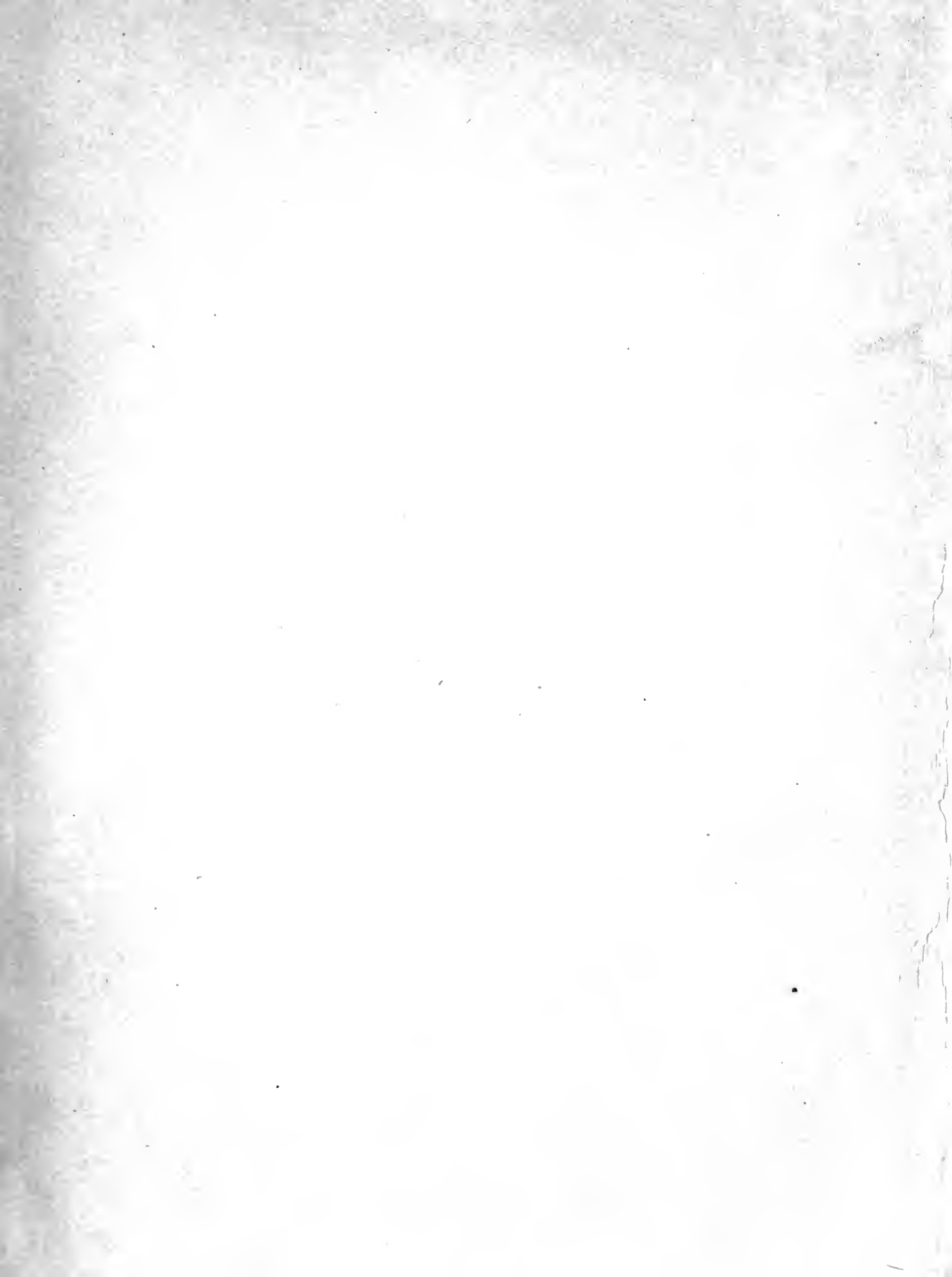
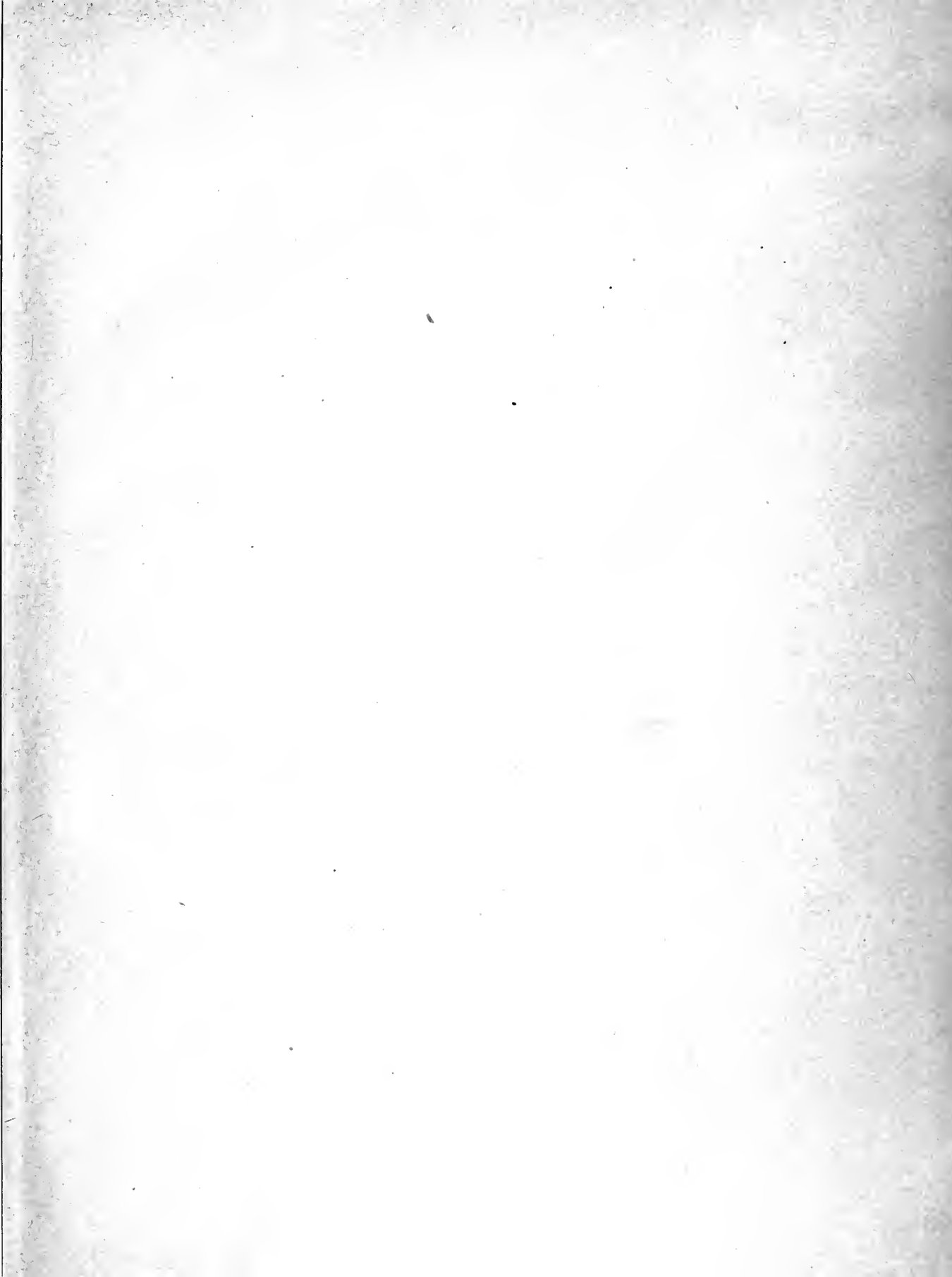




3 1761 05304772 6





2007

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The  
**Conflict of Conscience,**

By NATHANIEL WOODES

*Date of the first known edition, . . . . . 1581*  
*(British Museum. 162. e. 24.)*

*Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.*



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 146]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

The

**Conflict of Conscience,**

By NATHANIEL WOODS

1581

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXI

118371  
18 | 9 | 11

PR  
3193  
W5A65  
1581ab



# The Conflict of Conscience,

By NATHANIEL WOODS

1581

*The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum (Press-mark, 162. e. 24.); two leaves, A. iii. and A. iv., are wanting, being there supplied by a typographical reprint: see the volumes "Dramatic Fragments," s.v. "Conflict of Conscience," where facsimiles of these four pages, in their original state, from another copy, will be found.*

*No other edition is known. It was reprinted for the Roxburghe Club in 1851.*

*Nothing is known of the author save what is stated on the title-page. The D.N.B. makes no mention of him.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says:— "An excellent facsimile. The only fault is exaggeration of the printing often showing through from the other side of the leaf." An explanation of this defect—insuperable under existing mechanical conditions, I fear—will be found in the earliest issues of this series.*

JOHN S. FARMER.



An excellent new Commedie,  
Intituled;

# The Conflict of Conscience.

CONTAYNINGE,

A most lamentable example, of the dole-  
full desperation of a miserable woꝛld-  
linge, termed, by the name of

PHILOLOGVS, who forsake the  
truth of Gods Gospel, for  
state of the world

Compiled, by Nathaniell  
Woods. Minister, in  
Norwich. :

The Actors names, divided into six partes, most con-  
uenient for such as be disposed, either to show this Comedie in  
private houses, or otherwise.

Prologue,		Sathan,		Auarice,	
Mathetes,		Tyrranye,		Suggestion,	
Conscience,	foꝛ one.	Spirit,	foꝛ one.	Gisbertus,	foꝛ one.
Paphinitius,		Horror,		Nuntius,	
		Eusebius,			
Hypocrisie,		Cardinal,			
Theologus,	foꝛ one.	Cacon,	foꝛ one.	Philologus,	foꝛ one.

AT LONDON

Printed, by Richarde Bradocke

dwelling in Aldermanburie, a little about the  
Conduict. Anno 1581.

An excellent new Compendious  
Method

# The Conflict of Conscience CONTAINING

A short and plain description of the whole  
of the Christian Religion



By Thomas Munday  
Author of the

The Author hath inserted into his book  
nothing but what is true and  
conformable to the Word of God



Author	Printer	Bookseller
Thomas Munday	Richard Braddock	Richard Braddock
London	London	London

AT LONDON

## Printed by Richard Braddock

in the Strand, at the Sign of the  
Anchor, in the Year 1681





# The Prologue.



¶ When whirling windes which blowe with blisfing blast,  
Shall cease their course, and not the Ayre toooue,  
But still vnstirred it doth stand, it chaunceth at the last,  
To be infect, the trueth hereof euen day by day we prooue,  
For deepe within the Cauces of earth, of force it doth behoue,  
Sith that no windes do come thereto, the Ayre out to beate,  
By standing stil the closed ayre, doth breede infections great.

¶ The streame or flood, which runneth vp and downe,  
Is far more sweete, then is the standing brooke.  
If long vnworne, you leaue a Cloake or Gowne,  
Moathes will it marre, vnlesse you thereto looke:  
Againe, if that vpon a shelve, you place, or set a booke,  
And suffer it there still to stand, the wormes will soone it eate:  
A Knife likewise, in sheath layde vp, the rust will marre and treat.

¶ The good road horffe, if still at raeke he stand,  
To resty lade will soone transformed be,  
If long vnild, you leaue a fertile lande,  
From strecke, and weede, no place wilbe left free:  
By these examples, and such like, approoue then well may wee,  
That idlenes more euills doth bring, into the minde of man,  
Then labour great in longer tyme, againe expell out can.

¶ Which thing our Author marking well, when wericd was his minde,  
From reading graue and auncient workes, yet loth his time to loose,  
Bethought him selfe, to ease his heart, some recreance to fynde  
And as he mused in his minde, immediately arose;  
A straunge example done of late, which might as he suppose,  
Stirre vp their mindes to godlines, which shoulde it see or heare,  
And therefore humbly doth you pray, to geue attentue care.

¶ The argument or ground wheron our Author chiefly stayed,  
Is (sure) a Hystory straunge and true, to many men well knowne,  
Of one through loue of worldly wealth, and feare of death dismaide,  
Because he would his lyfe and goods, haue kept still as his owne,  
From state of grace wherein he stood, was almost ouerthrowne:  
So that he had no power at all, in heart firme sayth to haue,  
Tyll at the last, God chaungd his mynde his mercies for to craue.

A.ij.

And

## The Prologue.

¶ And here, our Author, thought it meete, the true name to omit,  
And at this time, imagine him PHILOLOOVS to be,  
First, for because, a Comedie, will hardly him permit,  
The vices of one priuare man, to touch particularly,  
Againe, nowe shall it stirre them more, who shall it heare or see,  
For if this worldling had ben namde, we wold straight deeme in minde,  
That all by him then spoken were, our selues we would not finde.

¶ But syth PHILOLOOVS is nought else, but one that loues to talke,  
And common of the worde of God, but hath no further care,  
According as it teacheth them, in Gods feare for to walke,  
If that we practise this in deede, PHILOLOOVS we are,  
And so by his deserued fault, we may in time beware,  
Nowe, if as Author first it meant, you heare it with this gayne,  
In good behalfe he will esteeme, that he bestowed his payne.

¶ And for because we see by prooffe, that men do soone forget,  
Those thinges for which to call them by, no name at all they knowe,  
Our Author for to helpe short wittes, did thinke it very meete,  
Some name for this his Comedie, in preface for to shoue,  
Nowe names to natures must agree, as euery man do knowe,  
A fitter name he could in mynde, no where exteogitate,  
Then, **THE CONFLICT OF CONSCIENCES**, the same to nominate.

A cruell Conflict certainly, where Conscience takes the foyle,  
And is constrained by the flesh, to yelde to deadly sinne,  
Whereby the grace and loue of God, from him, his sinne doeth spoyle,  
Then (wretch accurst) small power hath, repentance to beginne,  
This Hystorie here, example shoues, of one fast wrapt therein,  
As in discourse before your eyes, shall plainly prooued be,  
Yet (at the last) God him restorde, euen of his mercie free.

¶ And though the Historie of it selfe, be too too dolorous,  
And would constrain e a man with teares of blood, his cheekes to wet,  
Yet to refresh the myndes of them that be the Auditors,  
Our Author intermixed hath, in places fitt and meete,  
Some honest mirth, yet alwayes ware, **INCOGNITO** to exceede,  
But list, I heare the players prest, in presenee forth to come,  
I therefore cease, and take my leaue, my Message I have done.

**FINIS.**

**Exe**

**Al**







The Conflict of Conscience.

Acte first. Sceane 1.

SATHAN.

**H**igh time it is for mee to stirre about,  
And doo my best, my kingdom to maintaine :  
For why ? I see of enemies a rought :  
Which all my lawes, and Statutes doo disdain :  
Against my state, doo fight and strike amaine  
Whome, in time if I doo not dissipate,  
I shall repent it, when it is to late.

My mortall foe, the Carpenters pooze sonne,  
Against my Children, the Pharises I meane,  
Upbraiding them, did vse this comparison,  
As in the storie of his lyfe, may be seene,  
There was a man, which had a vinyard greene :  
Who letting it to husbandmen unkinde,  
In steade of fruite, vntthankfulnesse did finde.

So that his Seruantes, firstly they did beate,  
His Sonne lykewise, they afterward did kill,  
And heereupon that man in furie great :  
Wid souldiers send, these husbandmen to spill,  
Their Towne to burne, he did them also will.  
But out alas, alas, for woe I drie,  
To vse the same, farre iustter cause haue I.

For where the Kingdome, of this woorld is myne,  
And his, on whom I will the same bestow,  
As Prince heereof, I did myselte assigne :  
My darling deare, whose faithfull love I know,  
Shall neuer faile from mee, but daylie flow :  
But who that is : perhaps some man may doubt,  
I will therfore in brees, portraict and paine him out.

The mortall man by natures rule is bound  
That Child to sauour, moze than all the rest,  
Which to himselte in face, is lykest found :  
So that he shall with all his goodes be blest :

Caen

## The Conflict of Conscience.

Even so doo I esteeme and lyke him best,  
Which doeth most neare my dealyngs imitate,  
And doth pursue Gods lawes, with deadly hate.  
As therfore I, when once in Angels state,  
I was, did thinke my selfe, with God as mate to bee,  
So doeth my sonne himselfe, now exuate,  
Aboue mans nature, in rule and dignitie.  
So that in terris Deus sum, saith he:  
In earth I am a God, with sinnes for to dispence,  
And for rewardes, I will forgibe eche maner of offence.  
I saide to Eue, tush, tush, thou shalt not die,  
But rather shalt as God, know euerie thing:  
My sonne likewise, to maintaine Idolatrie,  
Saich tush, what hurt, can carued Idols bring?  
Dispise this Law of God, the heauenly King:  
And set them in the Church, for men thereon to looke,  
An Idoll doth much good, it is a laymans booke.  
Nembroth that Tyrant, fearing Gods hande,  
By mee was perswaded to builde up high Babel:  
Whereby he presumed Gods wrath to withstande  
So hath my boy, deuised very well,  
Many pretie toys, to keepe mens soule from hell:  
Like they neuer so euill herre, and wickedly  
As spalles, trentalles, Pardons, and Scala coeli.  
I egged on Pharao of Egypt the king  
The Israelites to kill, so soone as they were borne:  
My darling likewise, doeth the selfe same thing:  
And therfore cause Kinges, and Princes to be sworne,  
That with might and maine, they shal keepe vs his horn.  
And shall destroy with fire, Axe and sword,  
Such as against him, shall speake but one worde.  
And euen as I was somewhat to slow,  
So that notwithstanding, the Israelites did augment:  
So for lack of murdering, Gods people doo grow,  
And daily increase, at this time present:  
Which my sonne shall feele incontinenc,  
Yet an other practise, this euill to withstand,  
My learned of mee, which now he takes in hand.





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Foz when as Moses, I might not destroy,  
Because that he was of the Lord appointed;  
To bring the people from chaldome to ioy:  
I did not cease, whilst I had inuented,  
An other meanes to haue him prevented:  
By accompting himsele the sonne of Pharao,  
To make him loth Egypt to forgoe.

The same aduise I also attempted,  
Against the sonne of God, when he was incarnate,  
Hoping there by, to haue him relented:  
And foz promotion sake, himsele to prostrate,  
Before my feete when I did demonstrate,  
The whole worlde unto him, and all the glozy,  
As it is recorded in Mathews hystoꝛpe.

So hath the Pope, who is my darlyng deare,  
My eldest boy, in whom I doo delight:  
Least he should fall, which thing he greatly feare,  
Out of his Seat, of honoz pompe and might,  
Hath got to him, on his behalfe to fight:  
Two Champions stout, of which the one is Auarice,  
The other is called Tyrannicall practise.

Foz as I saide, although I claime by right,  
The kingdome of this earthly worlde so rounde:  
And in my stead to rule with foꝛce and might,  
I haue assigned the Pope, whose match I no wher found,  
His hart with loue, to mee, so much abounde:  
Yet diuers men of late, of mallice most unkinde,  
Do stude to displace my son, some waywarde meanes to find,  
Wherfoꝛ I maruell much, what cause of let there is,  
That hetherto, they haue not their office put in ure,  
I will go see, foz why, I feare that somewhat is amis,  
If not, to raunge abroad, the worlde, I will them straight procure,  
But needes they must, haue one to help, mens harts foz to allure:  
Unto their traine, who that should bee, I cannot yet espie,  
So meeter match I can finde out, then is Hypocrisie.

Who can full well in time and place, dissemble eithers parte,  
So man shall easely perceiue, with which side he dooth beare,  
But when once fauour he hath got, and credit in mang hart:

The Conflict of Conscience.

He will not slack in mine affaires; I doo him nothing feare, for  
 But time doth runne, too fast away; for me to tarie here,  
 For none will be enamoured, of my shape I doo know,  
 I will therfore, myne impes send out, from hell their flayes to show.

Acte fyrst. Sceane 2.

MATHETES. PHILOLOGVS.

**M**y mynde doeth thirst deare friende Philologus,  
 Of former talke to make a finall ende:  
 And where befoze we gan soz to discuss,  
 The cause why God doth such afflictions sende,  
 Into his Church, you would some more time spende.  
 In the same cause, that theteby you might learne,  
 Betwixt the wrath and loue of God, a right soz to discern.

Philologus.

With right good will, to your request, heerin I doo consent,  
 As well because, as I perceiue, you take therein delight,  
 As also soz because, it is most chiefly pertinent,  
 Unto mine office, to instruct, and teach eche Christian wight,  
 True godlynesse, and shew to them, the path that leadeth right,  
 Unto Gods kingdome, where we shall, inherite our saluation,  
 Geuen unto us from God, by Christ our true propitiation.

But that a better ordered course, heerin we may obserue,  
 And may directly to the first, apply that which insue,  
 To speake that hath bene saide, befoze, I will a time reserue:  
 And so procede, from whence we left, by course and order due,  
 Unto the ende: At first therfore, you did lament and rue,  
 The miserie of these our daies, and great calamitie,  
 Which those sustaine, who dare gainsay, the Romish hypocritte.

