Bought with the income from the Sage Endowment Fund, the gift of Henry W. Sage, 1891.
The original of this book is in the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924013127448
The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Temptation of Our Lord

By John Bale

Bishop of Ossory

Written, 1538

[Bodleian Library, Douce B, Subst. 164]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The Temptations of Our Lord
The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Temptation of Our Lord

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX
The Temptation of Our Lord

By John Bale
Bishop of Ossory

A single copy only of this play is known to be extant (Bodleian, Douce B, Subst. 164).

Agreeable to my practice of showing originals as far as may be exactly as they appear to-day, I have included the page of script at the commencement of the printed copy: the subject-matter of this page needs no comment in this place.

All Bodleian photographic work has to be done through and by the Clarendon Press; they are, therefore, responsible for the negatives used by the printers of this series (see my general remarks in this connection in the Introduction to the play of “The Marriage of Wit and Science”).

It would appear from a critical examination of the workmanship of this facsimile reproduction that here again the negatives generally show a certain want of crispness and “contact,” with the result that the backgrounds of all the plates are printed a trifle too heavy. Otherwise the reproduction is “very good.”

John S. Farmer.
Bale, in the list of his own works, mentions the Baptism and Temptation, and also the Temptation separately, beginning at this place.

I suspect that this copy has originally followed some editions that commenced with the Baptism, which is added to in the second line of this piece, as it begins with signature D.

Anes seems to speak of this interlude as separate, perhaps from not having observed the signature, if this was his copy, which is not improbable.

Mr. Herbert in his republication of Anes, p. 1542 gives he mentions this piece, but from his description of the compartment in the title, and from his calling it an 8°, (as indeed Anes had done) it would seem that he must have seen another copy.

Sure, if the interlude of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness contains the Baptism alone alluded to? But Herbert p. 1548.

Bale in p. 702 of his own Life in his letters to Hakewill, speaking of his instruments says "Quis fumulus qui regi Henrico alias intimis erat. Edita comitiae metens per Gerardum."
A brede Comedy or enterlude concernyme the temptacyon of our lorde and sauer Jesus Christ, by Satan in the despart. Compiled by Johan Bale, Anno M. D. XXXVIII.

Jesus was led from thens of the presence into the wyldernes, to be tempted of the devyll. And when he had fasted fouztry days and fouztry nyghbes, he was at last an hungered.

Matthew iii.

Interlocutores;
Jesus Christus, Satan tentator;
Angelus primus, Angelus alter;
Baleus Prolocutor.
Præfatio,
Balæus Prolocutor.

Sce that this saphisme, Christ was God's sone declared.

By the sacher's voyce, as ye before have heard;

Which sygnyfeth to us, that we ones baptysed

Are the sones of God, by his gift & reward;

And bycause that we, shuld have Christ in regard,

He gane unto hym, the myghtye autoryte,

Of his heavenly ye woide, our only rede to be,

Now is he gone second, into the desart place,

With the holy Ghost, his office to begynne.

Where Sathan the devyl, with his assautes apace,

With coulours of craft, and manye a subryle gymne,

Wyllyondermynde hym, yet no thyng shall he wynne,

But shone and rebuke, in the conclusyon synall,

This tokeneth our rayse, and his unrecurable fall.

Lerne first in chys acte, that we whom Christ doth call,

Oughte not to folowe, the fantasyes of man,

But the holy Ghost, as our gyde speyall,

Whyth to defende vs, is he that wyll and can,

To persecucion, lete vs prepare vs than,

For that wyll folowe, in them that sete the truth,

Marke in chys processe, what troubles to Christ ensueth.

Sathan assautech hym, with manye a subryle dryste,

So wyll he do vs, if we take Christes part.

And when that helpechnoor, he seeketh an other shylte,

The rulers amonge, to put Christ vnto smaret.

Withso manye els, as beare hym, their good hart.

Be ye
Prefatio,
Ye ye sure of these as ye are of dayly meates.
If ye solowe Christ, with hym ye must be heare.

