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<Text: Prick of Conscience>

<Tranche 1>

<fol. 21r>But he is noght wyse that in it traistes

For it ledes a man with wiles

And at the last it hym begiles

He may be called witty and wyse

That this worlde can dispise

And hates the maners þat it loues

And thinkes ay wheþer þat him behoues

And on this lyf here traistes noght

But on that othir settes al þair thoght

For seker dwellyng we haue none here

As the apostel sayes on this manere

<lat></lat>

<lat></lat>

No seker wonnyng here haue we

But we seke another þat ay shal be

But as gestes we here soiourne

A while till we hethen torne

That may fal soner þan men wenis

For we dwel here as alienis

To trauaile in þ^e world w^t oure lymes

For we are here but pore pilgrimes

For-thi sayes the *prophite* to god thus

As the Sawter shewes to vs

<lat></lat>

<lat></lat>

Be noght stille lorde sayes he

J am a comlynge toward the

And a pilgrime as my fader was



So may he say this worlde shal pas
That is to say be noght so stille
<fol. 21v>That thou ne make me to knowe þy wil
And comforde to my saule þou shewe swith
That may make it in the glad and blith
And saye to it J am thi hele
For þat thou arte my pilgrime lele
This worlde is a way and a passage
By the which we make our pilgrimage
By this way behoues the gange
But be war we go noght wrang
For in this worlde ligges two wayes
As men may fynde þat thaym assayes
That one the way of deth is cald
That othir the way of lyf to halde
The way of deth is large and esy
And that ledes vs ouer lightly
To the grisly londe of mirkenes
Ther sorowe & pine euer more is
The way of lyf is narowe & harde
That ledes us tille oure cuntre ward
That is the kingdome of heven bright
Where we shal wonne ay in goddes sight
And goddes sonnes we shal+be calde
If we that way of lyf here halde
The lyf of the worlde here is vnstable
And wanderand and chaungeable
As is sene of contrari manere
Be tymes and weders & sesons sere
For the worlde & the worldes lyf to geder
Chaunges & turnes oft hider & thider
And in a state dwelles shorte while
<fol. 22r>Vnnethes the mountenaunce of a myle
And for the worlde is so chaungeable
All . thinges þat ar therin ar vnstable
God ordeines here as is his wil
Sere various for certeyne skyl
Of tymes weders and seasons
Jn tokenynge of worldes condicions

That ar vnstable and variand
 And shorte while in a state may stand
 For god will . shewe by tokens sere
 How vnstable the worlde is here
 So that men shulde be abayst
 Ouer mekel on the worlde to traist
 Oft chaunges tymes here as men wate
 Als thus nowe is erly and now is late
 Now is day and now is night
 Now is mirke now is light
 And the weders chaunges & the sesons
 Ofte tyme thus after the worldes condicions
 Nowe is colde nowe is hete
 Nowe is drie and now is wete
 Nowe is snawe now is rayne
 Now is fayre & now is fowle agayne
 Nowe is wether bright shynand
 And is is it dym and damblande
 Now is it light clere and faire
 And now is it myst & clowdy ayre
 All these variaunce to vnderstande
 May be tokens of this lyf so variand
 And yet ar ther othir tokens more sere
 <fol. 22v>Of the vnstablenes of lyf here
 Now is mrth now is mornynge
 Now is langowre & now is gretynge
 Now is wele and now is wo
 Now is frende and now is fo
 Now is a man light now is he hevy
 Now is he glad now is he sory
 Now is ioy now is pyne
 Now is wynnyng nowe is tyne
 Now may men se of chaungynge
 In sere maner of clething
 Somtyme shorte somtyme side
 Somtyme stryde and somtyme wide
 Some haue clothes hangand as stoiles
 And som go tartred as tatred foiles
 And som gose wrenchand to & fro

