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<Text: Prick of Conscience>

<Tranche 1>

<p. 12>There dampned soules euer shul dwelle .

¶ The seuenthe is of þe ioyes *in* heuene /

Thus is this book in parties <erased 1 word, presumably seuene>

In vche party fynden men may /

Dyuerse materes and gode to say .

That writen is byfore to looke //

Nis but the entre of this booke .

Go we now to the firste that es /

To speke of mannes wrecchednes .

The firste part

Man of foulest mater god wrou3t

when he made al þing of nou3t

Of erþe for two skiles to holde

Oon is for þ^t god so wolde .

Of fulþe him maken yn despyt /

Of lucifer whiche that fel so tyt .

To helle for his synne of pryde /

And of alle tho that fellen by-syde

For they shulde haue þe more shenshepe /

And more sorwe whanne þei tok kepe

That man of siche matere shulde dwelle

In þat place that they from felle .

¶ The tother skile is this to see /

For man shulde here the mekere be .

Ay whenne he þenketh in his thou3t /

Of how foul matere he ys wrou3t .

God of his godenes and his my3t /

Sawe that place in heuene bry3t .

Voyde was maad by synne of pryde /
 And wolde hit fulle on euery syde .
 Thour3e the vertue of mekenes /
 That ri3t contrarye to pryde es .
 Then may no man þidur come /
 <p. 13>Thus is mon born as 3ee may se /

Jn wrecchednes and caytefte .
 3it here to lyue but fewe dayes /
 As Job here on this wyse sayes

<lat></lat>

<lat></lat>

He seith mon born of wommon /
 Lyuyng short tyme ful-fild is þon .
 Of mony manere wrecchednes /
 As Job telleth and soth hit es .
 For mon is born to nought elles /
 But to trauayl as Job telles .

<lat></lat>

Mon is born to trauele ryght /
 As the foule is made to flight .
 For litil reste in this lyf es /
 But greet trauail and bysynes .
 Also mon whenne he is borun /
 Js fendes sono and fro god lorun .
 Ay til he . by grace may come /
 To baptym and to crystendome .
 Thus moun men her bygynnyng se /
 Of wrecchednes and of caytifte

Of monnes myddel lyuyng

The secound part of lyf men calleþ /
 The mydelward þat next aftir falleþ .
 And recheth from the bygynnyng /
 Of monnes lyf vnto the endyng .
 His bygynnyng right as J toolde /
 Js vyl and wrecched to byholde .
 But how foul he is afturward /
 Telles a party Seynt Bernard .

<lat></lat>

<p. 14><lat></lat>

Seynt bernard in his book telles /
 That a man nys no thing elles .
 But a foul skyn wlatom in tunge /
 And a sacke ful of stynking dunge .
 And wormes fode þat þei wol haue /
 whenne he is deed & lyeþ in graue .
 Summe folc þer ben ful feir to seme /
 In si3t wiþouten as men deme .
 And that sheweth not but a skyn /
 But who so my3te se hem wyþyn .
 Foulere careyn myght neuer be /
 Then men myght þenne on hem se .
 For certis who so my3te ha si3t /
 Or hadde so clere y3en and bri3t .
 As hath a beest þ^t men lynx calles /
 That may se þour3e þre stonen walles .
 Thenne my3t he se wiþouten doute /
 As wel wiþ-ynne men as wiþoute .
 Lital lykyng shulde he haue thon /
 For to byholde after wommon .
 3if he with-Jinne sey3e her right /
 wlatome were she to his sight .
 Thus foul wiþ-Jinne vche mon es /
 As this book here bereth witenes .
 Thus may mon se on þis manere /
 How foul the kynde of him is her~ .
 Therfore a man is not witty /
 That here is proud of his body .
 whil he may thus him-seluen se /
 what he is was and shal be .
 But proude mon to þis ne takeþ hede /
 For skile him fayleþ þ^t shulde him lede .
 <p. 15>whenne he is 3ong & loueþ pleying /
 And eke hath ese and his lykyng .
 Or 3if he be at greet wurshepe /
 what he is he taketh no kepe . .
 Him-self thenne he knoweþ leest /
 And fareth as vnskileful beest .
 That his wille folweþ & nou3t elles /

As dauid in the sauter þus telles

<lat></lat>

<lat></lat>

whenne mon to honour he is brou3t /

Vndirstondyng ri3t haþ he nou3t .

wel may he be lykenede thon / /

To a beest . that no skyle kon . .

Therfore that han skile & mynde /

The wrecchednes þenke of our~ kynde .

what is foul and ful wlatome /

For mon seep of his body come .

From aboue and from bynethe /

Miche fulthe and stynkyng breþe

More stynke . nys hard . ny nesshe /

Then the fulthe of monnus flesshe .

