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<Text: Religious miscellany>

<Tranche 1>

<fol. 6r>he bygate xxx sones and xxxij doghtres the which
multiplied the erthe with ther dwellyng . Than
ne seide Adam to his sone Seeth here sonne
what J shal seye to the . After that J and thi
moder were drywen owt of paradys Michael
the Archaungel goddes messanger come to me &
J sawe ordres of Aungeles as thikke as Mots in the . son
being in a feire cercle and thanne J was ra
uysshed in to rightwisse paradys and ther : J sawe
oure lord and his semblant was so ful of bright
bemes þ^t it was vnsightly . that is to seyn so
bright that J myght noght endure to loke ther
on And A gret multitude of aungeles were al
aboute the bemes of the brightnesse of his
semblaunt and eke another wonderful compa
nye of Aungeles beyng on the right syde & on
his lefte syde And my lord seide to me . Wyte
wele that thow schalt dye for thow forgete
my comaundement and herdest the worde of
thy wyf the which J 3af to the to be thyn
vndirlyng~ and *subiecte* . to haue hir al at thyn
owen wille and thow were obeissaunt and
obeydist hir and noght me . And whenne . J .
herde thus goddes wordes J fel down to the er
the . and sayde and prayed to god thus Lord
moost myghtful and moost merciabile god bo
the blessid and meke nefor yet no^t thy worschip

ful name . of thy dignyte but conuerte my sou
 le for J dye and my spirit passeth oute of my
 mouthe ne cast noght me away fro thy face
 the which thou hast made of the slyme of the
 <fol. 6v>erthe neyther put noght behynde hym that thou
 hast norshed with thi grace Biholde how thi
 wordes brenne me And oure lord god seide for
 sothe for thi hert is made Lofyng science and go
 denesse . for that thou schalt not be doon away
 fro thy connyng that thou ne schal mynystre .^[to] me
 with outen ende . And whenne J herde thise wor
 des of god J cast my self down to the erthe and
 worshipped god seyeng thou art euerlastyng god
 and heyghest and euery creature shal gyfe wir
 shep to the and praysyng thou art aboue alle
 lightes shynyng~ thou art verey light of lyfe þ^u
 art swich that no tonge may comprehende the
 in Witte O thilke grete vertu of god lyfyng
 alle creatures to the gyfe honour and spirituel pray
 sing~ // Whanne thou had made mankynde thorgh
 grete vertu And A-none as J had prayed this
 michael the archaungel of god toke me by the
 hande and cast me in to the mydel of paradys
 in the visitacons and the sightes of god . And
 michael helde aþerde in his hande w^t the which
 he touched the watres þ^t wente in the circuyte
 of paradys and with the which towchyng of
 the forsaide 3erde they congeled to-gydre alle yse
 and J wente opon hem and michael wente
 with me and ladde me agayne in to the
 place of paradys fro the which he rauysshed
 me // Thanne Adam seide here my sonne
 Seeth other priuetes and sacramentes were
 shewed to me forwhy J vndirstonde and
 knew thynges þ^t ben comyng~ in this~
 <fol. 7r>world temporel the which god made for mannes
 kynde . that is to seye J had my knowyng and
 myn vndirstondyng of thyng~ that is comyng
 by the etyng þ^t J ete of the tree of vndirstondyng

also J vndirstode ther by þ^t god shal schew hym in
 water & shewe hym in brennyng and fyre shal
 goo oute of his mouthe of his maiestee and
 he shal 3eue vnto alle men his comaundement
 and his biddyng and he shal make hym holy in the
 house of his maieste . and god shal shewe to hem
 a merueylous place of his maieste . and there thei
 schul bigge a house in the erthe to ther god & thei
 schul breke his comaundementes and ther holy pla
 ce schal be brent and ther londe schal be forsake &
 thei shal be twynned for thei wrethed god The
 seuen day god schal make hem saaf ageyn fro
 ther twynnyng and make hem ooned a3eyne
 as thei were And efte thei schul bigge a house
 to ther god and thanne schal the last house of god
 be bettir saued thanne the first And efte sones shal
 shrewdnesse ouercome the ryghtwisnesse and eft schal
 god dwelle w^t men in erthe to be seyne and thanne
 shal ryghtwisnesse bygynne forto shyne and he shal
 be worshepid euer in the house of god And the
 aduersarye ne shal not noye to men that trowe
 in god And god shal reyse vp a sauf peple
 to be made with-uten ende Wikked men
 schul putte adam oute of his kyngdom and
 after-warde who that wille of that kyngdom
 loue heuen and erthe nyghtes and dayes and
 alle creatures worshepyng to the lord and thei
 <fol. 7v>breke not his comaundementes ne thei schul not
 chaunge his werkes . And men forgetyn the co
 maundementes of god thei schul be chaunged
 for that god schal put oute wikked men . and
 rightwisse men shul dwelle as rightwisnesse in the
 sight og fod And in that tyme men schul be pu
 ryfied of ther synne by water of cristendome
 noght willyng to be purified by water , wyse
 is that man that amendeth his soule for why ther
 shal be a gret day of Juggement among synful
 men and ther dedys schul be enquired of rightwisse
 god ther Jugge And aftir that Adam was ma

