
Be grace devyne than opnit my reffone 115
Till vndirstand this³ proclamatioun,
The quhilk, with grit mvltiplicatioun,
This bird so sweitly fvng on⁴ breir;
“Man! mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.”

Thus I come hame within my covertour, 120
Reiosit gritly of this visiou,
Quhilk I had sene in this grit⁵ vardour;
And on my kneis I said this orisioun,⁶
“O eternal⁷ God! trenefeld in vnioun,
Grant ws mercy and grace, quhill we ar heir, 125
To mend our lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.”

Finis.

LIV.

The Ressoning betuix Aige and Yowth.

Yowth.

QUHEN fair Flora, the godes of the flowris,
Baith firth and feildis freschely had ourfret,
And perly droppis of the balmy schowris
Thir widdis grene had with thair water wet,

¹ Dupl. Text—*knew*. ² Ib.—*wey wes to*. ³ Ib.—*the*.
⁴ Ib.—*on the*. ⁵ Ib.—*in to this grene*. ⁶ Ib.—*oratioun*.
⁷ Ib.—*eterne*.

Movand allone, in mornyng myld, I met 5
 A mirry man, that all of mirth cowth mene,
 Singand the fang that richt¹ fweitley was fett:
 "O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

I lukit furth a litill me² befor,
 And saw a cative on ane club cumand, 10
 With cheikis clene,³ and lyart lokis hoir:
 His ene was how, his voce was hefs hostand, Fol. 55. b.
 Wallowit richt⁴ wan, and waik as ony wand:
 Ane bill he beure vpoun his breift abone,
 In letteris leill but lyis,⁵ with this legand, 15
 "O yowth, thy flowris fedis fellone fone!"

Yowth.

This yungman lap vpoun the land full licht,
 And mervellit mekle of his makdome maid.
 "Waddin⁶ I am," quo he, "and woundir wicht,
 With bran as bair, and breift burly and braid: 20
 Na growme on ground my gairdone may degraid,
 Nor of my pith may pair of⁷ wirth a prene.
 My face is fair, my fegour will not faid:
 O yowith, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

This fenyecour fang, bot with a sobir stevin. 25
 Schakand his berd, he faid, "My bairne, lat be:

¹ Dupl. Text omits *richt*. ² Dupl. Text—*us*. ³ Ib.—*lene*.
⁴ Ib.—*and*. ⁵ Ib.—*les*. ⁶ Ib.—*waldin*. ⁷ Ib.—*half*.

I was, within thir sextie yeiris and fevin,
 Ane freik on fold, als forfs and als¹ fre,
 Als glaid, als gay, als ying, als yaip as yie;
 Bot now tha dayis ourdrevin ar² and done. 30
 Luke thow my laikly luking³ gif I lie:
 O yowth, thy flowris fadis fellone sone!"

Yowth.

Ane vthir verfs yit this yungman cowth sing;
 "At luvis law a quhyle I think to leit,
 In court to cramp clenely in my clething, 35
 And luke amangis thir lusty ladeis fweit;
 Of mariage to mell with mowthis meit
 In secreit place, quhair we ma not⁴ be fene;
 And fo with birdis blythly my bailis beit:
 O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!" 40

Aige.

This awftrene greif anfwerit angrily,
 "For thy cramping thow falt baith cruke and cowre;
 Thy⁵ flechely lust thow falt also⁶ defy, Fol. 56. a.
 And pane the fall put fra paramour.
 Than will no bird be blyth of the in bouir; 45
 Quhen thy manheid fall wendin⁷ as the mone,
 Thow fall affay gif that my song be four:
 O yowth, thy flowris fedis fellone sone!"

Yowith.

This mirry man of mirth yit movit moir;
 "My corps is clene withoutt corrvptioun; 50

¹ Dupl. Text omits *als*. ² Dupl. Text—*is*. ³ Ib.—*lykyne*.
⁴ Ib.—*In secreitnes quhair may noch*. ⁵ Ib.—*And thy*.
⁶ Dupl. Text omits *also*. ⁷ Dupl. Text—*move*.



My felf is found, but feiknes or but foir;
 My wittis fyve in dew proportioun;
 My curage is of clene complexioun;
 My hairt is haill, my levar and my splene;
 Thairfoir to reid this roll¹ I haif no reffoun: 55
 O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!"

Aige.

The bevar hoir faid to this berly berne,
 "This breif thow fall obey sone, be thow bald.
 Thy stait, thy strentth, thocht it be stark and sterne,
 The feveris fell, and eild fall gar the fald; 60
 Thy corps fall clyng, thy curage fall wax cald;
 Thy helth² fall hynk, and tak a hurt but hone;³
 Thy wittis fyve fall vaneis, thocht thow not wald:
 O yowth, thy flowris faidis fellone sone!"

This gowand grathit with sic grit greif,⁴ 65
 He on his wayis wrechly went⁵ but wene;
 This lene awld⁶ man luche not, bot⁷ tuk his leif,
 And I⁸ abaid vnder the levis grene.
 Of the fedullis the futhe quhen⁹ I had fene,
 Of¹⁰ trewth, methocht, thay trivmphit¹¹ in thair tone. 70
 O yowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene!
 O yowth thy flowris faidis fellone sone!

Finis quod Mr Robert Henderfone.¹²

¹ Dupl. Text—*rowll.* ² Ib.—*heill.* ³ Ib.—*hwn.*
⁴ Ib.—*grathit began to greif.* ⁵ Ib.—*And on his wayis wrechitly he went.*
⁶ Dupl. Text omits *awld.* ⁷ Dupl. Text—*na thing bot.*
⁸ Dupl. Text omits *I.* ⁹ Dupl. Text omits *quhen.* ¹⁰ Dupl. Text—*on.*
¹¹ Ib.—*tremefit or tremefit.* ¹² Ib.—*Henryfone.*

LV.

*The Ressoning betuix Deth and Man.**Deth.*¹

O MORTALL man, behold, tak tent to me!
 Quhilk fowld² thy mirroure be baith day and nicht. Fol. 56. b.
 All erdly thing that evir tuik lyfe mon die;
 Paip, empriour, king, barroun and knyght,
 Thocht thay be in thair roall stait³ and hicht, 5
 May not ganestand quhen I pleifs schute the⁴ derte;
 Waltownis, castellis, and⁵ towris nevir so wicht,
 May nocht risist quhill it be at his herte.

*The Man.*⁶

Now quhat art thou that biddis me thus tak tent,
 And mak ane mirroure day and nicht of the, 10
 Or with thy dert I fowld richt soir repent?
 I trest trewly off that thou⁷ fall sone lie.
 Quhat freik on fold fa bald dar manis me,
 Or with me fecht, owthir on fute or hors?
 Is non so wicht or⁸ stark in this cuntre 15
 Bot⁹ I fall gar him bow to me on forfs.

*Deth.*¹

My name, forfwith,¹⁰ sen that thou speiris,
 Thay call me Deid, futhly I the declair,

¹Dupl. Text—*Mors.* ²Ib.—*fall.* ³Ib.—*ryell estait.*
⁴Ib.—*this.* ⁵Dupl. Text omits *and.* ⁶Dupl. Text—*Homo.*
⁷Ib.—*of that that thou.* ⁸Ib.—*fo.* ⁹Ib.—*Nor.* ¹⁰Ib.—*at me forfwith.*

THE RESSONING BETUIX DETH AND MAN.

Calland all man and woman to thair beiris
 Quhen evir I pleifs, quhat tyme, quhat place, or quhair. 20
 Is nane fa stowt, fa frefche, nor yit fa fair,
 Sa yung, fa ald, fa riche, nor yit fa peur,
 Quhair evir I pafs, owthir lait¹ or air,
 Mon put thame haill on forfs vndir my cure.

*Man.*²

Sen it is fo that nature can fo wirk 25
 That yung and awld, with³ riche and peure, mon die;
 In my yowtheid, allace! I wes full irk,
 Cowld not tak tent to gyd and governe me
 Ay gude to do, fra evill deidis to fle;
 Trestand ay yowtheid wold with me abyde;⁴ 30
 Fulfilland evir my sensualitie,
 In deidly fyn and specialy in pryd.

*Deth.*⁵

Thairfoir repent and remord thy conscience;
 Think on thir wordis I now vpoun the cry: Fol. 57. a.
 O wrechit man! O full of⁶ ignorance! 35
 All thy plesance thow fall richt⁷ deir aby.
 Dispone thy self, and cum with me in hy,⁸
 Edderis, askis, and⁹ wormis meit for¹⁰ to be:
 Cum quhen I call, thow ma me not denny,
 Thocht thow war paip, empriour, and king, all thre. 40

¹Dupl. Text—*be it lait.* ²Ib.—*Homo.* ³Dupl. Text omits *with.*⁴Dupl. Text—*Trestand yowtheid wold with me ay abyde.*⁵Ib.—*Mors.* ⁶Ib.—*O wofull.* ⁷Dupl. Text omits *richt.*⁸Dupl. Text—*Dispone for the, and cum with me and try.*⁹Dupl. Text omits *and.* ¹⁰Dupl. Text omits *for.*

*Man.*¹

Sen it is fwa fra the I may not chaip,
 This wrechit warld for me heir I defy;
 And to the Deid, to lurk² vnder thy caip,
 I offer me, with hairt richt humly
 Befeiking God, the diuill myne ennemy 45
 No power haif my sawill till affay.
 Jefus, on the, with peteous voce, I cry
 Mercy on me to haif on domisday.

Finis quod Henderfone.

LVI.

[*Within ane Garth, vndir a reid Roseir.*]

WITHIN ane garth, vndir a reid roseir,
 Ane awld man, and decripit, hard I fing;
 Gay was the not, fweit was the voce and cleir:
 It was grit joy to heir of sic a thing.
 And as me thoct,³ he said in his dyting, 5
 "For to be yung I wald not for my wifs
 Of all this warld to mak me lord and king:
 The moir of aige the nerrer hevynis blifs."
 Fals is this warld and full of variance,
 Befocht with syn and vthir flichtis mo; 10
 Trewth is all tynt, gyle hes the⁴ govirnance,
 Wrechitnes hes wrocht all weill to wo;

¹ Dupl. Text—*Homo.* ² *Ib.*—*And to Deid to lurk.*
³ *Ib.*—*And to my dome.* ⁴ *Ib.*—*hes wrocht the.*

Fredome is tynt, and flemit¹ the lordis fro,
 And covettyce is all the caufs of this;
 I am content that yowtheid is ago: 15
 The moir of aige the nerrer hevynis blifs.

The stait of yowth I repute for no gude,
 For in that stait sic parrell now I see; Fol. 57. b.
 But speciall grace, the regeing of his blude 20
 Can none ganestand, quhill that he aigit be.
 Syne of the thing befor that² joyit he,
 Nothing remanis now to be callit his;
 For quhy it was bot verry vanitie:
 The moir of aige the nerer hevynis blifs.

Sowld no man trust this wretchit world; for quhy 25
 Of erdly joy ay sorrow is the end:
 The stait of it can no man certify;
 This day a king, to morne haif not³ to spend.
 Quhat haif we heir bot grace ws to defend?
 The quhilk God grant ws till⁴ amend our mifs, 30
 That to his gloir he ma our fawlis fend:
 The moir of aige the nerrer hevyns blifs.

*Finis quod Henderfone.*⁵

¹ Dupl. Text—*fremmit*. ² Dupl. Text omits *that*.
³ Dupl. Text—*no gud*. ⁴ Ib.—*us for to*. ⁵ Ib.—*quod Mr R. Henderfone*.

LVII.

Followis the thre deid Pollis.

O SINFULL man! in to this mortall fe,
 Quhilk is the vaill of mvrnyng and of cair,
 With gaiftly sicht behold oure heidis thre,
 Oure holkit ene, oure peilit pollis bair.
 As ye ar now, in to this warld we wair, 5
 Als fresche, als fair, als lusty to behald:
 Quhan thow lukis on this swth examplair,
 Off thy self, man, thow may be richt vnbald.

For suth it is that every man mortall
 Mon suffer deid and de, that lyfe hes tane: 10
 Na erdly stait aganis deid ma prevaill;
 The hour of deth and place is vncertane,
 Quhilk is referit to the hie God allane.
 Heirfoir haif mynd of deth that thow mon dy: Fol. 58. a.
 This fair exampill to se quotidiane 15
 Sowld caufs all men fra wicket vycis fle.

O wantone yowth! als fresche as lusty may,
 Fareft of flowris, renewit quhyt and reid,
 Behald our heidis. O lusty gallandis gay!
 Full laichly thus fall ly thy lusty heid, 20
 Holkit, and how, and wallowit as the weid.
 Thy crampan hair, and eik thy cristall ene,
 Full cairfully conclud fall dulefull deid:
 Thy example heir be ws it may be sene.

O ladeis quhyt! in claithis corrupcant, 25
 Poleift with perle and mony pretius stane,

With palpis quhyt, and hals elegant,
 Sirculit with gold and fapheris mony ane;
 Your finyearis small, quhyt as quhailis bane,
 Arrayit with ringis and mony rubeis reid: 30
 As we ly thus, so fall ye ly ilk ane
 With peilit pollis, and holkit thus your heid.

O wofull pryde! the rute of all distres,
 With humill hairt vpoun our pollis pens:
 Man, for thy mis, ask mercy with meiknefs; 35
 Aganis deid na man may mak defens.
 The empriour for all his excellens,
 King and quene, and eik all erdly stait,
 Peure and riche, falbe but differens
 Turnit in as, and thus in erd translait. 40

This questioun quha can obfolue, lat see,
 Quhat phisnamour, or perfyt palmester:
 Quha was fareft, or fowlest, of ws thre,
 Or quhilk of ws of kin was gentillar,
 Or maist excellent in science, or in lare, 45
 In art, mvfik, or in astronomye?
 Heir fowld be your study and repair;
 And think as thus all your heidis mon be. Fol. 58. b.

O febill aige! drawand neir the dait
 Of dully deid, and hes thy dayis compleit, 50
 Behald our heidis with mvrning and regrait:
 Fall on thy kneis, ask grace at God greit,
 With orifionis and haly falmes sweit,
 Befeikand him on the to haif mercy;
 Now of our fawlis bydand the decreit 55
 Of his Godheid, quhen he fall call and cry.

Als we exhort that every man mortall,
 For his faik that maid of nocht all thing,

For our sawlis to pray in generall
To Jesus Chryft, of hevin and erd the King, 60
That, throwch his blude, we may ay leif and ring
With the hie Fader be eternitie,
The Sone, alfwa the Haly Gaift condong,
Thre knit in ane be perfyt vnitie.

Finis quod Patrick Johnistoun.

LVIII.

[*Sen throw Vertew increffis Dignitie.*]

SEN throw vertew increffis dignitie,
And vertew is floure and rute of nobill ray,
Off ony vertewis estait¹ that evir thow be,
His steppis perfew and dreid the non effray.
Exyle all vyce and follow trewith alway; 5
Luve most thy God that first thy luve began,
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a span.

Be not our prowde of thy prosperitie,
For as it cumis, so will it pafs away;
Thy tyme to compt is schort thow ma weill se, 10
For of grene grefs sone cumis wallowit hay.
Labor in trewth, quhill licht is of the day;
Trust most in God, for he best help the can,
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a span.

Sen wordis ar thrall, and thocht is only fre, 15 Fol. 59. a.
Thow dant thy tung that power hes and may;

¹ Dupl. Text—*stait*.

Thow steik thyne ene fra warldis vanitie;
 Refrene thy lust; harkin quhat I say;
 Graip or thow slyd, and creip furth on the way,
 And keip thy faith thow aw to God and man, 20
 And for ilk inche he will the quyt a span.

Finis.

*Followis certane Ballattis agane the Vyce
 in Sessoun Court and all Estaitis.*

LIX.

[*Ane mvrlandis Man of vplandis Mak.*]

ANE mvrlandis man of vplandis mak
 At hame thus to his nychtbour spak,
 "Quhat tydingis goffep, peax or weir?"
 The tother rownit in heir,
 "I tell yow this vndir confessioun, 5
 Bot laitley lichtit of my meir,
 I come of Edinburch fra the Sessioun."

"Quhat tythingis hard ye thair, I pray yow?"
 The tother anwerit, "I fall fay yow,
 Keip this all secreit, gentill brother; 10
 Is na man thair that trestis ane vther:
 Ane commoun doar of transgressioun
 Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher:
 Sic tydingis hard I at the Sessioun."

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleifs 15
That wald for invy byt of his neifs;
His fa fum by the oxstar leidis;
Sum patteris with his mowth on beidis,
That hes his mynd all on oppressioun;
Sum beckis full law and schawis bair heidis, 20
Wald luke full heich war not the Sessioun.

Sum bydand the law layis land in wed;
Sum super expendit gois to his bed;
Sum speidis, for he in court hes menis; Fol. 59. b.
Sum of parcialitie complenis, 25
How feid and favour flemis discretioun;
Sum speiks full fair, and fasly fenis:
Sic tythings hard I at the Sessioun.

Sum castis summondis, and fum exceptis;
Sum standis befyd and skaild law keppis; 30
Sum is continwit, fum wynniss, fum tynis;
Sum makis him mirry at the wynniss;
Sum is put owt of his possessioun;
Sum herreit, and on creddens dynis:
Sic tydingis hard I at the Sessioun. 35

Sum fweiris, and forfaikis God;
Sum in ane lambskin is ane tod;
Sum in his toung his kyndnes turfis;
Sum cuttis throttis, and fum pykis purfis;
Sum gois to galloufs with proceffioun; 40
Sum fanis the Sait, and fum thame curfis:
Sic tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

Religious men of diuerfs placis
Cumis thair to wow and fe fair facis;
Baith Carmeleitis and Cordilleris 45

DEVORIT WITH DREME.

Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris,
 And ar vnmyndfull of thair professioun;
 The yungar at the eldar leiris:
 Sic tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

Thair cumis yung monkis of he complexioun, 50
 Of devoit mynd, lue, and affectioun;
 And in the courte thair hait flesche dantis,
 Full faderlyk, with pechis and pantis;
 Thay ar so humill of intercessioun
 All mercyfull wemen thair eirandis grantis: 55
 Sic tydings hard I at the Sessioun.

Finis quod Dumbar.

LX.

[*Devorit with Dreme, devyfyng in my Slummer.*]

DEVORIT with dreme, devyfyng in my slummer, Fol. 60. a.
 How that this realme, with nobillis owt of nummer,
 Gydit, provydit fa mony yeiris hes bene;
 And now sic hunger, sic cowartis, and sic cummer
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene. 5

Sic pryd with prellattis, so few till¹ preiche and pray;
 Sic hant of harlettis with thame bayth nicht and day,
 That fowld haif ay thair God afoir² thair ene;
 So nyce array, so strange to thair abbay,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

¹ Dupl. Text—*to*.

² *Ib.*—*befoir*.

So mony preiftis cled vp in secular weid,
 With blafing breiftis casting thair clathis¹ on breid,
 (It is no neid to tell of quhome I mene);
 So quhene the Pfalme² and Testament to³ reid
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 15

So mony maifteris, fo mony guckit clerkis,
 So mony weftaris to God and all his warkis,
 So fyry sparkis of difpyt fro the splene,
 Sic lofin farkis, fo mony glengoir markis
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 20

Sa mony lordis, fo mony naturall fulis,
 That better accordis to play thame at the trulis,
 Nor feifs the dulis that commonis dois fustene;
 New tane fra fculis, fa mony anis and mvlis
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 25

Sa mekle treffone, fa mony partiall fawis,
 Sa littill reffone to help the commoun cawis,
 That all the lawis ar not sett by ane bene;⁴
 Sic fenyeit flawis, fa mony waiftit wawis
 Within this warld⁵ was nevir hard nor fene. 30

Sa mony theivis and mvrdereris⁶ weill kend,
 Sa grit relevis of lordis thame to defend,
 Becawis the⁷ spend the pelf thame betwene;
 So few till wend this mischief till⁸ amend
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 35

This to correct thay fchoir with mony crakkis,
 Bot littill effect of speir or battar⁹ ax,

¹ Dupl. Text—*clais*. ² Ib.—*Pfalmes*. ³ Ib.—*for to*.
⁴ Ib.—*prene*. ⁵ Ib.—*land*. ⁶ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *murderis*.
⁷ Dupl. Text—*thai*. ⁸ Ib.—*to*. ⁹ Ib.—*battell*.

Quhen curage lakkis the corfs that fowld mak kene;
 Sa mony jakkis and brattis on beggaris bakkis
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 40

Sic vant of woftouris¹ with hairtis in finfull staturis,
 Sic brallaris and bofteris degenerat fra² thair naturis,
 And sic regratouris the peure men to prevene;
 Sa mony tratouris, fa mony rubeatouris
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 45

Sa mony jugeis and lordis now maid³ of lait,
 Sa fmall refugeis⁴ the peur man to debait,
 Sa mony estait for commoun weill fa quhene;
 Ouir all the gait fa mony thevis fa tait
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 50

Sa mony ane sentence reitretit for to win
 Geir and⁵ acquaintance, or kyndnes of thair kin,
 They think no fin, quhair proffeit cumis betwene;
 Sa mony ane gin to haift thame to the pin
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 55

Sic knavis and crakkaris to play at cartis and dyce,
 Sic halland⁶ schekkaris, quhilk at Cowkelbyis gryce
 Ar haldin of pryce, quhen lymmaris dois convene;
 Sic stoir of vyce, fa mony wittis vnwyce
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 60

Sa mony merchandis, fa mony ar menfworne,
 Sa peur tennandis, sic curfing evin and morne,
 Quhilk flayis the corne and fruēt that growis grene;
 Sic skaith and fcorne, fo mony paitlattis worne
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 65

¹ Dupl. Text—*veftouris*. ² From Dupl. Text—MS. has *degerat frat.*
³ Dupl. Text—*maid now*. ⁴ Ib.—*refuge*. ⁵ Ib.—*or*.
⁶ From Dupl. Text—MS. has *heland*.

Sa mony rakkettis, fa mony ketcche pillaris,
 Sic ballis, sic nackettis, and sic tutivillaris,
 And sic evill willaris to speik of king and quene;
 Sic pudding fillaris, discending down frome millaris, Fol. 61. a.
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 70

Sic fartingailis on¹ flaggis als fatt as quhailis,
 Facit lyk fulis with hattis that littill availlis,
 And sic fowill tailis, to fweip the calfay clene,
 The duft vpskaillis; fo² mony fillok with fuck failis
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 75

Sa mony ane kittie drest vp with goldin chenye,
 So few witty that weill can fabillis fenye,
 With apill renye ay schawand hir goldin³ chene;
 Off⁴ Sathanis fenye fyne sic ane vnfall⁵ menye
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene. 80

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXI.

[*Off every Asking followis nocht Rewaird.*]

OFF every asking followis nocht
 Rewaird, bot gif sum caus war wrocht;
 And quhair caufs is men weill⁶ ma sie,
 And quhair nane is it wilbe thocht:
 In asking fowld discretioun be. 5

¹Dupl. Text—*with*. ²From Dupl. Text—MS. omits *fo*.
³Dupl. Text—*semble*. ⁴Ib.—*As*. ⁵Ib.—*wnfall*.
⁶Dupl. Text omits *weill*.

Ane fule, thocht he haif caufs or nane,
 Cryis ay, Gif me in to a drene;¹
 And he that dronis ay as ane bee
 Sowld haif ane heirar dull as² ftane:
 In asking fowld discretioun be. 10

Sum askis mair than he defervis;³
 Sum askis far les⁴ than he fervis;
 Sum schames to ask as⁵ braidis of me,
 And all without reward he⁶ ftervis:
 In asking fowld discretioun be. 15

To ask but feruice hurtis gud fame;
 To ask for feruice is not to blame;
 To serve and leif in beggartie
 To man and maistir is baith schame: Fol. 61. b.
 In asking fowld discretion be. 20

He that dois all his best fervyifs
 May spill it all with crakkis and cryis
 Be fowll inoportunitie;
 Few wordis may serve⁷ the wyis:
 In asking fowld discretioun be. 25

Nocht neidfull is men fowld be dum;
 Na thing is gottin⁸ but wordis fum;
 Nocht fped but diligence we se;
 For nathing it allane will cum:
 In asking fowld discretioun be. 30

Asking wald haif convenient place,
 Convenient tyme, lafar, and space,
 But haift or⁹ preifs of grit menyie,

¹ Dupl. Text—*ane drane.* ² Ib.—*as ane.* ³ Ib.—*defyris.*
⁴ Ib.—*askis les.* ⁵ Ib.—*and.* ⁶ Ib.—*without gwerdown.*
⁷ Ib.—*may suffice to.* ⁸ Ib.—*wone.* ⁹ Ib.—*but.*

But hairt abafit, but tounge rekles:
In asking fowld difcretion be. 35

Sum nicht haif ye, with littill cure,
That hes oft nay with grit labour;
All for that¹ tyme not byd can he,
He tynis baith eirand and honour:
In asking fowld difcretion be. 40

Suppois the fervand be lang vnquit,
The lord fumtyme rewaird will it;²
Gife he dois not, quhat remedy?
To fecht with fortoun is no wit:
In asking fowld difcretioun be. 45

*Finis of Asking.*³

LXII.

Followis Discretioun of Geving.

TO speik of gift or almoufs deidis;
Sum gevis for mercit and for meidis;
Sum warldly honour to vphie
Gevis to thame that nothing neidis:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 5 Fol. 62. a.

Sum gevis for pryd and glory vane;
Sum gevis with grugeing⁴ and with pane;
Sum gevis in⁵ practik for supple;

¹ Dupl. Text—*his*. ² *Ib.*—*rewardis it*.
³ *Ib.*—*Endis Discretioun in Asking*. ⁴ *Ib.*—*grunching*. ⁵ *Ib.*—*on*.

Sum gevis for twyifs als gud¹ agane:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 10

Sum gevis for thank, fum chereit;²
Sum gevis money, and³ fum gevis meit;
Sum gevis wordis fair and fle;
Giftis fra fum ma na man treit:
In giving fowld difcretioun be. 15

Sum is for gift fa lang requyrd,
Quhill that⁴ the crevar be so tyrd
That, or the gift deliuerit be,
The thank is frufrat and expyrd:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 20

Sum gevis to littill full⁵ wretchitly,
That his giftis ar not fet by,
And for a huidpyk⁶ haldin is hie,
That all the warld cryis on him fy:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 25

Sum in his geving is so large
That⁷ all ourlaidin is his berge;
Than vyce and prodigalite
Thairof his honour dois⁸ difcharge:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 30

Sum to the riche gevis geir,⁹
That nicht his giftis weill forbeir;
And thocht the peur for falt fowld de,
Is cry nocht enteris in his eir:
In geving fowld difcretioun be. 35

¹ Dupl. Text—*als mekle.* ² *Ib.*—*and sum for chereit.*
³ Dupl. Text omits *and.* ⁴ Dupl. Text omits *that.*
⁵ Dupl. Text—*and full.* ⁶ *Ib.*—*for sic huidpyk.* ⁷ *Ib.*—*Quhill.*
⁸ Dupl. Text omits *dois.* ⁹ Dupl. Text—*his geir.*

- Sum givis to strangeris with face new,
 That yisterday fra Flanderis flew;
 And to awld ferwandis lift not fe,
 War thay nevir of fa grit vertew:
 In geving fowld discretioun be. 40
- Sum gevis to thame can ask and plenyie;
 Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenyie;
 Sum gevis to men of honestie,
 And haldis all janglaris at difdenyie:
 In geving fowld discretioun be. 45
- Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis,
 To sweir all that his maister fayis,
 Thocht all the contrair weill knawis hie;
 Ar mony sic now in thir dayis:
 In geving fowld discretioun be. 50
- Sum gevis gudmen for thair gud kewis;
 Sum gevis to trumpouris and to schrewis;
 Sum gevis to knaw his awtoritie;
 Bot in thair office gude fundin few is:
 In geving fowld discretioun be. 55
- Sum givis parrochynniss full wyd,
 Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,
 To teiche, to rewill and to ourisie,
 That he na wit hes thame to gyd:
 In geving fowld discretioun be. 60

- *Finis of Discretioun of Geving.*

LXIII.

Followis Discretioun in Taking.

EFTIR geving I speik of taking,
 Bot littill of ony gud forfaking:
 Sum takkis our littill awtoritie,
 And sum our mekle, and that is glaiking:
 In taking fowld difcretioun be. 5

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,
 Sum of Sanct Petir, and sum of Sanct Pawlis;
 Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he
 Suppois the diuill tak all thair fawlis:
 In taking fowld difcretioun be. 10 Fol. 63. a.

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure
 All fruct that growis on the feure,
 In mailis and gerfomes rasit our hie,
 And garris thame beg fra dur to dure:
 In taking fowld difcretioun be. 15

Sum takis vthir menis takkis,
 And on the peure oppressioun makkis,
 And nevir remembris that he mon die,
 Quhill¹ that the gallowis gar him rax:
 In taking fowld difcretioun be. 20

Sum takis be sie and be land,
 And nevir fra taking can hald thair hand,
 Quhill he be tit vp to ane tre;
 And syne thay gar him vndirstand
 In taking fowld difcretioun be. 25

¹ MS. has *Quhillk*.

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir,
Had he of man als littill feir
As he hes dreid that God him fee;
To tak than fowld he nevir forbeir:
In taking fowld difcretioun be. 30

Sum wald tak all this warldis breid,
And yit not satisfeit of thair neid,
Throw hairt vnfatiable and gredie;
Sum wald tak littill and can not speid:
In taking fowld difcretioun be. 35

Grit men for taking and oppreffioun
Ar¹ fett full famous at the Sessioun
And peur takaris ar hangit hie,
Schamit for evir and thair succeffioun:
In taking fowld difcretioun be. 40

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXIV.

[*Musing allone this hinder Nicht.*]

MUSING allone this hinder nicht Fol. 63. b.
Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
Within ane garth vndir a tre,
I hard ane voce that said on hicht,
May na man now vndemit be. 5

For thocht I be ane crownit king,
Yit fall I not efchew deming;
Sum callis me guid, fum fayis I lie,

¹MS. has *At.*

Sum cravis of God to end my ring;
So fall I not vndemit be. 10

Be I ane lord, and not lord lyk,
Than every pelour and purspyk
Sayis, Land war bettir warit on me;
Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,
Yit can he not lat deming be. 15

Be I ane lady fresche and fair,
With gentill men makand repair,
Than will thay fay, baith scho and hie,
That I am jaipit lait and air;
Thus fall I not vndemit be. 20

Be [I] ane courtman or ane knycht,
Honestly cled that cumis me richt,
Ane prydfull man than call thay me;
Bot God fend thame a widdy wicht,
That can not lat sic demyng be. 25

Be I bot littill of stature,
Thay call me catyve createure;
And be I grit of quantetie,
Thay call me monstrowis of nature;
Thus can I not vndemit be. 30

And be I ornat in my speiche,
Than Towfay sayis, I am fa screiche,
I speik not lyk thair houfs menyie.
Suppois hir mouth misteris a leiche,
Yit can I not vndemit be. 35

Bot wift thir folkis that vthir demifs,
How that thair fawis to vthir femifs,
Thair vicious wordis and vanitie, Fol. 64. a.

Thair tratling tungis that all furth temifs,
Sum wald lat thair demyng be. 40

Gude James the Ferd, our nobill king,
Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,
In sentens faid full subtillie,
"Do weill, and fett not by demying,
For no man fall vndemit be." 45

And fo I fall, with Goddis grace,
Keip his command in to that cace;
Befeiking ay the Trinitie,
In hevin that I may haif ane place,
For thair fall no man demit be. 50

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXV.

[*Sons hes bene ay exilit owt of Sicht.*]

SONS hes bene ay exilit owt of ficht,
Sen every knaif wes cled in filkin weid;
Weilfair and welth ar went without gud nicht,
And in thair rowmis remanis derth and neid;
Pryd is amangis ws enterit but God speid, 5
And lerd our Lordis to go lefs and mair
With filkin gownis, and fellaris tome and bair.

Now ane small barronis riche abelyement,
In silk, in furreingis, chenyais and vthir geir,
Micht furneis fourty in to jak and splent, 10
Weill bodin at his bak with bow and speir.

SONS HES BENE AY EXILIT OWT OF SICHT.

It war full meit, gif it happinis be weir,
 That all this pryd of silk war quyt laid down,
 And chengit in jak, knapska and abirgoun.

Wald all the lordis lay vp thair riche arrayis, 15
 And gar vnfulyeit keip thame clene and fair,
 And weir thame bot on hie trivmphand dayis,
 And quhen strangeris dois in this realme repair, Fol. 64. b
 Thay neidit not for to by filkis mair
 Thir twenty yeir, for thame and thair successioun, 20
 Gif sinfull pryd nocht blindit thair discretioun.

Thair men also mon be but smyt or smoit,
 Fra his caproufy be with ribbanis left,
 With welwet bordour abowt his threidbair coit,
 On womanwayis weill toyit abowt his west; 25
 His hat on syd fet vp for ony heft;
 For hichtines the culroun dois misken
 His awin maister, als weill as vthir men.

Quha fynnis in pryd dois first to God grevance,
 Quhilk owt of hevin to hell gaif it ane fall; 30
 Syne of him self he westis his substance
 Sa lerge, that it ourpassis his rentall;
 His peur tennentis he dois opprefs with all;
 His coiftly gown, with taill fo wyd owtspred,
 His naikit fermouris garris hungry go to bed. 35

Finis.

LXVI.

[*Fredome, Honour and Nobilnes.*]

FREDOME, honour and nobilnes,
 Meid, manheid, mirth and gentilnes
 Ar now in cowrt reput as vyce;
 And all for caufs of cuvetice.

All weilfair, welth and wantones 5
 Ar chengit in to wretchitnes,
 And play is fett at littill price;
 And all for caufs of covetyce.

Halking, hunting and swift horfs rynning
 Ar chengit all in wrangus wynnyng; 10
 Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce;
 And all for caufs of covetyce.

Honorable houfhaldis ar all laid down;
 Ane laird hes with him bot a loun,
 That leidis him eftir his devyce; 15
 And all for caufs of covetyce.

In burghis, to landwart and to fie, Fol. 65. a.
 Quhair was plefour and grit plentie,
 Vennefoun, wyld fowill, wyne and spyce,
 Ar now decayid thruch covetyce. 20

Husbandis that grangis had full grete,
 Cattell and corne to fell and ete,
 Hes now no beift bot cattis and myce;
 And all thruch caus of covettyce.

Honest yemen in every toun 25
 War wont to weir baith reid and broun,
 Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce;
 And all thruch caus of covetyce.

And lairdis in filk harlis to the eill,
 For quhilk thair tennentis sald fomer meill, 30
 And leivis on rutis vndir the ryce;
 And all thruch caus of covetyce.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,
 And leivis in pece and cheretie,
 Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce; 35
 And all thruch caus of covetyce.

And quha can reive vthir menis rowmis,
 And vpoun peur men gadderis fowmis,
 Is now ane active man and wyice;
 And all thruch caus of covetyce. 40

Man, pleifs thy Makar and be mirry,
 And sett not by this warld a chirry;
 Wirk for the place of paradyce,
 For thairin ringis na covettyce.

Finis.

LXVII.