For assaull of Satan, lerne here the remeyses,
Take the worde of God, lere that be your defence.
So wyll Christ receve yow, in one nege Comedye,
Errestly piere it, in your quie intelligence.
Resyft not the wotlde, but wyth make patyence,
If ye be of Christ. Of thys herafter ye shall,
Perceyue more at large, by the storie as it fall.

Incipit Comedia,
Iesus Christus.
To thys deseart, the holy Ghost hath broughte me.
After my baptisme, of Satan to be tempted,
Therby to instrue of Man the imbecyllyce,
That after he hach, Gods holy spere receyued,
Dynerely he must, of Satan be impugned,
Least he for Gods gyse, should fall into a pryde.
And that in parell, he take me for hys gyde.

Thynke not me to fast, bycause I wolde yow to fast,
For than ye thynke wronge, and have vayne judgement.
But of my fastynges, thynke rather thys my cast,
Sathan to proneke, to worke hys cursed intent,
And in teathe you wayes, hys mysteyses to prevent.
By the worde of God, which must be your defence,
Rather than fastynge, to withstande hys vyslence.

I have fasted here, the space of forty dayes,
Per fourmynges that fast, which Moses had in sygure.
Comedia Ioannis Balei.

To stoppe their mouthes with, which bable & prate alwayes
This doth our fathers, my name and fame to displease.
Therfore now I tast of fasting here the rygure,
And am myght honyge, after longe abstinence.
This mortall bodye, complaint of indigence.
Satan tentator,

No where I gother, but every where I noyse,
For I am Satan, the common adversarie,
An enemy to Man, hym setynge to destroye
And to brynge to nought, by my assaults most crafye.
I watch every where, wantynge no polycye,
To trappe hym in snare, and make hym the chylde of hell.
What nombre I wynde, it were very longe to tell.

I hearde a great noyse, in Jorjane now of late,
Upon one Jesus, sounding from heaven aboue.
This is myne owne sonne, which hath withdrawne al hate,
And he that doth stonde, most hyghly in my love.
My wyttte the same sounde, doth not a lytelemoue.
He cometh to redeeme, the kynde of Man I feare,
Hyghryme is uthan, for me the cooles to faire.

I wyll not leane hym, tyll I knowe what he ys,
And what he entendeth, in thys same border heare.
Substraite must helpe, els all wyll be amys,
A godlye prence, outwardly must I hearre,
Semyngre relygyouse, benoure and sad in my geare,
If he be came now, for the redemption of Man,
As I feare he is, I wyll stoppe hym if I can.
Hic simulata religione Christum aggrediturs.
It is a graffe toyse, by my holydome to se,
So vertuouse a lyfe, in a yonge man as yow be.
De Christi tentatione,
As here thus to wander, in godly contemplacyon,
And to y newfounde, in the desart solitarey,
Jesus Christus,

Your pleasure is to, to vene your fantasie.
Satan tentator,

A brother am I, of this desart wyldernessse,
And full glad wolde be, to telle with you of goodnesse.
If ye wolde accept, my symple companye.
Jesus Christus,

I dysdayne noychynge, which is of God trulye.
Satan tentator.

Thus will I be bold, a little while you may stelle,
Jesus Christus,

Do so if ye lyse, and your mynde freely telle.
Satan tentator.

Now for sooth and God, it is ioye of your lyfe,
That ye take such paynes, and are in verite sere.
Were soe small ioyes are, to recreate the hart.
Jesus Christus,

Here are for pastyme, the wyld beasts of the desart,
With whom much better, it is to comeraunte,
Than with such people, as are to God repugnaunte.
Satan tentator.

Ye speake it full well, it is even as ye sawe,
But tell me how longe, ye have bene here, I yow praye.
Jesus Christus,

Sowte days and nyghtes, without any sustenancia.
Satan tentator.

