## PLAY TWENTY-TWO – The Temptation in the Wilderness

## (The Smiths)

**DIABOLUS**
Make room, \*belyve, and let me \*\*gang. (\*be lively, quickly)(\*\*go, journey)
Who makes here all this throng?
Hie thou hence, high might you hang
Right with a rope.
I dread me that I dwell too long
To do a jape.

For \*sithen the first time that I fell (\*since)
For my pride from heaven to hell,
Ever have I mustered me \*emell (\*about, around)
Among mankind,
How I in dole might \*gar them dwell (\*get, make)
There to be \*pynde. (\*pained, pinned, imprisoned)

And \*certis, all that have been \*\*sithen born (\*certainly, surely) (\*since then)
Has come to me, midday and morn,
And I have ordained so them \*forne, (\*for)
None may them (de)fend,
That from all liking are they \*lorne (\*lost)
Withouten end.

And now some men speaks of a swain
How he shall come and suffer pain
And with his \*dede to bliss again (\*death, deed)
They should be bought.
But \*certis this tale is but a \*\*trayne, (\*certainly, surely) (\*\*trick)
I \*trowe it nought. (\*trust, believe)

For I \*wot \*\*ilke a dele \*\*\*bydene (\*know) (\*\*everything) (\*\*bidden)
Of the \*miting that men of mean, (\*mite, small fry, insignificant person)
How he has in great \*barett been (\*strife)
\*Sithen he was born, (\*since)
And suffered \*mickle \*\*traye and \*\*\*tene (\*great) (\*\*tricks) (\*\*\*harm)
Both even and morn.

And now it is brought so about
That \*lurdan that they love and \*\*lowte, (\*rascal) (\*\*laud, praise)
To wilderness he is went out
Withouten mo(re). (i.e. alone)
To \*dere him now have I no doubt, (\*hurt)
Betwixt us two.

Before this time he has been \*tent (\*tended, guarded)
That I might get him with no \*glent, (\*glimpse, glance, glancing blow)
But now since he alone is went
I shall assay
And \*gar him to some sin assent (\*get, make)
If that I may.

He has fasted, that mars his mood,
The forty days withouten food;
If he be man in bone and blood
Him hungers ill;
In gluttony then hold I good
To \*wit his will. (\*know, understand)

For so it shall be known and \*kidde (\*declared)
If Godhead be in him hid,
If he will do as I him bid
When I come near,
There was never deed that ever he did
That grieved him \*warre. (\*worse)

Thou witty man and wise of \*rede, (\*advice, teaching)
If thou \*can ought of Godhead, (\*know?)
Bid now that the stones be bread
Betwixt us two.
Then may they stand thyself in \*stead (\*this place)
And other mo(re).

For thou has fasted long, I \*wene, (\*believe, think)
I would now some \*meat were seen (\*food)
For old acquaintance us between,
Thyself \*wot how. (\*know)
There shall no man \*wit what I mean (\*know)
But I and thou.

**JESUS**   My Father, that all \*cytte may slake, (\*anguish, remorse)
Honour evermore to thee I make
And gladly suffer I for thy sake
\*Swilk villainy, (\*such)
And thus temptations for to take
Of mine enemy.

Thou wearied wight, thy wits are \*wode, (\*mad, wild)
For written it is, whoso understand,
A man lives not in main and mood
With bread alone,
But God’s words are \*ghostly food (\*spiritual)
To men ilkone.

If I have fasted out of skill,
Wit thou me hungers not so ill
That I nay will work my Father’s will
In all degree;
Thy bidding will I not fulfil,
That warn I thee.

**DIABOLUS**   Ah, \*slyke carping never I \*\*kenned; (\*such) (\*\*knew)
Him hungers not as I \*weened. (\*thought)
Now since thy Father may thee (de)fend
By subtle sleight,
Let see if thou alone may \*lende (\*live, land)
There upon height,

Upon the pinnacle perfectly.

*Tunc cantant angeli* Veni, creator. **[Then the angels sing, “Come, creator”]**

Ah, ha, now go we well thereby;
I shall assay in vainglory
To \*garre him fall, (\*get, make)
And if he be God’s Son mighty,
\*Wit I shall. (\*know)

Now listen to me a little space:
If thou be God’s Son, full of grace,
Show some point here in this place
To prove thy might.
Let see, fall down upon thy face,
Here in my sight.

