

# Everyman

(John Skot, 1521-1537?)

Here begynneth a treatyse how y<sup>e</sup> h<sup>e</sup> fader of heuen sendeth dethe to somon euery creature to come and gyue counte of theyr liues in this worlde and is in maner of a morall playe.





Pray you all gyue your audyence  
 And here this mater with reuerence  
 By fygure a morall playe  
 The somonyng of euery man called it is  
 That of our lyues and endyng shewes  
 How transytory we be all daye

This mater is wonders precypous  
 But the entent of it is more gracypous  
 And swete to here awaye  
 The story sayth man in the begynnynge  
 Loke well and take good heed to the endyng  
 Be you neuer so gay  
 Be thynke synne in the begynnynge full swete  
 Whiche in the ende causeth the soule to wepe  
 Whan the body lyeth in claye  
 Here shall you se how felawshyp and Jolyte  
 Bothe strengthe pleasure and beaute  
 Wyll fade from the as floure in maye  
 For ye shall here how our heuen kynge  
 Calleth euery man to a generall rekenynge  
 Gyue audyence and here what he doth saye.

**God speketh.**

I perceyue here in my maieste  
 How that all creatures be to me unkynde  
 Lyuyng without drede in worldely prosperyte  
 Of ghostly syght the people be so blynde  
 Drowned in synne they know me not for theyr god  
 In worldely ryches is all theyr mynde  
 They fere not my ryghtwysnes the sharpe rood  
 My lawe that I shewed whan I for them dyed  
 They forgete clene and shedynge of my bloderede  
 I hanged bytwene two it can not be denyed  
 To gete them lyfe I suffred to be deed  
 I heled theyr fete with thornes hurt was my heed  
 I coulde do nomore than I dyde truely  
 And nowe I se the people do clene for sake me  
 They vse the seuen deedly synnes dampnable  
 As pryde coueteyse wrathe and lechery  
 Now in the worlde be made commendable  
 And thus they leue of aungelles y<sup>e</sup> heuenly company  
 Euery man lyueth so after his owne pleasure  
 And yet of theyr lyfe they be nothinge sure  
 I se the more that I then forbere  
 The worse they be fro yere to yere  
 All that lyueth appayreth faste  
 Therefore I wyll in all the haste  
 Haue a rekenynge of euery mannes persone

For and I leue the people thus alone  
 In theyr lyfe and wycked tempestes  
 Verly they wyll become moche worse than beestes  
 For now one wolde by enuy another by ete  
 Charyte they do all clene forgete  
 I hoped well that euery man  
 In my glory shulde make his mansyon  
 And therto I had them all electe  
 But now I se lyke traytours deiecte  
 They thanke me not for y<sup>e</sup> pleasure y<sup>e</sup> to them ment  
 Nor yet for theyr beyng that I them haue lent  
 I profered the people grete multytude of mercy  
 And fewe there be that asketh it hertly  
 They be so combred with worldly ryches  
 That nedes on them I must do Iustyce  
 On euery man lyuyng without fere  
 Where arte thou deth thou myghty messengere

**Dethe.**

Almyghty god I am here at your wyll  
 Your commaundement to fulfyll.

**God.**

Go thou to euery man  
 And shewe hym in my name  
 A pylgrymage he must on him take  
 Which he in no wyse may escape  
 And that he brynge with him a sure rekenyng  
 Without delay or ony taryenge.

**Dethe.**

Lorde I wyll in the worlde go renne ouer all  
 And cruelly out searche bothe grete and small  
 Euery man wyll I beset that lyueth beestly  
 Out of goddes lawes and dredeth not foly  
 He that loueth rychesse I wyll stryke w<sup>th</sup> my darte  
 His sight to blynde and for heuen to departe  
 Excepte that almes be his good frende  
 In hell for to dwell worlde without ende  
 Loo yonder I se Euery man walkyng  
 Full lytlell he thynketh on my comyng  
 His mynde is on flesshely lustes and his treasure  
 And grete payne it shall cause hym to endure  
 Before the lorde heuen kinge  
 Euery man stande styll whyder arte thou goyng  
 Thus gaply hast thou thy maker forgete.

**Euery man.**

Why askest thou  
 Woldest thou wete.

**Dethe.**

Ye syr I wyll shewe you  
 In grete haste I am sende to the  
 From god out of his mageste

**Euery man.**

What sente to me.

**Dethe.**

Ye certaynly.

Thoughe thou haue forgete hym here  
He thynketh on the in the heauenly spere  
As or we departe thou shalte knowe.

**Euery man.**

What desyreth god of me.

**Dethe.**

That shall I shewe the.  
A rekenynge he wyl nedes haue  
Without ony lenger respite.

**Euery man.**

To gyue a rekenynge longer layser I craue  
This blynde mater troubleth my witte.

**Dethe.**

On the thou must take a longe Journey  
Therefore thy boke of counte w<sup>t</sup> the thou brynge  
For turne agayne thou can not by no waye  
And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge  
For before god thou shalt answeere and shewe  
Thy many badde dedes and good but a fewe  
How thou hast spente thy lyfe and in what wyse  
Before the chefe lorde of paradyse  
Haue I do we were in that waye  
For wete thou well y<sup>n</sup> shalt make none attournay.

**Euery man.**

Full vnredy I am suche rekenynge to gyue  
I knowe the not what messenger arte thou.