That may a man boþe se and fele /

3if that he loke him-seluen wele .

How foul he is to monnes sy3t /

Therfore seiþ seynt bernard ry3t .

<lat></lat>

<lat></lat>

<lat></lat>

He seiþ 3if thow the bisily se /

And vndirstonde what comeþ from þe .

Thour3e mouþ and nese *continuely* /

And othere places of thy body .

<p. 16>Foulere dungehulle þow sey neuer noon /

Then monnus body of flesshe & bon .

Al the tyme that mon here lyueth /

Noon othere fruyt his body 3yueþ .

Thou3e he lyue longe or short while /

But wlatome thinges & ful vyle .

And stynk and fulþe & no þing elles /

As Jnnocent . thus seith & telles .

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<lat></lat>

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<lat></lat>

This grete clerke seith in his booke /
Byholde he seith and wysely looke .
To trees and herbes that her~ springe /
And what fruyt þei here forþ bringe .
Herbes forþ bryngen floures & sede /
And trees fruyt wiþ braunches to sprede .
And þow bryngest forþ of þi-self here
Nytes fleen lys and vermyn sere .
Of hem springeth baume ful good /
And oyle and wyn for monnus food
Of the cometh alle foule thing /
As vreyn ordure and spyttyng .
Of hem comeþ ful swete floures /
Of the comeþ stynke & euel sauoures .
Suche as þe tre is wiþ his bowes /
Suche *ben* þe fruytes þ^t on *him* growes
Euel tre may no good fruyt beere
<p. 17>As god seith the gode gardinere
Mon-is tree not stondyng hard /
Of whom the crop is *turned* downward .
The roote toward the firmament
As seith the grete clerk Innocent

<lat></lat>

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<lat></lat>

He seith monnus shap nys but a tre /
Turned downward þ^t vp shulde be .
Of whom þe roote þat out springeþ /
Js the heer that on hym hyngeþ .
The stocke þ^t next *him* is growande /
Js heed wiþ necke to vndirstande .
The gubben of that tree sikurly /
Js al the hoole monnes . body . . .

The bowes ben armes and hondes /
 with legges that on feet stondes .
 The braunches men may kyndely calle /
 The toes sothely with fyngres alle .
 This is the tree that is not faste /
 Thour3e blowyng of harpes blaste
 For the body of this ylke tree / / /
 with the sunne may dry3ede be .
 For mon that is bothe strong & li3t /
 Be he neuere so strong and wi3t .
 And of hise face bright and feyre /
 Tene & sekenes may soone him peyre .
 His feirnes and myghte to abate /
 And make him in ful symple state .
 <p. 18>To chaunge al his fayre coloure / <linefiller>
 And make him fade as dop þe flour
 A flour that semeth fair & bryght
 with stormes fadeþ and leseþ my3t
 Also euel and grete mescheeues /
 Comen to man that here leues .
 As dropesye feuere and Jaunnye /
 Tysik goute And sere maladye .
 That doth him my3t & strengþe tyne /
 As stormes maken floures dwyne .
 wherfore a man may likened be /
 To a fresshe flour fayr onne to se
 That whenne hit is forth J-brou3t /
 weleweth fadeth til hit be nou3t .
 This shulde be thenne ensauple to vs /
 For iob in his book seith right thus .
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 A man seith he as a flour bryght /
 Cometh forth firste to oure syght .
 And fleeth soone passinge away /
 As shadewe doth on someres day .
 And in oon state neuere he dwelles /
 But ay passyng as Job telles .

Of this dauid bereth witenes /
 In the sautere where writen es .
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 The prophete seith and soth hit es /
 Erly passeth mon as the gres .
 Erly at the comsyng of the day /
 He florissbeth an passeth away .
 <p. 19>By that by euen hit is doun brou3t
 Fadeth and falleth & turneþ to nou3t .
 At the firste comsyng of mon / / / /
 Nynne hundride wynter lyued he thon
 In her bookes . cleerkes wytenes /
 But sithen wex monnes lyuyng les
 God wolde that hit shulde so be /
 For to Noe thenne thus seyde he .
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 My goost seide he ne shal ay dwelle /
 In mon for he is flesshe and felle .
 His dayes shul be to dwelle here /
 An hundride and twentye 3eere .
 But so greet elde may noon now bere
 Monnes lyf is bicomene shortere .
 For the complexioun here of mon /
 Is now feblere þen hit was thon .
 But for hit is now werre to see /
 Monnes lyuyng mote sharter~ be .
 The lengere he lyueþ þon trewely leue /
 The more his lyf shal here him greue .
 The lesse lyf shal him þinke ful swete /
 As in a salme seyth the prophete .
 <lat></lat>
 <lat></lat>
 In my3tes 3if four~-skore 3eer falle /
 Hor swynke is more & sorwe wiþ alle
 A mon ful selden of that eelde / /
 Hap heele or may him-self wel welde