And some gose hippand as a ko
 And some ar so straite i paire shrowde
 And some gose criand wonder lowde
 Thus vses yong men of y^e newe gette
 And þus this worlde is al awkeward set
 Thorough such vnkyndely pompe & pride
 That thai vse on ich a side
 So mekel pride as nowe is sene
 Before this tyme has never bene
 Ne such gyse as men may se
 But J trowe þat þay may tokens be
 Of grete myscheues J vnderstonde
 That vnto man ar nere commande
 Therfore in þair gise þay shal fallus
 <fol. 23r>For ther-with thay wrath god seis allus
 And his wrath atte last with þaym shal mete
 For thus sayes dauid the trewe *prophete*
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 And thai stired god in wrath sayes he
 And thair newe fyndyng of the vanite
 In thaym is fallynge many folde
 All thorough pride þat j of tolde
 This may be saide as the boke preves
 Be thaym þat the gise contreves
 For thay do so the worlde to please
 More for pride þan for thair ease
 And for thai with such gise god greves
 Thay shal fal in many mischeues
 For thai wil+noght be led by skill
 A while god lettes thaym haue paire wil
 But atte+last on þaym wil he sende
 Vengeaunce but þay thaym here amende
 Then most thay before shewe sum taken
 That god has thaym left and forsaken
 And þat thay be knowen be sere gise
 For þus sayes dauid on this wyse
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>

The prophete dauid he sayes thus
 In goddes name as this tretes shewes vs
 I left thaym out of couerte
 Aftir þair 3ernynge of þair hert
 In thar newe fyndinge shal thay go
 <fol. 23v>And this may be saide be al tho
 That god suffers to folowe vanitees
 Aftir the lykyng that may chese
 That to this worlde here makes þaym gay
 And turnes thaym fro god away
 Thay shal for thayr synne wende
 At the last to pyne w^touten ende
 But thai such synnes and vanite forsake
 And betyme amendis make
 3et has the worlde as men ofte heres
 Many othir contrary maneres
 For nowe is vertu turned into vise
 And play & bourde vnto malice
 For nowe is deuocion on some side
 Turned al in to pompe and pride
 Now is wisdom holden foly
 And turned al into trechery
 And folie is now holden wysdome
 With prowde men and vnbuxome
 Now is love turned into lechery
 And rightwisnes to tirauntry
 Now is a man riche nowe is he pore
 Now is ouer sitil now passes mesure
 Now is a man bigge now is he bare
 Now is a man hole nowe is he sare
 Now is he fiers nowe he doth he faile
 Now is rest now is travayle
 Nowe ar we smarte nowe ar we slawe
 Now are we hegh nowe ar we lowe
 Nowe is ynogh and nowe is noght
 <fol. 24r>Now ar we vp and nowe downn broght
 Now haue we pease now haue we wer~
 Nowe helps one thinge nowe wil it der~
 Nowe is saghtelyng and now is stryve



These ar the maners of mannes lyve
And tokens of vnstablenes
Of this worlde þat chaungeable es
And als this lyf is ay passande
So is this lyf ay payrande
Fro hethenward fast it drawes
As clerkes be many tokens knowes
The worlde yat we se ych day helde
Is noght elles to say but oure elde
Two erthely worldes to this lyf falles
Be kyndely skyl as clerkes calles
The more worlde and the lesse
And ful chaungeable ayther is
The more is called the worlde brade
The lesse is man that ther in is made
And the more worlde rownde is sete
So is man rownde for to mete
For in the brede of man is contend
Of the right hande fro the longe fynger ende
Whan both his armes ar owte spredande
Vnto the same finger of the lift hande
Also fro the top of the crown
Vnto the sole of the fete ther down
Than if a man his armes oute sprede
No more than is the length þan the brede
So is a man to mete withoute
As a compas rownde abowe
Thus hath the worlde þat man is
Shap of the worlde that rownde is
Both these worldes j dar wele say
At the last shal fayle & passe a-way
For ay the more elde at thay bere
The more thay paire and ar febler~
As men may se that to theym takes tent
And therefore thus sayes Innocent
<lat></lat>
<lat></lat>
<lat></lat>
<lat></lat>