[*My Mynd quhen I compas and cast.*]

MY mynd quhen I compas and cast,
 Me think this warld chengis fast;
 Quhen God thinkis tyme he may it mend:



Lawty will leif ws at the laft;
Ar few for falsett may now fend. 5

Thift and tressfoun now is chereift;
Law and lawtie is disherreift, Fol. 65. b.
And quyt owt of this regioun fend;
Thift and tressfoun now is cherreift;
Ar few for falsett now may fend. 10

War all this realme in two devyddit,
Lat lawty fyne and falset gyddit;
Quhome on will monieft depend,
Quha wyseft is can not diffydit;
Ar few for falset now may fend. 15

No man is countit worth a peir,
Bot he that hes gud horfs and geir,
And gold in to his purfs to spend.
The peur for this is spulyeit neir;
Ar few for falset now may fend. 20

Haif ane peur woman ane cow or twa,
Glaibly scho wald gif ane of tha
To haif the tother at the yeiris end;
Scho may thank God and scho chaip fa;
Ar few for falset now may fend. 25

Peur husband men leivis on thair plwch,
Thay think that thay ar riche annewch;
Away with it the theivis dois wend,
And leivis thame bair as ony bewch:¹
Ar few for falsett now may fend. 30

The rankest theif of this regioun
Dar pertly compeir in² Sessioun,

¹ Dupl. Text—*thame als bair as the bewch.*

² Ib.—*peir unto the.*

And to the tolbutth sone ascend,
 Syne with¹ the lordis to raik² and roun:
 Ar few for falsset now may fend. 35

[The bifchopis, abbotis of clergy,
 Off the purefolkis ye haif no pety;
 Ye haif moir mynd of ane commend;
 The riches of this realme haif ye:
 Ar few for falsset now may fend.]³ 40

The regentis that this realme fowld gyd,
 For schame ye may your facis hyd;
 To quhat effect fowld ye pretend
 So slewthfully to latt ouriflyd
 Sic falsset now as ws offend.⁴ 45

Finis.

LXVIII.

[*How fowld I rewill me, or quhat wyifs.*]

HOW fowld I rewill me, or quhat wyifs,
 I wald fum wyifman wald dewyifs; Fol. 66. a.
 I can not leif in no degre,
 Bot fum will my maneris dispyifs.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 5

Gif I be galland, lusty and blyth,
 Than will thay fay on me full fwyth,

¹Dupl. Text—*to.* ²Ib.—*rouk.* ³This verse is from the Dupl. Text.
⁴Dupl. Text—*Ar few for falsset may now fend.*

That owt of mynd yone man is hie,
Or fum hes done him confort kyth.
Lord God, how fall I governe me? 10

Gife I be forrowfull and fad,
Than will thay fay that I am mad;
I do bot drowp as I wald die,
Thus will thay fay, baith man and lad.
Lord God, how fall I governe me? 15

Gife I be lusty in array,
Than lue I parramouris thay fay,
Or in my hairt is proud and hie,
Or ellis I haif it sum wrang way.
Lord God, how fall I governe me? 20

Gif I be nocht weill als befene,
Than twa and twa fayis thame betwene,
That evill he gydis yone man trewlie,
Lo! be his claithis it may be fene.
Lord God, how fall I governe me? 25

Gif I be fene in court our lang,
Than will thay mvrmour thame amang,
My freyndis ar not worth a fle,
That I fa lang but reward gang.
Lord God, how fall I governe me? 30

In court rewaird than purchefs I,
Than haif thay malyce and invy,
And secreitly thay on me lie,
And dois me hinder prevely.
Lord God, how fall I governe me? 35

I wald my gyding war diwyfit;
Gif I spend littill I am despyfit;

FOURE MENER OF MEN AR EVILL TO KEN.

Gif I be nobill, gentill and fre,
 A prodigall man I am fo pryfit.
 Lord God, how fall I governe me? 40

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,
 And I may no mans tung hald still;
 To do the best my mynd falbe,
 Latt every man say quhat he will.
 The gracious God mot governe me. 45

Finis quod Dumbar.

 LXIX.

[Foure Mener of Men ar evill to ken.]

FOURE mener of men ar evill to ken.
 Ane is that riches hes and eifs,
 Gold, siluer, corne, cattell and ky,
 And wald haif pairt fra vthiris by.

Ane vthir is of land and rent 5
 So grit a lord and fo potent,
 That he may not it rewill nor gy,
 And yit wald haif fra vthiris by.

The thrid dois eik¹ fo dourly drink,
 And aill and wyne within him sink, 10
 Quhill in his wame no rowm be dry,
 And yit wald haif fra vthiris² by.

The last that hes, of nobill blude,
 Ane lusty lady fair and gude,

¹ Dupl. Text omits *eik*. ² Dupl. Text—*ane vthir*.

SUMTYME THIS WARLD SO STEIDFAST WAS.

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Boith vertewis, wyifs and womanly, 15
Bot yit wald haif ane vthir by.

In erd no wicht I can perfaif
Of gude so grit abundance haif,
Nor in this warld so welthfull wy,
Bot yit he wald haif vthir by. 20

Bot yit of all this gold and gud,
Or vthir conyie, to conclude,
Quha evir it haif, it is not I;
It gois fra me to vthiris by.

Finis.

LXX.

[*Sumtyme this Warld so steidfast was.*]

SUMTYME this warld so steidfast was and stabill, Fol. 67. a.
That manis word was obligatioun;
And now it is fa fals and diffavable,
That word and deid discordis in conclusioun.
Ar no thing lyk bot turnit vp and doun; 5
Is all this warld for greid and wilfulnes,
That all is loift for laik of steidfastnes.

Trewith is put doun, reffoun is haldin fabill,
Vertew hes nane at hir devotioun,
Petie exylit, and na man meretabill, 10
Throw cuvettyce blind is discretioun.
The warld hes maid ane permvtatioun
Fra richt to wrang, fra reffone to wilfulnes,
That all is loift for lak of steidfastnes.

Quhat makis this warld to be so variable 15
 Bot lust, quhilk folk hes but discretioun?
 Among ws now ane man is haldin vnhable,
 Bot gif he can, be sum collusioun,
 Doing his nyctbour wrang or oppreffioun.
 Quhat makis this bot wofull wretchitnes, 20
 That all is loift for lak of steidfastnes?

Fallheid that fowld bene abhominable,
 Now is regeing but reformatioun:
 Quha now gifis lergly ar maift disfavable,
 For vycis ar the grund of sustentatioun: 25
 All wit is turnit to cavillatioun,
 Lawtie expellit and all gentilnes,
 That all is loift for lak of steidfastnes.

O prince! desyre for to be honorable,
 Chereifs thy folk and hait extortioun; 30
 Suffer nothing that bene reprovale;
 Schaw furth thy swerd of castigatioun,
 That vertew may rigne within thy regioun;
 Dreid God, do law, luv trewith and richtoufnes,
 And bring thy folk agane to steidfastnes. 35

Finis.

LXXI.

[Fals Titlaris now growis vp full rank.]

FALS titlaris now growis vp full rank,
 Nocht ympit in the stok of cheretie,

Fol. 67. b.

Howping at thair lord to gett grit thank,
 Thay haif no dreid on thair nybouris to lie:
 Than fowld ane lord awyfe him weill I fe, 5
 Quhen ony taill is brocht to his prefence,
 Gif it be groundit in to veretie,
 Or he thairto gif haiftely creddence.

Ane worthy lord fowld wey ane taill wyflie,
 The tailltellar, and quhome of it is tald, 10
 Gif it be faid for luv or for invy,
 And gif the taillisman abyd at it he wald:
 Than estirwart the pairteis fowld be cald
 For thair excufe to mak lawfull defence;
 Than fowld ane lord the ballance evinly hald, 15
 And gif not at the first haiftie creddence.

It is no wirfcchep for ane nobill lord
 For the fals taillis to put ane trew man doun,
 And gevand creddence to the first recoird,
 He will not heir his excufatioun: 20
 The tittillaris fo in his heir can roun,
 The innocent may get no awdience;
 Ryme as it may, thair is na reffoun
 To gif till taillis heftely creddence.

Thir teltellaris oft tymes dois grit skaith, 25
 And raiffis mortall feid and discrepance,
 And makis lordis with thair ferwandis wreith,
 And baneist be, withowt cryme perchance.
 It is the grund of stryfe and all distance,
 Moir perrellus than ony pestillence, 30
 Ane lord in flattereris to haif plesance,
 Or to gif lyaris heftely creddence.

O thow wyfe lord! quhen cumis a flatterer
 The for to pleifs, and hurt the innocent, Fol. 68. a.

Will tell ane taill of thy familiar; 35
 Thow fowld the pairteis call incontinent,
 And sitt doun sadly in to jugement,
 And serche the caufs weill or thow gif sentence;
 Or ellis, heireftir, incais thow may repent,
 That thow to taillis gaif so grit credence. 40

O wicket tung! fawand dissentioun,
 Of fals taillis to tell that will not tyre,
 Moir perrellus than ony fell pufoun,
 The pane of hell thow fall haif to thi hyre.
 Richt swa thay fall, that hes joy or defyre 45
 To gife his eir to heird with patience;
 For of discord it kendillis mony fyre,
 Throwch geving talis heftely credence.

Bakbyttaris to heir it is no bowrd,
 For thay ar excommvnicat in all place; 50
 Thre perfonis severall he slayis with ane wowrd,
 Him self, the heirar, and the man faiklace:
 Within ane hude he hes ane dowbill face,
 Ane bludy tung vndir a fair pretence.
 I say no moir, bot God grant lordis grace 55
 To gife to taillis nocht heftely credence.

Finis quod Mr. Robert Henderfone.

LXXII.

[*To dwell in Court, my Freind.*]

TO dwell in court, my freind, gife that thow list,
 For gift of fortoun, invy thow no degre;

Behold and heir, and lat thy tung tak rest,
 In mekle speice is pairt of vanitie;
 And for no malyce preifs the nevir to lie; 5
 Als trubill nevir thy self, fone, be no tyd,
 Vthiris to reiwll, that will not rewlit be:
 He rewlis weill that weill him self can gyd.

Bewar quhome to thy counfale thow discure, Fol. 68. b.
 For trewth dwellis nocht ay for that trewth appeiris: 10
 Put not thyne honour into aventure;
 Ane freind may be thy fo as fortoun steiris:
 In cumpany cheifs honorable feiris,
 And fra vyle folkis draw the far on fyd;
 The Pſalme sayis, Cum ſancto ſanctus eiris: 15
 He rewlis weill that weill him self can gyd.

Haif pacience thocht thow no lordschip poſſeid,
 For hie vertew may ſtand in law eſtair;
 Be thow content, of mair thow hes no neid;
 And be thow nocht, deſyre fall mak debairt 20
 Evirmoir, till Deth ſay to the than chakmair:
 Thocht all war thyne this warld within ſo wyd,
 Quha can reſiſt the ſerpent of diſpyt:
 He rewlis weill that weill him ſelf can gyd.

Fle frome the fallowſchip of ſic as ar defamair, 25
 And fra all fals tungis fulfild with flattiry,
 Als fra all ſchrewis, or ellis thow art eſchamair;
 Sic art thow callit as is thy cumpany:
 Fle perrellus taillis foundit of invy;
 With wilfull men, ſon, argown thow no tyd, 30
 Quhome no reſſone may feifs nor pacify:
 He rewlis weill that weill him ſelf can gyd.

And be thow not ane roundar in the nwke,
 For, gif thow be, men will hald the ſuſpect:

Be nocht in countenance ane skornar, nor by luke; 35
 Bot dowl siclyk fall ftryk the in the neck:
 Be war also to counfall or coreck
 Him that extold hes far him self in pryd:
 Quhair parrell is but proffeit or effect,
 He rewlis weill that weill him self can gyd. 40

And sen thow feyis mony thingis variand, Fol. 69. a.
 With all thy hart treit bissines and cure;
 Hald God thy freind, evir stabill be him stand,
 He will the confort in all misaventureur;
 And be no wayis dispytfull to the peure, 45
 Nor to no man to wrang at ony tyd:
 Quho so dois this, sicker I yow asseure,
 He rewlis weill that fa weill him can gyd.

Finis quod Dumbar.

LXXIII.

[*In to this Warld we se sic Variance.*]

IN to this warld we se sic variance,
 So suddanly dame Fortoun turnis hir quheill,
 In it no man may haif perfyte plesance,
 Bot now in wo, in perrellis now, wounder weill:
 Thairfoir, quhen Fortoun your freind ye feill, 5
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperetie,
 For dreid that ye fall in adwerfitie.

Bettir ye know na thing nor ye mon de,
 Bot quhen or quhair it is richt incertane;

Thairfoir, quhen ye ar in felicitie, 10
 Help miferfull, haif petie on thair pane,
 With your pissance, your strenth and all your mane:
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperitie,
 For feir ye fall fone in adwerfitie.

Sweirnes and pryd fe alwyis that ye fle; 15
 On covettyce fett ye nowayis your ceure;
 Luk avarice fra yow far baneift be.
 Quhat avalis plenty and grit tresseure
 Till him that will in poverty indeure?
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperitie, 20
 Foir feir ye fall fone in adwerfitie.

Ire and invy I counsale yow reffuse,
 For with thame thair remanis no vertew; Fol. 69. b.
 And gluttony, alwy for till abvfe,
 With lichery preifs nane to perfew; 25
 The brainchis of all thir see ye eschew:
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperitie,
 For dreid ye fall fone in adwerfitie.

Be actyve, wyse, trew, constant, glaid and fre;
 Tak no suppryifs that may your honour pair; 30
 Keip yow fra thift, see that ye nevir lee;
 Oure haistelly fe ye speik not ammag repair;
 For to diffend your manheid see ye not spair:
 Beir welth wyfly in grit prosperitie,
 For dreid ye fall fone in adwerfitie. 35

The deiddis of mercy preifs ay to fulfill,
 And daylie your trespas for till amend;
 Ay be content, quhat evir God fendis yow till;
 And ye do this, trest weill God will you fend¹
 Riches ennwche, and hevin als to your end: 40

¹ MS. has *fend*.

Beir welth wyflie in grit prosperitie,
For dreid ye fall fone in aduerfitie.

Finis.

LXXIV.

[*Man of maist Fragilitie.*]

MAN of maist fragilitie,
Full of wo and miferie,
Sen, but dowl, thow mon die,
For Deth the address.
Suche exampill thow ma sie 5
Off every stait and degre;
This warld diffaitfull and fle
Hes no sickernes.

To erdly stait or thow haif ee,
To serve thy Makar luke thow fee, 10
And, or thow wend to vanitie,
In thy mynd him inpres.
Gife thow will leif in cheretie, Fol. 70. a.
Ay frawart cumpany flee;
With fulis and thow fellow the, 15
Thy fame fall decrefs.

Be not pert in prevetie
To vyce or iniquitie;
For he that thy Juge falbe
Seis thy deidis exprefs. 20

Fra wrangus guid absent the;
 Be not lefull to lie,
 For, at the last, verretie
 Is knawin moir and lefs.

In heill or infirmitie, 25
 Gife thow in deidly fyn be,
 And wat not how sone thow fall die,
 Mend the in this caifs.

Quhen thow hes niceffitie,
 Call of Chryft mercie 30
 For to deliuer the
 Off every distrefs.

Be patient in povertie,
 And, in thy maift prosperitie,
 Haif ay God befoir thyne ee, 35
 And no man opprefs.

And thow haif awtoritie,
 To nane do thow crewaltie;
 The grit God that sittis hie
 Will it anis redrefs. 40

Remember¹ in thy memorie
 That the deth thow mon de,
 And waits not quhen verrelie,
 Or how it fall increfs,
 Nor quhair, but sedder, for to fle 45
 In ane strange far cuntre,
 But fude, cleth, or conyie,
 Kin, or riches.

Finis.

¹MS. has *remember*.

LXXV.

[*In Bittirnes of Sawill call vnto Mynd.*]

IN bittirnes of sawill call vnto mynd Fol. 70. b.
 Thy yeiris all, and how thow hes thame spend;
 Thow knawis to Chryist thow hes bene richt vnkynnd,
 And wilfully thow hes his grace offend.
 With all thy hart enforce the to amend; 5
 Mistrust him not, bot with howp to him call,
 For his mercy exceidis his workis all.

Thy sinfull lyf with lang continwance,
 He knawis it weill, thow neidis it not report;
 Mistrust him nocht, put in him effiance; 10
 Vnto his passioun latt evir thy mynd refort:
 His awin pomeifs falbe our cheif confort:
 He biddis ws ask, and haif of him we fall,
 For his mercy exceiddis his workis all.

Quhen Adame, be suggestioun of his wyfe, 15
 Dissaut be the diuillis subtilitie,
 Had eit the apill of the tre of lyfe,
 And ws secludit frome the prosperitie
 Of paradyce, our fre felicitie;
 Yit Godis awin Sone come to restoir the fall, 20
 Quhairthrow mercy exceiddis his workis all.

Dauid did mans flawchter and adultre,
 Nowmerit the pepill; Salamone his sone,
 Als for ane wenchis faik, did ydolatrie;
 Pawle perfewid Chryist, and Magdalene was wantone: 25
 Thay askit grace, and thay gat it annone,
 And ar wit God in favour speciall,
 Sa thus his mercy exceidis his workis all.

Gif that thy fynnis war ane thowfand tymis moir,
 As gerfs on grund, or sternis in the fky, 30
 So grit, so horribill, and long continwit befoir, Fol. 71. a.
 That nowthir toung nor pen cowld specific;
 Haif ay gud howp, ask and haif thow mercy,
 For all gettis mercy that for mercy fall call,
 Sen his mercy exceiddis his wörkis all. 35

Finis.

LXXVI.

[*Moving in Mynd of mony diuerss Thing.*]

MOVING in mynd of mony diuerss thing,
 Occurrit to my dull remembrance
 The alteratioun and ferlefull changeing
 Off manis estait, quhilk sum folk callis chance, 5
 Quhilk is not ellis bot Godis awin ordinance,
 Meting all tyme to our lyfe lefs and mair:
 Quhairfoir mak this our daly govirnance,
 To fle all vyce and follow vertew fair.

Sevin vertewis ar aganis vycis fevin:
 Aganis he pryd profound humilitie; 10
 Pryd did deieft fair Lucifar fra hevin,
 Meiknes exaltit our bliffit Ladie hie;
 Aganis flefchely luft is cheftetie;
 Aganis avarice is to be liberall,
 Quhilk caufis ws with God and man to be 15
 Louvit, the tother had in difpyt with all.

Aganis invy is fervent cheretie;
 Aganis gluttony is to keip abstinence;

Aganis sweirnes ay biffy for to be;
 Aganis yre to keip patience: 20
 Thus fall we do to grit God none offence,
 Nor to our nychtbour, keband thir vertewis sevin;
 Syne fall reffair in our end recompence,
 Eternal lyfe, the endles joy of hevin.

Finis.

LXXVII.

Certane Preceptis of gud Counsale.

Fol. 71. b.

TAK heid and harkin to my taill,
 Ye gentill men, so is my counsale.
 Ffirst, in the mornyng, get vp with gud intent;
 To do your God seruice be ye diligent;
 To go to preiching ye do your biffy ceure, 5
 Syne to your sport ye pafs with aventure;
 Bot yit it semis ye weill provydit be,
 Eftir the force of your facultie.
 Haif in your mynd the vaill of your expenss;
 Trest not in all, to leill men gif creddens; 10
 Proceid in tyme, for tyme fchort terme concludis;
 In fynall rent conforme yow to your guidis.
 Exclud surfatt and spend with discretioun,
 And lue your servand of gud conditioun;
 Lak not your kin, suppois thair wit be rude, 15
 Bot help your freind in to his quarrell guid,
 And to your freind in every neid be kynd;
 Bot fchaw not all the secreit of your mynd.
 In lue and aw ye chirreifs weill your wyfe;

Quhen scho is trew, luve ye hir as your lyfe: 20
 Teiche weill your sone, and gif him your counsale;
 Bot hald your dochtir ay in stret bensale.
 Pay the ferwand his fee for his labour,
 And mak ane leill man your executeur.
 Haif gud confort in grit aduerfitie; 25
 Keip patience, and byd till bettir be,
 For God remeid may in a litill space;
 Thairfoir exampill tak of Schir Ewftace.
 Ye lufy lady that lykis to be leill,
 Keip weill your band, and luke with quhome ye deill; 30
 Extoll yow not in to your febill wit,
 Nor be nocht tyftit with ane licht promit;
 Nor be not ydill, bot athir wirk or pra,
 And haif in mynd ane leill Theofica.
 Evir to serve your lord in luve and dreid, 35
 Aboif all thing keip weill your womanheid;
 Grit honour it is to be weill nemmit,
 Ye ar forfarne and anis ye be defamit,
 And to your lord your luveis till allow,
 Quhome to allone at buird and bed ye bow. 40

Fol. 72. a.

Finis.

Follow Preceptis of Medecyne.

LXXVIII.

[*Quha wald thair Bodyis hald in Heill.*]

QUHA wald thair bodyis hald in heill,
 Sowld with thir thingis thre thame deill:

2 A

Aboif all thing first to be blyith,
 And lat no dolour in yow kyith;
 Vse mefurable rest with sobir eiting; 5
 Vse biffines but fair sweiting;
 Be nevir crabbit for nokin thing,
 For that will flesche and blwid boith myng;
 For yre is harme to manis heill,
 Baith fawill and lyfe it fettis in perreill. 10
 All excefs is fa to manis fale,
 Woundis heill and schortis dayis withall;
 Als eftir meit to stand thow leir,
 And dowit drink alwey forbeir;
 Hald not thy scaling ouir¹ appetyte, 15
 Nor preifs not to degeft ouir tyte.
 Syne to forbeir thow tak gud keip
 On eftirmonis for to fleip,
 For heidwark, feveris, or frawartnes,
 Of nownis fleip cumis grit sweirnes. 20
 Be war, for ony thing ma be,
 Vpoun thy bak for to lay the;
 It gadderis feiknes in hairt and heid,
 And haiftis the till ane suddane deid.
 Fowr thingis ar generit of the wind 25 Fol. 72. b.
 In man body haldin withind:
 The cramp, hydropica and the colica,
 The magrame it is ane of tha.
 Quha wald tak rest vpoun the nicht,
 The supper fowld be schort and licht; 30
 The stommok hes anc full grit pane,
 Quhen at the supper mekle is tane.
 Quhairfoir, gif thow wald hald thy heill,
 With sobirnes luk that thow deill;
 Nor cit not till thow wit, but weir, 35
 That thy stommok be claingit cleir;

¹This word is not distinct in the MS.

Vnto the tyme that all befoir
Be weill degeft, thow tak no moir:
For furfett puttis fer ma to deid
Nor fwerd or knyf without remeid. 40
In yowtheid vfe the to temprance,
And fo begin the with vfance;
For confwetude hes full grit ftrenth,
And haldis the lyf full on lenth;
And chaingeing of meittis but discretioun 45
Raifis feiknes in to all feffoun;
And fuddane changis mifteris grit ceur,
As vfe is haldin ane vthir nateur.
Thair it mon be courfably
And drawin with lift richt fobirly, 50
Syne biffines, with manis hele,
Is beft with mefeur for to dele,
For that haldis all kyndly hete
And femdill mifteris till haif beit.
Diuerfs meitis togidder brocht 55
To ws att anis accordis nocht;
For ane man hes bot ane nature,
And findry meitis ar not feure:
Bulyeit meit fofteris weill,
And fryit meit every deill; 60
Rofit meit dryis the blude;
Salt meit warft of ony fude;
Fat meit is flewmous and flowand;
Soure meitis ar not nvriffand.
It nvreiffis beft that guftis beft, 65
And naturall fleip makis gud degeft. Fol. 73. a.
Raw fruct thay ar verry noyus,
Bot hervift fruct is moft dengerus;
In ver and fomer ye littill eit,
And wintir wald haif lurger meit. 70

In ver and fomer best is to lat blud;
 On thy rycht arme dois most gud;
 At morrowing vse to came thy heid,
 Bot at evin I the forbeid;
 And oppin thy crop at morrowing, 75
 Cast out flowme, mak vomating;
 Thy puncis wirking schawis, but weir,
 In quhat kin stait thow art heir.
 Preifs oure all thing that thow may
 Fra all excels to keip the ay; 80
 Sua may thow weill thyn awin lech be,
 And neurir gar vthir be socht to the;
 Quhair thyn awin gouernance may hald thyn hele,
 Preifs neurir with medicinaris for to dele.

Finis.

LXXIX.

[*For Helth of Body couer weill thy Heid.*]

FOR helth of body couer weill thy heid;
 Eit nocht raw meit, thow tak gud tent thairto;
 Drink helfum wyne, feid the with licht breid;
 With appetyt ryfe fra thi meit also;
 With aigit wemen fleschlie haif nocht ado; 5
 Vpoun thy sleip thow drink nocht of thy cowp;
 Ga glaid to thy bed and morrow both two,
 And vse thow neurir our lait for to sounp.

 And so befall that lechis done the fail,
 Thow tak gud tent till vse thir thingis thre; 10

Moderall dyet and temperat travaill;
 Be nocht malitius for non aduerfite;
 Meik in truble, glaid in pouerte;
 Riche with littill, content with fufficance;
 Be ay neir lyk to thyne awin degre; 15
 Gif phevick laikis, mak this thy gouernance.

To euery taill gife thow nocht fone credence;
 Be nocht to haifte nor yit vengeble;
 To poure folk fe that thow do no violence;
 Courtafs of langage, in feding meforable; 20
 Off findre meitis nocht gredy at the table;
 Gentill of langage in prudent dalayance;
 To fay the beft fett all way thy plesance.

Haif into hait mouthis that bene double;
 Thoill at thy table no detractioun; 25 Fol. 73. b.
 Efchew as thow may for to be in truble;
 Haif fals rownaris at elatioun;
 Suffer in to thy houfs no diuifioun,
 Quhilk in thy houfs may caufs gret decres
 Off all weilfair, prosperite and fufioun, 30
 With thy nyctbour to leif in reft and peax.

Be clenely cled according for thyn eftait;
 Pafs nocht thy boundis, keip thy promeifs belyfe;
 With thre folkis be neuir in debait;
 Firft, with thy bettir bewar that thow nocht ftryfe; 35
 Aganis thy phallow no querrell to contryfe;
 With thy fubieft to ftryve it wer grit fchame:
 Quhairfor I counfale the, in all thy lyfe,
 To leif in peax, and win the ane gud name.

Haif fyre at morrow, and cowrd bed at eve, 40
 Aganis miftis blak and air of peftilence;

Be tyme at prayeris thow fall the bettir scheve;
 At thy first ryſing do thy God reuerence;
 Wefy the puré with inteir deligence;
 Off all miſterfull haif grit compaſſioun, 45
 And God fall fend the grace and influence
 The till increſ and thy poſſeſſioun.

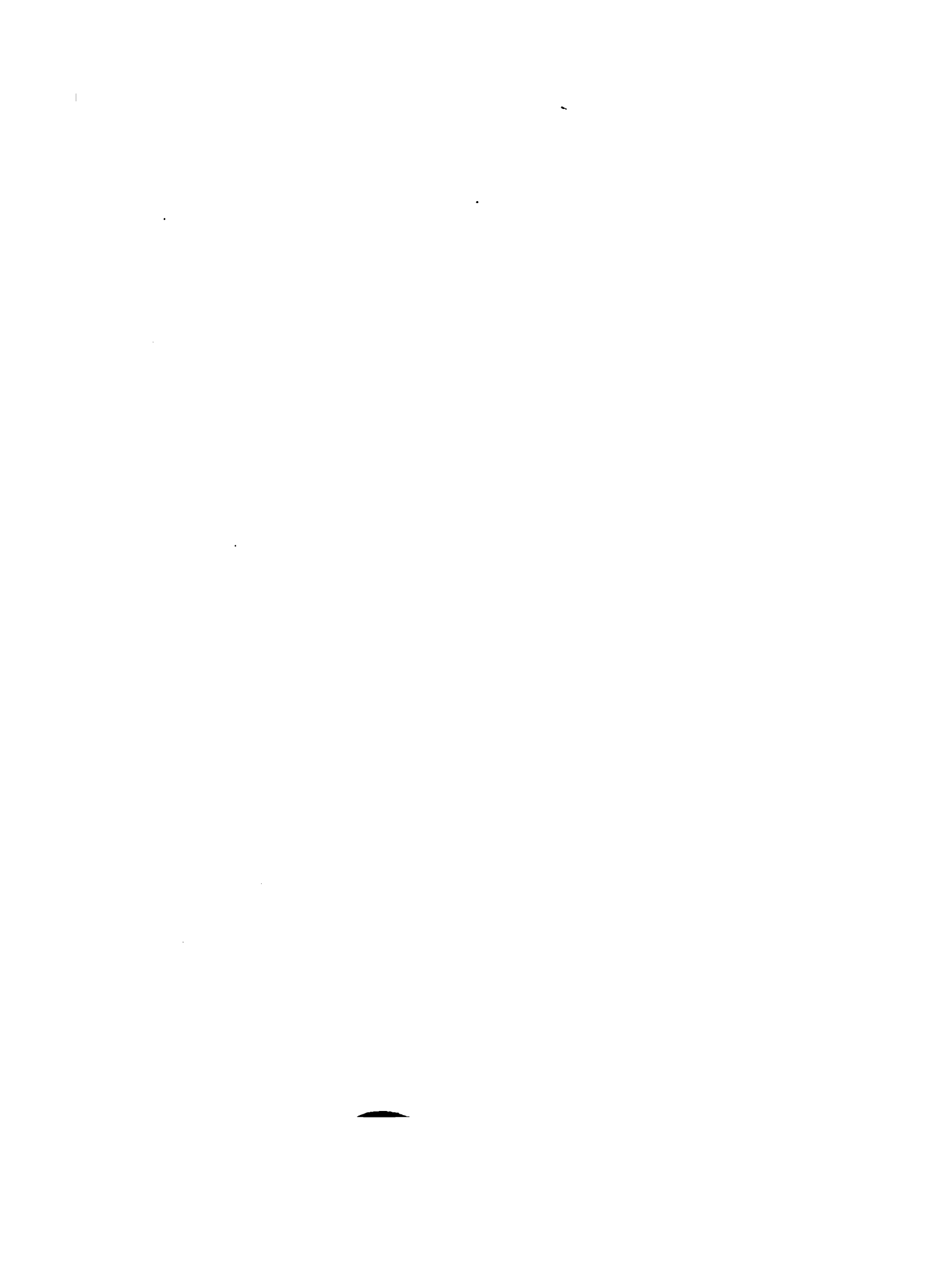
Eftir meit mak nocht lang ane fleip;
 Heid, fute, ſtomok preferue ay fra cald;
 Be nocht penſywe, off thocht thow tak nocht keip; 50
 Eftir thy rent mantene thy houſhald;
 Suffer in wrang, and in thy rycht be bald;
 Sueir no aithis no man for to begyle;
 In youth be luſty, and ſad quhen thow art auld,
 For warldly joy leftis bot ane quhyle. 55

Dyne nocht at morrow befor thyn appetyte,
 Cleir air and walking makis gud degeſtioun;
 Betuix meitis drink nocht for fervent delyte,
 Bot thrift or travell gif the occaſioun;
 Our falt meit dois grit oppreſſioun 60
 To feble ſtomokis that can nocht refrane;
 For thingis contrair to thyne complexioun
 Off gredy throttis the ſtomokis hes grit pane.

Suffir no ſurfattis in thy houſs be nycht;
 Be war of rere ſupparis and gret exceſs, 65
 Off nodding heidis and of candill licht,
 To fleip at morrow in flummering ydilneſs,
 Quhilk of all vicis is the cheif portareſs;
 Woyd all drinking with lymmaris and lechouris,
 And this I fay in terminablis, I gefs, 70 Fol. 74. a.
 Off dyce playeris and commoun hafardouris.

Thus, in two thingis, ſtandis all the welth
 Of ſaule and body, quho that it liſt to infew;









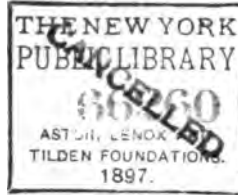
THE
BANNATYNE
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE

1568

PART II

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In warld is nocht be natur wrocht that ay mon left,
Bot, as the mone, all chengis fone this God hes dreft.
Sen nobilnes nor grit riches may nocht tak reft,
Small thing with eifs, ay God to pleifs, methink it best. 40

Finis.

Remembir, man! on endles hellis vexatioun;
Fle fra temptatioun thow brukle flescche as glafs;
Thow art bot afs for all thy dominatioun.
Leif fornicatioun and mend thy vyle trespafs;
Think thow mon pafs to thy lang habitatioun; 45
Wirk for saluatioun, sen borne thairto thow wafs.

Finis.

Remembir, man! that thow hes no thing heir,
Bot for a tyme, quhilk suddanly ourflydis;
Dreid God, be blyth, with mefur mak gud cheir;
Full mony chance in to this warld betydis: 50
This warld is fals and euir wilbe so;
Trest nocht thairin, thow mon departe thairfro.

Finis.

Thy begynnyng is bair and bittirnes;
With wrechitnes wofull away thow wendis;
The deid certane, the hour vnfickirnes, 55
The tyme sa schort, approcheing euir the endis:
Quho hieft clymmis most suddanly discendis;
Quhat is heirof bot cast on Chryft thy cure,
And stand content of euery aventur.

Finis.

THIS WARLDIS JOY IS ONLY BOT FANTESY.

This warldis joy is only bot fantesy, 60
 Off quhilk non erdly wicht can be content;
 Quho most hes witt le:ft fuld in it effy;
 Quho moift it taiftis n.oft fall him repent.
 Quhat vailis all this riches and this rent,
 Sen no man watt quho fall his trefour haue: 65
 Prefome nocht gevin, that God hes done bot lent,
 Within schort tyme the quhilk he thinkis to craue.

Finis.

Diffait diffauis and falbe diffait;
 Quha with diffait is diffauable,
 Thocht his diffait be nocht all out perfait, 70
 To the diffatour diffait is ay returnable.
 Frawd quyt with frawd is guerdoun conveniable;
 And quha with frawd is frawdfully ay fund,
 To the defraudour defraud fall ay redound.

Finis.

Quho wald do weill, he mon begin at weill 75 Fol. 75. a.
 For to do weill, and nocht at wantour will;
 Withouttin weill thow may nocht cum to weill,
 For, wit thow weill, all warldly weill gois will:
 Dreid God, do weill; thow may weill and thow will;
 Seik weill at weill, and vyifs the voundir weill; 80
 Conclud with weill, and thow fall fair full weill.

Finis.

Quho will be gud he may be gud, and gud is gud to hald;
 Quha hes nocht gud he can no gud, ane gud man thus me tald.

It is nocht gud, for ony gud, off gud to be our bald;
 Bot richtous gud, quhair grund is gud, that gud will neur fald. 85
 Throw gud cumis mekle gud, vngud and gud fall fair,
 Bot richteous gud, quhair grund is gud, leftis for cuir mair.

Finis.

Befoir the tyme is wifdome to prowyd,
 And luk in tyme be nocht to feik nor borrow;
 Quha takis nocht tyme, bot lattis ay ouriflyd 90
 Tyme, fall cum to turn his joy in forrow;
 Tyme tint this day cumis nocht agane the morrow.
 Spend weill thy tyme quhill thow arte levand heir;
 All tyme is tint fra thow be brocht on bier.