**Dethe.**

I am dethe that no man dredeth  
For euery man I rest and no man spareth  
For it is gods commaundement  
That all to me shold be obedyent.

**Euery man.**

O deth thou comest whan I had y<sup>e</sup> least in mynde  
In thy power it lyeth me to saue  
Yet of my good wyl I gyue y<sup>e</sup> yf thou wyl be kynde  
Ye a thousand pound shalte thou haue  
And dyffere this mater tyll an other daye

**Dethe.**

Euery man it may not be by no waye  
I set not by golde syluer nor rychesse  
Nor by pope emperour kyng duke ne prynces  
For and I wolde receyue gyftes grete  
All the worlde I myght gete  
But my custome is clene contrary  
I gyue the no respyte come hens and not tary.

**Euery man.**

Alas shall I haue no lenger respyte  
 I may saue deth geueth no warnynge  
 To thynke on the it maketh my herte seke  
 For all vnredy is my boke of rekenynge  
 But .xii. yere and I myght haue a bydyng  
 My countynge boke I wolde make so clere  
 That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to fere  
 Wherefore deth I praye the for goddes mercy  
 Spare me tyll I be prouyded of remedy.

**Dethe.**

The auayleth not to crye wepe and praye  
 But hast the lyghtly that y<sup>n</sup> were gone y<sup>e</sup> Journaye  
 And preue thy frendes yf thou can  
 For wete thou well the tyde abydeyth no man  
 And in the worlde eche lyuyng creature  
 For Adams synne must dye of nature.

**Euery man.**

Dethe yf I sholde this pylgrymage take  
 And my rekenynge suerly make  
 Shewe me for saynt charyte  
 Sholde I not come agayne shortly.

**Dethe.**

No euery man and thou be ones there  
 Thou mayst neuer more come here  
 Trust me verily.

**Euery man.**

O gracypous god in the hye seat celestyall  
 Haue mercy on me in this moost nede  
 Shall I haue no company fro this vale terestryall  
 Of myne acqueynce that way me to lede.

**Dethe.**

Ye yf ony be so hardy  
 That wolde go with the and bere the company  
 Hye the that y<sup>n</sup> were gone to goddes magnyfyce  
 Thy rekenynge to gyue before his presence.  
 What weenest thou thy lyue is gyuen the  
 And thy worldely goodes also.

**Euery man.**

I had wende so verelye.

**Dethe.**

Nay nay it was but lende the  
 For as soone as thou arte go  
 Another a whyle shall haue it and than go ther fro  
 Euen as thou hast done  
 Euery man y<sup>n</sup> arte made thou hast thy wyttes fyue  
 And here on erthe wyll not amende thy lyue  
 For sodeynly I do come.

**Euery man.**

O wretched caytyfe wheder shall I flee  
 That I myght scape this endles sorowe.

Now gentyll deth spare me tyll to morowe  
 That I may amende me  
 With good aduysement

**Dethe.**

Have thereto I wyll not consent  
 Nor no man wyll I respyte  
 But to the herte sodeynly I shall smyte  
 Without ony aduysement  
 And now out of thy syght I wyll me hy  
 Se thou make the redy shortely  
 For thou mayst save this is the daye  
 That no man lyuyng may scape a waye

**Euery man.**

Alas I may well wepe with syghes depe  
 Now haue I no maner of company  
 To helpe me in my Iourney and me to kepe  
 And also my wrptynge is full vnredy  
 How shall I do now for to excuse me  
 I wolde to god I had neuer begete  
 To my soule a full grete profyte it had be  
 For now I fere paynes huge and grete  
 The tyme passeth lorde helpe that all wrought  
 For though I mourne it auayleth nought  
 The day passeth and is almoost ago  
 I wote not well what for to do  
 To whome were I best my complaynt to make  
 What and I to felawshyp therof spake  
 And shewed hym of this sodeyne chaunce  
 For in hym is all myne affyaunce  
 We haue in the worlde so many a daye  
 Be good frendes in sporte and playe  
 I se hym yonder certaynely  
 I trust that he wyll bere me company  
 Therfore to hym wyll I speke to ese my sorowe  
 Well mette good felawshyp and good morowe.

**Felawshyp.**

Euery man good morowe by this daye  
 Syr why lokest thou so pyteously  
 If ony thynge be a mysse I praye the me saye  
 That I may helpe to remedy.

**Euery man.**

Be good felawshyp ye  
 I am in greate ieoparde.

**Felawshyp.**

My true frende shewe to me your mynde  
 I wyll not forsake the to my lyues ende  
 In the waye of good company.

**Euery man.**

That was well spoken and louyngly.

**Felawshyp.**

Syr I must nedes knowe your heuynesse  
 I haue pyte to se you in ony dystresse  
 If ony haue you wronged ye shall reuenged be  
 Thoughe that I knowe before that I sholde dye.

**Every man.**

Veryly felawshyp gramercy.

**Felawship.**

Tusshe by thy thankes I set not a strawe  
 Shewe me your grefe and saye no more.

**Every man.**

If I my herte sholde to you breke  
 And than you to tourne your mynde fro me  
 And wolde not me comforte whan ye here me speke  
 Than sholde I tentymes soryer be.

**Felawship.**

Syr I saye as I will do in dede.

**Every man.**

Than be you a good frende at nede  
 I haue found you true here before.

