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 Conflict of Conscience,
By NATHANIEL WOODES

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,
Instituted;

The Conflict of Conscience.

CONTAYNINGE,
A most lamentable example, of the dole-
full desperation of a miserable wou-
linge, termed by the name of
PHILOLOGUS, who enoake the
truth of Christ's word for
his life, at Norwich.

Compiled by Nathaniell
Woodes, Masster, in
Norwich.

The Actors names divislid into six partes, most con-
venient for such as be disposed either to shew this Comedie in
private houses, or otherw.

|--------------------------|----------------------------------|

AT LONDON
Printed by Richard Bradocke,
dwelling in Aldermanburie, a little ahouse the
Conduit. Anno 1 581.
An Excursion new Canned
Tr. Collee of Consecru
CONTANNING
A most Inhuman, complect to a bolder
half of this day, to the world a gen

Collected and prepared

To London
Printed by Richard Bradley

"CAUAS,
London A. 1692"
The Prologue.

Hen whirling windes which blowe with blitizing blast,
Shall cease their course, and not the Ayre woeue,
But still unshirred it doth stand, it chainteth at the last,
To be infect, the truth hereof even day by day we prooue,
For depe within the Caues of earth, of force it doth behowe;
Sith that no windes do come thereto, the Ayre out to beare,
By standing stil the closed ayre,doth breed 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,
Mooster will it marre, vnlesse you thereto looke:
Againe, if that vppon a sheffe, you place,or set a booke,
And suffer it there still to stand, the wormses will soone it eate.
A Knife like wise, in sheathe layde vp, the rife will marre and freat.

The good rode horse, if still at raceke he stand,
To resty lade will soone transformed be,
If long unuid, 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 cuills doth bring, into the minde of man.
Then labour great in longer tyme, againe expell out can.

Which thing our Author marking well, when weried was his minde,
From reading grave and auncent workes, yet loth his time to loose,
Bethought himselfe, to eafe his heart, some recreance to fynde
And as he'mufed 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 fee or heare,
And therefore humbly doth you pray, to genue attentuoe care.

The argument or ground wherfn our Author chiefly stayed,
Is (sure) a Histery 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 stat of grace wherein he stode, was almost overthrowne:
So that he had no power at all, in heart firme synse 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 PHILOLOGUS to be,
First, for because, a Comedie, will hardly him permit,
The vices of one private man, to touch particularly,
Againe, nowe shall it fille them more, who shall it hear or see,
For if this worldling had ben named, we wold straight deeeme in minde,
That all by him then spoken were, our sences we would not finde.

But fyth PHILOLOGUS is sought else, but one that loves to talke,
And common of the wordes of God, but hath no further care,
According as it teacheth them, in Gods feare for to walke,
If that we practise this in deed, PHILOLOGUS we are,
And so by his defereued fault, we may in time beware,
Nowe, if as Author this it meant, you hear it with this gayne,
In good behalfe he will effecte, that he bestowed his payne.

And for because we see by proofe, that men do some forget,
Those things 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 Comedy, in preface for to shewe,
Nowe names to natures must agree, as every man do knowe,
A fitter name he could in mynde, no where excogitate,
Then, The CONTENT of CONSCIENCE, the fame to nominate.

A cruell Conflicts certainly, where Conscience takes the style,
And is constraind by the fishe, to yelde to deadly sinne,
Whereby the grace and loue of God, from him, his name doth spoyle.
Then (wretch accurs) small power hath repentance to beginne,
This Hystorie here, example shewes, of one fast wrapt therein,
As in discourse before you eyes, shall plainly proceed be,
Yet (at the last) God him restorde, even of his mercie free.

And though the Hystorie of it selfe, be too too dolorous,
And would constrain a man with teares of blood, his cheekes to wet,
Yet to refresh the myndes of them, that be the Auditoris,
Our Author intermixed hath, in places fit and meete,
Some honest mirth, yet withal true, howart yee exceede:
But lest, I hear the players preft, in presence forth to some,
I therefore cease, and take my leave, my Message I have done.

FINIS.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Acte first. Scene 1.

SATHAN.

High 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 lawses, and Statutes doo disdaine: 
Against my state, doo fight and strive amaine
Whome, in time if I doo not disspace,
I shall repent it, when it is to late.

My mostall foe, the Carpenter's pooze sonne,
Against my Children, the Pharises I mean,
Upbraiding them, did doe this comparison,
As in the time of his lyfe, may be seene,
There was a man, which had a vineyard greene:
Who letting it to husbandmen unkinde,
In stead of fruites, unthankfullnesse did finde.

So that his Servantes, firstly they did beate,
His Sonne lyketwise, they afterward did kill,
And hereupon that man in furie great:
Did souldiers send, these Husbandmen to spill,
Their Cotorte to burne, he did them also will.
But alas, alas, for woe I crie,
To doe the same, faire inure cause have I.

For where the Kingome, of this woode is myne,
And his, on whom I will the same bestow,
As Prince hereof, I did myselfe assigne: 
By darling beare, whose faithfull love I know,
Shall never faile from me, but daylie how:
But who that is; perhaps some man may doubt,
I will therefore in breede, portrait and paint him out.

The mostall man by natures rule is bound
That Child to favour, more than all the rest,
Which to himselfe in face, is lykest found:
So that he shall with all his goodes be blest:
The Conflict of Conscience.

Even so do I esteeme and like him best,
Which doth most neere my dealynge imitate,
And both pursuie Gods iawes, with deadly hate.

As therefore I, when once in Angels state,
I was, did thinke myselfe, with God as mate to bee,
So doeth my sonne himselfe, now elucate,
Above mans nature, in rule and dignitie.

So that in terris Deus sum, saith he:
In earth I am a God, with lines for to dispence,
And for rewarde, I will forgive eche manner of offence.

I saide to Eue, truth, truth, thou shalt not die,
But rather shalt as God, know euerie thing:
My sonne li-ewitke, to maintaine Idolatrye,
With truth, what hurt, can earned Idols bring?
Dishpise this Law of God, the heavenlye King:
And set them in the Church, for men thence to looke,
An Idol both much good, it is a laymans booke.

Nembroth that Tyrant, fearing Gods hande,
By mee was persuaded to builde up high Babell:
Whereby he presumed Gods waye to withstande
So hath my boy, devised very well,
Many preye toyes, to kepe mens soule from hell:
Line they never to ruell here, and wickedlye
As masses, trentalles, Pardons, and Scala coeli.

I egged on Pharo of Egypt the king
The Israelites to kill, to soone as they were boone:
My darlinge likewise, doeth the selfe same thing:
And therefore cause Kings, and Princes to be smowre,
That with might and maine, they shall kepe by his horn.
And shall destroy with fire, Ake and swordes
Such as against him, shall speke but one word:

And even as I was somewhat to slow,
So that notwithstanding, the Israelites did augment:
So for lack of murdering, Gods people too good
And daily increase, at this time present:
Which my sonne shall seee incontinent,
Yet another pastime, this will to withstand
He learned of mee, which now he takes in hand.
The Conflict of Conscience.

For when as Moses, I might not destroy,
Because that he was of the Lord appointed,
To bring the people from chslabome to iog:
I did not cease, whilst I had inuente,
An other means to have him prevented:

By accomplishing the sonne of Pharao,
To make him lose Egypt to fogy.

The same advise I also attempted
Against the sonne of God, when he was incarnate,
Hoping there by, to have him relented.
And for promotion sake, himselfe to prostrate,
Before my feste when I did demonstrate,
The whole twelve unto him, and all the glory.

As it is recorded in Mathew's Histopse.

So hath the Pope, who is my darling beare,
Spy clofet hope, in whom I too delight:
Leafe he should take, which thing he greatly feare,
Out of his beare, of honor pompe and might.
Such got to him, on his behalfe to fight:
Two Champions once, of which the one is Avarice,
The other is called Tyrannicall prattise.

For as I faide, although I claime by right,
The kingdome of this earthly worlde to rounde:
And in my stead to rule with force and might,
I have assigned the Pope, whose match I no whe better sound,
His harde wifh love, to mee, to much abounde:
Yet divers men of late, of mallice most unkind,
Mo study to displace my son, some wayward means to find,
Wherefor I maruell much, what cause of let there is.
That hereunto, they have not their office put in use,
I will go see, for why, I feare that somewhat is amis,
If not, to range abroad, the worlde, I will them straight procure,
But needes they must, have one to help, mens hartes for to allure;
Unto their craine, who that should bee, I cannot yet elpie,
No fervant match I can finde out, then is Hypocrifie.

Who can full well in time and place, dissemble eithers parte,
No man shall easily perceiue, with which side he dooth beare,
Yet when once commaund he hath got, and credit in mans hart:
The Conflict of Conscience.

I will not slack in mine affaires: I do him nothing heere.

But time doth runne, too fast away; for me to tarry here.

For none will be enamoured, of my hope I do know,

I will therefore, myne impes send out, from hell their flames to chase.

After syrth. Scene 2.

MATHETES. PHILOLOGUS.

My mynde doth think bearde friende Philologus, as I do also.

Of somer talle to take a small ende:

And where before we gan to discus,

The cause why God doth such affilations sende,

Into his Church, you would some more time spende.

In the same cause, that thereby you might learne,

Werspite the wrath and love of God, a right fay to discern.

Philologus.

With right goode will, to your request, herein I do confesse,

As well because, as I perceiue, you take therein delight,

As also for because, it is most chiefly pertinent,

Into mine office, to instruct, and teach eche Christian whyshere.

True godlynesse; and that to them, the path that leadeth right:

Into Gods kingdom, where we shall inherit our salvation:

Seren unto us from God, by Christ our true propitiation.

But that a better ordered course, herein the may observe,

And may directly to the first, apply that which infrue,

To speake that hath bene saide, before, I will a tyme retewe:

And to proceed, from whence we left, by course and order due:

Into the ende: At first therefore, you did lament and rue,

The miserie of these our daies, and great calamity,

Which chose sustaine, who dare gainly, the Koniith Hypocrite.

