

YORK MYSTERIES @ HOME

www.yorkmysteriesathome.co.uk

You and your household are invited to create your own performance of the York Mystery Plays. In a time when it is difficult or even impossible to gather to create plays in person, we can instead find our own ways of performing in our own homes.

The following is an abridged adaptation of one of the Plays. You may wish to use this script, or create your own.

PLAY FIVE- THE FALL

SATAN For woe! my wit is in a war
That moves me mickle in my mind;
For the Godhead I saw so clear,
I saw that he should make a kind
Yet angel-kind it should not be;
Though we were fair and bright,
Instead "man"kind he thought to make
And there have I great envy.

But God has made from him a mate,
And hard to her I will me hie
And try to prick from God that prey.
In a worm's likeness will I lie
And try to tempt with loud lying.

Eve, Eve.

EVE What is there?

SATAN I, a friend.
And for thy good, ye I sought.
Of all the fruit that ye see hang
In paradise, why eat you nought?

EVE We may of them each one
Save a tree that was taken out.

SATAN And why that tree, that would I wit,
Any more than all others by?

EVE For our lord God forbid us it,
The fruit thereof, Adam nor I
May gnaw it near;
And if we did we both should die,
(He said), and cease our solace here.

SATAN Ha, Eve, to me take attent;
I know it well, this was his skill:

For thou will see,
Who eats the fruit of good and ill
Shall have worship as grand as he.

EVE What worship should we win thereby?
We already can make mastery
Of all things that on earth is wrought.

SATAN Woman, get away!
To greater state ye may be brought-
Aye, gods shall ye be.

EVE Is this truth that thou says?

SATAN Yea, why trusts thou not me?
I would not be your friend
If I told not the truth to thee.

EVE Then I will thy teaching trust
And fang this fruit into our food.

SATAN Bite on boldly, be not abashed,
And bear it to Adam- amend his mood
And bring him bliss.

EVE Adam, have here this fruit full good.

ADAM Alas woman, why took thou this?
Alas, thou has done amiss.

EVE Nay Adam, do not grieve
We shall be as gods,
If we eat of this tree-

ADAM To eat it would I not forgo
If I might be sure in thy saying.

EVE Bite on boldly, for it is true,
We shall be gods and know all thing.

ADAM To win that name
I shall it taste at thy teaching.
HE EATS.
Alas, what have I done, for shame!
My body shames me,
For I am naked as my thoughts.

EVE Let us take these fig-leaves,
Since they are here beside.

GOD Adam, Adam.

ADAM Lord.

GOD Where art thou, where?

ADAM I hear thee lord and sees thee not.

GOD Say, this work- why has thou wrought?

ADAM Lord, Eve got me to do wrong
And to this brig me brought.

GOD Say, Eve, why have thou got thy mate
To eat fruit I bade should hang still,
And commanded none of it to take?

EVE A worm, lord, enticed me with skill;
So woe the day,
That ever I did that deed so ill.

GOD In earth then shall ye sweat and ache,
And labour for your living
Adam and Eve, Paradise forsake,
For here may you make no dwelling.

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York Mysteries@Home is part of an ongoing investigation into community theatre in York, as part of a PhD by Creative Practice in Theatre (Directing) at the University of York.

For further details on the researcher/director, Tom Straszewski, visit <https://www.york.ac.uk/tfti/study/postgraduate/profiles/tomstraszewski/>

*Supervised by Dr Ollie Jones (TFTI) and Dr Kate Giles (Archaeology).
Funded by the [Department of Theatre, Film, Television and Interactive Media](#),
University of York.*



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