

Unto which ye all shall come
That live well before the day of doom.

[*The Angel goes and the Doctor enters.*
Doctor.

This moral men may have in mind, —

Ye hearers, take it as of worth, both young and old,
And forsake Pride, for he deceiveth you in the end,
as ye will find, 905

And remember Beauty, Five Wits, Strength, and
Discretion, all told,

They all at the last do Everyman forsake
Save that his Good Deeds there doth he take.

But beware, if they be small,
Before God he hath no help at all, 910

None excuse for Everyman may there then be there.

Alas, how shall he then do and fare!

For after death amends may no man make,

For then Mercy and Pity do him forsake.

If his reckoning be not clear when he doth come, 915

God will say, *Ite, maledicti, in ignem æternum.*

And he that hath his account whole and sound,

High in heaven he shall be crowned,

Unto which place God bring us all thither

That we may live, body and soul, together! 920

Thereto their aid vouchsafe the Trinity —

Amen, say ye, for holy Charity!

FINIS.

Thus endeth this moral play of Everyman.

THE ROBIN HOOD PLAYS

[THE following plays may be found in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, vol. iii, 90, 114, 127, and in Manly's *Specimens of the Pre-Shakspearean Drama*, vol. i, 279, 281, 285. The first is from a fragment, consisting of a loose half-leaf evidently torn from a folio MS., in the possession of Dr. W. Aldis Wright. Certain memoranda upon the back of this leaf indicate the play to be earlier than 1475. The two others were originally printed as a single play by Copeland about 1550 and by White in 1634. They were reprinted by Ritson in his *Robin Hood*, 1795. Child gave variant readings from White, and Manly includes with these Ritson's readings, and Copeland's readings as given by Ritson. See Child and Manly, *ut supra*.]

I

ROBIN HOOD AND THE KNIGHT

[*Knight.*]

Sir Sheriff, for thy sake,
Robin Hood will I take.

[*Sheriff.*]

I will give thee gold and fee,
This promise if thou keep to me.

[*The Knight meets Robin and challenges him to shoot.*

[*Knight.*]
Robin Hood, fair and free,
Under this linden shoot we. 5

[*Robin.*]
With thee shoot I will,
All thy pleasures to fulfill.

[*Knight.*]
Have at the prick!

[*Robin.*]
And I cleave the stick! 10

[*Knight.*]
Let us cast the stone.

[*Robin.*]
I assent gladly, by Saint John.

[*They cast the stone, Robin is victorious, and is again challenged.*]

[*Knight.*]
Let us cast the axle-tree.

[*Robin.*]
Have a foot before thee!

[*They wrestle, and the Knight is thrown.*]

[*Robin.*]
Sir Knight, ye have a fall! 15

[*Knight.*]
And I shall requite thee, Robin, for all!
Out upon thee! I blow my horn —

[*Robin.*]
It were better to be unborn!

Let us fight at outrage.¹

¹ *At outrage: to the extremity, to the death.*

[*Knight.*]
He that fleeth, God give him mischance. 20
[*Robin slays him, and puts on his clothes.*]

[*Robin.*]
Now I have the mastery here,
This sorry neck I smite off sheer.
This knight's clothes will I wear,
And in my hood his head will bear.

[*Robin meets a man who tells him his men are being worsted by the Sheriff.*]

[*Robin.*]
Well met, my fellow, well met now! 25
Of good Robin what hearest thou?

[*Man.*]
Robin Hood and his company
By the Sheriff taken be.

[*Robin.*]
Haste we then, with good will,
And the Sheriff will we kill. 30

[*They view the fight apart.*]
Just look ye now on Friar Tuck,
How he doth his bow pluck!

[*Sheriff.*]
Sirs, to the Sheriff now yield ye,
Or else your bows shall broken be!

[*An Outlaw.*]
Now be we all bound in sorry sort. 35
Friar Tuck, this is no sport!

[*The Sheriff calls upon Robin's men to surrender.*]

[*Sheriff.*]
Come thou forth, thou false outlaw,
We shall thee hang and draw!

[*Friar Tuck.*]

Now, alas, what shall we do!

We must to the prison go.

[*Robin's men are taken to the prison.*

[*Sheriff.*]

Open the gates without delay,

And see that these thieves go in straightway! . . .

II

ROBIN HOOD AND THE POTTER

Robin Hood.

Listen to me, my merry men all, [121]

And hark what I shall say —

Of an adventure I shall you tell

That befell this other day.

With a proud potter I met, 5

And a rose-garland on his head; —

The flowers of it shone marvellous fresh.

This seven year and more he hath used this way,

Yet was he never so courteous a potter

As one penny passage to pay. 10 [130]

Is there any of my merry men all

That dare be so bold

To make the potter pay passage

Either silver or gold?

Little John.

Not I, master, for twenty pound ready told, 15 [135]

For there is not, among us all, one

That dare fight with that potter, man for man.