Mathetes.

I have inst cause, as hath eche Christian harte,

To walle and weere, to shed out tears of blood:

When as I call to minde, the torment and the smart,

Which those have borne, who honest be and good.

For many els, but because, their erreurs they withgoodness:

Yet loved I much, to see how patiently

They bore the crose of Christ, with continuance:

To them anon, I must, draw forth some more reason. Phil.
The Conflict of Conscience

Philologus.

So many of us, as into one body bee,
Incorporate, whereof Christ is the lively head,
As members of our bodies which bee in:
With sportes of love together bee connoynde:
And much nede to suffer, unlesse that they be dead:
Some part of griefe in mynde which other feel:
In bodie though not so much by a great deale.

Wherefore by this it is most apparent,
That those two into one body are not bypeed,
Of the which, the one doth suffer, the other doth torment:
And in the woundes of his Brother is delighted:
Now which is Christes bodie, may safely be declared:
For the Lamb is devoured of the Wolfe alway,
Not the Wolfe of the Lamb as Chriostom both say.

Againe of unrighteous Cayne murthred was Abell,
By whom the Church of God was figured:
Isaac lyke wise was personed of Ismaell,
As in the Boke of Genesis is mentioned:
Israel of Pharao was also terrificed:
David the Saint, was afflicted by his Sonne,
And put from his kingdom I meane by Absolon.

Elias the Thelbit, for feare of Izeabell,
Did by to Horeb, and bid him in a Cawe:
Micheas the Prophet, as the Story doth tell,
Did hardly his lyte from Baalles Priestes lande:
Jeremy of that saucce taffed haue:
So did Esay, Daniel, and the Children thens,
And thousands more, which in stories we may bee.
Mathetes.

In the new Testament, we may also see,
What our Saviour Christ, even in his Infancie,
Of Herod the King might stand in great dread:
Who sought to destroy him, such was his insolency.
Afterward of the Pharisees, he did with continence,
Suffer shamefull death, his Apostles also,
For testimonie of the truth, did their crosses under go.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus. 

James under Herod, was beheaded with the sword, nhóm

The rest of the Apostles, did suffer much trouble, and

God Paul was murthered by Nero his sword then in his hand

Domitian devised a Barrell full of dye,

The body of John the Evangelist to boile:

The Pope at that instant fond in tormentes proue:

For such as by Gods holy word will indure:

By these former stories, two things we may learn

And profitably reade in our remembrance:

The first is Gods Church from the Diuils to discerne:

The second to marke, what manyself resistaunce,

The Trueth of God hath, and what incommuance:

It bringeth up them that will it profess:

Wherefore, they must arm them selves, to suffer itselfly when they shall:

Mathetes.

It is no new thing, I do now perceive,

That Christs Church doth suffer tribulation,

But that the same crosse I might better receive:

I request you to shew me for my consolation:

What is the cause, by your estimation:

That God doth suffer, his people be in trouble, and

Yet helpe them so sound, as they to him call, I enquire, all things.

Philologus.

The chiefest thing, which might as cause or move,

With constant minde, Christs crosse to subside and alight, I say to conceive of heaven, a faithful soul:

Where to we may not come, as Paul doth prove it plainely:

Whilst with Christ we suffer, that with him we may reign:

Againe sith, that it is our heavenly Fathers will,

By worldly woes our carnall lusts to kill.

Moreover, we do use to loathe that thing, we always have on us:

And do delight the more in that which most we abhorre,

Affliction bygeth us also, more earnestly to crave, God of his grace:

And when we once received be, truly faith in the plant,

So that to call in such thred on God, we will not faint or fail, but retaine us out of trouble ever, as we have always struggled and contended.
The Conflict of Conscience.

For trouble bringth faith, patience; from patience both influe.
Experience, from experience Hope, of health the anchor true.

Again, oftentimes, God both provideth affliction for our gain,
As Job who after loss of goods, had twice so much therefore.

Sometime, affliction is a means, to prove to attain:
As you may see, if Joseph's life, you let your eyes before.
Continually it doth us warn, from sinning any more.
When as we see the judgments in us, which God our heavenly king,
Upon offenders here in earth, for their offences bring.

Sometimes God doth it by to prove, if constant we will be.
As he did unto Abraham, from time his whole intent,
Is to declare his heavenly night, as in John we may see.

When the Disciples did ask Christ, why God the blind man sent
Unto that man, that was borne blinde? to whom incontinence,
Christ saith: Neither for his parents sines, nor for his own offence,
Was he borne blinde, but that God might shew his magnificence.

Mathetes.

This is the summe of all your talke, if that I gette a right.
That God doth punish his elect to keep their faith in use,
Or least that they continue safe, and rest enjoy they might:
God to forget through hautiness, scorne, nature shoulth procure:
Or els by feeling punishment, our sines for to abuse.
Or els to prove our constancy, or lastly that we may,
Be instruments in whom his might, God may abroad display.

How must I needs confess, to you my former ignorance,
Which knew no cause at all, why God should trouble his elect.
But thought afflictions all, to be rewards for our offence.
And to proceed from wrathful Judge, did alway it suffer:
As doe the common sort of men, who will straitway direct
And point their fingers at such men, as God doth chastise here,
Esteeming them by just desert, their punishment to bear.

Philologus.

Such is the nature of mankind, himselfe to suflur,
And to condemme all other men, whereas we ought of right:
Accuse our selves especiall, and God to magnifie.
Who in his mercy doth vs spare, whereas he also might,
Sith that we do the same things, with like plagues vs requite.

B. V.

Which
The Conflict of Conscience.

Which thing our Saviour Christ both teach, as testifieth Luke, The thirty-fifth Chapter, where he teach saie glorious men rebuke: But for this time let this Institute, now let's homeward goe, And further tals in pleasant place, if need be, we will hare: Mathetes.

With right god will, I will attend on you, your house wine: De 6:6 goe you with me to mine, the longer journey save: For it is now high dinner time, my homely meat both crave: Philologus. I am some hidden to my friends, come on let us departe, Mathetes.

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

Acte second. Scene first.

Hypocrisie.

God spare you all, that be of God believe, The mightie Jahovah protect you from ill: I believe the lying God, that he would give, To eby of you present, a hearty good will, With flesh to contente, your lust for to kid: That by the aide of spirituall assistance, You may abone your carnall concupiscence.

God grant you all for his mercyes sake, The light of his word to your hartesaye: I humbly believe him a contention to make Of erronisous sects, which might you annoy: Earnestly requiring signs one to imploy, His whole indevouour God's word to maintaine, And from strange doctrine your hartes to restraine.

Grant Lord I pray the, such preachers to bee, In thy congregation, thy people to learn: As may for Conscience sake, and of more sincerite, Being able twixt Cowes and Cocke to discern, Apply their study to replenish the Berne. That is thy Church, by their doctrines increase.
The Conflict of Conscience.


But let me noe, who hath noe aspect,
First dignify Saturn of nature to colde,
Being placed in Taurus, my beannes do reieet,
And Luna in Cancer in secttile she behouds,
I will the effect hereafter unfold.
Now Jupiter the gentle, of temperate meanes,
Powe Mercury the turneote, he fadoate cleane.
Now murthering Mars retrograde in Libra,
With amiable true, apply to my beame,
And splendorant Sol the ruer of the day:
After his Eclips to Jupiter will leane,
The Goodell of pleasure, Dian Venus I mean,
So me her poxe ferraunt some friendly to be,
So also both Luna otherwise called Phebe,
But now I speake mischewously, I would day, in a mistery
Wherefore to interpret it, I hold it well done,
For here be a good sort I believe in this company:
That know not my meaneing, as this man for one,
What a blush not at it, you are not alone:
Here is an other that know not my mynde,
So he in my words, great favour can fynde.

The Planet Mercury is neither hot nor colde,
Neither good nor yet beris bad of his owne nature,
But both alter his qualitie, both them which do holde:
Any friendly aspect to him, even to I asure:
The Mercurialists I mean, Hypocrites cannot long endure
In one condition, but do alter our mynde,
To theirs that talke with us, thereby friendship to fynde.

The little Camelyon by Nature can change
Her selfe, to that colour, the which the beholde:
Why should it then to any beame strange?
That we do thus alter, why are we controule?
With only the rule of nature we holde:
We seek to please all men, yet most do us hate,
And we are rewarded for friendship debate.

Saturnus is envious, how then can he be lone?

B.iy.

Adulation
The Conflict of Conscience.

Adulation o Hydrocrise to him most contrarie,
The loue is being god do looke high above,
And do not regard the rest of the companye;
How Mars being retrogard, so zetelleth miserie:
So tyrannicall practice, to happen effeone,
As shalbe apparaunt before all be done.
Which Tyrannie with slaterie is easely pacified,
Whereas Tom tell trouth shall seale of his sword,
So that with such men is fully verified,
That over said saw, and common by word:
Obsequium amicos, by slateries friends are prepared:
But veritas odium parit, as commonly is seene,
For speaking the truth, many hated haue bene.

By Sol understand, Popish principalitie,
With whom full highly I am entertained,
But being eclipsed shall shew forth his qualitie:
When shall Hipocrisie be utterely disdained:
Whose wretched exile though greatly complaied:
And wept for of many, shalbe without hope,
That in such pompe shall ever be Pope.

By Venus the riotus, by Luna the variable,
Betwixt whom and Mercury no variance can fall,
For they which in words be most unstable;
Would be thought faithfull, and the riotous liberall:
So that Hipocrisie their doings cloake shall:
But wili not a word, for ponder come some,
While I know what they are, I will be done.

Act second. Scene 2.

TIRANNY. AVARICE.

Put me before so, I will shift for one,
So long as Strength remaineth in this Arme,
And pluck up thy hart thou faint harted mone,
As long as I live, thou shalt take no harme:
Such as control us, I will their tongues frame.

By
The Conflict of Conscience.