Mathetes.

I haue iust cause, as hath eche Christian hart,  
 To walle and weepe, to shed out teares of blood:  
 When as I call to minde, the torments and the smart,  
 Which those haue borne, who honest be and good,  
 For wrought els, but because, their errors they withstood:  
 For I much, to see how patiently  
 They bore the crose of Christ, with constancie.

Phil.







## The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus.

So many of vs, as into one bodye bee,  
Incorporate, wherof Christ is the liuely heade,  
As members of our bodies which wee see:  
With ioyntes of loue together bee conioyned:  
And must needes suffer, vnlesse that they be dead:  
Some part of griefe in mynde which other feele,  
In bodye though not so much by a great deale.

Wherfore by this it is most apparent,  
That those two into one bodye are not vnyted,  
Of the which, the one doth suffer, the other doth torment:  
And in the woundes of his Brother is delighted:  
Now which is Christs bodye, may easely be decided:  
For the Lambe is deuoured of the Wolfe alway,  
Not the Wolfe of the Lambe as Chrysostom doth say.

Agayne of vnrightheous Cayne murdered was Abell,  
By whom the Church of God was figured:  
Isaac lykewise was persecuted of Ismaell,  
As in the Booke of Genesis is mentioned:  
Israell of Pharao was also terrified,  
Dauid the Saint, was afflicted by his Sonne,  
And put from his kingdome I meane by Absolon.

Elias the Thebit, for feare of Iezabell,  
Did fly to Horeb, and hid him in a Caue:  
Micheas the Prophet, as the story doth tell,  
Did hardly his lyfe from Baalles Priests saue:  
Jeremy of that sawce tasted haue:  
So did Esay, Daniell, and the Children thre,  
And thousandes more, which in stories we may see.

Mathetes.

In the new Testament, we may also rede,  
That our Saviour Christ, euen in his Infancy,  
Of Herod the King might stand in great deade:  
Who sought to destroy him, such was his insolency:  
After ward of the Pharises, he did with constancy,  
Suffer shamefull death, his Apostles also,  
For testimonie of the trueth, did their crosses vnder go.

The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus.

James vnder Herod, was beaded with the Sworde;  
The rest of the Apostles, did suffer much turndyle  
God Paul was murdered by Nero his worde:  
Domitian deuised a Barrell full of Dyle,  
The body of Iohn the Euangelist to boile:  
The Pope at this instant sondrie tormentes procure,  
Foz such as by Gods holy word will indure.

By these former stozies, two thinges we may learne,  
And profytably recorde in our remembraunce:  
The fyrr is Gods Church from the Diuels to discern:  
The second to marke, what manyfest resistaunce,  
The Trueth of God hath, and what incombzaunce:  
It bringeth vpon them that will it professe,  
Wherfoze, they must arme them selues, to suffer distresse.

Mathetes.

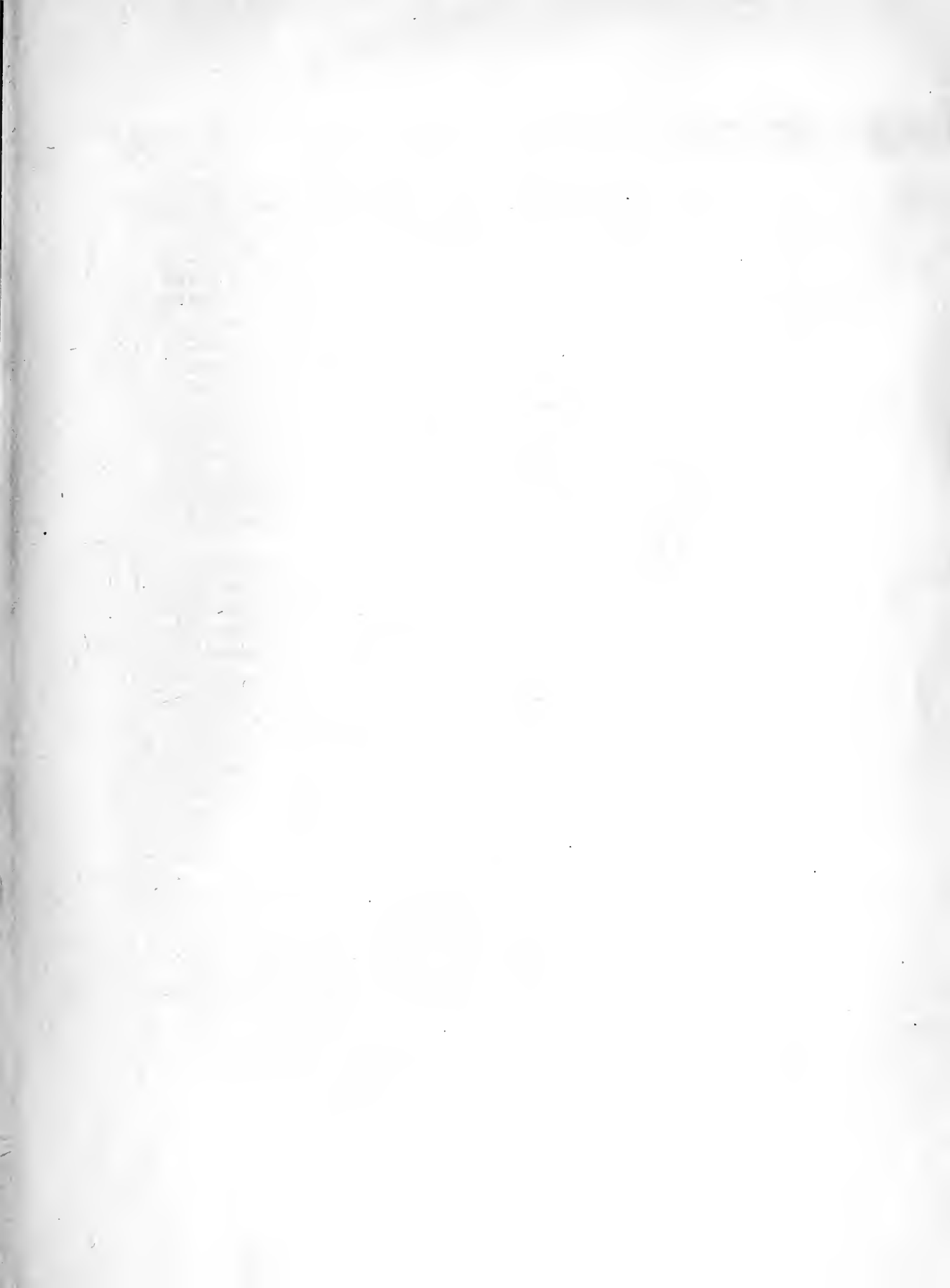
It is no new thing, I do now perceiue,  
That Chyistes Church do suffer tribulation,  
But that the same crosse I might better receiue:  
I request you to shew me foz my consolation:  
What is the cause, by your estimation:  
That God doth suffer, his people be in thzall:  
Pet helpe them so soone as they to him call.

Philologus.

The chiefest thing, which might vs cause or moue,  
With constant mindes, Chyistes crosse foz to sustaine:  
As to conceiue of Heauen, a faithfull loue:  
Wherto we may not come, as Paul doth pzone it plaine:  
Unlesse with Chyist we suffer, that with him we may raine:  
Againe sith that it is our heauenly Fathers Will,

By wo:ldly woes our carnall lusts to kill,  
So:couer, we do vse to loath that thing we alway hate,  
And do delight the more in that which mostely we doe want,  
Affliction bygeth vs also, more earnestly to craue:  
And when we once releued be, true faith in vs it plant,  
So that to call in eche distresse on God we will not faint

Foz.





## The Conflict of Conscience.

For trouble bring forth patience, from patience doth insue  
Experience, from experience Hope, of health the ankor true.

Againe, oft times, God doth prouide, affliction for our gaine,  
As Iob who after losse of goods, had twice so much therofore:  
Sometime affliction is a meanes, to honoz to attaine:

As you may see, if Iosephes lyfe, you set your eyes before:  
Continually it doth vs warne, from sinning any more:

When as we see the iudgements iust, which God our heauenly king,  
Upon offenders here in earth, for their offences bringe.

Sometime God doth it vs to proue, if constant we will be.  
As he did vnto Abraham: sometime his whole intent,

Is to declare his heauenly might, as in Iohn we may see:

When the Disciples did aske Christ, why God the blindnesse sent  
Vnto that man that was borne blinde: to whom incontinent,

Christ saide: neither for Parentes sinnes, nor for his owne offence,  
Was he borne blinde, but that God might shew his magnificence.

Mathetes.

This is the summe of all your talke, if that I gesse a right,  
That God doth punnish his elect to keepe their faith in vze,

Or least that if continuall ease, and rest enjoy they might:

God to forget through hautinesse, fraile nature should procure:  
Or els by feeling punishment, our sinnes for to abiure:

Or els to proue our constancy, or lastly that we may,  
Be instruments in whom his might, God may abroad display.

How must I needes confesse, to you my former ignoraunce,  
Which knew no cause at all, why God should trouble his elect,

But thought afflictions all, to be rewardes for our offence:  
And to procede from wrathfull Iudge, did alway it suspect:

As doe the common sort of men, who will straightway direct  
And point their fingers at such men, as God doth chastice here,

Esteeming them by iust desert, their punishment to beare.

Philologus.

Such is the nature of mankind, himselfe to iustifie,  
And to condemne all other men, whereas we ought of right:

Accuse our selues especiall, and God to magnifie:

Who in his mercy doth vs spare, whereas he also might,  
Sith that we do the lesse same things, with like plagues vs requite.

ant.

B. y.

Which

## The Conflict of Conscience.

Which thing our Saviour Christ doth teach, as testifieth Luke,  
The thirtieth Chapter, where he doth haue glorious men rebuke :

But for this time let this suffice, now lets homeward goe,  
And further talks in what place, if neede be, we will haue :

Mathetes.

With right god will, I will attend on you, your house into:

Or els goe you with me to mine, the longer Iourney saue :

For it is now high dinner time, my stomack meat doth crave :

Philologus.

I am some bidden to my friends, come on let us departe,

Mathetes.

Goe you before, and I will come behind with all my harte.

Acte second. Scene fyrst.

HYPOCRISIE.

**G**OD speede you all, that be of Gods beliefe,  
The mightie Iehouah protect you from ill :

I beseeche the lying God, that he would giue,  
To ech of you present, a hartie god will,  
With flesh to contende, your lust for to kyll :  
That by the aide of spirituall assistance,  
You may subdue your carnall concupiscence.

God graunt you all for his mercyes sake,  
The lyght of his word to your hartes toy:  
I humbly beseeche him a confusion to make  
Of erroneous sectes, whiche might you annoy :  
Earnestly requiring eche one to imploye,  
His whole indenuour Gods word to maintaine,  
And from straunge doctrine your hartes to refraine.

Graunt Lord I pray thee, such preachers to be,  
In thy congregation, thy people to learne :  
As may for Conscience sake, and of mere sinceritie,  
Being able to twist Coznes and Cocks to discern.  
Apply their studie to replenish the Berne.  
That is thy Church, by their doctrines increas,

And







## The Conflict of Conscience.

And make many heires of thine eternall peace. Amen. Amen.

But soft let mee see, who doth mee aspect,

First sluggish Saturn of nature so colde :

Being placed in Tauro, my beames do reiect,

And Luna in Cancro in fertile he behould :

I will the effect hereafter unshoulde.

Now Iupiter the gentil, of temperature meane,

Poore Mercury the turncote, hee forsooke cleane.

Now murthering Mars retrogarde in Libra,

With amiable tryne, apply to my beame,

And splendant Sol the ruler of the day :

After his Eclips to Iupiter will leane,

The Goddesse of pleasure, Dame Venus I meane,

To me her poore seruaunt seme friendly to be,

So also doth Luna other wise called Phebe,

But now I speake mischeuously, I would say, in a misery

Wherfoze to interperet it, I holde it best done,

For here be a god sozt I beleue in this company :

That know not my meanyng, as this man soz one,

What: blush not at it, you are not alone :

Here is an other that know not my mynde,

Soz hee in my wordes, great saunour can fynd.

The Planet Mercurius, is neither whot nor colde,

Neither god nor yet verie bad of his owne nature,

But doth alter his qualtytis, with them which do holde:

Any friendly aspect to him, euen so I assure :

The Mercurialists I meane Hypocrits cannot long endure

In one condicion, but do alter our mynde,

To theirs that talke with vs, thereby friendship to fynde.

The litle Camelyon by nature can chaunge

Her selfe, to that colour, the which she beholde :

Why should it then to any seeme strange :

That we do thus alter, why are we controulde :

With onely the rule of nature we holde :

We seeke to please all men, yet most do vs hate,

And we are rewarded for friendship debate.

Saturnus is enuious, how then can hee loue :

The Conflict of Conscience,

Adulation or Hypocrisie to him most contrarie,  
The Iouists being god doe loke high aboue:  
And doe not regard the rest of the companie:  
Now Mars being retrogard, foze telleth miserie:  
To tyrannicall practise, to happen eftsone,  
As shalbe apparant befoze all be done.

Which Tirannie with flatterie is easely pacified,  
Wheras Tom tell troth shall seele of his sword,  
So that with such men is fully verified,  
That olde said saw, and common by woord:  
Obsequium amicos, by flateries friends are prepared:  
But veritas odium parit, as commonly is seene,  
Foz speaking the trueth, many hated haue berne.

By Sol vnderstand, Hopish principalitye,  
With whom full highly I am entertained,  
But being eclipsed shall shew fozth his qualitye:  
Then shall Hypocrisie be vtterly disbained:  
Whose wretched erile though greatly complayned:  
And wept foz of many, shalbe without hope,  
That in such pompe shall euer be Dope.

By Venus the riotus, by Luna the variable,  
Betwixt whom and Mercury no variance can fall,  
Foz they which in woordes be most vnsable:  
Would be thought faithfull, and the riotous liberall:  
So that Hypocrisie their doings cloake shall:  
But whilst not a woord, foz yonder come some, step aside.  
While I know what they are, I will be dombe.

Acte second. Scene .2.

TIRANNY. AVARICE.

**P**ut mee befoze foz I will shift foz one, push Auarice  
So long as strength remaineth in this Arme, backwards  
And pluck by thy hart thou faint harted mome,  
As long as I lyue, thou shalt take no harme:  
Such as controll vs, I will their tongues charme,

By





## The Conflict of Conscience.

By fire or sword or other like torment,  
So that euer they did it they shall it repent,

Hast thou forgotten what sathan did saye,  
That the k. Hipocrisy our doings should hide,  
So that vnder his Cloake our partes we should playe,  
And of the rude people should neuer be spide,  
Or if the worst should happ or betide,  
That I by Tiranny should both you defend,  
Agaynst such as mischife to you should pretend.

HYP. Ambo

Auarice.

Indeed such words our Wellire did speake,  
Which being remembred doth make my heart glad,  
But yet one thing my courage doth breake,  
And when I thinke of it, it makes me full sad,  
I meane the euil lucke which Hipocrisy had,  
When he was expelled out of this land  
For then with me the matter euill did stand.

HYP. tut Fa-  
ther Iotlam.

For I by him so shadowed was from light,  
That almost no man could me out espye,  
But he being gon to euery mans sight,  
I was apparent ech man did descrye,  
By pilling and poling so that glad was I,  
From my nature to cease a thing most merueilous,  
And liue in secret the tyme was so dangerous.

HYP. a little k  
to hide so  
great a lub-  
ber.

Tyranny.

Lust Auarice thou fearest a thing that is vayne,  
For by me alone both you shalbe stayed,  
And if thou marke well thou shalt perceiue playne,  
That if I Tyranny my parte had well played,  
And from killing of Heretikes my hand had not stayed,  
They had neuer growen to such a great rowt,  
Neither should haue bene able to haue banisht him out :

HYP. he fear  
eth nothig he  
thinketh  
the hangman  
is dead.

HYP. he can  
play too parts  
the foole and  
the K.

But sero sapiunt Phruges, at length I will take herde,  
And with bloud enough this euill will pzenent,  
For if I here of any that in word or in deed,  
Pea if it be possible to knowe their intent,  
If I can proue that in thought they it ment :

HYP. a popish  
policye.

The Conflict of Conscience,

To impaire our estates, no prayer shall serue,  
But will paie them their hire, as eche one deserue.

HYP. Antichristian charitie.

Auarice.

The fish once taken, and scaped from baight,  
Will euer hereafter, beware of the hooke,  
Such as vse hunting will spie the Hare straight,  
Though other discern her not, yet on her shall looke:  
Againe, the learned can read in a Booke,  
Though the vnskillfull seeing equall with them,  
Cannot discern an F from an M.

So those which haue tasted, the fruite that we beare  
And finde it so sower, will not vs implant:

Tyrannye.

Wash Auarice, I warrant thee thou needst not feare,  
In the cleargy I know, no friends we shal want:  
Which for hope of gaine, the truely will recant:  
And giue them selues wholly to set out Hypocrisie,  
Being egd on with Auarice, and defended by Tyranny.

Veritas facit esse Deos.

Auarice.

Wel may the Clergie on our side holde,  
For they by vs no small gaine did reape,  
But all the tempoꝛaltie, I dare be boude,  
To venture in wager of Golde a god heape,  
At our prefermentes will mourne waile and weepe,

Tyranny.

Though indeede no iust cause of ioy they can finde,  
Yet for feare of my sword, they will alter their minde,

HYP. This is sharp argument.

But I maruell much, where Hypocrisie is,  
Spee think it is long since, from vs he did goe,

Auarice.

I doubt that of his purpose he misse:  
And therefore hath hanged him selfe for wo.  
How sayst thou Tyranny dost not thinke so  
In faith if I thought that he might be spared,  
And we haue our purpose best to mee if I cared.

HYP. Pray for your selfe.

HYP. your kindness shall last me a couple of rushes.

Tyranny







## The Conflict of Conscience.

### Tyranny.

Know you ever the lyke of this doubting doubt :  
It grieues mee to heare how faint harted he is,  
A litle would cause me to kill thee, thou Ascoult :  
See, see, for woe he is lyke for to pisse :  
To giue an attempt, what a fellow were this ?  
But this is the good that cometh of Couetousnesse  
He liueth alway in feare to lose his riches.

HYP. Not I  
the lyke of  
such a cut-  
throate Coult.

Againe, marke how he regardeth the death of his friend  
So he hath his purpose, he cares for no more,  
A perfect patterne of a couetous mynd,  
Which neither esteemeth his friend nor his foe,  
But rather Auarice might I haue saide so :  
Who if he were gone, my selfe could defende,  
Where thou by his absence wert lone at an ende.

### Acte second. Scene .3.

HYPOCRISIE. TIRANNY. AVARICE.

O Louing Father and mercifull God,  
We through our sinnes thy punishment deserue,  
And haue prouoked to beat with thy rod:  
As Subbozne Children, which from thee do swerne :  
We loathed thy worde, but now we shall serue :  
For Hypocrisie is placed againe in this lande,  
And thy true Gospell as erile doth stande.

This is thy iust iudgement for our offence,  
Who hauyng the light, in darknesse did straine,  
But now if thou wouldest of thy fatherly beneuolence :  
Thy purposed iudgements in wrath for to stay :  
The part of the prodigall Sonne we would play :  
And with bitter teares befoze thee would fall,  
And in true repentaunce for mercy would call.  
In our prosperitie we would not regard,  
The wordes of the Preachers, who threathned the same,  
But flattering our selues, thought I wouldest haue spared

C.

118

## The Conflict of Conscience,

As in thy mercy, and neuer vs blame:  
But so much prouoked thee, by blaspheminge thy name:  
Indeede to deny, that in words we mayntaine,  
That from thy Justice thou couldest not refraine.  
So that Romish Pharao a Tirant most cruell,  
Hath brought vs againe into captiuitie,  
And instead of the pure fount of thy Gospell:  
Hath poisoned our soules with diuelish Hypocrisie:  
Unable to maintaine it, but by murdering Tiranny:  
Seeking rather the state, then the health of the Sheepe,  
Which are appointed for him for to keepe.

Tyranny.

Loe Auarice, harke what a Traitor is here,  
Against our holy Father this language to heere:  
I might haue harde more if I would him forbear:  
But for greife my eares burne to heare him abuse  
His tongue in this maner: wherfore no excuse,  
Shall purchase fauour but that with all speede,  
By Sword I will render, to him his due meede.

HYP. he spea  
keth to you  
Iyra.

Wherfore, thou miscreant, while thou hast time,  
Pray to the Saintes, thy spokesmen to be,  
What at Gods hand, from this thy great crime:  
By their intercession, thou may be let free:

Auarice.

Pray hearest thou Tyranny, be ruled by mee:  
First cut of his head, and then let him pray,  
So shall he be sure, vs not to be way.

Hypocrisie.

O wicked Tyranny, thou impe of the Deuill,  
No ioyfull tidings, to thee haue I brought,  
For now thou art imbouldened, to practise all euill:

Tiranny.