**Felawship.**

And so ye shall euermore  
 For in fayth and thou go to hell  
 I wyll not forsake the by the waye.

**Every man.**

Ye speke lyke a good frende I byleue you well  
 I shall deserue it and I may.

**Felawship.**

I speke of no deseruyng by this daye  
 For he that wyll saye and nothyng do  
 Is not worthy with good company to go  
 Therfore shewe me the grefe of your mynde  
 As to your frende most louynge and kynde.

**Every man.**

I shall shewe you how it is  
 Commaunded I am to go on a iournaye  
 A longe waye harde and daungerous  
 And gyue a strayte counte without delaye  
 Before the hye Iuge adonay  
 Wherfore I pray you bere me company  
 As ye haue promysed in this iournaye.

**Felawship.**

That is mater in dede promyse is duty  
 But and I sholde take suche a vyage on me  
 I knowe it well it shulde be to my payne  
 Also it make me aferde certayne  
 But let vs take counsell here as well as we can  
 For your wordes wolde fere a stronge man.

**Every man.**

Why ye sayd yf I had nede  
 Ye wolde me neuer forsake quycke ne deed

Thoughe it were to hell truely.

**Felawship.**

So I sayd certaynely  
But such pleasures be set a syde the sothe to saye  
And also yf we toke suche a iournaye  
Whan sholde we come agayne.

**Every man.**

Have neuer agayne tyll the dave of dome.

**Felawship.**

In fayth than wyll not I come there  
who hath you these tydynges brought.

**Every man.**

In dede death was with me here.

**Felawship.**

Now by god that all hathe bought  
If deth were the messenger  
For no man that is lyuyng to dave  
I wyll not go that loth iournaye  
Not for the fader that bygate me.

**Every man.**

We promysed other wyse parde.

**Felawship.**

I wote well I say so truely  
And yet yf y<sup>m</sup> wylte ete & drynke & make good chere  
Or haunt to women the lusty company  
I wolde not forsake you whyle the dave is clere  
Truste me veryly

**Every man.**

We therto ye wolde be redy  
To go to myrthe solas and playe  
Our mynde wyll soner apply  
Than to bere me company in my longe iournaye.

**Felawship.**

Now in good fayth I wyll not that waye  
But and thou wyll murder or ony man kyl  
In that I wyll helpe the with a good wyll.

**Every man.**

O that is a symple aduypse in dede  
Gentyll felawe helpe me in my necessyte  
We haue loued longe and now I nede  
And gentyll felawshyp remembre me.

**Felawship.**

Wheder ye haue loued me or no  
By saynt John I wyll not with the go.

**Every man.**

Yet I pray the take y<sup>e</sup> labour & do so moche for me  
To bryng me forward for saynt charyte  
And comforte me tyll I come without the towne.

**Felawship.**

Ray and thou wolde gyue me a newe gowne



I wyll not a fote with the go  
 But and y<sup>e</sup> had tarped I wolde not haue lefte the so  
 And as now god spede the in thy Journaye  
 For from the I wyll departe as fast as I maye.

**Every man.**

Wheder a waye felawshyp wyll y<sup>e</sup> forsake me.

**Felawshyp.**

Ye by my faye to god I be take the.

**Every man.**

Farewell good felawshyp for y<sup>e</sup> my herte is sore  
 A dewe for euer I shall se the no more

**Felawshyp.**

In fayth euery man fare well now at the ende  
 For you I wyll remembre y<sup>e</sup>ptynge is mournynge.

**Every man.**

A lacke shall we this departe in dede  
 A lady helpe without ony more comforte  
 Lo felawshyp forsaketh me in my most nede  
 For helpe in this worlde wheder shall I resorte  
 Felawshyp here before with me wolde mery make  
 And now lytell sorowe for me dooth he take  
 It is sayd in prosperyte men frendes may fynde  
 Whiche in aduersyte be full unkynde  
 Now wheder for socoure shall I flee  
 Syth that felawshyp hath forsaken me  
 To my kynnesman I wyll truely  
 Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessyte  
 I byleue that they wyll do so  
 For kynde wyll crepe where it may not go  
 I wyll go save for yonder I se them go  
 Where be ye now my frendes and kynnesmen.

**Kynrede.**

Here we be now at your commaundement  
 Cosyn I praye you shewe vs your entent  
 In ony wise and not spare.

**Cosyn.**

Ye euery man and to vs declare  
 Of ye be dysposed to go ony whyder  
 For wete you well wyll lyue and dye to gyder.

**Kynrede.**

In welth and wo we wyll with you bolde  
 For ouer his kynne a man may be holde.

**Every man.**

Gramercy my frendes and kynnesmen kynde  
 Now shall I shewe you the grefe of my mynde  
 I was commaunded by a messenger  
 That is a hye kynges chefe offycer  
 He bad me go a pylgrymage to my payne  
 And I knowe well I shall neuer come agayne  
 Also I must gyue a rekenynge strayte

For I haue a grete enemy that hath me in wayte  
Whiche entendeth me for to hynder.

**Kynrede.**

What a counte is that which ye must render  
That wolde I knowe.

**Euery man.**

Of all my workes I must shewe  
How I haue lyued and my dayes spent  
Also of yll dedes that I haue vsed  
In my tyme syth lyfe was me lent  
And of all vertues that I haue refused  
Therfore I praye you go thyder with me  
To helpe to make myn accounte for saynt charyte.