By fire or sword or other like torment,
So that ever they did it they shall it repent,
Half thou forgotten what satan did wage,
That the H. Hipocrify our doings should hide,
So that under his Cloake our partes we should playe,
And of the rude people should never be spied,
Or if the world should hap so betide,
That I by Tiranny should both you defend,
Agayne such as much wise to you should pretend.

Avarice.

Indeed such words our Bellesire did speake,
Which being remembered 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 evil lacke which Hipocrisy had,
When he was expelled out of this land
For then with me the matter euell did stand.

For I by him so shadowed was from light,
What almost no man could me out espie,
But he being gone to every mans sight,
I was apparent eich man did destrey,
By pilling and poling so that glad was I,
From my nature to cease a thing most meruelous,
And line in secret the tyme was so daungerous.

Tyranny.

Thus Avarice thou fearest a thing that isayne,
For me alone both you shall be stayed,
And if thou marke well thou shalt perceive playne,
That if I Tyranny my parte had well played,
And from killing of Heretikes my hand had not stayed,
They had never grown to such a great rotoe,
Neither should have bene able to have banished him out:
But seru sapiunt Phriges,at length I will take here,
And with bloud enough this euell will prevent,
For if I here of any that in word or in deed,
Pea if it be possible to knowe their intent,
If I can prove that in thought they it meant:
The Conflict of Conscience,

To impair our estates, no prayer shall serve,
But will pay them their hire, as echo one deserve.

Auarice,

The fifth once taken, and scaped from bight,
Will ever hereafter, beware of the booke,
Such as the hunting will spic the hare straight,
Though other discern her not, yet on her shall look:
Again, the learned can read in a booke,
Though the unlearned seeing equal with them,
Cannot discern an F from an M.

So those which have talked, the fruit that we heare
And finde it to lower, will not us implant:

Tyrannye.

Wilt Auarice, I warrant this thou needest not fear,
In the cleargy I know, no friends for that want:
Which for hope of gaine, the truth will recant:
And give them false of to set out Hypocrissie,
Being ego on with Auarice, and defended by Tyranny.

Auarice.

Wilt may the Clergie on our side holde,
For they by us no small gaine did reape,
But all the tempozaltie, I dare be boulde,
No venture in wager of Golde a good heape,
At our prefermements will mourne waile and weape,

Tyranny.

Though inuade no just cause of joy they can finde,
Yet for fear of my word, they will alter their minds.

But I maruell much, where Hypocrissie is,
She think it is long since, from us he did goe,

Auarice.

I doubt that of his purpose he milke:
And therefore hath hanged him selfe by two.
How sayst thou Tyranny doest not thinke so?
In faith if I thought that he might be spared,
And we have our purpose best to me if I cared.

Tyranny.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Tyranny.

3. The lyke of this doubting doubt?
   It grieves me to hear how faint hearted he is,
   A little would cause me to kill thee, thou Avarice:
   He, too, for woe he is the lyke for to pulse:
   To give an attempt, what a fellow were this?
   But this is the god that commeth of Courtesaness
   He lineth alway in fear to lose his riches.
   Again, marke how he regardeth the death of his friend
   So he hath his purpose, he cares for no more,
   A perfect pattern of a courteous mind,
   Which neither estimeth his friend nor his foe,
   But rather Avarice might I have feared:
   Who, if he were gone, my selfe could defende,
   Where thou by his absence wert done at an ends.

Act second. Scene 3.

HYPOCRISIE. TIRANNY. AVARICE.

O loving Father and mercifull God,
We through our sinner thy punishment deserve,
And have pronounced to beat with thy rod:
To thy Children, which from thee dost confer:
We loathed thy worde, but now we shall serve:
For Hypocrisie is placed againe in this lande,
And thy true Gospel as exile both stande.
This is thy last judgement for our offence,
Who haunging the light, in darknesse did strait,
But now if thou wouldest of thy fatherly benevolence:
Thy purposed judgements in way for to lay:
The part of the prodigall Sonne we would play:
And with bitter tears before thee would fall,
And in true repentance for mercy would call.
In our prosperity we woulde not regard,
The words of the Preachers, who threatened the same,
But flattering our felues, thought I woulde haue spared.
The Conflict of Conscience,

Us in thy mercy, and never us blame;  
But so much pronouked thee, by blasphemying thy name:  
Indeet to deny, that in words we mayntaine,  
That from the Justice thou couldst not refraine.  
So that Romish Pharao a Tyrant most cruel,  
Hath brought us againe into captivity,  
And instead of the pure blood of thy Gospel:  
Hath poisned us soules with bluelish Hypocrisie:  
Unable to maintaine it, but by murthering Tyranny:  
Seeking rather the fleete, then the health of the Harrys,  
Which are appointed for him so to kepe.

Tyranny.

Loe Auarice,harke what a Tyrant is here,  
Against our holy Father this language to use:  
I might have harde more if I would him to heare:  
But for gree to my earses burned to heare him as oole  
His tongue in this manner:wherefor no excuse,  
Shall purchase savour but that with all saine,  
By Swore I will render, to him his due meade.  
Wherefore thou miscreant, while thou halt time,  
Pray to the Saintes, the spokesmen to bee,  
That at Gods hand, from this thy great crime:  
By their intercession, thou may be let frie:  

Auarice.

Say hearest thou Tyranny, be ruled by me:  
First cut of his head, and then let him pray,  
So shall be sure, as not to bewray.  

Hypocrisie.

O wicked Tyranny, thou image of the Deuil,  
Loe is call tidings, to this have I brought,  
For now thou art imboldened, to practice all enmity:  

Tyranny.

Spare thou that gave mee thy service for wahte:  
But for thy paines to please thee I thought:  

Hypocrisie.

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

Auarice.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Auarice.

Say Tyranny take this sallow to plate,
Will some man come by, and then he is gone,
Then will thou repent it, when it is to late:
Dispatch him therefore, while we are alone:

Hypocrif.

Well may the Coneticous be likened to a zone,
Which of the Bees labours, will spoil and wall make,
And yet to get none, no labour will take.

The Coneticous lykewise, from poyre men extol;
Their gaines to encrease, they onely do take:
And so they may have it of them a great taste:
What means it they doe so, they care not a tale:
Yet will these mysters scarce once a week:
Have one good meale, at their owne table,
So by Auarice, to help them selnes they are unable.

Auarice to a fire may well compared bee,
To the which the more you add, the more still it crane.
So lykewise the Coneticous minde we do see:
Though riches abound, do toxicity still more to hate:
And to be short, your reverence to save:
To a filthy Swyne, such mysters are comparable,
Which while they be dead are nothing profitable.

Auarice.

Say farewel! Tyranny, I came hither to some,
I perceve already, I am so well knowne:
I were not set in their claues for to come:
Unless I were willing to be clean overthowe:

Tyranny.

By the preaching of Godes word, al this michife is grow
Which it Hypocrif might happily expell,
All we in safetie and pleasure might dwell,
Stay therefore, while from Hypocrif we heare,

Auarice.

Dispatch then this Marchant, leaft our counsell he tell,

Hypocrif.

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

C.S.

Tyrann.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Tyranny.
It is hell killing him, now his yoke is let well.

Hypocrisy.
Your scoffing and mocking God with such deal!

Tyranny.
Yes, doest thou persist, us still thus to check.

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

Tyranny.
Say, holde thy hand Cadby, thou hast killed me enough

Hypocrisy.
What never the longer for a merry wayes?

Tyranny.
I meant not god cursed, to your malice I bowe;

Hypocrisy.
I dyd but left, and spake but in bode.

Tyranny.
Therefore of friendship, put by aspans the sword;

Hypocrisy.
Say captiue presume not, that thou shalt see tooke a,

Tyranny.
Therefore hold still, and I will some dispatch thee.

Hypocrisy.
What? I pray this Tyranny know thy self, who I am,

Tyranny.
Pe purblind thy false, do your lips blind your eyes?

Hypocrisy.
Why, I was in place long before you came;

Tyranny.
But you could not see the hand for the trees;

Hypocrisy.
But in faith father Anarche, I will pay you your dues;

Anarche.
For the great goodwill which you to me see;

Hypocrisy.
And in time will requite it againe do not fear.

Anarche.
Content your selfe, good matter Hypocrisy.

Tyranny.
The words which I spake I spake unaware.

Hypocrisy.
Holde thy hand Hypocrisy, I pray thee harpely;

Tyranny.
she lyke a mad man with the friends do not care.

Hypocrisy.
For neither of you both, a sin do I care?

Tyranny.
Goe shake your ears both, like flakes as you bee,

Hypocrisy.
And take not in your need to be holpen of mee.

Anarche.
What matter Hypocrisy, will you take heart to some.
The Confliet of Conscience.

Wary then you had neede to be kept very warne,

Aurance.

I swere to your masterhie, by the man in the Pone,
That to your person I intended no harme:

Hypocrie.

But that I am ware, I would both your tongs harmes:

Aurance.

See how to my face they do mee deride,

I will not therefo to your companies abide.

Hypocrie.

Why master Hypocrie, what would you that I do?

For my offence, of mercie I you praye.

Hypocrie.

With this I am at one, but of that haunchant to,
I take for some amendes, as els I will alwaye:

Tyrannye.

The presumptuous tune parte herein thou doest play,

What of thy Spaker, well thou take for obylance,

I will not once intreat this, if thou wilt get the pence.

Hypocrie.

Nimia familiaritas partit contemptum,

The obse pronnde by mee is heresie,

By too much famliaritie contemned be some:

Enon so at this present to me it betide:

For of longe time Hypocrie hath ruled as guide:

While now of later daies through heretikes restance
I retaine Tyrannye to pain me assistance.

But through our much lentlie, he thinkes himselfe check

With mee his good patron, master Hypocrie, (note)

Tyrannye.

Lyke I pray the Aurance, how this recall can paste:

And with mee Tyrannye both challenge capable:

Where bee of himselfe path neither strengthe nor habilitie

But thou to him riches, and I strengthe deserue,

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

Aurance.

Two Dogges oftentimes one bone would faine catch,
The Conflict of Conscience.