Harry thou shalt not giue mee thy service for nought:  
But for thy paines to please thee I thought.

Hypocrisie.

Thou art nothing so ready to do any good,  
As thou art to shed poore Innocents blood.

Auarice





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Auarice.

Pay Tyranny suffer this raskall to prate,  
Will some man come by, and then he is gone,  
Then wilt thou repent it, when it is to late:  
Dispatch him therfore, while we are alone:

HYP. on your  
face syr.

Hypocrisie.

Well may the Couetous be lykened to a drone,  
Which of the Bees labours, will spoile and wast make,  
And yet to get hony, no labour will take.

The Couetous lyke wise, from poore men extort,  
Their gaires to encrease, they onely do seeke:  
And so they may haue it of them a great sorte:  
What meanes they ble for it, they care not a leake:  
Yet will these mylers scarce once a weeke:  
Haue one god meale, at their owne table,  
So by Auarice, to help them selues they are vnable.

Auarice to a fire may well compared bee,  
To the which the more you adde, the more still it craue,  
So lyke wise the Couetous minde we do see:  
Though riches abound, do wish still more to haue  
And to be short, your reuerences to saue:  
To a filthy Swyne, such mylers are comparable,  
Which while they be dead are nothing profytable.

Auarice.

Pay farewell Tyranny, I came hither to loose,  
I perceiue already, I am to well knowne:  
I were not best in their clawes for to come:  
Unlessse I were willing to be cleane ouerthrowne:

Tyranny.

By the preaching of Gods word, al this mischief is growne  
Which if Hypocrisie might happely expell, (en:  
All we in safetie and pleasure might dwell.

Stay therfore, while from Hypocrisie we heare,

Auarice.

Dispatch then this Marchant, least our counsell he tell,

Hypocrisie.

I am content for Gods cause, this crosse for to beare.

C.ij.

Tyran.

The Conflist of Conscience,

Tyranny.

It is best killing him, now his mynde is set well.

Hypocrisie.

Your scoffing and mocking God seeth eche deal :

Tyranny.

Yea, doest thou persist, vs still thus to check,

Thy speech I will hinder, by cutting of thy neck.

Hypocrisie.

Say, holde thy hand Cadby, thou hast killd me enough

What neuer the soner for a mery worde?

I meant not god earnest, to your murther I bowe:

I dyd but test, and spake but in word:

Wherfore of friendship, put by agayne thy sword :

Tyranny.

Say captiffe presume not, that thou shalt goe scotfree,

Wherfore hold still and I will sone dispatch thee.

Hypocrisie.

What? I pray the Tyranny knowe first who I am,

Ye purblindes soles, do your lynes blinde your eyes?

Why, I was in place long before you came:

But you could not see the wood for the trees:

But in faith sather Auarice I will pay you your fees:

For the great godswill which you to mee beare,

And in time will requight it againe do not feare.

Auarice.

Content your selfe, god matter Hypocrisie.

The wordes which I spake I spake but in ware.

Tyranny.

Holde thy hand Hypocrisie, I pray thee hartely :

So lyke a mad man with thy friendes do not fare.

Hypocrisie.

For nether of you both, a pin do I care :

Goe shake your eares both, like slaves as you be,

And loke not in your neede to be holpen of mee.

Tyranny.

What matter Hypocrisie, will you take sushie so sone?

HYP. fighteth.

Parry







The Conflict of Conscience. I

Happy then you had néede to be kept very warne,  
: *Auarice.*

I sweare to your maister ship, by the man in the Spone,  
That to your person I entended no harme:

*Hypocrisie.*

But that I am wearie, I would both your tongs charme  
See how to my face they do mee deride,  
I will not therefore in your companies abide.

*Auarice.*

Why master Hypocrisie, what would you that I do?  
For my offence, of mercie I you praye.

*Hypocrisie.*

With thee I am at one, but of that I parchant to,  
I looke for some amendes, or els I will away:

*Tyrannye.*

The presumptuous soles parte herein thou doest play,  
What of thy Master, doest thou looke for obayance,  
I will not once intreate thee, if thou wilt get thee hence.

*Hypocrisie.*

*Nimia familiaritas parit contemptum,*

The olde prouerbe by mee is beresed,

By too much sampliaritie contemned be some:

Euon so at this present to mee it betide:

For of long time Hypocrisie hath ruled as guide:

While now of later daies through Heretikes resistance

I retained Tyranny to yeld mee assistance.

But through ouer much lemytie, he thinks himselfe check

With mee his god patron, Master Hypocrisie, (mate

*Tyranny.*

Yst I pray thee Auarice, how this rascall can prate:

And with mee Tyranny doth chalenge equalitye:

Where hee of himselfe hath neither strength nor habilitie

But thou to him riches, and I strength do giue,

So that I must be his master, though it doth him graue.

*Auarice.*

Two Dogges oftentimes one bone would faine catch,

*C. ij.*

## The Conflict of Conscience.

But yet the thirde do both them deceiue,  
Euen so Hypocrisie for the preheminence doth snatch:  
Which Tiranny gapes for, ye may perceiue:  
But I must obtaine it, for of mee they retaine  
All kinde of riches, their states to maintaine,  
To yeelde to mee therfore they must be both faine.

Hypocrisie.

Was Iudas Chyestes maister, because he bare the purs  
Pay rather of all, he was least regarded,  
Haue not men of honoꝝ, Stewards to disburse:  
All such summes of mony, wherwith they be charged:  
Yet aboue their maister their honoꝝ is not enlarged:

Euen so, the Auarice, my Steward I account,  
To pay that whereto my charges amount.

And to the Tiranny, this one word I obied,  
Whether was Iob or David the King:

When Iob was glad his ease to reiect:

The Ammonyts in Rabah, to confusion to bring:

When David with Bethseba at home was sleeping:

Was not Iob his seruant, in warfare to fight,

And so art thou mine, mine enimies to quight.

Tiranny.

Pay then at the hole god giue you god night:

Shall Tiranny to Hypocrisie in any point yeelde:

Hypocrisie.

With this one word I will banquish the quight:

That thou shalt be glad to giue mee the selde:

The ende to be preferred all learned men wilde:

With therfore Hypocrisie of Tiranny is ende,

I must haue the preferment, for which I contende.

Tiranny.

I will make you both graunt that I am the chiefe,

Or els with my sword your sides I will pearce,

Hypocrisie.

What were sharp reasoning in deede, with a mischefe:

Auarice.

I will yeelde him my right if that hee be so feare,

Hypo-





The Conflicke of Conscience.

Hypocrysic.

The nature of Hypocrites, herein we rehearse :

Which being conuinc'd by the text of Gods worde,

The ende of their plotting is fyre and sword.

But if you wil needs be chiefe, God speed wel & plough

I will be none that shall follow your traine,

For if I should, I know well inough :

That to fly the Countrey, we all should be faine :

When were my labour done but in vaine,

You know not so much as I do Tyranny,

Therefore I aduise you be ruled by me.

Tyranny.

Inter amicos omnia sunt communia they say,

Among friendes there is reconed no proprietie,

But what the one hath of his owne, thother may

Haue the vse of the same, at his owne libertie :

Euen so among vs it is of a suretie :

For what the one hath of his owne proper right,

It is thine to vse by day or by night.

Auarice.

Indede you say trueth, the ende is worth all,

Such thinges as to get the ende are referred,

And by this reason to you I proue shall :

That I befoze Hypocrisie must be preferred :

The conclusion of my reason is this inferred :

Sith Hypocrisie was inuented to augment priuat gaine,

I am the end of Hypocrisie, this is plaine.

Hypocrisie.

Actum est de Amicitia, the bargaen is dispatched,

And we two in friendship, are united as one.

Auarice.

In the same knot, with you let me also be matched :

And of mony I warrant you, you shall want none :

Hypocrisie.

I agree, what say you ? shall he be one ?

Tyrann. I iudge him needefull in our company to be :

And therefore, for my part, he is welcome to me.

Let vs now speedely on our businesse attende,

HYP. he hath  
learned lo-  
geres.

HYP friend-  
ship for gaine

And

The Conflict of Conscience.

And labour eche one to bying it about.

Hypocritic.

That is already by mee brought to ende:  
So that of your preferment you neede not to doubt:  
And my cunning hether was to finde you out:  
That at my elbow you might be in readinesse,  
To help if neede were in this waightie businesse.

To tell you the storie it were but to tedious,  
How the Pope and I together haue devised,  
Firstly to inuegle the people religious:  
For greedinesse of gaine, who will be some preyed:  
And for feare least hereafter they should be dispised:  
Of their owne freewill, will maintaine Hypocritic  
So that Auarice alone, shall conquere the Cleargie.

Now of the chiefest of his carnall Cardinals,  
He doth appoint certaine, and giue them authoritie,  
To ride abrode in their pontificalles:  
To see if with Auarice, they may winne the Laytie:  
If not, then to threaten them with open Tyranny:  
Wherby doubt not but many will forsake,  
The trusty of the Gospell, and our parties take.

Tyranny.

This deuice is praise worthy, how saist thou Auarice:  
Auarice.

I like it well if it were put in vze,  
Pet litle gaine to mee, shall this whole practise:  
More then I had before time procure:

Hypocritic.

The Legates are ready to ride I am sure:  
Wherfoze we had neede to make no small delaye,  
They stay for my cunning alone, I dare say,  
Howbeit the Laytie would greatly mislike,  
If they should know all our purpose and intent,  
Yea and perhaps some meanes they would seek:  
Our forsaid businesse in time to preuent:

Tyranny.

Will you then be ruled by my arbitrement:

Leas







## The Conflict of Conscience.

Least the people should sodenly dissolve tranquillitie,  
For the Legates defence, let hym vse me Tyranny:

Hypocrisie.

Herein your counsell is not muche vnwise,  
Saue that in one thing, we had neede to beware,  
Least you be knowen, we wyll you disguise,  
And some graue Apparell for you wyll prepare,  
But your name Tyranny, I feare all wyll marre:  
Let me alone, and I wyll inuent,  
A name to your nature, whiche shalbe conuenient:

Zeale shall your name be, how lyke you by that  
And therfoze, in office, you must deale zealously :

Tyranny.

Let me alone, I wyll pay them home pat:  
Though they call me Zeale, they shall fele me Tyranny

Hypocrisie,

Loe, here is a Garment, come dresse you handsomly:  
I mary (quoth he) I lyke this very well :

How, to the Devils Grace, you may seme to geue counsell

How must I apply al my Inuention,  
That I may deuice Auarice to hide:

Thy name shalbe called Carefull prouision,  
And euery man for his Household may lawfully prouide,

Thus shalt thou go cloaked, and neuer be spide :

Auarice.

Thy counsell Hipocrisie, I very well allow,  
And will recompence the, if euer I know how.

Tyranny.

How, on a boon voyage, let vs depart,  
For I well lothe any time to delaye,

Hypocrisie.

Pay, yet in signe of a mery hart,  
Let vs singe befoze we go awaye.

Auarice.

I am content, begyn I you pray,  
But to singe the Treble, we must needes haue one.

The Conflict of Conscience,

Hypocrisie.

If you say so, let it euen alone.

Exeunt.

Acte thyrde. Scenec .i.

PHILOGVS.

**T**W true (alas) too true I say, was our Diuination,  
The whiche Mathartes did foresee, when last we were in place,  
For now (in deede) we see the smart and horrible beration,  
Whiche Komysly power vnto vs did threaten and manace:  
Wherfore, great neede we haue, to call to God alway for grace:  
For siable flesh is farre too weake, those paynes to vndergo:  
The whiche all they that feare the Lord, are now appointed to,  
The Legate from the Pope of Rome, is come into our Coastes,  
Who doth the Sainctes of God eche where, with Tyranny oppresse,  
And in the same most gloryously himselfe he valunt and boast,  
The more one mourneth vnto him, he pittlieth the lesse,  
Out of his cruell Tyranny, the Lorde of Heauen we besee:  
For hitherto, in blessed state, my whole lyfe I haue spent:  
With health of body, wealth in Goodes, and minde alway content:  
Besides, of friendes, I haue great store, who do me firmly loue,  
A faithfull wife and children sayre, of woodes and pasture store,  
And diuers other thinges, whiche I haue got for my behoofe,  
Whiche now to be depaured off, would grieue my hart full sore:  
And if I come once in their chawes, I shall get out no more.  
Unlesse I wyll renounce my sayth, and so their widdes fullyll for out:  
Whiche if I do, without all doubt, my soule for ay I spyll.  
For sith I haue receiued once the first fruite of my sayth,  
And haue begon to runne the course, that leaueth to saluation,  
If in the midst therof, I stay or cease, the Scripture sayth,  
It woteth not that I began with so god preparation,  
But rather, maketh muche the more, vnto my condemnation:  
For he alone shall haue the Palme, whiche to the ende doth runne,  
And he which plucks his hand frō Blough, in heane shall neuer come.  
Whole Labourers, which byed were in Wineard for to moyle,  
And had their Wemy for their payne, they taried all whyle night,

Phillogvs.

Acte

For





The Conflict of Conscience.

For if they ceas'd had, when Sunne their flesh with heat did bryle,  
 And had departed from their worke, they should haue lost by right,  
 Their wages Deny: I likewise, shalbe depriued quight:  
 Of that same Crowne, the whiche I haue in sayth longe looked for,  
 But so; this time, I wyll depart, I dare here say no moze. Exit.

Acte thyrde. Scene. 2.

HYPOCRISIE.

**H**A, ha, ha, mary now the Game begimme,  
 Hypocrisie throughtout this Realme is had in admiration,  
 And by my meanes, both Auarice and Tyranny crept in,  
 Who in short space, wyll make men runne the way to desolation,  
 What did I say? my tongue byd tryp, I should say, consolation,  
 For now (so; soth) the Clergie must into my holome crep,  
 Or els, they know not, by what meanes, them selues alque to keepe.

On the other side, the Laetie, be they eyther riche or poze,  
 If riche, then Auarice strangle them, because they wyll not lose  
 The worldly wealth: or els we haue one subtile practise moze,  
 That is, that sensuall Suggestion, their outwarde man shall pose,  
 Who can full finely in eche cause, his minde to them discioise,  
 But if that neither of these twayne, can to my frayne them wynde,  
 Then, at his Cue (to play his parte, doth Tyranny begynne,

As for the poze knaues, suche a one as this is,  
 We do not esteeme hym, but make short adu,  
 If he wyll not come on, we do hym not mylle,  
 But to the Post, he is sure to goe:  
 Tyranny deales with hym and no moe.  
 But I meruayle, what doth hym from hence so longe stay?  
 Sooner named, sooner cume, as comon Proverbes say. Sep aside.

Acte thyrde. Scene. 3:

TYRRANNY, AVARICE. HYPOCRYSIE.

**B**his woundes, I feare nott, but it is cocke sure now, Here he hath a  
 Under the Legates Seate, in Office I am placed: goodly grace  
 D. y, Therfoze in wearyng.

The Conflict of Conscience,

Wherefore who so resist me I will make him to bow,  
Who can make Tyranny now to be disgraced?  
With a head of brass I will not be out faced,  
But will execute mine office with extreme crueltie,  
So that all men shall knowe me to be playne Tyranny.

HIP. he is gra  
celesse alway.

Auarice.

Stay Master Zeale be ruled by me,  
To such as resist, such rigo: you may show,  
Tyranny.

Zeale nay, no Zeale, my name is Tyranny,  
Neither am I ashamed who doth my name knowe,  
For in my dealings the same I will showe,  
None dare reprove me of that I am sure,  
So long as Authority on my side endure,  
But to thy wordes a while I will list,  
Wherefore in haste saye on what you will.

HIP. he is  
Kie carelesse.

Auarice.

I would have you show rigo: to such as resiste,  
And such as be obstinate spare not to kill,  
But those that be willing your bestes to fulfill,  
If they offend and not of obstinacie,  
For money excuse them though they be villanie,  
Thus shall you performe your office aright,  
For fauour or money to spare the offendent.

HIP. he  
the practis of  
spiteful Sum-  
ner.

Tyranny.

So maye I also of mallice or spite,  
Or rancko: of myne penitenth the innocent,  
But I wilbe ruled by thine arbitrament,  
And will fauour such as will my hand greaze,  
The deuill is a good fellow if one can him please,  
But to follow our buisnes great paynes we do take,  
On an hastie message we were fit to be sent.

HIP. and you  
are one of his  
sonnes mee  
think by your  
head.

Hypocrisie.

When I see a dying I will you messengers make,  
You pley you so fast you are too dilligent,  
Woepe how, Master Zeale together are ye bent?

Auarice.







The Conflict of Conscience

**Auarice.** Marke me thought one halloved & called you by name,  
Tyranny.

**I would it were Hypocrisy, Aua. It is the very same,**  
What Master Hypocrite for you I haue sought,  
This howze or two but could you not finde.

**Hypocrite.** That is no meruaile it is not for nought,  
For I am but litle and you two are blinde,  
Neither haue you eyes to see with behinde,  
Yet may the learned note herein a mystery,  
That neither Tyran. noz Auar. can finde out Hypocrite,  
But what earnest busines haue you in charge,  
That with so great spede must presently be finished.

**Tyranny.** Mary see here. Hip. what is it? Tyran. a commission largd  
From my Lord Legate him selfe authorized,  
The effect wherof must presently be practised.

**Hypocrite.** What is the tenure I pray you let me know.  
**Tyrannye.**

**Auarice hath red it, not I, let him showe.**  
**Auarice.**

He hath firstly in charge to make inquisition,  
Whether Altars be reedified whether chalice and boke,  
Westments for Masse, sacraments and profession,  
Be prepared againe: if not he must loke,

And finde out such fellowes as these cannot broke:  
And to my Lord Legate such Marchants present,  
That for their offence they may haue condign punishment.

If any we take tardy Tyranny. them threat,  
That for their neglygence he will them present,  
And I desirous some money to get,  
If ought they will giue me, their cuill will preuent,  
Pea somtime, of purpose, such shifts we inuent.

**Hypocrite.** Peace, yonder coms one (me thinke) it is a preat,

The Conflict of Conscience.

By his golune cap and tippet, made of a list.

Acte.third, Sceane 4.

CACONOS. HYP. TYRANNY. AVARICE.

I Gude sefh sir, this newis de gar me lope,  
Ay is as light as ay me wend, gif that yo wol me troth,  
Far new ayen within awer lond installed is the Pope,  
Whese Legat w authoritie thara watot awo cūtry goth,  
And charge before him far te com, vs Dyells end lemen bath,  
Far te spay awo gif that he mea, these new sprang Arataykes,  
Whilk de disturb awo hally kirke, laik a fart of saymataykes.

Awo gilden Gods ar bzought ayen intea awo kirks ilk whare,  
That vnte tham awo Parishioner, ma after thar gudewill,  
Far hally Masse in ilke place, new thea auters de prepare,  
Hally watter, War, Crosse, Banner, Censour and Candill,  
Cream, Crimatozy, hally Bzed, the rest omit ay will,  
Whilt hally Fathers did inuent fre awo Antiquitie,  
We new receued intea awo kirks, with great solennitie.

Way thes thaugh lemen bene apprest, the Clargy sall bet gran,  
Far te awo Sents theis after yfts ail whilk we sall receyue,  
Awo hally Masse, thaw thea bay dēre, thea de it but in bayne,  
Far thaw ther frends frea Purgatozy, te help thea dea beleue,  
Pet af ther hope, gif nede rewoyze it walod theam all detene,  
Dea walode awo Pilgrimage, Reliques, Trentals and Pardons,  
Whilk far awo geyn intea awo kirk ar bzought in far the noyes.

Far well a nere what war awo tenths & saythes that gro in flō,  
What gif we han of glebed lond ene plawork bay the yeare,  
Awo affring deas de vara laytell ar nething te vs yeld,  
Awo Beadzoll geances, awo chylsom clothes de laytle mend awo fare  
Gif awo af this we pea far vale, we laytle mare can spare,  
Sawol Masses, Diriges, Monethmayndes and Burynges,  
Allowinday, Kirking, Baneasking and weddings.

The Sacraments, gif we molot sell, war better then thea all,  
Far gif the Felwes gaue thzatty pence, te hang Chyapst on a tre,  
Gude chrystia folk thzayle thzatty pence watod couit a pryce but smal





## The Conflict of Conscience.

See that te ete him with ther teeth delayered he makoghte be,  
Few of this thing delayerance, ne man can mak but we,  
Se that the market in this punt, we Priest a lawd han at will,  
And with the money we sowd yet, alw porches we sowd fill,

Hypocrisie.  
I will goe and salwt him, god mo:rou sir John,

Cacon.  
Paw bay may Priest have God giue ye ten far ene,

Hypocrisie.  
Do you Paster Parson in this Parish singe?

Cacon.  
Pai sir that ay de, gif yovoll giue me trothing,

Tyranny.  
I haue a comission your house and Church to seke,  
To search if you any seditious Bookes do keepe.

