<Tranche 1>

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

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 me
For we are here but pore pilgrimes
For-thi sayes the prophite to god thus
As the Sawter shewes to vs

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 thow 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
Jf 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>Vnnenethes the mountenounce 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 condiciones
Nowe is colde nowe is hete
Nowe is drie and now is wete
Nowe is snaue now is rayne
Now is fayre & now is fowle agayne
Nowe is wether bright shynand
And is it dym and damblande
Now is it light clere and faire
And now is it myst & cloudly ayre
All these variaunce to vnderstande
May be tokens of this lyf so variand
And yet ar ther othir tokens more sere
Of the vnstablenes of lyf here
Now is mrth now is mornyng
Now is langowre & now is gretyng
Now is wele and now is wo
Now is frende and nowe 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 chaungyng
In sere maner of clothing
Somtyme shorte somtyme side
Somtyme straye 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 þaire shrowde
And some gose criand wonder lowde
Thus vses yong men of ye 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
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 thorugh pride þat j of tolde
This may be saide as the boke preves
Be thaym þat the gisecontreves
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 þaire 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
Jn goddes name as this tretes shewes vs
J left thaym out of couerte
Aftir þair 3ernyngge 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'outen 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 wisdome holden foly
And turned al into trechery
And folie is now holden wysdome
With prowde men and vnbxome
Now is love turned into lechery
And rightwisnes to tirau
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 ynoch and nowe is noght
<fol. 24r>Now ar we vp and nowe down 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 are the manners of man's life
And tokens of unsteadiness
Of this world that changeable is
And as this life is always passing
So is this life always paying
From the past it draws as clerks know many tokens
The world that we see each day held
Is not else to say but our elder
Two earthly worlds to this life falls
Be kindly sky as clerks call
The more world and the less
And full changeable other is
The more is called the world broad
The less is man that in is made
And the more world roundly is set
So is man roundly for to meet
For in the breadth of man is contend
Of the right hand from the long finger end
When both his arms are out spread
Unto the same finger of the left hand
Also from the top of the crown
Unto the sole of the foot there down
Than if a man his arms outside spread
No more than is the length than the breadth
So is a man to meet without
As a compass roundly above
Thus hath the world that man is
Shape of the world that roundly is
Both these worlds I dare well say
At the last shall fuy and pass away
For ay the more elder at they bare
The more they pair and are feebler~
As men may see that to them takes tent
And therefore thus says Innocent
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 vsed 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 hauntes & leres
And comonly yche day is sene
That before this tyme has noght 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 therfore þay mon fele paynes ful harde
Mekel payne shal be thair mede
And dole for thi þaym aghth to drede
In thair wittes J holde thaym wode
That haldes gode thinge il & ill þinge god
Wo shal thay be as clerkes can tellus ?
For god sayes thus in the godspellus ?
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 bytynge sore
This payne is more to fele and se
Than al the paynes þat in erth may be
Ne quyk creature lyvand than
But onely aungels devils 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 answere
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 gnawyng 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
Jt is right and godes lawe
That the vermyn in hel shal theym gnawe
The ix payne J vnderstonde
Js dyngyng of fendes with malles 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 dynge

<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></lat>

As men may engynes cast
And strike the walles of the castel fast
With a stone huge and hevy
So shal fendes dynge more felly
The bodyes and the saules þat þer shal dwel
Aftir the last dome in hel
For thaiæ shal haue power and leve
The synful men to dynge and greve
As seynt Austyne shewes to vs
In a boke where he sayes thus
</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 they 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 gnawyng with in
Of conscience that never shal blyn
For within shal conscience of vermyn frete
</fol. 107v>Als withouten shal vermyng 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
What helps 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 messanger 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 thynge 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
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 þatlastes 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 gretyns
Of the synful men withoutyn stytynge
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 greynge 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
Wherfore seyt 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 discrived the paynes of hel
For thay had here ay lykynge
In thair syn and no forthynkynge
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 knownen and kyd
Both of thoght worde and werke
As sayes seytes seint Gregori the grete clerke
<lat></lat>
<lat></lat>
Al synn of theym shal shewed 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 prophite in the sauter telles

All my shamfulnes sayes he
Al day is agaynes me

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 bryn
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 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

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 thynge
And in that boke he telles
How thay shal henge þat in hel dwelles
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 dou
And be streyned in hel and bonndon fast
With bandes brenmand þat ay shal last
The xiiij payne is despayre to tel
In which the synful shal euer dwel