Tyme is rycht schorte and leftis bot a space, 95
 Most lyk the tyme that spreidis into May;
 Wirk weill in tyme to get the tyme of grace,
 To mak thy tyme fructfull vnto thy pay.
 Tyne thow thy tyme, thow fall haif tene and tray;
 Tyme fall the tyne, and kast the in to cair, 100
 With tyme endles, in forrow lait and air.

Finis.

Remembir riches, remembir pourte,
 Remember deid, remembir prosperite;
 Remember sin, and eik the panis inferne,
 Remembir patience in maift aduersite. 105
 Remembir thy Makar deuotly on thy kne,
 Remembir his Sone, our gratius sterne;
 Remembir thingis dois maift our faull conferne;
 Remembir this warldis fals fragilite,
 Remembir the joy that leftis ay eterne. 110

Finis.



LEIF LUVE, MY LUVE, NO LANGAR IT LYK.

Leif luvē, my luvē, no langar it lyk;
 Alter our amouris in to obseruance:
 Eschew the fuerd of vengence or it stryk;
 Our lust and plesance turne we in pennance.
 Off mysdeid mend, of kissing mak conscience; 115
 Repent ws clene and Sathanas ouerfett;
 Pvnys weill the flesch for the awin offence;
 Haif e to God and brek the diuillis nett.

Finis.

Voluptoufs lyfe quhy thinkis thow so fueit, Fol. 75. b.
 Knawing the deid that no man may ewaid, 120
 Syne perseueris in fleschly lust and heit?
 No sawis may the fro thy synnys persuaid;
 Contempning God, of nocht that the hes maid,
 Treisting in to this brukle lyfe and vane;
 Repent in tyme, devoyd the of this laid, 125
 And knaw in hell thair is eternall pane.

Finis.

Quhat is this lyfe? ane draucht way to the deid,
 Quhilk hes tyme to pas and nane to dwell;
 Ane slyding quheill ws lent to win remeid;
 Ane fre choifs gevin to parradice or hell; 130
 Ane pray to deid quhome vane is to repell;
 Ane schornt torment for infinit glaidnes,
 Als schornt ane joy for leftand hevines.

Finis.

Rycht as pouerte cauffis sobirnes,
 And sebilnes answēris countenance, 135

Ewin fo prosperite and riches
The muder is of vyce and negligence;
And power also cauffis infolence,
And honour oft fyis chengeis hewis:
Thair is no moir perrellus pestilence 140
Nor he estait gevin vnto schrewis.

Finis.

Now quhen ane wreche is fett to he estait,
Or ane begger brocht to dignite,
Thair is non fo prowde, pompoufs and elait,
Non fo vengeble and full of crewelte, 145
Woyd of difcretioun, mercy and pete;
For churliche blud feindill dois recure
To be gentill be way of nature.

Finis.

Bettir it is to suffer fortoun and abyd,
Than haistely to clym and suddanly to flyd. 150
Ay the hier that thow art,
The lawer beir thy hart;
In welth, or yit prosperite,
Think ay on deid, I confall the;
And of the pure thow haif pete, 155
And leif in lue and cherite.
He that in welth will tak no heid,
He fall haif falt in tyme of neid;
A fouerane bewty our all the laif
A weill brydillit tung to haif. 160

Finis.

Dreid nocht that is nocht; compell nocht that wald nocht;
 For, and thow vther do,
 Sum thing wilbe of nocht: bettir nocht wer nocht,
 Nor to mak the toun a do.

Finis.

Knychtis full of hardines, clerkis full of science, 165
 Relegius men full of patience, suld be of gud zeill.
 Ane knycht to fay, I dar nocht do it; ane clerk to fay, I can nocht do it;
 Ane kirman to fay, I will nocht do it, foundis nocht half so weill.

Finis.

Call nocht the man fals and vnkynd, Fol. 76. a
 Nor hald him nocht for thy vnfrynd, 170
 That will nocht gife the all thy will,
 Bot gife it resfoun be and skill:
 Bot hald him ane of thy felloun fayis,
 That flatteris and fueris all that thow fayis;
 He dois that bot for his awin zeill, 175
 To gar the trow he luvis the weill;
 Ane grittar fa thair can non be,
 Nor he that flatteris ay with the;
 He is thy freind that sayis the skill,
 And is thy fay that feruis thy will. 180

Finis.

He that thy freind hes bene rycht lang,
 Suppoifs fum tyme he do the wrang,
 Condampt him nocht, bot alwayis mene,
 For kyndnes that befoir hes bene.

Finis.



Be kynd to thame that luvand is to the; 185
Be bone and boufum quhair that thow may gett bute;
Sett nocht thy hairt bot quhair thy self ma be;
Bend nocht thy bow bot quhair that thow may schute;
Deill nocht with dice, with drinking, nor with diet;
Preifs nocht to pryd, for that will perifsch all; 190
Be knawin clene ay quhen the Lord will call.

Finis.

Me think thair fuld no taill be trowit,
Except the tellar wald awowit;
For ane tratlar I vndirftand,
Fra he of ane man gett a band, 195
That he fall nocht discouerit be,
Than hes he lyking for to le;
Deme best thairfoir in euery dowl,
Quhill that the trewth be tryit out.

Finis.

Bruther! be wyfe in to your gouernance, 200
Gif ye till honour will haif the reddy way;
Faill nocht to honour be wilfull ignorance,
Bot luffe with dreid, and serue him nycht and day
Be perfyte fayth, houp and cherite,
Or ye fall murn quhen no mendis mak may ye; 205
He is bot deid but fayth, I dar weill fay;
Quha failis fayth withouttin end fall de.

Finis.

Justice wald haif ane godly pefedent,
Ane auditor of the complaintis of the pure,

GRIT FULE IS HE THAT PUTTIS IN DENGER.

Quhilk daylie fuld minifter jugement 210
 To pure folk cryand at the dure,
 Spendand moir than thair geir is of valour,
 And put abak quhill grit caufs be decydit,
 Syne levand all, for pouerty may nocht bydit.

Finis.

Grit fule is he that puttis in denger 215 Fol. 76. b.
 His lyfe, his honour, for ane thing of nocht;
 Grit fule is he that will nocht glaidlie heir
 Counfale in tyme, quhill it availis ocht;
 Grit fule is he that no thing hes in thocht,
 Bot tyme present, nor eftir quhat may fall, 220
 Nor of the deid hes no memoriall.

Finis.

Sen that reuolt rynnys vpoun rege,
 Latt rege be rewlit with gud rewill and rycht;
 Latt rycht and reffone rancour fa affuage;
 Affuege with science all diffait and flycht; 225
 Lat flycht ourflip; fleme falsfett to the flicht;
 Latt fle first faltis; place nobilnes betuene,
 That nobilnes may, with honour he on hicht,
 Honour the rofs and royell thriffill kene.

Finis.

Quha wilbe riche haif e to honour ay, 230
 For riches followis honour evir mair:
 To honour wifdome is the nerrest way,
 And wifdome to vertew is the verry air,
 And vertew cumis of science and of lair;

And science cumis only of God and grace; 235
Conquest throw gud lyfe, travell and businece.

Finis.

LXXXI.

[*O wrechit Man! full of Iniquite.*]

O WRECHIT man! full of iniquite,
Of prowdenche voyd, and to vycis naturall,
To rycht, nor reffoun, thow hes bot littill e;
Nor eftir thy lyfe, quhen wend thow fall,
Bot thow be war, futhly thow will fall, 5
As Lucifer, be errogance of pryd,
Quha owt of hevin to hell law cowth glyd.

Be war with pryd, be war with lichery,
Be war with ire, be war with cuvatyce,
Be war with fueirnes, be war als with invy; 10
Be war with thir, O man! gife thow be wyfe:
Be war alswa that thow no gluttony vfe;
Keip the fra synis that may thy faule offend;
Prent in thy hairt quhiddir thow fall wend.

O man! behald that na tyme thow fall left, 15
Thy dayis ar schort, thy lyfe rycht fone is gone;
Thairfoir, as now, me think it to the best
To haif in mynd thy ending euir in one,
Quhen thow fall wend, and quhair that thow fall won, Fol. 77. a.
And quhat thow art, and quhair of thow art maid; 20
Sua onto hevin thow hald the hieft tred.

O WRECHIT MAN! FULL OF INIQUITE.

Thy pelf, thy prow, thy gold, thy riche array,
 Thy gud, thy geir, thy claithis, nor thy fee
 Spreidis nocht of the in Appryll, nor in May;
 Bot of¹ thi God, hieft in all degre, 25
 Quhill thow art heir puttis thame in thy powfte,
 Spend thow thame weill, thow fall haif hevin to meid,
 Bot do thow nocht, thow fall haif pane but dreid.

Gud is bot lent ane quhyle quhill thow art heir,
 It gois away as calf dois with the wind; 30
 This day ane lord, the morne ane pure begeir,
 Haittit and hairtles, and bair as leife on lind.
 Job wes most riche, in haly writ we find,
 Yit, or he deit, of riches he had fmall,
 Bot neurtheles he thankit God of all. 35

O wrechit man! think on now how Deid
 Strenyeis mankynd, and garris him law down bow;
 In warld is none bot he mon thoill his feid;
 Aganis his dynt thow may nocht stand ane pow;
 Quhen euir he lift, futhle he will ye schow 40
 Vnto the grund, thow watt nocht quhen, nor quhair;
 To mak debait thow fall haif no power.

Thocht thow this day be prosperus, haill and feir,
 Perchance the morne Deid fall the feche away;
 Sen thow mon turne in erd on this maneir, 45
 No mervell thocht thow grit murnyng may,
 Quhen thow mon lig in gravell, erd and clay;
 All joy in erd thow fall nocht compt ane peifs,
 Quhen that the ruiftre lyis vpoun thy neifs.

O wrechit man! of deid quhen thow hes mynd, 50
 That thow art blyth grit mervell haif I me,
 And thow wait nocht quhat way away to wend,

¹ ? *if*.

Quhen, nor quhair, nor pafs to quhat cuntre;
Sen that thow knawis fro deid thow may nocht fle,
Thow Chryft befeik, that maid both fone and mone, 55
That thow may cum and fit in hevnis trone.

Thow joyis no thing of this warldis vane gloir,
Quhilk leftis nocht; it is bot fenyeit thing;
Quha trestis in it fall rew rycht wondir foir
Ane vthir day, and fair his handis wring; 60
It is bruklar than glafs, or yit mesling;
It weschis away, as snaw dois with the rane;
The for to help it cumis neur agane.

Trow thow moir in lettres drawin with the yfe,
That thay fall left and eur moir be new, 65 Fol. 77. b.
Than this fals world, full of diffaitis nyce,
Felyeand away, quhilk neur wes fundin trew;
Fra thow be deid in erd, all myrthis adew;
Thocht thow wer wyifs as eur wes Salomon,
Thair is no moir of the fra thow be gone. 70

Thocht thow be wicht, as was Sampfone the force,
Battell to failye, ather in pece or weir;
Or fair as Absolon, in vifage, or in cors,
Quhilk in this world had nowther maik nor peir;
Or wyis as Aristotill in findrye sciences fere; 75
Or Alexander, ane nobill clerk of on;
Thair is no moir of the fra thow be gone.

Nowthir king, nor quene, it spairis nocht in deid,
Bifchop, nor empriour, nor man that lyfe hes tane:
The joy of erd beiris nowthir fruct, nor feid; 80
It weschis away, all schaddow it allane;
It cumis and gangis, and makis fuilis fane,
Quilk trestis weill that it fall leif for eur,
Bot, or thay wit, deid garris thame diffeuir.

Fra thow be gane, quhat arte thow thane latt fe, 85
 Bot wirmes meit to lig with thame amang;
 Fra thow be doun and gane of this cuntre,
 Quhat fall awaill vane messis, and evin fang,
 To help thy faule out of thir panis strang?
 Be godly, and just thairfoir, quhill thow art heir; 90
 Gif to the pure to win thair daylie prayeir.

For thow rycht nocht fall haif away with the
 Gold, nor siluer, nor thing that heir is wrocht,
 Bot ane thin scheitt that day that thow falt de;
 For thow no thing in to this warld hes brocht; 95
 Thow cumis pure, with the away hes nocht,
 Bot as thow heir dois nowther lefs nor mair,
 And almoufs deid to keip thy faule fro cair.

Do thow gud deid, thow findis it the befoir
 In almous, prayer, fasting, or ocht ellis; 100
 Do thow nocht heir, thow gettis rycht nocht thair;
 Gif it be trew Chryft in the ewangell tellis,
 Thy merreitis all thow mon win in thir fellis,
 Both lefs and mair, afe this warld or yow gone;
 Fro thow be deid, gudis deidis may thow do none. 105

Sen it is fwa, ilk day quhill thow art heir,
 God thow befeik, that deit on the tre,
 The to forgife of all thy synnys feir;
 Off his grit grace to haif mercy on the,
 With humill hairt thow bow to him on kne, 110 Fol. 78. a.
 Procuring of him to be thy scheid and speir,
 Thy faule to keip that Sathan nocht it deir.

Finis.

LXXXII.

[*Me mervellis of this grit Confusioun.*]

ME mervellis of this grit confusioun;
 MI wald sum cunnand clerk of clergy wald declar'd
 Quhat garris this warld be turnit vpsyd doun.
 Thair is nocht faithfulness fundin in to this erd;
 Now is nocht thre may trestly trow in the ferd; 5
 Welth is away, wit is now wrochtin to wrinkis;
 No seill is sover now, this is a wofull werd;
 The want of wyfemen garris fulis fit on binkis.

As bukis beiris witnes, quhen levit king Saturnus,
 For gudly gouernance the warld was galdin cald; 10
 Non ellis we wat, forfuth, quhithir it turnis,
 The quhilk Octauiane the man riche culd hald;
 Our all wes peax als weill fett as menis hairtis wald,
 Thair ringnit gud rewl, and reafone held thair rinkis;
 Non lykis nobilite, prudens now is thrald, 15
 And want of wyfemen garris fulis fit on binkis.

Aristotill for all his grit moralite,
 Auguptyne or Ambros for all thair devyne scripture,
 Quha can placebo and nocht to haif derige,
 With pectik for to pyk, and peill full bair the pure, 20
 He fall cum in fone, quhen that thay stand at the dure,
 For wardly wonyng sic walkis quhen wyfar winkis;
 Wit takis na wirschip, fa is now the aventure,
 That want of wyfemen garris fulis fit on binkis.

Lord! quhiddir ar exylit all noble curagis, 25
 Lawty, lue, with kyndnes and liberalitie,
 No thing is fundin now stable in no stagis;
 Na degeft counsale availis with moralite;

ME MERVELLIS OF THIS GRIT CONFUSIOUN.

Peax is away, flemit is all proplexite;
 Prudens and wifdome ar baneift our all brinkis; 30
 The warldis war may weill feyme weill callit to be,
 Sen want of wyfe men makis fulis fit on binkis.

Weir but defenfs, rycht lyis all defolat;
 Rycht and reffone vndir no rufe hafs ony rest;
 Yowth is but reddour, and ege is obftinat; 35
 Mycht, but mercy, the pure folkis ar all ourpreft:
 Lernit men fuld teche the peple of the beft;
 Thocht lair be littill, yit ferles in thame sinkis;
 It may nocht be this warld fall euir thus left,
 That want of wyfemen makis fulis fit on binkis. 40

Quhair is the balme of justice, evin equite?
 No mirreit is prefont, nor pvneift is trespafs;
 All leidis now levis lawles at liberte;
 Non rewlis by reffone no moir nor ane afs;
 Gud fayth is flemit, worthin frewollar than glafs; 45
 Trew luv is loft, and lawty haldis no linkis;
 Our gouernante nocht keipis gud rewl nor compafs,
 For want of wyfmen makis fulis fit on binkis.

Now wrang hes warranc, and law is bot wilfulnefs; Fol. 78. b.
 Quha hes the war is worthin on him all the wyte, 50
 For trewth is treffoun, and faith is fals fekilnefs;
 Gyll is now gyd, and vane luft is alfo delyte;
 Kirk is contempnit, thay compt nocht curfing a myte;
 Grit God is grevit, that me rycht foir forthinkis;
 The caufs of this ony man may fone wit, 55
 That want of wyfmen garris fulis fit on binkis.

Luve hes tane leif, and wirfchip hes no vdir wane;
 With paffing pouerty pryd is importable;
 Vyce is bot vertew, wit is with will foir ourgane.
 As lairdis, fo laddis, daly chengeable, 60

But ryme or reffone all is bot heble hable;
Sic sturtfull stering in to Godis neifs it ftinkis;
Bot he haif rew all is vnremedable,
For want of wyfemen makis fulis fit on binkis.

O Lord of lordis! grit gyd and als gouirnour, 65
Makar and movar bayth of mair and also lefs,
Quhais power, wifdome, gudnes and he honour
Is infinit now, falbe, and evir wefs,
As thy evangell planely dois exprefs;
All thir said faltis reforme, as thow best thinkis, 70
As it is deformit for pure pety to redrefs,
That without fulis may wyfemen fit on binkis.

Finis.

LXXXIII.

[*We Lordis hes chofin a Chiftane mervellus.*]

WE lordis hes chofin a chiftane mervellus,
That left hes ws in grit perplexite,
And him absentis, with wylis cautelus,
Yeiris and dayis mo than two or thre,
And nocht intendis the land nor peple fe, 5
Faltis to correct, nor vicis for to chace.
Our lord gouernour, this sedull fend we the:
In lak of iustice this realme is schent allace!

Is nane of ws ane vddir fettis by,
Bot laubouris-ay for vthiris diftructioun; 10
Quhilk is grit pleffour to our auld innamy,
And daly cauffis grit diffentioun



Amang ws now and als diuifoun,
 Quhilk to heir is ane drery cace
 To the, our lord and gyd vnder the croun: 15
 In lak of iustice this realme is schent allace!

Thy prudent wit we think thow hes abusit,
 Abfentand the for ony warldly geir;
 We yarne thy prefens, bot oft thow hes refusit
 Till cum ws till, or yit till merk ws neir, 20
 Quhilk is the caufs of thift, slawchter and weir.
 Approch in tyme our freindschip to purchace;
 Thy leiges leill thy byding byis full deir:
 In lak of iustice this realme is schent allace!

Couatyce ringis into the spirituall state, 25
 Yarnand banifce the quhilk ar now vacand;
 That, but thy prefens, will caufs rycht grit debait, Fol. 79. a.
 And contrauerfy to ryfs in to this land;
 And thy bidding we trest thay fall ganestand,
 Without thow cum and present thame thy face. 30
 Addrcfs the fone, fulfill thy will and band:
 In lak of iustice this realme is schent allace!

Grit wer and wandrecht hes bene ws amang,
 Sen thy depairting, and yit approchis mair;
 Thy tardatioun cauffis ws to think lang, 35
 For of thi cuming we haif rycht grit dispair.
 Off gyd and gouirnance we ar all solitair,
 Dependand ay vpoun thy stait and grace;
 Speid the thairfoir, in dreid we all forfair:
 In lak of iustice this realme is schent allace! 40

Finis.

LXXXIV.

[*Thingis in kynd desyris Thingis lyke.*]

THINGIS in kynd desyris thingis lyke,
 Bot discontrair haitis every thing;
 Saif only mankynd can nevir weill lyke,
 Bot gif he haif a licentious leving;
 Fleischly desyre and gestly nvriffing 5
 In till a perfone all femyne to be wrocht,
 Watter and fyre togidder in kendling,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

A man at anis for to ferue lordis tuane,
 The quhilk be baith contrair in opinioun, 10
 To pleifs thame bath and purches nocht difdane,
 Talk with the ane and with the vthir roun,
 Be trew to both without tuich of treffoun,
 Tell him of him the thing that neur wes wrocht;
 To bring all this to gud conclufioun, 15
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

To haif a gall clippit a gentill dow,
 To be my freind and gevis me fals counsale,
 To brek my heid and fyne put on myn how,
 To be religioufs and formeft in to battell, 20
 To ly in bed and sege ane strang castell,
 To be ane merchand quhair na gud may be bocht,
 To haif a trew wyfe with a wantoun taill,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

To be of na cunnyng and knaw the herbis, 25
 To karp langage that nane may vndirstand,
 A fule to haif every wyfe proverbis,
 A fair borne bairne of hir that is barrand,



Vnpossible thingis to tak vpoun hand,
 To big a castell or the grund be wrocht, 30
 To gife a dome be law that may nocht stand, Fol. 79. b.
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

A wrech to weir a noble skarlet gown,
 A bag lyne furring purfillit weill with fable,
 A gud hussy wyfe trubland ay the toun, 35
 A chyld to thryse quhilk is vncheftable,
 To be content and lichtly chengeable,
 To haif in drynk thing that neur docht,
 A Rome raker without lefing or fable,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht. 40

A mighty king in to a pure regioun,
 Ane haifty wit and he thingis to devyfe,
 Mекle almoufsdeid and fals detractioun,
 Knychtlie manheid and schamefull cowardyfe,
 Ane hevinly hell, ane panefull paradyfe, 45
 Ane haly doctour with ane lecheroufs thocht,
 To wirk on heid, syne eftir tak avyfe,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

A gilty toung cullorit with eloquens,
 A fals intent within and disfavable, 50
 A blyth wifage with freindly apperens,
 A crewall hairt, invyoufs and vengeable,
 A gentill horfs within a nakit stable,
 A mirry fang with sorrow socht;
 To jone thir all and mak thame agreable, 55
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

Frely to spend and full of cuvatyfe,
 To feik burgeonis out of ane auld dry stok,
 Ane gay temple without devyne feruyfe,
 A birdlies cage, ane key without a lok, 60

A tome fchip ay rydand on a rok,
 A mychty bifchop in ane realme of nocht,
 A wantoun hird and a weill rewlit flok,
 It may weill ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

Finis.

LXXXV.

[*All rychtous Thing the quhilk dois now proceed.*]

ALL rychtous thing the quhilk dois now proceed
 Is crownit lyk vnto an emperefs;
 Law hes defyit guerdoun, and his meid
 Settis hir trewth on hicht as goddefs;
 Gud faith hes flyttin with fraud and dowbilnefs, 5
 And prudence feis all thingis that cumis beforne;
 Following the trace of perfyte ftabilnefs,
 Als evin be lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

Princis of custome mantenis rycht in deid,
 And prelettis levis in clyne perfytnefs; 10
 Knychtis luvis, God wat, bot littill falshheid, Fol. 80. a.
 And preiftis hes reffufit all riches;
 All religioun levis in holinefs,
 Thay bene in vertew and full fair vpborne;
 Invy in court can no man fe increfs, 15
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a ramis horne.

Marchandis of louker takis bot littill hede,
 Thair vfury is fetterit with diftrefs;¹
 And for to fpeik alfo of womanhede,
 Baneift frome thame is all new fangilnes, 20

¹ This word may also be read *discrefs*, as Lord Hailes has it.

ALL RYCHTOUSS THING.

Thay haif left pryde and takin meiknes,
 Quhois pacience is bot newly wate and fchorne;
 Thair tongis hes no tuiching of fcherpnes;
 Als leill by lyne ryght as a rammis horne.

Pure men compleis now, bot for no neid; 25
 The riche gevis ay feik almoufs, as I gefs,
 With plenty ay the hungry thay do feid,
 Clethis the nakit in thair wrechitnes,
 And cherite is now a cheif maiftres;
 Sklander fra hir toung hes pullit out the thorne; 30
 Discretioun dois all hir lawis exprefs,
 Als leill by lyne ryght as a rammis horne.

Out of this land, or ellis God forbede,
 Baneift is fraud, falsheid and fekilnefs;
 Flattery is fled, and that for verry drede; 35
 Both riche and pure hes takin thame to fadnefs;
 Lauboraris wirkis with all thair beffinefs;
 Day nor nycht, nor hour, can be forborne,
 Bot swynk and fueit to voyd all ydilnefs,
 Als leill by lyne ryght as a rammis horne. 40

Princis rememberis, and proudly takis hede
 How vertew is of vyce a he goddefs;
 Our faith nocht haltis, we leif evin as our crede
 In wurd and dede as wark beiris witnefs;
 All ipocritis hes left thair frawardnefs; 45
 Thus weidit is the poppill fra the corne,
 And every ftait is gouernit, as I gefs,
 Als leill by lyne ryght as a rammis horne.

Finis.

LXXXVI.

[Oft tymes is bettir hald nor len.]

OFT tymes is bettir hald nor len,
 And this is my skill and reffone quhy:
 Full evill to knaw ar mony men,
 And to be cravit fettis littill by;
 Thay hald the for his innemy 5
 To craif the thing that thow hes lent;
 Thairfoir, I rid the verrely,
 Quhome to thow lennis tak rycht gud tent.

To mony men it dois grit hurt,
 And oft of freindis it makis fais, 10 Fol. 80. b.
 And baith the pairteis haldis in sturt,
 Quhen that the ane the vthir crauis.
 So wrechitnes a man disfauis,
 With him self he thinkis a pane
 Off thing that he possessioun havis, 15
 For to restore or gif agane.

Thairfoir is bettir hald nor draw;
 Gar nocht thy awin geir stryve with the,
 The perfone bot thow rycht weill knaw,
 That he rycht trest and sicker be; 20
 For thow may oft tymes heir and fe
 That mony menis awin thing lennis,
 Quhairthrow he wynnys grit mawgre
 Off thankles men that it miskennis.

Thairfoir, me think, is bettir than 25
 To hald in thy possessioun,
 Nor crave it fra ane vthir man,
 That is of evill conditioun,

Quha keipis na promiffioun;
 Quhat dois thow than bot flyttis and fechtis, 30
 Or thow may gett reffitutioun
 Off him that keipis nocht his hechtis.

It war moir treft in to thi purfs,
 Na puttit in to rakles handis,
 To gar the wary ban and curfs, 35
 Seikand thy dettouris in findry landis.
 Be war and keip the fra fic bandis,
 My counfale is, gud freind and bruder;
 This fals warld now fa it standis,
 That rycht few ar treftis in a nvdder. 40

Gife ony man hes the at feid,
 For thy awin gud I confale the,
 Ay with full hand fe that thow pleid;
 Sua, gife it may no bettir be,
 Thy geir to want and win maugre, 45
 To the it is bot dowble skath;
 Man! for the mair securite,
 Off ane be ficker and tyne nocht bath.

Finis.

LXXXVII.

[*This Warld is all bot fenyait fair.*]

THIS warld is all bot fenyait fair,
 And als vnstable as the wind;
 Gud faith is flemit, I wat nocht quhair,
 Treft fallowfchip is evill to find;



Gud conscience is all maid blind,
And cheritic is nane to gett;
Leill loif and lawte lyis behind,
And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

5

Quhill I had ony thing to spend,
And stuffit weill with warldis wrak,
Amang my freindis I wes weill kend:
Quhen I wes prowde and had a pak,
Thay wald me be the oxstar tak,
And at the he burd I wes fet;
Bot now thay latt me stand abak,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

10 Fol. 8r. a.

15

Now I find bot freindis few,
Sen I wes pryfit to be pure;
Thay hald me now bot for a schrew,
To me thay tak bot littill cure;
All that I do is bot iniure:
Thocht I am bair I am nocht bett;
Thay latt me stand bot on the flure,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

20

Suppoifs I mene I am nocht mendit,
Sen I held pairt with pouerte;
Away fen that my pak wes spendit,
Adew all liberalite.

25

The prowerb now is trew I fe,
Quha may nocht gife will littill gett;
Thairfoir, to fay the varite,
Now auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

30

Thay wald me hals with hude and hatt,
Quhill I wes riche and had anewch;
About me freindis anew I gatt,
Rycht blythlie on me thay lewch:

35

THIS WARLD IS ALL BOT FENYEIT FAIR.

Bot now thay mak it wondir tewch,
 And lattis me stand befoir the yett;
 Thairfoir this warld is verry frewch,
 And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett. 40

Als lang as my cop stud evin,
 I yeid bot feindill myn allane;
 I sqyrit was with sex or seven,
 Ay quhill I gaif thame twa for ane:
 Bot suddanly ffra that wes gane, 45
 Thay passit by with handis plett;
 With purtye fra I wes ourtane,
 Than auld kyndnes wes quyt foryett.

In to this warld fuld na man trow,
 Thow may weill fe the resfoun quhy; 50
 For evir, bot gif thy hand be fow,
 Thow arte bot littill fettin by;
 Thow art nocht tane in cumpany,
 Bot thair be fum fisch in thy nett;
 Thairfoir foir this fals warld I defy, 55
 Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

Sen that na kyndnes kepit is
 In to this warld that is present,
 Gife thow wald cum to hevynnis blifs,
 Thy self appleifs with sobir rent; 60 Fol. 81. b.
 Leife godly, and gife with gud intent
 To every man his proper dett;
 Quhat evir God send hald the content,
 Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryet.

Finis.

LXXXVIII.

[*I saw ane Rob riche of Hew.*]

I SAW ane rob riche of hew,
With pretius stanis peirles picht,
With rubeis reid and faphiris blew
And dyamantis rycht derly dicht.
The grund was birnist goldin brycht, 5
With selidone fett on every fyd;
Thairin wes writtin this reffone richt,
“Bad man! for the bettir abyd.”

For the bettir, man, thow abyd,
And for the bettir thy spech thow spend; 10
To day gife thow wantis in tyd,
To morne Chryft may the weill amend:
Quhat evir it be Chryft to the send,
Welth or weilfair, pouirty or pryd,
Grunch nocht, and neur thy God offend, 15
Bot ay, man, for the bettir abyd.

I hard a man sing till ane harp,
Ane hefty man wantit nevir wo;
He that can nocht suffir schouris scharp,
Nor yit knaw his freind by his fo; 20
The wyfemen fayis, fene it is so,
He that can suffir in hairt and hyd
Sall haif his asking but moir uo,
That for the bettir can abyd.

A man that can nocht dout no schame, 25
He is nocht wirty to cum in a gud place;
Lat nevir thy tung dishonour thy name;
Be trew and steidfast in every cace;

I SAW ANE ROB RICHE OF HEW.

Befeik thow Jesu of his grace,
 In all this warld that is so wyd, 30
 That all wicket heftines fra the pafs,
 That thow may for the bettir abyd.

Gif ane evill turne be to the hecht,
 Keip it in mynd and hald the still;
 Ane fulis bolt is sone on flicht; 35
 He that speikis mekle fum pairte mon spill:
 Keip weill thy tung and say non ill,
 And in gud cumpany luk thow the gyd;
 Lat nevir our mony wit thy will,
 Bot ay, man, for the bettir abyd. 40

A man that will his awin counfale discure,
 How suld ane vthir man it keip?
 Cast the to trewth, in peax indure:
 Fra all evill fallowfchip I bid the creip.
 Thocht thow be fair se nocht tho weip; 45
 Tak solace in hairt, lat forrow flyd;
 Ane hefty man falbe drownit in deip,
 Quhen he that suffaris fall weill leif and abyd.

I wist a man in presone kait, Fol. 82. a.
 And ley thairin sex yeiris or fevin, 50
 Yit he wone furth at the last,
 Mony man meitis at vnset stevin:
 Freindis and fais, Chryft mak yow evin,
 And he that sufferit wondis wyd
 To bring ws to the blifs of he hevin, 55
 Quhair we mot for now and evir abyd.

Finis.

LXXXIX.

[O God! that in Tyme all Thingis did begin.]

O GOD! that in tyme all thingis did begin,
 In tyme thow maid hevin and erd of nocht;
 In tyme thow bocht man and redemit fra sin;
 In tyme fall thow vnmak that thow hes wrocht;
 In tyme ar faif all that thy blud hes bocht: 5
 In tyme, goud Lord, gife ws grace that we may
 In tyme repent for every deid and thocht,
 And tak tyme in tyme, for tyme will away.

Our tyme fall away, and that in fshort fpace:
 Tyme beiris witnes my faying is trew; 10
 Our foirfaderis had tyme heir in lyk cace,
 And tyme passit with thame as dois with ws now;
 No tyme tareid thame, for thair tyme away drew,
 Bot thay tareit tyme, as we do every day;
 And tyme fall pafs fra ws, God Almichty knawith how: 15
 Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

How to tak tyme, and how tyme aucht to be spent:
 Tyme is nocht to be comptit that wit dois exercyfs;
 In tyme fall God be his rychtouffnes gif his jugement,
 Thairfoir spend your tyme in vertew and lerne to be wyfs; 20
 Tyme tareis no man; tyme goith as a gyfs;
 Tyme steilith frome ws and will byd at no stey;
 Bewar with tyme, prolong nocht, I tald yow twyfs:
 Tak tyme in tyme, for tyme will away.

In tyme our grit grandschiris our faderis gatt: 25
 Ane tyme thay had and sone thair tyme wes past;
 Ane tyme had our foirfaderis, mark weill that!
 Ane tyme fall we haif and depairt at laft:

Thus tyme pertith from tyme and tyme makith haift;
 Tyme will nocht byd, we can nocht tyme delay; 30
 Tyme is incertane quhan deth will ws agaft:
 Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

In tyme ask God grace, in tyme tak compassione;
 In tyme of welth rembir the tyme of wrechit neid;
 In tyme gife lawd to God; in tyme mak God oblafione; 35
 In tyme fast and pray, in tyme gife almoufs deid;
 In tyme offir thy harte, for tyme dois still proceid;
 Gif tyme trest to tyme, tyme fall the betray;
 In tyme luk thow speik, that in tyme thow may speid; Fol. 82. b.
 And tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme fall away. 40

This tyme is ane tyme that nane can refist;
 Tyme is tranfeterious and also irrevocable;
 Say quhat ye will, tyme passith as him lift;
 Tyme most be tane in tyme conveniabile:
 All thing had tyme, my faying is nocht reprovabile, 45
 For, quhen the tyme cummith, the tyme we most obey;
 Byd tyme quho will, the tyme is verry vnstable:
 Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Tak the tyme of glaidnes, forfake the tyme of forrow;
 Latt thyne tyme pas in gudnes, do nocht frome it dissevir; 50
 Vse thy tyme the day, as thow fuld end the morrow,
 And tak tyme, gif thow may, as tyme fuld left evir:
 I mene, in tyme of vertew, thow fuld thy self endeveir,
 As the tyme of deth wald cum thy body till effray,
 So vse thy self in besines, as thow fuld de nevir; 55
 And tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Haif thow, in all warldly thingis, tyme in vsage,
 For ane thing done out of tyme is nocht to be commendit;
 Quhair tyme is nocht tane, thrifs personis dois vtrage;
 Wordis out of tyme makis mony men offendit: 60

Without tyme may no thing be comprehendit;
Quhair tyme is mysvit the peple dois decay;
Gife tyme be nocht tane, quhill tyme be extendit,
Tyme is vntrufty and dois skaill frome the away.