Cacon.  
The ay? well a neare ay swer bay the Sacrament,  
Ay had rather han a cup of nale then a Testament,

Hypocrisie.  
How can you without it your office discharge?

Cacon.  
It is the least thing ay car far bay may charge,  
Far se lang as thea han Images tobaron te luke,  
What nede thea be distructed alwt of a Wuke,

Hypocrisie.  
With that will noyise them all well enotwe,  
As well a dead Image as a dumb Idole I make God abowe,

Cacon.  
Pai, ay my sen, bay experience thot con thowe,  
Far in may Postace the tongue ay de nat knowe,  
Yet when ay see the great gilded letter,

As hen it sea well, as nea man hen better,

As far Crample, on the day of Charles Patrullie,

Ay see a Wab in a Panger, and two Beastes standing by

The Seruice whilk to Shewpares day is allaynd,  
Bay the Paicture of the Circumcision ay saynd,  
The Seruice, whilk on Twelfth day munnke don,

## The Conflict of Conscience.

By seke bay the marke of the thre kynges of Colou,  
Bay the Deuill tentyng Chyrist, ay saind whadragelima,  
Bay Chyrist on the Crosse, ay sech out gude fraydays  
Pasch for his marke, hath the Resurrection,  
Apenst Hally Thursday, is pented Chyristes Attention,  
Thus in mayn owne buke, ay is a gude Clarke,  
But yf the Sents war gone, the Cat had eate my mark  
Se the sandry mairacles, whilk ilk Sent haue done,  
Bay the Picttures on the walles sal appere to them sone  
Bay the whilk thea ar lerned in euery distresse,  
What Sent thea mun pzea te far succour doubtles:  
Sea that all Lepers te Syluester must pzea,  
That he watod fre tham, the disease take away.  
Laykwais, thea that han the falling saichnes,  
Te be eased therfre, thea mun pzea to St. Corneliss  
In contagions aier, as in plague oz pestilence,  
Te hally Sent Ruke, thea mun call far assistance.  
Fra parill of dzauning, Sent Carp kepe the Sparyners  
Fra dayng in warfare, Sent George gard the Soldiers,  
Sent Iob heale the Pore, the Agew, Sent Gemayne,  
Far te ease the tothache, call te Sent Appollyne,  
Gif that a woman be barren and childes,  
Te helpe her herein, she must pzea te Sent Nicolas.  
Far women in trauayle, call te Sent Magdalene  
Far latwynes of minde, call te Sent Kacheryne,  
Sent Loy saue your Hovse, Sent Anthony your Hovys,  
Sent Tyranny,  
What this Parson, seemeth connyng to be,  
And as farre as I se, in a god bnfaymytie:  
Pea, he is well red, in that golden Legend.

Cacon.

Bay may troth, in readyng any othe, ne sayn to I  
Far that ay hen, bay general cassell, is canonized  
And bay the hely Pope hymselfe is authoyzed:  
That Buke farther, is wholly permytted,  
Wharas, the Bayble in part is prohibited,  
And therfore, gif it be lawfull to viter my conscience,

Before







## The Conflict of Conscience!

Before the new Testament ays givn it credence.

Hypocrisie.

I allow to his Judgement before Ambrose & Austin,  
And for Hypocrisie, a more convenient Chapleyn,  
Avarice.

It greeneth me much that no fault we can spye,  
For now of some byrbe disappointed am I,  
Yet happily he may tell vs of some Heretykes.

Tiranny.

Is there P. Parson in your parish no Delinmathe?

Cacon.

Pai mara is ther a vara busy bodye,  
The will test with me and call me fule and noddye,  
And sets his Lads to spowt latin ayenst me,  
But ay spose then with Deparfundis Clam au,  
And oftentimes he wil reton with me of the Sacarment,  
And say he can prove hay the new Testament,  
That Chrystes body is in Heaven placed,  
But ays not belcve him, ay woll not be awt faced,  
He says besayd that the Pope is Anticrafft,  
Fugered of Iohn hay the seven hedded beast,  
And all awoye religion is but mons inention,  
And with Gods ward is at vtter dissention,  
And a plaguy deel mare af sayk layk talker,  
That ay dar not far may nars hay his yate walke,  
But ay wauid he wer byunt that ay ma wight be whatet.

Tiranny.

He must have a coler his tongue runnes at riat.

Avarice.

What is his name sir John, canst thou tell vs?

Cacon.

Pai sir that ay ken he is cleped Phaillelegoos.

Tiranny.

Wilt thou go show his house where he dwelle?

Cacon.

Pai or els ay wauid may sa wol war in Hell,  
Le de him a pleasure ay wauid gang a whole yeare,

C.

Or

The Conflict of Conscience

Wit it war but te make him a Jadocke te heare.

Tyranny.

Go with vs Auarice and heare vs company.

Auarice.

Pay, if you go hence I will not here tary.

Hypocrisie.

Alway sirs in your busines in a corner do not lurke,

That my Lord Legate, when he comes may haue worke.

Tyranny.

Come on let vs go together sir John.

Cacon.

By fall follow after, God boy you god Gentleman.

Hypocrisie.

Farewell, three false knaves, as betwene this and London.

Tyranny.

What sayst thou? Hip. As honest men as y three Kings of Colom.

This gear goes round if that we had a fiddle:

Execur. Tyr.

Pay, I must sing to, heigh very very very.

Auar. Cacon.

I can do but laugh my hart is so merry,

I wilbe minstrel my selfe heigh dible dible dible,

But lay there a strawe I began to be wery:

But harke I here a trampling of fete,

It is my Lord Legate I will him go mete.

Acte fourth. Scene .i.

CAR. HYPO. AVA. TYR. PHILLO.

God to Master Zeale, bring forth that Heretike,  
Which doth thus disturbe our religion Catholicke.

Hypocrisie.

Knowm for my Lords grace: what no maner reverence,  
But Cap on head Hodge, and that in a Lords presence.

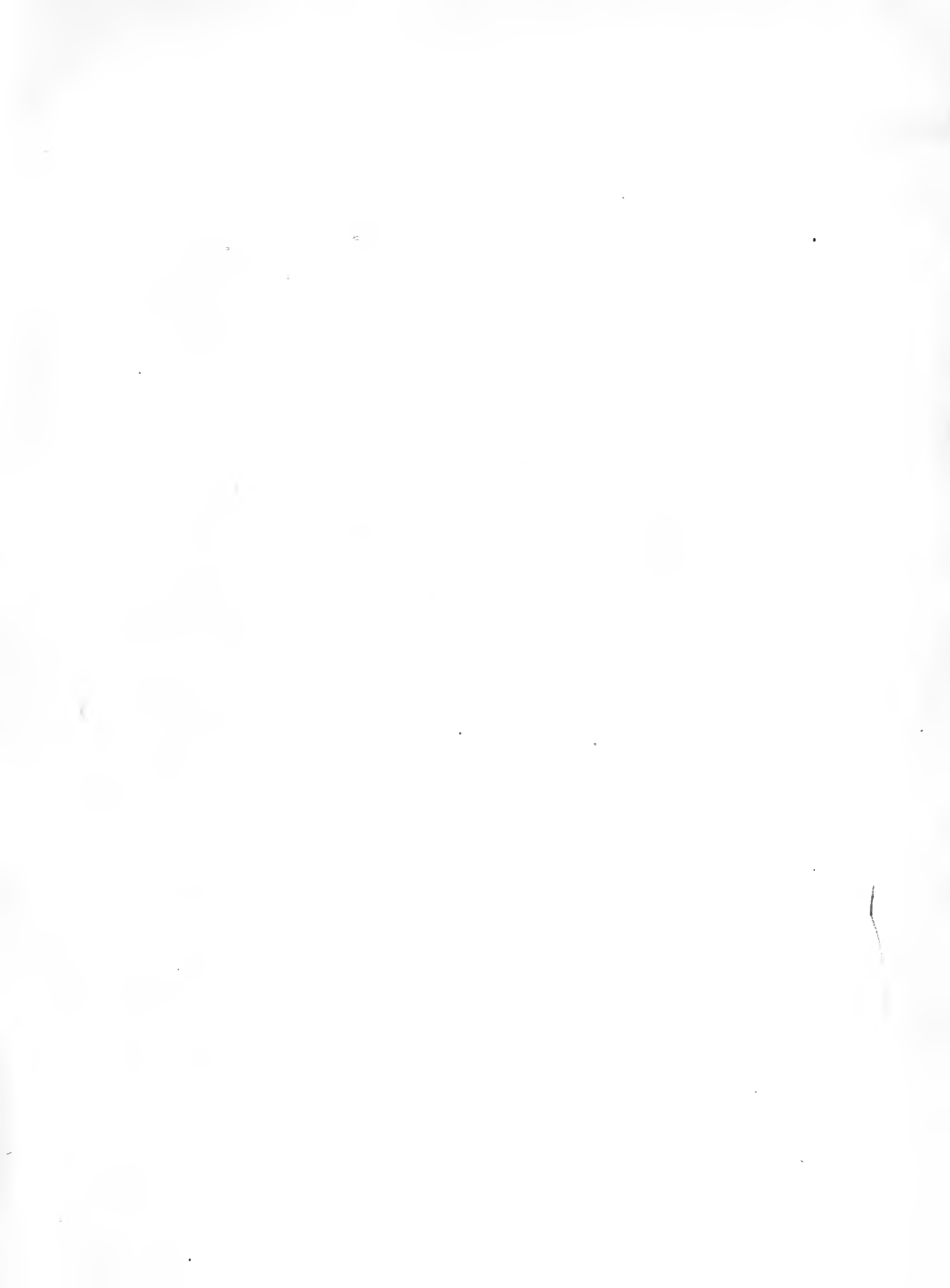
Cardinall.

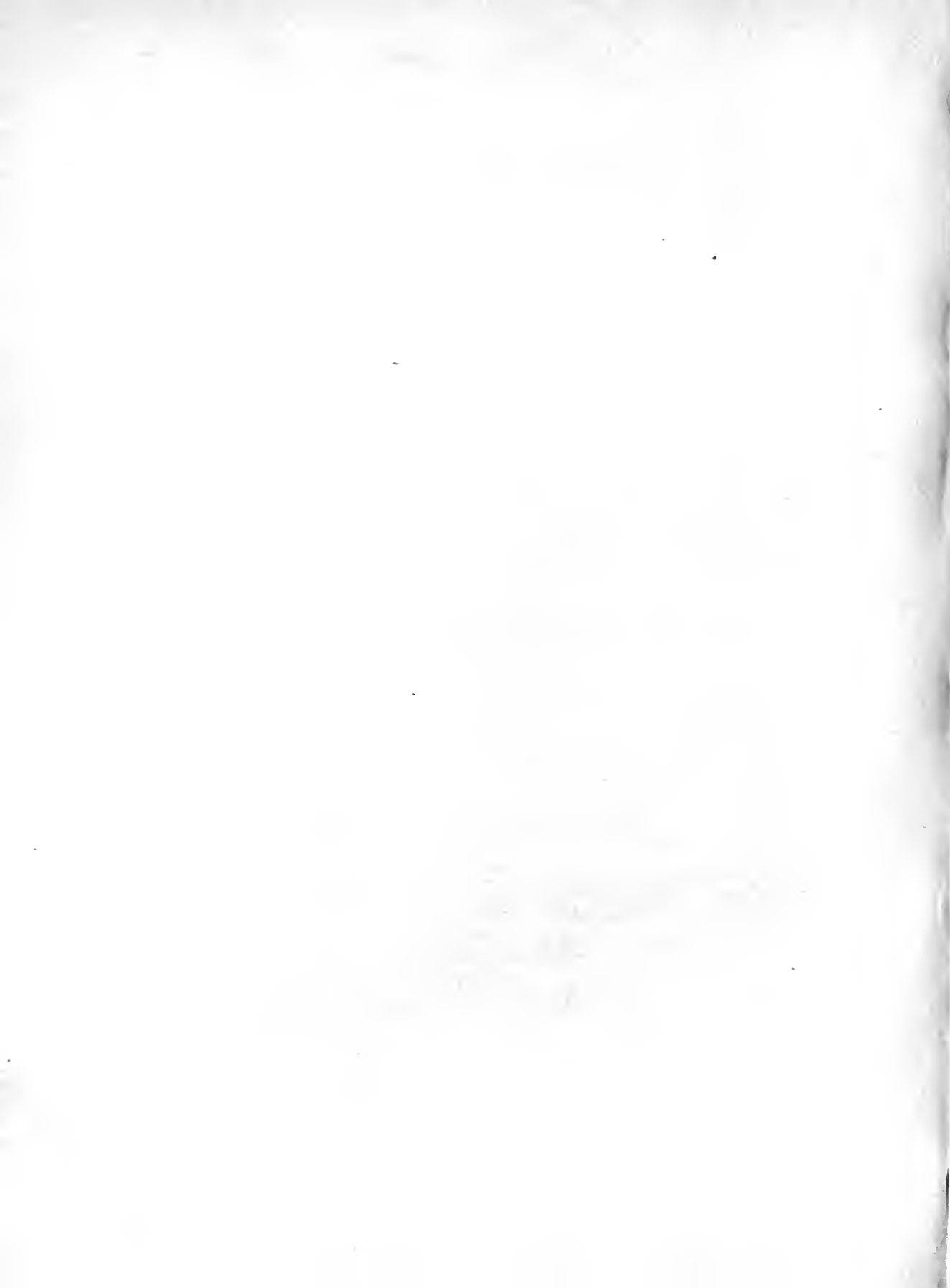
What? Master Hypocrisie I haue stayed for you long.

Hypocrisie.

You were best crold in and play vs amonge.

Cardin all





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Cardinall.

Where haue you ben from me so long absent,  
I appoynted to haue ben here thre howres ago,  
In my confissoy to haue set in Iudgement,  
Of that wretched Scismatike that doth trouble vs so,  
Hypocrisie.

What haue you caught but one and no moe?  
In sayth father Auarice, you haue plied your chaps well,  
Auarice.

I must needs confesse that I am payd foꝛ my trauell,  
Tyranny.

Rotome foꝛ the prisoner, what: rotome on ech hand,  
Oꝛ I shall make some out of the way foꝛ to stand,  
Lo heere (my Loꝛd) is that seditious Scismatike,  
That we haue layd waife foꝛ, an arrant Heretike.  
Cardinall.

Sit downe Pastor Hypocrisie to yeld me assistance,  
Hypocrisie.

I thank your Lordship foꝛ your courteous beneuolence,  
I wilbe the pody, I should say the pofary,  
To wright befoꝛe my Loꝛd Legate which is Comissary,  
Cardinall.

Ah sirra, be you he that doeth thus disturb,  
The whole estate of our sayth Catholike?  
Art thou so erpert in Gods lawes and woꝛd,  
That no man may learne thee? thou arrant Heretike:  
But this is the nature of euery Scismatike:  
Be his erroꝛs neuer so false Doctrine,  
He will say, by Gods woꝛd, he dare it examine.  
Philologus.

With humble submission to your authozitie,  
I pardon craue if ought amisse I saye,  
Foꝛ being thus set in perill and extreamitte,  
To me vnaquainted, my tongue sone trip maye,  
Wherefoꝛ excuse me, I do your Lordship praye,  
And I will answere to euery demaund,  
According to my conscience, Goddes woꝛde being my warrand.

C. y.

Cardinall.

## The Conflict of Conscience,

Cardinall.

To begin therfore orderly, how saist thou Philologus?  
Hane I authoritie to call the me before?  
Or to be short, I will object it thus:  
Whether hath the Pope which is Peters successour:  
Then all other Bishops preheminence more?  
If not, then it follow that neither he,  
Nor I which am his Legate, to accompts may call thee.  
Philologus.

The question is perillous for me to determine,  
Chiefely when the party is Judge in the cause,  
Yet if the wholl course of Scripture ye examine,  
And wilbe tryed by Gods holy lawes,  
Small help shall you finde to defend the same cause,  
But the contrary may be proued manifestly:  
As I in short wordes will proue to you briefly.

The surest ground wheron your Pope doth stand:  
Is of Peters being at Rome a strong imagination,  
And the same Peter you do vnderstand,  
Of all the Disciples had the gubernation,  
Surmising both without gods approbation:  
Unlessse you will by the name of Babylon,  
From whence Peter wrote is vnderstanded Rome:

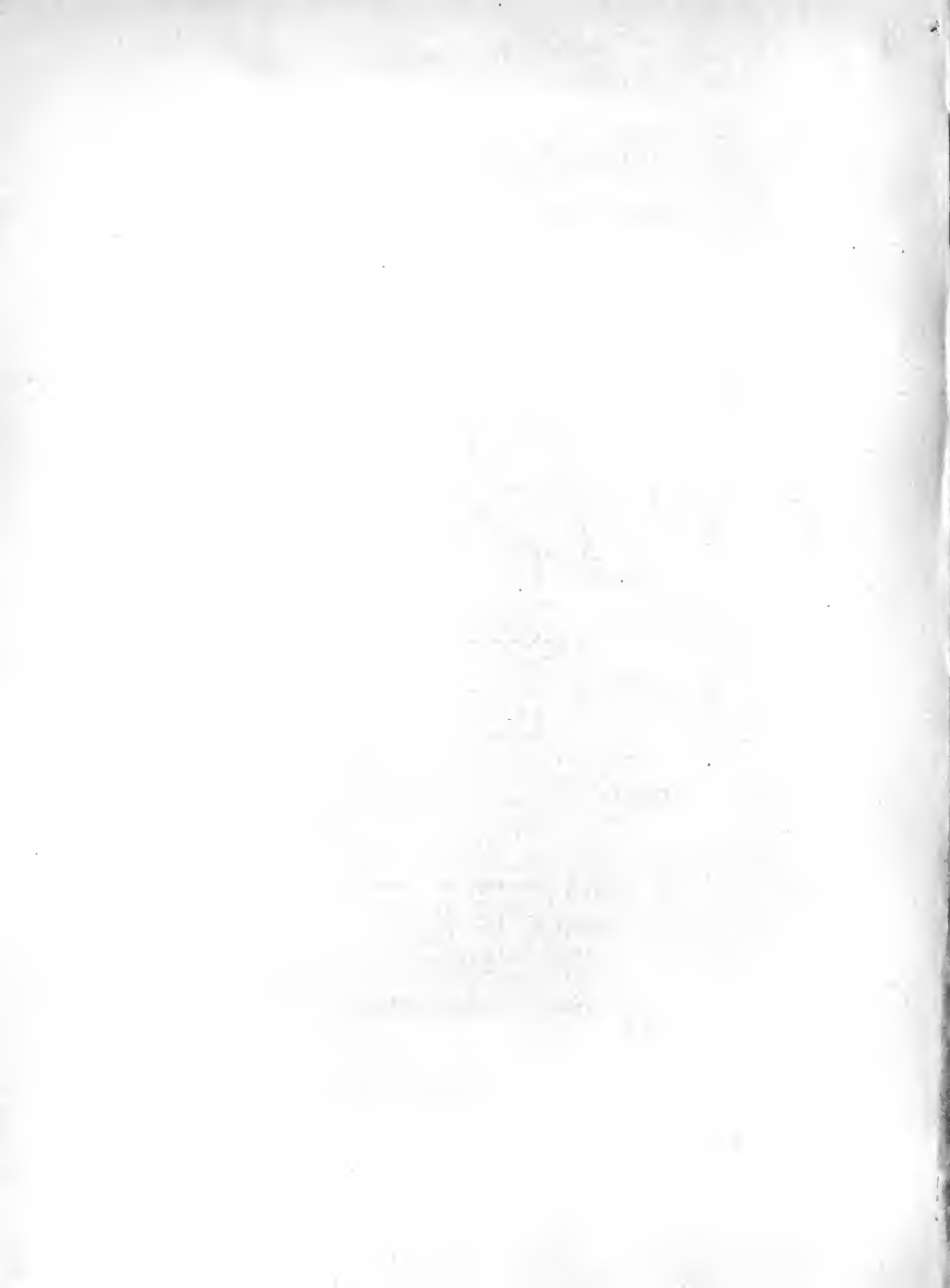
As indeed diuers of your wyters haue affirmed,  
Reciting Ieromy, Auſtine, Primalius and Ambrose,  
Who by their generall writings haue confirmed:  
That Rome is new Babylon I may it not gloſe,  
But it were better for you they were dumbe I suppose,  
For they labour to proue Rome by that acception:  
The whoze of Babilon spoke of in the Revelation.

But graunt that Peter in Rome settled was,  
Yet that he was cheefe, it remainys you to proue:  
For in my Iudgement it is a playne case,  
That if any amongst them to rule it did behoue,  
He should be cheefe whom Christ most did loue:  
To whom he bequeathed his mother most deere,  
To whom in reuelation Christ did also appeere.