**Cosyn.**

What to go thyder is that the mater  
Nay euery man I had leuer fast brede and water  
All this fyue yere and more.

**Euery man.**

Alas that euer I was bore  
For now shall I neuer be mery  
If that you forsake me.

**Kynrede.**

A syr what ye be a mery man  
Take good herte to you and make no mone  
But one thynge I warne you by saynt Anne  
As for me ye shall go alone.

**Euery man.**

My cosyn wyll you not with me go.

**Cosyn.**

No by our lady I haue the cramp in my to  
Trust not to me for so god me spede  
I wyll deceyue you in your moost nede.

**Kynrede.**

It auayleth not vs to tyse  
Ye shall haue my mayde with all my herte  
She loueth to go to festes there to be nyse  
And to daunce and a brode to sterte  
I wyll gyue her leue to helpe you in that Journey  
If that you and she may a gree.

**Euery man.**

Now shewe me the very effecte of your mynde  
Wyll you go with me or abyde be hynde.

**Kynrede.**

Abide behynde ye that wyll I and maye  
Therfore farewell tyll another dawe.

**Euery man.**

Howe sholde I be mery or gladde  
For fayre promyses men to me make  
But whan I haue moost nede they me forsake  
I am deceyued that maketh me sadde.

**Cosyn.**

Cosyn euery man farewell now  
 For verely I wyl not go with you  
 Also of myne owne an vnyredy rekenyng  
 I haue to accounte therfore I make taryenge  
 Now god kepe the for now I go.

**Euery man.**

A Iesus is all come here to  
 To fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne  
 They promyse and nothyng wyl do certayne  
 My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully  
 For to a hyde with me stedfastly  
 And now fast a waye do they flee  
 Euen so felawshyp promysed me  
 What frende were best me of to prouyde  
 I lose my tyme here longer to abyde  
 Yet in my lyfe I haue loued ryches  
 If that my good now helpe me myght  
 He wolde make my herte full lyght  
 I wyl speke to hym in this dystresse  
 Where arte thou my gooddes and ryches.

**Goodes.**

Who calleth me euery man what hast thou haste  
 I lye here in corners trussed and pyled so hye  
 And in chestes I am locked so fast  
 Also sacked in bagges thou mayst se with thyn eye  
 I can not styre in packes lowe I lye  
 What wolde ye haue lyghtly me saye.

**Euery man.**

Come hyder good in al the hast thou may  
 For of counseyll I must desyre the.

**Goodes.**

Syr & ye in the worlde haue sorowe or aduersyte  
 That can I helpe you to remedy shortly.

**Euery man.**

It is another dysease that greueth me  
 In this worlde it is not I tell the so  
 I am sent for an other way to go  
 To gyue a strayte counte generall  
 Before the hyst Jupyter of all  
 And all my lyfe I haue had Joye & pleasure in the  
 Therefore I pray the go with me  
 For parauenture thou mayst before god almyghty  
 My rekenyng helpe to clene and puryfy  
 For it is sayd euer amonge  
 That money maketh all ryght that is wronge.

**Goodes.**

Nay euery man I synge an other songe  
 I folowe no man in suche vyages  
 For and I wente with the

Thou sholdes fare moche the worse for me  
 For bycause on me thou dyd set thy mynde  
 Thy rekenynge I haue made blotted and blynde  
 That thyne accounte thou can not make truly  
 And that hast thou for the loue of me.

**Euery man.**

That wolde greue me full sore  
 Whan I sholde come to that ferefull answere  
 Vp let vs go thyther to gyder.

**Goodes.**

Nay not so I am to brytell I may not endure  
 I wpll folowe man one fote be ye sure.

**Euery man.**

Alas I haue the loued and had grete pleasure  
 All my lyfe dayes on good and treasure.

**Goodes.**

That is to thy dampnacyon without lesynge  
 For my loue is contrary to the loue euerlastynge  
 But yf thou had me loued moderately duryng  
 As to the poore gyue parte of me  
 Than sholdest thou not in this dolour be  
 Nor in this grote sorowe and care.

**Euery man.**

Lo now was I deceyued or I was ware  
 And all I may wyte my spendynge of tyme.

**Goodes.**

What wenest thou that I am thyne.

**Euery man.**

I had went so.

**Goodes.**

Naye euery man I saye no  
 As for a whyle I was lente the  
 A season thou hast had me in prosperyte  
 My condycyon is mannes soule to kyll  
 Vt I saue one a thousande I do spyll  
 Wenest thou that I wpll folowe the  
 Nay fro this worlde not beryle.

**Euery man.**

I had wende otherwyse.

**Goodes.**

Therefore to thy soule good is a thefe  
 For whan thou arte deed this is my gyse  
 Another to deceyue in this same wyse  
 As I haue done the and all to his soules represe.

**Euery man.**

O false good cursed thou hast deceyued me  
 And caught me in thy snare.

**Goodes.**

Mary thou brought thy selfe in care  
 Wherof I am gladde

I must nedes laugh I can not be sadde.

**Euery man.**

A good thou hast had longe my hertely loue  
I gaue the that whiche sholde be the lordes aboue  
But wylte thou not go with me in dede  
I praye the trouth to saye.

**Goodes.**

No so god me spede  
Therfore fare well and haue good daye.