He sayes in laten as it is tolde
 Ayther worlde now waxes olde
 And the lenger thair tymes ar soght
 And elde of ayther is forth broght
 The more of malice & of feblenes
 The kynd of ayther more troubled es
 In this world outrages we se
 Of pompe pride and vanite
 Of selcouth Maners and sere gyses
 That now is vused in may wyses
 In worldes havyng and beryng
 In vayne apparael and vareying
 That takes mekel vayne costages
 And turnes al to grete outrages
 For such degise and such maners
 As yong men now hautes & leres
 And comonly yche day is sene
 <fol. 25r>That before this tyme has nocht bene
 For yong men calles now curtesy
 That men helde somtyme vilony
 And vilony thay wil it halde
 That somtyme curteysi was calde
 Thus is this worlde turned vp so down
 To many mannes dampnacion
 Such folowes the worlde so froward
 And therefore þay mon fele paynes ful harde
 Mekel payne shal be thair mede
 And dole for thi þaym aght to drede
 In thair wittes J holde thaym wode
 That haldes gode thinge il & ill þinge god
 Wo shal thay be as clerkes can tell^{us} ?
 For god sayes thus in the godspell^{us} ?
 <lat></lat>
 He saies wo worth þou that sayes with wyl
 That il is gode and gode is ille
 That is to say þat thaym is wo
 That here mistornes þaire lyf so
 Thus is the worlde ther Jnne
 Ful of vanite and of synne

But som+men loues þis worlde so mykel
 And the lyuyng that is so fikel
 And also the worldes vanite
 That þay wolde neuer other shulde be
 Thai wil not knowe the *perels allus*
 Of this lyf ne what after shulde fal .
 But for thay syne in solace sere
 Thay halde no heven put onely here

<Tranche 2>

<fol. 106v>And fele of vermyn bytyng sore
 This payne is more to fele and se
 Than al the paynes þat in erth may be
 Ne quyke creature lyvand than
 But onely aungels deuels and man
 Howe shulde than in hel or owrewhere elles
 If any vermyn as men telles
 Or any best that men may dere
 Vnto this may men answer
 On this maner who so can
 And say the vermyn that shal be than
 As I trowe noght ellis is
 But deuels in vermyn liknes
 And thair conscience as vermyn
 Shal gnawe thaym ouer al with Jn
 And that gnawying shal be ful harde
 Of which I shal speke aftirwarde
 And for the synful was here namely
 Ay ful of hatered and envy
 And noght wolde amende þaym of þair syn
 But lete it gnawe thaym with in
 It is right and godes lawe
 That the vermyn in hel shal theym gnawe
 The ix payne J vnderstonde
 Js dyngying of fendes with malle glowande
 The deuels shal the synful bete
 With glowand hamers hote & grete

As smythes smyten Iren fast
 So that it brekes at the last
 So the fendes shal ever dyng
 <fol. 107r>On the synful withouten styntyng
 For harder dyntes gave never engyne
 As beres wittenes seynt Austyne
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 As men may engynes cast
 And strike the walles of the castel fast
 With a stone huge and hevy
 So shal fendes dyng more felly
 The bodyes and the saules þat þer shal dwel
 Aftir the last dome in hel
 For thaie shal haue power and leve
 The synful men to dyng and greve
 As seynt Austyne shewes to vs
 In a boke where he sayes thus
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 He sayes the dome shal be redy
 To sklaundrers of godes body
 And to those that shal be ay smytand
 The synful bodyes with malles in honde
 And for thy that thay wolde noght take
 Holy dyscipline for goddes sake
 For thi the fendes shal strike thaym sore
 With hevy malles for evermore
 The x payne is gnawying with in
 Of conscience that never shal blyn
 For within shal conscience of vermyn frete
 <fol. 107v>Als withouten shal vermyn grete
 So shal thay gnawe thaym withoute <macron?> dowte
 Evermore within and withoute
 Ful mekel sorowe shal than be in hel
 Amonge the synful that ther shal dwel
 Thay shal evermore cri and say

Allas allas and waleway
 Why wolde we never trowe
 What payne and sorowe here is nowe
 Thai shal playne thaym of þair wikkednes
 And thus say as here writen es
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 What helpes pride vs shal thay say
 Or rosynge of riches or rich aray
 Al that pompe as we se nowe
 Is passed away as a shadowe
 And as a messenger before rennand
 And as a shype in water flowand
 And as a fowle flyand with wynde
 Of whose trase men may no gate fynde
 Thus shal al youre pompe passe
 And be as thynges that never was
 Thay shal thinke whan al is away
 Al thair lyf but as a day
 If thay lived never so longe here
 Now may thay saye on this manere
 <fol. 108r>Nowe were we born in worlde to be
 And nowe in al oure welth were we
 And died and passed away
 Nowe ar we here in sorowe þat lastes ay
 Than shal thay knowe how il thai lyved
 Whan the vermyn of conscience þaym has greved
 And the venym of conscience with . Jn
 Shal euermore gnawe þaym for thair syn
 The xi payne ar teres gretynge
 Of the synful men withoutyn styntyng
 That grete euermore as sayes the boke
 Both for sorowe and for smoke
 And what for colde and for hete
 Euermore therfore shal thay grete
 And teres fro thair eghen shal ren fast