I mean







The Conflict of Conscience. 11

I meane Iohn Euangelist (by birth) Cousin germaine,  
To our Saviour Christ as they do vs tell,  
From whole succession if that you should clayme  
Superioritie, you should mend your cause well,  
For then of some likelyhood of truth it should smell,  
Where none so often as Peter was reponed,  
For from steadfast faith so often tymes remoued,

But graunt all were true herein you do sayne,  
Marke one proper lesson of a Greeke Oratour:  
As a good childe of his fathers welth is inheritour,  
So of his fathers vertues he must be possessour,

How Peter folowes Christ and al worldly goods forsakes  
But the Pope leaueth Christ, & himsele to glozy takes:

And to be thort Christ himsele refused to be a Kinge,  
And the seruant aboue the Master may not be,  
Which being both true it is a strange thing,  
How the Pope can receiue this pompe and dignitie,  
And yet professe himsele Christs seruant to be,  
Christ wilbe no King, the Pope wilbe more,  
The Pope is Christs Master not his seruant therefore.

Cardinall.

Ah thou arrant Heretike I will thee remember,  
I am glad I know so much as I do,  
I haue wayed thy reasons and haue found them so slender  
That I thinke them not worthy to be answered:  
How say you Master Hipocrisy? HIP. I also thinke so,  
But let him go forwarde and vtter his conscience,  
And we will awhile longer here him with patience.

Cardinall.

Say on thou Heretike of the holy Sacrament,  
Of the body and blood of Christ, what is thine opinion?

Philologus.

I haue not yet finished my former argument.

Cardinall.

Say on as I bid thee, thou art a stoute Opinion:

Philologus.

I shall then gladly: it is a signe of vnion,

The

## The Confusion of Conscience.

The which should remaine vs Christians among,  
That one should loue another all our life long:

For as the bread is of many Cornells compounded,  
And the Wine from the Juice of many Grapes do discond,  
So we which into Christ our Rocke are ingrounded:  
As into one Temple, should cease to contend:  
Least by our contention the Church we offend,  
This was not the least cause among many moze,

Which are now omitted that this Sacrament was geuen for,  
The chiefest cause why this Sacrament was ordained,  
Was the infirmite of our outwarde man:  
Whereas Saluation to all men was proclaymed,

That with true fayth apprehend the same can,  
By the death of Iesus Christ that immaculate Lambe,  
That the same might the rather of all men be beleued,  
To the word to ad a Sacrament, is Christ nothing graued

And as we the rather beleue that thing true,  
For the tryall whereof moze witnesses we finde,  
So by the meanes of the Sacrament many grie  
Belauing creature, where before they were blynde,  
For our senses some sauour of our fayth now do finde,  
Because in the Sacrament there is this Analogy:  
That Christ feedes our soules as the bread doth our body.

Ab thou soul Heretike, is there bread in the Sacrament:  
Where is Christes body then which he did vs giue:  
Philologus.

I know to the faythfull receiuer it is there present:  
But yet the bread remaineth til I stedfastly beleue,  
Cardinal.

To here these his errors it doth me greatly graue:  
But that we may shortly to some illue come,  
In what sence sayd Christ, Hoc est Corpus meum:  
Philologus.

Euen in the same sence that he sayd before:  
Vos estis fall terræ, vos estis Lux mundi:  
Ego sum ostium: and a hundreth such moze,  
If tyme





The Conflict of Conscience.

If tyme would permit to alleadge them severally  
But that I may the simple sorte edifie

You aske me in what sense these wordes I saye

Where Christ of the bread sayd : this is my body

For answere herein, I aske you this question

Where Christes disciples into salt transformed

When he sayd: ye are the salt of the earth every one

When the light of the world he them affirmed

When he sayd: when he confirmed, it was shewd out to  
to be a Wine did his body then change

If not then, why now this some seemeth strange

Why dost thou doubt of Christ his omnipotent power

But what to he willeth doth he come to passe

God keepe me and all men from such a frenche

As to thinke any thing Christes power to surpasse

When his will to his power ioyned was

But where his will wanted his power is bested all

As Christ can be no lyer, God cannot be mortalle

Set downe therefore some profe of his will

That he would he made bread, and then I recant

This Caytif, myne cares with winde he doth fill :

His wordes both truely and reason doth want

Christes word is his will, this must thou needs graunte

He spake the word like wylde, when he said: I am the bread

Whas his body transformed into when he sayd: this is my body

Pay if thou best obstinate I will say no more

Have him hence to prison and keepe him full sure

I will make him set by my friendship more store

But herest thou Zeale, go first and procure

Some kinde of new torment which he may not endure

Tiranny

I am here in redines to do your commaundments

And

And

The Conflict of Conscience.

And will returne hither agayne incontinent.

Hypocrisie.

At thy returne, bring hether Sensuall Suggestion.

That if néede be, he may vs assist;

Least that both I, and Carefull prouision,

The zeale of Philologus, may not fully rest.

But he in his obstinacie doth still persist,

To put him to death, would accuse vs of Tyranny:

But if we could win him, he should do vs much honesty.

Tyranny.

I heare you, and will fulfill your wordes speedely.

Hypocrisie.

Exit Tyrann.

God Maister Philologus, I pittie your case,

To see you so solyly, your selfe to vnderstande;

I durst yet promys to purchase you grace,

If you would (at length) your errorrs forgoe;

Therefore, I pray you, be not your owne foe.

Philologus.

Call you those Errorrs, whiche the Gospell defends,

I know not then, whence true Doctrine descends.

Cardinall.

Say, Maister Hypocrisie, you spend tyme in vaine.

To reason with him, he will not be remoued,

Auarice.

Had I so much to liue by as he hath certayne,

I would not lose that which I so well loue.

Cardinall.

He stands in his reputation, he will not be reponed;

And that is the cause that he is so obstinate:

But I shall well enough thy cozage abate.

Philologus.

I humbly beseeche you of Christian charitie,

You seeke not of purpose my bloud for to spill;

For if I haue displeas'd your authoritie,

In reasonable causes redresse it I will,

But in this respect I feare I should kill

My soull for euer: If against my conscience

I should







## The Conflict of Conscience

I should to the Popes lawes acknowledge Obedience.

Hypocrisie.

Cease from those wordes, if your safetie you loue:

As though no man had a soule moze then you:

Suche rips (perchance) my Lords patience wpll moue;

When would you please him, if that you wilt hote:

But, if you wpll be ruled, (by my honestie) I wote,

I will do the best herein that I can:

Because you seeme to be a good Gentleman.

Auarice.

Were it not better for you to lyue at ease?

And spend that merely, whiche earst you haue got,

Then by your owne follie, your selfe to disease?

And bying you to trouble, whiche other men seeke not.

Hypocrisie.

In faith, Philologus, your zeale is to hote,

Whiche wpll not be quenched, but with your hart blood,

If I were so zealous, I would thinke my selfe wode.

Cardinall.

Truly, it wpll not be, he thinke we do but test,

Wherfore, that some tryall of my minde, he may haue,

That Carefull Prouision, should goe, I thinke best,

Into the towne, and there, assistance craue,

His House for to enter, and his Goods for me saue:

Least, when his wife know, that they be confiscate,

Into other mens keeping, the same she doth dissipate.

Hypocrisie.

You speake very wisely, in my simple Iudgement,

Wherfore, you were best to sende him away.

Cardinall.

Go to, Carefull Prouision, depart incontinent,

And fulfill the wordes, whiche I to you say,

Auarice.

Of pardon herem, I do your Lordshipp pray,

You doubt not I trust, of my wplyng minde,

Whiche herein most redy, you alway shall finde.

For who is moze redy, by frailtye to purloigne,

F. i.

Other

**The Conscience of Conscience,**

Other mens goods that I would have  
But least some man at mee should chaunce to faile,  
And kill mee at once I greatly do feare,  
I had rather perswade him his folly to heare.

Cardinall.  
Proue then if thou canst do him any good,  
He shall not say that we seek his blood,  
Auarice.

Ah maister Philologus, you see your owne case,  
That both life and goods are in my Lords will,  
Therefore you were best to sue for some grace,  
And be content his wordes to fulfill:  
If you neglect this, hence straight way I will,  
And all your goods I will sure confiscate,  
Then will you repent, if when it is to late.

Philologus.  
My case indeede I see most miserable,  
As was Sufanna betwixt two euill places,  
Either to consent to sinne most abhominable:  
Or els in the worldes sight to be utterly disgraced:  
But as she her chastitie at that time embraced,  
So will I now spirituall whoredom resist,  
And keepe mee a true Virgin to my louing spouse. Christ.

Auarice.  
Wilt thou then neglect the prouision of thy household?  
Thou art therfore worse then an Infybell is.  
Philologus.

That you abuse Gods word, to say I dare be bold:  
And the saying of Paule you interpret amisse.  
Cardinall.

I neuer saw the like heretick that this is:  
A way Carefull Prouision, about your businesse,  
Auarice.

With there is no remedie, I am here in redinesse.  
Philologus. Exit Aua.

I beseeche your Lordship euen from the hart rote,  
That you would buye these for my contentation,  
Lo





The Conflict of Conscience

To approue vnto mee by Gods holy word  
Some one of the questions of our disputations  
For I will heere you with hartes delectation  
Because I would gladly to your doctrine consent  
If that I could so my conscience content  
But my Conscience cryeth out and bids me take heed  
To loue my lord God above all earthly gaine  
Wherby all this while, I stande in great dread  
That if I should Gods Statutes vnbaine  
In wretched case then I should remaine  
Thus cryeth my Conscience, to mee continually  
Which if you can say, I will yelde to you gladly

Cardinall

I can say nomore, then I haue done already,  
Whou hearest that I called the heretick and sole;  
If thou wilt not consent to me, and that specially  
With a new maister, thou shalt goe to houle;

Hypocrite

Thou hast no more wit, I see then this houle,  
Farre vnfit to dispute, or reason with my houle,  
He can subdue thee, with fire & sword, quight w one word

Tyranny

Come, follow apace, sensual Suggestion,  
Or els I will leaue you to come all alone

Suggestion

You go in hast, you make exposition,  
Say, if you runne so fast I wil none  
This litle iournay, will make me so greene  
I vse not to trouble my selfe in this wise

Tyranny

And now to begyne, I do not aduise:  
Haue not I plyed mee, which am come againe to some,

And yet haue finished such sundry busynesse  
I haue caused many pretie toyes to be done  
So that now I haue eche thing in readynesse

Cardinall

What maister Zeale, you are made worthy doubtles

The Confid of Conscience, II

Art thou prepared this gentleman to receive  
He will roste a fagot, or else he will receive  
Tyranny.

In simple manner I will him entertaine,  
Yet must he take it all in god parte,  
And though his diet be small, he may not disdain,  
No; yet condemne the kindenes of my heart,  
For though I lacke instruments, to put him to smart,  
Yet shall he abide in a hellish blacke dungeon:  
As for blocks, stocks & irons, I warrant him want none.

Hypocrisie.

Well, farewell Philologus, you heare of your lodging,  
I would yet do you good, if that I will holwe.

Cardinall.

Let him go Hypocrisie, stand not all day dodging,  
You haue don to much for him, I make God abowe.

Hypocrisie.

Staye, for Suggestion doth come ponder nowe,  
Come on lase Iubber, you make but small haste,  
Had you staid a while longer, your churche had ben waste.

Suggestion.

You know of my selfe, I am not very quicke,  
Because that my body I do so much tender,  
For senshall Suggestion, will quickely be sicke  
If that his owne ease he should not remember:  
Thus one cause of my tarraunce to you I do render,  
Another I had, as I came by the waye:  
Which did me the longer from your company staye.

Hypocrisie.

What was that Suggestion, I praye thee to be better,  
For I am with child, till that I do it heare.

Suggestion.

A certaine gentlewoman, did mourne, and murther,  
And for graue of minde, her hayze she did teare:  
Shee will at last kill her selfe, I greatly do feare.

Hypocrisie.

What is the cause why this gentlewoman doth teare?

Suggestion.







## The Conflict of Conscience.

**Suggestion.**  
Because her Husband her company did forsake :  
Her children also about her did stand,  
Sobbing, and sighing, and made lamentation :  
Knocking their breasts, and wringing their hand :  
Saying, they are brought to utter desolation,  
By the meanes of their fathers wilfull protestation,  
Whose godes they saye, are already confiscate,  
Because he doth the Popes lawes violate,  
And indeed I sawe Avarice standing at the doore,  
And a company of Russians assisting him there.

**Philologus.**  
Alas alas, this pincheth my heart full soze,  
Myne evils he doth declare, myne owne wo, I do heare,  
Wherefoze from teares, I cannot soebeare.

**Hypocrisie.**  
Ha ha, doth this touch you, Master Philologus,  
You neede not haue had it, beinge rulde by vs.

**Suggestion.**  
Why? what is he, thus, Master Hypocrisie,  
That taketh such sorow at the wordes which I spake,  
**Hypocrisie.**

One that is taken, and convinced of Heresie,  
And I feare me much, will burne at a stake,  
Yet to reclayme him, much paynes would I take,  
And haue don already, howbeit in vayne,  
I would craue thine assistance, were it not to thy payne,

**Suggestion.**  
I will do the best herein that I can,  
Yet go thou with me, to helpe at a neede,  
With all my heart, God saue you, god gentleman,  
To see your great sorow, my heart doeth welnighly bleede :  
But what is the cause of your trouble and vjæder?  
Disdaine not to me your secrets to tell :  
A wise man sometime, of a fool may take counsell.

**Philologus.**  
Myne estate (alas) is now most lamentable,

The Conflict of Conscience

For I am but deade, which ever side I take, you?  
Neither to determine here, it can I able,  
With god advice mine election to make,  
The worse to refuse, and the best for to take,  
By Spirit couites the one, but alas since your presence,  
By flesh leads my spirit therefore by violence,  
For at this time, I being in great extremitie,  
Either my Lord God in hart to reject,  
Or els to be oppressed by the Legates auctoritie:  
And in this world to be counted an abject,  
My Landes, wife and Children also to neglect,  
This later part to take, my spirit is in readinesse,  
But my flesh doth subdue, my spirit doubtlesse;

Suggestion:  
Your estate perhaps, seemeth to you dangerous,  
The rather because you have not bene blessed,  
To incurre before time, such troubles perillous,  
But to your power such evils have refused,  
Howbeit of two evils, the least must be chused;

Now which is the least will, you the examine,  
That which part to take, your selfe may determine,  
On y right hand you say, you see gods iust iudgment,  
His wrath and displeasure, on you for to fall,  
And in steede of the ioyes of Heauen, evre permanent,  
You see for your stipend, the tormentes infernall;

Philologus:  
That is it indeed, which I feare most of all,  
For Christ said, feare not them, which the body can annoy,  
But feare him, which the body and soule can destroy;

Suggestion:  
Well, let that lay aside, at while as it is, and  
And on the other side, take the lyke inquisition,  
If on the left side you fall, then shall you not misse,  
But to bying your body, to vtter perdition:  
For at mans hand, you know there is no remission,  
Beside your Children fatherlesse, your wife desolate,  
Your godes and possessions, to other men committall;

Phi-





## The Conflict of Conscience.

**Saint Paul to the Romanes, hath this worthy sentence:**  
I accept the afflictions of this world transitorie,  
We they neuer so many, in full equiulence:  
Cannot counteruaile those heavenly glorie,  
Which we shal haue through Christ his propitiator.  
I also accept the rebukes of our Saviour,  
Greater gaines to me, then the house full of treasure.

*Suggestion.*

You haue spoken reasonably, but yet as they say,  
One Birde in the hande, is worth two in the bush,  
So you now inioyng, these worldly loves may,  
Esteeme the other, as light as a ruffe.  
Thus may you scape this petrillous path.

*Philologus.*

Yea, but my saluation to mee is most certaine,  
Neither doubt I, that I shall suffer this in vaine.

*Suggestion.*

Is your death meritorious, then in Gods sight,  
That you are so sure, to attaine to saluation,  
I do not think so, but my faith is full sight.

*Philologus.*

In the mercies of God, by Christ his mediation,  
By whom I am sure of my preservation.

*Suggestion.*

Then to the faithfull, no hurt can accrete,  
But what so he worketh, god end shall insue.

*Philologus.*

Our Saviour Christ, did say to the tempter,  
When he did perswade him, from the Pinnacle to fall,  
And saide, he might safely, that danger aduenture:  
Because that Gods Angels, from hurt him saue shall:  
See that thy Lord God, thou tempt not at all:  
So I, though perswaded, of my sinnes free remission,  
May not commit sin, vpon this presumption.

*Cardinall.*

What haue you not yet done, your folysh tattelings.

With

## The Conflict of Conscience.

With that stowarde heretick, I will then away,  
If you will trowe to heare all his prattelyng,  
He would surely keepe you most part of the day:  
It is now high dinner time my stomack doth say:  
And I will not lose one meale of my diet,  
Though thereon did hang an hundred mens quiet.

Suggestion: *no se acclader est tyranus esse*

By your Lordships patience, one word with him moze,  
And then if he will not, I geue him to Tyranny.

Hypocrisie. *no se acclader est tyranus esse*

I neuer saw my Lord so patient before,  
So suffice one to speake for himselfe so quietly,  
But you were not best to trust to his curtesie:  
It is euill waking of a Dog that doth sleepe,  
While you haue his friendship, you were best it to keepe.

Cardinal. *no se acclader est tyranus esse*

I promise thee Philologus, by my bowd chastite,  
If thou wilt be ruled by thy friendes that be here,  
Thou shalt abound in wealth and prosperitie:  
And in the Countrie chiefe rule thou shalt beare,  
And a hundred pounds moze thou shalt haue in the yere:  
If thou wilt this curtesie refuse,  
Thou shalt die incontinent, the one of these chuse.

Suggestion. *no se acclader est tyranus esse*

Well sith it is no time, for vs to debate,  
In former maner what is in my minde:  
I will at once to thee straight demonstrate,  
Those wo:ldly ioyes, which here thou shalt finde:  
And for because thou art partly blinde,  
In this respect loke through this mir:our,  
And thou shalt behold an vnspeakeable pleasure.

Philologus. *no se acclader est tyranus esse*

Oh peerlesse pleasures, oh ioyes vnspeakeable,  
Oh w:ldly wealth, oh pallaces gorgeous,  
Oh faire Childzen, oh wise most amyable:  
Oh pleasant pastime, oh pompe so glozious,  
Oh delicate diet, oh lyfe lasciuious:

Oh







## The Conflict of Conscience.

Oh dolorous death which would mee betray,  
And my felicitie from mee take away,  
I am fully resolved without further demaund,  
In these delights to take my whole solace,  
And what paine so euer hereby I incurre,  
Whether heauen or hell, whether Gods wrath or grace,  
This glasse of delight I will euer embrace,  
But one thing most chiesly doth trouble mee here,  
My neighbors vnconstant will compt mee I feare.

### Hypocrisie.

He that will seeke eche man to content,  
Shall proue him selfe at last most vncontent,  
Your selfe to saue harmlesse think it sufficient,  
And waigh not the peoples clamorous outcries,  
Yet there mouthes to stop I can some deuise:  
Say that the reading of the woorkes of S. Helstone,  
And doctoꝝ Ambition did your errors remoue.

And harke in myne eare delay no moze time,  
The sooner the better in ende you will say,  
We haue now caught him as a Bird is in line.

### Tyranny.

Come on sirs haue ye done, I would faine a way.

### Hypocrisie.

Goe euen when you will, we doe you not staine,  
Philologus hath drunk such a draught of Hypocrisie,  
That he minds not to die yet he wil master this malady.

### Cardinall.

Come on master Philologus, are you growne to a stay,  
I am glad to heare that you become tractable.

### Philologus.

If it please your Lordship, I say euen what you say,  
And confesse your religion to be most allowable,  
Neither will I gainesay your customes lawdable,  
My former follyes I vterly renounce,  
That my selfe was an Heretick I doe here pronounce.

Ca.

## The Conflict of Conscience,

Cardinall.

Pay Master Philologus, goe with mee to my Pallace  
And I shall set downe the forme of recantation,  
Which you shall reade on Sunday next, in open place:  
This done, you shall satisfie our expectation,  
And shall be set free, from all molestation:  
Into the bosome of the Church, we will you take,  
And some high officer, therein will you make.

Philologus.

I must first request your Lordships favour,  
That I may goe home, my wife for to see,  
And I will attend on you, within this howre.

Cardinall.

Pay I may not suffer, you alone to goe free,  
Unlesse one of these, your suretie will be:

Suggestion.

I sensuall Suggestion, for him will undertake,

Cardinall.

Merie well take him to you, your pisoner I him make.  
Come you maister Hypocrisie, and heare mee companie,  
Or els I am sure no meate I should eate,  
And goe befoze Zeale, to see ech thing ready:  
That when we once come, we stay not for meate:

Hypocrisie.

With small suite hereto, you shall mee intreate.

Cardinall.

Exit Tyr.

Farewell Philologus, and make small delay,  
Perhaps of our dinners, for you I will steale,

Exit

Suggestion.

Car. & Hyp

Had not you bene a wise man, your selfe to haue lost,  
And brought your whole family to wretched estate,  
Where now of your blessedness, your selfe you may boast:  
And of all the countrie, account your selfe fortunate,

Philologus.