**Euery man.**

O to whome shall I make my mone  
For to go with me in that heuy Journaye  
Fyrst felawshyp sayd he wolde with me gone  
His wordes were very plesaunte and gaye  
But afterwarde he lefte me alone  
Than spake I to my kynnesmen all in despayre  
An also they gaue me wordes fayre  
They lacked no fayre spekyng  
But all forsake me in the endynge  
Then wente I to my goodes that I loued best  
In hope to haue comforte but there had I leest  
For my goodes sharpely dyd me tell  
That he bryngeth many in to hell  
Than of my selfe I was ashamed  
And so I am worthy to be blamed  
Thus may I wel my selfe hate  
Of whome shall I now counsell take  
I thynke that I shall neuer spede  
Tyll that I go to my good dede  
But alas she is so weke  
That she can neuer go nor speke  
Yet wyl I venter on her now  
My good dedes where be you.

**Good dedes.**

Here I lye colde in the grounde  
Thy synnes hath me sore bounde  
That I can not stere.

**Euery man.**

O good dedes I stand in fere  
I must you pray of counseyll  
For helpe now sholde come ryght well.

**Good dedes.**

Euery man I haue vnderstandynge  
That ye be somoned of a counte to make  
Before Myssyas of Iherusalem kyng  
And you do by me y<sup>e</sup> Journay w<sup>h</sup> you wyl I take.

**Euery man.**

Therfor I come to you my moone to make  
I praye you that ye wyl go with me.

**Good dedes.**

I wolde full fayne but I can not stande verply.

**Euery man.**

Why is there ony thyng on you fall.

**Good dedes.**

Ye syr I may thanke you of all  
 Of ye had parfytely chered me  
 Your boke of counte full redy had be  
 Loke how the bokes of your workes and dedes eke  
 Ase how they lye vnder the fete  
 To your soules heuynes.

**Euery man.**

Our lorde Iesus helpe me  
 For one letter here I can not se.

**Good dedes.**

There is a blynde rekenynge in tyme of dystres.

**Euery man.**

Good dedes I praye you helpe me in this nede  
 Or elles I am for euer dampned in dede  
 Therefore helpe me to make rekenynge  
 Before the redemer of all thyng  
 That kynge is and was and euer shall.

**Good dedes.**

Euery man I am sory of your fall  
 And fayne wolde I helpe you and I were able.

**Euery man.**

Good dedes your counseyll I pray you gyue me.

**Good dedes.**

That shall I do verply  
 Thoughe that on my fete I may not go  
 I haue a syster that shall with you also  
 Called knowledge whiche shall with you abyde  
 To helpe you to make that dredefull rekenynge

**Knowlege.**

Euery man I wyll go with the and be thy gyde  
 In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.

**Euery man.**

In good condycyon I am now in euery thyng  
 And am hole content with this good thyng  
 Thanked by god my creature.

**Good dedes.**

And whan he hath brought you there  
 Where thou shalte hele the of thy smarte  
 Than go you w' your rekenynge & your good dedes togyder  
 For to make you Joyfull at herte  
 Before the blessed trynyte.

**Euery man.**

My good dedes gramercy  
 I am well content certaynly  
 With your wordes swete.

**Knowlege.**

Now go we togyder loungly  
To confessyon that clensyng ryuere.

**Euery man.**

For Joy I wepe I wolde we were there  
But I pray you gyue me cognycyon  
Where dwelleth that holy man confessyon.

**Knowlege.**

In the hous of saluacyon  
We shall fynde hym in that place  
That shall vs comforte by goddes grace  
Lo this is confessyon knele downe & aske mercy  
For he is in good conceyte with god almyghty.

**Euery man.**

O glorious fountayne y' all unclennes doth claryfy  
Wasshe from me the spottes of vyce unclene  
That on me no synne may be sene  
I come with knowlege for my redempcyon  
Redempte with herte and full contrycyon  
For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take  
And grete accountes before god to make  
Now I praye you shryfte moder of saluacyon  
Helpe my good dedes for my pyteous exclamacyon.

**Confessyon.**

I knowe your sorowe well euery man  
Bycause with knowlege ye came to me  
I wyll you comforte as well as I can  
And a precyous Jewell I will gyue the  
Called penaunce boyce boyder of aduersyte  
therwith shall your body chastysed be  
With abstynence & perseueraunce in goddes seruyce  
Here shall you receyue that scourge of me  
Whiche is penaunce stronge that ye must endure  
To remembre thy sauour was scourged for the  
With sharpe scourges and suffred it pacyently  
So must y' or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage  
Knowlege kepe hym in this vyage  
And hy tyme good dedes wyll be with the  
But in ony wyse be seker of mercy  
For your tyme draweth fast and ye wyll saued be  
Aske god mercy and he wyll graunte truely  
Whan w' the scourge of penaunce man doth hym hynde  
The oyle of forgyuenes than shall he fynde.

**Euery man.**

Thanked be god for his gracypous werke  
For now I wyll my penaunce begyn  
This hath reioysed and lyghted my herte  
Though the knottes be paynfull and harde within

**Knowlege.**

Euery man loke your penaunce that ye fulfyll  
What payne that euer it to you be

And knowledge shall gyue you counseyll at wyll  
How your accounte ye shall make clerely.