But yet the thirde do both them deeme,
Even to Hypocrifie for the preheminence dowt shent: Which Tiranny gapes for, ye may perceiue:
But I must obtaine it, for of me they retaine
All kinde of riches, their states to mainentaine,
To yeeld to me therefore they must be both saigne.

Hypocrifie.

Was Iudas Christes master, because he bare the purs
Pay rather of all, he was least regarded,
Have not men of honer, stewards to diburse:
All such summes of mony, therewith they be charged:
Yet above their master their honor is not enlarged:
Even so, thee Auarice, my steward I account,
To say that where to my charges amout
And to the Tiranny, this one word I obiect,
Whether Iob doth Iob the king:
When Iob was glad, his eafe to retiet:
The Ammonys in Rabab, to confusion to bring:
When Daud with Bethseba at home was styeing:
Was not Iob his servant, in warfare to fight,
And to art thou mine, mine enimies to quight.

Tiranny.

Say then at the hole godfreme you god night:
Shall Tiranny to Hypocrifie in any point yeeld:

Hypocrifie.

With this one word I will banquish this quight:
That thou shalt be glad to give me the field:
The ende to be preferred all learned men wade:
So therfore Hypocrifie of Tiranny is ende,
I must have the preferment, for which I contende.

Tiranny.

I will make you both grant that I am the chiefe,
Or els with my owne your sides I will pearce,

Hypocrifie.

That were sharp reasoning indee, with a mitchete:

Antinice.

I will yeeld him my right if that he be to feare,

Hypo-
Hypocrisy.

The nature of Hypocrizes, herein we rehearse:
Which being convinced by the text of Gods word,
The ends of their spotting is Frye and Swole.
But if you will needs be chaste, God send you well plough.
I will be none that shall follow your trainer.
For if I should, I know well enough
That to fly the Counstle, we all should be saine;
Then were my labour done but in vain;
You know not too much as I do.

Tyranny.

Inter amis omnia sunt communia they say.
Among friends there is recked no properiet,
But what the one hath of his owne, another may:
Have the use of the same, at his owne Hypocrifie;
Even so among vs it is of a Pyrate:
For what the one hath of his owne proper right,
It is thine to use by day or by night.

Avarice.

Indeed you say truth, the ende is worth all,
Such thinges as to get the ende are referred, And be this reason to you I proove shall:
That before Hypocrifie must be preferred;
The conclusion of my reason is this inferred:
Both Hypocrifie was invented to augment privet gaine,
I am the end of Hypocrifie, this is plaines.

Hypocrifie.

Actum est de Amicitia, the bargen is dispatched, And we two in friendship are united as one:

Avarice.

In the same knot, with you let me also be matched:
And of many I warrant you, you shall want none:

Hypocrifie.

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

Tyrans. I judge him more full in our company to be:

Hypocrifie.

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

Let us now speedely on our businesse attende,
The Conflict of Conscience.

And labour eche one to bringing it about.

Hypocrifie.

That is already by me brought to ende:
So that of your preferment you neede not to doubt:
And my comming better was to have you out:
That at your elbow you might be in readinesse,
To help if neede were in this weightie businesse.

To tell you the story it were but to tedious,
How the Pope and I together have devised,
Firstly to inuoke the people religuous:
For greatest of gaine, who will be none prized:
And for feare least hereafter they should be despised:
All in their owne freewill, will maintaine Hypocrifie
So that Auarice alone, shall conquer the Clergy.

Now of the chiefest of his carnall Cardinals,
He both appoint certaine, and gaine them authority:
To ride above in their pontificales:
To set it with Auarice, they may winne the Laytie:
If not, then to threaten them with open Tyranny:
Whereby doubt not but many will forsake,
The truth of the Gospel, and our parties take.

Tyranny.

This device is praiseworthy, how saith thou Auarice?

Auarice.

I like it well if it were put in yse,
Yet little gaine to me, shall this whole practise:
Hope then I had before time procure:

Hypocrifie.

The Legates are ready to ride, I am sure:
Wherefore we had neede to make no small delays,
They stay for my comming alone, I dare say,

Yet if the Laytie would greatly mistake,
If they should know all our purpose and intent,
Perchance perhaps some means they would seekes:
Our foolders businesse in time to prevent:

Tyranny.

Will you then be ruled by my arbitrement?
The Conflict of Conscience:

Lest the people should sorely dissolve tranquility,
For the Legates defence, let them use me Tyranny:

Hypocrisy.

Herein your counsell is not much unwise,
Save that in one thing, we had need to beware,
Lest you be known, we will you disguise,
And some grace Apparell for you will prepare,
But your name Tyranny, I fear all will marre:

Let me alone, and I will invent,
A name to your nature, which shall be convenient;
Zeale shall your name be, how like you by that
And therefore, in office, you must zeale jealously:

Tyranny.

Let me alone, I will pay them home pat:
Though they call me Zeale, they shall serve me Tyranny.

Hypocrisy.

Loe, here is a Garment, come dreste you handsomly:
I mary (quoth he) I like this very well:
Now, to the Devils Grace, you may come to gene costell.
Now must I apply to my Intention,
That I may devise Auarice to hide:
Why name shall be called Carefull provision,
And every man for his Household may lawfully provide,
Thus shalt thou go cloaked, and never be spied:

Auarice.

Why counsell Hypocrisy, I very well allow,
And will recompence thee, if ever I know how.

Tyranny.

Now, on a boon voyage, let us depart,
For I will lose any time to delay,

Hypocrisy.

Pay, yet in signe of a merry hart,
Let be signe before we go alwaye.

Auarice.

I am content, begyn I you pray,
But to signe the Treble, we must needs have one.

D.i.

Hypocrisy
The Conflict of Conscience.

Hypocrite.

If you lay it, set it even alone.

Exeunt.

Ache the rde. Sceane i.

PHILOLOGY.

To true (alas) true I say, was our Damnation.
The which Mathere did foresee, when last we were in place.
For now (in deed) we see the smart and horrid visitation.
Whiche Romish power unto us did threaten and mane.
Wherefore, great need we have to call to God alway for grace:
For feeble flesh is farre too weak, those paynes to undergo:
The which all they that fear the Lord, are now appointed to.
The Legate from the Pope of Rome, is come into our Country,
Who both the Saints of God eche where, with Tyranny oppressed,
And in the lame most glaupously himselfe he battane and boaste.
The more one mourneth unto him, he pitteth the leste;
But of his cruel Tyranny, the Lorde of Heauen me blest.
For hitherto, in blessed state, my whole lyfe I have spent;
With health of body, wealth in Goods, and minds alwaye content.
Belwth, of friends, I have great hope, which oure firmly lawe,
A faithfull wife and children sayse, of woods and pasture cows,
And divers other things, which I have got for my behoife.
Whiche note to be depayed off, would grace my hart still more.
And if I come once in their claves, I shall get out no more.
Unlesse I will renounce my fayse, and to ther vaine falsity,
Whiche if I do, without all doubt, my soule for so I spie.
For thith I have receiued once the first fructes of my faith,
And have begun to roune the course, that leaeth to salvation.
If in the midst thereof, I lay to cease, the Scripture saith,
It boteeth not that I began with God preparation.
But rather, makes me to bide the more, until my coursonation:
For he alone shall have the Palme, whiche in the eape worthcounse.
And that plucks his hand fr6 Plough, in Heauen that ever come.
Whose Labours, which bear more in Sinecurs he to examples;
And had their Perly by their payne, they tarred all whole night.

1600 qpt. 17
The Conflict of Conscience.

For if they ceased bad, when burden their flesh with heat did broyle,
And had departed from their works, they should have lost by right.
Their wages pent: I likewise, had been deprived quite.
Of that same Crowne, the which I have in fayth longe looked for,
But for this time, I will depart, I dare here say no more. Exit.

Acte thyrde. Scene.2.

HYPOCRISIE.

Ha, ha, ha, mery now the Game beginne.
Hypocrisie throughout this Realme is had in admiration,
And by my meanes, both Avarice and Tyranny crept in.
Who in that space, well make men ronne the way to desolation.
What did I say? my tongue byd strpp, I should say, consolation.
For now (for both) the Clergie must into my holome crepe.
Dv els, they know not, by what meanes, then felues alpue to hope.
On the other side, the Laitie, he they egther riche or poore.
If riche, then Avarice strangle them, because they will not roke
The worldy wealth: or els we have one subtile proude man,
That is, that sensuell suggestion, their outwarde man shall pote,
Whoo can full finely in eche cause, his minde to them dissuade,
But if that neither of these two be, can to my fraye them wynde.
Then, at his Cae (to play his parte, both Tyranny beginneth.
As for the poore knaues, suche a one as this is,
Of crosse hym, but make that adow.
If he will not come on, we do hym not mynde.
But to the Poet, he is sure to goe:
Tyranny dealles with hym and no more.
But I mernagle, what both hym from hence to longe say.
Sooner named, sooner time, as common Proverbs say.

Acte thyrde. Scene.3.

Tyrannie, Avarice. Hypocrisy.

By his wounds, I fear not; but it iscke sure now, Hr he hath
Under the Legates Seat, in Office I am placed: goodly grace
Therefore
The Conflict of Conscience.

Therefore who to relieve me I will make him to hate, Hic, be he grace

Who can make Tyranny not to be disgraced?

With a head of brim I will not be out faced,

But will execute mine office with extreme cruelty,

So that all men shall know me to be plague Tyranny.

Avarice.

Say Master Zeale be ruled by me,

To such as resist, such rigor you may show,

Tyranny.

Zeale may, no Zeale, my name is Tyranny,

Neither am I ashamed who doth my name knowe,

For in my dealings the same I will shewe,

Sore dare repose me of that I am sure,

So long as Authority on my side stands,

But to the words a while I will list,

Therefore in briefe tape on what you will.

Avarice.

I would have you show rigor to such as resist,

And such as be obstinate spare not to kill,

But those that be willing your heftes to fulfill,

If they offend and not of obdinate,

For money excuse them though they be villainie,

Thus shall you performe your office right,

For favour or money to spare the offender.