Tyme to be fad, tyme to plefour and sport, 65
Tyme of study, tyme of gud recreatioun,
Tyme to be hevvy, and tyme to vse confort,
Tyme of displefour, and tyme of consolatioun:
Thus tyme hes his tyme of diuerfs maner fassioun;
Tyme to eit and drink, and tyme of pastyme and play, 70
Tyme to be leberall, and tyme of delectatioun:
Tak tyme quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Tyme to travell, and tyme to tak your rest,
Tyme to speik, and tyme to hald your pefe;
Tyme wald be vfit, quhen that tyme is best; 75
Thair is ane¹ tyme to bring, and ane tyme for to cefe;
Tyme quhen it is meit put thy self in prefe;
Tyme to go or tary, for tyme we can nocht stay;
The man that spendis tyme weill, God fall him increfs:
Tak tyme quhen tyme is, for tyme is away. 80

The fructis takis thair schape also in the tyme of ver;
In tyme of fymmer the flouris be frefch and grene;
In the tyme of hervift, quhen thay thair corne dois schere;
In the tyme of wintir the north wind waxis kene,
Sa bittir bytting that tymeflouris be nocht fene; 85 ol. 83. a.
The callenderis of tyme do tary quhill froftis thame flay;
That tyme forsaikis na tyme, quhen dame Flora is quene:
Tak ten quhill tyme is, for tyme will away.

Tyme cauffis natur to increfs and multiply,
And tyme dois decres in the best tyme of all; 90
Tyme bringis ane man to grit joy and felicity,
And tyme turnis the warld suddanly as ane ball:

¹MS. has *na*.

Tyme from yowth to aige dois ws alfo call;
 Tyme dryvis our lyfe to deth; of fuch I fay
 Tyme confomis erth with erth full naturall: 95
 Tak tyme quhen tyme is, for tyme will away.

Now tyme drawis in, and tyme gois apace;
 Trest nocht to tyme, left tyme the affaill;
 Now is the tyme of mercy and of grace,
 The tyme of repentance, this tyme thow fall bewaill; 100
 This tyme thow fall obtene, that tyme thow fall nocht prevaill;
 This is the tyme of mefour, this is the tyme of joy,
 This tyme fall haif ane end, that tyme fall nevir fail;
 Bot losf lyfe fra tyme that tyme cum lifting all away.

Finis.

XC.

[*Say weill is trewly ane wirthy gud Thing.*]

SAY weill is trewly ane wirthy gud thing;
 Off fay weill grit vertew dois out spring;
 Say weill frome do weill defferis in lettir;
 Say weill is gud, bot do weill is bettir;
 Say weill is rutit be man fum deill, 5
 Bot do weill only to God dois appeill;
 Say weill fayis gudly and dois mony pleifs,
 Bot do weill dois godly and dois the warld eifs;
 Say weill mony vnto Godis word clevis,
 Bot for lak of do weill thay it quyckly levis; 10
 Bot gif fay weill and do weill wer jonit in ane frame
 All that wer vngottin¹ wer gottin with game;
 Say weill in denger of deth is cawld,

¹ MS. may be read *begottin*.

Do weill is harnasit and winderous bald;
Quhen fay weill for feir dois trymmill and quaik, 15
Do weill falbe jocound and merry maik;
Say weill is slippir and makis mony wylis,
Do weill is femely without ony gylis;
Quhan fay weill at fumtyme falbe brocht baifs,
Do weill dois trivmph in every plaifs; 20
Say weill to fylence fumtyme is bound,
Do weill is fre in every ground;
Say weill hes freindis bot heir and thair,
Bot do weill is welcum every quhair;
Say weill in hand mony thing dois tak, 25
Bot do weill ane end of thame dois mak;
Quhen fay weill with money quyt down is kast, Fol. 83. b.
Do weill is trefty and dois stand fast;
Say weill him self will fumtyme advance,
Bot do weill dois nowdir jake nor prance, 30
And doweill dois profeit your warld moir,
Than fayweill dois ane hundreth scoir;
Say weill in wordis is wonderus trick,
Bot doweill in deid is nymmill and quyck.
Lord! quyke and trik togiddir knet, 35
And so fall thay pyp ane merry confet.
Say weill mony wilbe thay be so kynd,
Bot do weill it¹ will weill vnto thair freind;
Mo fayweill than doweill fay yow in deid,
Bot doweill is moir honeft in tyme of neid; 40
Say weill and doweill ar thingis twane,
Thryfs happy is he quhome in thay do remane.

Finis.

¹ MS. may be read *is*.

XCI.

[*To gyd thy Tung imprent thir thre.*]

TO gyd thy tung
 Imprent thir thre in thy remmenbrance;
 For lyk as the mone chaingis befor the pryme,
 Sa farith this warld repleit with wariance:
 Off diffolut langage cum mycht grit distance; 5
 Quhairfoir, fais Catone to auld and to yung,
 The first of all vertewis is to keip weill your tung.

Yit in aventur, gife it fo requyre,
 That ye fall speik as ye most neidis perkece,
 Wyflie obserue sex thingis followand heir: 10
 Remembir quhat ye fay, and in quhat place,
 Of quhome, and to quhome, and in your mynd compace
 How ye fall speik, and quhen, taking in gud heid;
 For this the wyfeman counfalis yow in deid.

Finis.

XCII.

[*Sustene, abstene, keip weill in your Mynd.*]

SUSTENE, abstene, keip weill in your mynd,
 Beir and forbeir, haif evir in remembrance,
 For ye fall thairby grit quyetnes fynd.
 In all thy lyfe quhat foeuer dois chance,
 It is the only thing that may the advance, 5
 And mak yow to be estemit verrelly;
 Amang all vdir falbe the most happy.

Beir truble and pane, beir sklander and blame,
Beir wordis displefand be thai nevir so four,
Forbeir in ony ways to vthir do the fame; 10
Forbeir to revenge, thocht it be in your powir,
Lat neuir your angir remane with yow an hour;
Forbere your awin plesfour, beir your nychtbouris misery;
And ye of all vdir falbe the most happy.

Gife ye be ganefaid fforbeir for ane fessone; 15
Forbeir to resist quhen ye think to offend;
Beir vderis ignorance, forbeir your awin reffone,
Till occasioun be gevin thame yow to amend,
Than vttir your wisdome as God fall it fend; Fol. 84. a.
Obferue your tymes, and forbeir discretly; 20
And ye fall of all vthis be the most happy.

Beir Chryftis croce quhen it is laid on your bak,
That is to fay, all maner of aduerfate,
Quhill, quhen ye in your awin perfone dois laik,
Help vthir to beir that ourladin be; 25
Sa fall this world be warifid¹ accordinle;
And ye of all vthir fall be most happy.

Forbeir rasch jugement quhill the trewth be tryid,
Forbeir all haistines, speik wordis of cherite;
Forbeir extreme pvnishment thocht thow falbe spyid, 30
To much in all thingis comptit is iniquite;
Tempir your actis with fustene and abstene;
Beir and forbeir, and than fall ye trewlie
Off all leving creaturis be most happie.

etc.

¹ This word may be read *warifid*.

XCIII.

[*Quhome to fall I complene my Wo.*]

QUHOME to fall I complene my wo,
 And kyth my kairis on or mo?
 I knaw nocht, amang riche nor pure,
 Quha is my freynd, quha is my fo;
 For in this warld may non assure. 5

Lord how fall I my dayis dispone?
 For lang seruice rewarde is none,
 And schort my lyfe may heir indure,
 And lossit is my tyme bygone:
 Into this warld ma none assure. 10

Oft falsfett rydis with ane rowt,
 Quhen trewth gois on his fute abowt,
 And lak of spending dois him spur;
 Thus quhat to do I am in dowt:
 In to this warld ma none assure. 15

Nane heir bot riche men hes renoun,
 And bot pure men ar pluckit doun,
 And nane bot just men tholis iniure;
 Sa wit is blindit and resfoun:
 In to this warld ma none assure. 20

Vertew the court hes done dispyifs;
 Ane rebald to renoun dois ryifs,
 And cairlis of nobillis hes the cure,
 And bumbardis brukis the benifyifs:
 Into this warld may none assure. 25

All gentrice and nobiltie
 Ar passit out of he degre;

On fredome is laid foirfaltour;
In princis is thair no pety;
For in this warld may none assure. 30

Is non fo armit in to plait
That can fra truble him debait; Fol. 84. b.
May no man lang in welth indure,
For wo that evir lyis at the wait:
Into this warld may none assure. 35

Flattry weiris ane furrit gown,
And falsett with the lord dois roun,
And trewth standis barrit at the dure,
And exul is of the toun:
In to this warld may none assure. 40

Fra everilk mowth fair wirdis proceidis;
In every hairt disceptioun breidis;
Fra everylk e gois luke demure,
Bot fra the handis gois few gud deidis:
Into this warld may none assure. 45

Toungis now are maid of quhyte quhail bone,
And hairtis ar maid of hard flynt ston,
And ene of amiable blyth assure,
And handis of adamant laith to dispone:
Into this warld may none assure. 50

Yit hairt with hand and body, all
Mon anwer Deth, quhen he dois call
To compt befoir the iuge future:
Sen all ar deid, or than de fall,
Quha fuld in to this warld assure? 55

No thing bot Deth this schortly cravis,
Quhair fortoun evir, as fo, diffavis

With freyndly fmylingis of ane hure,
 Quhais fals behechtis as wind hyne wavis:
 Into this warld may none assure. 60

O! quha fall weild the wrang possessioun,
 Or the gold gatherit with oppressioun,
 Quhen the angell blawis his bugill sture,
 Quhilk vnrestorit helpis no confessioun?
 Into this warld may nane assure. 65

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis fevin,
 Quhen na houfs is bot hell and hevin,
 Palice of licht, or pitt obscure,
 Quhair youlis ar hard with horreble stevin:
 In to this warld may nane assure. 70

Vbi ardentis anime,
 Semper dicentes Ve! Ve!
 Sall cry Allace! that wemen thame bure,
 O quante sunt ifte tenebre!
 In to this warld may nane assure. 75

Than quho fall wirk for warldis wrak,
 Quhen flude and fyre fall our it frak,
 And frely fruster feild and fure,
 With tempest kene and hiddoufs crak?
 In to this warld may nane assure. 80

Lord! fen in tyme fa sone to cum
 De terra surrectourus sum, Fol. 85. a
 Reward me with non erdly cure,
 Tu regni da imperium:
 In to this warld may non assure. 85

Finis quod Dumbar.



XCIV.

*Certane wyifs Sentences drawin furth of the Buik
callit "Morall Philofafie."*

Off Vertew.

VERTEW in all workis is gritly to be prayfed,
As the heid fontane and jowall moift precious;
By vertew ffreindschip and lue is purchafed;
Vertew is a garment moift cumly and curious;
To obtene vertew thairfoir be ftudious; 5
For he that luvis vyce and dois vertew deteft
May weill be compared to a brutell beft.

Wisdome.

Wisdome is the moift hiche and devyne eftait,
The rute of all nobill and lawdable thingis,
The grit gift of God moft sweit and dilicait, 10
The tre of all plesour that in the hairt fpringis,
Quhois deir and denty fruct the tung furth bringis,
And thay that to wisdome thame felvis wald apply
Moift diligently hant wyifs cumpany.

Pacienc.

Patience is a vertew baith nobill and neccesarie, 15
Appertenyng to the inward and exterior govornance;
Patience is a vincquifar of approved iniurie,
A feure rolk of defence aganis all difturbance;
This vertew, thairfoir, to obtene, gife diligent attendance:
Be twa thingis thow falt lerne it to thi comfort in diftref, 20
Anevpricht conscience and constant eftemyng of gudnes.

Liberalitie.

Liberalitie is a certane mesure
 That springeth of favour, freindschip and amitie,
 In geving or refeving landis or trefure,
 Estir a manis substance or habilitie;
 Bot cheifly in conforting the peur nydy;
 For that is liberalitie in verry deid,
 To help the peur miserable in tyme of neid.

Fol. 85. b.

25

XCV.

*Certane Sayingis of wyifs Philosapheris.**Musonius.*

GIFE that in vertew thow tak ony pane,
 The pane departith bot the vertew remane;
 Bot, gif thow haif plesur to do that is ill,
 The plesour decayis, bot ill tareis still.

Plato.

It is the parte of him that is wyifs
 Thingis to foirfie with diligent awyifs;
 Bot, quhen as thingis vnluckely dois frame,
 It becumis the velyeunt to suffer the fame.

5

Plato.

To fenye, to flatter, to glofe and to lie
 Requyre cullouris and wordis fair and flie;

10

Bot vtterance of trewth is fo fympill and plane,
That it needis na study to forge nor to fane.

Solon.

To fryk ane vthir gife that thow pretend,
Think gif he fryk the thow wald the defend.

Socrates.

The freindis quhome proffeit or lucre encrefs, 15
Quhen subftance failis thair freindschip cefs;
Bot freindis that ar cuplid with hairt and with lue,
Nowthir feir nor fortoun nor force may rem[u]ve.

Socrates.

Almes deliuerit to the indigent
Is lyk a medecyne gevin to the impotent; 20
Bot to the vnnedy a man to mak his dele
Is lyk the miniftering of plaifters to the hele.

Plato.

That thing in a realme is wirty renoun,
Quhilk ryfis vp richt and wrong dingis doun.

Pitagoras.

Bettir it is for a man to be mvte, 25
Than with the ignorant mvche to difpute;
And bettir it is to leive folitary,
Than to enhant mekle cumpany.

Finis.



XCVI.

[*Be gracious Ground and Gate to Sapience.*]

<p>BE gracious ground and gate to sapience, As fayis Sanct Daud in his prophecye: Off God is dredour and intelligence, Ane verrye way to lyfe eternallic, Quhilk all of nocht hes maid ws marvelouffie To his ymage and hevinlye portratour, Geving ws reasoun, fre will and libertie To regne abone all carnall creatour.</p>	<p>Fol. 86. a.</p> <p>5</p>
<p>All thing in erd to mannis nurifing, Fyre, the watter, the tre, the bestiall, The fische in flude, the foull in air fleing, Is ordanit be the Lord celestiall; Syne finallie, his gloir perpetuall, Off quhilk the man fall haif fruitioun, Clerelye scand, be his eyne spirituall, His God by fructuall contemplatioun.</p>	<p>10</p> <p>15</p>
<p>Sen God maid man, and hes him gevin his grace, Hes ordanit all to his felicitie, Quhy fuld that man, blunderit in wardlynes, Misken his God throw vaine prosperitie? Blyndit be fortoun, fuliche felicitie, Men trowis thair lyfe falbe perpetuall; Throw wardlye gloir to God thay haif nane e, Bound in boundage of bailfull Baliaall.</p>	<p>20</p>
<p>Sen gracious God is ground of all guidnes, Thow michtie, hie, excellent prince preclare! And king of kingis, lord of all but les, And hes the figurate to his ymage fare,</p>	<p>25</p>

Peirles in pryce, in pulchritude preclare,
Crownit the king owir all this realme to ring, 30
The to obey hes ordanit les and mair;
Thow fuld him loue abone all vthir thing.

In God thre thingis scripture dois declare,
Hie power, fapience and hie bonyte,
Quhilk thing to everye king ar necessare; 35
Quho luiffis God, iuftice and equite:
Sword of honour power did signifie,
The fceptour fapience, crown hie on thi heid,
Abone all vthir takynnis, bonyte,
In thy realme quhair thow fuld iuftice leid. 40

The royall rob, fo riche of purpure blew,
Schawis the ane king of iuftice instrument,
Quhilk amang colouris is maift hevinlye hew,
In figne thow fuld be godlye in entent;
The lynning quhyte prefentis the innocent, 45
And fignefeis of confcience clarite;
He that thir wantis is infufficient,
And rycht vnworthie royall king to be.

The fchyre of ftait betakynnis in deid
The trune triumphall of the trinytie; 50
Thy riall lordis richelye cled in weid,
Off hevin ministeris dois heir signifie,
Quhilkis fuld do iuftice respondent to the;
And thow to God fall answer for thame all,
Be caus he is the king of hevin fo hie, 55 Fol. 86. b.
And in this realme thow king is terrenall.

Quhat is the caus sic truble, sic debait,
Sic rugrie reif ryngis in this regioun?
The lordis in youth to leir folye ar fett,
Swa wantis vertew and eruditioun; 60



The pure than tholis grit oppreffioun;
 The lord for vertew takis volupte,
 No difference puttis betuix reif and reafoun;
 How fould ane blind man colouris eſtemie?

Quhat is the caus of the abhominable ſtate 65
 Off kirkmen, and the bitter abuſioun?
 The nobilles vertew hes intoxicate,
 And vitious fulis puttis to promotioun;
 Sum man ſeruis ane blynd effectioun,
 Benefices gevis quhair euir thay vacand be; 70
 It war far beſt that ſculis war cryit doun,
 And vertew rebell exilit the cuntre.

Sen vertew is the pretious propyne
 And hevinlye gift of grite God eternall,
 Licht of the faule be purveyaunce devyne, 75
 Cheif capitane in battall ſpirituall,
 Be quhilk men differris fra brute beſtiall,
 Cauſs vertew rewill thi ryall regioun,
 Juſtice triumphe in pece continuall,
 Or thy realme thole defolatioun. 80

Walk now in tyme and but delay addreſs;
 Haue ſum feir of infernall affliction;
 Tak pairt of pane treſpaſſouris to repreſs;
 Lat nocht thy realme go to perdition;
 With vertewous vyſement counfall gude reafoun; 85
 Cauſs profound men of ſcience and prudence;
 Juſtice put charp to executioun;
 Off pure ay haifand reuthfull remembrance.

Knaw thow the ſubiect to the King of glore,
 Ane ſubiect ay ſuld do commandement; 90
 Quhilk do thow nocht, thow fall reſpond thairfore,
 Vpoun the day of ferefull iuſt iugement,



Quhair everye mannis werkis and intent
Sall cleirlic kervit be befoir his e;
For word, for werk, for deid and als consent, 95
Befoir grit God thow fall accusit be.

Dreid God, be iust, beiftlye blindnes affuage;
King is bot man and man is ay mortall;
Conftant, faythfull, bening without outrage;
Brydill broukilnes; glaid of guid counfall; 100
Ryn nocht but reafoun; hate wordis criminall;
Rewle thow by rycht thy regalle maieftie,
Thy realme beis riche and iustice triumphale,
And eterne God fall evir thy rewlar be.

Finis.

XCVII.

[Be rychtuus Regent and wele exerce thy Cure.]

BE rychtuus regent and wele exerce thy cure,
Be Chrift committit vnto thy regiment;
Be thy defalt thow lat na vyce indure;
Be to thy folk defence ay vigilant; Fol. 87. a.
Be war for tinfale; to keip be diligent; 5
Be rekning rycht thow man gif compt of all;
Be vertewus and vse this document;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Pryde.

Be nocht gevin to wardlie vane plesance
Be pryid blyndit, thow fall repent it foir; 10

BE RYCHTUUS REGENT.

Be verrie ficker it is bot variance,
 Begyland man and hes done euir moir;
 Be humyll in hart, gif thow will grace implore;
 Be nevir our hie, for dreid thow eftir fall;
 Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call. 15

Aganis Innye.

Be leill to God and to thy freind be kynde;
 Be perfyte lyfe, heir is no resting place;
 Be blyith in hart, na haitrent hald in mynde;
 Be clene conscience detraction fra the chace;
 Be guid exemple als lang as thow hes space; 20
 Be mirrouir heir fen thow art principall;
 Be cheretabill and abill thy felf to grace;
 Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Ire.

Be pacient quhen thow art movit to ire;
 Be reafoun wirk that wit ourfett thy will; 25
 Be nocht malicious, nor crewell of defyre;
 Be no occafioun of mannis blude to spill;
 Be sufferance thy purpois thow fulfill;
 Be wyis counfall tak ay thy gouernall;
 Be red for blame with schame to hald the still; 30
 Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Sueirnes.

Be war with deid, defer nocht to the end;
 Be weill occupyit, leif no guid werk vndone;
 Be nocht fleuthfull, bot weill thi tyme expend;
 Be ay devote to him that fittis abone; 35

Be reddye ay to win the hevinlye throne,
Be Adam forfalt by fyn originall,
Be him offendit, amend it I rede sone;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Auarice.

Be nevir inclynit to wretchit awarice, 40
Be foull defyre the pepill to oppres;
Be liberall; ay abhore with everye vyce;
Be iuft to pure, thy fame fall weill increas;
Be reuthfull ay quhair thow feis grit diftres;
Be lytill proude of guidis temporall; 45
Be all guid deid proceid and nocht decres;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call.

Aganis Licherye.

Be nocht inclynd to fiefchlic foull delyte,
Be fenfuall luft thi filly faule to fla;
Be temperans refrane thy appetyte; 50
Be chafte of lyfe, our fett thy mortall fa;
Bethink the als of dreidfull domifda,
Befoir the warld quhair suffer fchame thay fall,
Be moment fyn to win eternall wa;
Be reddye ay quhen evir the iuge will call. 55

Aganis Gluttonye.

Fol. 87. b.

Be mefoure ay thy daylie fude thow tak,
Be honeft dyett thy croce to modefyte;
Be countenance thy cuftum vfe to mak
Be clene fude leif, exerce no gluttonye;



Be rewlit thus, heir is bot fantafye; 60
 Be ferme to him and constant as ane wall;
 Be thow be deid, but pleid may magnefyne
 Thy faull in blis quhen evir he list to call.

Finis. Contra septem Peccata mortalia.

XCVIII.

[*Be Governour baith guid and grations.*]

BE gouvernour baith guid and grations;
 Be leill and luifand to thy liegis all;
 Be large of fredome and no thing defyrous;
 Be iust to pure for ony thing may fall;
 Be ferme of faith and constant as ane wall; 5
 Be reddye evir to stanche evill and discord;
 Be cheretabill and fickerlye thow fall
 Be bowfum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be nocht to proud of wardlie guidis heir,
 Be weill be thocht thai will remane na tyde; 10
 Be ficker als that thow man die but weir;
 Be war thairwith the tyme will no man byde;
 Be vertewus and sett all vyce on fyde;
 Be patient, lawlie and misericord;
 Be rewlit fo quhair evir thow go or byde; 15
 Be bowfum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be weill awyfit of quhome thow counsale tais;
 Be sever of thame that thai be leill and trew;
 Be think the als quhidder thai be freindis or fais
 Be to thy faull, thair fawis or thow perfew; 20

Be nevir our haiftye to wirk and fyne to rew;
 Be nocht thair freind that makis the fals record;
 Be reddye evir all guid workis to renew;
 Be bowfum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be traift and conquese thy awin heretage, 25
 Be ennemyes of auld now occupyit
 Be strenth and force; thow sobir thai man swage
 Be law of God, thair may no man denyid;
 Be nocht as lantern in mirknes vnspyt;
 Be thow in rycht thi landis suld be restord; 30
 Be wirschop fo thy name beis magnefeit;
 Be bowfum ay to knaw thy God and Lord.

Be to rebellis strong as lyoun eik;
 Be ferce to follow thame quhair evir thai [are] found;
 Be to thy liege men bayth soft and meik, 35
 Be thair succour and help thame haill and found;
 Be knaw thy cure and caus quhy thow was cround;
 Be besye evir that iustice be nocht smord;
 Be blyith in hart; thir wordis oft expound,
 Be bowfum ay to knaw thy God and Lord. 40

Finis. Quod Henrye Stewart.

XCIX.

[*This hindir Nycht, neir by the Hour of Nyne.*]

THIS hindir nycht, neir by the hour of nyne.
 To bed I went as is my consuetud;
 I fanyt me and sone I slepit fyne,
 And, as I thoct, ane lady be my stud.

Fol. 22. a.

Plefand, but peir of port and pulcritud, 5
 With cristall corporis translucent as a glafs,
 Of alkin clething nakit and denud,
 Bair, vnabulyeit, as scho borne wafs.

Hir body bair wes bricht as beriall,
 And thruch the famyn, as semit to my ficht, 10
 I mycht weill reffones on the wall,
 Als weill as mony lampis had bene licht.
 I faw scho wes fo wondirfull a wicht,
 I askit of hir name for cherite;
 Debonerly scho answerit me that bricht, 15
 And said, "Thay call me lady Varite,

"Quhilk fra thir bowndis lang hes beneift bene,
 Nor heir mycht haif no rest nor residence;
 Quhairthrow my freindis ar confundit clene
 Off the fell falsheid throw thy offence. 20
 Thy self is ane that oft in mync absence
 Hes tholit pane, becaus thow tuk my pairte;
 Bot I fall mak the rychtous recompence,
 Quhen fals folk fall forthink it at thair hairte."

And quhen that I perfauit in to plane 25
 Dame Verite my prefens appeir,
 I saluft hir as lady soucrane,
 And hir besocht, in maift hummill maneir,
 This caus obscure to mak vnto me cleir;
 Quhen fall the kyth the cuntre of Scotland, 30
 In peax and rest and plenty perfeueir,
 With sic ordour as vvis in vthir land?

Than said this bird of beuty maift benigne,
 "Sone, thow fall haif solutioun sufficient, 35
 Quhen thir bairnis ar baneift fra your king,
 Fro counfale, seffioun and parliament,



Off quhome the names schortly fubsequent
 I fall declair dewly with diligence,
 Or I departe furth of this place present,
 And thow thairto gife thy audience. 40

Firft wilfull wrang in ane widdy mon waif,
 And hid hatreit be hangeit by the heid,
 And yung counfale that dois yow all diffaif,
 And fingular proffeit ftolling of the feid;
 Diffimvlance that dois your lawis leid; 45
 Flattery and falshaid that your fame hes fylit,
 And ignorance be put to beg thair breid,
 And all thair kin furth of the court exylit.

Than tressone mon be tronit to ane tre,
 And murthour merkit for his grit mifcheif, 50
 And the foull feid that ye call fymone
 Mon planely be depryvit without repreif;
 Quhill this be done ye fall haif no releif,
 Bot fchamefull flawtir, derth and indigens; Fol. 88. b.
 And tak this for thy anfwer in to breif, 55
 Quhilk, I the pray, present vnto thy prence.

For all this fort with fchame mon be exylit,
 Or than demanit as I haif deuyfit,
 And vthir perfonis in to thair placis stylit, 60
 The quhilk, fen Flowdoun feild, hes bene difpyfit
 In this cuntre and in all vthiris pryfit;
 Quhois names I fall caufs the for to knaw,
 That thow may fleip thairwith and be awyfit,
 Syne bayth the fortis to thy fouerane fchaw.

Firft iuftice, prudens, foris and temperans, 65
 With commounweill and auld experience,
 Concord, correctioun, cunnynge and constans,
 Lufe, lawty, fcience and obedience,

Gud confcience, trewth and intelligence,
 Mercy, mesour, fayth, houp and cherite, 70
 Thir in his court mon mak residence,
 Or ye gett plenty and prosperite.

This being said, this lady lumynofs
 Fra my prefens hir perfoun did depairt,
 And I awaikit and suddanly vproifs, 75
 Syne tuk my pen and put all in report,
 As ye haif hard; thairfoir, I yow exhort,
 My fouerane lord, vnto this taile attend,
 And yow to serue seik suddanly this fort,
 Sen verite this counsale to yow fend. 80

And lat thir falty folk that scho refusit
 Be flemit fra thair infilicite,
 For ye with thame to lang hes bene abusit,
 And your peple put to penurite.
 Schaip sum remeid for Godis deite, 85
 And lat no moir the weid ourga the corne;
 Do ye nocht sa, ye fall accusit be
 Afoir the King that wore the croun of thorne.

Finis.

C.

[*Precellend Prince! havand Prerogatyue.*]

PRECELLEND prince! havand prerogatyue
 As rowy royall in this regioun to ring,
 I the beseik aganis thy lust to stryue,
 And loufe thy God aboif all maner of thing;

And him imploir, now in thy yeiris ying, 5
To grant the grace thy folk to defend,
Quhilk he hes gevin the in gouerning,
In peax and honour to thy lyvis end.

And fen tho standis in so tendir aige,
That natur to the yit wofdome denyis, 10
Thairfoir submit the to thy counsale feige,
And in all wayfs wirk as thay devyifs: Fol. 89. a.
Bot ovir all thing keip the fra cuvatyifs,
To princely honour gife thow wald pretend;
Be liberall, than fall thy fame vpryifs, 15
And wyn the honour to thy lyvis end.

It that thow gevis deliuer quhen thow hechtis,
And suffir nocht thy hand thy hecht delay,
For than thy hecht and thy deliuerance fechtis;
Far bettir war thy hecht had biddin away. 20
He aw me nocht that fayis me schortly nay,
Bot he that hechtis and cauffis me attend,
Syne gevis me nocht, I may him repute ay
Ane vntrew dettour to my lyvis end.

Bettir is gut in feit nor cramp in handis: 25
The falt of feit with horfs thow may support;
Bot, quhen thyn handis ar bundin in with bandis,
Na furrigiane may cure thame nor confort;
Bot thow thame oppin, payntit as a port,
And frely gife sic gudis as God the fend; 30
Than may thay mend within ane seffone schort,
And win the honour to thi lyvis end.

Gif every man eftir his faculty,
And with discretioun thow dispone thy geir;
Gife nocht to fulis and cunnyng men ourse, 35
Thocht fulis roun and flatter in thyne eir;

Gife nocht to thame that dois thy sawis fueir;
 Gife to thame that ar trew and constant kend,
 Than our all quhair thay fall thy fame furth beir,
 And win the honour to thy lyvis end. 40

Sen thow art heid, thy leges memberis all,
 Gevin be God to thy governance,
 Luke that thow rewill the rute originall,
 Thatt in thy falt no member mak vtheris grevance.
 For quha can nocht him self gyd nor awance, 45
 Quhy fuld ane provynce do on him depend,
 To gyd him self that hes na purveance,
 With peax and honour to thy lyvis end?

Dreid God; do counsale; off thy leiges leill
 Rewaird gud deid; puneifs all wrang and vice; 50
 Se¹ that thy saw be sicker as thy feill;
 Fleme frawd and be defender of justyce;
 Honour all tyme thy noble genetryce;
 Obey the kirk; gif thow dois mis amend;
 Sa fall thow win ane place in paradyce, 55
 And mak in erd ane honourable end.

Finis quod W. Stewart.

CI.

[*Suppoiss I war in Court most he.*]

SUPPOISS I war in court most he,
 Treusting my stait wer evir sure,
 Treusting my felicite
 Mycht wex and wrang all creature,

¹ MS. has *The*.

Tresting in my nobilite,
 Tresting my will suld evir indure,
 Syne lukis nocht to equite,
 Bot thame defend that dois iniure;
 Than war my wit blind and obscure,
 To haif fa prydfull ane confate;
 Althocht I had the realme in cure,
 I mycht haif truble in myne estate.

5 Fol. 89. b.

10

In witnessing of lordis befoir,
 Than quhen in court thair fortoun rang,
 Thame self to landis thay wald reftoir,
 Offices, takkis and castellis strang;
 Ilk man obeyand thair vane gloir,
 Be stark manrent with thame to gang;
 Tresting to stand for evirmoir,
 Thay dreid nocht God for to do wrang;
 Sum burn, fum heid, fum hang,
 Sum to deid put with fals diffait;
 And all this yit induris nocht lang,
 Bot thai wer wext in thair estait.

15

20

God grant your myndis to be fet,
 Ye lordis that hes the king in steir!
 That pure and riche may iustice get,
 And quha ar vext that ye thame heir;
 Bot, and with wrang ye intromet,
 Chryft is of mycht als mekle this yeir,
 As he befoir, pryd to ourfet;
 For he is Lord haif ye no weir.
 Thairfoir do rycht and perfeueir,
 For vthir hes bene als fortunate
 As ye, and stud with kingis als neir,
 Yit tint thair landis for falfate.

25

30

35

Finis.



CII.

[*Quhen Doctouris prechit to win the Joy eternall.*]

QUHEN doctouris prechit to win the joy eternall
 Vnto the hevin, estir our Lordis assense,
 Thay caufit iustice, but bud or fauour carnall;
 Thay caufit be pvnist fleschly vyle offense;
 Gaif banyfice to clerkis of conscience;¹ 5
 And sa the feind had sic invy thairon,
 Gart skraip away of conscience the con,
 And sa behind wes leuit bot science.

Than wer all clerkis for science² promovit,
 And thay that wald to study maift apply; 10
 Bot yit the feind at science wes commovit,
 Gart skraip away of science³ the fci,
 And sa leuit ens be his fals fle invy;
 Quhilk suld be for gold or geir exponit,
 Quhairby benifice ar now of dayis disponit, 15
 But science or conscience for to sell and by.

O souerane lord and most excellynt king! Fol. 90. a.
 Gar put the con and fci agane till ens,
 And rewill thy realme with iustice in thy ring;
 Gife benifice to clerkis of consciens, 20
 Off wisdome and honour to stand at thy defens;
 Se in thy court that conscience ay be clene,
 For corruptioun befoir thy deysis hes bene
 Aganis justice, with vthir grit offens.

Finis.

¹ On the margin is written *consciens*. ² *Ib.—sciens*. ³ *Ib.—ens*.

CIII.

*Ane New Yeir Gift to the Quene Mary, quhen
scho come first Hame, 1562.*

WELCUM, illuſtrat ladye and oure quene!
Welcum, oure lyone with the floure delyce!
Welcum, oure thriffill with the Lorane grene!
Welcum, our rubent rois vpoun the ryce! 5
Welcum, oure jem and joyfull genetryce!
Welcum, oure beill of Albion to beir!
Welcum, oure plefand princes maift of pryce!
God gif the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

This guid new yeir we hoip, with grace of God,
Salbe of peax, tranquillitie and reſt; 10
This yeir fall rycht and reſſone rewle the rod,
Quhilk ſa lang ſeaſoun hes bene ſoir ſuppreſt;
This yeir ferme fayth fall ſrelie be confeſt,
And all erronius questionis put areir;
To lauboure that this lyfe amang ws left, 15
God gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Heirfore addres the dewlie to decoir
And rewle thy regne with hie magnificence;
Begin at God to gar ſett furth his gloir,
And of his goſpell gett experience; 20
Caus his trew kirk be had in reuerence,
So fall thy name and fame ſpred far and neir;
Now, this thy dett to do with diligence
God gif the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Found on the firſt four vertewus cardinall, 25
On wiſdome, iuſtice, force and temperans;
Applaud to prudent men, and principall
Off virtewus lyfe, thy wirſchep till avance;



Waye iustice, equale without discrepance;
 Strenth thy estait with steidfastnes to steir; 30
 To temper tyme with trew continuance
 God gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Cast thy confate, be counsalle of the fage,
 And cleif to Christ hes kept the in cure,
 Attingent now to twentye yeir of aige, 35
 Preservand the fra all misaventure.
 Wald thow be fervit, and thy cuntre sure,
 Still on the commoun weill haif e and eir;
 Preis ay to be protectrix of the pure,
 So God fall gyde thy grace this gude new yeir. 40

Gar stanche all stryiff and stabill thy estaitis
 In constance, concord, cherite and lufe;
 Be bissie now to banisch all debatis
 Betuix kirkmen and temporall men dois mufe; Fol. 90. b.
 The pulling doun of policie reprufe, 45
 And lat perverfit prelettis leif perqueir;
 To do the best besekand God above
 To gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Att croce gar cry, be oppin proclamatioun,
 Vndir grit panis, that nothir he nor scho 50
 Off halye writ haif ony disputatioun,
 Bot letterit men or lernit clerkis thairto;
 For lymmer lawdis and litle lassis lo
 Will argunn bayth with bischop, preift and freir;
 To dantoun this thow hes aneuch to do, 55
 God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Bot wyte the wickit pastouris wald nocht mend
 Thair vitious leving all the world prescryvis;
 Thai tuke na tent thair traik fould turne till end,
 Thai wer sa proud in thair prerogatyvis; 60

For wantonnes thay wald nocht wed na wyvis,
Nor yit leif chaste, bot chop and change thair cheir;
Now, to reforme thair fylthy licherous lyvis,
God gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Thai brocht thair bastardis, with the skrufe thai skraip, 65
To blande thair blude with barrownis be ambitioung;
Thai purcheft pithles pardonis fra the Paip,
To caus fond folis confyde he hes fruitioun,
As God, to gif for fynnis full remiffioun,
And faulis to faif frome suffering sorowis feir; 70
To sett afyde sic fortis of superstitioun
God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Thai loft baith benefice and pentioun that mareit,
And quha eit flesch on Frydayis was fyrefangit;
It maid na mis quhat madinnis thai miscareit 75
On fasting dayis, thai wer nocht brint nor hangit;
Licence for luchrie fra thair lord belangit
To gif indulgence as the devill did leir;
To mend that e menye hes famonye mangit
God gif the grace aganis this guide new yeir. 80

Thai lute thy liegis pray to stokkis and stanes
And paintit paiparis, wattis nocht quhat thai meine;
Thai bad thame bek and bynge at deid mennis banes,
Offer on kneis to kis, fyne faif thair kin;
Pilgrimes and palmaris past with thame betuene 85
Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blait bodeis ein to bleir;
Now, to forbid this grit abuse hes bene,
God gife the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

Thai tyrit God with tryfillis, tvme trentalis,
And daifit him with daylie dargeis, 90
With owklie abitis to augment thair rentalis,
Mantand mort mvmlingis, mixt with monye leis:

ANE NEW YEIR GIFT TO THE QUENE MARY.