**Euery man.**

O eternall god O heuenly fygure  
O way of ryghtwysnes O goodly byspon  
Whiche descended downe in a byrgyn pure  
Bycause he wolde euery man redeme  
Whiche Adam forfayted by his dysobedyence  
O blessyd god heed electe and hye deuyne  
Forgybe my greuous offence  
Here I crye the mercy in this presence  
O ghostly treasure. O ransomer and redemer  
Of all the worlde hope and conduyter  
Myrrour of Joye foundatour of mercy  
Whiche enlumyneth heuen and erth therby  
Here my clamorous complaynt though it late be  
Receyue my prayers vntworthy in this heuy lyfe  
Though I be a synner moost abhomynable  
Yet let my name be wryten in moyses table  
O mary praye to the maker of all thynge  
Me for to helpe at my endynge  
And saue me fro the power of my enemy  
For deth assayleth me strongly  
And lady that I may by meane of thy prayer  
Of your sones glory to be partynere  
By the meanes of his passyon I it craue  
I beseeche you helpe my soule to saue  
Knowlege gyue me the scourge of penaunce  
My flesshe therwith shall gyue acqueyntaunce  
I wyll now begyn yf god gyue me grace.

**Knowlege.**

Euery man god gyue you tyme and space  
Thus I bequeth you in y<sup>e</sup> handes of our sauour  
Now may you make your rekenynge sure

**Euery man.**

In the name of the holy trynpte  
My body sore punysshyd shall be  
Take this body for the synne of the flesse  
Also thou delytest to go gay and fresshe  
And in the way of dampnacyon y<sup>e</sup> dyd me brynge  
Therefore suffre now strokes of punysshynge  
Now of penaunce I wyll wade the water clere  
To saue me from purgatory that sharp fyre.

**Good dedes.**

I thanke god now I can walke and go  
And am delyuered of my syknesse and wo  
Therefore with euery man I wyll go and not spare  
His good workes I wyll helpe hym to declare.

**Knowlege.**

Now euery man be mery and glad



How good dedes cometh now ye may not be sad  
 Now is your good dedes hole and sounde  
 Goynge vpryght vpon the grounde.

**Euery man.**

My herte is lyght and shalbe euermore  
 Now will I smite faster than I dyde before.

**Good dedes.**

Euery man pylgryme my specyall frende  
 Blessed be thou without ende  
 For the is preparate the eternall glory  
 He haue me made hole and sounde  
 Therefore I wyll hyde by the in euery stounde.

**Euery man.**

Welcome my good dedes now I here thy voyce  
 I wepe for very swetenes of loue.

**Knowlege.**

Be no more sad but euer reioyce  
 God seeth thy luyng in his trone aboue  
 Put on this garment to thy behoue  
 Whiche is wette with your teres  
 Or elles before god you may it mysse  
 Whan ye to your iourneys ende come shall.

**Euery man.**

Gentyll knowlege what do ye it call.

**Knowlege.**

It is a garmente of sorowe  
 Fro payne it wyll you borowe  
 Contrycyon it is  
 That getteth forgyuenes  
 He pleasyth god passynge well.

**Good dedes.**

Euery man wyll you were it for your hele.

**Euery man.**

Now blessyd be Jesu maryes sone  
 For now haue I on true contrycyon  
 And lette vs go now without taryenge  
 Good dedes haue we clere our rekenynge.

**Good dedes.**

He in dede I haue here.

**Euery man.**

Than I trust we nede not fere  
 Now frendes let vs not parte in twayne.

**Kynrede.**

Ray euery man that wyll we not certayne.

**Good dedes.**

Yet must thou led with the  
 Three persones of grete myght.

**Euery man.**

Who sholde they be.

**Good dedes.**

Dyscrecyon and strength they hyght  
And thy beaute may not abyde behynde.

**Knowlege.**

Also ye must call to mynde  
Your fyue wyttes as for your counseylours.

**Good dedes.**

You must haue them redy at all houres.

**Euery man.**

How shall I get them hyder.

**Kynrede.**

You must call them all togyder  
And they wyll here you in contynent.

**Euery man.**

My frendes come hyder and be present  
Dyscrecyon strengthe my fyue wyttes and beaute.

**Beaute.**

Here at your wyll we be all redy  
What wyll ye that we sholde do.

**Good dedes.**

That ye wolde with euery man go  
And helpe hym in his pylgrymage  
Aduyse you wyll ye with him or not in that byage.

**Strength.**

We wyll brynge hym all thyder  
To his helpe and comforte ye may beleue me.

**Discrecion.**

So wyll we go with him all togyder.

**Euery man.**

Almyghty god loued myght thou be  
I gyue the laude that I haue hyder brought  
Strength dyscrecyon beaute & .v. wyttes lack I nought  
And my good dedes with knowlege clere  
All be in my company at my wyll here  
I desyre no more to my besynes.

**Strengthe.**

And I strength wyll by you stande in dystres  
Though thou wolde I batayle fyght in the grounde.

**V. wyttes**

And though it were through the worlde rounde  
We wyll not departe for swete ne soure.

**Beaute.**

No more wyll I vnto dethes houre  
What so euer therof befall.

**Discrecion.**

Euery man aduyse you fyrst of all  
Go with a good aduysment and delyberacyon  
We all gyue you vertuous monycon  
That all shall be well.