Such was the wit of my foolish pate,  
But what doe we stay, so long in this place,  
I shall not be well, whilst I am with my Lordes grace.

Acte





The Conflict of Conscience.

Acte fourth. Scene .4.

SPIRIT. PHILO. SVGGES.

**P**hilologus, Philologus, Philologus, I say,  
In time take heede, goe not to farre, loke well thy steps vnto,  
Let not Suggestion of thy flesh, thy Conscience thee betray,  
Who doth conduct thee in the path, that leadeth to all woe:  
Waight well this warning giuen from God, before thou further goe:  
And sell not euerlasting ioyes, for pleasures tempoꝛall,  
From which thou soon shalt goe, or they from thee bereaued shall.

**S**pirit. Philologus,  
Alas, what voice is this I here, so dolefully to sounde,  
Into mine eares, and warneth mee, in time yet to beware,  
Why haue not I the pleasant path, of woꝛldly pleasures sounde,  
To walk therein for my delight, no man shall me debarre.

**S**uggestion.  
Loke in this Glasse Philologus, for nought els do thou rare,  
What dost thou see within the same: is not the Coast all cleare:  
Philologus.  
Paught els but pleasure, pompe, and wealth, herein to mee appeare.

**S**uggestion.  
Giue mee thy hande, I will be guide, and leade thee in the way,  
What dost thou shrink Philologus: where I dare goe before:  
Spirit.

**P**ea, shrinke so still Philologus, no time turne back I say,  
In sensuall Suggestions steppes, see that thou tread no more:  
And though the frailtie of the flesh, hath made the fall full sore:  
And to denye with outward lyps, thy Lord and God most deare,  
The same to stablish with consent, of Conscience, stand in feare:  
Thou art yet free Philologus, all torments thou maist scape,  
Onely the pleasures of the woꝛld, thou shalt awhile forbear,  
Renounce thy crime, and sue for grace, and do not captiuat  
Thy Conscience vnto mortall sinne, the yoke of Christ do beare,  
Shut vp these wordes within thy breast, which sound so in thine eare:  
The outwarde man hath caused thee, this enterpryse to take,

G. y.

Beware

The Conflit of Conscience,

Beware least wickednesse of spirit, the same doe perfect make.

Philologus.

My hart doth tremble for distress, my conscience picks me sore  
And bid mee cease that course in time, which I would gladly runne  
The wrath of God it doth mee tell, doth stand my face before:  
Wherefore, I hold it best to cease that race I haue begun.

Suggestion.

These are but fantasies certainly, for this way thou shalt shun  
All worldly pleasures here in thy Glasse and tell me what it shew,  
Thou wilt not credit other men, before thy selfe I trow.

Philologus.

O glad some Glasse, oh mirour bright, oh cristall cleare as sun  
The ioyes cannot be vttered, which herein I beholde,  
Wherefore I will not cease to take what euill so ever come.

Spirit.

It needs thou wilt thy selfe vnder, say not, but thou arte tolde:

Philologus.

Hap, what hap will, I will not lose these pleasures manyfolde  
Wherefore vnder mine once againe, here take me by the hande.

Suggestion.

That sensuall Suggestion doth leade him vnderstand,

Acte fourth Scape.

CONSCI. PHILO. SVGGES.

Alas, alas, thou wofull wight, what furie doth thee moue?  
So willingly to cast thy selfe into consuming fyre,  
What Circes hath bewitched thee, thy worldly wealth to lone  
More then the blessed state of Soule, this one thing I desire:  
Watch wel the cause with sincere hart, thy Conscience thee require  
And sell not euerlasting ioyes, for pleasures temporall,  
Resist Suggestion of the flesh, who seeks thee for to spoile:  
From which thou soon shalt goe, or they from thee bereaued shall:  
And take from thee which God elect, true euerlasting soyle.







## The Conflict of Conscience.

See where confusion doth attend, to catch thee in his snare,  
Whose handes, if that thou goest on still, thou shalt no way eschew  
Philologus.

What wight art thou? which for my health, dost take such ear?  
Conscience. (nest care?)

Thy crased Conscience, which forsa, the plagues & torments due,  
Which from iust Judge, whom thou denyest shal by and by insue:  
Suggestion.

Thou hast god triall of the faith, which I to thee do beare,  
Commit thy safete to my charge, there is no daunger nere.  
Conscience.

Such is the blindnesse of the flesh, that it may not deserue,  
Doe see the perills which the Soule, is ready to incurre:  
And much the lesse, our owne estates, we can our selues espie:  
Because Suggestion in our hartes, such fancies often stirre:  
Wherby to worldly vanities, we cleave as fast as burr:  
Esteeming them with heavenly ioyes, in godnesse comparable,  
Yet be they mostly very prickers, to sinne abhominable.

For profe we neede no further goe, then to this present man,  
Who by the blessing of the Lorde, of riches hauing store,  
When with his hart to fancy them, this worldyng once began:  
And had this Glasse of vanyties espied, his eyes before,  
He God forsooke, whereas he ought haue loued him the more:  
And choseth rather with his goddes, to be throwne downe to hell,  
Then by refusing of the same, with God in heauen to dwell.  
Suggestion.

Pay harken Philologus, how thy conscience can teache,  
And would deceyue thee with glosinges vntrue:  
But hearest thou Conscience, thou maest long inough preache,  
Care wordes, from whence reason or trueth none ensue,  
Shall make Philologus to bid mee adue.

What shall there no rich man dwell in Gods kingdome?  
where is then Abraham, Iob, and Dauid become?

Conscience.

I speake not largelye of all them, which haue this worldly wealth,  
For why, I know that riches are the creatures of the Lorde:

C. ij.

Which

## The Conflict of Conscience.

Which of themselves, are good ech one, as Salamon vs telleth,  
And are appoynted to do good withall, by Gods owne word,  
But when they let vs from the Lord, then ought they be abhord :  
Which caused Christ himselfe to say, that with much lesser payne,  
Should Camel passe through needles ey, the rich men Heaue obtayn,  
Hereby Rich men, Christ did not mean, ech one which welth enioy  
But those which fastned haue their loue vpon this woorldly dust,  
Wherefoze another cryes, and sayth, oh death, how great anoye  
Doest thou procure vnto that man, which in his goddes doth trust:  
That thou doest this Philologus, thou needes acknowledge must,  
Whereby ech one may easily see, thou takest moze delight,  
In Mundian ioyes, then thou esteemest to be with Angels bright.

Philologus.

This toucheth y quicke, I feele y wound, which if thou canst not cure,  
As maimed in limmes I must retyre, I can no further go.

Suggestion.

This is the grie that Conscience takes against thee I am sure,  
Berause thou vnest those delights, which Conscience may not do,  
And therefore he perswadeth thee, to leaue the same also :  
As did the fore, which caught in snare, and scapt with losse of tayle,  
To cut off theirs, as burthenous, did all the rest counsayll.

Conscience.

In deede I cannot vse, those fond and foolish vanities  
In which the outward part of man doth take so great delight,  
No, neither would I, though to me were geuen that liberty,  
But rather would consume them all to nought, if that I might,  
For if I should delight therein, it were as good a syght,  
As if a man of perfect age, should ride vpon a sicke :  
Or playe with compters in the street, which pastime children lyke,  
But all my ioyes in Heauen remaines, wheras I long to be,  
And so wouldest thou, if that on Christ thy sayth full fastned were,  
For that affection, was in Paull the apostle, we may see,  
The first to the Philippians doth witnes herein beare,  
His words be these : oh would to God disolued that I were,  
And were with Christ, another place his mynde in those words tell,  
We are but straungers all from God, while in this woorld we dwell:  
Pow





## The Conflict of Conscience.

Now marke, how far from his request, dissenting is thy mynde,  
He wisht for death, but more then hell, thou doest the same detest.

Suggestion.

The cause why Paul did loth his lyfe, may easely be assignde :  
Because the Jewes in euery place, did seeke him to molest,  
But those which in this world, obtaine securitie and rest :  
Do take delight to liue therein, yea nature doth indue,  
Ech lyuing creature with a feare, least death should them accrue.  
Yea the same Paul at Antioche, dissembled to be dead,  
While they were gone who sought his lyfe, with stones for to destroy  
Elias for to saue his lyfe, to Horeb likewise fled,  
So did king Dauid flee, when Saul did seeke him to annoy :  
Yea Christ himselfe, whom in our desdes, to followe we may loy,  
Did secretly conuaigh himselfe, from Jewes so full of hate,  
When they thought from the top of hil, him to precipitate.

Wherefore, it is no sinne at all, a man for to defende,  
And keepe himselfe from death, so long as nature giues him leaue.

Conscience.

The same whom you recited haue, conceiued a further end:  
Then to them selues to liue alone, as ech man may perceiue,  
For when that Paul had run his course, he did at last receiue:  
With hartes consent, the final death, which was him put vnto,  
So when Christ had perfourmed his work, he did death vndergoe:  
And would to god, thou wouldest do y, which these men were content,  
For they dispised worldly pomp, their flesh they did subdue,  
And brought it vnder, that to spirit, it mostly did consent :  
Whereby they seeking God to please, did bid the world adue:  
Wife, Childzen, and possessions for taking, for they knew  
That enerlasting treasures were, appointed them at last,  
The which they thirsting, did from them, al worldly pleasures cast.

But thou O wretch doest life prolong, not that thou wouldst gods  
As dutie binds vs all to do, most chiefly gloryfy, (name  
But rather by thy liuing still, wilt Gods renowne defame,  
And more and more dishonor him, this is thy drift I spy .

Philologus.

I meane to liue in worldly loyes, I can it not denye.

Con-

## The Conflict of Conscience.

Conscience.

What are those ioyes, which thou dost meane, but pleasures straying  
By bling of the which, thou shalt prouoke his heauy rod: (frō god:  
Suggestion.

Tush knowest thou what Philologus, be wise thy selfe vnto,  
And listen not to these fond wordes which Conscience to thee tell,  
For thy defence I wyll alleadge one worthy lesson moe:  
Vnto the which I am right sure, he cannot answere well:  
When Dauid by vaine trust in men of warre, from God soze fell,  
And was appointed of thre plagues, the easiest for to chuse,  
He saide Gods mercy easier is to get, then mans as I suppose.

Againe he sayeth among the Psalmes, it better is to trust  
In God, then that our confidence we setle should in man,  
Wherfore, to this which I now say of soze consent thou must:  
That when two euils befoze vs plaske, no way aboide we can:  
Into the hand of God to fal by choyce is lawfull than,  
Because that God is mercyfull, when man no mercy show,  
Thus haue I pleaded in this cause, sufficiently I trow.

Conscience.

How can you say, you trust in God, when as you him forsake,  
And of the wicked Hammon heere, do make your fained frende,  
Po, no, these wordes which you recite against you mostly make:  
For thus he thinks in his destresse, God cannot me defende,  
And therfore by Suggestion fraile, to mans helpe he hath leande,  
Marke who say trueth of him or me, and do him best beleue.

Philologus.

I lyke thy wordes, but that to lose these ioyes it woulde me grieue.

Conscience.

And where Suggestion, telleth thee, that God in mercies slow,  
Pet is he iust times to correct, and true in that he speake,  
Wherfore he sayeth, who so my name, befoze men shall not know,  
I shall not know him, when as Judge I shall sit in my seate.  
This if you call to minde, it will your proude presumption breake,  
Againe he sayeth, who so his lyfe or godes, will seeke to saue,  
Shal lose them all: but who for Christ wil lose them, gaine shall  
Suggestion. (haue

What did not Peter Christ deny, yet mercy did obtaine.

where







The Conflict of Conscience.

Where if he had not, of the Jewes, he should haue tasted death:

Philologus.

Euen so shall I in fract of time, with bitter teares complaine.

Suggestion.

Pea time inough, though thou defferst, vntill thy latest bzeath,

Conscience.

So saieyth Suggestion vnto thee, but Conscience it denyeth,  
And in the ende what so I say, so trueth thou shalt espye,  
And that most false, which Conscience that in secret hart deny.

Philologus.

Oh wretched man, what shall I do? which do so playnly see,  
My flesh and spirit to contende, and that in no small thing,  
But as concernyng the euent, of extreme miserie:  
Which either studie to auoyde, or els vpon me bring,  
And which of them I should best trust, it is a doubtfull thing.  
My Conscience speaketh truth me think, but yet because I feare,  
By his aduice to suffer death, I do his wordes so beare.

And therfore pacify thy selfe, and do not so torment,  
Thy selfe, in vaine I must seeke some meanes for to eschew,  
These griping graces, which vnto me, I see now imminent.  
And therfore will no longer stay, but bid thee now adue.

Conscience.

Oh stay I say Philologus, or els thou wilt it rue.

Philologus.

It is lost labour that thou doest, I will be at a point,  
And to inioye these worldly ioyes, I leoparde will a iont.

Conscience.

Phil. & Sug.

Oh cursed creature, O fraile flesh, O meat for wormes, O dust,  
O blather puffd full of winde, O vainer then these all,  
What cause hast thou in thine owne wit? to haue so great a trust:  
Which of thy selfe canst not espye, the evils which on thee fall,  
The blindnesse of the outward man, Philologus the w shall  
At his returne, vnlesse I can at last, make him relent,  
For why the Lord him to correct, in furious wrath is bent.

Exit Consciencia.

Exit Philologus.

The Conflict of Conscience, 17

Acte. fyfth. Scene. 3:

HYPOCRISIE.

**S**uch chopping cheare, as we haue made, the like hath not bin sene  
 And who so pleasant with my Lorde, as is Philologus,  
 His recantation, he hath made, and is dispatched cleane,  
 Of all the griefes which vnder him, did seeme so dangerouse,  
 Which thing you know, was brought to passe especially by vs,  
 So that Hypocrisie, hath done that, which hath bin intended,  
 That men for worldly wealth, should cease the Gospell to defende:  
 What shall become of suchly sorte, I meane Philologus,  
 In actuall maner, to your eyes, shall represented be,  
 For though as yet, he seemes to be, in state most glorious,  
 He shall not long continue so, eche one of you shall see,  
 But needs I must be packing hence, my fellowes stay for me,  
 Shake handes before we do depart, you shall see me no more,  
 And though Hypocrisie goe away, of hypocrisie here is no more.

Acte. fyfth. Scene. 4

PHILOLOGUS BERTE PAPHIUS

**C**ome on my Children deare to me, and let vs talke staidly,  
 Of worldly goodes, which I haue got and of my pleasant state,  
 Which fortune hath installed in me, who on mee cherely smile,  
 So that into the top of wharfe, she hath mee eleuate,  
 I haue escaped all mishaps, of which my Conscience did praye,  
 And where before I ruled was, as is the common sorte,  
 Now as a Iudge within this Land, I beare a Rulers part,  
 And indeed, good father, we haue cause, to prayse your grante,  
 Who did both save your selfe from woe, and us from begging state,  
 Where if you had persyuered still, as we did feare greatly,  
 Your goods from vs, your Children should, to Legate bene confiscate  
 Our glozious pompes, then, should we haue bene glad for to abate.

Paph.





The Conflict of Conscience

But now, not onely that you had so be, but also have you had your  
such offices, to be by more gaires, you yeare by yeare shall have

Philologus

I was at point, once, very neare, to have bene quite forloine,  
Had not Suggestion of the flesh, from folly, made me captive,  
And set this Glasse of worldly ioyes, my sight and eyes before:

The sight wherof did cause all things, of me to be forsaken,  
I thought I had felicitie, when it I had obtained,  
And to the truth, I too not care, what to my soule betide,  
So long as this prosperitie, and wealth by me abide.

Whilke I was home wards, I went againe, some pastime there to make,  
My whole delight in sport and games, of pleasure I repasted,  
I had not thought of Hell, nor of the paines, that I should see,  
I had not thought of Hell, nor of the paines, that I should see,

My stay thy founray here awhile, I do thee prisoner take,  
I shall abate the pleasures long, to some, thou wilt forsake,

Philologus

What is thy name? whence comest thou? wherfore to me dost thou  
thy name is called Horror, and the name of the wretched

And to correct unpenitents, of God I am assigned,  
And for because thou dost despise, Gods mercy and his grace,  
And wouldst no admonition take, by them that did thee warn,

Neither when Conscience counsaileth thee, thou wouldst his wordes  
who would have had thee true to god, obedience true to learne, and  
so couldst betwene Suggestions trass, Conscience truth discern

Behelde therefore, thou shalt of me another lesson heare,  
Which will thou, nil thou, to torment of Conscience, thou shalt beare

And where thou hast artingished, the holy Spirit of God,  
And made him wery with thy sinnes, which dayly thou hast done,  
He will no longer in thy soule, and spirit make abode,

But with the Graces, which he gave to thee, now is he gone,  
So that to Godwards, by Christs death, enjoying thou hast none,  
The peace of Conscience faded is, in dead wherof, I bring

The Spirit of Sathan, blasphemy, confusion and cursing,  
The Glasse like wise of bannties, which is thine dusky joy,

I will

I will

The Conflict of Conscience,

I will transfoyme into the Glasse of deadly desperation,  
By looking in the which, thou shalt conceiue a great annoy:  
Thus haue I caught thee in thy pride, and brought thee to damnation:  
So that thou art a patterne true, of Gods iust indignation:  
Whereby eche man may warned be, the like sinnes to eschew,  
Least the same toyments they incurre, which in thee they shall view.

Philologus.

O painfull paine of deepe disdain, oh griping græce of hell,  
Oh horro: huge, oh soule suppress, and laine with desperation,  
Oh heape of sinnes, the sum wherof, no man can number well:  
Oh death, oh furious flames of hell, my iust recompensation,  
Oh wretched wight, oh creature curst, oh childe of condemnation,  
Oh angrie God, and merclesse, most fearefull to beholde,  
Oh Christ thou art no Lambe to mee, but Lion fearece and boulds.

Gisbertus.

Alas deare Father, what doth moue and cause you to lament?

Philologus.

My sinnes (alas) which in this Glasse, appeare innumerable,  
For which I shall no pardon get, for God is fully bent:  
In furie so: to punish me, with paines intollerable:  
Neither to call to him so: grace, or pardon am I able,  
My sinne is into death, I seele Christs death doth me no god,  
Neither so: my behouf, did Christ shed his most p:ecious blood.

Paphinitius.

Alas deare Father (alas I say) what sodaine change is this?

Philologus.

I am condemned into hell, these toyments to sustaine.

Gisbartus.

Oh say not so my Father deare, Gods mercy mighty is,

Philologus.

The sentence of the righteous Judge, cannot be cald againe,

Who hath already iudged mee, to euerlasting payne:

Oh that my bodie buried were, that it at rest might be,

Though soule were put in Iudas place, or Carnes extremitie.

Gisbertus.

Oh Brother haue you to the Towne, and sel Theologus,

What sodaine plague and punishment, my Father hath besell,

Paphi-







The Consoler of Conscience.

Paphnitus.

I run in hast, and will request him so; to come with vs.

Gisbertus.

Oh Father, rest your selfe in God, and all thing shalbe well.

Philologus.

Oh dreadfull name, which when I heere, to sigh it mee compell:

God is against mee I perceiue, he is none of my God,  
Unlesse in this, that he will beat, and plague mee with his rod.

And though his mercy doth surpasse, the sinnes of all the worlde,  
Yet shall it not once profit me, or pardon mine offence.

I am refused vtterly, I quite from God am whoold:

My name within the Booke of lyfe, had neuer residence,  
Christ prayed not, Christ suffered not, my sinnes to recompence:

But only for the Lordes elect, of which sort I am none,  
I seele his iustice towards mee, his mercy all is gone:

And to be short, within short space, my small end shall be.

Then shall my soule incurre the paines, of vtter desolation,

And I shall be a president, most horrible to see:

To Gods elect, that they may see, the pyce of aburation.

Gisbertus.

To heere my Fathers dolefull plaints, it bringeth perturbation,  
Unto my soule, but yonder comes, that god Theologus:

Oh welcome sir, and welcome you god maister Eusebius.

Acte. fyfth.

Scene. 2.

THEO. PHI. EUSE. G IS. PAPHI.

**G**od saue you god Philologus, holy be you by Gods grace,

Philologus.

You welcome are, but I (alas) vile wretch, am heere euill found

Eusebius.

What is the chiefest cause (tell vs) of this your doleous case?

Philologus.

Oh would my soule were sunke in hell, so body were in grounde  
That mighte God, now hath his will, who sought mee to confounde.

## The Confession of Conscience.

Theologus.

Oh say not to PHILOLOGUS, for Gods grace is plentious,  
And to forgive the penitent, his mercy is plentious.  
Do you not know that all the earth with mercy doth abound,  
And though the finnes of all the world vpon one man were layde,  
If he did only sparke of grace or mercy once had found,  
His wickednes could not hurt harme: wherefoze be not dismayde,  
Christes death alone fo' all your finnes, a perfect ransome payde:  
God doth not couet sinners death, but rather that he may  
By liuing still, be wail his finnes, and so them put away.  
Consider Peeter who th'w tynes his Maister did denye:  
Pea, with an oath, and that although Christ did him warning giue,  
Which whome before tyme he had l'ued so long familiarly,  
Of whome so many benefites of loue he did receiue,  
Yet when once Peeter his owne fault, did at the last perceiue,  
And did he waille his former crime, with sad and bitter teares,  
Christ by and by did pardon him, the Gospell tolkes heares.