Soe much I judged, by your pale countenance.
Then is it no marnele, I trowe, though ye hungrye.
Jesus Christus,

My stomackt declareth, the weakeynesse of my bode?
Dy Satan
Comedies, Iohnes Bale.
Satan tentator.

Well, to be pleyne with you, abroad the rumour doth rone
Amonge the people, that ye shulde be God's sonne.
If ye be God's sonne, as it hath greatly likelyhode,
Make of these stones breade, and geue your bodye his fode.
Jesus Christus.

No offence is it, to eate when men be hungrye,
But to make stones breade, it is unnecesarye.
He whiche in this fast, hath bene my specyall gyde,
Sode for my bodye, is able to prouyde.
I thanke my lorde God, I am at no fode nede,
As to make stones breade, my bodye so to fode.

Wha I come in place, where God hath appoynted meate,
Genyng heym bygh thankes. I shall not scape to eate,
Satan tentator.

Not only for that, this symlycude I brynge,
But my purpose is, to conclude an other thinge,
As the fathers voyce, ye tode this lyse in hande,
Wynbyege now to praiche, as I do understonde.
In case ye do so, ye shall fynde the office harde.
My mynde is in thys, ye shulde your body regardes.

And non dysecreclye, to cast your selfe awaye,
Rather take somme case, than ye shulde so decaye.
I put case ye be, God's sonne, wher can that further
Preache ye ones the truth, the byshoppes wyll ye murder.
Therfore beleue not, the voyce that ye bed heare,
Though it came from God, for it is insanitie geare.

Beyond your cumpas, rather than ye so ronne,
Forsake the office, and denye your self Gods sonne.

Jesus
De Christi tentatione

Iesus Christus.

He speake in that poynt, very unaduyedlye,
For it is written in the eye of Deuteronome,
Mary nech nor by brede, or corporall fedyngge onyle,
But by Gods promysse, and by hys scriptures heavenlye.
Hir ey persuad me, to recreate my bodye,
And nelecte Gods worde, whych is great blasphemye.

Thys caused Adam, from innocencye to fall,
And all hys sprynge, in the miserablye and mortall.
Where as is Gods worde, there is both spreyte and lyse,
And where that is not, death and dampanacyon is ryse.
The strengthening of Gods worde, myghryly sustayned Joses.
For fourty dayes space, therof soch is the goodnes.

It forryysed Helias, it preseruved Daniel,
And holpe in the desare, the children of Israel.
Sore places do folowe, where Gods worde is receyve,
For no persuaayon, wyll I therfor nelecte.
That office to do, whych God hath me commanded,
But in all mekenesste, it shall be accomplisshed.

Satan tentator,
I had rather nave, consyderyng your siblenesste,
For ye are but truly, ye are no stronge persone doyntlesste,
Iesus Christus,

Well, it is not the brede, that doth a man upholde,
But the lorde of heauen, with hys grace mynyfolde.
He that Man create, is able hym to noraysh,
And after weahtesste, cause hym agayne to storysh.
Gods worde is a rule, for all that man shuld do,
And out of that rule, no creature oughte to go.
He that it foloweth, cannot out of the waye,

D is Jn
Commedia Ioannis Balei,
In meate not in drynke, in sadness nor in playe;
Satan tentator.
Ye are flysetted, ye will folowe no good counsells.
Iesus Christus,
Yes, when it is soch, as the holye scripture tell.
Satan tentator.
Scriptures I knowen not, for I am but an hermyce I,
I maye saye to yow, it is no part of our stody.
We relygyouse men, lyne all in contemplacyen,
Scriptures to stodye, is not our occupacyon.
It longeth to doocours. Nowbye I maye saye to yow,
As blynde are they as we, in the understandyng neow.