**Euery man.**

My frendes harken what what I wyll tell

I praye god rewarde you in his heuen spere  
 Now herken all that be here  
 For I wyll make my testament  
 Here before you all present  
 In almes halfe my good I wyll gyue w<sup>t</sup> my handes twayne  
 In the way of charyte w<sup>t</sup> good entent  
 And the other halfe styll shall remayne  
 In queth to be retourned there it ought to be  
 This I do in despyte of the fende of hell  
 To go quyte out of his perell  
 Euer after and this daye.

**Knowlege.**

Euery man herken what I saye  
 Go to presthode I you aduyse  
 And receyue of him in ony wyse  
 The holy sacrament and oymtement togyder  
 Than shortly se ye tourne agayne hyder  
 We wyll all abyde you here.

**V. wittes.**

Ye euery man hye you that ye redy were  
 There is no Emperour Kinge Duke ne Baron  
 That of god hath commycyon  
 As hath the leest preest in the worlde beyng  
 For of the blessyd sacramentes pure and benygne  
 He bereth the keyes and therof hath the cure  
 For mannes redempcyon it is euer sure  
 Whiche god for our soules medycyne  
 Gaue vs out of his herte with grete payne  
 Here in this transytory lyfe for the and me  
 The blessed sacramentes .vii. there be  
 Baptye confyrmacyon with preesthode good  
 And y<sup>e</sup> sacrament of goddes precyous flesshe & blod  
 Maryage the holy extreme vnccyon and penaunce  
 These seuen be good to haue in remembraunce  
 Gracyous sacramentes of hye deuy[n]yte.

**Euery man.**

Fayne wolde I receyue that holy body  
 And mekely to my ghostly fader I wyll go.

**V. wittes.**

Euery man that is the best that ye can do  
 God wyll you to saluacyon bryng  
 For preesthode exceedeth all other thyng  
 To vs holy scrypture they do teche  
 And conuerteth man fro synne heuen to reche  
 God hath to them more power gyuen  
 Than to ony aungell that is in heuen  
 With .v. wordes he may consecrate  
 Goddes body in flesshe and blode to make  
 And handleth his maker bytwene his hande  
 The preest byndeth and vnbyndeth all bandes

Both in erthe and in heuen  
 Thou mynystres all the sacramentes seuen  
 Though we kysse thy fete thou were worthy  
 Thou arte surgyon that cureth synne deedly  
 No remedy we fynde vnder god  
 Bute all onely preesthode  
 Euery man god gaue preest that dygnyte  
 And setteth them in his stede amonge vs to be  
 Thus be they aboue aungelles in degree.

**Knowlege.**

If preestes be good it is so surely  
 But whan Iesu hanged on y<sup>r</sup> crosse w<sup>t</sup> grete smarte  
 There he gaue out of his blessyd herte  
 The same sacrament in grete tourment  
 He solde them not to vs that lorde omnytpotent  
 Therefore saynt peter the apostell dothe saye  
 That Iesus curse hath all they  
 Whiche god theyr sauour do by or sell  
 Or they for ony money do take or tell  
 Synfull preeste gyueth the synners example bad  
 Theyr chyldren sytteth by other mennes fyres I haue harde  
 And some haunteth womens company  
 With vnclene lyfe as lustes of lechery  
 These be with synne made blynde.

**V. wittes.**

I trust to god no suche may we fynde  
 Therefore let vs preesthode honour  
 And followe theyr doctryne for our soules socoure  
 We be theyr shepe and they shepherdes be  
 By whome we all be kepte in suerte  
 Deas for yonder I se euery man come  
 Whiche hath made true satysfaccyon.

**Good dedes.**

Alle thynke it is he in dede.

**Every man.**

Now Iesu be your alder spede  
 I haue receyued the sacrament for my redemcyon  
 And than myne extreme vnccyon  
 Blessyd be all they that counseyled me to take it  
 And now frendes let vs go with out longer respyte  
 I thanke god that ye haue tarped so longe  
 Now set eche of you on this rodde your honde  
 And shortely folowe me  
 I go before there I wolde be [                      ] God be your gyde.

**Strength.**

Euery man we wyll not fro you go  
 Tyll ye haue done this vpage longe.

**Dyscrecion.**

I dyscrecyon wyll byde by you also.

**Knowlege.**

And though this pylgrymage be neuer so stronge  
 I wyll neuer parte you fro  
 Euery man I wyll be as sure by the  
 As euer I dyde by Judas Machebee.

**Euery man.**

Alas I am so faynt I may not stande  
 My lymmes vnder me doth folde  
 Frenedes let vs not tourne agayne to this lande  
 Not for all the worldes golde  
 For in this caue must I crepe  
 And tourne to erth and there to slepe.

**Beaute.**

What in this graue alas.

**Euery man.**

De there shall ye consume more and lesse.

**Beaute.**

And what sholde I smoder here.

**Euery man.**

De by my fayth and neuer more appere  
 In this worlde lyue no more we shall  
 But in heuen before the hyst lord of all.

**Beaute.**

I crosse out all this adewe by saynt Iohan  
 I take my tappe in my lappe and am gone.

**Euery man.**

What beaute whyder wyll ye.

**Beaute.**

Deas I am dese I loke not behynde me  
 Not & thou woldest gyue me all y<sup>e</sup> golde in thy chest.

**Euery man.**

Alas wherto may I truste  
 Beaute gothe fast awaye from me  
 She promysed with me to lyue and dye.

**Strength.**

Euery man I wyll the also forsake and denye  
 Thy game lyketh me not at all.

**Euery man.**

Why than ye wyll forsake me all  
 Swete strength tary a lytell space.