Now ben monnes dayes shortere
 As Job telleth and wel smertere

<Tranche 2>

<p. 166>The seuenþe pert

So shulen men god right as he es .
 In þe clene myrroure of his bri3tnes .
 As propurly as possible may be /
 For eny creature him for to see .
 Thei shulen hem-seluen se in him so bri3t
 And opere men to-gider at oon si3t .
 And alle opere þinges þei shul knowe /
 And so ouer al boþe hy3e and lowe .
 Alle þei shulen se þat þere shulen dwelle /
 Alle þe creatures in heuen & in helle .
 Thei shulen also þere se þenne openly /
 The sundre priuetees of god almy3ty
 That no mon my3te here knowe ny wite
 Thour3 no clergy ny by holy writte
 The wheche how inuisible es / / /
 And chaungeable and eke endeles .
 And how he was byfore alle þinge /
 Euere wiþouten eny bygynnyng .
 And how & why þat he shal bee /
 wiþouten end þis shulen þey se .
 Al þing þat now is from hem hidde /
 Shal þenne to hem be knowen & kidde .
 Thei shulen se eke þenne opere openly /
 Of al þing skile and enchesoun why .
 That oon her~ of god is chosun & taken /
 And why þ^t anopere is last & forsaken .
 why oon is takun vp to a kyngdome /
 And anopere is put to þraldome .
 And why summe children ben deed & lorn /
 In her modir wombe er þei ben born .
 They shulen knowe also wiþouten drede /
 why þ^t summe dy3en in her childhede .
 And summe whenne þei moost whitnes welde

<p. 167>And why summe lyuen to her moost elde .
 And þei shul wite enchesoun than /
 why þ^t summe han fair shap of man .
 And why of statur~ summe ar~ vncomely /
 And summe ben ful ryche & summe lyuen porely
 And why þ^t summe children geten in hordom /
 Ben here baptysed & han cristendom .
 And why summe þ^t ben in wedloc born /
 Er þen þei ben cristende ben deed & lorn .
 And why þ^t summe bygynne to be stedfaste /
 And leuen of & enden euel at þe laste .
 And why þ^t summe han euel bygynnyng /
 And at þe laste þei han a good ending
 The soule shal þenne knowe openly /
 Of alle þese þinges and opere mony .
 In þe book of lyf þ^t open shal be /
 The whiche þ^t is þe ri3t holy trinite .
 Thus shulen alle þat in heuen dwelleþ
 Knowen & wite as seynt austen telleþ .
 There shal vche mon as wel knowe opere /
 As here doþ eny his sister or broþer
 And knowe of what cuntre þei were /
 And who hem gat & who hem bere .
 Vche mon shal þere knowe opere pou3t /
 And alle þe dedes þ^t euer þei wrou3t
 Thus wys þei shul be þ^t shul come /
 To þe blis aftir þe day of doome
 They shulen alle be to god ri3t lyche /
 His sones & heires of heuen riche .
 And eke as goddes of grete my3t
 As seiþ þe prophete in þe sauter ri3t .
 <lat></lat>

J seide seiþ he 3ee ben goddes alle
 <p. 168>And goddes sones eke men shul 3ow calle
 wherfore hit semet whenne þei þidur come /
 That þei shul þenne be ful of wisdom :
 And ful of my3te lastyng euermore /
 whenne þ^t þei shulen be as goddes þore .
 But now moun summe wel aske me her~ /

A questioun and seye on þis manere .
 Shulen þei ou3t þenke þ^t saued ben þore /
 Of synnes þ^t þei here shryuen wore .
 In her lyuyng & made hem clene /
 And þ^t of hem assoyled han bene .
 Seynt anselyne vnswareþ vn-to þis /
 Tho that shulen be in heuene blis .
 Thei shulen god louen & þonke him þore /
 Of alle þe godes bope lasse & more
 That he haþ don vnto hem heere /
 And to alle othere on þe same manere
 That aftir the grete doom shul be saue /
 And endeles blis wiþ hem to haue .
 Greet gode he doþ þe whil þow lyues /
 whenne he þi synnes here þe for3yues .
 Thow shalt him þonke wiþ herte fre /
 That he haþ hem so for3yuen the .
 Alle þe synnes þ^t þow euere wrou3t /
 3if þow my3t þenke on hem in þou3t .
 But þow shalt vndirstonden wele /
 That no more greuaunce shalt þow fele
 Ne haue no more skynes myslykyng /
 whenne þow hast of þi synnes moenyng .
 Then he haþ sumtyme in stryf /
 was sore wounded wiþ swerd or knyf
 And parfitly is heeled and weele
 Of whiche he may no more sore fele
 <p. 169>And as þow shamest not wiþ þe dede /
 That þow dides firste in thy childehede
 No more shal þenne þe shame in þou3t /
 Of alle þe synnes þ^t þow here wrou3t
 That þow were shryuen of perfitely /
 And god for3af þour3e his mercy .
 No more þen seynt petre haþ now shame /
 That he forsook oure lord by name .
 Or mary maudeleyn of her synne /
 That she sumtyme delited her Inne .
 No more shame shul þo men haue /
 Of alle her synnes þ^t shulen be saue .