Sic sanctitude was Sathanis forcereis,
 Christis fillie schein and sobir flok to smeir;
 To ceis all findrye sectis of herefeis 95
 God gif the grace aganis this guid new yeir.

With mes nor matynes no wayis will I mell, Fol. 91. a.
 To iuge thame iustlie passis my ingyne;
 Thai gyde nocht ill that governis weill thame fell,
 And lelalie on lawtie layis thair lyne; 100
 Downtis to discus for doctouris ar devyne,
 Cunnyng in clergie to declair thame cleir;
 To ordour this the office now is thyne,
 God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

As beis takkis walx and honye of the floure, 105
 So dois the faythfull of Goddis word tak frute;
 As waspis reffauis of the fame bot soure,
 So reprobatis Christis buke dois rebute;
 Wordis without werkis availyeis nocht a cute;
 To feis thy subiectis fo in lufe and feir, 110
 That rycht and reafoun in thy realme may rute,
 God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

The epistollis and evangelis now ar prechit,
 But sopherie or ceremoneis vane;
 Thy pepill, maist pairt, trewlie now ar techit 115
 To put away idolatrie prophaine:
 Bot in sum hartis is gravit new agane
 Ane image callit cuvatyce of geir;
 Now, to expell that idoll standis vp plane,
 God gif the grace aganis this gude new yeir. 120

For sum ar sene at fermonis seme fa halye,
 Singand Sanct Daudis psalter on thair bukis,
 And ar bot bibliftis fairfing full thair bellie,
 Bakbytand nyctbouris, noyand thame in nwikis,

Ruging and raifand vp kirk rentis lyke ruikis; 125
 As werrie waspis aganis Goddis word makis weir;
 Sic Christianis to kis with Chauceris kuikis
 God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Dewtie and dettis ar drevin be dowbilnes;
 Auld folkis ar flemit fra yung fayth profeffouris; 130
 The grittest ay the grediar, I ges,
 To plant quhair preiftis and perfonis wer poffeffouris;
 Teindis ar vptane be testament transgressouris;
 Credence is pafte, off promeis thocht thai fweir;
 To punifch papiftis and reproche oppreffouris 135
 God gif the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Pure folk ar famift with thir faffionis new,
 Thai failt for falt that had befor at fouth;
 Leill labouraris lamentis, and tennentis trew,
 That thai ar hurt and hareit north and fouth; 140
 The heidifmen hes cor mundum in thair mouth,
 Bot nevir with mynd to gif the man his meir;
 To quenche thir quent calamiteis fo cowth
 God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Proteftandis takis the freiris auld antetewme, 145
 Reddie reffauaris, bot to rander nocht;
 So lairdis vpliftis mennis leifing ouir thy rewme,
 And ar rycht crabit quhen thai crave thame ocht;
 Be thai vnpayit, thy purfevandis ar focht Fol. 91. b.
 To pund pure communis corne and cattell keir; 150
 To wify all thir wrangus workis ar wrocht
 God gife the grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Paull biddis nocht deill with thingis idolatheit,
 Nor quhair hypocrafie hes bene committit;
 Bot kirk mennis curfit fubftance femis fweit 155
 Till laud men, with that leud burd lyme ar byttit¹;

¹ Lord Hailes and Dr. David Laing read *lyttit*.

Giff thou persave sum fenyeour it hes smittit,
 Solist thame softlie nocht to perfeveir;
 Hurt nocht thair honour, thocht thy hienes wittit,
 Bot gratioullie forgife thame this gude yeir. 160

Foirgifanis grant with glaidnes and gude will
 Gratis till all into your parliament;
 Syne stabill statutis, steidfast to stand still,
 That barrone, clerk and burges be content:
 Thy nobillis, erlis and lordis consequent, 165
 Treit tendir, to obtene thair hartis inteir,
 That thai may serve and be obedient
 Vnto thy grace aganis this gude new yeir.

Sen so thou sittis in faitt superlatywe,
 Caus everye stait to thair vocatioun go, 170
 Scolastik men the scriptouris to descrywe,
 And maiestratis to vse the fwerd also,
 Merchandis to trafique and travell to and fro,
 Mechanikis wirk, husbandis to saw and scheir;
 So falbe welth and weilfaire without wo, 175
 Be grace of God. aganis this guid new yeir.

Latt all thy realme be now in reddines
 With coistlie clething to decoir thy cors;
 Yung gentilmen for danfing thame addres,
 With courtlie ladyes cuplit in confors; 180
 Frak ferce gallandis for feild gemmis enfors,
 Enarmit knychtis at listis with scheild and speir
 To fecht in barrowis bayth on fute and hors,
 Agane thy grace gett ane guid man this yeir.

This yeir falbe imbassattis heir belyffe, 185
 For mariage, frome princes, dukis and kingis;
 This yeir, within thy regioun, fall aryfe
 Rowtis of the rankest that in Europ ringis;

This yeir bayth blythnes and abundance bringis,
 Naveis of schippis outthrocht the sea to fneir 190
 With riches, raymentis and all royall thingis,
 Agane thy grace get ane gude man this yeir.

Giffe fawis be futh to schaw thy celsitude,
 Quhat berne sould bruke all Bretane be the fee?
 The prophecie expreslie dois conclude 195
 The Frensch wyfe of the Brucis blude suld be;
 Thow art be lyne fra him the nynte degree,
 And wes king Frances pairty maik and peir;
 So, be difcence, the fame fowld spring of the,
 By grace of God, agane this gude new yeir. 200

Schortlie to conclud, on Chrifft cast thy confort,
 And chereis thame that thow hes vnder charge;
 Suppone maift sure he fall the fend support, Fol. 92. a.
 And len the luftie liberos at large;
 Beleif that Lord may harbary so thy bairge 205
 To mak braid Britane blyth as bird on breir,
 And the extoll, with his triumphand targe,
 Wictoriuflie agane this guid new yeir.

L'envoy.

Prudent, maift gent, tak tent, and prent the wordis
 Intill this bill; with will, thame still to face, 210
 Quhilkis ar nocht skar to bar on far fra bawrdis,
 Bot leale, but feale, may haell, avael thy grace;
 Sen lo! thow scho this to now do hes place,
 Refaif, swaif and haif, ingraif it heir;
 This now, for prow; that yow, sweit dow, may brace 215
 Lang space with grace, solace and peace, this yeir.



Lectori.

Frefch, fulgent, flurift, fragrant flour formois,
 Lantern to lufe of ladeis lamp and lot,
 Cherie maift chaift, cheif charbucle and chois, 220
 Smaill sweit fmaragde, fmelling bot fmit of smot,
 Nobleft natour, nurice to nurtour not,
 This dull indyte, dulce, dowble, dafy deir;
 Send be thy fempill fervand Sanderris Scott,¹
 Greting grit God to grant thy grace gude yeir.

Finis.

CIV.

[The richt Fontane of hailfull Sapience.]

THE richt fontane of hailfull fapience
 Wyfe Salamone in his prowerbis previs;
 Ane potent prince of superne excellence,
 Off iuftice homege is quhair euir he beis;
 In the quhilk homoge ilk man hes maner feis, 5
 Conformyng thame vnto his gyding all;
 Is faid in storeis of antiquiteis
 The heid the membiris followis grit and fmall.

Be he of vertew and eruditioun,
 Full of prudens and magnanimitie, 10
 Inclynit haill to iuftice and reffoun,
 Ilk man will preifs quha can moft vertewis be;

¹ On the margin, in another hand, *Alexr. Scot.*

Be he effeminat, gevin to volupte,
 Quhilk is a pestilens rycht contagious
 In to a prince of grit nobilite, 15
 His subiectis all beis wyle and vicius.

Sen fa it is, rycht potent prince preclair,
 Of this haill realme the weilfair is in the;
 Thow art so neidfull and so necessair
 That it out the can nocht rewlit be; 20
 Arme the with vertew, proudens and reffone all thre,
 Defend thy realme, be reddy at all houris
 To ryd, to rin, that wickit men puneift be,
 As befoir did thi noble progenitouris.

Luve thy God attour all erdly thing, 25 Fol. 92. b.
 Quhilk hes the maid a plesand creature;
 Abuf all vthis hes ordanit the to ring
 In to this realme, as king of grit honour;
 Nothing defalkis thow fuld haif be natour;
 Pleifs thow him nocht, quhilk putis the in fait fo he 30
 As equall iuge both to rich and pure,
 Befoir grit God thow fall accusid be.

All morall vertew ar neidfull in to a king;
 Fortitud but prudens is verry turrany;
 Prudens but iustice is reput for no thing; 35
 Justice but temperance is bot crudelite;
 Temperans is nocht bot liberalite.
 Amang all vertew iustice is lawreat,
 And prince of iustice the verry image fuld be,
 The quhilk but vertew is blind and obsecat. 40

Ane ryell prince, that all hes vndir cure,
 First fuld confiddir quhay iust is and prudent;
 Quha of ingyne, quha can him do plesure;
 Quhay of knowlege, and quhay is ignorant;

Quhay scharp in word and in deid negligent; 45
 Quha mair to geir nor till his honour hes e;
 Quha can speik fair and hes a fals intent;
 Quha fenyeit flechouris of iniquite.

Quhen thow ingyne, maner and conditioun
 Off euery man hes tane experiance, 50
 Than of law the administratioun
 To prudent men committ in gouernance,
 Quhilkis ar kend and knawin of conscience,
 And with budis will nocht corruptit be;
 For Plato fayis, ane perrelus pestilens 55
 Anc fowkand iuge, off vthir menis geir grede.

Thow seis ane fuerd in ane wod mans hand,
 Quhilk for the tyme wantis vface and reffoun,
 Nowdir gud nor evill spairis but demand,
 Just and iniust putis to confusioun; 60
 So is ane iuge withowt intellectuon,
 Quhilk in his hand beiris the fuerd of iustice,
 Quhen he fuld strek hes no cognitioun,
 Bot as ane blind man wauerand on the yfe.

Nobillis of vertew and eruditioun 65
 Ane ryell prince fuld ay maist magnife,
 Nocht be affectuall cognitioun
 Owdir be blud or confanguinite,
 Bot quhome he knawis of wifdome and bonte;
 For ane noble of blud that hes no vertoufnes, 70
 Drownand in vice and perniciofite,
 Is evin bot as a schaddow in a glafs.

Thy pastyme fuld oft be in commonyng
 With profound clerkis of science and prudens;
 For cunnyng termes afferis in a king, 75 Fol. 93. r.
 Quhilk fuld be polyt and of eloquence.

In hering wyfmen men gettis fapience,
Without the quhilk is no ftabilite,
Thairfoir in tyme thow get intelligence,
Or ellis thy wifdome fall in feiking be. 80

Eftir thi meit, of instrumentis muificall
Thow fuld be fed with plesand armony,
Quhilk is exercitioun most regall;
Lichtis the mynd plesand to heir and fe
Attour all thing in musik cunnand be; 85
Quhilk ornat Homeir, decoir of difcepling,
Ane kendill of curage, off rankour inneme,
Musik callit wirthy for ony king.

Dreid God; be iuft and ferme in cherite;
Vile luft refrene; constant but variance; 90
Faythfull but fictioun; full of benignite;
Plane in thy wordis; vfe no diffimulance;
Patient; prudent; vfe all magnificence;
Gyd thow with counfale thy ryall maiefte;
Off warldly gudis fall thow haif haboundance, 95
And gratius God fall ay thy gyder be.

Finis quod Mr. Alexr. Kid.

CV.

[*Jefu Chryft that deit on Tre!*]

JESU Chryft that deit on tre!
Send ws thy grace doun frome the hevin;
As thow was borne of a virgin fre,
Keip ws fra deidly fynnis fevin.

2 K



JESU CHRYSY THAT DEIT ON TRE!

We ar ay wauerand od and evin; 5
 Suddanly flane with speir and scheild,
 We haif no man the law to nevin;
 Allace! our king is nocht of eild.

Lord God eternall and fader moft deir!
 That maid this warld and ws of nocht, 10
 Ye heir the prayer of the pure,
 That fittis and sichis with forrow focht.
 The leill men, that for thair levingis wrocht,
 Ar ranfonit rudly euery deill,
 Tane and prefont, flane and brocht, 15
 For faik our king is nocht of eild.

We haif no man to pleny to bot yow,
 For it wes thow that coft ws deir;
 Thay leif ws nowdir cow nor yow,
 Stirk nor staig, horfs nor meir. 20
 The lordis will nocht our complaint heir;
 Our barnis lysis nakit on the feild;
 The commonis makis ane hiddous heir,
 Becaus our king is nocht of eild.

I call that counfall nocht worth a prene, 25
 That to thair kinryk makis no correctioun;
 Thocht we wa help, it is no wene,
 Thay will nocht fit to heir our actioun;
 Saifgaird nor thair grit protectioun
 To ws is nowllr help nor beild; 30
 Trew men can gett no satisfactioun,
 Becaus our kng is nocht of eild.

Thocht we haif regentis in this realme, Fol. 93. b.
 Ane or ma and findre diuers,
 We wait nocht quhome to we fall complene, 35
 Quhen thevis and reveris ws dispryfis.

The leill men all in sic perrell lyis,
That thay ar losit and chefit our feild,
Gart thig thair meit bayth barnis and wyffis,
For faik our king is nocht of eild. 40

This kinryk wantis bot a man,
That held ws ay in rest and pefe;
That wareit feild we may fair ban,
Quhair did our wirthy prince decefe.
The lordis all ar full of cuvatyse, 45
That cauffis ws for to be keild,
Thocht thay anuch of riches hefs,
Allace! our king is nocht of eild.

The chancellor and the chalmirlane,
The regent and the protectouris, 50
The mekle deill be of thame fane,
That giffis sic licens to delatouris,
To theif and revir to be victouris,
With in this realme for to ring in beild,
And leill men to be fesit as tratouris, 55
Beclus our king is nocht of eild.

I byd to mak no langar procefs;
Bot herkin to the indirend:
Quha copeis this with findre vocifs
And makis this wret for to be kend, 60
Quha takis budis thame to defend
And cauffis falsheid to be heild,
Thay fall murne quhen thay ma nocht mend,
Quhen evir God sendis our king to eild.

Finis.



CVI.

[*Now is our King in tendir Aige.*]

NOW is our king in tendir aige;
 Chryft conferf him in his eild
 To do iuftice, bath to man and pege,
 That garris our land ly lang onteild,
 Thocht we do dowble pay thair wege. 5
 Pur commonis prefently now ar peild;
 Thay ryd about in fic a rege,
 Be firth, forreft and feild,
 With bow, buklar and brand.
 Lo! quhair thay ryd in till our ry, 10
 The diuill mot fane yone company,
 I pray fro may hairt trewly:
 Thus faid Jok vpalland.

He that wes wont to beir the barrowis,
 Betuix the baikhoufs and the brewhoufs, 15
 On twenty fchilling now he tarrowis,
 To ryd the he gait by the plewis;
 Bot wer I king, bvnd haif gud fallowis,
 In Norroway thay fuld heir of newis; Fol. 94. r
 I fuld him tak and all his marrowis 20
 And hing thame heich vpoun yone hewis,
 And tharto plichtis my hand;
 Thir lordis and barronis grit
 Vpoun ane gallowis fuld I knit,
 That thus doun treddit hes our quhit: 25
 This faid Johne vponland.

Wald the lordis the lawis that leidis
 To husbandis do gud reffone and skill,
 To chaftanis thir chiftanis be the heidis

And hing thame heich vpoun ane hill; 30
 Than nicht hufbandis lawbor thair steidis,
 And preiftis mycht pattir and pray thair fill;
 For hufbandis fuld nocht haif sic pleidis;
 Bayth schein and nolt mycht ly full still,
 And stakis still mycht stand; 35
 For fen thay red amang our durris,
 With splent on spald and roufty spurris,
 Thair grew no fruct in till our furris:
 Thus said Johnne vp on land.

Tak a pure man a schein or two, 40
 For hungir or for falt of fude,
 To fyve or sex bairnis or mo,
 Thay will him hing with raipis rud;
 Bot and he tak a flok or two,
 A bow of ky, and lat thame blud, 45
 Full falsly may he ryd or go.
 I wait nocht gif thir lawis be gud,
 I schrew thame first thame sand.
 Jesu! for thy holy passiou,
 Thow grant him grace that weiris the croun 50
 To ding thir mony kingis doun:
 Thus said Johnne vponland.

Finis.

CVII.

[*Rolling in my Remembrance.*]

ROLLING in my remembrance
 Of court the daylie variance,



Me think he fuld be callit wife
 That first maid this allegiance:
 Bettir hap to court nor gud seruifs. 5

For sum man to the court pretendis,
 And that his freindis wan he spendis,
 Howping in honour to vpris,
 Syne wrechitly but guerdoun wendis:
 Bettir hap to court nor gud seruifs. 10

And sum dois to the court repair,
 With empty purfs and clethis full bair;
 Yit he in riches multeplifs,
 That he levis thowfandis to his air:
 Bettir hap to court nor gud seruifs. 15

Sum seruis weill and haldis him ffill, Fol. 94. b.
 Putting all in his maisteris will;
 Bot sic vnseruit ar oft fyifs,
 Quhen grokaris gettis that thay serue ill,
 Throw hap, and for no gud seruifs. 20

Sum takis reward at thair awin handis
 Off king and quenis proper landis;
 Bot fast for thame the galloufs cryifs,
 That our lang soliter it standis,
 But thame that dois sic seruifs. 25

Sum gettis giftis and guerdoun greit,
 That nevir did for gud seruice fueit;
 Sum gettis buddis; sum benifyifs;
 And sum dois foly conterfeit,
 And wynniss mare nor gud seruifs. 30

Sum gettis at Yule; sum gettis at Pefs;
 Sum tyniss fyifs and wynniss bot efs;

Sum to the diuill givis the dyifs,
That he can nevir win na grace,
Nowdir throw hap nor gud feruifs. 35

Rewaird in court is delt fo evin,
Sum gettis that nicht fuffeifs fevin;
And vthir fum in langour lyifs,
Makand ane murmour to the hevin,
That thay get nocht for gud feruyifs. 40

The nycht the court fum gydis clene,
Thairin the morne dar nocht be fene,
Mair than the deuell in paradyifs;
Nor fpeik ane word with king nor quene,
Thocht he maid nevir fo gud feruyifs. 45

Chryft! bring our king to perfyt ege,
With wit, fra yowthis fellow rege,
To help thame that in him affyifs,
And pay ilk man thair conding wege,
According to thair gud feruyifs. 50

Finis.

CVIII.

[*Schir, yit remembir as of befoir.*]

SCHIR, yit remembir as of befoir,
How that my yowth I done forloir
In your feruice, with pane and greif;
Gud consciens cryis reward thairfoir;
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 5

Your clerkis ar feruit all about,
 And I do lyk ane reid halk schout,
 To cum to lure that hes no leif,
 Quhair my plummyis begynis to brek out:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 10

Forfett is ay the falconis kynd,
 Bot euir the mittane is hard in mynd,
 Of quhome the gled dois prectikis preif;
 The gentill goishalk gois¹ vnkynd:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 15

The pyet with hir pretty cot
 Fenyeis to sing the nyctingalis not;
 Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif,
 For harfknes of hir carlich throt:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 20

Ay fareft faderis hes farrest fowlis;
 Suppois thay haif no fang bot youlis,
 In siluer caigis thai fit at cheif;
 Kynd natyve nest dois clek bot owlis:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 25

O gentill egill! how may this be?
 That of all fowlis dois heest fle,
 Your legis quhy will ye nocht releif,
 And chereifs eftir thair degre?
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 30

Quhen feruit is all vdir man,
 Gentill and femple of euery clan,
 Kyne of Rauf Colyard and Johnne the Reif,
 Na thing I get na conquest chan:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 35

¹ The first two letters of *gois* seem as if intended to be deleted.



Thocht I in court be maid refus,
And haif few vertewis for to rufs,
Yit am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
And fane wald leif as vderis doifs:
Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 40

Or I fuld leif in sic mifchance,
Gife it to God war no grevance,
To be a pykthank I wald preif,
For thay in warld wantis no plefans:
Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 45

In fum parte on my felf I plenye,
Quhen vdir folkis dois flattir and fenye;
Allace! I can bot ballattis breif,
Sic bairneheid biddis my brydill renye:
Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 50

I grant my feruice is bot licht;
Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,
I ask yow, fchir, no man to greif,
Sum medecyne gife that ye micht:
Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 55

May nane remeid my melady
Sa weill as ye, fchir, veraly;
For with a benifice ye may preif,
And gif I mend nocht heftely:
Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 60

I wes in yowth on nureifs kne,
Dandely, bifchop, dandely, Fol. 95. b.
And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
Ane femple vicar I can nocht be:
Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 65

FIRST LERGES THE KING MY CHEIFE.

Jok, that wes wont to keip the stirkis,
 Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
 With ane fals cairt in to his fleif,
 Worth all my ballattis vndir the birkis:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 70

Twa curis or thre hes vpolandis Michell,
 With dispensationis bund in a knitchell,
 Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif;
 He playis with totum and I with nichell:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 75

How fuld I leif that is nocht landit,
 Nor yit with benifice am I blandit?
 I fay nocht, fchir, yow to repreif;
 Bot doutles I ga rycht neir hand it:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 80

As faule is heir in purgatory,
 Leving in pane and houp of glory,
 Seand my self I haif beleif
 In houp, fchir, of your adiutory:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 85

Finis quod Dumbar.

CIX.

[*Firft Lerges the King my Cheife.*]

Lerges, lerges, lerges, ay;
 Lerges of this New Yeirday.

FIRST lerges the king my cheife,
 Quhilk come als quiet as a theif,

And in my hand fled schillingis tway,
To put his lergnes to preif,
For lerges of this New Yeirday. 5

Syne lerges of my lord chancellor,
Quhen I to him ane ballat bare,
He sonyeit nocht nor faid me nay,
Bot gaif me, quhill I wad had mair,
For lergenes of this New Yeirday. 10

Off Galloway the bifchop new
Furth of my hand ane ballat drew,
And me deliucrit with delay
Ane fair haiknay but hyd or hew,
For lerges of this New Yeirday. 15

Off [Haly] croce the abbot ying,
I did to him ane ballat bring;
Bot or I pafte far him fray,
I gat na les, nor deill a thing,
For lerges of this New Yeirday. 20

The secretar, bayth war and wyfe,
Hecht me ane kaste of his offyfe;
And for to reid my bill alfway,
He faid for him that nicht suffyfe
For lerges of this New Yeirday. 25

The thesaur [ar] and compttrollar,
Thay bad me cum, I wait nocht quhair,
And thay suld gar, I wait nocht quhay.
Gif me I wat nocht quhat, full fair,
For lerges of this New Yeirday. 30

Now lerges of my lordis all,
Bayth temporall stait and spirituall,

My self fall euir fing and fay
 I haif thame found fo liberall
 O lerges of this New Yeirday! 35

Fowll fall this frost that is fo fell,
 It hes the wyt, the trewth to tell,
 Baith handis and purfs it bindis fway,
 Thay may gife ne thing by thame fell
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 40

Now lerges of my lord Bothwell,
 The quhilk in fredome dois excell;
 He gaif to me ane curfour gray,
 Worth all this fort that I with mell,
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 45

Grit God releif Margaret our quene,
 For, and scho war as scho hes bene,
 Scho wald be lerges of luf-ray
 Than all the laif that I of mene,
 For lerges of this New Yeirday. 50

Quod Stewart.

 CX.

[*Schir, sen of Men ar diuers Sortis.*]

SCHIR, fen of men ar diuers fortis,
 And diuers pastymes and disportis
 According ar for ilk degre;
 All thy trew lieges the exortis
 To knaw thy ryall maiestie. 5

And mark in thy memoriall
Thy predeceffouris parentall,
Quhais fructoufs fatis and deidis he
Makis thair fame perpetuall,
Throw potent, princely maieftie. 10

Sen throw the erd, in lenth and breid,
Thow art the moft illuftir leid,
And moft preclair of progenie;
Think thairvpoun, and caufs thy deid
Appreif thy princely maieftie. 15

And play nocht bot at honeft playis,
As princis vfit afoir thy dayis,
Halking, hunting and archery,
Jufting, and cheifs, that none gane fayis
Vnto thi princely maieftie, 20

To play with dycc nor cairtis accordis Fol. 96. b.
To the, bot with thy noble lordis,
Or with the quene thy moder fre;
To play with pure men difaccordis
And maris thy ryall maieftie. 25

Bot gif thow think, quhen tho[w] begynnis,
To gif agane all that thow wynniss
To thame about that ferwis the,
To hald sic wyning fchame and fyn is,
And far fra princely maieftie. 30

Ane prudent prince eik fuld be war,
And for no play the tyme diffar,
Quhen he fuld Godis ferwice fe;
And, gif he dois, weill fay I dar,
He hurtis his ryall maieftie. 35

To princis eik it is ane vice
 Till vse playing for cuvatyce;
 To ryd or rin our rekleflie,
 Or flyd with ladis vpoun the yce,
 Accordis nocht for thair maieftic. 40

Think that thair is ane King of kingis,
 Our heving, erd and hell that ringis;
 Quhilk, with the twynkling of ane c,
 Ma do and vndo all kyn thingis;
 So mervellus is his maieftic. 45

Se thow pray to that famyne King,
 Going to bed and vpryng,
 Thy gyd and gouernour ay to be;
 Quha grant the grace to ryfs and ring,
 With micht to ryall maieftic. 50

Finis quod Stewart to the Kingis Grace.

HEIR BEGYNNYS THE THRID PAIRT
OF THIS BUIK, CONTENAND BALLETTIS
MIRRY, AND VTHIR SOLATIUS
CONSAITTIS, SET FURTH BE DIUERS
ANCIENT POYETTIS. 1568.¹

CXI.

Hermes the Philosopher.

Fol. 97. b.

Be mirry and glaid, honest and vertewous,
For that suffis to anger the invyous.

BE mirry, man! and tak nocht far in mynd
The wawering of this wrechit warld of sorrow;
To God be hvmill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
And with thy nyctbouris glaidly len and borrow;
His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow.
Be blyth in hait for ony aventure,
For oft with wysmen it hes bene said, a sorrow
Without glaidnes awailis no treffour.

Fol. 98. a.

5

Mak the gud cheir of it that God the sendis,
For warldis wrak but weilfair nocht awailis;
Na gude is thyne faif only bot thow spendis
Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis;

10

¹ On the page containing this title a Scotish paraphrase of George Wither's well-known song, *Shall I waisting in dispair?* has been written by a later hand—three stanzas above, and two below the title. It will be found in the Appendix.

BE MIRRY, MAN!

Seik to solace quhen sadnes the affailis,
 In dolour lang thy lyfe ma nocht indure;
 Quhairfoir of confort set vp all thy failis: 15
 Without glaidnes availis no trefour.

Follow on petie, fle truble and debait;
 With famows folkis hald thy cumpany;
 Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,
 For warldly honour leftis bot a cry; 20
 For truble in erd tak no mallancoly;
 Be riche in patience, gif thow in gudis be pure;
 Quho levis mirry, he levis michtely:
 Without glaidnes availis no trefour.

Thow feis thir wrechis fett with forrow and cair, 25
 To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space,
 And quhen thair baggis ar full thair selfis ar bair,
 And of thair riches bot the keping hes;
 Quhill vthiris cum to spend it that hes grace,
 Quhilk of thy wyning no labour had nor cure; 30
 Tak thow example and spend with mirrinefs:
 Without glaidnes availis no trefour.

Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht
 Wer only thyne no moir thy pairt dois fall,
 Bot meit, drynk, clais, and of the laif a ficht, 35
 Yit to the iuge thow fall gif compt of all;
 Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small;
 Be juft and joyws and do to non ingure,
 And trewth fall mak the strang as ony wall: 40
 Without glaidnefs availis no trefure.

Fol. 98. b.

Quod Dumbar.

CXII.

[*Full oft I mvss and hes in Thocht.*]

FULL oft I mvss and hes in thocht
 How this fals warld is ay on flocht,
 Quhair no thing ferme is nor degeft;
 And quhen I haif my mynd all focht,
 For to be blyth me think it best. 5

This warld evir dois flicht and wary,
 Fortoun fa fast hir quheill dois cary;
 Na tyme bot turne can tak rest;
 For quhois fals change suld none be fary;
 For to blyth me think it best. 10

Wald men confiddir in mynd richt weill,
 Or fortoun on him turn hir quheill,
 That erdly honour may nocht left,
 His fall lefs panefull he suld feill;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 15

Quha with this warld dois warfill and stryfe,
 And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
 Thocht he in lordschip be posseft,
 He levis bot ane wrechit lyfe;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 20

Off warldis gud and grit riches,
 Quhat frucht hes man but mirines?
 Thocht he this warld had eist and west,
 All wer pouertie but glaidnes;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 25

Quho suld for tynfall drowp or de
 For thyng that is bot vanitie,



Sen to the lyfe that evir dois left
 Heir is bot twynklyng of ane ee;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 30

Had I for warldis vnkyndnefs
 In hairt tane ony havinefs,
 Or fro my plefans bene opprest,
 I had bene deid langsyne dowltefs;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 35

How evir this warld do change and vary,
 Lat ws in hairt nevir moir be fary,
 Bot evir be redy and addrest
 To pafs out of this frawfull fary;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 40

Etc. *Quod* Dunbar.

CXIII.

[*Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene.*]

WAS nevir in Scotland hard nor sene Fol. 99. a.
 Sic danfing nor deray,
 Nowthir at Falkland on the grene,
 Nor Peblis at the play,
 As wes of wowaris, as I wene, 5
 At Chryft kirk on ane day:
 Thair come our kitteis weschin clene,
 In thair new kirtillis of gray, full gay,
 At Chryftis kirk of the grene.
 To dans thir damyfellis thame dicht, 10
 Thir laffis licht of laitiss,

Thair gluvis wes of the raffell rycht,
Thair schone wes of the straitis,
Thair kirtillis wer of lynkome licht,
Weill prest with mony plaitis: 15
Thay wer so nyfs quhen men thame nicht,
Thay squeilit lyk ony gaitis, so lowd,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene that day.

Off all thir madynis myld as meid
Wes nane so gympt as Gillie, 20
As ony rofs hir rude wes reid,
Hir lyre wes lyk the lillie:
Fow yellow yellow wes hir heid,
Bot scho of lufe wes fillie;
Thocht all hir kin had sworn hir deid, 25
Scho wald haif bot fweit Willie, allone,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

Scho skornit Jok and skraipit at him,
And mvrionit him with morkkis;
He wald haif luvit, scho wald nocht lat him, 30
For all his yalow loikkis:
He chereift hir, scho bad ga chat him,
Scho compt him nocht twa clokkis;
So schamefully his schort gown fet him,
His lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis, scho faid, 35
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

Thome Lular wes thair menstrall meit,
O Lord! as he coud lanfs;
He playit so schill and sang so fweit,
Quhill Towfy tuke a trans: 40
Auld Lychtfute thair he did forleit,
And counterfutit Frans;
He vfe him self as man discreit,

And vp tuk moreifs danfs, full lowd,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene. 45

Than Stevin come stoppand in with stendis, Fol. 99. b.
No rynk mycht him arreift;
Platfute he bobbit vp with bendis,
For Mald he maid requeift:
He lap quhill he lay on his lendis, 50
Bot ryfand he wes preift,
Quhill that he oiftit at bath the endis,
For honour of the feift, that day,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

Syne Robene Roy begowth to revell, 55
And Dwny till him druggit;
"Lat be," quo Jok, and cawd him javell,
And be the tail him tuggit:
The kenfy cleikit to the cavell,
Bot Lord! than gif thay luggit, 60
Thay pairtit hir manly with a nevell,
God wait gif hair wes ruggit, betuix thame,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

Ane bent a bow sic sturt cawd steir him,
Grit skayth wefd to haif skard him, 65
He chefit a flane as did affeir him,
The toder said "Dirdum dardum:"
Throwch baith the cheikis he thocht to cheir him,
Or throw the erfs haif chard him,
Bot be ane akerbraid it come nocht neir him, 70
I can nocht tell quhat mard him, thair,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

With that a freynd of his cryd Fy!
And vp ane arrow drew;

He forgit it fo fowriously, 75
The bow in flenderis flew;
Sa wes the will of God, trow I,
For had the tre bene trew,
Men said that kend his archery,
That he had slane anew, that day, 80
At Chryftis kirk on the grene.

Ane haifty henfure callit Hary,
Quha wes ane archer heynd,
Tilt vp a taikle withowttin tary,
That torment fo him teynd; 85
I wait nocht quhiddir his hand coud wary,
Or the man wes his freynd,
For he eschaipit throw nichtis of Mary,
As man that no ill meynd, bot gud,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene. 90

Than Lowry as ane lyon lap,
And sone a flane coud fedder;
He hecht to pers him at the pap, Fol. 100. a.
Thair on to wed a weddir;
He hit him on the wame a wap, 95
It buft lyk ony bledder,
Bot swa his fortoun wes and hap,
His dowblet wes maid of ledder, and faift him,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

A yaip yung man, that stude him neift, 100
Lowfd of a schot with yre,
He ettlit the bern in at the breift,
The bolt flew our the byre:
Ane cryit Fy! he had slane a preift,
A myll beyond ane myre, 105
Than bow and bag fra him he keift,



And fled als ferfs as fyre, of flynt,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

With forkis and flailis thay lait grit flappis,
And flang togiddir lyk friggis; 110
With bowgaris of barnis thay beft blew kappis,
Quhill thay of bernis maid briggis:
The reird raifs rudly with the rappis,
Quhen rungis wes layd on riggis,
Thy wyffis come furth with cryis and clappis, 115
“Lo! quhair my lyking liggis?” quo thay,
At Chryft kirk of the grene.