Tyranny.

So may I also of malice or bigness,

My danger of mine punit the innocent,

But I will be ruled by thine arbitrament,

And will favour such as will my hand grace,

The devil is a good fellow if one can him please,

But to follow our duties great purposes we do take,

On an humble measse we were fit to be sent.

Hypocrifie.

When I be a dying I will you messengers make,

You give you to that you are to to diligent,

Hopes bow, Master Zeale whether are ye best.

Avarice.
Auarice, how dare you? Am I not worthy of your name?
Tyranny.

I would it were Hypocrisy, Auar. It is the very same, what matter Hypocrisy for you I have sought,
This house or two but could you not find.

Hypocrisy.
That is no remedy it is not for remedy,
For I am but little and you two are blind,
Neither have you eyes to see with behinds,
Yet may the learned note herein a mystery,
That neither Tyrann nor Auar. can finde out Hypocrisy, as matter.
But what earneft business have you in charge, and nothing more,
That wish to great speed must presently be finished, and time apace,

Tyranny.

pray see here, Hip. what is it? Tyrann a commission large of hear.
From my Lord Legate him selfe authorized.
The effect whereof must presently be practised, and matter of Hypocrisy.
That matter cut and carried out of hand.
What is the tenure I pray you let me know, and about me,

Tyrannye.

Auarice what red is, not I let him move,

Auarice.
He hath first in charge to make inquisition,
Whether Auers be receiv'd whether chalice and bade,
Whether Willments for Haste, sacraments and profession,
We prepared against if not he must like,
And findes out such fellows as these cannot brooke,
And to my Lord Legate such Parchants present,
That for their offence they may have condign punishment,

If any we take tardy Tyranny them threat,
That for their neglecte he will them present,
And I defirous some mony to get,
If might they will give me, their cuill will prevent,
Peace sometime of purpose such shifts we invent.

Hypocrisy.

Peace, yonder comes one (me thinkes) it is a pratt.

Dig. By hys
The Conflict of Conscience.

By his goteone cap and tipher, made of a tine.

Acte. third, Scene 4.

CACONOS. HYP. TIRANNY. AVARICE.

This nefar be gat me lapes,
Ay is as light as ay me went, git that yo tool me troth,
For new apan within aton lord installed is the pope, at the.
Whole Legat d' authority that awawt any chepy goth,
And charge before him fer te con, but Provists end lemen bath,
For te say awnt'git that ye mea, these new sparn Aratafkes,
Whilm de dilumb any hally Birke, laik a fart of lapitanfaykes.

Awz yelden Gods ar brouught apan inte awz Kirkes ilk where,
That onte tham awz Parishioner, ma after that gudetawll,
Far hally Halle in like place, new thea anters de prepare,
Hally watter, Par, Cross, Baner, Cenuron and Cardill,
Creme, Chicunatoz, hally Bred, the rest antit ap will,
Whilm hally Faters did iment fre awz Antiquitie,
Be new recreed inte awz Kirkes, with great folennite.

Bay these though lemen bene appez, the Clergy fall het yeain,
Far te awz Hents thes after pils all whilm we fall rerege,
Awz hally Halle, that tean byp vere, thea be it but in bnone,
Far that ov ther trends frea Purgatory, to help thea dea belene,
Yet at ther hope, gil neve relohidize it wald theam all detene,
Sea walleb-awz Pilgrimage, Reliques, Trenorts and Pardons,
Whilm far awz gezen inte awz Birke ar brouht in far the nones.

Far well a here what war awz tenths y tapthes that gro in af,
What git we han of glesed lond ene platwork bay the yre,
Awz affering bea de vara lapell ur nexting te bs pel,
Awz Beadoll graces, awz chisom clothes de laple mend awz fara
Git awrt at this we pea far tale, we laple mare eno pare,
Sawt Hulle, Diriges, Sonethmayndes and Burypinges,
Also Winday, Birking, Banealling and wedings.

The Sacraments, git we moter tell, war better then thea all,
Far git the Jews gane thats pence, te hang Chaypt on a tre.
Gude chystia folk chaypt thats pence wald cob a price but final.
The Conflict of Conscience.

The Conflit of Conference.

I will goe and talowe him, good morrow Sir John,

Cacon.

I will goe and talowe him, good morrow Sir John,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

I will goe and talowe him, good morrow Sir John,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

Do you Walter Pardon in this Parish sowe,

Cacon.

Do you Walter Pardon in this Parish sowe,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

I have a comission your house and Church to take,

Cacon.

I have a comission your house and Church to take,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

What day will you take the Sacrament,

Cacon.

What day will you take the Sacrament,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

Ay had rather han a cup of wine than a Testament,

Cacon.

Ay had rather han a cup of wine than a Testament,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

How can you without it your office discharge,

Cacon.

How can you without it your office discharge,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

It is the least thing ay had far say may charge,

Cacon.

It is the least thing ay had far say may charge,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

Tush! that will move thee all too enowse,

Cacon.

Tush! that will move thee all too enowse,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

As well a dead Image as a dumb Hole I make God abowde,

Cacon.

As well a dead Image as a dumb Hole I make God abowde,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

Pai, ay my ten, say experience that can shooe,

Cacon.

Pai, ay my ten, say experience that can shooe,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

Far in may Portace the tongue ay do not knowe,

Cacon.

Far in may Portace the tongue ay do not knowe,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

Yet when ay see the great gilded letter,

Cacon.

Yet when ay see the great gilded letter,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

As far Example, on the day of Christes Nativity,

Cacon.

As far Example, on the day of Christes Nativity,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

Ay see a Bab in a Rager, and two Beastes standing by

Cacon.

Ay see a Bab in a Rager, and two Beastes standing by

Cacon.

Hypocrite.

By the Picture of the Circumcision ay sayd,

Cacon.

By the Picture of the Circumcision ay sayd,

Cacon.

Hypocrite.
The Conflict of Conscience.

By this day the market of the three Kings of Colom.
Bay the Deuell tenting Christ, ay said whadragalima.
Bay Christ on the Cross, ay fetch out good frayday.
Parch for his market, hath the Resurrection,
Ament Hally Thursday, is went Christes Atention,
Thus in man whose buke, ay is a good Clarke,
But yet the Sants war gone, the Cat had eate my mark
Be the landy miracles, while we Sent have done;
Bay the Pictures on the wall was all appeare to them some
Bay the whilst the art termed in every distreste,
What Sent then mune peze te far succour doubtles:
Sea that all Lepers to Syluester mune peze,
That he wato free them, ther disease take away.
Laptois, thea that han the falling faiconk,
Le he eased therfre, then mune peze to St. Corneliun,
In contagious aicr, as in plague or pestilence,
Le hally Sent Rufe, thea mune call far assistence.
Fra parill of bawting, Sent Carp kepe the Bawners,
Fra baying in warfare, Sent George gart the Soldiers,
Sent Iob heale the Pope, the Agell, Sent Germanie,
Far te eate the toothache, call te Sent Appolyne,
Gif that a woman be barren and childles,
Le help her herein, the mune peze te Sent Nicolas.
Far women in trangly, call te Sent Maddalene
Far latynes of minde, call te Sent Katheryne
Sent Loy save your Posite, Sent Anthony your Hospitall.

Tyranny,
What this parton, itemeth coming to be,
And as farre as I see, in a good withzippie:
Pea, he is well red, in that golden Legend.

Cacon.

Bay may truth, in reading any other, as ean do I.
Far that ay her, by general callull, is canonizd (haued
And bay the boly Pope himselfe is authorized:
That Duke farther, is wholly permitted.
Whereas, the Babble in part is prohibited.
And therefore, as it be wholesome to better my conscience,

Below
The Conflict of Conscience

Before the new Testament any give it credence.

Hypocrisy.
I allow his Judge and his Judge is Ambrose & Austin,
And by Hypocrisy, a more convenient Chaplenny,
Avarice.

It greeveth me much that no fault we can spye,
For now of some tribe disappointed am I,
Yet happen he may tell us of some Heretics.

Tiranny.

Is there a Parson in your parish no Heimathide?

Cacon.

Pai mara is ther a barb by barby body,
The body left with me and call me tool and noddy,
And lets his Latin to spote latin spote me,
But ay spote then with Deparfundis Clam aui,
And oftentimes he will reason with me of the Sacrament,
And say he can prove by the new Testament,
What Chaplenny body is in Heaven placed,
But as not believe him, ay tool not be aot faced,
He says before that the Pope is Antichrist,

Fingered of John bar the seyen heded beast,
And all aise religion is but mans invention,
And with Gods word is at better direction,
And a plaguy del mare of lank lank talke,
What ay bar not far may nars bar his pate walke,
But ay watow he wer bunt that ay malight be whole,

Tiranny.

He must have a color his tongue runnes at rest.

Avarice.

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

Cacon.

Pai sir that ay ken he is cleped Phaiiclegoos.

Tyranny.

Will thou go show his house where he dwelle?

Cacon.

Pai o, els ay watow may to tol war in Hell,
Te be him a picture ay watow gang a whole yeare.
The Conflict of Conscience.

If it war but to make him a Hypocrifie to hear
Tyranny. "Thinks I.
Go with vs Amorie and hearing my company.
Amorie.
Say, if you go hence I will not here tarry.
Hypocrifie.
Away Sirs in your business in a corner do not lurke.
That my Lord Legate, when he comes may have notice.
Tyranny.
Come on let vs go together Sir John.
Cacon.
Ay fall follow after God hop you good Gentleman.
Hypocrifie.
Farewell, these two kinames, as between this and London.
Tyranny.
What saye thou? Hip.As honest men as these Kings of Colm,
This gear goes round if that we had a Noble:
Say, I must sing to, heigh very very here,
I can do but laugh my hart is so merry,
I wilbe mindrel my selfe heigh noble noble noble,
But lay there a strawe I began to be weary:
But barker I here a trampling of feet,
It is my Lord Legate I will him go mete.

Acte fourth. Scene ii.

