

## PLAY FORTY-SIX - The Coronation of the Virgin

### (The Hostellers/Innkeepers)

**JESUS** Mine angels that are bright and sheen,  
On my message take ye the way  
Unto Marie, my mother clean;  
That bird is brighter than the day,  
Greet her well wholly \*bedene (\*utterly, bidden)  
And to that seemly shall ye say,  
Of heaven I have her chosen queen  
In joy and bliss that last shall \*aye. (\*ever, always)

I will you say what I have thought  
And why that ye shall to her wend;  
I will her body to me be brought  
To \*beilde in bliss withouten end. (\*shelter)

My flesh of her in earth was \*tone; (\*proceeded from? One with?)  
Unkindly thing it were, \*iwis, (\*surely)  
That she should bide by her alone  
And I \*beilde here so high in bliss. (\*shelter)

\*Forthy to her then shall ye fare (\*therefore)  
Full friendly for to fetch her hither;  
There is nothing that I love more  
In bliss than shall we \*belde together. (\*shelter, comfort)

**I ANGELUS** O, blissful Lord, now most of might,  
We are ready with all our might  
Thy bidding to fulfil,  
To thy mother, that maiden free,  
Chosen chief of chastity,  
As is thy will.

**II ANGELUS** Of this message we are full \*fayne; (\*joyful, eager)  
We are ready with might and main  
Both by day and by night.  
Heaven and earth now glad may be  
That \*frely food now for to see (\*noble)  
In whom that thou did light.

**III ANGELUS** Lord Jesu Christ, our governor,  
We are all bound at thy bidding:  
With joy and bliss and great honour,  
We shall thy mother to thee bring.

**IV ANGELUS** Hail, the daughter of blessed Anne,  
The which conceived through the Holy Ghost,  
And thou brought forth both God and man,  
The which felled down the fiend's boast.

**V ANGELUS** Hail, root of \*risse, that forth brought (\*rising branch)  
That blessed flower, our Saviour,  
The which that made mankind of nought  
And brought him up into his tower.

**VI ANGELUS** Of thee alone he would be born  
Into this world of wretchedness  
To save mankind that was forlorn  
And bring them out of great distress.

**I ANGELUS** Thou may be glad, both day and night  
To see thy Son our Saviour;  
He will thee crown now, Lady bright,  
Thou blessed mother and fair flower.

**II ANGELUS** Marie, mother and maiden clean,  
Chosen chief unto thy child,  
Of heaven and earth thou art queen;  
Come up now, Lady, meek and mild.

**III ANGELUS** Thy Son has sent us after thee  
To bring thee now unto his bliss;  
There shall thou \*belde and blithe be, (\*shelter)  
Of joy and mirth shall thou nought miss.

**IV ANGELUS** For in his bliss withouten end  
There shall thou all-kin solace see,  
Thy life in liking for to \*lende (\*live, dwell)  
With thy dear Son in Trinity.

**MARIA** Ah, blissed be God, Father all \*weldand, (\*wielding)  
Himself \*wotteth best what is to do; (\*knows)  
I thank him with heart and hand  
That thus his bliss would take me to.

And you also, his angels bright  
That from my Son to me is sent,  
I am ready with all my might  
For to fulfil his commandment.

**V ANGELUS** Go we now, thou worthy \*wight, (\*soul, person)  
Unto thy Son that is so \*gente; (\*noble, gentle)  
We shall thee bring into his sight  
To crown thee queen, thus has he meant.

**VI ANGELUS** All heaven and earth shall worship thee  
And \*baynely be at thy bidding; (\*humbly, obediently)  
Thy joy shall ever increased be,  
Of solace \*sere then shall thou sing. (\*diverse, many)

*Cantando.*

**[A song]**

**I ANGELUS** Jesu, Lord and heaven's King,  
Here is thy mother thou after sent.  
We have her brought at thy bidding;  
Take her to thee as thou has meant.

**MARIA** Jesu, my Son, loved \*mote thou be. (\*must, may)  
I thank thee heartily in my thought  
That this wise ordained is for me, (\*thing, event)  
And to this bliss thou has me brought.

**JESUS** Hail be thou, Marie, maiden bright,  
Thou art my mother and I thy Son.  
With grace and goodness art thou \*dight, (\*done, ready)  
With me in bliss \*ay shall thou \*\*wonne. (\*ever, always) (\*\*dwell, live)

Now shall thou have that I thee \*hight, (\*promised, named)  
Thy time is past of all thy \*care: (\*sorrows)  
Worship shall the angels bright,  
Of new shall thou \*wit never more. (\*know)

**MARIA** Jesu my Son, loved \*mote thou be. (\*must, may)  
I thank thee heartily in my thought  
That on this wise ordained is for me  
And to this bliss thou has me brought.

**JESUS** Come forth with me, my mother bright,  
Into my bliss we shall ascend  
To \*wonne in wealth, thou worthy \*\*wight, (\*dwell) (\*\*soul)  
That nevermore shall it have end.

Thy news, mother, to \*neven them now, (\*name)  
Are turned to joy, and \*sooth it is (\*truth)  
All angels bright they shall thee bow  
And worship thee worthily, \*iwis. (\*certainly, surely)

For \*mickle joy, mother, had thou  
When Gabriel greet thee well by this  
And told thee \*tristely for to \*\*trowe  
Thou should conceive the king of bliss.

(\*great)

(\*truly) (\*\*trust)

Now maiden, meek and mother mine,  
It was full mickle mirth to thee  
That I should \*ligge in womb of thine  
Through greeting of an angel free.  
The second joy, mother, was sign  
Withouten pain when thou bore me.  
The third after my bitter pain  
From dead on live thou saw me be.

(\*lie, be concealed)

The fourth was when I \*stied up right  
To heaven unto my Father dear.  
My mother, when thou \*saught that sight,  
To thee it was a solace \*seere.  
This is the fifth, thou worthy \*wight,  
Of the joys this has no peer;  
Now shall thou \*belde in bliss so bright  
Forever and \*ay, I \*\*hight thee here.

(\*ascended, climbed)

(\*saw, sought)

(\*immense)

(\*soul)

(\*shelter)

(\*ever, always) (\*\*promise)

For thou art chief of chastity,  
Of all women thou bears the flower,  
Now shall thou, Lady, \*belde with me  
In bliss that shall ever endower.  
Full high on height in majesty  
With all worship and all honours  
Where we shall ever same be,  
\*Beldand in our bigly bowers.

(\*shelter)

(\*sheltering)

All \*kins sweetness is therein  
That man upon may think, or \*wife,  
With joy and bliss that never shall \*blynne;  
There shall thou, Lady, lead thy life.

(\*kind of)

(\*woman)

(\*diminish)

Thou shalt be worshipped with honour  
In heaven bliss that is so bright  
With martyrs and with confessors,  
With all virgins, that worthy \*wight.  
Before all other \*creatours  
I shall thee give both grace and might  
In heaven and earth to send succour  
To all that serves thee day and night.

(\*soul, person)

(\*creations)

I grant them grace with all my might  
Through asking of thy prayer  
That to thee call be day or night  
In what dis-ease so that they are.

Thou art my life and my liking,  
My mother and my maiden sheen.  
Receive this crown, my dear darling,  
There I am king, thou shalt be queen.

Mine angels bright, a song ye sing  
In the honour of my mother dear,  
And here I give you my blissing  
\*Haly now, all in \*\*fere.

(\*wholly, entirely) (\*\*fellowship, company)