Thay girmit and lait gird with granis,
Ilk goffep vder grevit;
Sum fraik with stingis, fum gaderit ftanis, 120
Sum fled and evill mifchevit:
The menstrall wan within twa wanis,
That day full weill he previt,
For he come hame with vnbirfd banis,
Quhair fechtaris wer mifchevit, for evir, 125
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

Heich Huchcoun, with a hiffill ryfs,
To red can throw thame rummill;
He mudlet thame doun lyk ony myfs,
He wes no barty bummill: 130
Thocht he wes wicht he wes nocht wyfs,
With sic jangleris to jummill,
For fra his thowme thay dang a fklyfs,
Quhill he cryd “Barla fummyll! I am flane,”
At Chryftis kirk of the grene. 135

Quhen that he faw his blude fo reid,
To fle nicht no man lat him;

He wend it bene for auld done feid, Fol. 100. b.
The far farar it set him.
He gart his feit defend his heid, 140
He thocht ane cryd haif at him,
Quhill he west past out of all pleid,
He suld bene swift that gat him, throw speid,
At Chryft kirk of the grene.

The toun fowtar in greif wes bowdin, 145
His wyfe hang in his waist;
His body wes with blud all browdin,
He granit lyk ony gaisft.
Hir glitterand hair that wes full goldin,
So hard in lufe him left, 150
That for hir faik he wes nocht yoldin,
Sevin myll quhill he wes cheft, and mair,
At Christis kirk of the grene.

The millar wes of manly mak,
To meit him wes na mowis, 155
Thair durft nocht ten cum him to tak,
So nowit he thair nowis.
The bufchment haill about him brak,
And bikkerit him with bowis,
Syne tratourly behind his bak, 160
Thay hewit him on the howifs, behind,
At Christis kirk of the grene.

Twa that wes heidmen of the heird,
Ran vpoun vtheris lyk rammis,
Than followit feymen rycht on affeird, 165
Bet on with barrow trammis;
Bot quhair thair gobbis wes vngeird,
Thay gat vpoun the gammis;
Quhill bludy berkit wes thair beird

As thay had wirreit lammiss, maift lyk,
At Chryft kirk of the grene that day.

170

The wyvis keft vp ane hiddoufs yell,
Quhen all thir yunkeris yokkit,
Als ferfs as ony fyr flawcht fell,
Freikis to the feild thay flokkit.
Tha cairlis with clubbis coud vder quell,
Quhill blud at breiftis out bokkit;
So rudly rang the commoun bell,
Quhill all the stepill rokkit, for reid,
At Chryftis kirk of the grene.

175

180

Quhen thay had berit lyk baitit bulis,
And branewod brynt in bailis,
Thay wer als mcik as ony mvlis,
That mangit wer with mailis.
For fantness tha forfochin fulis
Fell down lyk flawchtir failis,
And frefchmen come in and held thair dulis,
And dang thame down in dailis, be denc,
At Chryft kirk on the grene.

185

Fol. 101. a.

Quhen all wes done, Dik with ane aix
Come furth to fell a fiddler.
Quod he "Quhair ar yonc hangit fmaix
Rycht now wald flane my bruder?"
His wyfc bad him ga hame Gub Glaikis
And fa did Meg his muder:
He turnd and gaif thame bayth thair paikis,
For he durft ding nane vdir, for feir,
At Chryft kirk of the grene that day.

190

195

Finis quod King James the first.




THE
BANNATYNE
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE
1568

PART III

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v. 3

CXIV.

[*Quha douttis Dremis is bot Phantafye?*]

Q UHA douttis dremis is bot phantafye?
 My spreit was rest and had in extafye,
 My heid lay laich into this dreme but dout;
 At my foirtop my fyve wittis flew out,
 I murnit and I maid ane felloun mane. 5
 Me thocht the King of Farye had me tane,
 And band me in ane presoun, fute and hand,
 Withoutin reuth in ane lang raip of fand.
 To pers the presoun wall it wes nocht eith
 For it wes mingit and maid with mussill teith, 10
 And in the middis of it ane myir of flynt:
 I sank thairin quhill I was neir hand tynt,
 And quhen I saw thair was none vthir remeid,
 I flychterit vp with ane feddrene¹ of leid,
 For that² I thocht me³ ferye of my youth. 15
 I tukc my lytill tae into my mouth,
 And keft my self rycht with ane mychtie bend
 Outthruch the volt and percit nocht the pend.
 And thus I thocht into my dullie dreme,
 I brak my heid vpoun ane know of remc. 20
 That I fuld hurt my self I had dispyte,
 And in all tene I turnit vp⁴ full tyte,
 Drank of ane well that wes gane drye fevin yeir,
 Syne loop⁵ thre lowpis and I was haill and feir.
 Syne efter that⁶ I had eschakit this cace, 25
 Me thocht I wes in monye diuers place,
 Quhilk wer to lang to have in perfyte mynd,
 In Egipt, Ireland, Arragone and Ynd, Fol. 101. b.

¹ Perhaps *feddrem*. ² *That* inserted after the line was written.³ *Me* do. ⁴ The words *in dyle* have been erased here. ⁵ Possibly *lap*.⁶ *That* inserted afterwards.

QUHA DOUTTIS DREMIS IS BOT PHANTASYE?

In Burgonye, Burdeaux and in Bethleem,
 In Jurye land and in Jerufalem, 30
 In France, in Freisland and in Cowpland fellis,
 Quhair clokkis clekkis crawburdis in cokkill schellis,
 In Polll, Pertik, Peblis and¹ Portiafe,
 And thair I schippit into ane barge of drafte;
 We pullit vp failis and² culd our ankeris wey, 35
 And suddanelye out thruch the throfin fey,
 We failit in storme, but steir, gyde or glas,
 To Paradice the place quhair Adame was.
 Be we approchit into that port in hye,
 We ware weill ware of Enoch and Elye, 40
 Sittand on Yule evin in ane fresch grene schaw,
 Rostand straberries at ane fyre of snaw.
 I thocht I wald nocht skar thame in that place,
 Quhill thaj had drawin the burd and said the grace;
 Than suddanelie I wolk out throw the plane 45
 To see mae farleis that I mycht tell agane.
 Me thocht that³ I happinnit on ane montane fone,
 I wanderit vp and was wer of the mone,
 And had nocht bene I lowtit in the steid,
 I had strukkin ane lump out of my heid. 50
 Quhen I was weill me thocht I culd nocht leif,
 Bot than I tuke the fone beme in my neif,
 And wald haif clumin bot it was in ane clips.
 Schortlie I flaid and fell upoun my hips,
 Doun in ane midow befyde ane busk of mynt; 55
 I focht my felf and I was fevin yeir tynt;
 Yit in ane mist I fand me on the morne.
 I hard ane pundler blaw ane elrich horne,
 And fyne befyde me, in ane⁴ medow grene,
 I saw thre quhyte quhailis femelie to be fene, 60
 Thair tedderis wes of grene gerfhopperis hair,

¹ *Portiafe* has been deleted here. ² *Pullit* deleted here.

³ *That* is perhaps deleted. ⁴ *Fair* has been deleted here.

Off mige schankis baith clene, quhyte and fair,
 Thair tedderis wer maid weill grit to graip,
 With filkin schakillis and fowlis of quhyte faip.
 This pundler ran fast, faynand¹ for to find 65
 Thir quhailis thre vpoun his gers to pind;
 He had ane cloik weill maid and wounder meit,
 Off ganand graith of gude gray girdill feit,
 Ane cleirly coit maid in courtly wyifs Fol. 102. a.
 Of emmot skynis with mony sketh and plyifs, 70
 Ane pair of hoifs maid of ane auld myll hopper,
 Ane pair of courtly schone of gude reid copper,
 Ane heklit hud maid of the wyld wode fege
 Treft weill this pundlar thocht him no manis pege.
 He bure ane club, maid mony ane carle coy, 75
 Maid of ane auld burd of the ark of Noy.
 He draif thir thre quhailis vnto ane lie,
 Ane him fwelleit and bair him to the sie,
 And thair he leuit on lempettis in hir wame,
 Quhill harvift tyme that hirdis draif thame hame; 80
 Be this wes done the toder twa returnit
 To fuallow me, grit dule I maid and murnit.
 Me thocht I fled and throcht a park coud pafs,
 And walknit syne. Quhair, trow ye, that I wafs?
 Doun in ane henflaik and gat ane fellon fall, 85
 And lay betuix ane picher and the wall.
 As wyffis commandis, this dreme I will conclude;
 God and the rude mot turn it all to gud;
 Gar fill the cop for thir auld carlingis clames;²
 That gentill aill is oft the caufs of dremes. 90

Explet quod Lichtoun monicus.

¹ *Yame* deleted. ² *Clames* very indistinct—possibly *wames*.

CXV.

[*We that ar heir in Hevins glory.*]The Dregy of Dunbar maid to King
James the Fyift being in Striuilling-

WE that ar heir in hevins glory,
 To yow that ar in purgatory,
 Commendis ws on our hairtly wyifs;
 I mene we folk in parradyis,
 In Edinburcht with all mirrinefs, 5
 To yow of Striuilling in diftrefs,
 Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is,
 For pety thus ane Apofkill wrytis.
 O! ye heremeitis and hankerfaidilis,
 That takis your pennance at your tablis, 10
 And eitis nocht meit reftoratiue,
 Nor drynkis no wyn comfortatiue,
 Bot aill and that is thyn and fmall;
 With few courfis into your hall,
 But cumpany of lordis and knychtis, 15
 Or ony vder gudly wichtis,
 Solitar walkand your allone,
 Seing no thing bot stok and stone;
 Out of your panefull purgatory,
 To bring yow to the blifs of glory, 20
 Off Edinburgh the mirry toun
 We fall begyn ane cairfull foun;
 Ane dergy devoit and meik,
 The Lord of blifs doing befeik
 Yow to delyuer out of your nowy, 25
 And bring yow fone to Edinburgh joy,
 For to be mirry amang ws;
 And fa the dergy begynis thus.

Lectio prima.

The Fader, the Sone and Haly Gaift,
 The mirthfull Mary virgene chaift, 30
 Of angellis all the ordouris nyne,
 And all the hevinly court devyne,
 Sone bring yow fra the pyne and wo
 Of Striuilling, every court manis so,
 Agane to Edinburghis joy and blifs, 35
 Quhair wirfcchep, welth and weilfar is,
 Pley, plesance and eik honesty:
 Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Responsio tu autem Domine.

Tak confolatioun in your pane,
 In tribulatioun tak confolatioun, 40
 Out of vexatioun cum hame agane,
 Tak confolatioun in your pane.

Fube Domine benedicite.

Oute of distrefs of Strivilling toun
 To Edinburcht blifs, God mak yow boun.

Lectio secunda.

Patriarchis, profetis and appostillis deir, 45
 Confessouris, virgynis and marteris cleir,
 And all the faitt celestiall,
 Devotely we vpoun thame call,
 That sone out of your panis fell,
 Ye may in hevin heir with ws dwell, 50
 To eit swan, cran, pertrik and plever.

WE THAT AR HEIR IN HEVINS GLORY.

And every fische that fwymis in rever;
 To drynk with ws the new fresche wyne,
 That grew upoun the rever of Ryne,
 Fresche fragrant clairrettis out of France, 55
 Of Angerfs and of Orliance,
 With mony ane cours of grit dyntie:
 Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Responsorium tu autem Domine.

God and Sanct Jeill heir yow convoy Fol. 103. a.
 Baith sone and weill, God and Sanct Jeill 60
 To sone and seill, folace and joy,
 God and Sanct Geill heir yow convoy.
 Out of¹ Striuilling panis fell,
 In Edinburcht joy sone mot ye dwell.

Lectio tertia.

We pray to all the Sanctis of hevin, 65
 That ar aboif the sterris fevin,
 Yow to deliuer out of your pennance,
 That ye may sone play, sing and dance
 Heir in to Edinburcht and mak gud cheir,
 Quhair welth and weifair is but weir; 70
 And I that dois your panis discryve
 Thinkis for to vissy yow belyve;
 Nocht in defert with yow to dwell,
 Bot as the angell Sanct Gabriell
 Dois go betwene fra hevinis glory 75
 To thame that ar in purgatory,
 And in thair tribulatioun
 To gif thame consolatioun,
 And schaw thame quhen thair panis ar past,

¹ *Edinburch* deleted here.

Thay fall till hevin cum at laft; 80
 And how nane fervis to haif fweitnefs
 That nevir taiftit bittirnefs.
 And thairfoir how fuld ye confiddir
 Of Edinburcht blifs, quhen ye cum hiddir,
 Bot gif ye taiftit had befoir 85
 Of Striuilling toun the panis foir;
 And thairfoir tak in patience
 Your pennance and your abftinence,
 And ye fall cum, or Yule begyn,
 Into the blifs that we ar in; 90
 Quhilk grant the glorius Trinitie!
 Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Refponforium.

Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striuilling;
 Frome hiddoufs hell cum hame and dwell,
 Quhair ficche to fell is non bot fpirling; 95
 Cum hame and dwell no,moir in Striuilling.

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Striuilling;
 Sed libera nos a malo illius. Fol. 103. b.
 Requiam Edinburgi dona eijs, Domine,
 Et lux ipfius luceat eijs. 100
 A porta trifticie de Striuilling,
 Orna, Domine, animas eorum.
 Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,
 In villa viuentium.¹
 Requiefcant Edinburgi, amen. 105

Deus qui iuftos et corde humiles
 Ex omni eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,
 Libera famulos tuos apud villam de Stirling verfantes
 A penis et triftitijs eiufdem,

¹ May be read *viuentium*.

Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas, 110
Vt requiescat Striuilling, amen.

Heir endis Dunbaris Dergy to the King,
bydand to lang in Stirling.

CXVI.

[*In secreit Place this hindir Nycht.*]

I N secreit place this hindir nycht,
I hard ane bern fay till a bricht,
My hunny, my houp, my hairt, my heill,
I haif bene lang your lufar leill,
And can of yow gett confort nane; 5
How lang will ye with denger deill?
Ye brek my hart, my bony ane!

His bony berd wes kemd and croppit,
Bot all with kaill it wes bedroppit;
And he wes to mich fulich and gukkit; 10
He clappit fast, he kift, he chukkit,
As with the glaikkis he wer ourgane;
Yit be his feiris he wald haif fukkit;
Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane!

Qod he, My hairt, fweit as the hunny, 15
Sen that I born wes of my mynny,
I wowitz nevir ane vder bot yow;
My wame is of your lufe so fow,
That as ane gaift I glour and grane,
I trymmill fa, ye will not trow; 20
Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane!



To hie! quod fcho, and gaif ane gawf,
Be still my cowffyne and my cawf,
My new spaind howphyn fra the fowk,
And all the blythnes of my bowk;
My fweit fwanky, faif yow allane,
Na leid I luvit all this owk;
Fow leis me that graceles gane.

25 Fol. 104. a.

Qo^t he, My claver, my curledoddy,
My hony foppis, my fweit poffoddy,
Be nocht our buftious to your billie,
Be warme hartit and nocht illwillie;
Your halves, quhyt as quhalis bane,
Garfs ryfs on loft my quhillyllie;
Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane!

30

35

Qo^t fcho, My clip, my vnspaynd jyane,
With mvderis milk yit in your michane,
My belly huddroun, my fweit hurle bawfy,
My honygukkis, my slafy gawfy;
Your mvfing wald perfs ane hairt of ftane,
Sa tak gud confort, my gritheidit gawfy;
Fow leis me that gracles gane.

40

Qo^t he, My kid, my capircalyeane,
My bony bab with the ruch brilyeane,
My tendir girdill, my wally gowdy,
My tirly mirly, my towdy mowdy;
Quhen that our mowthis dois meit at ane,
My ftang dois torkin with your towdy;
Ye brek my hairt, my bony ane.

45

Qo^t fcho, Tak me by the hand,
Wylcum! my golk of maryland,
My chirry and my maikles mynyeoun,

50

THE CURSING OF S^r JOHINE ROWLIS.

My fucker fweit as ony vnyeoun,
 My strummill stirk, yit new to spane,
 I am applyid to your opinyoun; 55
 Fow leis me that graceles gane.

He gaif till hir ane appill ruby;
 Gramercy! quod scho, my fweit cowhuby.
 Syne tha twa till ane play began,
 Quhilk that thay call the dirrydan; 60
 Quhill bayth thair bewis did meit in ane.
 Fow wo! quod scho, quhair will ye, man?
 Full leis me that graceles gane.

*Finis etc. quod Clerk.*¹

CXVII.

*Heir followis the Cursing of S^r Johine Rowlis
 vpon the Steilaris of his Fowlis.* Fol. 104. b.

DEVYNE power of michtis maift;
 Of Fadir, Sone and Haly Ghaift;
 Jesu Chryft and his appostillis;
 Petir, Paule, and his discipillis;
 And all the power vndir God; 5
 And now of Rome that beiris the rod,
 Vndir the hevin to lowse and bind,
 Paip Alexander that we do fynd,
 With that power that Petir gaif;
 Godis braid malefone mot thay haif, 10
 And all the blude about thair hairt
 Blak be thair hour, blak be thair pairt;

¹ *Quod Clerk* is written by a different hand.

For fyve fat geifs of S^r Johine Rowlis,
 With caponis, henis and vthir fowlis;
 Baith the halderis and conceilaris, 15
 Reffettaris and the preve steilaris;
 And he that faulis faifis and dammis
 Beceich¹ the devill thair guttis and gammis,
 Thair tounge, thair teith, thair handis, thair feit,
 And all thair body hail compleit; 20
 That brak his yaird and stall his frutt,
 And raif his erbis vp be the rute,
 His quheit, his aitis, his peifs, his beir,
 In stowk, or stak, to do him deir;
 In barne, in houfs, in kill, or mill, 25
 Except it had bene his awin will;
 His wow, his lamb, his cheis, his stirk,
 Or ony teyndis of haly kirk;
 And all that lattis vnkend or knawin,
 The vicar to difpone his awin, 30
 Kirland hay, or gerfs to awaill
 Be thair support, bed, or counfall.
 Now curfit and wareit be thair werd,
 Quhill thay be levand on this erd;
 Hungir, sturt and tribulatioun, 35
 And nevir to be without vexatioun,
 Of vengance, forrow, sturt and² cair;
 Gracelefs, thriftles and threid bair;
 All tymes in thair legasie,
 Fyre, fword, watter and woddie, 40
 Or ane of thir infirmeteis;
 Off warldly fcherp aduerfeteis, Fol. 105. a.
 Pouertie, pestilence or poplecy,
 Dum deif or edropofy,
 Maigram, madnefs or miffilry, 45
 Appoftrum or the perlocy,
 Fluxis, hyvis or huttit ill,

¹ May be read *deitch*. ² *Stryf* deleted here.

Hoift, heidwark or fawin ill,
 Kald kanker, feiftir or feveris,
 Brukis, bylis, blobbis and bleiftiris, 50
 Emeroidefe or the fair halfs,
 The pokkis, the fpaving in the halfs,
 The panefull gravell and the gutt,
 The gulfoch that thay nevir be but
 Seattica and arrattica, 55
 The cruke, the cramp, the colica,
 The worme, the wareit wedonynpha,¹
 Rumburfin, ripplis or bellythra,
 The choikis that haldis the chaftis fra chowing,
 Golkgaliter at the hairt growing, 60
 The ftane wring, ftane and ftane blind,
 The bernebed and morbehind,
 The stranyelour and grit glengoir,
 The harchatt in the lippis befoir,
 The mowlis and thair fleip the mair, 65
 The kanker and the kattair
 Mott fall vpoun thair kankart corfs,
 With all the evill that evir had horfs,
 Fifche, fowll, beift or man,
 In erd fen firft the warld began, 70
 Till thay remember or thay de,
 Repentand thair iniquitie,
 And draw thair inclinatioun
 Fra stowth to contemplatioun,
 Fra feyndis fell fubieftioun 75
 To haly kirkis correctioun.
 Sua thay mak plane confeffioun
 Thair gud will and contritioun,
 Confessand thame to thair curatt,
 That in thair hairtis is evill indurat. 80
 Na vthir preift hes power, nor freir,
 And thay that daly will perfeveir,

¹ Or *wedonynpha*.

Nocht dreidand God in work nor word,
 Nor yit of haly kirk the fuord;
 Bot in thair curfit and sinfull wayis, 85
 Levand and dryvand our thair dayis,
 Nor ask God mercy nor repent,
 Than this falbe thair sacrament. Fol. 105. b.

Fra God, our Lady and all thair hallowis
 To the feynd thair faulis, thair craig the gallowis 90
 I gif, and Cerberus thair banis fall know,
 For thair difpyt of the kirkis law.
 Gog and Magog, and grym Garog,
 The devill of hell the theif Harog,
 Sym Skynnar and S^r Garnega, 95
 Julius appostata,
 Prince Pluto and Quene Cokatrice,
 Devetinus the devill that maid the dyce,
 Cokadame and Semiamis,
 Fyremouth and Tutivillus, 100
 And Browny als that can play kow
 Behind the claith, with mony mow.
 All thir about the beir falbe,
 Singand ane dolorus dergie,
 And vthiris devillis thair falbe fene, 105
 Als thik as mot in fonis beme.
 Thair fall thay kary in thair clukis,
 Sum libberlais and fum hell crukis,
 Sum with kamis and fum with kardis,
 Sum with quhippis of leddrin tardis, 110
 Sum with clubbis and mellis of leid,
 Sum with brandrathis birnand reid,
 Sum with rumpillis lyk a skait,
 And geifs and caponis rostit hait,
 That falbe laschit on thair lippis. 115
 Cum thay within the devillis grippis,
 With skulyeoun clowttis and dressing knyvis,

Platt for plat on thair gyngyvis.
 Sayis richt thus "Of Rowlis geifs
 Thame chaftis thame chowit every peifs; 120
 For thow art he and thow art scho
 That Rowlis blak Robene put in bro,
 And thow art scho that stall the hen,
 And put hir in the pot thair ben.
 Lo! this is he that with his hairt 125
 Wald nevir gif the vicar his pairt,
 Bot ay about for to diffaif
 The haly kirk that it fowld haif."
 Than ruffy Tasker with his flail
 Sall beit thame all fra top to tail; 130
 And ruffy Ragmen with his taggis
 Sall ryfe thair sinfull faule in raggis;
 And quhen the devillis hes thame tirvit,
 All thair faulis falbe transformit;
 Sum in bichis and fum in beiris, 135
 Sum in mvlis and fum in meiris,
 Aganis the scalour that thay wer in,
 For vengeance of thair deidly sin,
 To ryd and tak possessioun,
 Throw all hell vp and down, 140
 And with grit din and deray
 Compeir fall Sathan but delay,
 Sayand richt thus with sentence he,
 "Vpoun the day that thow fall de,
 I devill of deillis, I yow condame 14
 For geis, for yowis, for woll, for lame.
 Thairfoir hy yow to the pott of hell,
 With Sathan our Abirone to dwell;
 As feyndis spreitis perpetually,
 For to remane in mefary. 150
 Deip Acheron your faulis invaid,
 Als blak, as ruch as ony taid:

Fol. 106. a.

Swaikis, ferpentis and edderis
 Mott stuf your bellyis and your bledderis,
 In hellis hoill quhair nevir is licht, 155
 Nor nevir is day bot evir nicht;
 Quhair nevir is joy evin and morrow,
 Bot endles pane, dule and forrow;
 Quhair nevir is petie nor concord,
 Nor amitie bot difcord, 160
 Malice, rancour and invy,
 With magry and malancoly."
 Than fra the sentence be on thame said,
 Grit Bialial fall gif a braid,
 And bakwart leip vpoun a beir, 165
 Sum on ane mvle, sum on a meir,
 Sum on wolffis and sum on wichis,
 Sum on brodfowis, sum on bichis.
 Than is thair nocht bot fadill and brydill,
 Thir outtit meiris hes lang gane ydill; 170
 Bot sic ane clawing with thair clukis,
 And sic ane reirding with thair rukis;
 Rampand with ane hiddowis beir,
 Cryand "All is ouris that is heir."
 The memberis of tha wickit men, 175
 That staw the guse, the cok, the hen,
 Thay falbe revin be the throttis,
 For cutting of tha fowlis croppis;
 Syne led in towis and in lang tedderis,
 And daly etin with taidis and edderis, 180
 That all the court of hevin may knaw
 Thay war the thevis that Rowlis geifs staw.
 For quhy! grit God, our hieft juge,
 He gaif decreit but refuge,
 That all pykaris of pultre 185
 Gais nocht to hevin bot thay fall fle
 To hell without redemptioun,

Quhair is no remiffioun.
 The forme of thir vgly devillis,
 Thay hafe lang tailis on thair heillis, 190
 And rumpillis hingand on thair tailis,¹
 Dragoun heidis and warwolf nalis,
 With glowrane evne as glitterand glaſs,
 With bowgillis and hornis maid of braſs,
 And dyverſs facis repleit with yre 195
 Spowand vemmen and ſparkis of fyre;
 And ſum with teith and tegir tungis,
 Attour thair chin with bludy dungis,²
 Spottit and ſprinklit vp and doun,
 Reid attray lyk a ſcorpion. 200
 And ſum ar ſmeith and ſum ar ruch,
 And ſum ar lyk ane ſerpentis fluch,
 With prik mule eiris ſum ar lyk
 Thair eiris neifs ar lyk ane midding tyk,
 With gaipand mowth richt yaip to ſwelly 205
 The mair the leſs devill in his belly.
 Of thair fowle fegouris na man can tell,
 Thocht thay wer ſevin yeiris in hell,
 To leir to paynt portour or blaſoun,
 Thair forme and thayr feyndly faſſoun 210
 Thair vgfum horribiliteis;
 Nor yit na that ſchaipis with ſcheiris
 Thocht infinieit he be of yeiris
 Maift principaly to ſchaip thair graith
 In hell for ſteiling heir of claith 215
 Can conterfit nor mak it meit
 Ane gabart for a deill compleit,
 And yit in hell ar mony ane
 That ſaid thai war als trew as ſtane.
 Gif thair be ony in this houſs, 220
 That beiris the nedill gorrit the lowſs,
 I thame befeik thay be nocht wraith

¹ *Tailis* and *nailis* have been written in reverſe order, and afterwards deleted. ² May be read *dangis*.

Suppois they clyit haif parte of claith;
 Bot feik the caufs and leif the deid,
 And blame the fcheiris that raif the skreid; 225
 And quha that steilis and on stowth levis,
 Curfit mot thay be amang thir thevis.
 Now to the effect ga will I,
 And speik of feyndis phantefy,
 In court nocht with the Quene of Fary, 230
 But heltaris, heidtailis, fonkis or fadillis,
 But butis or spurris, crukis¹ or ladillis,
 With full berdis blasand in the wind,
 And hett speitis in thair taill behind.
 Than inflar Tasy with his jaggis, 235
 And belly Bassy with his baggis,
 At hellis yettis fall mak sic reirding
 On thir steilaris of geifs fall ding,
 That it beis hard in middilerd
 Tha grit flappis with sic faird. 240
 Thunder blastis and fyre fall blaw,
 That na devill may ane vthir knaw
 For reik stynk and bryntstane birnand,
 Devillis yelpand, gaipand and girnand;
 Than fall bla Baliaall gif ane brattill, 245
 And all the thevis in Hell fall stattill.²
 Lyk to ane gaid of yrne or steill,
 That doun war sinkand in ane weell,
 Sa fall thay ga to endles pane,
 And nevir to cum hame agane. 250
 Now, Jefu! for thy passiou, n,
 That deit for our redemptioun,
 Of mankynd haif mercy fone.
 Latt nevir this sentence fall thame vpone,
 Bot grant thame grace ay till forbeir 255
 Reffett or stowth of vthir menis geir;
 And als agane the geir restoir

¹ MS. repeats *crukis*. ² Possibly *stattill*.

QUHY SOWLD NOCHT ALLANE HONORIT BE!

Till Rowle, as I hafe said befor;
 And to repent thay may in tyme,
 Pray we to God. Thus endis the ryme. 260
 This tragedy is callit, but dreid,
 Rowlis cursing, quha will it reid?

Finis quod Rowll.

 CXVIII.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

QUHEN he wes yung, and cled in grene,
 Haifand his air about his ene,
 Baith men and wemen did him mene,
 Quhen he grew on yon hillis he:
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be? 5

His fostir faider fure of the toun,
 To viffy Allane he maid him boun;
 He faw him lyane, allace! in fwoun,
 For falt of help, and lyk to de:
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be? 10

Thay faw his heid begin to ryfe,
 Syne for ane nvreifs thay fend belyfe,
 Quha brocht with hir fyfty and fyve
 Of men of war full prevely:
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be? 15

Thay ruschit furth lyk hellis rukis,
 And every ane of thame had hukis;
 Thay cawcht him schortly in thair clukis,

Syne band him in ane creddill of tre:
Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? Fol. 107. b.
20

Thay brocht him invart in the land,
Syne every freynd maid him his band,
Quhill thay nicht owdir gang or stand,
Nevir ane fute fra him to fle:
Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 25

The grittest cowart in this land,
Fra he with Allane entir in band,
Thocht he may nowdir gang nor stand,
Yit fowrty fall nocht gar him fle:
Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 30

Schir Allanis hewmond is ane cop,
With ane fege feddir in his top;
Fra hand till hand so dois he hop,
Quhill fum may nowdir speik nor se:
Quhy fold nocht Allane honorit be? 35

In Yule, quhen ilk man fingis his carrell,
Gud Allane lyis in to ane barrell;
Quhen he is thair, he dows no parrell
To cum on him be land or se:
Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 40

Yit wes thair nevir sa gay a gallane,
Fra he meit with our maiftir Schir Allane,
Bot gif he hald him by the hallane,
Bak wart on the flure fallis he:
Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 45

My maiftir Allane grew so stark,
Quhill he maid mony cunning clerk,
Vpoun thair faifs he settis his mark,

I, THAT IN HEILL WES AND GLAIDNESS.

A blud reid noifs befyd thair e:
 Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 50

My maiftir Allane I may fair curfs,
 He levis no mony in my purfs,
 At his command I mon deburfs
 Moir nor the twa pairt of my fe:
 Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 55

And laft, of Allane to conclude,
 He is bening, courtafs and gude,
 And fervis ws of our daly fvde,
 And that with liberalitie:
 Quhy fowld nocht Allane honorit be? 60

Finis quod Allane Matfonis fuddartis.

[A folio of the MS., 108, seems to be miffing here.]

CXIX.

[*I, that in Heill wes and Glaidness.*]

I THAT in heill wes and glaidness, Fol. 109
 , Am trublit now with grit feikness,
 And feblit with infirmitie:
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plefans heir is all vane glory, 5
 This fals warld is bot tranfitory,
 The fiefche is brukle, the Feynd¹ is fle:
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

The stait of man dois chainge and vary,
 Now found, now feik, now blyth, now fary, 10

¹ MS. has *Feynd*.

Now danfand mirry, now lyk to die:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

No stait in Erd heir standis sicker;
As with the wind wavis the wicker,
So wannis this warldis vanitie: 15
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Vnto the Deth gois all estaitis,
Princis, prelattis and potestaitis,
Bayth riche and pure of all degre;
Tymor Mortis conturbat me, 20

He taikis the knychtis in to the feild,
Enarmit vndir helme and scheild;
Victor he is at all mellie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang, vnvynfable tirrand 25
Takis on the muderis breift fowkand
The bab, full of benignitie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He taikis the campioun in the ftour,
The captane clofit in the tour, 30
The lady in bour full of bewtie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his pifcens,
Nor clerk for his intelligens;
His awfull straik may no man fle: 35
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Art, magicianis and astrologis,
Rethoris, logicianis and theologis,
Thame helpis no conclusionis fle: 40
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

I, THAT IN HEILL WES AND GLAIDNESS.

In madecyne the **moft practicianis,**
Leichis, furrigianis and phecicianis,
 Thame felf fra Deth ma nocht fupple;
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

I fe the **makkaris amangis the laif** 45
Playis heir thair padyanis, fyne gois to graif;
Sparit is nocht thair facultie:
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me. Fol. 109.b.

He hes done **petouflie devoir**
 The noble **Chawfer of makaris flour,** 50
 The **Munk of Berry, and Gowyir, all thre:**
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

The gud **Schir Hew of Eglington,**
Ettrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,
 He hes tane out of this cuntre: 55
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

That **fkorpioun fell hes done infek**
Maifter Johine Clerk and James Afflek,
 Fra ballat **makking and tragedy:**
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me. 60

Holland and Barbour he hes berevit;
Allace! that he nocht with ws levit
Schir Mungo Lokkart of the Lie:
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Clerk of **Tranent eik he hes tane,** 65
That maid the awnteris of Schir Gawane;
Schir Gilbert Gray endit hes hie:
 Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes **Blind Hary and Sandy Traill**
Slane with his fshot of mortall hail, 70

Quhilk Patrik Johinfoun mycht nocht fle:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes reft Merfar his indyte,
That did in luv so lyfly wryte,
So fchort, so quick, of fentens hie: 75
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes tane Rowll of Abirdene,
And gentill Rowll of Corstorphyne;
Two bettir fallowis did no man fie: 80
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

In Dumfarmeling he hes tane Broun,
With gud Maiftir Robert Henryfoun;
Schir Johine the Rofs imbraift hes hie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

And he hes now tane, laft of aw, 85
Gud gentill Stobo and Quintene Schaw,
Of quhome all wichtis hes pitie:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

And Maiftir Walter Kennedy
In poyntt of deth lyis verely, 90
Grit rewth it wer that fo fuld be:
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he hes all my brether tane,
He will nocht lat me leif allane,
On forfs I mon his nixt pray be: 95 Fol. 110. a.
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the Deth remeid is non,
Best is that we for deth dispone,
Eftir our deth that leif may we: 100
Tymor Mortis conturbat me.

Quod Dumbar.

CXX.

The Dance.

OFF Februar the fyiftene nycht,
 Full lang befor the dayis lycht,
 I lay in till a trance;
 And than I saw baith Hevin and Hell:
 Me thocht, amangis the feyndis fell, 5
 Mahoun gart cry ane dance
 Off schrewis that wer nevir schrevin,
 Aganifs the feift of Fafternis evin,
 To mak thair obfervance;
 He bad gallandis ga graith a gyifs, 10
 And kaft vp gamountis in the fkyifs,
 That laft came out of France.

Lat fe, quod he, Now quha begynnys;
 With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis
 Begowth to leip at anis. 15
 Pryd. And firft of all in dance wes Pryd,
 With bair wyld bak and bonet on fyd,
 Lyk to mak vaiftie wanis;
 And round about him, as a quheill,
 Hang all in rumpillis to the heill 20
 His kethat for the nanis:
 Mony proud trumpour with him trippit
 Throw fkaldand fyre, ay as thay fkipplit
 Thay gyrnd with hiddoufs granis.