CAR. HYPO. AVA. TYR. PHILO.

God to Master Zeale, bleeing with that Heretike,
Which both thus distress our religion Catholikes.
Hypocrifie.
Know for my Lords grace: whatsoever manner reverence,
But Cap on head Hodge: and that in a Lords presence.
Cardinal.
What! Master Hypocrifie I have stayed for you long.
Hypocrifie.
You were best crowd in and play us amongst.
Cardinal.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Cardinall.

Where have you been from me so long absent,
I appointed to have been here these howses ago,
In my consistory to have set in Judgement,
Of that wretched Seditious like that doth trouble us so,
Hypocrifie.

What have you caught but one and no more;
In sayth father Auricie, you have piously your chapys well.
Auricie.

I must needs confess that I am payd for my travell.

Tyranny.

Rowme for the prisoner, what:rowme on ech hand,
O2 I shall make some out of the way for to stand.
Lo here (my Lord) is that seditions Seditious like,
That too have laye waite for, an arrant Heretike.
Cardinall.

Sit downe Pastor Hypocrifie to yeld me assistance.
Hypocrifie.

I thank your Lordship for your courteous bencialence.
I wilbe the nody, I should say the Notary,
To wright before my Lord Legate which is Comitaly.
Cardinall.

Ah sirra, be you he that doeth thus disturb,
The whole estate of our sayth Catholike?
Art thou so expert in Gods lawes and word,
That no man may learne the: thou arrant Heretike:.
But this is the nature of every Seditious like:
Be his errors never to falle Doctrine,
He will lay, by Gods word, he dare it examine.

Philologus.

With humble submission to your authoritie,
A pardon crave if ought amiss I lave,
For being thus set in perill and extremitie,
To me unacquainted, my tongue some trip maye,
Wherefore excuse me, I do your Lordship praise.
And I will answer to every demand.
According to my conscience, Gods wordes being my warrant.

C.J.
Cardinall.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Cardinall.

To begin therefore orderly, how saist thou Philologus? Have I authority to call the me before? Or to be short, I will obiect it thus:

Whether hath the Pope which is Peter's successor: Then all other Bishops preeminence make? If not, then it followeth that neither he, nor I which am his legate, to attemptes may call thee.

Philologus.

The question is perillous for me to determine, Chiefley when the party is Judge in the cause, Yet if the whole cause of Scripture ye examine, And wilke tryed by God's holy lawes, Small help shal you finde to defend the same cause, But the contrary may be proved manifestly: As I in those wordes will prove to you hereafter.

The surest ground wherein your Pope both stand: Is of Peters being at Rome a strong imagination, And the same Peter you do understand, Of all the Disciples had the gubernation, Surmounting both without god approbation: Unless you will by the name of Babylon, From whence Peter wrote to understand Rome: As indeed divers of your writers have affirmed,

Reciting Ieromie, Aufline, Primasius and Ambrose, Who by their general writings have 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 prove Rome by that acceptance: The whole of Babylon spoke of in the Revelation,

But graunt that Peter in Rome sited was, Yet that he was chesse, it remaines you to prove: For in my judgement it is a plagye case,

That if any amongst them to rule it did behove, He should be chesse whom Christ most did love: To whom he beguiled his mother most desire,

To whom in revelation Christ did also appere. I mean
The Conflict of Conscience.

I meaneth John Evangelist (by birth) Costin germanice,
To our Saviour Christ as stories do be told.
From whose succession if that you should layme
Superastite, you should mend your cause well,
For then of some likehood of truth it should smell,
Where none so often as Peter was reproued,

But grant all these true herein you do sayne;
Mark the one proper lesson of a Greek Dratour;
As a good childe of his fathers, which is inheritour,
So of his fathers vertues he must be possesour,
Now Peter vailous Christ and all worldly gods so take.
But the Pope leaueth Christ, e himselfe to glory takes to them self.
And to be short Christ himselfe refused to be a Kings demesne.
And the servant above the Master may not be,
Which being both true it is a strange thing,
How the Pope can receive this pompe and dignite,
And yet professeth himselfe Christes servant to be,
Christ will no King, the Pope will he more.
The Pope is Christes Master not his servant therefore.

Cardinal.

Ah thou arrant Heretike I will that remember,
I am glad I know so much as I doe,
I have waped thy reasons and have found them to slender,
What I thinke them not worthy to be answered.
How say you Master Hypocrify? HIP. I also thinke so,
But let him go forward and utter his conscience,
And we will abide longer here him with patience.

Cardinal.

Say on thou Heretike of the holy Sacramento,
Of the body and blood of Christ, what is thine opinion?
Philologus.
I have not yet finisshed my former argument.

Cardinal.

Say on as I bid thee, thou art a loose Opinion.
Philologus.
I shall then gladly, it is a signe of union.

The
The Consolation of Conscience.

The which should remaine on Christians among,
That one should love another all our life long:
For as the bread is of many Cornells compounded,
And the Wine from the Juice of many Grapes doth abound;
So we which into Christ our Rocke are ingrafted,
As into one Temple, should stand to contend:
Least by our contention the Church be offended.
This was not the least fault among many more,
Which are now omitted that this Sacrament was given for.
The chiefly cause why this Sacrament was ordained,
Was the infirmitie of our outward man:
Whereas Salvation to all men was proclaimed,
That with true faith apprehendeth the same can.
By the death of Jesus Christ that immaculate Lamb,
That the same might the rather of all men be believed.
So the word to ad a Sacrament, if Christ nothing graced.
And as we the latter believe that thing true,
For the tryall whereof more witnesses we finde,
So by the meane of the Sacrament many grace
Believing Creatures, wherebefore they were blind.
For our fences some favour of our faith now do finde,
Because in the Sacrament there is this Analogie;
That Christ feades our soules as the bread both our body.

Cardinal.

Ah thou soul Heretike, is there bread in the Sacrament?
Where is Christes body now which he did us give?
Philologus.

I know to the fastitfull recouer it is there present:
But yet the bread remaineth still I feedstally beleue.
Cardinal.

To here these his errours, doth me greatly grieve;
But that we may shortly to some issue come,
In what fence saith Christ, Hoc est Corpus meum?
Philologus.

Even in the same fence that he sayde before:
Vos estis terra, vos estis lux mundi:
Ego sum ollum; and a humilitie such wise, It is my body limited.

If thus
The Conflict of Conscience.

But that I may the simple to be edify You ask me in what sort these words I write

For the answer herein I give you this question: Where Christ said: This is my body.

For are the last of the earth every one,

When the light of Christ he then affirmed,

Then to be a man did his body change.

If not then, why do you this same foolish strange,

But what so he willeth both to come to pass,

This is my heart; and, therefore some will the power

Thy word both true and reason both is ancient: of which I call

As Christ said: This is my body, and his will this must there whereupon

He spake for all the world, when he said: I am the light of the world.

That he would be made bread, and then I reasoned insomuch as

This Captives my care with winds he both fill;

To the utmost, that is the word is his will this must there whereupon

Philologus, 111

Cardinal.

If thou meet with any I will say no more.

For he is mine only to serve to be made bread, and then I reasoned insomuch as

I am here in rebuke to do your commandments as heretofore

And

Wilt thou be so obstinate I will say no more.

I will make him let by my friendship more know.

Dive him hence to prison and keep him there.

But hereafter Zealea, do make none, for I have not

Some kindes of new temporal wear he may not endure.

Tirant, when I have told him to,"
The Conflict of Conscience.

And will returne, either agayne incontinent.

Hypocrifie.

At thy returne, by thy better Sensual Suggestion.

That if neede be, he may vs affit;

Least that both I, and Carefull provision,

The scale of Philologus, may not fully rest.

But he in his obstinacie, doth styll persit,

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 vs will fulfill your woes freely.

Hypocrifie. Exit Tyranny.

God Paitter Philologus, I pittie your case;

Let vs to solace, your selfe to unmoe.

I durst yet proue to use you grace,

If you would (at length) your errors forgoe.

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

Philologus.

Call you those Errors, which the Gospell deffende.

I know not then, whence true Doctrine descends.

Cardinall.

Say, Paitter Hypocrifie, you spent myne in baine.

To reason with him, he will not be remoued.

Avarice.

Had I so much to live by as he hath certayne.

I would not lose that which I so well loued.

Cardinall.

He stands in his reputation, he will not be remoued.

And that is the cause, that he is so obstinate.

But I shall well enough thy courage abate.

Philologus.

I humbly beseech you of Christian charitie,

You seake not of purpose, my bloud for to spill.

For, if I have displeased your authoritie,

In reasonable cause, reduce it I will.

But in this respect, I feare I should kill

My soule for ever: it against my conscience.

I shoule
The Conflict of Conscience.

I should to the Poppes lawes acknowledge Obedience.

Hypocrisy.

Cease from those wordes, if your patience you lose;
As though no man had a soule more then you:
Suche nips (perchance) my Lords patience will move;
Then would you please him, if that you will how:
But, if you will be ruled, (by my bonnet) I say,
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 earth you have got;
Then by your owne folle, your lette to dissace?
And bying you to trouble, whiche other men take not.

Hypocrisy.

In faith, Philologus, your zeale is too hot,
Whiche will not be quenched, but with your hart blood,
If I were so zealeous, I would thinke my lette won,
Cardinall.

Truly, it will not be, he thinke we do but less,
Wherefore, that some triall of my minde he may have,
That Carefull Prouision, should goo, I thinke best,
Into the towne, and there assistance crave,
His House for to enter, and his Gods for me sake,
Leafe, when his wife know, that they be constisse,
Into other mens keeping, the same she both dissipate.

Hypocrisy.

You speake very wisely, in my simple Judgement,
Wherefore, you were best to sende him away.
Cardinall.

Go to, Carefull Prouision, depart incontinent,
And suffill the wordes, whiche I to you say,

Auarice.

Of pardon hereon, I do your Lordshipp pray,
You doubt not I trufl, of my willing minde,
Whiche herein most desy, you alway shall finde.
For who is more desy, by statewe to purlyne,

F.i. Other
The Confession of Conscience.