**Strengthe.**

Nay syr by the rode of grace  
 I will hye me from the fast  
 Though thou wepe to thy herte to brast.

**Euery man.**

De wolde euer hyde by me ye sayd.

**Strength.**

De I haue you ferre ynoughe conueyde  
 De be olde ynoughe I vnderstande  
 Your pylgrymage to take on hande  
 I repent me that I hyder came.

**Euery man.**

Strength you to dysplease I am to blame  
 Wyll ye breke promyse that is dette.

**Strength.**

In fayth I care not  
 Thou arte but a foole to complayne  
 Thou spende your speche and wast your brayne  
 Go thyrst the in to the grounde.

**Euery man.**

I had wende surer I shulde you haue founde  
 He that trusteth in his strength  
 She hym deceyueth at the length  
 Bothe strength and beaute forsaketh me  
 Yet they promysed me fayre and louyngly.

**Dyscrecion.**

Euery man I will after strength be gone  
 As for me I will leue you alone.

**Euery man.**

Why dyscrecyon wyll ye forsake me.

**Dyscrecion.**

He in fayth I wyll go fro the  
 For whan strength goth before  
 I folowe after euer more.

**Euery man.**

Yet I pray the for the loue of the trynyte  
 Loke in my graue ones pyteously.

**Dyscrecyon.**

Ray so nye wyll I not come  
 Fare well euerychone.

**Euery man.**

O all thynge fayleth saue god alone  
 Beaute strength and dyscrecyon  
 For whan deth bloweth his blast  
 They all renne fro me full fast.

**V. wittes.**

Euery man my leue now of the I take  
 I wyll folowe the other for here I the forsake.

**Euery man.**

Alas than may I wayle and wepe  
 For I took you for my best frende.

**V. wittes.**

I wyll no lenger the kepe  
 Now fare well and there an ende.

**Euery man.**

O Jesu helpe all hath forsaken me.

**Good dedes.**

Ray euey man I will byde with the  
 I wyll not forsake the in dede  
 Thou shalte fynde me a good frende at nede.

**Euery man.**

Gramercy good dedes now may I true frendes se  
 They haue forsaken me euerychone  
 I loued them better than my good dedes alone  
 Knowlege wyll ye forsake me also.

**Knowlege.**

Ye euery man whan ye to deth shall go  
 But not yet for no maner of daunger.

**Euery man.**

Gramercy knowlege with all my herte.

**Knowlege.**

Nay yet I wyll not from hens departe  
 Tyll I se where ye shall be come.

**Euery man.**

Me thynke alas that I must be gone  
 To make my rekenynge and my dettes paye  
 For I se my tyme is nye spent awaye  
 Take example all ye that this do here or se  
 How they that I loue best do forsake me  
 Excepte my good dedes that bydeth truely.

**Good dedes.**

All ertly thynges is but vanyte  
 Beaute strength and dyscrecyon do man forsake  
 Folysshe frendes and kynnesmen that fayre spake  
 All fleeth saue good dedes and that am I.

**Euery man.**

Haue mercy on me god moost myghty  
 And stande by me thou moder & mayde holy Mary

**Good dedes.**

Fere not I wyll speke for the.

**Euery man.**

Here I crye god mercy.

**Good dedes.**

Shorte oure ende and mynysshe our payne  
 Let vs go and neuer come agayne.

**Euery man.**

In to thy handes lorde my soule I commende  
 Receyue it lorde that it be not lost  
 As thou me boughtest so me defende  
 And saue me from the fendes boost  
 That I may appere with that blessyd hoost  
 That shall be saued at the day of dome  
 (in manus tuas) of myghtes moost  
 For euer (Commendo spiritum meum.)

**Knowlege.**

Now hath he suffred that we all shall endure  
 The good dedes shall make all sure  
 Now hath he made endynge  
 Me thynketh that I here aungelles synge  
 And make grete Joy and melody  
 Where euery mannes soule recyued shall be.

**The aungell.**

Come excellent electe spouse to Iesu  
 Here aboute thou shalte go  
 Bycause of thy syngular vertue  
 Now the soule is taken the body fro  
 Thy rekenynge is crystall clere  
 Now shalte thou in to the heuenly spere  
 Vnto the whiche all ye shall come  
 That lyueth well before the daye of dome.

**Doctour.**

This morall men may haue in mynde  
 Ye hearers take it of worth olde and yonge  
 And forsake pryde for he deceyueth you in the ende  
 And remembre beaute .v. wyttes strength & dy[s]crecion  
 They all at the last do euery man forsake  
 Saue his good dedes there dothe he take  
 But be ware and they be small  
 Before god he hath no helpe at all  
 None excuse may be there for euery man  
 Alas how shall he do than  
 For after dethe amendes may no man make  
 For than mercy and pyte doth hym forsake  
 If his rekenynge be not clere whan he doth come  
 God wyll saye (ite maledicti in ignem eternum)  
 And he that hath his accounte hole and sounde  
 Hye in heuen he shall be crounde  
 Vnto whiche place god brynge vs all thyder  
 That we may lyue body and soule togyder  
 Therto helpe the trynyte  
 Amen saye ye for saynt charyte.

**F I N I S.**

Thus endeth this morall playe of euery man.  
 Imprynted at London in Poules  
 Chyrche yarde by me  
 Iohn Skot.

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