Well shall it please ye, any farther, with me to walke,
Though I lytle proffyght, yec doth it me good to talke.
Iesus Christus.
To carry or go, it is all one to me.
Satan tentator.
Lette vs than wander, into the holye cyte,
Of Hierusalem, to se what is there a do.
Iesus Christus.
I shall not saye naye, but am agreeable thereto.
Satan tentator.
My purpose is thys, A voyce in your ear ded rynges,
That ye were Godes sone, and wellbelonede darlynges.
And yow belene it, but ye are the more rnyse,
For to deceyue yow, it was semes subryle practysse.
Well, upon that voyce, ye are gaven to persyghtnesse
Not els regardyng, but do lync in gloslynesse.

Ye warche, fast and praye, yesthyne in contemplacyon
Legynghe here a lyse, beyonde all estymacyon.
De Christi tentatione:
Nam tace wyll ye eate, but lyte by God's worde onelye, 
So good are ye wyse, so persyght and so holye. 
I wyll breyne ye (I trove) to the welle of ghostlynesse, 
Where I shall styll ye, and gluer ye with holyynesse.

What, holy, quoth he? Naye, ye were never so holye, 
As I wyll make ye, if ye folowe hansomlye. 
Here is all holy, here is the holy cyrie, 
The holy temple, and the holy prestes here be, 
Ye wyll be holyswel, ye shall be aboue them all, 
Bycause ye are Gods sonne, it doth ye so befall.

Come here, on the pynnacale, we wyll be by and by; 
Iesus Christus.

What meane ye by that? shewe foureth your fantasy, 
Satan tentator.

What ye were hungrye, I ded ye first persuade, 
Of stones to make breade, but ye wolde non of that trade. 
Ye layed for yourself, that scripture wolden not serue it, 
That was your buckler, but now I am for ye fyte. 
For the suggestion, that I now shal to ye laye, 
I haue scripture at hande, ye shall it not denaye, 
Iesus Christus.

Repe it not: secrete, but lete it than be hod, 
Satan tentator.

If ye do beleue, that ye are the sonne of God, 
Belieue thyself also, if ye leape downe here in scoffe. 
From thys hygh pynnacale, ye can take no harme theroff. 
And therfor be bolde, thy enterprise to leoparde. 
If ye be Gods sonne, cast downe your selfe here backwarde, 
Iesus Christus,

Truly thatned be not, here is ther other remedye, 
To
Comedie Ioannis Balei.
To the grounde to go, than to fall downe folyskye.
Here are gresynges made, to go vp and downe therby.
What neede I then leap, to the earthe presumptuously.
Satan tentator.
Saye that ye dide it, upon a good intent.
Jesus Christus.
That were no ther good, nor ye conuenyente.
Darings are doubtefull, where soch presumacion is.
Satan tentator.
Tush, scripture is with it, ye can not fare amys.
For it is written, how God bath geuen a charge,
Unto hys Angels, that if ye leape at large,
They shall recyue ye, in their handes tenderly,
Least ye dalshe your sorte, agaynst a stone therby.

If ye do takc stach, belene God is not cruel,
Nor inst of hys worde, And than byd hym adewe.
Jesus Christus.
In no wyse ye oughte, the scriptures to de prynce,
But as they lyke whole, so ought ye them to have.
No more take ye here, than serve for your vayne purpose
Leauyng out the best, as ye shuld tryste or lose
Venynge not by hys, towadys God to edysye,
But of syncere saythe, to corrupc the innocencye.
Satan tentator.
Whye, is it not true, that soch a tege there is?
Jesus Christus.
Yes, there is soch a tege, but ye wrast it all amys.
As the Psalme doth saye, God bath commaundad Angels,
To preserue the just, from daungerous plages and parels.
Satan tentator.
Hell, than I sayd true, and as it lyeth in the tege.
De Christi tentatione.
Jesus Christus.

Yea, but ye omitted, some words which followeth nevse,
As (in all chy wayes) whiche if ye pur out of ryght,
Ye shall never taketh that place of scripture a ryght.
Their wayes are sod rules, as God bath them commaunded,
By hys lynyng wordes, instylye to be observed.