But for þ^t god þ^t bou3te vs free /
 wolde þour3e his mercy & his pite .
 And coude þour3e his witte so clere /
 And wel my3te by his owne powere .
 So ynnely grete synnes frely for3eue
 And heele þe woundes þ^t were so greue
 For wheche þe hadden *serued* ful wele /
 The peyne of helle euer for to feele .
 Therfore þei shulen loue him þe more /
 And þe more him þonke & loue þerfore .
 And as wel for oþere mennes trespas /
 And for her synnes þ^t he helede has .
 Als for her owne þ^t þei diden here /
 Therfore seiþ dauid þus in þe sauter~ .
 <lat></lat>
 He seith þat J shal the mercy synge /
 Of oure lord ay wiþouten leesyng .
 And so shulen alle wiþouten ende /
 That to þe blis of heuen shul wende .
 And so þei my3te on no wyse synge /
 3if þei of her synnes hadden no menyng
 <p. 170>wheche þ^t þei hadde don here bodily /
 And god for3af þour3e his mercy .
 Thus shul þe soules haue wisdom þore /
 And knowe & se bothe lasse & more .
 But soules þ^t wiþ her bodyes synke /
 Shulen in helle on no good thinke
 Ny haue no witte to knowe ny fele /
 No dede þ^t euere was don here wele .
 On her peynes shal be al her þou3t /
 And on her synnes þ^t þei han wrou3t
 On no þing shul þei haue moenyng /
 But oonly of her wickede lyuyng .
 And of her woo wiþouten eny ende /
 And of her sorwe þ^t shal hem shende .
 whiche þei+shul euere byfore hem se /
 That si3te to hem shenshepe shal be .
 The secounde blis as clerkes witen wele /
 That soules wiþ her bodyes shul fele .

Js more frenshepe & parfite loue /
 Then eny man in erþe may proue .
 Vchon shulen opere more loue thon /
 Then euer loued here eny maner mon .
 And þat loue shal be so stedefaste
 That hit shal for euere holden & laste
 For as eueryche a lyme of oon body /
 Hit loueþ alle þe opere lymes kyndely .
 And greetly wilneþ euer her heele /
 So shal her loue be parfit and lele .
 They shulen alle be of oon assente /
 And of oon wille & of oone atente .
 For þei shul be ri3t as oon body /
 In sere lymes wiþ a soule oonly .
 And god shal be her hed ri3t thore /
 <p. 171>And loue hem euer as myche or more .
 As hed doþ þe body þ^t here leof es /
 And opere lymes þ^t on hit meues .
 That bond of loue shal neuere slake /
 Thour3e no kyn stryf þ^t mon kon make .
 But euen þe contrary shulen men se /
 Among þe soules that dampned be .
 For þei shulen ay be ful of felony /
 Of hatrede of wrathþe and eke envy
 And vchon wolde wiþ othere fi3te /
 And strangle hem 3if þ^t þei my3te .
 Thus shul þei stryue & hate vchone /
 For pees shulen þei neuere haue none .
 And god almy3ty & eke alle his /
 That þenne shulen dwelle in heuen+blis
 In sorwe & pyne þei shul hem se /
 And of hem þere haue noon pite
 But alle hem hate as goddes enemys /
 And that hatrede shal be ful ri3twys
 The fadir þenne þ^t shal be saue /
 No pite on his owne sone shal haue
 Ny þe sone shal not hauen pite /
 Of his fadir þou3e he dampned be .
 Ny þe modir on þe same manere /



Of hir dou3ter~ þ^t to hir was dere
Ny þe sister of her owne brother /
Nor noon of hem shal rewe on oþer
Nor noon þ^t shulen be saued þon /
Shulen haue pite of dampned mon .
whenne þe ri3twis þe synful shulen se /
Pyned in helle glad shulen thei be
And for two skiles þei shulen be seyne /
Oon is for þei ben past her peyne .