I felt his hands not long agoe,

But I had liefer been here by thee,

Therefore I know what he is. 20 [140]

Meet him when ye will, or meet him when ye shall,

He is as proper a man as ever you fought with, withal.

Robin Hood.

I will lay with thee, Little John, twenty pound so red

If I with that potter meet,

I will make him pay passage, maugre his head.¹ 25 [145]

Little John.

I consent thereto, so eat I bread!

If he pay passage, maugre his head,

Twenty pound will I give you for meed,² well sped.

[*They go, leaving Robin. Jack, the Potter's boy, enters.*

The Potter's Boy Jack.

Out upon it that ever I saw this day!

For I am clean out of my way 30 [150]

From Nottingham town.

If I hie me not the faster,

Ere I come there, the market will be done.

Robin Hood.

Let me see, are the pots whole and sound?

Jack.

Yea, master, but they will not break the ground. 35 [155]

Robin Hood.

I will them break, for the cuckold, thy master's sake,

And if they will break the ground,

Thou shalt have threepence for a pound.

[*He dashes the pots to the ground.*

¹ *Maugre his head* (so also *face, eyes, teeth, etc.*): in spite of all he can do.

² *Reward.*

Jack.

Out upon it, alas, what have ye done!
If my master comes, he will break your crown. 40 [160]

[*The Potter enters.*]*The Potter.*

Why, thou whoreson, art thou here yet?
Thou shouldest have been at market.

Jack.

I met with Robin Hood, a good yeoman.
He hath broken my pots,
And called you cuckold by your name. 45 [164]

The Potter.

Thou mayest be a gentleman, so God me save,
But thou seemest a naughty knave.
Thou callest me cuckold by my name,
And I swear by God and Saint John,
Wife had I never none — 50 [170]
This cannot I deny.

But if thou be a good fellow,
I will sell my horse, my harness, pots and panniers too,
Thou shalt have the one half, and I will have the other.
If thou be not so content, 55 [175]

Thou shalt have stripes, though thou wert my brother.

Robin Hood.

Hark, potter, what I shall say.

This seven year and more thou hast used this way,
Yet wert thou never so courteous to me
As one penny passage to pay. 60 [180]

The Potter.

Why should I pay passage to thee?

Robin Hood.

For I am Robin Hood, chief governor
Under the greenwood tree.

The Potter.

This seven year have I used this way up and down,
Yet paid I passage to no man, 65 [185]
Not now I will not begin; though thou do the worst
thou can.

Robin Hood.

Passage shalt thou pay here under the greenwood tree,
Or else thou shalt leave a pledge with me.

The Potter.

If thou be a good fellow, as men do thee call,
Lay away thy bow, 70 [190]
And take thy sword and buckler in thy hand,
And see what shall befall.

Robin Hood.

Little John, where art thou?

Little [John.]

Here, master, I make to God my vow,
I told you, master, so God me save, 75 [194]
That you should find the potter a knave.
Hold your buckler fast in your hand,
And I will stiffly by you stand,
Ready for to fight.
Be the knave never so stout, 80 [200]
I shall rap him on the snout,
And put him to flight. . . .

[*The rest of the play is wanting.*]

III

ROBIN HOOD AND THE FRIAR

Robin Hood.

Now stand ye forth, my merry men all,
And hark what I shall say —

Of an adventure I shall you tell,
 The which befell this other day.
 As I went by the high-way, 5
 With a stout friar I met,
 And a quarter-staff in his hand,
 Lightly to me he leapt,
 And still he bade me stand.
 There were strokes two or three, 10
 But I cannot tell who had the worse,
 But well I wot the whoreson came in upon me,
 And from me he took my purse.
 Is there any of my merry men all
 That to that friar will go, 15
 And bring him to me forthwithal,¹
 Whether he will or no?

Little John.

Yea, master, I make to God my vow,
 To that friar will I go,
 And bring him to you now, 20
 Whether he will or no.

[*They go. Friar Tuck enters with three dogs.*

Friar Tuck.

Deus hic! Deus hic! God be here!
 Is not this a holy word for a frere?²
 God save all this company!
 But am not I a jolly friar? 25
 For I can shoot both far and near,
 And handle the sword and buckler,
 And this quarter-staff also.
 If I meet with a gentleman or yeoman,
 I am not afraid to look him upon, 30

¹ Forthwith.

² Friar.

Nor boldly with him to carp;¹
 If he speak any words to me,
 He shall have stripes two or three
 That shall make his body smart.
 But, masters, to show you the matter 35
 Wherefore and why I am come hither,
 In faith I will not spare.
 I am come to seek a good yeoman,
 In Bernisdale men say is his habitation,
 His name is Robin Hood. 40
 And if that he be better man than I,
 His servant will I be and serve him truly,
 But if that I be better man than he,
 By my truth, my knave shall he be,
 And lead these dogs all three. 45

[*Robin enters and takes him by the throat.*

Robin Hood.

Yield thee, friar, in thy long coat!

Friar Tuck.

I beshrew² thy heart, knave — thou hurtest my throat!

Robin Hood.