If they passe those rules, the Angells are not bounde,
To be their fynegarde, but rather them to confounde.
To fall downe backwarde, of a wantron penyslinges,
Is non of those wayes, that God ever taught doughters.
Then, if I did it, I shuld tempt God very sore,
And desyren to hauie, hys anger evermore.

I wyll not so do, for their fathers in the desert,
Dev't tempt hym ones, and had the hate of hys hate.
The clause that ye had, maketh for no outwarde workynge,
If ye marke the Psalme, thrybly from hys begynnynge.
But what is the cause, ye wet not fourthe with the neyverse:
Satan tentator.

If made not for me, if ye wyll, ye maye itcherse.
Jesus Christus.

Thou shalt (sayth the Psalme) subdue the cruell serpent,
And trecade under sore, the lyon and dragon pestylent,
Satan tentator.

No nyghar (I saye) for therre ye touche the holde.
Jesus Christus.

Some loute in no wyse, to hauie their rude nesse holde.
To walke in Gods wayes, it becomeh a more all man,
And therfore I wyll, obeye them if I can.
For it is written, in the seg of Deuironomy,
Thou shalt in no wyse, tempt God presumptuousely.

Satan
Come dia Ioannis Balei.
Satan tentator,
What is it to tempt God after your judgement.
Iesus Christus,
To take of his word, an outward experience.
Of any durable, which God no thyer thought not mean.
Satan tentator,
What persons do so: Make that more evident.
Iesus Christus,
All such as forsake, any grace or remedy.
Appointed of God, for their own polycye.
As they that do these, that: God shall full their bellyes,
Without their labours, when his lawes are contrary.
And they that will say, the scripture of God doth see.
They never serchynge, thereof the verye.
Those also tempt God, that woulde presumptuously.
Not haung his grace, to kepe their conscience.
With so manye els, as follow their good intents.
Not grounded on God, nor yet on his commandements.
These throwe themselves downe, into most depe dapyacyon.
Satan tentator,
Lytle good get I, by this communycacyon.
Wyll ye waite farther, and lese thy prayynge be?
A mountayne here is, whych I wolde yow co se,
Trust me and ye will, it is a commodyous thynge.
Iesus Christus,
If it be so good, let us by thydes goynge.
Satan tentator,
Lo, how saye ye now, is not here a plesaunsyght?
If ye will ye maye, have here all the worlde deyght.
Here is to see, the Kyngedome of Arabye,
With all the regions, of Africa, Europe; and Asye.
And their whole deyghtes, their pome, their magnysfyece.
Their
De Christi tentatione.

Their riches, their honour, their welth, their concepsyse.
Here is golde and silver, in wonderfull abundance.
Silkes, veluetes, cyllens, with wynes & spyes of plesaunce.
Here are faire women, of countenaunce amiable.
With all Kyndes of meates, to the body delyciable.
Here are camels, stoure horses, and mules that never myll tyre.
With so manye pleasures, as your harte can desyre.

Iesu Christus.

Well, be he prayst, whych is of them the gener.

Satan tentator,

Alas it greteth me, that ye are such a beleuer.
Nothyng can I laye, but ever ye annoyde me.
By the woide of God, Leare that poynctones I pray ye.
If I byd ye make, of stones breade for your bodye,
Ye saye man lyueth not, in temportal stedynge onlye.
As I byd ye leape, downe from the pynnacle aboue,
Ye myll not tempt God, otherwyse than yow behove.

Thus are ye styll poore, thus are ye styll weake and nedye.

Iesu Christus.

And what suppose ye, will that neede remedye?