Other men's goods are not ours: but let us rather persuade him his folly to yield.

But lest some man at me should charge to faith, and make me to see how I would to God's words, I had rather persuade him his folly to yield.

Cardinal.

Proue then if thou canst do any good,

He shall not say that we seek his blood,

And he that did never sin, shall say grace,

And all your gods I will make confes,

Then will you repent, if when it is to late.

Philologus.

My case is worst: I am most miserable.

As was Susanna, both in the eagle's place, and in the eagle's place.

Eager to content to seem most abominable:

Or else in the woods' light to be bitterly disgraced:

But as the heart is at that time hindered,

So will I now spiritual wisdom receive,

And keep me a true Virgin to my loving spouse Christ.

Auarine.

Wilt thou then neglect the provision of the houlehold?

Thou art therefore worse then an Insane is.

Philologus.

That you abuse God's word, to say I dare be bold?

And the saying of Paul, you interpret amiss

Cardinal.

I never saw the like heretic that this is:

Away Carefull Provision, about your businesse,

Auarine.

Sith there is no remiss, I am here to remiss.

Philologus.

I believe your Lordship even from the heart, you

That your words should make my contentation,
The Conflict of Conscience.

To appoy to me by God's holy word,
Some one of the questions of our discussion.
For I will here you with harts delection.
Because I woulde gladly to you benit content.
If that I coude to my conscience content.
But my Conscience crauth out and bite me taker haue.
To love my Lord God above all earthly thing.
Whereby all this while I stande in great dread.
That if I should Gods statutes bide.
In twettieth parte then I should remayne.
Thus crye my Conscience to mee continually,
Which if you can say, I wil vey to you gladly.
Cardinal.

I can say nonone, then I have done already.
Thou hearken that I calle the heretych and tolle.
If thou wilt not content to, and that speedy.
With a new matter, thou shalt goe to whole.

Hypocrite.

Thou hast no more tolle, I ce then this tolle.
Fare wight to shewe me reason with my Lord.
He can subdew the, with fire & tow, quick to one tow.

Tyranny.

Come, follow apace, sentinall, Suggestion,
Dar I will cause you to come all alone.

Suggestion.

You go in halfe, you make spedition.
Say, if you runne to failt I will have:
This little journey will make me to groome;
I die not to trouble my life in this wise.
And now to beguerie I do not abitude.

Tyranny.

Have not I pleyed me, which art come against to come.
And yet have denied such hundyene instance.
I have caused many pittyke tobes to be done;
So that now I have esse thing in residdance.

Cardinal.

What patient Zealeart are you most worthy wondered at now;
The Conflict of Conscience.

Art thou prepared this gentleman to receive
He will rote a Fagot, to stoke the furnace.

Tyranny.

In simple manner I will him entertaine,
Yet must he take it all in good parts:
And though his diet be small, he may not distaine,
So; yet contemne the kindeenes of my heart,
For though I lacke instruments, to put him to smtart,
Yet shall he abide in a hellish blacke dungeon:
As for blocks, stocks & irons, I warrant him want none.

Hypocrisy.

Well, farewell Philologus, you heare of your lodging,
I would get to you good, if that I will holde.
Cardinal.

Let him go Hypocrisy, and not all day dodging,
You have done too much to him, I make God abowse.

Hypocrisy.

Staye, for; Suggestion both come tender noose,
Come on lady I harde, you make but small haste,
Had you rated a while longer your talking had been waft.

Suggestion.

You know of my selfe, I am not very quiere,
Because that my body I do so much tender,
For vertually Suggestion, will quickly be firke.
If that his owne case he should not remembe;
Thus one cause of my tartanness to you I do render,  
Another I had, as I came by the roge:
Which did me the longer from your company esp.

Hypocrisy.

What was that Suggestion, I praye this to no actor,
For I am with child, till that I do it hear.

Suggestion.

A certaine gentleman, old woman, and huer,
And for grace of mind, she pays the old fear:
She will at last kill her selfe, I greatly so fear.

Hypocrisy.

What is the ende long this given the old lady.

Suggestion.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Suggestion. 4. 

Because her husband and her company did forsake her children also about her hid name, Sobbing, and sighing, and made lamentation: Knocking their breasts, and weeping their hands: Saying, they are brought to utter desolation. By the means of their fathers with full proclamation, Those gods they hate, are already confisrate, Because he doth the Popes lawes violate, And indeed I leave Aurelius standing at the dome, without a word at all, And a company of Rustians assailing him there.

Philologus.

Alas, alas, this pineth my heart full sore, Thine earth he both declare, thine stony too, I do heare, Wherefore from tears, I cannot shewe.

Hypocrif.

Yes, such as this touch you, Master Philologus; You neede not have had it, being ruled by us. Suggestion.

Why? what is he, thus, Master Hypocrif, That taketh such sorrow at the wordes which I spake, I know not.

Hypocrif.

One that is taken, and confinced of Heretick, And I feare me much, will burne at a stake, Yet to remayne him, much paynes would I take, And have von already, howbeit in payne, I would crave thine assistance, were it not to the payne, I shewe.

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 save you, good gentillman, To see your great sorrow, my heart doth weinch bleed: But what is the cause of your trouble and desere, Distraine not to me your secrets to tell: A wise man sometime, of a dot may take counsell.

Philologus.

Thyne estate (alas) is now most lamentable, 

J. W. 102.
For I am but dead, which ever side I take,
Neither to determine here in Table,
With good advice mine election to make.
More to rejoin, and the best for to take.

My Spirit conteites hence, but also since your presence.
My flesh leaves my spirit service by violence.

For at this time, I being in great extremities,
Either my Lord God in part to reject,
Or else to be oppressed by the Legates authentic.
And in this world to be counted an abject;
My Landes, wife, and Children also neglected.

This later part to take, my Spirit is in readiness,
But my flesh with suovis, my Spirit doubtless.

Suggestion.

Your estate perhaps, semeth to you dangerous,
The rather because you have not been sick.
To incure before time, such troubles pernicious.
But to your power such evils have reformed.

Which of two evils, the least must be choosed.
Now which is the least, with all will the device remain,
That which partakeeth, your flesh may determine that should be.

On the right hand you say, you for God's just judgment,
His wrath and displeasure, set you for to fall.
And in the midst of these, see the pernicious,
You for your friends, the tormentors internals,
And punishment of the Philologus.

That is it true, which I have read of all, and many among you.
For Christ said, fear not them, which the body can slay,
But fear him, which the body and soul can destroy.

Suggestion.

Well, let that legation go as it is.
And on the other side, take the other question.
If on the left side you fall, then shall you one side, and one side with you.
But to bring your body, to better condition, to great power, it will not.

For at many hands, you know there is no condition.
Beside your Children fatherly, your trusty abate,
Your gods and petitioners, to other whom consider, and so on.

Phil.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus.

Saint Paul to the Romans hath this worthy sentence. I account the affections of this world transitory. Be they never so many, no all equivalent. Cannot countervail those heavenly joys, which we that have through Christ his propitiator have. I also account the rebukes of our Saviour, greater gain to found then this house full of treasure.

Suggestion.

You have spoken reasonably, but yet as they say, One Bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush. So you not injoying these worldly lusts may, Extreme the other, as light as a rush. Thus may you scape this pernicious path.

Philologus.

Yes, but my salvation to me is most certain. Neither doubt, that I shall suffer this in vain.

Suggestion.

Is your death meritorious, then in God’s sight? That you are so sure to attain to salvation, in every event.

Philologus.

I do not think so, but my faith is full right. In the mercies of Christ by the mediation:

By whom I am sure of my preservation.

Suggestion.

Then to the faithful, no hurt can accrue, But what so he worketh, God and shall infuse.

Philologus.

Our Saviour Christ did say to the tempter, When he did persuade him from the Pinnacle to fall, And saith, he might safely, that danger adventure: Because that God’s Angels, from hurt him save shall: See that the Lord God, their tempt not at all: So I, though persuaded, of my times free remission, May not commit sin, upon this presumption.

Cardinal.

What have you not yet done, your sordid tattling.
The Conflict of Conscience.

With that howarde heretick, I will then say,
If you will learn to heare all his prattelyng,
He would surely hepe you lost part of the day.
It is now high dinner time my stomack both lay:
And I will not lose one meale of my diet,
Though thereon did hang an hundred mens quiet.

Suggestion.
By your Lordships patience, one word with him more, or more
And then if he will not, I gone him to Tyrany.

Hypocrifie.
I never saw my Lord so patient before,
To suffer one to speake for himselfe so quietly,
But you were not best to trust to his curtesse;
It is still waking of a Dog that doth sleepe,
While you have his friendship, you were best it to kepe.

Cardinal.
I promise the Philologus, by my bowed charitie,
If thou wilt be ruled by thy friends that be here,
Thou shalt abound in wealth and prosperite,
And in the Countrie chieste rule thou shalt heare,
And a hundred pounds more thou shalt have in the perre:
If thou wilt this curtesse refuse,
Thou shalt be incontinent, the one of these chauce.

Suggestion.
Well now it is no time, for us to debate,
In former manner what is in my minde:
I will at once to the straight demonstrate,
Whose worldly pleasures, which here thou shalt finde:
And so, because thou art partly blinde,
In this respect looke through this mirrour,
And thou shalt behold an unspeakable pleasure.

Philologus.
Oh peretelesse pleasures, oh toyes unspeakable,
Oh worldly wealth, oh palaces gorgious,
Oh faire Children, oh wife most amiable,
Oh pleasant pastime, oh pompe so glorious,
Oh delicate diet, oh lyte lasciuouis:

Oh
The Conflict of Consciences

Oh volurous death which would me betray,
And my felvytie from me take away,
I am fully resolued without further bemaistre;
In these delictes to take my whole solace,
And what paine to ever hereby I incur:\nWhether heauen or hell, whether God's wrath or grace,
This glace of delight I will ever imbrace;
But one thing most chaly, both trouble me here,
My Neighbours unconstant will comte me I there.