The thers lykewise, and hitelhetes, which neuer had don good,  
But had in mischance spent his dayes, yea, during all his life,  
With lastest breath when he his finnes and wickednes withstode,  
And with iniquities of flesh, his spirit was at wode,  
Whow that one motion of his heart, and powler of true beliefe,  
He was receiued into grace, and all his finnes defaced,  
Christ saying, come in Paradise with me thou shalt be placed.

The hand of God is not abridged, but still he is of myght,  
To pardon them that call to him vnfaignedly for grace,  
Againe, it is Gods propertye, to pardon sinners quight:  
Pray therefore with thy heart to God, here in this open place,  
And from the very rote of heart beswaile to him thy case:  
And I assure thee, God will, on thee his mercy shew,  
Through Iesus Christ, who is with him our aduocate you knowe.

Philologus.

I haue no sayth, the wordes you speake my hart doth not beleue,  
I must confesse that I for sinne, am willy thy wote to hell.

Eusebius.

His monstrous incredulitye, my very heart doth grieue,  
Oh here Philologus, I haue knowne by face and visage well,  
A forse





## The Conflict of Conscience.

A sort of men, which haue bene vert, with Diuels and spirits fell,  
In farre worse state then you are yet, brought into desperation.  
Yet in the ende haue bene reclaimde, by godly exhortation.

Such are the mercies of the Lorde, he will throw downe to hell:  
And yet call backe againe, from thence, as holy Dauid wrightes.

What should then let your trust in God? I pray you to vs tel,  
Sith to forgiue, and do vs good, if chiefly him delightes.

What would not you, that of your sins, he should you cleane acquite?  
How can he once denie to you, one thing you do request?

Which hath already geuen to you, his best beloved Christ.

Lift up your hart in hope therefore, awhile be of god cheare,  
And make access, vnto his seate of grace, by earnest prayer,  
And God will surely you releue with grace, stand not in feare:

Philologus.

I do beleue, that out from God, procede these comfoites faire,  
So do the Diuels, yet of their health, they alway bee dispaire.

They are not written vnto mee, for I woulde faine attaine,

The mercy, and the loue of God, but he doth me disdaine,

How would you haue that man to Ioue, which hath no mouth to eate,  
So more can I Ioue in my soule, which haue no faith at all.

And where you say, that Peter did, of Christ some pardon get,

who in the selfe same sinne, with mee, from God did greatly fall,

why? I cannot, obtaine the same, to you I open shall:

God had respect to him alwaies, and did mee firmly loue,

But I alas, am reprobate, God doth my soule reprobue.

Forouer, I will say with tongue, what to you wyll require,

By harte I feele with blasphemy, and cursing is replete.

Theologus.

Then pray with vs, as Christ vs taught, we do you all desire.

Philologus.

To pray with lips, vnto your God, you shall mee some intreate,

By spirit, to Sathan is in thral, I can it nat thence get:

Eusebius.

God shall renue your spirit againe, pray onely as you can,

And to all of you in the same, we pray ech Christian man.

Philologus.

O God, which dwellest in the Heauens, and art our father deare:

Thy

## The Conflict of Conscience.

Thy holy name throughout the world be ener sanctified,  
The kingdome of thy word and spirit, vpon vs rule might beare,  
Thy will in earth, as by thy saincts in heauen be ratified,  
Our dayly bread, we thee beseech, O Lord for vs prouide,  
Our sinnes remit (Lord vnto vs) as we ech man forgiue,  
Let not tentation vs allayle, in all euill vs releue. Amen.

Theologus.

The Lord be prayed, who hath at length thy spirit mollified,  
These are not tokens vnto vs of your reprobation,  
You moyne with teares, and sue so; grace, wherfoze be certified,  
That God in mercy giueth care, vnto your supplication,  
Wherfoze dispayre not thou at all of thy soules preservation,  
And say not with a desperat heart, that God against thee is,  
He will no doubt, these paynes once past receiue you into blisse.

Philologus.

So, no, my friends, you only heare and see the outward part,  
Which though you thinke they haue don wel, it doeth not at all,  
By lippes haue spouke the wordes in deede, but yet I fele my heart,  
With cursing is replenished, with rancoz, spight, and gall,  
Neither do I your Lord and God, in hart my father call,  
But rather like his holy name so; to blasphemme and curle,  
My state therfoze doth not amend, but ware still worse and worse,  
I am secluded cleane from grace, my heart is hardened quite,  
Wherfoze you do your labour lose, and spend your bryeth in vayne.

Eusebius.

Oh say not so Philologus, but let your heart be pight,  
Vpon the mercyes of the Lord, and I you asserayne,  
Remission of your former sinnes, you shall at last obtayne:  
God hath it sayde (who cannot lye) at whatsoener time  
A sinner shall from heart repent, I will remitt his cryme.

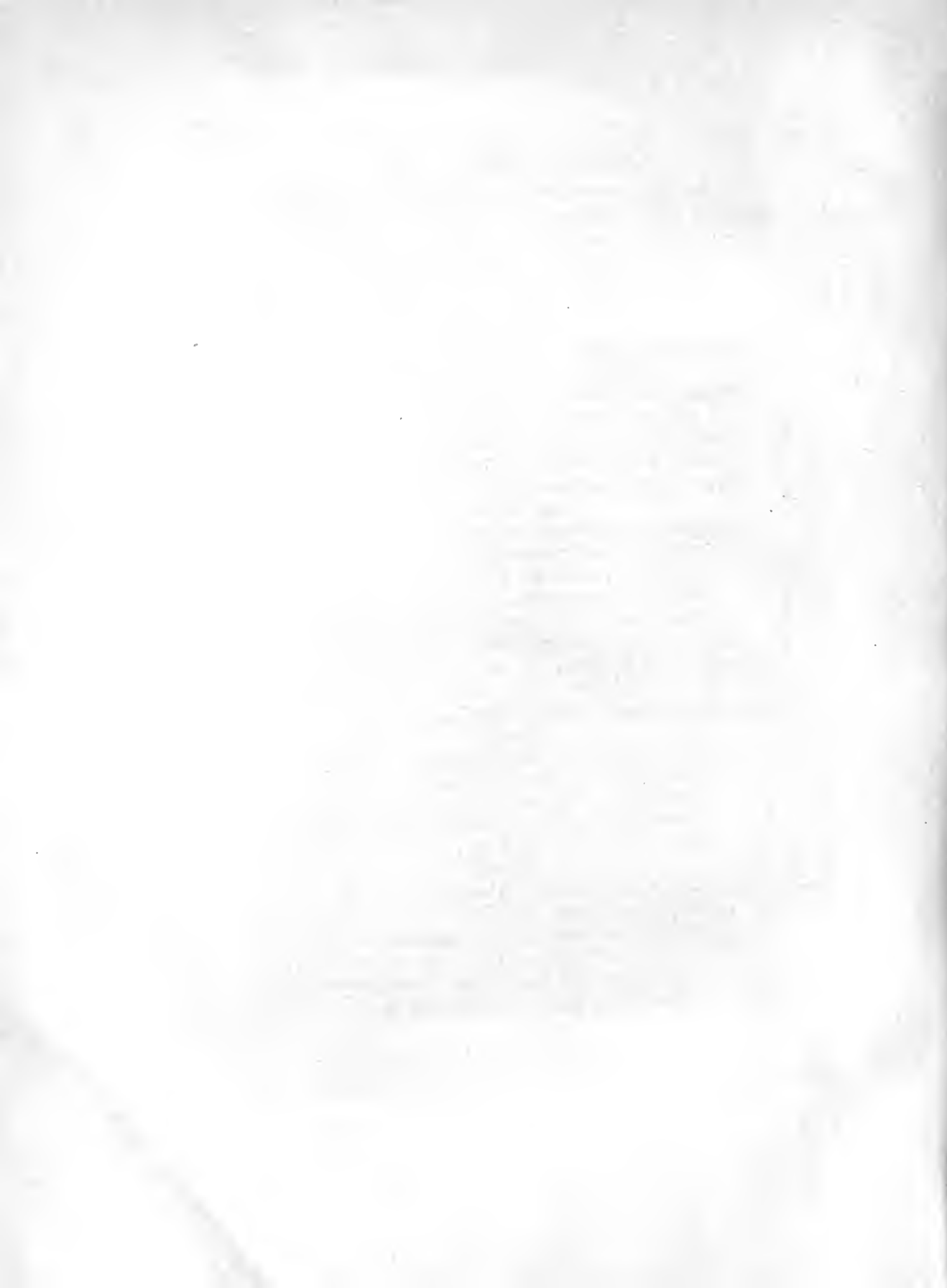
Philologus:

You cannot say so much to me, as herein I do knowe,  
That by the mercyes of the Lord, all sinnes are don a waye,  
And vnto them that haue true sayth, abundantly it flowe,  
But whence do this true sayth procede to vs, I do you pray,  
It is the only gift of God, from him it comes alwaye,  
I would therfoze he would vouchsafe, one sparke of sayth to plant,

within







## The Conflict of Conscience.

Within my brest, then of his grace, I know I should not want.

But it as easely may be done, as you may with one spoone,  
At once take vp the water cleane, which in the seas abide :

And at one draught, then drinke it vp, this shall ye doe as soone,  
As to my brest of true belæse, one sparkle shall betide:

Tush, you which are in prosperous state, & my paines haue not tried  
Doe think it but an easy thing, a sinner to repent

Wim of his sinnes, and by true faith, damnation to prevent.

The healthfull neede not Physicks art, and ye which are all haile,  
Can giue god counsell to the sick, their sicknesse to escheiw:

But here alas, confusion, and hell, both me assaulte,

And that all grace, from me is rest, I finde it to be true.

My hart is Steele, so that no faith, can from the same issue.

I can conceiue no hope at all, of pardon or of grace,

But out alas, Confusion is alway befoze my face.

And certainly, euen at his time, I do most playnly see,

The deuils to be about me rounde, which make great preparation,

And keepe a fire, here in this place, which only is for me.

Neither doe I conceiue, these things, by vaine imagination,

But euen as truly, as mine eyes, beholde your shape and fashion.

Wherefoze, desired Death dispatch, my body hzing to rest,

Though that my soule, in furious flames of fire, be suppress.

Theologus.

Your minde corrupted doth present, to you, this false illusion,

But turne awhile, vnto the spirit of trueth, in your distresse,

And it shall cast out from your eyes, all horroz and confusion:

And of this your affliction, it will you soone redresse.

Eusebius.

We haue god hope Philologus, of your saluation doubtlesse.

Philologus.

What your hope is concerning me, I vtterly contempne,

My Conscience, which for thousands stand, as guiltie me condemne.

Eusebius.

When did this horroz first you take, what think you is the cause?

Philologus.

Euen shortly, after I did make, mine open abiration,

For that I did prefer my gods, befoze Gods holy lawes.

I.

There

## The Conflict of Conscience,

Therefore in wrath he did me sende, this horrible beration,  
And hath me wounded in the soule, with greivous tribulation:  
That I may be a president, in whom all men may view,  
Those torments, which to them, that wil forsake the Lord, are due.

Theologus.

Yet let me boldly aske one thing of you, without offence,  
What was your former faith in Christ, which you before did holde?  
For it is saide of holy Paule, in these same wordes in sence:  
It cannot be that vterly, in faith he should bee colde,  
Who so he be, which perfectly, true faith in hart once holdes:  
Wherefore rehearse in short discourse, the sum of your beleefe,  
In those pointes chiefly, which for health of soule, are thought most

Philologus. (chefe.

I did beleue in hart, that Christ was that true sacrifice,  
Which dyd appease the fathers wrath, and that by him alone  
We were made iust and sanctified: I dyd beleue lykewise,  
That without him, heauen to attaine, sufficient meanes were none.

But to reknowlege this againe, alas, all grace was gone,  
I neuer loued him againe, with right and sincere hart;  
Neither was thankfull for the same, as was ech godmans part.

But rather toke the faith of Christ, for libertie to sinne,  
And did abuse his graces great, to further carnall lust,  
What wickednesse I did commit, I cared not a pinne:

For that, that Christ discharged had, my ransome, I dyd trust:  
Wherefore the Lord doth now correct, the same with torments iust:  
My sonnes, my sonnes, I speake to you, my counsell ponde well,  
And practise that in dedes, which I in wordes shall to you tell.

I speake not this, that I would ought, the Gospell derogate,  
Which is most true in euery part, I must it needs confesse,  
But this I say, that of vaine faith alone, you should not prate:

But also by your holy life, you should your faith expresse,  
Beleue me heere, for by godd proofe, these things I doe expresse:  
Peruse the wrighting of S. James, and first of Peters too,  
Which all Gods people, holynesse of life exhort vnto.

By fundrie reasons, as for firste, because we strangers are,  
Again, sinne from the flesh procede, but we are of the spirit;  
The third, because the flesh alway, against the spirit do watre:  
The





## The Conflict of Conscience.

The fourth, if we may stop the mouths, of such as would backbite;  
The fifth, that other by our lyes, to God reduce we might;  
Again, they sing a pleasant song, which sing in deede and word;  
But where euill life inue god words, there is a soule discorde;  
But I alas, most wretched wight, whereas I did presume  
That I had got a perfect faith, did holy life disdain:  
And though I did to other preach, god lyfe I did consume  
My lyfe in wickednesse and sinne, in sport and pleasures vain;  
So, neither did I once contende, from them flesh to refrain,  
Beholde therfore, the iudgements fall, of God both me annoy,  
Not for amendement of my lyfe, but mee for to destroy.

Eusebius.

We do not altogether like of this your exhortation,  
Whereas you warne vs not to trust, so much vnto our faith;  
But that god workes we should prepare, vnto our preservation,  
There are two kindes of righteousnesse, as Paul to Romanes saith:  
The one dependeth of god workes, the other hangs of faith;  
The former which the world allowes, god counts it least of staine,  
As by god proofe, it shall to you, in words be proued playne,  
For Socrates and Cato both, did purchase great renowne,  
And Aristides surnamed Iust, this righteousnesse fulfilled,  
Wherfore he was as iustest man, erpelde his native towne,  
Yet are their soules with Infydels, in hell for euer spiled,  
Because they sought not righteousnes, that way that God the willed  
The other righteousnes comes from faith, which God regardeth more,  
And makes vs seeme immaculate, before his heavenly throne;  
Wherfore, there is no cause you should, sende vs to outwarde ay,  
As to eye ancoy or refuge, of our preservation.

Theologus.

The meaning of Philologas, is not here to erad,  
As do his wordes make it to seeme, by your allegation,  
He doth not meane betwene god workes, and faith to make relation  
As though workes were equiuent, saluation to attaine.  
As is true faith, but what he ment, I will let downe more playne,  
He did exhort the yongmen here, by him for to beware,  
Least as he did, so they abuse, Gods gospell pure,  
And without god aduice, blurp of faith the gift so rare:

Wherby

## The Conflict of Conscience,

Whereby they think, what so they do, the selues from torments free,  
And by this proud presumption, Gods anger should procure:  
And where they boast and vaunt, the selues, god faithfull men to be,  
Yet in their lyues, they do deny their faith in eche degree:

Wherefore he saith, as Peter saide, see that you do make knowne,  
Your owne election by your woorkes: againe, S. James doth say,  
Shew mee thy faith, and by my woorkes, my faith shall thee be shewn.  
And wherupon his owne offence, he doth to them be lowe,  
Wheras he did vaine gloriously, vpon a dead faith stay:  
Which for the inwarde righteousnesse, he alway did suspect,  
And hereupon all godlynes of lyfe, he did neglect.

Philologus.

That was the meaning of my wordes, how euer I them spake,  
The truth (alas) vile wretch, my soule and Conscience to true sake:

Theologus.

What do you not Philologus, with vs no comfort take,  
When all these thinges, so godlyly, so you I do reueale,  
Especially, sith that your selfe, in them are seene so well:  
Some hope vnto vs of your health, and safetie yet is left,  
We do not think that all Gods grace, from you is wholly rest.

Philologus.

Alas, what comfort can betide, vnto a damned wretch:  
What so I heere, see, seele, tall, speake, is turned all to wo.

Eusebius.

Ah deare Philologus, think not, y ought can Gods grace outreach,  
Consider Dauid which did sinne in lust, and murther too:  
Yet was he pardoned of his sinnes, and so shalt thou also.

Phil. King Dauid alwaies, was elect, but I am reprobate,  
And therefore I can finde small ease, by waighing his estate.

He also prayed vnto God, which I shall neuer doe,  
His prayer was that God would not, his spirit take away:

But it is gone from mee long since, and shall be giuen no more.  
But what became of Cayne, of Cam, of Sau, I do you pray:

Of Iudias, and Barchu, these must my Conscience slay.

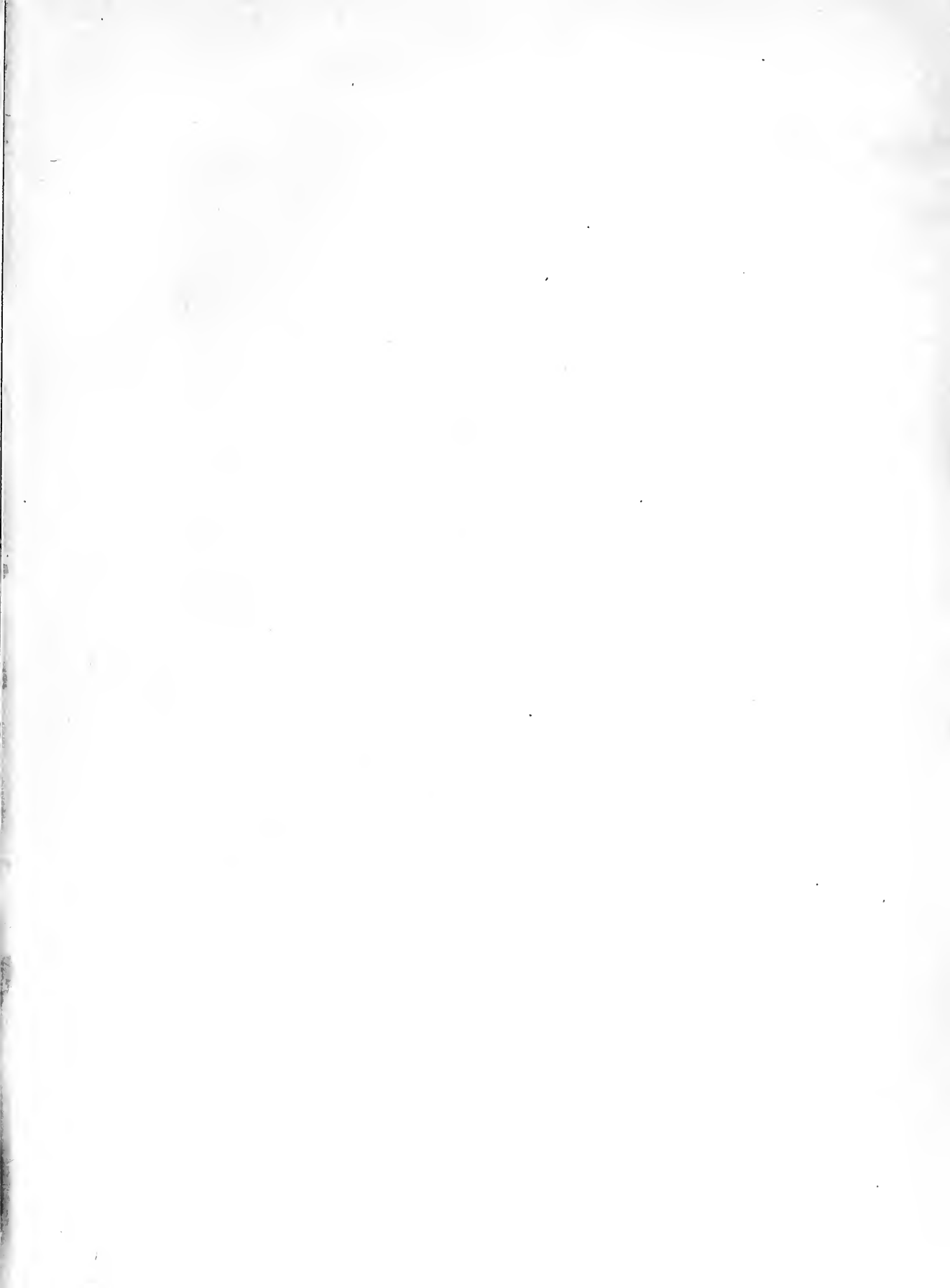
Of Iulyan Apostata, with other of that crue,  
The same torments must I abide, which these men did inue:

Theologus.