Satan tentator,

Forsake the beleuer, that ye have in God's woide.
That ye are bys sonne, for it is not worth a torda.
Is he a fader, that se bys sonne thus famysh?
Ye by beleue it, I saye ye are to solisy.
Ye se these pleasures. If you be ruled by me,
I shall make ye a man. To my wordes therfor agre.
Loke on these kyngedomes, and incomparabele treasure.
I the lorde of them maye gene them arme pleasure.
Forsake that fader, whych leaueth the without comforne.
In thydes desolacyon, and hens fourth to me resorte.
Knowledge me for head, of thydes worlde vnyuersall.
Comedia Ioannis Balei,
And I wyll make the possessor of them all.
Thou shalt no longar, be desolate and hungrye,
But haue all the worlde, to do the obsequye.
Therefor little downe here, and worship me bys houre,
And thou shalt haue all, with their whose strenth and pourte.

Jesus Christus,
Anoyde thow Satan, Thu deuyll, thu aduersarye,
For now thou perswadesst, most damnable blasphemye.
As thow art wycked, so is thy promyse wycked,
Nor chyne is the worlde, but hys that it created.
Threcanyst not genre it, for it is not chyne to gene,
Thus dedyst thu corrupte, the saych of Adam and Eve.
Thus dedyst thu decyne, both Moses and Aaron,
Causinge them to dye, at the lake of contrady ceyon.
Get the hens thu fyende, and cruell aduersarye,
For it is written, in the tetch of Deutonomye.
God thu shalt worship, and magnysye alone,
Hold the hym for thy lorde, and make to hym thy mone.
He is the true God, he is the lorde of all,
Not only of thyse, but the worlde celestyall.
Thy perswasyon is, I shuld not hys worde regarde,
Ovenourse serpent, damnyon is thy rewarde.

Prouyde wyll I so, that thy kyngedom shall decaye,
Gods worde shall be hearde, of thw worlde, though thu saye

Satan tentator,

Well, than it hlepeth not, to carry here any longar,
Advantage to make, I se I must go farther.
So long as thou lyst, I am yet to haue no profyghe,
If all come to passe, I am ye say as moch in your lyghte,
If ye preach Gods worde, as me thynke ye do intende,
Ere foure years be passe, I shall yow to your father sende,
If phavyeues and seybeys, can do any chyng in thereto,

Fals
De Christi tentatione,
False pretest and byshoppe, with my other sernamites me,
Though I have hynderance, it will be but for a season,
I doubt not, thyne owre, herafter will work some reason
Thy yscate at Rome, I thinke: will be my fynde,
I defye the cherie, and take thy wordes but as wynde.
He shall: worship, and hire the wold be to rewarde,
That he here for sake st, he will most hyghlye regarde.
Gods word: will he treade, underneith hys sore for ever,
And the hawes of men, from the truth therof dissenter,
Thy sayth will he hate, and see thy sote: in conclusyon.
All thy sall I wote, to do the verre confusyon.

lctus Christus,
Thy cruell assaults, shall hure nyther me nor myne,
Though we suffer both, by the prouidence dyuyne,
Soh strength is oure, that we will have yceotye,
Of sygne death and helle, and of the in thy most surye.
For God hath prouyded, that thys shall treade the dragon,
Underneith their seele, with the scarce roaring: lyon.
Hic angeli accedunt, solaciaum administraturi.

Angelus primus,
The father of confor, and heavenly consolacyon,
Hath sent vs hyther, to do our adminystracyon.
We come not to helpe, but to do our obsequye,
As servantes become, to their lord and maistre mckelye.
If: our office be, to wayre on creatures mortal,
Why should we no serue, the maistre and lord of all?

Angelus alter.
It is our consor: it is our whole felycye,
To do our seruyce, and in your presence to be.
We have brought ye sode, to consor: your weake bodye,
After your great fast, and notable yceotye.
Dynto all the wold: your byrth we first declared.

