

## PLAY SIX- THE EXPULSION FROM EDEN

### (The Armourers)

ANGELUS

All creatures to me take 'tent,  
From God of heaven now am I sent  
Unto the wretches that wrong has went  
Themself to woe;  
The joy of heaven that them was lent  
Is lost them fro(m).

From them is lost both game and glee.  
He bade that they should masters be  
Over all kin thing, out \*ta'en a tree                   (\*taken)  
He taught them \*til,   (\*to)  
And thereto went both she and he  
Against his will.

Against his will thus have they wrought  
To grieve great God gave they right nought,  
That well \*wit ye;   (\*understand)  
And therefore \*syte is to them sought,               (\*anguish)  
As ye shall see.

The fools that faith is fallen fro(m),  
Take 'tent to me now ere ye go:  
From God of heaven unto you two  
Sent am I now  
For to warn you what \*kin woe                       (\*i.e. what kind of woe)  
Is wrought for you.

ADAM

For us is wrought, so \*welaway, (\*generic wail)  
\*Dole enduring night and day; (\*dolour, sadness)  
The wealth we \*weened have \*wonnyd in \*ay (\*thought) (\*\*dwelt) (\*\*ever)  
Is lost us \*fra. (\*from)  
For this mischief full well we may  
Ever mourning \*ma. (\*make)

ANGELUS

Adam, thyself made all this \*syte, (\*anguish)  
For to the tree thou went full \*tyte (\*swiftly)  
And boldly on the fruit \*gan bite (\*went)  
My Lord forbade.

ADAM

Yea, alas, my wife that may I \*wite, (\*scold, teach harshly)  
For she me \*red. (\*advised)

ANGELUS

Adam, for thou \*trowed her tale, (\*trusted)  
He sends thee word and says thou shall  
Live \*ay in sorrow, (\*ever)  
Abide and be in bitter \*bale (\*punishment)  
'Til he thee \*borrow. (\*redeem)

ADAM

Alas, wretches, what have we wrought!  
To \*bigly bliss we both were brought; (\*great)  
Whilst we were there  
We had enough; now have we nought.

Alas, for care.

EVE

Our cares are coming both keen and cold,  
With fell \*fandyngis manifold; (\*temptations)  
Alas, that tyrant to me told  
Throughout his guile  
That we should have all wealths in world,  
Woe worth the while.

ANGELUS

That while ye wrought unwittingly  
So for to grieve God Almighty,  
And that must ye full dear a-buy  
Ere that ye go;  
And to life, as is worthy,  
In \*were and woe. (\*weariness, misery)

Adam, have this, look how ye think  
And till withall thy meat and drink  
For evermore.

ADAM

Alas, for \*syte why might I sink, (\*anguish)  
So shames me sore.

EVE

Sore may we shame with sorrows \*sere (\*severe)  
And \*felly fare we both in \*\*fere. (\*wickedly) (\*\*fellowship)  
Alas, that ever we \*nighed it near, (\*approached)

That tree until.

With \*dole now must we buy full dear

(\*dolour, sadness)

Our deeds ill.

### ANGELUS

Give, for thou \*beswyked him so,

(\*tricked, betrayed)

\*Travail hereto shall thou ta(ke):

(\*labour, hard work)

Thy \*bairns to bear with mickle woe,

(\*babies, children)

This warn I thee.

\*Buxum shall thou and other more

(\*Obedient)

To man \*ay be.

(\*Ever)

### EVE

Alas, for \*dole, what shall I do?

(\*sadness)

Now must I never have rest nor \*roo.

(\*comfort)

### ADAM

Nay, lo(ok), such a toll is taken me too

To \*travail \*\*tyte.

(\*labour) (\*quickly, immediately)

Now is \*shent both I and \*\*shoo,

(\*destroyed) (\*\*she)

Alas, for \*syte.

(\*sorrow, bad deeds)

Alas, for syte and sorrow sad,

Mourning makes me (a)mazed and mad

To think in heart what help I had,

And now has none.

On ground must I never go glad,

My games are gone.

Gone are my games without glee;

Alas, in bliss could we not be,  
For put we were to great plenty  
At prime of the day.  
By time of noon all lost had we,  
So \*welaway. (\*generic wailing)

So welaway, for hard pain,  
All beasts were to my bidding \*bayne; (\*bound)  
Fish and fowl, they were full \*fayne (\*eager)  
With me to found,  
And now is all thing me again(st)  
That goes on ground.

On ground ungainly may I \*gange (\*go)  
To suffer \*syte and pains strange: (\*anguish)  
All is for deed I have done wrong  
Through wicked wile.  
On live methink-eth I live too long,  
Alas the while.

Ah, Lord, I think what thing is this  
That me is ordained for my \*mis, (\*misery)  
If I work wrong whom should me \*wise (\*help, advise)  
By any way?  
How best will be, so have I bliss,  
I shall \*assay. (\*test, discover)

Alas, for \*bale, what may this be, (\*sorrow)  
In world unwisely wrought have we;  
This earth it trembles for this tree

And dins \*ilke dell. (\*each)

All this world is wroth with me,

This \*wot I well. (\*know)

Full well I wot my wealth is gone,

Earth, elements, every each one,

For my sin has sorrow \*ta'en, (\*taken)

This well I see.

Was never wretches so \*will of wane (\*i.e. distraught)

As now are we.

EVE

We are full well worthy, \*iwis, (\*surely)

To have this mischief for our \*mis, (\*misery)

For brought we were to \*bigly bliss, (\*great)

Ever in to be.

Now my sad sorrow \*certis is this, (\*surely, certainly)

Myself to see.

ADAM

To see it is a \*sytfull sight: (\*sorrowful, pitiful)

We both that were in bliss so bright,

We must go naked every \*ilke a night (\*each)

And days \*bydene. (\*utterly)

Alas, what womans' wit was \*light, (\*weak)

That was well seen.

EVE

\*Sithen it was so, me \*knyth it sore, (\*since) (\*\*regrets)

But since that woman witless were,

Man's mastery should have been more  
Against the guilt.

ADAM

Nay, at my speech would thou never spare;  
That has us \*spilt. (\*destroyed)

EVE

If I had spoken you ought to spill,  
Ye should have taken good (at)tent theretil  
And turned my thought.

ADAM Do way, woman, and name it not,

For at my bidding would thou not be,  
And therefore my woe \*wyte I thee. (\*blame)  
Through ill counsel thus cast are we  
In bitter \*bale. (\*punishment, prison)  
Now God let never man after me  
Trust woman tale.

For \*certis me rues full sore (\*surely)  
That ever I should learn at thy \*lare, (\*lore, teaching)  
Thy counsel has cast me in care,  
That thou me \*kenned. (\*understood)

EVE

Be still, Adam, and name it no more,  
It may not mend.

For well I \*wot I have done wrong,  
And therefore ever I mourn among.

(\*know)

ADAM

Alas, the while I live so long  
Dead would I be.  
On ground must I never glad going  
Without glee.

Without glee I go,  
This sorrow will me slay  
This tree unto me will I take  
That me is sent.  
He that us wrought \*wise us from woe,  
\*Wheresome we wend.

(\*guide)

(\*Wherever)