For it is written, as well is \*kenned, (\*known)
How God shall angels to thee send,
And they shall keep thee in their hand
Whereso thou goes
That thou shall on no stones descend
To hurt thy toes.

And since thou may withouten \*wathe (\*harm, danger)
Fall and do thyself no \*scathe, (\*pain, damage)
Tumble down to ease us both
Here to my feet,
And \*but thou do I will be wroth, (\*unless)
That I thee hate.

**JESUS**   Let be, warlock, thy words keen,
For written it is, withouten \*wene, (\*doubt, speculation)
Thy God thou shall not tempt with \*tene (\*injury, shame)
Nor with discord;
Nor quarrel shall thou none maintain
Against thy Lord.

And therefore \*trowe thou, withouten \*\*trayne, (\*trust, believe) (\*\*tricks)
That all thy \*gaudies shall nothing gain, (\*tricks, jests)
Be subject to thy sovereign
Early and late.

**DIABOLUS**   What, this \*travail is in vain, (\*labour)
By \*ought I \*\*wot. (\*all) (\*\*know)

He proves that he is mickle of price;
Therefore it is good I me advise
And since I may not in this wise
Make him my thrall,
I will \*assay in \*\*covetise (\*test) (\*\*envy, greed)
To \*garre him fall, (\*get, make)

For \*certis I shall not leave him yet, (\*certainly, surely)
Who is my sovereign, this would I \*wit. (\*know)
Myself ordained thee there to sit,
This \*wot thou well, (\*know)
And right even as I ordained it,
Is done \*ilke dele. (\*everything)

Than may thou see since it is so
That I am sovereign of us two,
And yet I grant thee ere I go
Withouten fail,
That, if thou will assent me to,
It shall avail.

For I have all this world to wield,
Tower and town, forest and field,
If thou thine heart will to me \*helde (\*hold, yield)
With words \*hende, (\*gracious, skilful)
Yet will I \*baynly be thy \*\*belde (\*obediently) (\*\*comfort, shield)
And faithful friend.

Behold now, sir, and thou shall see
\*Sere kingdoms and \*sere country; (\*diverse, many)
All this will I give to thee
For evermore,
\*And thou fall and honour me, (\*if)
As I said (bef)ore.

**JESUS**   Cease of thy \*saws, thou Sathanas, (\*teachings)
I grant nothing that thou me asks;
To \*pyne of hell I bid thee pass (\*pain, enclosure)
And \*wightly wend (\*swiftly)
And \*wonne in woe, as thou ere was, (\*dwell)
Withouten end.

None other might shall be thy \*mede, (\*reward)
For written it is, who right can read,
Thy Lord God thee ought to dread
And honour \*ay, (\*always, ever)
And serve him in word and deed
Both night and day.

And since thou does not as I thee tell,
No longer \*liste me let thee dwell. (\*desires, likes)
I command thee thou hie to hell
And hold thee there
With fellowship of fiends fell
For evermore.

**DIABOLUS**   Out, I dare not look, alas.
It is worse than ever it was;
He musters what might he has,
High might he hang.
Follows fast, for me must pass
To pains strong.

**I ANGELUS**   Ah, mercy, Lord, what may this mean?
Me marvels that ye \*thole this \*tene (\*suffered) (\*\*harm)
Of this foul fiend \*cant and keen, (\*canting and keening)
Carping you \*till; (\*to)
And ye his wickedness, I \*wene, (\*think)
May waste at will.

Methink that ye were straightly \*sted, (\*stood, placed)
Lord, with this fiend that now is fled.

**JESUS**   Mine angel dear, be nought adread,
He may not \*grieve. (\*i.e. give me grief)
The Holy Ghost me has led,
Thus shall thou (be)lieve.

For when the fiend shall folk see
And (as)sails them in \*sere degree, (\*sore, severe)
Their mirror may they make of me
For to stand still,
For overcome shall they not be
But if they will. (i.e. unless they desire it)

**II ANGELUS**   Ah, Lord, this is a great meekness
In you in whom all mercy is,
And at your will may \*deme or dresse (\*doom, judge) (\*address)
As is worthy;
And three temptations takes express,
Thus \*suffirrantly. (\*sufferingly? Sovereignly?)

**JESUS**   My blissing have they with my hand
That with \*swilke grief is not \*grucchand, (\*such) (\*grudging, grouching)
And also that will stiffly stand
Against the fiend.
I know my time is fast \*command; (\*coming)
Now will I wend.