E iiij And
Comœdia Ioannis Balei.
And now these vrayles, we haue for yow prepared,
Iesus Christus.
Come nygher to me, Sweeter father thankes to the,
For these gracyose gyftes, of thy lyberealye.
Hic coram angelis ex appositis comedet,
Angelus primus.
How weke ar the loode, to take that nature on the?
Whych is so cende, and full of insyrmyme.
As Mansynature is, both seble payne and weyre,
Wyke after labour, and after fastynge hungarye.
For stoth heaven and earth, yea, hele maye be astyned,
The Godhede to se, to so strayle nature inoyed,
Angelus alter.
In hye owne he is, for he the worlde first create,
Verstreth the worlde, to have hym in grete hate.
Aboute thyn yeares, hath he ben eche amonge them,
Some ryme in Jewre, and some ryme in Jerusalem.
But fewe to thys daye, have done hym reverence,
Or as to their lorde, sheved their obedience.
Iesus Christus,
My commyng hyther, is for to seke no glorye,
But the hygh pleasure, and wyll of my father heauenlye.
He wyll requyre it, at a certayne daye, no dought,
And shall reuenge it, lote they not were abought.
Angelus primus; Plehem alloquitur.
The lorde here for yow, was bothe and circumcysed,
For yow here also, he was latelye baptysed,
In the wyldernes, thys lorde for yow hath fasted,
And hath overcomen, for yow the denyll that tempted.
For yow fyndes for yow, thys heauenly lorde doth all,
Only for your sake, he is become man mortall.
Angelus alter.
Conclusio:
Take the shp elde of saich, and lerne to resyf the devyll.
After bys ye arynge, that be do you non cuyll,
Ful sure shall ye be, to hawe us on your syde.
If ye be saich full, and holde hym for your gyde:
Jesus Christus
If they follow me, they shall not walke in darkenes;
But in the cleere lyght, and have felicye endles,
For I am the waye, the lyfe and the everye,
No man maye attayne to the father but by me.

Angelus primus,
In manys freyle nature, ye have conquyred the enmye,
That man ouer hym, shold alwayes have vyctorye.
Angelus alter,
Our maner is it, most hyghlye to rejoyce,
When Man hath consorted, whiche we now declare in voyce,
Hic dulce canticum coram Christo depromunt.

Baleus Prolocutor,

Lette it not grene you, in eys worlde to be tempred,
Considerynge your lorde, and your hygh byshopp Jesus.
Was here without sinit, in everie purpose proued,
In all oure weakeses, to helpe and socour vs,
Farthermore to heare, with our fraglyye thus:
He is unworthy, of hym to be a member,
That wyl not with hym, some persecucion suffer.

The lyfe of Man is, a profe or harde tempacyon,
As Job doth report, and Paul conrumpeth the same.
Busye is the devyll, and labour the hys damnyeion.
Yet hawe no dyspayre, for Christ hath gote the game.
Now is it easie, hys crueltie to take.
Conclusio.

For Christes victorious eyes theires that do beloue,  
Ye here sayeth taken of the devyll can neuer grene,  
Receivst thoue Peter receivst that roarynge of you,  
Lose with your falsynges Christ neuer taught ye so.  
But with a stronge sayeth whicheande hys false suggestyon.  
And with the scriptures upon hym ouer so.  
Then shall he no haine, be able yow to do.  
Now maye ye be boldye, ye have Christ on your syde.  
So longe as ye hawe, hys verye for your gyde.

What enemies are they, that from the people wylle hawe,  
The scriptures of God, whiche are the myghty weapon,  
That Christ left them here, their soules from helle to saue.  
And throwe them headlonges, into the devyls domynyon.  
If they be no devyle, I saye there are devyls none.  
They brynge in falsynges, but they lease out, Scripturin eff.  
Chalke they gene for gold, soch styndes are they to the Bees.

Letc not report vs, that here we condempne falsynges,  
For it is not true, we are of no soth mynde.  
But thys we couerce, that ye doe take the chynge,  
For a strepe of sayth, as it is done in hynde.  
And onlye Gods woorde, to subdue the cruel synde.  
Solve ye Christ alone, for he is the true sheparde,  
The voye of straungers, do never more regarde.

Thus endeth thys brede Comedy concer  
nyng the empracyon of Jesus Christ in the  
wyldeynes.  
Compiled by Johan Bale, Anno M. D. XXXVIII.