Heilie harlottis on hawtane wyifs 25
 Come in with mony findrie gyifs,
 Bot yit luche nevir Mahoun;
 Quhill preiftis come in with bair fchevin nekkis,



- Than all the feyndis lewche, and maid gekkis,
Blak Belly and Bawfy Brown. 30
- Yre. Than Yre come in with sturt and stryfe;
His hand wes ay vpoun his knyfe,
He brandeift lyk a beir:
Boftaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
Eftir him passit in to pairis, 35
All bodin in feir of weir;
In jakkis, and scryppis¹ and bonettis of steill,
Thair leggis wer chenyeit to the heill,
Frawart wes thair affeir: Fol. 110. b.
Sum vpoun vdir with brandis best, 40
Sum jaggit vthiris to the heft,
With knyvis that scherp coud schein.
- Invy. Nixt in the dance followit Invy,
Fild full of feid and fellony,
Hid malyce and difpyte; 45
For pryvie hatrent that tratour trymlit.
Him followit mony freik diffymilit,
With fenyeit wurdis quhyte;
And flattereris in to menis facis;
And bakbyttaris of findry racis, 50
To ley that had delyte;
And rownaris of fals lefingis;
Allace! that courtis of noble kingis
Of thame can nevir be quyte.
- Auaryce. Nixt him in dans come Cuvatyce, 55
Rute of all evill and grund of vyce,
That nevir coud be content;
Catyvis, wrechis and olkeraris,
Hud pykis, hurdaris and gadderaris,
All with that warlo went: 60

¹ May be read *stryppis*.

Out of **thair throttis** thay **schot** on **vdder**
 Hett moltin gold, me **thocht** a **fudder**,
 As **fyreflawcht** maift **fervent**;
 Ay as thay **tomit** thame of **schot**,
 Feyndis fild thame **new vp** to the **thrott** 65
 With gold of allkin **prent**.

Sucirnes. Syne **Sweirnes**, at the **secound** **bidding**,
 Come lyk a **fow** out of a **midding**,
 Full **slepy** wes his **grunyie**:
 Mony **fwair** **bumbard** belly **huddroun**, 70
 Mony **flute** **daw** and **slepy** **duddroun**,
 Him **ferwit** ay with **sounyie**;
 He **drew** thame **furth** in till a **chenyie**,
 And **Belliall**, with a **brydill** **renyie**,
 Ewir **lascht** thame on the **lunyie**: 75
 In **dance** thay **war** so **flaw** of **feit**,
 Thay **gaif** thame in the **fyre** a **heit**,
 And **maid** thame **quicker** of **counyie**.

Lichery. Than **Lichery**, that **lathly** **corfs**,
 Berand lyk a **bagit** **horfs**, 80
 And **Ydilnefs** did him **leid**;
 Thair wes with him **ane** **vgly** **fort**,
 And **mony** **ftynkand** **fowll** **tramort**,
 That had in **fyn** **bene** **deid**.
 Quhen thay **wer** **entrit** in the **dance**,
 Thay **wer** full **strenge** of **countenance**,
 Lyk **turkafs** **birnand** **reid**;
 All led thay **vthir** by the **terfis**,
 Suppoifs thay **fycket** with **thair** **erfis**,
 It **mycht**¹ be na **remeid**. 85 Fol. 111. a. 90

Gluttony. Than the **fowll** **monstir** **Gluttony**,
 Off **wame** **vnfasiab**le and **gredy**,

¹ MS. has *mycht*.

To dance he did him drefs:
 Him followit mony fowll drunckart,
 With can and collep, cop and quart, 95
 In fuffet and excefs;
 Full mony a waiftlefs wallydrag,
 With wamifs vnweildable, did furth wag,
 In creifche that did increfs:
 Drynk! ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip, 100
 The feyndis gaif thame hait leid to laip,
 Thair lovery wes na lefs.

Na menstrallis playit to thame but dowl,
 For glemen thair wer haldin owt,
 Be day, and eik by nycht; 105
 Except a menstrall that flew a man,
 Swa till his heretage he wan,
 And entirt be breif of richt.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand padyane;
 Syne ran a feynd to feche Makfadyane, 110
 Far north wart in a nuke;
 Be he the correnoch had done schout,
 Erfchemen fo gadderit him abowt,
 In Hell grit rowme thay tuke.
 Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter, 115
 Full lowd in Erfche begowth to clatter,
 And rowp lyk revin and ruke:
 The Devill fa devit wes with thair yell,
 That in the depeft pot of Hell
 He fmorit thame with fmvke. 120

CXXI.

The Turnament.

NIXT that a turnament wes tryid,
 That lang befoir in Hell wes cryid,
 In prefens of Mahoun;
 Betuix a telyour and ane fowtar,
 A prickloufs and ane hobbell clowttar, 5
 The barrefs wes maid boun.
 The tailyeour, baith with speir and scheid,
 Convoyit wes vnto the feild,
 With mony lymmar loun,
 Off feme byttaris and beift knappar, 10 Fol. 111. b.
 Off stomok steillaris and clayth takkaris,
 A gracelefs garifoun.

 His baner born wes him befoir,
 Quhairin wes clowttis ane hundreth fcoir,
 Ilk ane of diuerfs hew; 15
 And all stowin out of findry webbis,
 For, quhill the Greik sie flowis and ebbis,
 Telyouris will nevir be trew.
 The tailyour on the barrowis blent,
 Allais! he tynt all hardyment, 20
 For feir he chaingit hew:
 Mahoun come furth and maid him knycht,
 Na ferly thocht his hart wes licht,
 That to sic honor grew.

 The tailyeour hecht hely befoir Mahoun, 25
 That he suld ding the fowtar doun,
 Thocht he wer strang as mast;
 Bot quhen he on the barrowis blenkit,
 The telyouris hairt a littill schrenkit,



His hairt did all ourcast. 30
 Quhen to the fowtar he did cum,
 Off all sic wirdis he wes full dum,
 So foir he wes agaft;
 In harte he tuke yit sic ane scunnir,
 Ane rak of fartis lyk ony thunner, 35
 Went fra him, blast for blast.

The fowtar to the feild him drest,
 He wes convoyid out of the west,
 As ane defender stout:
 Suppoifs he had na lufy varlot, 40
 He had full mony lowfy harlott,
 Round rynnand him aboute.
 His baner wes of barkit hyd,
 Quhairin Sanct Girnega did glyd,
 Befoir that rebald rowt: 45
 Full fowttarlyk he wes of laitis,
 For ay betuix the harnes plaitis
 The vly birfitt out.

Quhen on the telyour he did luke,
 His hairt a littill dwamyng tuke, 50
 He mycht nocht rycht vpsitt;
 In to his stommok wes sic ane steir,
 Off all his dennar quhilk he coft deir Fol. 112.a.
 His breift held deill a bitt.
 To comfort him, or he raid forder, 55
 The Devill off knychtheid gaif him order;
 For fair fyne he did spitt;
 And he about the Devillis nek
 Did spew agane ane quart of blek,
 Thus knychtly he him quitt. 60

Than forty tymis the Feynd cryd, Fy!
 The fowtar rycht effeirtily

Vnto the feild he focht:
 Quhen thay wer ferwit of thair speiris,
 Folk had ane feill be thair effeiris, 65
 Thair hairtis wer baith on flocht.
 Thay spurrit thair horfs on adir fyd,
 Syne thay attour the grund cowd glyd,
 Than thame togidder brocht;
 The tailyeour that wes nocht weill fittin, 70
 He left his fadill all beschittin,
 And to the grund he focht.

His harnafs brak and maid ane brattill,
 The fowtaris horfs scart with the rattill,
 And round about cowd reill; 75
 The beist that frayit wes rycht evill,
 Ran with the fowtar to the Devill,
 And he rewardit him weill.
 Sum thing frome him the Feynd eschewit,
 He went agane to bene bespewit, 80
 So stern he wes in steill:
 He thocht he wald agane debait him,
 He turnd his ers and all bedret him,
 Evin quyte from nek till heill.

He lowfit it of with sic a reird, 85
 Baith horfs and man he straik till eird,
 He fartit with sic ane feir;
 "Now haif I quittit the," quod Mahoun;
 Thir new maid knychtis lay bayth in fwoun,
 And did all armes menfweir. 90
 The Devill gart thame to dungeoun dryve,
 And thame of knychtheid cold depryve,
 Difchairgeing thame of weir;
 And maid thame harlottis bayth for evir,
 Quhilk still to keip thay had ferlevir, 95
 Nor ony armes beir.

I had mair of thair werkis writtin,	Fol. 112. b.
Had nocht the fowtar bene beschittin,	
With Belliallis erfs vnblift;	
Bot that fa gud ane bourd me thocht,	100
Sic folace to my hairt it rocht,	
For lawchtir neir I brift;	
Quhairthrow I walknit of my trance.	
To put this in remembrance,	
Mycht no man me refist,	105
For this said justing it befell	
Befoir Mahoun, the air of hell:	
Now trow thifs gif ye lift.	

Heir endis the¹ fowtar and tailyouris war,
Maid be the nobill poyet Mr. William Dumbar.

CXXII.

*Followis the Amendis maid be him to the Telyouris
and Sowtaris, for the Turnament maid on thame.*

B ETUIX twell houris and ellevin,	
I dremed ane angell came fra Hevin,	
With plesand stevin fayand on hie,	
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.	
In Hevin hie ordand is your place,	5
Aboif all fanctis in grit folace,	
Nixt God, gritteft in dignitie:	
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.	
The caufs to yow is nocht vnkend,	
That God mifmakkis ye do amend,	10

¹ The words *justing and the war* deleted in MS.

Be craft and grit agilitie:
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Sowtaris, with fchone weill maid and meit,
Ye mend the faltis of illmaid feit,
Quhairfoir to Hevin your faulis will fle; 15
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Is nocht in all this fair a flyrok,
That hes vpoun his feit a wyrok,
Knowll tais, nor mowlis in no degrie,
Bot ye can hyd thame: blift be ye. 20

And ye tailyouris, with weillmaid clais
Can mend the werft maid man that gaifs,
And mak him femely for to fe:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht God mak ane misfaffonit man, 25
Ye can him all fchaip new agane,
And faffoun him bettir be sic thre:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht a man haif a brokin bak, Fol. 113.a
Haif he a gude crafty telyour, quhattrak, 30
That can it cuver with craftis flie:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Off God grit kyndnefs may ye clame,
That helpis his peple fra cruke and lame,
Supportand faltis with your fupple: 35
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

In Erd ye kyth sic mirakillis heir,
In Hevin ye falbe fanctis full cleir,

Thocht ye be knavis in this cuntre:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

40

Quod Dumbar.

CXXIII.

[I mak it kend, he that will spend.]

I MAK it kend, he that will spend,
And luve God lait and air,
God will him mend and grace him fend,
Quhen catyvis fall haif cair;
Thairfoir pretend weill for to spend 5
Off geir, and nocht till fpair.
I knaw the end that all mon wend,
A way nakit and bair:
With ane O, and ane I, ane wreche fall haif no mair,
Bot ane fchort fcheit at heid and feit, 10
For all his wreke and wair.

For all the wrak a wreche can pak,
And in his baggis imbrace,
Yit Deid fall tak him be the bak,
And gar him cry, Allace! 15
Than fall he frak away with lak,
And wait nocht to quhat place;
Than will thay mak at him a knak,
That maift of his gud haifs:
With ane O, and ane I, quhill we haif tyme and fpace, 20
Mak we gud cheir quhill we art heir,
And thank God of his grace.

SANCT SALUATOUR! SEND SILUER SORROW.

Wer thair ane king to rax and ring,
 Amang gude fallowis cround,
 Wrechis wald wring and mak mvrnyng, 25
 For dule thay fuld be dround;
 Quha findis ane dring, owdir auld or ying,
 Gar hoy him owt and hound.
 Now lat ws sing with Chryftis blissing,
 Be glaid and mak gude found: 30
 With ane O, and ane I, now or we forder found, Fol. 113. b.
 Drink thow to me, and I to the,
 And lat the cop go round.

Quha vndirftude fuld haif his gude,
 Or he wer clofd in clay; 35
 Sum in thair mude thay wald go wid,
 And de lang or thair day;
 Nocht wirth ane hude, or ane auld fnvd,
 Thow fall beir hyne away;
 Wreche! be the Rude, for to conclude, 40
 Full few will for the pray:
 With ane O, and ane I, gud fallowis quhill we may,
 Be mirry and fre, fyne blyth we be,
 And sing on twa and tway.

Quod Johne Blyth.

 CXXIV.

[Sanct Saluatour! fend filuer Sorrow.]

SANCT Saluatour! fend filuer forrow;
 It grevis me both evin and morrow,
 Chasing fra me all cheritie;

It makis me all blythnefs to borrow;
My panefull purfs fo priclifs me. 5

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis breif,
Langour thairto givis me no leif;
War nocht gud howp my hart vphie,
My verry corpis for cair wald cleif;
My panefull purfs fo prikillis me. 1

Quhen I fett me to fing or dance,
Or go to plesand pafance,
Than panfing of penuritie
Revis that fra my remembrance;
My panefull purfs fo prikillis me. 15

Quhen men that hes purffis in tone,
Paffis to drynk or to difione,
Than mon I keip ane grauetie,
And fay, that I will fast quhill none;
My panefull purfs fo priclifs me. 20

My purfs is maid of sic ane skyn,
Thair will na corfs byd it within;
Fra it as fra the Feynd thay fle,
Quha evir tyne, quha evir win;
My panefull purfs fo priclifs me. 25

Had I ane man of ony natioun
Culd mak on it ane coniuratioun,
To gar filuer ay in it be,
The Devill fuld haif no dominatioun,
With pyne to gar it prickill me. Fol. 114. a. 30

I haif inquyrit in mony a place,
For help and confort in this cace,
And all men fays, My Lord, that ye

Can best remeid for this malice,
That with sic panis prickillis me.

35

Quod Dumbar to the King.

CXXV.

[*Listis Lordis, I fall yow tell.*]

LISTIS lordis, I fall yow tell
LOff ane verry grit mervell,
 Off Lord Fergus gait,
 How mekle Schir Andro it cheft
 Vnto Beittokis bour, 5
 The silly fawle to succour:
 And he hes writtin vnto me,
 Auld storeifs for to se,
 Gif it appinis him to meit,
 How he fall coniure the spreit: 10
 And I haif red mony quarfs,
 Bath the Donet, and Dominus que parfs;
 Ryme maid, and als reiddin,
 Baith Inglis and Latene:
 And ane story haif I to reid 15
 Passis Bonitatem in the creid.
 To coniure the littill gaift ye mon haif
 Off tod tailis ten thraif,
 And kaff the grit haly watter,
 With pater nofter, patter patter; 20
 And ye man sitt in ane compafs,
 And cry, Harbert tuthlefs,
 Drug thow and this draw,

And sitt thair quhill cok craw.
 The compafs mon hallowit be 25
 With Aspergis me Domine;
 The haly writt schawis als
 Thair man be hung about your hals,
 Pricket in ane woll poik,
 Off neifs powder ane grit loik. 30
 Thir thingis mon ye beir,
 Brynt in ane doggis eir,
 Ane pluche, ane paiddill, and ane palme corfs,
 Thre tuskis of ane awld deid horfs,
 And of ane yallow wob the warp, 35
 The boddome of ane awld herp, Fol. 114. b.
 The heid of ane cuttit reill,
 The band of ane awld quheill,
 The taill of ane yeild fow,
 And ane bait of blew wow, 40
 Ane botene, and ane brechame,
 And ane quhorle maid of lame,
 To luke owt at the littill boir,
 And cry, Chryftis crofs! yow befoir.
 And quhen ye fe the littill gaift 45
 Cumand to yow in all haift,
 Cry lowd, Chryfte eleifone!
 And speir quhat law it levis on?
 And gif it fayis on Godis ley,
 Than to the littill gaift ye fay, 50
 With brede benedicitie;
 Littill gaift, I coniure the,
 With lerie and larie,
 Bayth fra God, and Sanct Marie,
 Firft with ane fifschis mowth, 55
 And fyne with ane fowlis tovth,
 With ten pertane tais,
 And nyne knokis of windil frais,

With thre heidis of curle doddy;	
And bid the gaift turn in a boddy.	60
Than eftir this coniuratioun,	
The littill gaift will fall in foun,	
And thaireftir doun ly,	
Cryand mercy petoufly;	
Than with your left heill it fane,	65
And it will nevir cum agane.	
Als mekle as ane mige amaift,	
He had ane littill rod leg,	
And it wes cant as ony cleg,	
It wes wynd in ane wyndinfcheit,	70
Baythe the handis and the feit.	
Suppois this gaift wes littill	
Yit it ftall Godis quhittill;	
It ftall fra peteoufs Abraham,	
Ane quhorle and ane quhum quhame;	75
It ftall fra the carle of the mone	
Ane pair of auld yrn fchone;	
It ran to Pencaitlane,	
And wirreit ane auld chaplane.	
This littill gaste did na mair ill,	80
Bot klok lyk a corne myll;	
And it wald play and hop	Fol. 115.a.
About the heid ane stre ftrop;	
And it wald fing and it wald dance	
Oure fute, and Orliance.	85
Quha coniurit the littill gaste, fa ye?	
Nane bot the littill Spenyie fle,	
That with hir wit and ingyne,	
Gart the gaift leif agane;	
And fyne mareid the gaift the fle,	90
And cround him kyng of Kandelie;	
And thay gat thame betwene,	
Orpheus king and Elpha quene.	



To reid quha will this gentill geift,
Ye hard it nocht at Cokilbys feift. 95

Explicitus.

CXXVI.

*Followis how Dumbar wes desyrd to be
ane Freir.*

THIS nycht befor the dawing cleir,
Me thocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
With ane religious abbeit in his hand,
And said, In this go cleith the my ferwand;
Reffufs the warld, for thow mon be a freir. 5

With him and with his abbeit bayth I skarrit,
Lyk to ane man that with a gaift wes marrit:
Me thocht on bed he layid it me abone,
Bot on the flure delyuerly and fone
I lap thairfra, and nevir wald cum nar it. 10

Quoth he, Quhy skarris thow with this holy weid?
Cleith the thairin, for weir it thow most neid;
Thow, that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,
Sall now be freir, and in this abbeit preiche;
Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid. 15

Quod I, Sanct Francis, loving be the till,
And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will
To me, that of thy clayis ar so kynd;
Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd;
Sweit Confessfour, thow tak it nocht in ill. 20

In haly legendis haif I hard alleuin,
 Ma sanctis of bischoppis, nor freiris, be sic fevin;
 Off full few freiris that hes bene sanctis I reid;
 Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane bischopis weid,
 Gife evir thow wald my sawle gaid vnto Hevin. Fol. 115.b.

25

My brethir oft hes maid the supplicationis,
 Be epistillis, fermonis, and relationis,
 To tak the abyte, bot thow did postpone;
 But ony proces, cum on thairfoir annone,
 All circumstance put by and excufationis. 30

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
 The dait thairof is past full mony a yeir;
 For into every lusty toun and place
 Off all Yngland, frome Berwick to Kalice,
 I haif in to thy habeit maid gud cheir. 35

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
 In it haif I in pulpet gon and preichit
 In Dermtoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury;
 In it I past at Dover our the ferry
 Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit. 40

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
 In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;
 In me wes falsset with every wicht to flatter,
 Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;
 I wes ay reddy all men to begyle. 45

This freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
 Ane feind he wes in liknes of ane freir;
 He vaneist away with stynk and fyrie fmowk;
 With him me thocht all the houshend he towk,
 And I awoik as wy that wes in weir. 50

Quod Dumbar.



CXXVII.

[*Full oft I muse, and hes in thocht.*]

FULL oft I muse, and hes in thocht,
 How this fals warld is ay on flocht,
 Quhair na thing ferme is nor degeft;
 And quhen I haif my mynd all focht,
 For to be blyth me think it best.

5

This warld dois evir fleit and vary,
 Fortoun fa fast hir quheill dois kary;
 Na tyme bot turne can tak rest,
 For quhais fals change¹

CXXVIII.

[*He that hes Gold and grit Richefs.*]

HE that hes gold and grit richefs,
 And may be into mirrynefs,
 And dois glaidnefs fra him expell,
 And levis in to wrechitnefs,
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

Fol. 116. a.

5

He that may be but sturt or stryfe,
 And leif ane lusty plefand lyfe,
 And syne with mariege dois him mell,
 And bindis him with ane wicket wyfe,
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

10

¹ This piece is scored out in the MS., being a repetition of No. CXII.

He that hes for his awin genyie
 Ane plefand prop, but mank or menyie,
 And schuttis fyne at ane vncow schell,
 And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenyie,
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell. 15

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,
 But varians or vder flewth,
 Dois evir mair with ane maister dwell,
 That neur of him will haif no rewth,
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell. 20

Now all this tyme lat ws be mirry,
 And sett nocht by this world a chirry:
 Now quhill thair is gude wyne to fell,
 He that dois on dry breid virry,
 I gif him to the Devill of Hell. 25

Quod Dumbar.

CXXIX.

*Followis the Wowing of the King quhen he wes in
 Dumfermeling.*

THIS hindirnycht in Dumfermeling,
 To me wes tawld ane windir thing;
 That lait ane tod wes with ane lame,
 And with hir playit, and maid gud game,
 Syne till his breift did hir imbrace, 5
 And wald haif riddin hir lyk ane rame:
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He braifit hir bony body fweit,
And halfit hir with fordir feit;
Syne schuk his taill, with quhinge and yelp, 10
And todlit with hir lyk ane quhelp;
Syne lowrit on growfe and askit grace;
And ay the lame cryd, Lady, help!
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The tod wes nowder lene nor skowry, 15
He wes ane lusty reid haird lowry,
Ane lang taid beift and grit with all;
The filly lame wes all to small
To sic ane tribbill to hald ane bace:
Scho fled him nocht; fair mot hir fall! 20
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The tod wes reid, the lame wes quhyte, Fol. 116. b.
Scho wes ane morfall of delyte;
He lovit na yowis auld, twch and sklender:
Beaus this lame wes yung and tender, 25
He ran vpoun hir with a race,
And scho schup nevir for till defend hir:
And thifs me thocht ane ferly cace.

He grippit hir abowt the west,
And handlit hir as he had heft; 30
This innocent that nevir trespass,
Tuke hert that scho wes handlit fast,
And lute him kifs hir lusty face;
His girnand gamis hir nocht agast:
And that me thocht ane ferly cace. 35

He held him till hir be the hals,
And spak full fair thocht he wes fals;

Syne faid and fwoir to hir be God,
 That he fuld nocht twich hir prenecod;
 The filly thing trowd him, allace! 40
 The lame gaif creddence to the tod:
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

I will no lefingis put in verfs,
 Lyk as thir jangleris dois reherfs,
 Bot be quhat maner thay war mard, 45
 Quhen licht wes owt and durris wes bard;
 I wait nocht gif he gaif hir grace,
 Bot all the hollis wes stoppit hard:
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen men dois fleit in joy maift far, 50
 Sone cumis wo or thay be war;
 Quhen carpand wer thir two moft crowfs,
 The wolf he ombefett the houfs,
 Vpoun the tod to mak ane chace;
 The lamb than cheipit lyk a mowfs: 55
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Throw hiddowis yowling of the wowf,
 This wylie tod plat down on growf,
 And in the filly lambis fkin,
 He crap als far as he micht win, 60
 And hid him thair ane weill lang fpace;
 The yowis befyd thay maid na din:
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen of the tod wes hard no peip,
 The wowf went all had bene on fleip; 65
 And quhill the tod had strikkin ten,
 The wowf hes drest him to his den,
 Proteftand for the fecound place:

And this report I with my pen,
How at Dumfermling fell the cace. 70

Quod Dumbar.

CXXX.

*Ane Ballat of the fenyeit Freir of Tungland, how he
fell in the Myre fleand to Turkiland.* Fol. 117.a.

AS yung Awrora, with cristall haile,
In orient schew hir visage paile,
A swenyng swyth did me affaile,
Off fonis of Sathanis feid ;
Me thocht a Turk of Tartary 5
Come throw the boundis of Barbary,
And lay forloppin in Lumbardy,
Full lang in waithman weid.

Fra bapting for to eschew,
Thair a religious man he slew, 10
And cled him in his abeit new,
For he cowth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his dissimvlance,
And all his curfit govirnance,
For feir he fled and come in France, 15
With littill of Lumbard leid.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair,
Quhilk mony a man nicht rew evirmair ;
For he left nowthir feik nor fair
Vnflane, or he hyne yeid. 20



Vane organis he full clenely carvit,
 Quhen of his straik fo mony starvit,
 Dreid he had gottin that he defarvit,
 He fled away gud speid.

In Scotland than, the narrest way 25
 He come, his cunnyng till assay;
 To sum man thair it was no play
 The preving of his sciens.

In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne, 30
 He murdreift mony in medecyne;
 The jow was of a grit engyne,
 And generit was of gyans.

In leichecraft he was homecyd,
 He wald haif, for a nicht to byd,
 A haiknay and the hurtmanis hyd, 35
 So meikle he was of myance.

His yrnis was rude as ony rawchtir, Fol. 117.
 Quhair he leit blude it was no lawchtir,
 Full mony instrument for slawchtir
 Was in his gardevyance. 40

He cowth gif cure for laxatyve;
 To gar a wicht horfs want his lyve,
 Quha evir assay wald, man or wyve,
 Thair hippis yeid hiddy gidly.

His practikis nevir war put to preif, 45
 Bot suddane deid, or grit mischeif;
 He had purgatioun to mak a theif
 To dee withowt a widdy.

Vnto no mefs pressit this prelat,
 For soun of sacring bell nor skellat; 50
 As blakfmyth bruikit was his pallatt,
 For battering at the study.

Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,
He had dispenfit with matynnis channoun,
On him come nowthir stole nor fannoun, 55
For smowking of the smydy.

Me thocht feir fassonis he affailyeit,
To mak the quintessance, and failyeit;
And quhen he saw that nocht availyeit,
A fedrem on he take, 60
And schupe in Turkey for to fle;
And quhen that he did mont on he,
All fowill ferleit quhat he fowld be,
That evir did on him luke.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus, 65
Sum the Menatair marvelous,
Sum Mactis smyth Wlcanus,
And sum Saturnus kuke.
And evir the cuschettis at him tuggit,
The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit, 70
The hudit crawis his hair furth ruggit,
The Hevin he nicht not bruke.

The myttane, and Sanct Martynis fowle,
Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
Thay set avpone him with a yowle, 75Fol. 118. a.
And gaif him dynt for dynt.
The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
Best him with buffettis quhill he bled;
The sparhalk to the spring him sped,
Als fers as fyre of flynt. 80

The tarfall gaif him tug for tug,
A stanchell hang in ilka lug,
The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
The stork straik ay but stynt.

The biffart, biffy but rebuik, 85
 Scho was so cleverus of hir clvik,
 His bawis he nicht not langer bruik,
 Scho held thame at ane hint.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
 Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis, 90
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis
 In battill him abowt.
 Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
 The rerd of thame raifs to the sky,
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy! 95
 His lyfe was in to dowt.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke,
 And skornit him as it was lyk;
 The egill strong at him did stryke,
 And rawcht him mony a rowt. 100
 For feir vncunnandy he cawkit,
 Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit
 Beneth him with a spowt.

He schewre his feddreme that was schene, 105
 And flippit owt of it full clene,
 And in a myre, vp to the ene,
 Amang the glar did glyd.
 The fowlis all at the fedrem dang,
 As at a monfter thame amang, 110
 Quhill all the pennis of it owfprang
 In till the air full wyde.

And he lay at the plunge evirmair,
 Sa lang as any ravin did rair;
 The crawis him focht with cryis of cair 115
 In every schaw befyde.

Had he reveild bene to the rwikis,
 Thay had him revin all with thair clwikis:
 Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis
 He did with dirt him hyde.

Fol. 118. b.

120

The air was dirkit with the fowlis,
 That come with yawmeris and with yowlis,
 With skryking, skrymming and with scowlis,
 To tak him in the tyde.

I walknit with the noyis and schowte,
 So hiddowis beir was me abowte;
 Senfyne I curfs that cankerit rowte
 Quhair evir I go or ryde.

125

Finis quod Dumbar.

CXXXI.

*Ane littill Interclud of the Droichis Part of the
 [Play¹].*

HIRY, hary, hubbilschow!
 Se ye not quha is cum now,
 Bot yit wait I nevir how,
 With the quhirle wind?
 A fargeand out of Sowdoun land,
 A gyane strang for to stand,
 That with the strenth of my hand
 Beiris may bind.

5

Bot yit I trow that I vary,
 I am bot ane Blynd Hary,

10

¹ Cut away in the inlaying of the MS.

That lang hes bene with the fary
 Farlyis to fynd;
 And yit gif this be not I,
 I wait it is the spreit of Gy,
 Or ellis fle be the fky, 15
 And lycht as the lynd.

Quha is cum heir bot I,
 A bawld, busteous bellomy,
 Amang yow all to cry a cry,
 With ane mighty soun? 20
 That generit am of gyanis kynd,
 Fra the strong Hercules be strynd,
 Off all the Occident and Ynd,
 My elderis woir the croun.

My foir grandschir, hecht Fyn Mackcowll, 25 Fol. 119.1
 That dang the Devill and gart him yowll,
 The fkyis raind quhen he wald yowll,
 He trublit all the air:
 He gat my gudschir Gog Magog;
 He, quhen he danfit, the warld wald schog; 30
 Ten thowfand ellis yeid in his frog
 Off Heland plaidis and mair.

And yit he wes of tendir yowth;
 Bot eftir he grew mekle at fowth,
 Ellevin myle wyd mett was his mowth, 35
 His teith wes ten myle squair.
 He wald vpoun his tais vp stand,
 And tak the starnis doun with his hand,
 And sett thame in a gold garland
 Aboif his wyvis hair. 40

He had a wyf was mekle of clift,
 Hir heid wan heichar nor the lift;



The Hevin reirdit quhen scho wald rift;
 The lafs was na thing sklendir:
 Scho spatt Lochlomound with hir lippis; 45
 Thundir and fyreflawcht flaw fra hir hippis;
 Quhen scho was crabbit the fone thold clippis;
 The Feynd durst nocht offend hir.

For cawld scho tuke the fevir tartane,¹
 For all the claith in France and Bartane, 50
 Wald not be to hir leg a gartane,
 Thocht scho was young and tendir;
 Vpoun a nicht heir in the north,
 Scho tuke the gravall and staild Craig Gorth,
 And pischit the grit watter of Forth, 55
 Sic tyd ran estir hend hir.

Yit ane thing writtin of hir I fynd,
 In Yrland quhen scho blew behind,
 At Norway coift scho raifit the wynd,
 And grit schippis drownit thair. 60
 Scho fischt all the Spanyie feyis,
 With hir fark lap betuix hir theyis;
 Thre dayis faling betuix hir kneysis
 It was estemid and mair.

The hingand brayis on adir fyde 65 Fol. 119. b.
 Scho powtterit with hir lymmis wyde;
 Lassis nicht leir at hir to stryde,
 Wald ga to luvaris lair.
 Scho markit to the land with mirth;
 Scho pischt fyve quhailis in the Firth, 70
 That croppin war in hir geig for girth,
 Walterand amang the wair.

My fader, mekle Gow M^cMorne,
 Owt of his moderis wame was schorne;

¹ *May be read cartane.*

For littilnes scho was forlorne, 75
 Siche ane kemp to beir:
 Or he of aige was yeiris thre,
 He wald step over the occiane fie;
 The mone sprang nevir abone his kne,
 The hevins had of him feir. 80

Ane thowfand yeir is pafst fra mynd,
 Sen I was generid of his kynd,
 Far furth in the defertis of Ynd,
 Amang lyoun and beir:
 Worthie King Arthour and Gawane, 85
 And mony a bawld berne of Bartane,
 Ar deid and in the weiris ar flane,
 Sen I cowld weild a speir.

Sophie and the Sowdoun strang,
 With weiris that hes leftit lang, 90
 Owt of thair boundis hes maid me gang,
 And turne to Turkey tyte.
 The King of Francis grit army
 Hes brocht in derth in Lumbardy,
 That in the cuntre he and I 95
 Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

Swadrik, Denmark, and Norraway,
 Nor in the Steiddis I dar nocht ga;
 Thair is nocht thair bot¹ and flae,
 Cutthroppillis and mak quyte. 100
 Yrland for evir I haif reffusit,
 All wyifmen will hald me excusit,
 For nevir in land quhair Eriche was vfit,
 To dwell had I dellyte.

I haif bene formeft evir in feild, 105 Fol. 120. a.
 And now fa lang I haif borne scheid,

¹ A word is evidently omitted here; *Afloan MS.* has *wik and flae*.



That I am crynit in for eild
 This littill, as ye may fie.
 I haif bene banest vndir the lynd
 This lang tyme, that nane cowld me fynd, 110
 Quhill now with this last eistin wynd,
 I am cum heir perdie.

My name is Welth, thairfoir be blyth,
 I am cum confort yow to kyth;
 Suppois wrechis will wail and wryth, 115
 All darth I fall gar die;
 For certanelie, the trewth to tell,
 I cum amang yow for to dwell,
 Far fra the found of curphour bell
 To dwell thinkis nevir me. 120

Now fen I am fuche quantetie
 Off gyanis cum, as ye may fie,
 Quhair wilbe gottin a wyfe to me
 Off siclyk breid and hicht?¹
 In all this boure is nocht a bryde 125
 Anc heure I wait dar me abyde,
 Yit trow ye ony heir besyde,
 Micht suffir me all nicht.

Adow, fair weill! for now I go,
 Bot I will nocht lang byd yow fro; 130
 Chryft yow conserue fra every wo,
 Baith madin, wyf and man;
 God blifs thame, and the Haly Rude,
 Givis me a drink sa it be gude;
 And quha trowis best that I do lude, 135
 Skynk first to me the can.

Finis off the Droichis Pairt of the Play.

¹ The next line *Yit quha wat gif ony heir besyd* has been deleted.

CXXXII.

The Wyf of Auchtirmwchty.

Fol. 120. b.

IN Awchtirmwchty thair dwelt ane man,
 Ane husband, as I hard it tawld,
 Quha weill cowld tippill owt a can,
 And nathir luvit hungir nor cawld.
 Quhill anis it fell vpoun a day, 5
 He yokkit his plwch vpoun the plane;
 Gif it be trew as I hard say,
 The day was fowll for wind and rane.

He lowfit the pluche at the landis end,
 And draif his oxin hame at evin; 10
 When he come in he lukit bend,
 And saw the wyf baith dry and clene,
 And sittand at ane fyre beikand bawld,
 With ane fat sowp as I hard say:
 The man being verry weit and cawld, 15
 Betwene thay twa it was na play.

Quhoth he, Quhair is my horffis corne?
 My ox hes nathir hay nor stray;
 Dame, ye mon to the pluch to morne,
 I falbe huffy, gif I may. 20
 Husband, quod scho, Content am I
 To tak the pluche my day abowt,
 Sa ye will rowll baith kavis and ky,
 And all the houfs baith in and owt.

Bot sen that ye will hufy skep ken, 25
 Firft ye fall sift, and syne fall kned;
 And ay as ye gang but and ben,
 Luk that the bairnis dryt not the bed.