I trow, friar, thou beginnest to dote!
 Who made thee so malapert and so bold
 To come into this forest here 50
 Among my fallow-deer?

Friar.

Go louse³ thee, ragged knave!
 If thou make many words, I will give it thee on the
 ear,

¹ Speak.

² Curse.

³ Louse, to clear (one's self or another) of lice. The practice was one of frequent necessity apparently until a comparatively modern period; the remark, however, is none the less insulting.

Though I be but a poor friar, —
To seek Robin Hood I come here, 55
And to him my heart to unfold.

Robin Hood.

Thou lousy friar, what wouldest thou with him?
He never loved friar, nor none of friar's kin.

Friar Tuck.

Avaunt, ye ragged knave,
Or ye shall get it on the skin! 60

Robin Hood.

Of all the men on a morning thou art the worst!
To meet with thee I have no lust.¹
For he that meeteth a friar or a fox in the morning,
To speed ill that day he standeth in jeopardy.
Therefore I had liefer meet with the devil of hell — 65

Friar, I tell thee as I think! —
Than meet with a friar or a fox
In a morning ere I drink.

Friar Tuck.

Avaunt, thou ragged knave! this is but a mock.
If thou make many words, thou shalt have a knock. 70

Robin Hood.

Hark, friar, what I say here.
Over this water thou shalt me bear,
The bridge is borne away.

Friar Tuck.

To say nay I will not;
To prevent thee from thine oath were great pity and
sin, 75

So up upon a friar's back, and have straightway in!

Robin Hood.

Nay, have over!

[*He gets upon the Friar's back.*

¹ Desire.

Friar.

Now am I, friar, within, and thou, Robin, without,
To lay thee here I have no great doubt.

[*The Friar throws him into the stream.*

Now am I, friar, without, and thou, Robin, within. 80
Lie there, knave! Choose whether thou wilt sink or
swim!

Robin Hood.

Why, thou lousy friar, what hast thou done!

Friar.

Marry, set a knave above his shoon!¹

Robin Hood.

And for that thou shalt suffer!

[*He makes towards the Friar.*

Friar.

Why, wilt thou fight a pluck?² 85

Robin Hood.

And God send me good luck!

Friar.

Then have a stroke for Friar Tuck!

[*They fight.*

Robin Hood.

Hold thy hand, friar, and hear me speak!

Friar.

Say on, ragged knave,
Me seemeth ye begin to sweat. 90

Robin Hood.

In this forest I have a hound,
I will not give him for a hundred pound.
Give me leave my horn to blow,
That my hound may know.

¹ Shoes.

² Bout, set-to.

Friar.

Blow on, ragged knave, without any doubt, 95
Until both thine eyes start out.

[*Robin blows, and his men enter.*

Here be a sort of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in Kendal green,
And to thee they take their way now.

Robin Hood.

Peradventure they do so. 100

Friar.

I gave thee leave to blow at thy will,
Now give me leave to whistle my fill.

Robin Hood.

Whistle, friar, evil may thou fare,
Until both thine eyes stare.

[*The Friar whistles and his men enter.*

Friar.

Now, Cut and Bause, 105

Bring forth the clubs and staves,
And down with those ragged knaves!

[*They fight, until Robin gestures for a pause.*

Robin Hood.

How sayest thou, friar, wilt thou be my man,
To do me the best service thou can? 110
Thou shalt have both gold and fee,
And also here is a lady free,

I will give her unto thee,
And her chaplain I thee make
To serve her for my sake.

[*In the seven lines, best omitted, which conclude the fragments, the Friar accepts, bidding his men go home "and lay crabs in the fire," and expressing his delight in Robin's proposal.*]

THE OXFORDSHIRE SAINT GEORGE PLAY

[The following mummers' play was printed first in *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, vol. ii, 503 ff. (Dec. 26, 1874), by the Rev. Dr. Frederick George Lee, under the title "Oxfordshire Christmas Miracle Play." It is also printed by Manly in his *Specimens of the Pre-Shaksperean Drama*, vol. i, 289. Dr. Lee wrote of it as follows: "The text of the play was taken down by myself from the lips of one of the performers in 1853. I first saw it acted in the Hall of the old Vicarage House at Thame, in the year 1839, by those whose custom it had been, from time immemorial, to perform it at the houses of the gentle-folk of that neighbourhood at Christmas, between St. Thomas's Day and Old Christmas Eve, January 5. These performers (now long scattered, and all dead but one, as I am informed) claimed to be the 'true and legitimate successors' of the mummers who, in previous centuries, constantly performed at the 'Whitsun' and 'Christmas Church Ales,' records of which are found on almost every page of the 'Stewards' and Churchwardens' Books of the Prebendal Church of our Blessed Lady of Thame.' In Mr. Lupton's *History of Thame*, some account of these performances is given; while, in the 'Address' prefixed to his privately-printed and curious tract, *Extracts from the Accounts of the Proctors and Stewards, &c.*, of that town, he refers to the exceeding popularity of the