de . ix^C and xxx 3ere he wiste wele þ^t his lyfe
 dayes schulde soone eende . He seide to Eue gadre
 to-gydre alle my childre that J may speke w^t hem
 and blisse hem or . J dye & ther come to-gidre in
 thre *parties* byfore his prayeng place where Adam
 had prayed to oure lord god . And thei come to
 gidre alle with one voyce seyyng What is thy .^[wyl] fa
 der . wherfore hastow gadred vs to-gydre and
 why lystow in thy bedde . Say to vs now : what
 is thy wille that we doo Thanne Adam ans
 swered & seide my childre me is ful woo and
 w^t sorowes J am trauayled And his childre seide
 to hym Fader what is it to haue euyl and w^t
 sorowes to be trauailed Thanne seide his sone
 Seeth . lord . fader happely thow hast desired for
 to eete of the froyte of paradys of the which som
 tyme thow eete & therfore thow lyst in sorowe
 sey to me if thow wil þ^t . J goo . & neyghe the ga
 tes of paradys . & do dust on myn hede ./ and
 <fol. 8r>falle down to the erthe byfore the gates of paradys .
 and crye in gret lamentacon prayeng oure lord .
 And happely he wille here me and sende his
 Aungel to brynge me of þ^t fruyte the which thow
 desirest . And adam answered and seide . Sone
 J ne desire nothyng but J wex ful seek & J ha
 ue gret sorwes and desese in my body Seeth an
 swered . J . not what sorwe is wiltow not say to
 vs what it is why ~~wiltow~~ helestow it fro vs .
 ¶ And thanne seide Adam hereth alle my childre
 why oure lord god made me and 3oure moder &
 putte vs in paradys & gaf vs alle the trees beryng
 fruyte to eete when we wolde but he seide to vs .
 that we schuld not eete of the tree of knowyng
 gode and euel that stondeth in the myddel of para
 dys thus god putte vs in paradys and gaf me
 power in the Est & in the partye þ^t is a3eyns the
 partye of the Northe And to 3oure moder he gaf
 the Southe and a partye of the west and he gaf
 to vs twoo anges to kepe vs The tyme come

that thise aungeles wente into the sight of god
 hym for to honoure thanne anon the feende fon
 de a place in 3oure moder and he begiled hir and
 made hir eete of the tre vuleful and forboden vn
 to hir and she eete and *profred* to me J eete . And
 anon oure lord god was wroth in wodenesse
 to vs and he seide to me For sothe for that thou
 hast forsaken my comaundementes & my wor
 de that . J ordeyned to the thou hast not kepte
 See now . J shal caste in thy body ..Lxx. woun
 des of diuerse sorwes . fro the hiest place of
 <fol. 8v>thy heede of thyne eyghen and of thyne eeren vnto
 the netherest place of thy body that is to say fro
 the crowne of thy heede to the nayles of thi
 tooes and in alle diuerse membres of thi body
 be 3e tourmented and he ordeyned in tormentyng
 to vs so sorwes to-gydre with brennyng . for
 sothe sones al this oure lord hath sent vs & to
 alle of-sprynge of vs . This seyeng Adam to his
 sones he is taken with grete sorwes and he cryed
 with grete voyce and saide what shal J wrec
 che do that .^[am] putte in thise sorwes And whenne
 Eue herde this she began to wepe and seide Lord
 god putte his sorwes in me for-why J haue syn
 ned . and she seide to Adam . gode sir gif me parte
 of 3oure sorwes forwhy my defautes haue broght
 3ow to thise sorwes And Adam seide to Eue

<Tranche 2>

<fol. 21v>**Here bygynnith the tretys of <lat>Parce
 michi domine</lat>**

By a forest syde walking as J went .
 Disport to take In o mornyng .
 A place J fond schaded with bowes ybent
 Jset aboute w^t flowrs so swete smellyng .
 J . leyde me down vpon that grene
 And kast myn ey3en me aboute
 J fond there breddes w^t fedres schene