Ye is lay ane soft wisþ to the kill,
We haif ane deir ferme on our heid ; 30
And ay as ye gang furth and in,
Keip weill the gaislingis fra the gled.

The wyf was vp richt lait at evin,
I pray God gif hir evill to fair,
Scho kyrnd the kyrne, and skwmd it clene, 35
And left the gudman bot the bledoch bair.
Than in the mornyng vp scho gatt,
And on hir hairt laid hir disiwne,
Scho put alsmekle in hir lap,
As nicht haif ferd thame baith at nwne. 40

Sayis, Jok, Will thow be maiftir of wark,
And thow fall had and I fall kall ;
Ife proumeifs the ane gud new fark, Fol. 121. a.
Athir of round claith or of small.
Scho lowfit oxin aucht or nyne, 45
And hynt ane gadstaff in hir hand ;
And the gudman raifs eftir syne,
And saw the wyf had done command.

And cawd the gaislingis fwrth to feid,
Thair was bot sevinsum of thame all, 50
And by thair cumis the gredy gled,
And likkit vp fyve, left him bot twa.
Than owt he ran in all his mane,
How sone he hard the gaislingis cry ;
Bot than or he come in agane, 55
The calvis brak lowfs and fowkit the ky.

The calvis and ky being met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red ;
Than by thair cumis ane ill willy cow,
And brodit his buttock quhill that it bled. 60

THE WYF OF AUCHTIRMWCHTY.

Than hame he ran to ane rok of tow,
 And he satt down to fay the spynning;
 I trow he lowtit our neir the low,
 Quod he, this wark hes ill begynning.

Than to the kyrn that he did stoure, 65
 And jwmlit at it quhill he swatt,
 Quhen he had jwmlit a full lang houre,
 The sorow crap of butter he gatt.
 Albeit na butter he cowld gett,
 Yit he wes cummerit with the kyrne, 70
 And syne he het the milk our hett,
 And sorow spark of it wald yyrne.

Than ben thair come ane gredy sow,
 I trow he cund hir littill thank,
 And in scho schot hir mekle mow, 75
 And ay scho winkit and scho drank.
 He cleikit vp ane crukit club,
 And thocht to hitt the sow ane rowt,
 The twa gaislingis the gled had left,
 That straik dang baith thair harnis owt. 80

Than he beur kendling to the kill,
 Bot scho stert all vp in ane low,
 Quhat evir he hard, quhat evir he saw,
 That day he had na will to mow.
 Than he yeid to tak vp the bairnis, 85 Fol. 121.
 Thocht to haif fund thame fair and clene;
 The first that he gat in his armis
 Was all bedirtin to the ene.

The first that he gat in his armis,
 It was all dirt vp to the eine; 90
 The Diuill cutt of thair handis, quod he,
 That fild yow all fa sow this strene.

He trailit the fowl scheinis doun the gait,
 Thocht to haif wechft thame on ane stane;
 The burne wes riffin grit of spait, 95
 Away fra him the scheinis hes tane.

Than vp he gat on ane know heid,
 On hir to cray, on hir to schowt,
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
 Bot stowtly steird the stottis abowt. 100
 Scho draif the day vnto the nicht,
 Scho lowisit the plwch and syne come hame;
 Scho fand all wrang that fowld bene richt,
 I trow the man thocht richt grit schame.

Quod he, My office I forsaik 105
 For all the dayis of my lyf,
 For I wald put ane howfs to wraik,
 Had I bene twenty dayis gudwyf.
 Quod scho, Weill mot ye bruke the place,
 For trewlie I will nevir excep it; 110
 Quod he, Feind fall the lyaris face,
 Bot yit ye may be blyth to get it.

Than vp scho gat ane mekle rung,
 And the gudman maid to the dur;
 Quod he, Deme, I fall hald my tung, 115
 For and we fecht I ill gett the woir.
 Quod he, Quhen I forfuk my plwche,
 I trow I bot forfuk my feill,
 And I will to my plwch agane,
 For I and this howfs will nevir do weill. 120

*Finis quod Mofat.*¹

¹ *Quod Mofat* is written in a different hand.

CXXXIII.

[*A Yungman Chiftane witles.*]

A YUNGMAN chiftane, witles, ane peureman spen [dar, gettles,¹] Fol. 122. a.
 Ane auldman trichour, trewthles, a woman lowper, land [lefs;]
 Apperandlie, be Sanct Jeill, fall nevir ane of thir d[o weil;]
 Tak tyme in tyme, and no tyme diffar, quhen tyme is past ye . . . war.
 All mighty God, grant to our King, sic grace that he in vertew ring, 5
 Sa that this realme ay gydit be, with justice, pece and equitie.
 Bettir is to suffer and fortoun abyd,
 Than haiftely to clym and suddenie to flyd,
 Quod quho to quhome.
 Quha in welth takis no heid, he fall hafe falt in tyme of neid; 10
 Quhen I len I am ane freind, and quhen I craif I am vnkynd;
 Thus of my freind I mak my fo,
 I schrew me and I moir do fo.

CXXXIV.

The slicht Remeid of Luve.

L UVARIS, lat be the frennessy of luve,
 And mvse nor mvrne no moir in till your mynd,
 Bot follace feik, and forrow ay remove.
 Cast yow to conquaifs luve ane vthir kynd;
 For knew ye wemenis natur course and strynd, 5
 Ye wald nocht be so trew to thair vntrewth,
 Quhilkis hes no petie thocht your hairtis be pynd,
 Nor of your restlefs womenting no rewth.

¹ MS. is here imperfect. The words in brackets are from Ramsay's "Evergreen."

Bot wald ye rewill yow, keip this regiment;
 Be subteill, secreit, fobir in thair ficht, 10
 Facound of wordis, bot feckill of intent,
 And nevir lat your mowth and mynd go richt;
 Swey as thay swey, be blyth quhen thay ar licht,
 And preifs yow ay in presenfs to repair;
 Forvey no tyme, be reddy day and nicht 15
 Vpoun your kneis to serve thame foletare.

Be prevy, part, in presenfs play with fynis;
 Be ficht or fmyle, lat non knaw your intentis,
 Be verry war or that thay wit your myndis;
 Be clenely cled in your abilyementis. 20 Fol. 122. b.
 Reufe nocht your self, latt vthiris preifs your rentis,
 Bot offir thame your daly obfervance
 Be tung, thocht nathir hairt nor mynd consentis
 Body and gudis to haif in govirnance.

Abuse bot brief, howbeid ye be said nay, 25
 And reckles nocht your cirand for the rane;
 Bot cast yow for to cum ane vthir day,
 And petoufly complene your woles pane,
 Saying ye ar both secreit, trew and plane.
 With this pairt wreth and fremmit to but said, 30
 For cum the freindschip of thair fynd agane,
 I mak yow feur ye fall nocht misf remeid.

Hald thame in hand quhilkis may yow help at neid,
 And hecht thame giftis howbeid ye gif thame nocht, 35
 For thair gud word fall racheft¹ cause yow speid,
 And thrwth thair credence to your purpoifs brocht.
 Speik fair till ye haif gottin that ye focht;
 Be wyifs and war and watt thame ay with wylis,
 For be the wy that all the world wrocht,
 Maift witt hes hie that moniest owrfylis. 40

¹ May be read *ratheft*.

Meikly solift to meit in secreit place,
 Syne mak your mane quhen it may maift avelyie;
 Be richt demvre and graif quhen ye ask grace,
 Bot be ye rank quhen thay begin to relyie. 45
 Fleiche with fyiftene for feir fumpairt ye felyie,
 And fwa but pane ye may lufe parramowris;
 Be soft of speiche, bot spair nocht till affelyie,
 Wyn anis the entrefs and the houfs is yowris.

Bot yit ye may mishaif yow in sum caice,
 And ye defend nocht damiffellis defame, 50
 For practik is to play, fyne hald your peice,
 And counfale keip for hurting of thair name.
 Richfwa forbeir a manis wyfe for blame,
 And hald yow koy in quiet quhill ye get hir;
 As for a weddow wirk weill on hir wame, 55
 I knaw no craft fall cause hir lufe yow bettir.

Finis quod Alexander Scott.

CXXXV.

Followis the Ballat maid vpon Margret Fleming, Fol. 123.
callit the Flemyng Bark in Edinburcht.

I HAIF a littill Fleming berge
 Off clenkett work, bot scho is wicht.
 Quhat pylett takis my schip in chairge
 Mon hald hir clynlie, trym and ticht;
 Se that hir hatchis be handlit richt, 5
 With steirburd, baburd, luf and lie;
 Scho will fale all the wintir nicht,
 And nevir tak a telyevie.

With evin keill befor the wind
 Scho is richt fairdy with a fail, 10
 Bot at ane lufe scho luyis behind;
 Gar heifs hir quhill hir howbandis skaill.
 Draw weill the takill to hir tail,
 Scho will nocht mis to lay your mast;
 To pomp als oft as ye may haill 15
 Yeill nevir hald hir watterfast.

To calf¹ hir oft can do non ill,
 And talloun quhair the flud mark flowis;
 Bot gif scho lekkis gett men of skill
 To stop hir hoilis laich in the howifs. 20
 For falt of hemp tak hary towis,
 With stane ballest withouttin vder;
 In monelefs nichtis it is na mowis,
 Except ane stowt man steir hir ruder.

A fair vesschell abone the watter, 25
 And is bot laity reikit to,
 Quhairto till deif yow with tome clatter,
 Ar nane sic in the floit as scho.
 Plvm weill the grund quhat evir ye doo, Fol. 123. b.
 Haillon the fukfcheit and the blind; 30
 Scho will tak in at cap and koo,
 Withoutt scho ballast be behind.

Na pedderis pak scho will reffaif,
 Althocht hir travell scho fowld tyne;
 Na coukcald karle nor carllingis pet 35
 That dois thair corne and caitell cryne.²
 Bot quhair scho findis a fallow fyne
 He wilbe frawcht fre for a soufs;
 Scho kareis nocht³ bot men and wyne
 And bulyoun to the counye houfs. 40

¹ Altered by another hand to *calfet*. ² May be read *tryne*.

³ *Hang* is here deleted.

THE BALLAT VPOUN MARGRET FLEMING.

For merchandmen I may haif mony,
 Bot nane sic as I wald defyre,
 And I am laith to mell with ony,
 To leif my mater in the myre.
 That man that wirkis best for his hyre, 45
 Syne he falbe my mariner,
 Bot nycht and day mon he nocht tyre,
 That failis my bony ballinger.

For ankerhald nane can be fund,
 I pray yow cast the leidlyne owt, 50
 And gif ye can nocht get the grund
 Steir be the compas and keip hir rowt.
 Syne treveifs still and lay a bowt,
 And gar hir top twiche wind and waw;
 Quhair anker dryvis thair is na dowt 55
 Thir tripand tyddis may tyne ws aw.

Now is my pretty pynnege reddy,
 Abydand on fum merchand blok,
 Bot be scho emptie, be our Leddy,
 Scho will be kittill of hir dok. 60
 Scho will reffaif na landwart Jok, Fol. 124. a
 Thocht he wald frawcht hir for a croun;
 Thus fair ye weill fayis gud Johine Cok,
 Ane nobill telyeour in this toun.

Finis quod Sempill.

CXXXVI.

*Heir followis the Defence of Crissell Sandelandis,
For vsing hirself contrair the Ten Commandis;
Being in ward for playing of the loun
With every ane list geif hir half a crown.
etc.*

PERNITIOUS peple, parciall in despyte,
Sufanis judges, faweris of feditioun,
Your cankert counsale is the caufs and wyte,
Bowstert with pryd and blindit with ambitioun, 5
Fyndand na cryme nor havand na commiffioun
To hurt Dame Venus virgenis as ye do;
Gif ye fa raschlie rin vpoun fuspitioun,
Ye may put vthiris on the pannell to.

To Sandelandis ye wer our fair to schame hir,
Sen ye with counsale mycht quyetlie command hir; 10
Grit foulis ye wer with fallowis to defeme hir,
Havand na caufs bot commoun voce and sklander;
Syne findand no man in the houfs neir hand hir,
Except ane clerk of godly conversatioun;¹
Quhat gif befyd Johine Dureis felf ye fand hir, 15
Dar ye suspect the holy congregatioun?

Your fleslie conscience garris yow tak this feir;
Beleif ye virgynis wilbe win fo sone?
Na, God forbid! bot men may bourd als neir,
And wemen nocht the wor quhen that is done. 20
Had scho bene vndir and he hobland abone,
That war a perrellous play for to suspect thame;
Bot laddis and lassis will meit estirnone
Quhair Dick and Dvrie dow nocht bayth correct thame.

¹ A marginal note, in another hand, has *The minister Beloun.*

Sen drunkardis, gluttonis and contentious men, 25 Fol. 124. b.
 Schedderis of blude and subiectis gevin to greid,
 May nocht possess the hevinly gloir, ye ken,
 As in the bybill dalie do we reid;
 Lat thir be wyit allyk till every leid,
 Syne fornicatioun plasit amangis the laif; 30
 Exemp your self throw all the toun in deid,
 Than luke how mony ye onmerkit haif.

Gif ye beleif nocht Betoun be his word,
 In hir defens it can nocht be reffusit;
 Latt him that followis fecht it with the sword, 35
 Ane ancient law quhen ladeis ar accusit.
 Is ministeris sic men to be abusit,
 That knawis the Scribeur and the Ten Commandis?
 Albeit he and scho wor in ane hous inclusit,
 He few na feid in to hir Sandelandis. 40

As for the rest I knaw nocht thair vocatioun,
 Thair lyfe, thair maneris, bot I heir mony mene thame;
 Catholik virgenis of the holy congregatioun,
 Syn wer to tyne thame gif ye cowld obtene thame.
 Quhat can ye fay except that ye had sene thame 45
 With rem in ra all nakkit but adherence?
 Than tak a bowstring and draw it doun betwene thame,
 And gif it stickis it hes ane evill apperance.

Catitois clerkis quhois college ye frequentit,
 Quhen ye wor wanfleris of hir wantoun band, 50
 Now ye ar lamit fra labour I lamentit,
 Your pistolis twinit¹ and baksprent lyk a wand.
 Snapwark, adew, fra dagmen dow nocht stand,
 And worfs than that ye want your mofing powder;
 Than cumis conscience with crukit staf in hand, 55
 Greitand for byganis, bowand bak and schowder.

¹ May be read *twinit*.

Remembir first your former qualitie,
And wrak na virgenis with your wilfull weir;
Gif ye will nocht, than our regalitie
Hes power planely to replege thame heir.
Mycht thay win to the girth I tak no feir,
Down by the Cannocroce, I pray yow, fend thame,
Quhair Patrik Bannatyne hes promiseit to compeir,
With lawfull reffonis reddy to defend thame.

60
Fol. 125. a.

On caufs thair is thay can nocht be convict,
Ye had na power fra the fone wes fett;
The Proveit gaif na power to Gilbert Dick,
The speciall thing that fowld nocht bene foryett.
Thay war nocht theivis nor yit contempt in dett,
Nor ridhand tane, quhilk was na caufs ye knaw;
Bot ye latt rukis and ravynis rin throw the nett,
And faikles dowis makis subiect to the law.

65

70

Your parciall juge we may declyne him to,
Bot fett me doun the persone Pennycuke,
Or Sanderis Guthrie, lat see quhat he can do,
He kennis the caice and keipis your awin court buke.
For men of law I wat nocht quhome to luke,
Auld James Bannatyne wes anis a man of skill,
And gif he cumis nocht thair I wald we tuke
To keipoure dyet Maister David Makgill.

75

80

Quhat cummer castis the formeit stane lat see
At tha peure winschis ye wrangulie suspect
For sklenting bowttis; now better war lat bee
Nor to begin to gett your selffis ane geck.
The grittest falt I find in this effect,
Ye baith tuke money and put thame selffis to schame,
Bot quhen the court cumis to the toun, quhat reck,
We fall restoir thame to thair stok agane.

85

In your tolbutth sic presouneris to plant
 Wilbe reffaut weill, ye may considder; 90
 Gud Captane Adamfone will nocht lat thame want
 Bedding, howbeit thay fowld lig all togidder.
 As for his wyf I wald ye fowld forbid hir,
 Hir eyndling toyis I trow thair be no denger,
 Becaus his lome is labour groun and lidder, 95
 But vndirstanding now to treit ane strenger.

The grittest greif I find, ye haif defamett Fol. 125. b.
 Thir leill trew luvaris, and done thair freindis bot lack;
 Becaus thair bandis wer reddy to be proclamit,
 The pairteis mett and maid a fair contrack, 100
 Bot now, allace! the men ar loppin aback,
 For oppin sklander callit ane speikand devill;
 In grit effairis ye had nocht bene fa frack,
 Concernyng the rewling of your commoun weill.

To pvneifs pairt is parcialitie, 105
 To pvneifs all is hard to do in deid;
 Bot fend thame heir to oure regalitie,
 And we fall fee gif we can serve thair neid.
 This rurall ryme, quha fa lyk for to reid,
 To Diçt and Dury is directit plane; 110
 Quhair I offend thame in my landwart leid,
 I falbe reddy to reforme agane.

Finis quod Semple.

CXXXVII.

*Followis the Ballat maid be Robert Semple of Fonet
Reid, [ane¹] Violet and [ane¹] Quhyt; being slicht
Wemen of Lyfe and Conversatioun, [and Taver-
naris.¹]*

OFF cullouris cleir quha lykis to weir,
Ar findry fortis in to this toun,
Grene, yellow, blew and mony hew,
Bayth Pareifs blak and Inglis broun;
Lundoun sly, quha lykis to by, 5
Bot cullour derroy is clene laid doun,
Dundy gray this mony a day
Is lychleit bayth with laid and loun.

Stanche my fyking and fryd my lyking
Ar femely hewis for sommer play, 10
Dundippit in yello for mony gud fallo, Fol. 126. a.
As Will of Quhithawch bad me say;
I will nocht dennyit till nane that will by it,
For silver nane falbe said nay;
Yee nocht to plenyie my clayth will nocht stenyie, 15
Suppois ye weit it nycht and day.

Quhyt. And I haif Quhyt off grit delyt,
Violet. And Violett quha lykis to weir,
Reid. Weill werand Reid quhill ye be deid;
Quhilk fall nocht failyie tak ye no feir. 20
The Quhyt is gude and richt weill lwid,
Bot yit the Reid is twyifs als deir;
The Violet fyne, bayth frefche and fine,
Sall ferve yow hofing for a yeir.

¹ The words in brackets have been written in by a different hand.

The Quhyt is twiche and fresche ennewche, 25
 Soft as the filk as all men feis;
 The Reid is bony and focht of mony,
 Thay hyve about the houfs lyk beis.
 With Violet to, gif ye haif ado,
 It meitis lyk stemmyne to your theis; 30
 Seure be my witting not brunt in the biting,
 Suppois baith laidis and lymmeris leis.

Off all thir thre hewis I haif left clewis
 To be oure courtmen wintter weid,
 Twynit and fmall, the best of thame all 35
 May weir the claith for woll and threid.
 Bot in the walkmill the wedder is ill,
 Thir ar nocht drying dayis in deid,
 And gif it be watt, I hecht for that,
 It tuggis in hoilis and gais abbreid. 40

Yit it is weill walkit, cairdit and calkit,
 Als warme a weid as weir the deule;
 Weill wrocht in the lwmis with wobster gwmis, Fol. 126. b.
 Bayth thik and nymmill gais the spwle;
 Cottond and schorne the mair it be worne, 45
 Ye find your self the grittar fule;
 Bot bony forfuth cum byit in my bwth,
 To mak yow garmentis agane Yule.

Bot mixt thir togidder your self may confidder
 Quhat fyner cullour can be fund, 50
 And namely of breikis, gif ony man feikis,
 Sall haif the pair ay for a pund.
 Howbeid it be skant na wowaris fall want,
 That to my bidding wilbe bund;
 Weill may thay brukit thay neid nocht to lukit, 55
 Bot graip it marklynis be the grund.

Your courtmen heir hes maid my claith deir,
And raifd it twell pennis of the ell;
Yit is my claith feuver for fadillis to ceuver,
Suppois the fessioun raid thame fell. 60
The Violet certane wes maid Dumbartane,
The Reid wes walkit in Dumkell;
The Quhyt hes bene dicht in mony mirk nicht,
Bot tyme and place I can not tell.

Now gif ye wirk wyiflie and schaip it precyflie, 65
The elwand wald be grit and lang;
Gif the byefs be wyd gar lay it on fyd,
And fa ye can nocht weill ga wrang.
And for the lang left it wald be schewid fast,
And cair nocht by how deip ye gang; 70
Bot want ye Quhyt threid ye can nocht cum speid,
Blak walloway mon be your fang.

Bot thocht it be awld and twenty tymis fawld,
Yit will the freprie mak yow fane,
With vlis to renew it and mak it weill hewit, 75 Fol. 127.a.
And gar it glans lyk Dummy grane.
Syne with the fleik stanis that servis for the nanis,
Thay raifs the pyle I mak yow plane;
With mony grit aith thay fell this fame claith
To gar the byeris cum agane. 80

Now is my wob wrocht and arlit to be bocht,
Cum lay the payment in my hand;
And gif my claith felyie ye pay nocht a melyie,
The wobb falbe at your command.
The merkit is thrang and will nocht left lang, 85
Thay by fast in the Bordour land;
Albeid I haif tynfell yet mon I tak hanfell,
To pay my buthmaill and my stand.

OF A WENCHE WITH CHYLD.

My claith wald be lwd with grit men of gwd,
 Gif lawdis and lownis wald latt me be; 90
 Yit mon I excufs thame, how can I reffufs thame,
 Sen all menis penny makis him free.
 The best and the gay of it myself tuk afay of it,
 A wylie coit I will nocht lee,
 Quhilk did me no harme bot held my coft werme, 95
 A fymple merchante ye may fee.

This far to releif me that na man repreif me,
 In Jedburgh at the Justice air;
 This fang of thre lassis was maid abone glassis,
 That tyme that thay wer tapstaris thair. 100
 The first wes ane Quhyt a las of delyt,
 The Violet bayth gud and fair,
 Keip the Reid fra skaith scho is worth thame baith;
 Sa to be fchort I fay no mair.

Finis quod R. Semple.

CXXXVIII.

Followis of a Wenche with Chyld.

BE chance bot evin this vthir day,
 As I did walk allone,
 I hard a maid in grit effray,
 Makand a rewthfull mon, Fol. 127. b.
 Quhat greif on hir did linger. 5
 Off greif and pane scho did complane,
 For scho certane cryid and maid mane,
 O Lord, my littill finger!

Heiring this maid fo lowd to cry
 In this hir wofull plicht, 10
 I drew me neir for till espy
 Quhat hurt hir body nicht;
 Scho had met with fum ftinger.
 It nicht fo be I fay to the,
 For I nicht fe how fwllin wes fche, 15
 Within hir littill finger.

The angweifs of hir body ran
 In to all pairtis allyk,
 For all hir body swellid than
 Als big as ony pyk; 20
 Me thoct it wes fum engir.
 For fo I gefs now till exprefs,
 Scho cryid dowtlefs in hir diftrefs,
 O Lord, my littill finger!

I askid, as fcho mone did mak, 25
 Quhat wes caufe of hir wo,
 And fcho than curfit the mandrak,
 Quhilk had hir bittin fo;
 The mandrak wes a stringer.
 Allaik! the maid wes foir arraid, 30
 Still in hir braid fcho cryid and faid,
 O Lord, my littill finger!

The mandrak had hir bittin fo foir,
 In this his vennemous rege,
 Scho swellit daylie moir and moir, 35
 That nothing cowlid hir swege;
 This ferpent fo did thing her.
 Allake! the maid wes foir affraid,
 For ftill fcho cryid allace and fayid,
 The pane within my finger! 40

For medecynis scho had furth socht, As thay thairby me tawld; Thocht thay nevir so deir war bocht, Haif thame (thay say) scho wawld; Quhat than brocht thay that wringer?	Fol. 128. a. 45
Sic as thay gat I know nocht quhat, Sum this fum that, bot to be flat, Scho cryd still, O my finger!	
Sum bad hir tak erb pilliall, And fum stalk stand allone, Sum bad hir tak blaid ryfs and fall, And fum conservis of stane. Sum bad Baldary bring her Long pepper chyce with nettill nyce; Yit ruttit ryce wes hir cheif spyce, To metegat hir finger.	50 55
The moir still that hir west did swell, The lenar wox hir cheikis, With quhiche disseifs scho fo did dwell The space of fourtie weikis. Quhill scho cowld beirit no lenger, A littill boy come furth with toy, Quhilk till hir ioy did hens convoy The angweifs of hir finger.	 60
Than wes it knawin to awld and yung, Quhen this come owt to pafs, Quhair of the deidly angweifs fprong, Within hir finger wafs. Scho than become ane finger, And so trewly left hir awld cry, And with nottis hye feng Lula ly, Weill eisit is my finger!	65 70

Ye maidis that with the ferfs mandrak
 Dois chance bittin to be,
 Your littill finger thus to aik 75
 It will caufs long ye fe.
 Treft nocht the knippill ringer;
 Let thois be war, trew maidis that ar,
 And with dew fair frome mandraikis snair,
 Keip weill thair littill finger. 80

Finis quod ane Inglifman.

CXXXIX.

*Ane Ballat maid to the Derisfoun and Scorne of
 wantoun Wemen.* Fol. 128. b.

YE lusty ladyis! luke
 The rakles lyfe ye leid;
 Hant nocht in hoile or nuke
 To hurt your womanheid.
 I reid for best remeid, 5
 Forbeir all place prophane;
 Gife this be caus of feid,
 I fall not faid agane.

Quhat is sic luv bot luft,
 A lytill for delyte; 10
 To hant that game robust
 And beiftly appetyte?
 I nowdir fleifche nor flyte
 To tell the trewith certane;
 Taik ye this in despyte, 15
 I fall not faid agane.

The wyfest scho may sone
 Sedufit be and schent,
 Syne fra the deid be done
 Perchance fall soir repent. 20
 Ouirlait is till lament
 Fra belly dow not lane;
 To cry in tyme take tent,
 I fall not said agane.

Lycht wynchis luvè will fawin, 25
 Evin lyk ane spanyeollis lawchter;
 To lat hir wamb be clawin
 Be thame list geir betawcht hir.
 For conyie ye may chawcht hir
 To sched hir schankis in twane, 30
 And nevir speir quhais awcht hir:
 I fall not said agane.

Thocht bruckill wemen hantis
 In lust to leid thair lyvis, Fol. 129. a.
 And wedow men that wantis 35
 To steill a pair of swyvis;
 Bot quhair that mareit wyvis
 Gois by thair husbandis bane,
 That houshald nevir thryvis:
 I fall not said agane. 40

It fettis not madynis als
 To latt men lowis thair laice,
 No clym abowt menis halves,
 To clap, to kifs, nor braice,
 Nor round in secreit place. 45
 Sic treitment is a trane
 To cleive thair quaver caice:
 I fall not said agane.

Fairweill with cheftetie
Fra wenchis fall to chucking, 50
Thair followis thingis thre
To gar thame ga in gucking,
Brafing, graping, and plucking;
Thir foure the futh to fane
Enforfis thame to fucking: 55
I fall not faid agane.

Sum luvis new cum to toun
With jeigis to mak thame joly;
Sum luvis dance vp and doun
To meifs thair malancoly; 60
Sum luvis lang trollie lolly,
And fum of frigging fane,
Lyk fillokkis full of folly:
I fall not faid agane.

Sum monebrunt madynis myld, 65
At nonetyd of the nicht,
Ar chappit vp with chyld,
But coile or candill licht;
Sua fum faid maidis hes flicht
To play and tak no pane, Fol. 129. b. 70
Syne chift thair feid fra ficht:
I fall not faid agane.

Sum thinkis na schame to clap
And kifs in opin wyifs;
Sum can nocht keip hir gap 75
Fra lanfing as scho lyifs;
Sum gois fo gymp in gyifs,
Or scho war kiffit plane,
Scho leir be japit thryifs:
I fall not faid agane. 80

Moir gentrice is to jott
 Vndir ane filkin gown,
 Nor ane quhyt pittecott,
 And reddyar ay boun;
 The denkeft founest down, 85
 The fareft but refrane,
 The gayeft gritteft loun:
 I fall not faid agane.

The moir degeft and grave,
 The grydiar to grip it; 90
 The nyceft to reffave
 Vpoun the nynnīs will nip it;
 The quhytief¹ will quhip it,
 And nocht hir hurdeis hane;
 The lefs the lurger hippit: 95
 I fall not faid agane.

Loe, ladeis! gif this bie,
 Ane gud counfale I geif yow,
 To faive your honeftie,
 Fra ſklander to releif yow; 100
 Bot ballattis ma to breif yow,
 I will nocht brek my brane;
 Suppois ye fowld miſcheif yow,
 I fall not faid agane.

Finis quod Scott.

¹ This word has been written *quhylieft*, but the *l* seems to be deleted.

HUNTERIAN CLUB

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

1873-74

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY ROBERT ANDERSON, 22 ANN STREET.

HUNTERIAN CLUB.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT.

1873-74.

THE issue for the year consists of the following:—

SAMUEL ROWLANDS' BETRAYING OF CHRIST,	1598
„ „ TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIP MEETE,	1602
„ „ MORE KNAVES YET? The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds.	N.D.
„ „ THE KNAVE OF HARTS: Haile Fellow well met,	1612
„ „ THE MELANCHOLIE KNIGHT,	1615
THOMAS LODGE'S CATHAROS: Diogenes in his Singularity,	1591
„ „ PHILLIS: Honoured with Pastoral Sonnets,	1593
„ „ THE WOUNDS OF CIVILL WAR,	1594
„ „ THE DIVEL CONIURED,	1596
BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part II.,	1568

In addition, the Members will receive a complete reprint of

THE NIGHTINGALE. Sheretine and Mariana. *A happy Husband. Eligies on the death of Queene Anne. Songs and Sonnets* by PATRICK HANAY gent. LONDON printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1622,

presented to them by the liberality of Mr. Thomas Russell. No expenfe has been spared in making this volume as attractive as possible, while Mr. David Laing's Introduction adds greatly to its value. For this handsome gift, the Council, on behalf of the Members, tenders Mr. Russell its best thanks.

The progress made with the BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT has been slower than was expected. This important Manuscript is now entirely copied, and it is hoped that a considerable portion will be printed and issued during the coming year.

The Council thinks it well to repeat the list of pieces by SAMUEL ROWLANDS, of which copies cannot at present be traced, in the hope that information regarding them may be given by some of the Members or their friends, so that the Council may obtain access to them, and thus be enabled to bring the Club's reprint of this author's Works to a speedy conclusion.

ROWLANDS' A THEATRE OF DELIGHTFUL RECREATION, 4to,	1605
The Editor of Percy's <i>Reliques</i> , 1812, says that a copy of this work was then in his possession. "This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the Old Testament."	
„ DEMOCRITVS, OR DR. MERRY-MAN, 4to,	1607
„ SIX LONDON GOSSIPS, &C.,	1607
Mentioned in the <i>Harleian Catalogue</i> .	
„ GUY EARLE OF WARWICKE, Lond. by Edward All-de, 4to,	N.D.
Said to have been fold among Mr. Fulke Grevill's books. The Second Edition, 1607, was fold with the White Knights books, 1819.	

It will be seen that four Tracts by THOMAS LODGE have been issued this year. The Council is gratified to find that the choice of this author's Works for reproduction has met with decided approval. A number of his other pieces will follow in the coming year.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is appended.

Applications for Membership (which is strictly limited to 200) may be made to Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, 79 Regent Street, West, Glasgow, *Hon. Treasurer and Secretary*. Annual Subscription, £2 2s.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—YEAR ENDING 30th APRIL, 1874.

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>	
To Balance from last year,	£14 1 7	By Printing,	£191 5 6
„ Subscriptions,	373 16 0	„ Paper,	60 1 0
„ Bank Interest,	8 11 0	„ Transcribing and Collating at London, Oxford, and Edinburgh,	31 18 1
		„ Wood Engraving,	37 14 0
		„ Binding,	12 11 6
		„ Photographing,	6 1 6
		„ Fire Insurance,	1 2 6
		„ Postage and Receipt Stamps, and Inci- dental Expenses,	23 2 9
		„ Commission on Cheques,	0 6 6
		„ Balance to Fourth Year,	32 5 3
	<u>£396 8 7</u>		<u>£396 8 7</u>

JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treasurer*.

In addition to the foregoing balance of £32 5s. 3d., I have to certify that the Treasurer has on hand, of Subscriptions paid in advance, £25 4s. belonging to the Fourth Year, and £10 10s. to the Fifth Year.

GEORGE W. HILL, *Auditor*.

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For the First Year, 1871-2.

No. 1.	ROWLANDS'	GREENES GHOST HAVNTING CONIECATCHERS,	1602
2.	"	HVMORS LOOKING GLASSE,	1608
3.	"	THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES,	1609
4.	"	A PAIRE OF SPY-KNAVES,	[? 1613]
5.	CRAIG'S	AMOROSE SONGES, SONETS, AND ELEGIES,	1606
6.	"	POETICAL RECREATIONS,	1609
7.	ROWLANDS'	LOOKE TO IT: FOR ILE STABBE YE,	1604
8.	"	HELL'S BROKE LOOSE,	1605
9.	"	THE NIGHT-RAVEN,	1620
10.	"	GOOD NEWES AND BAD NEWES,	1622

For the Second Year, 1872-3.

11.	CRAIG'S	POETICALL ESSAYES,	1604
12.	"	POETICALL RECREATIONS,	1623
13.	"	PILGRIME AND HEREMITE,	1631
14.	ROWLANDS'	A FOOLES BOIT IS SOONE SHOTT,	1614
15.	"	DIOGINES LANTHORNE,	1607
16.	BANNATYNE	MANUSCRIPT—Part I.,	1568
17.	NICCOLS'	SIR THOMAS OVERBURIES VISION,	1616
(Presented to the Club by Mr. Alexander Young, with an Introduction by Mr. James Maidment.)			
18.	CRAIG'S	MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,	—
(With a general Introduction by Mr. David Laing.)			
19.	ROWLANDS'	MARTIN MARK-ALL,	1610
20.	"	LETTING OF HVMORS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE,	1600
21.	"	A TERRIBLE BATTELL BETWEENE TIME AND DEATH, [? 1602]	[? 1602]

For the Third Year, 1873-4.

22.	ROWLANDS'	MORE KNAVES YET?	—
23.	"	THE KNAVE OF HARTS,	1612
24.	"	THE MELANCHOLIE KNIGHT,	1615
25.	LODGE'S	PHILLIS: Honoured with Paftorall Sonnets,	1593
26.	"	THE DIVEL CONIURED,	1596
27.	"	THE VVOVND'S OF CIUILL VVAR,	1594
28.	"	CATHAROS: Diogenes in his Singularitie,	1591
29.	ROWLANDS'	BETRAYING OF CHRIST,	1598
30.	"	TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS MEETE,	1602
31.	HANNAY'S	POETICAL WORKS,	1622
(Presented to the Club by Mr. Thomas Ruffell, with an Introduction by Mr. David Laing.)			
32.	BANNATYNE	MANUSCRIPT—Part II.,	1568