And thaire gretynge shal so longe last
 That in al this worlde I wene
 Is noght so mekel water sene
 As fro thair eghen shal fal thore
 For-whi thay shal grete evermore
 Wherefore seynt Austyn sayes us thus
 Whose wordes ar autentyke to vs
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 In hel he sayes shal yelded be
 Mo teres than droppes ar in the se
 The synful ther shal ever grete
 And thair teres shal be of so grete hete
 That thay shal whan thay down renne
 For hete thaym scalde and alto brenne
 <fol. 108v>Tha shal hatter be than euer was
 Molton lede or welland bras
 As i haue herde grete clerkes tel
 That has discribed the paynes of hel
 For thay had here ay lykyng
 In thair syn and no forthynkyng
 Ne sorowe but thought it swete
 For thi in hel thay shal ay grete
 The xij payne and shenshepe
 That the saules shal haue in hel depe
 For ich syn that ever thai here did
 For ther shal al be knowen and kyd
 Both of thoght worde and werke
 As sayes seyes seint Gregori the grete clerke
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 Al synn of theym shal shewede be
 And þay may nothir hem hide ne fle
 Than shal thai haue more shame thore
 And ther þat shenship shal be evermore
 Than euer hade here any man in thoght
 Of vilany that ever he wroght
 And that shame shal last with thaym ay
 And never passe fro thaym away

Than may thai thus say that þer dwelles
 As the prophete in the sauter telles
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 Al my shamfulnes sayes he
 Al day is agaynes me
 <fol. 109r>And the shenship of my face
 Shal couer me ever in ych a place
 Which shame shal thay haue for synn
 Als þaym shal thynke as thay shulde brynn
 And certes if no payne were in hel
 But that shame that J of tel
 It shulde be to thaym more payne
 Than any man couth ordryne
 And for that thay here in thayr lyf
 For shame durst theym neuer shryf
 The xiii payne as clerkes wote
 Ar bandes of fire brenand hote
 With the which the synful shal be boundon
 As in some bokes writen we haue foundon
 And those bandes shal never slake
 For thay wolde neuer thair syn forsake
 Thay shal with the bandes brennand
 Be boundon both fote and honde
 And straytely streyned ilke a lyme
 With fendes that ar grysly and gryme
 Thay shal fele whan thay ther come
 Godes vengeaunce throgh dome
 For thair synne that god myspayes
 As he in the godspel sayes
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 Lat bynde thair honde & þair fete fast
 And into vtter mirkenes þaym cast
 That is in the deppest pitte of hel
 Where more sorowe is than tong may tel
 <fol. 109v>Ther shal thair hondes be turned downward
 And thaire fete vp bounden ful harde
 And streyned be the fete and be the hed

With brennande bandes glowande rede
Thay shal be pyned on this manere
And with othir paynes many and sere
As a grete clerke sayes openly
In a boke that he made in stody
Of sere questiouns of diuinite
That is calde flos sciencie
That is floure of connyng
In which is many a prive thyng
And in that boke he telles
How thay shal henge þat in hel dwelles
<lat></lat>
<lat></lat>
He sayes thair hedes shal be turned down
In the grounde of hel dongeoun
And the fete vpward fast knitte
In stronge payne streyned and titte
And for thai were ay here redy
To synne with sere lymmes of þaire body
For thi shal thai be bounden thore
Be sere lymmes as J saide ore
For thi it is right and resoun
That thay be turned vp so doun
And be streyned in hel and borndon fast
With bandes brennand þat ay shal last
The xiiij payne is despayre to tel
In which the synful shal euer dwel