Alas my friend, take in god part, the chastiment of y Lozde

Who







## The Conflict of Conscience.

Who doth correct you in this world; that in the life to come,  
He might you saue, for of the like, the Scripture beares recorde.

Philologus.

That is not Gods intent with mee, though it be so with some,  
Who after bodys punishment, haue into fauour come:  
But I (alas) in spirit and soule, these greuous toyments beare,  
God hath condemned my Cōscience, to perpetuall greife and feare.  
I would most gladly chuse to lyue, a thousand, thousande yeare.  
In all the toyments and the grieue that damned soules sustaine,  
So that at length I might haue ease, it would me greatly cheare.  
But I alas, shall in this life, in toyments still remaine,  
While Gods iust anger, vpon mee, shall be reuealed plaine:  
And I example made to all, of Gods iust indignation,  
Oh that my body were at rest, and soule in condemnation.

Eusebius.

I pray you answer me herein, where you by deepe dispaire,  
Say, you are worse here in this life, then if you were in hell,  
And for because to haue death come, you alway make your prayer,  
As though your soule and body both, in toyments great did dwell:  
If that a man should giue to you a sword, I pray you tell,  
Would you destroy your selfe there with? as doe the desperate,  
Which hang or kill, or into floods, themselues precipitate.

Philologus.

Giue me a sword, then shall you know, what is in mine intent.

Eusebius.

Not so my friend, I onely aske, what here in were your will?

Philologus.

I cannot, neither will I tell, wherto I would be bent.

Theologus.

These wordes doe nothing edifye, but rather fancies fill,  
Which we would gladly if we could, indeuour for to kill.  
Wherefore, I once againe request, together let vs pray:  
And so we will leaue you to God, and send you hence away.

Philologus.

I cannot pray, my spirit is dead, no faith in me remaine

Theologus.

Doe as you can, no more then might, we can ask at your hand.

I. ij.

Philo-

The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus.

My prayers turned is to smne, for God doth it disdain,  
Eusebius.

It is the fall hood of the spirit, which do your health withstande,  
That teach you this, wherfore in time, reiect his filthy bande.

Theologus.

Come kneele by me, and let vs pray, the Lord of Heauen vnto:

Philologus.

With as good will as did the Duell, out of the deaffe man goe.

O God which dwellest in the heauens. &c. (come,

With sirs, you do your labours lose, see where Belzabub doth  
And doth inuite me to a feast, you therefore speake in vaine,  
Flea if you aske ought more of me, in answer I will be dumbe,  
I wil not wast my tong for naught, as sone shall one small grayne  
Of Musterdseede, fill all the world, as I true faith attaine.

Theologus.

We will no longer stay you now, but let you hence depart.

Eusebius.

Yet will we pray continually, that God woulde you conuert.

Theologus.

Gisbertus and Paphnitius, for dnd him to his place,  
But see he haue god company, let him not be alone :

Ambo.

We shall so do, God vs assist, with his most holy grace.

Gisbertus.

Come Father do you not think god, that we from hence begone?

Philologus.

Let go my handes at lybertie, assistance I craue none :  
Oh that I had a sworde awhile, I should sone eased be.

Ambo.

Alas deare father, what do you : Euseb. His wil we may now see  
Theologus. Exeunt Phi. Gil. Paph.

O glorious God, how wonderfull, those iudgements are [of thine  
Thou dost beholde the secret hart, naught doth thy eyes beguile,  
Oh what occasion is vs giuen, to feare thy might deaine,  
And from our hartes to hate and lothe, iniquities so vile,  
Least for the same, thou in thy wrath, wold grace from vs erile.

The





## The Conflict of Conscience.

The outwarde man doeth thē not please, noz yet, the minde alone,  
But thou requirest both of vs, oꝛ else regardest none.

Eusebius.

Here may the woꝛldlings haue a glasse, their states foꝛ to behold,  
And learne in time, foꝛ to escape, the iudgements of the Loꝛde,  
Whilste they by flattering of them selues, of faith both dead and colde  
Do sell their soules to wickednes, of all god men abhorde:  
But godlynes doth not depend, in knowing of the woꝛde:  
But in fullfilling of the same, as in this man we see,  
Who though he did to others pꝛeach, his lyfe did not agree.

Theologus.

Againe Philologus witnesseth, which is the trueth of Chꝛist,  
Foꝛ that consenting to the Pope, he did the Loꝛde abiure,  
Wherby he teacht the wauering sayth, on which side to persist:  
And those which haue the trueth of God, that still they may indure,  
The Wyꝛants, which delight in blode, he likewise doth assure,  
In whole affayres, they spende their time: but let vs homewarde goe.

Eusebius.

I am content, that after meate, we maye resoꝛte him to.

Exiunt.

Theo. & Euse.

Acte sixe.

Scene last.

CVNTIVS.

P.

O Joyfull newes, which I report, and bring into your eares,  
Philologus, that would haue hangde himselfe with coard,  
Is nowe conuerted vnto God, with manie bitter teares,  
By godly counsell he was won, all pꝛayse be to the Loꝛde,  
His errours all, he did renounce, his blasphemies he abhorde:  
And being conuerted, left his lyfe, erboꝛting foe and friend,  
That do professe the sayth of Chꝛist, to be constant to the ende,  
Full thꝛtie weekes, in wofull wise, afflicted he had bene,  
All which long time, he toke no soꝛe, but foꝛt against his will,  
Euen with a sponne to poure some bꝛoath, his teeth betwēne,  
And though they sought by foꝛce, this wise to seꝛue him still,  
He alwayes stroue with all his might, the same on ground to spill,  
So that no sustenance he receiue, ne slepe could he attayne,  
And nowe the Loꝛd, in mercy great hath easde him of his payne.

FINIS.

N.

W.







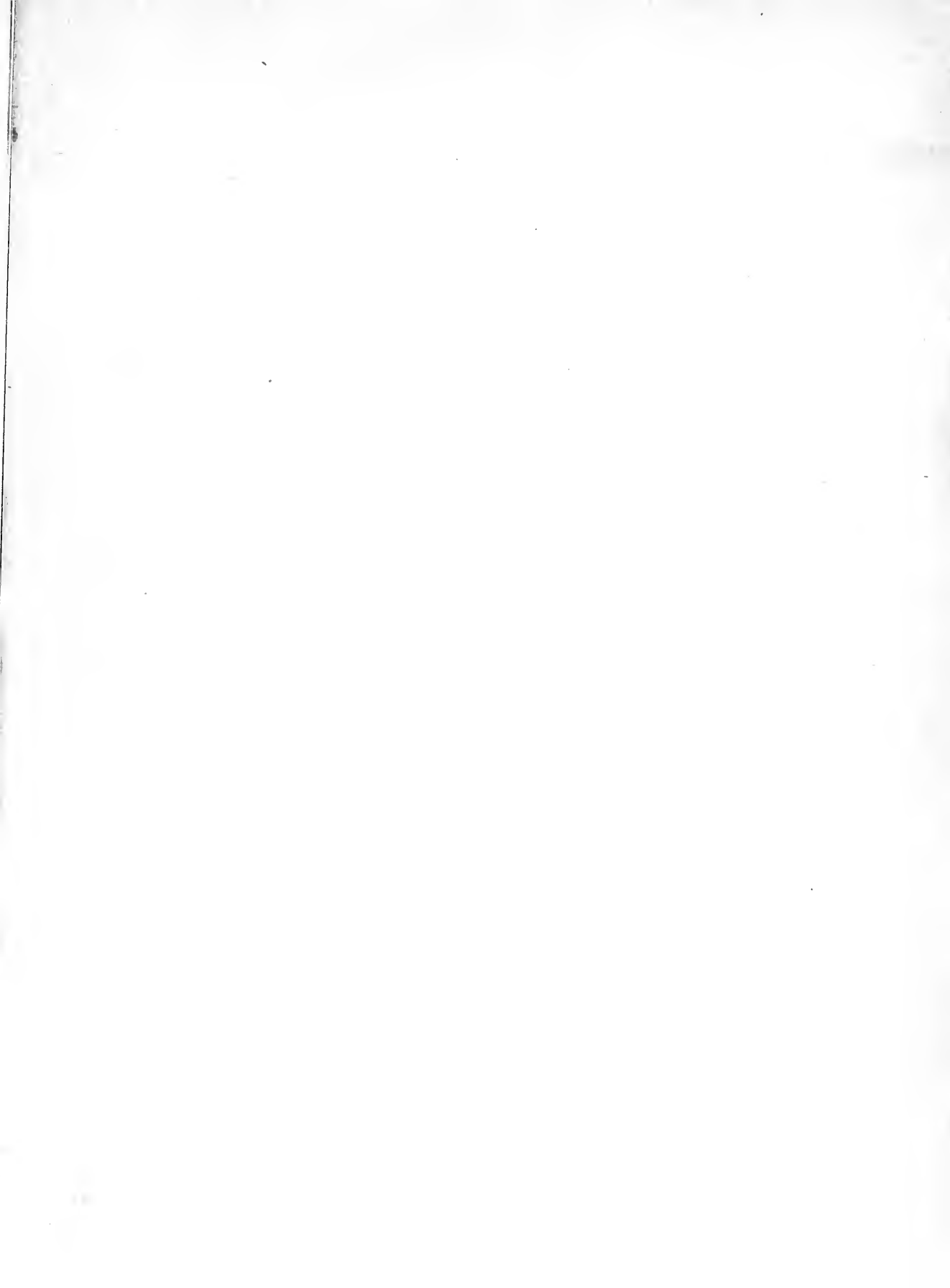












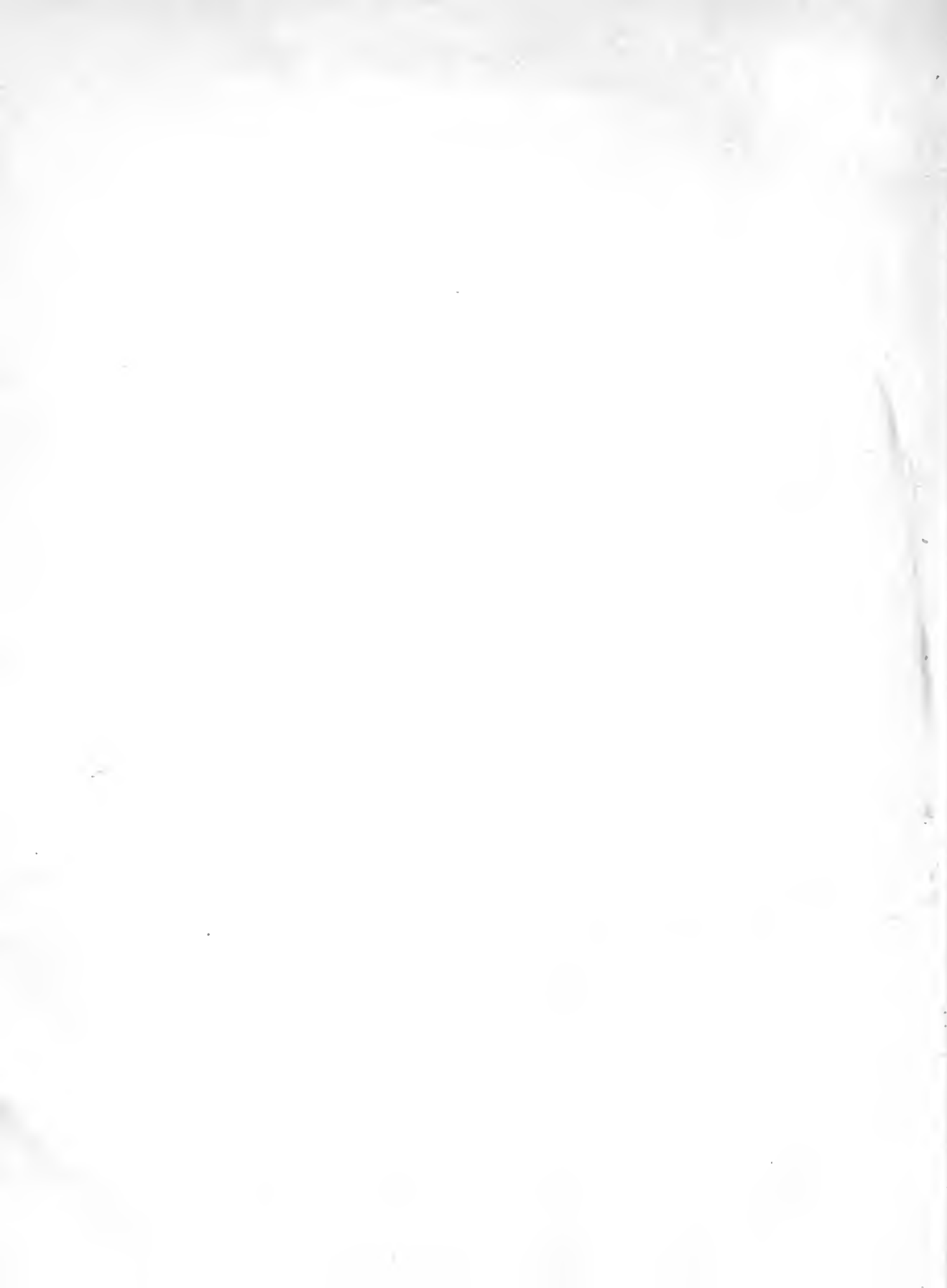




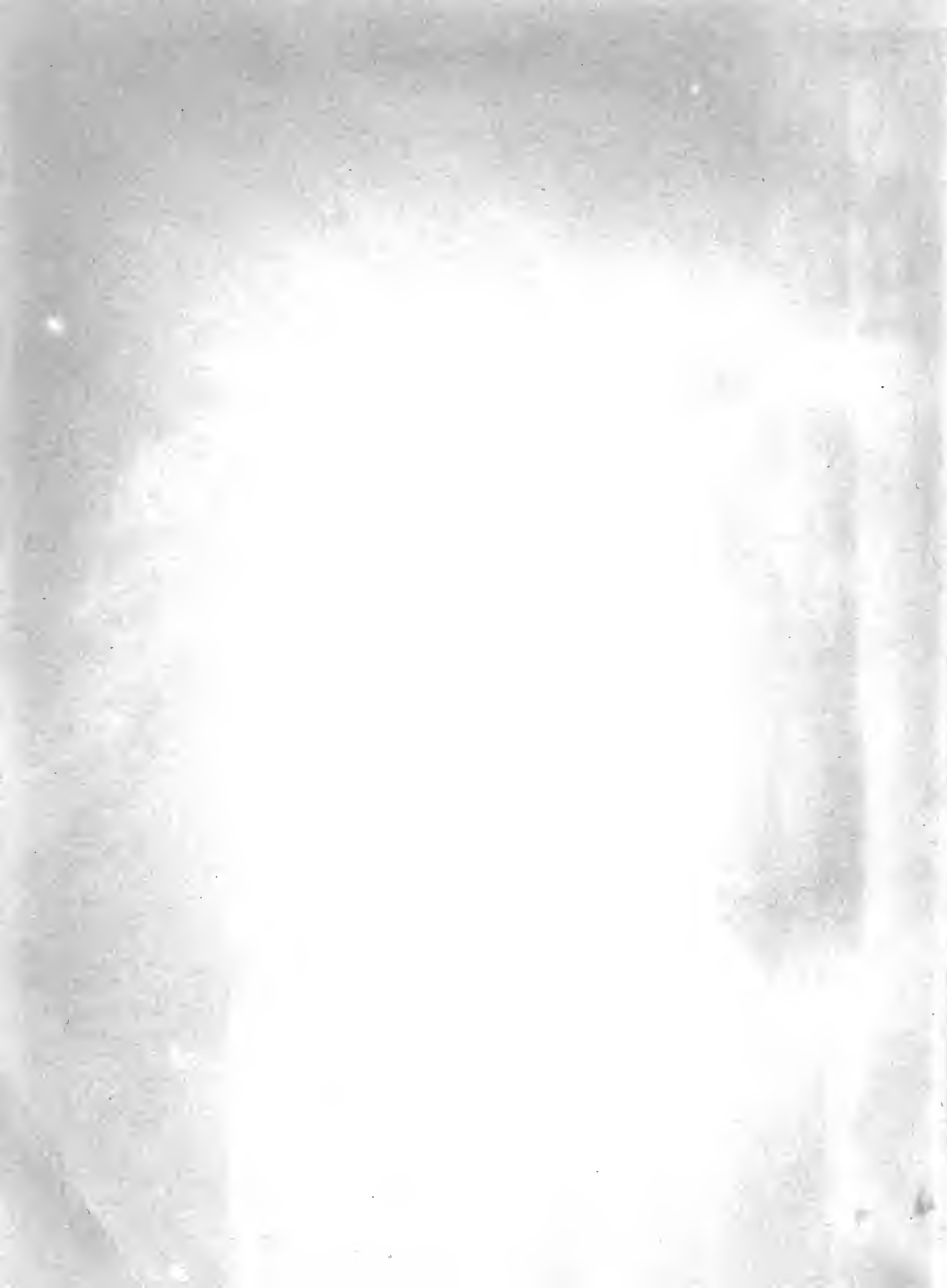




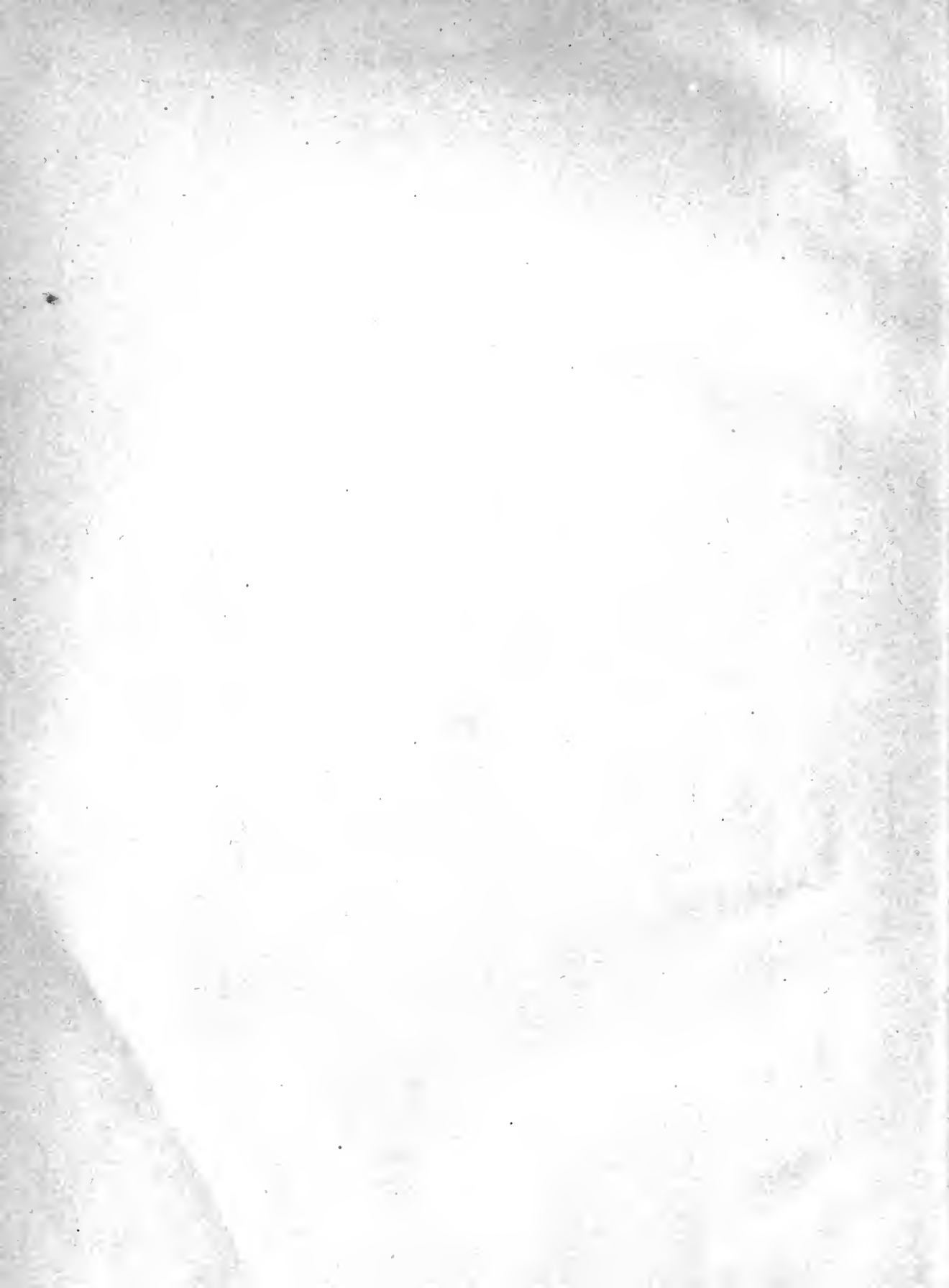














PR  
3193  
W5A65  
158lab

Woods, Nathaniel  
The conflict of conscience

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