Many on sitting vpon a rowte
 O+brid þer by sat on a brere
 Hir fedres were pulled sche myght not fle .
 She sat and song w^t mornynge chere
 <lat>Parce michi domine</lat> .
 ¶ Spare me lord kyng of pytee
 Thus sang þis bryd in pover array
 My myrthe is goo & my Jolyte
 J may not flee as othir may
 My fedres schene ben pulled me fro
 My 3owthe my strengthe & My bewte
 Wher thorgh J take þis song me too
 <lat>Parce michi domine</lat> .
 ¶ When J herd þis mornynge song
 J drew þ^s brid nere and nere
 And asked who had don þ^s wrong~
 And brought her~ in so drowpyng chere
 And who had pulled her~ fedres away
 That schuld her~ ber~ from tre to tre .
 And why sche song in her lay
 <lat>Parce michi domine</lat>
 ¶ The bryd answerd and seid me till
 <fol. 22r>Man be Jn pees for cristes sake
 3if J schewe the myn hertis will
 Peynes sore me wolke awake .
 3if thou wilt take my word in mynde
 Ther shal no sorow be my letting .
 That J nyl holy myn herte vnbynde .
 And sothly telle the thyn asking .
 Which were myn fedres þ^t were so clepe .
 And who hath pulled hem alle fro me
 And why J sitte singging on brere <lat>Parce michi domine</lat>
 ¶ Fedres fowre J had ywis
 The two were set on euery wyng .
 Thei bare me breme to my blys .
 Where me lust be at my lykyng
 The first was 3owthe þe secunde bewte .
 Strengthe and ryches þe other two
 And now þei ben as thou maist se

Alle foure fedres J-falle me fro
 My principal fedr~ 3owthe it was
 he bare me ofte to nysete .
 Wher fore my song is now allas .
 <lat>Parce michi domine</lat> .
 ¶ Jn 3owthe J wrowth folies fele
 my herte was set so hye in pride
 to synne J 3af me euery dele
 Spared J neither tyme ne tyde
 J was redy to make debate
 my lyf stood ofte in mochel drede .
 And my lyking to walke late
 And haue my lust of synful dede
 J was now here J was now there
 <fol. 22v>vnstable J was Jn al degre
 To him J crye þ^t marie bare . <lat>Parce m~ domine</lat>
 ¶ For Salamon seith in his poyse
 Thre weyes ther beth ful hard to knowe
 Oon is a schep þ^t sailleth in the see
 An Egle in hey A Worm in lowe .
 And of þe ferthe telle he ne can
 It is so wondirful in his hering .
 The weyes of A 3ong man
 Whiche þ^t ben here at her lyking
 And now hath age J-smyte me fro
 My pryncypal fedr~ of Jolyte .
 For al þ^t euer J haue misdoo <lat>Parce m~ domine</lat> .
 ¶ My Secunde fedr~ heith bewte
 J held my self so clere of schap .
 That al the peple scholde loke on me
 And worschip me w^t hoode & cap .
 my rud was reed my colour clere
 me þought neuer non so faire as J
 Jn al a contre feer no nere
 In fetewrs & schap so comely
 My forhed large my browes bent
 Myn eyen cleer and corage bolde
 My schap ne myght no man ament .
 Me thought my self so fayre to be+holde .

And 3et J was begyled in syght
 The myrroure lorde deseyued me
 Wher-fore J aske lord of þi myght <lat>Parce m~ domine</lat> .
 ¶ This fedir me bar~ ful ofte to synne
 And principally to leccherye .
 Clipping and kessing cowth J not blynne .
 <fol. 23r>me thought it craft of curteseye
 A cusse it is þe deuel-is gynne .
 Oft of it ariseth woo & wrake
 The deuel w^t cusse many doth wyne .
 J counseil the thow synne forsake
 Sampson lost his strengthe þer fore
 Daud his grace for Bersabee
 Til he cried w^t wordes sore . <lat>Parce m~ domine</lat> .
 ¶ Salamon þ^t worthy king
 Ful fayr he was from top to too
 Wher-fore in his age 3yng .
 he was amabilis domino .
 And after he fel fowle & sore
 For lust of women þ^t was him neygh
 Thei fanned him in his age hor~
 That he forsoke his god on heygh
 Nought onlich þise but many moo .
 bewte hath be-giled J-wys
 J woot wel J am on of thoo
 J can þe better telle þis .
 Now hath age y-smyte me fro
 My secunde Fedr~ þat height bewte
 For al þ^t euer J haue misdoo <lat>Parce m~ domine</lat> .
 ¶ My thridde fedr~ strengthe height
 my name was knowe on euery syde
 For J was man of mochel myght
 And many on spak of me ful wide
 To prike and praunce J was ful preste
 My strengthe to kepe Jn euery place
 And euer more J had the beest
 Such was my grace such was my hap .
 <fol. 23v>
 My strengthe ful ofte me drowgh amys

