

## PLAY SEVEN- THE SACRIFICE OF CAIN AND ABEL

### (The Glovers)

#### ANGELUS

That Lord of life loyal \*ay-lastand, (\*everlasting)  
Whose might unmeasured is too \*many, (\*i.e. too much to count)  
He shape the sun, both sea and sand,  
And wrought this world with word, I \*wene. (\*believe, understand)  
His angel clear, as crystal clean,  
Here unto you thus am I sent  
This tide.  
Abel and Cayme, ye both \*bydeyne, (\*quickly)  
To me entirely takes attent;  
To \*meve my message have I meant, (\*move, propose)  
If that ye bide.

Almighty God of might's most,  
When he had wrought this world so wide  
Nothing him thought was wrought in waste  
But in his blissing bound to bide.  
Nine Orders for to tell, that tide,  
Of angels bright he bade there be.  
For pride  
And soon the tenth part it was tried  
And went away, as was worthy;  
They \*heild to hell all that many, (\*spilled, bent)  
Therein to bide.

Then made he man to his likeness  
That place of price for to restore,

And \*sithen he \*\*kyd him such kindness, (\*since) (\*\*uttered, granted)  
 Somewhat will he work therefore.  
 The tenth to \*tyne he asks, no more, (\*tithe)  
 Of all the goods he has you sent,  
 Full true.  
 To offer look that ye be \*yore, (\*ready, eager)  
 And to my tale ye take intent,  
 For \*ilke a lad that life has lent, (\*each)  
 So shall you ensue.

### **ABELL**

Gramercy, God of thy goodness,  
 That me on \*mold has marked thy man. (\*earth)  
 I worship thee with worthiness,  
 With all the comfort that I can.  
 Me for to \*were from works \*\*wan (\*ward, guard) (\*\*unhealthy, sorrowful)  
 For to fulfil thy commandment,  
 The \*teynd (\*tithe/tenth)  
 Of all the good since I began  
 Thou shall it have, since thou it sent.  
 Come, brother Cayme, I would we went  
 With heart full \*hende. (\*diligent? Noble?)

### **CAYM**

Wey, whither now in wild \*waneand? (\*living)  
 \*Trowes thou I think to \*truss of town? (\*thinks, trusts) (\*\*trudge, travel)  
 Go, jape thee, \*robard jangling; (\*robber)  
 Me \*liste nought now to \*\*rouk nor rowne. (\*likes) (\*\*mumbling)

**ABELL**

Ah, dear brother, let us be bound  
God's bidding blithe to fulfil,  
I tell thee.

**CAYME**

Ya, dance in the devil's way, dress thee down,  
For I will work even as I will.  
What masters thee, in good or ill,  
Of me to \*melle thee? (\*meddle with)

**ABELL**

To \*melle of thee mildly I may; (\*meddle)  
But, good brother, go we in haste,  
Give God our \*teynde duly this day; (\*tenth, tithe)  
He bids us thus, be nought abashed.

**CAYME**

Ya, devil methinketh that work were waste,  
That he us gave, give him again  
To see.  
Now fickle friendship for to \*fraste (\*test)  
Methineth there is in him certain.  
If he be most in might and main,  
What need has he?

**ABELL**

He has none need unto thy good,  
But it will please him principal  
If thou, mildly in main and mood,

Grouch not give him tenth part of all.

**PAGES MISSING. DURING THIS, CAIN MURDERS ABEL.**

...

???

It shall be done even as ye bid,

And that anon.

**BREWBARRET**

Lo, master Cayme, what sheaves bring I,

Even of the best for to bear seed,

And to the field I will me \*hie

(\*travel quickly)

To fetch you more, if ye have need.

**CAYME**

Come up, sir knave, the devil thee speed,

Ye will not come but ye be \*prayed.

(\*i.e. begged)

**BREWBARRET**

O, master Caym, I have broken my toe!

**CAYME**

Come up, sir, for by my thrift,

Ye shall drink ere ye go.

**ANGELUS**

Thou cursed Came, where is Abell?

Where has thou done thy brother dear?

**CAYME**

What asks thou me that tale to tell,

For yet his keeper was I never?

### **ANGELUS**

God has sent thee his curse down,

From heaven to hell, *\*maladictio dei*.

(\*curse of God)

### **CAYME**

Take that thyself, even on thy crown,

*Quia non sum custos fratris mei,*

(\*Because I am not my brother's keeper)

To *\*tyne*.

(\*i.e. to trouble you)

### **ANGELUS**

God has sent thee his *\*malison*,

(\*curse)

And inwardly I give thee mine.

### **CAYME**

The same curse light on thy crown,

And right so might it worth and be

For he that sent that greeting down,

The devil might *\*speed* both him and thee.

(\*hasten, expel)

Foul might thou fall.

Here is a cankered company;

Therefore God's curse light on you all.

### **ANGELUS**

What hast thou done? Behold and hear:

The voice of his blood cryeth vengeance

From earth to heaven, with voice entire,

This tide.

That God is grieved with thy grievance

Take heed, I shall tell thee tidings,  
Therefore abide.

Thou shall be cursed upon the ground.

God has given thee his \*malison. (\*malice, curse)

If thou would till the earth so round

No fruit to thee there shall be found.

Of wickedness since thou art son,

Thou shall be wavering here and there

This day.

In bitter \*bale now art thou bound, (\*punishment)

Outcast shall thou be for care.

No man shall rue of thy \*misfire (\*misfortune)

For this affray.

### **CAYME**

Alas, for \*syte, so may I saye, (\*pity)

My sin it passes all mercy,

For asked thee, Lord, I nay may;

To have it am I nought worthy.

From thee shall I be hid in \*hye, (\*haste)

Thou casts me, Lorde, out of my \*kith (\*people)

In land.

Both here and there outcast am I,

For \*ilke a man that meets me with, (\*each)

They will slay me, by fen or \*frith, (\*forest)

With \*dint of hand. (\*strike, blow)

### **ANGELUS**

Nay, Cayme, not so, have thou no dread.

Who that thee slays shall punished be

Seven \*sithis for doying of that dede.

(\*times, i.e. generations)

\*Forthy a token shall thou see:

(\*Therefore)

It shall be printed so in thee

That \*ilke a man shall thee know full well.

(\*each, every)

## **CAYM**

Then will I farther flee

For shame.

\*Sethen I am set thus out of \*\*seill,

(\*Since) (\*\*happiness, but possibly  
gathering/council)

That curse that I have for to feel,

I give you the same.