And torned me lord clene fro the
 Now kyng corowned Jn heuene blys <lat>Parce m~ *domine*</lat> .
 This fader me bare be-3onde the see
 To gete me name Jn vncowth londe
 To robbe and slee had J deyntee .
 Ne spared J neither fre ne bonde .
 Of holy chirche took J . no 3eme .
 Bokes to take ne vestement
 Ther myght no þing so moche me queme
 As robbe or see an abbey brent
 W^t strengthe J gat me gret Aray .
 Precious clothes gold and fee
 J thought ful litel on thilke day . <lat>Parce m~ *domine*</lat> .
 When Nabugodonosor~ fers in fight
 Jerusalem had thought to wyne .
 And so he dede w^t mayn & myght
 And brent þe temples þ^t were þer Jnne .
 And al the gold þ^t he there founde
 He toke w^t him and hom gan ryde
 him thought þer schold no þing w^t-stonde .
 his herte was set so heigh Jn pryde
 Till þe king of myghtes most
 Browght him þere þ^t lowest was
 And caught him from ^[his] real oost
 And drof him to a wildirnesse
 And there he lyued w^t erbe & rote
 walkyng euer on foot & on honde
 Till god of mercy dede him bote
 And his prison out of bonde
 Thanne seide þ/s kyng thise wordes J+wis
 <fol. 24r>Al thing be lord at thi powste
 Mercy J crie J haue do mys <lat>Parce michi *domine*</lat> .
 ¶ While J had my strengthe at will
 Ful many a man J dede vnrest.
 Thei þ^t wolde not my heste fulfill
 My knyf was redy to his brest
 And now J sitte her~ blynde and lame
 And croked beth my lymes alle .
 J was ful wilde J am now tame

This Fedr~ of strengthe is fro me falle
 And now hath age y-smyte me fro
 My thridde fedre of Jolyte
 For al þat euer J haue misdo <lat>Parce michi domine</lat> .
 ¶ My ferthe feder ryches was .
 To make it schyne J trauailed sore .
 J went Jn many a *perilous* place .
 Wel oft my lyf was neigh for-lore
 By dale by downe by woode syde .
 J bood many a bitter schowr .
 Jn salt see J sailed wel wide .
 For to multiplie my tresowr .
 W^t fals sleightes J gat my gode
 Jn couetise J grownded me .
 Tjhesuc for thi *precious* blood <lat>Parce michi domine</lat> .
 ¶ Whan J was siker of gold enow
 J gan to ride a-boute wel fast
 J purchaced moche & god wot how
 J wende þis lyf wolde euer haue last
 J let me bilde castell and towres
 w^t-out J-warded w^t stronge dyches .
 w^t -Jnne J bildet halles and bowres .
 <fol. 24v>Ther was no towr my castel liche . Jn this was yset al my
 lyking And turned me lord holich from the . To the J crye
 now heuen king <lat>Parce michi domine</lat> . Whan J was most
 in al my flours and had aboute me wif and childre J lost
 my catel and my tours Thanne wex my herte in *party* mylde .
 Catell fel fro me sodeynly Ryght as it come it went a-way
 men seith good gete vntrewly the thridde heir~ broke it ne may .
 J was ful wilde J am now tame . fortune hath pulled ryches
 me fro . 3owre wreche lord j can not blame . <lat>Parce m~ domine</lat> .
 ¶ Job was richer þanne euer was J . of gold siluer & other good
 it fel hym fro and þ^t schapply As dede þe water owt of
 the flood hym was not left so mochel a clothe his
 naked body for to hille hym lakkyd crostes of a loffe
 When him lest ete Jn tyme of mele And 3et he held
 vp thanne his honde And seide heigh god in mageste J
 thank the of thy swete sonde <lat>Parce michi domine</lat> Now
 <lat>parce michi domine</lat> . My Joye my merthe is al a goon



3owthe strengthe and my bewte My fetheres faire
be falle me froo Wher to is a man more liche panne
to a flowr þ^t springes In may ; Alle that lyueth bothe
powr~ and ryche ; shal deye vnknowyng of her day .
¶ J sette me down vpon my knee .
And thanked this bryd of her~ gode lore
It thought me wele this word Marce
Was bale and bote of gostly sore
¶ Now <lat>parce</lat> lord and spare thow me
This is a worde þ^t sone gat grace .
And Marce geteth god is pyte
And scheweth to vs his blessed face Amen