Hypocrifie.

Ye that will seke erhe man to content.
Shall prove him selfe at last most unwise,
Your selfe to save harmlessse think it sufficient;
And willing not the peoples clamorous outcry,
Yet there mouthes to stop I am some delue;
Say that the reading of the workes of S. Bedoone,
And doth Ambition dio your errours remove.
And harkie in myne case delay no more time,
The sooner the better in edge you will lay,
We have now caught him as Birds is in line.

Tyranny.

Come on Sirs have ye done, I would faine awaie.

Hypocrifie.

Goe even when you will, we do you not hate,
Philologus hath drunk such a draught of Hypocrifie,
That he minus not to die yet he will matter this malady,

Cardinal.

Come on matter Philologus, are you grovone to a lay,
I am glad to heare that you become tractable.

Philologus.

If it please your Lordship I say even what you say,
And conforme your religion to be most allowable,
Neither will I gainsay your custome inuable,
My former follies I utterly renounce,
That my selfe was an Heretick I do here pronounce.
The Conflict of Conscience,

Cardinal.

Pay Master Philologus, goe with me to my Palace
And I shall set downe the forme of recantation,
Which you shall reade on Sunday next, in open place:
This done, you shall satsifie 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 house.

Cardinal.

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

Suggestion.
I shall Suggestion, by him will undertake,

Cardinal.

Verie well take him to you, your prisioner I him make,
Come you master Hypocrifse, and heare me company.

Philologus.

Woe and misfortune to me, I should eate,
And goe before Zeale, to see every thing ready;
That when we once come, we may not for meate:

Hypocrifse.

With small cost herefor, you shall me intreate.

Cardinal. Exit Tyr.

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

Suggestion. Car. & Hyp.

Had not you bene a wise man, your selues to have lost,
And brought your whole family to wasted estate,
Where now of your blessednesse, your seltse you may bost;
And of all the countries, accompte your seltse fortunate,

Philologus.

Such was the lost of my solid pate,
But what we we stay, so long in this place,
I shall not be well, whilst I am with my Lorde grace.

Acte
The Conflict of Conscience.

Act fourth. Scene 4.

In time take heed, goe not to farre, looke well thy steps oute,
Let not Suggestion of thy selfe, thy Conscience thee betray,
Who both conduct thee in the path, that leadeth to all woe;
Waigh well this warning given from God, before thou further goe:
And fell not everlasting loves, for pleasures temporal,
From which thou gone shalt goe, as they from the bereamed hall.

Philologus
Alas, what voice is this I here, so dolefully to sounde,
Into mine eares, and warneth me, in time yet to beware,
Why have not I the pleasant path, of worldly pleasures founde,
To walk therein for my delight, no man shall me bare me.

Suggestion
Loke in this Glasse Philologus, say thought els do thou care,
What doth thou lie within the sameis not the Coate all clearre?

Philologus
Naught els but pleasure, pompe, and wealth, herein to me appeare.

Suggestion
Give me thy hands, I will be guide, and lead thee in the way,
What doth thou think Philologus: where I dare goe before?

Spirt
Peace, strive to still Philologus, no time tarry back I say,
In tendall Suggestion steps, se that thou tread no more:
And though the trallie of the path, made the hell full sore:
And to dempe with outward lye, thy Lord and God most deare,
The same to stability with consent, of Conscience, stand in feare:

Thou art yet free Philologus, all tormentes thou maist leave,
Dowly the pleasures of the world, thou shalt awhile forbeare,
Renounce thy crime, and sue for grace, and do not captivate
Thy Conscience unto mortall sinne, the yoke of Christ do beare,
Shut up these words within thy helle, which found so in thine ear:
The outerde man hath cauted thee, this enterprise to take,

Oy.

Beware
The Conflit of Conscience.

Beware least wickedness of spirit, the same do perfect make.

Philologus.

Phylologus.

My hart both tremble for bittres, my conscience pricks me sore
And do me cease that course in time, which I would gladly runes
The wrath of God it both me tell, both stand my face before:

Wherefore, I hold it best to cease that race I have begun,
And sayne that I know no God, more God then man, I know.

These are but matters certainly, so this way thou shalt then
All trode in suspense in thy Glasse, and tell me what it show.
Thou wilt not credit other men, before thy selfe I crow.

Philologus.

Oh gladsome Glasse, oh wondrous right, oh erfly clear as sun,
The loyes cannot be uttered, which herein I beholde,

Wherefore I will not that ye take what shall so ever come.

Suggestion.

If never thou wilt thy selfe know, say not, but thou art told.

Philologus.

Nay, what have you, I will not take these pleasures many folde

Wherefore seconde me once more, here take me by the hand.

Suggestion.

That lent shall Suggestion both lease him understand.

Ait forth.

Sceane c.

Las alas, thou wouldst wight, what surie both the more?

So willingly to call thy selfe into confounding place,

What Circes hath bewitched thee, thy woordly wealth to long

Hast thou the blessed name of soul, this one thing I deny:

Wast wast the cause with thee burn, this conscience that require

And tell not everlasting joys for pleasures temporal,

Rest Suggestion of the selfe, who taketh the to spoile:

From whiche thou sone shall goe, as they from thee bereaved shall:

And lies from this which God else true everlasting spoile.
The Conflict of Conscience.

When confusion doth attend, to check these in his hand,
Whole hauing, if that thou goest on still, thou shalt no way eschew

Philologus.

What weight art thou, which for my health, doth take such care?
Conscience, (nest care)

Thy raised Conscience, which see, the plagues & torments due,
Which from that Judge, whom thou deniest that by and by influc:

Suggestion.

Thou hast god trial of the faith, which I to thee do beare,
Commit thy safest to my charge,there is no danger there.

Conscience.

Such is the blindness of the flesh, that it may not descrie,
But the perills which the Soul, is ready to incurc:
And much the less, our divine estates, we can our selves esie:

Because Suggestion in our hartes such fancies often stirre:
Wherby to worldly banities, we cleave as fast as burre:
Exemining them with heavenly eyes, in godliness comparable,
Yet be they mostly very prickes to Anne abomynable.

For profe we neede no further goe,then to this present man,
Who by the blessing of the Lord, of riches having store,
When with his hart to fancy them, this worldling once beganne:
And had this Glasse of banities espied, his eyes before,
He God fortooke, wherease he ought have loved him the most:
And chaileth rather with his golden, to be throwne downe to hell,
Then by refusing of the same, with God in heaven to dwell.

Suggestion.

Say harte Philologus, how the conscience can teache,
And would depretne thee with glodinesse untrue:
But hearest thou Conscience, thou maist long enough preache,
Care twozes, from whence reason of trueth none enuie,
Shall make Philologus to bid thee auce:

What shall there no rich man dwell in Gods kingdom:
where is then Abraham, Job, and Daniel become?

Conscience.

I speake not largelie of all them, which have this worldly wealth,
For why, I know that riches are the creatures of the Lord.

Giy. Which
The Conflict of Conscience.

Which of themselves, are good each one, as Salamon vs tellett,
And are appointed to do good withall, by Godes owne word,
But when they let us from the Lord, then ought they be abhorr'd:
Which caused Christ himself to say, that with much lesser paine,
Should Camel passe through needles ey, the rich men Haue obtain
Bye here Rich men, Christ did not mean, each one which welth enjoy
But those which fastned have their love upon this worldly Bulk,
Therefore another cryes, and saith, oh death, how great anoie
Doest thou procure unto that man, which in his goddes doth trust?
That thou dost this Philologus, thou needes acknowledge must,
Whereby each one may easily see, thou takest more delight,
In Mundian ioyes, then thou esteemest to be with Angels bright.
Philologus.

This toucheth s quicke, I skie s wound, which if thou canst not cure,
As mained in limmes I must retyrce, I can no further go.

Suggestion.

This is the grie which Conscience takes against thee I am sure,
Because thou best those delightes, which Conscience may not do,
And therefore he persuadeth thee, to leave the same also:
As did the Horse, which caught in snare, and scapt with loste of tayle,
To cut off theirs, as burthenous, bid all the rest counslyll.

Conscience.

In vede I cannot bee, those fond and foolish vanities
In which the outward part of man both take to great delight,
No, neither would I, though to me were given 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 fight,
As if a man of perfect age, should ride upon a sticke:
\[D\] place with compters in the street, which passime children lyke,

But all my ioyes in Heauen remaines, whereas I long to be,
And so wouldest thou, if that on Christ thy saith full fastned were,
For that affection, was in Paul the apostle, we may se,
The first to the Philippians both witness herein beare,
His words be these: oh would to God dissuaded that I were,
And were with Christ, another place his mynde in those words tell,
We are but strangers all from God, while in this world we dwell:

Now
The Conflict of Conscience.

Now mark, how far from his request, dissenting is thy mynde, he wisheth for death, but more then hell, thou dost the same detest.

Suggestion.

The cause why Paul did lothe his lyfe, may easely be assigne:
Because the Iewes in euery place, did seek him to molest;
But those which in this world, obtaine securite and rest:
Do take delight to live therein, yea nature both induc,
Ech living creature with a feare, least death should them accrue.
Paul the same Paul at Antioche, dissembled to be dead,
While they were gone who sought his lyfe, with stones for to destroy
Elias so; to save his lyfe, to Horeb likwise fled,
So did king David also, when Saul did seek him to annoy;
Paul Christ himselfe, whom in our desires to follow we may joy,
Did secrely conuaine himselfe, from Iewes to full of hate.
When they thought from the top of hill, him to precipitate.
Wherefore, it is no time at all, a man so to defend,
And keep himselfe from death, so long as nature giues him leave.

Conscience.

The same whom you recited hau'e, conceived a further end:
Then to them seues to live alone, as ecb man may perceive,
For when that Paul had run his course, he did at last receive
With hartes content, the Iinal death, which was him put unto,
So when Christ had perfourned his work, he did death undergoe:
And would to god, thou wouldest do y, which these men were contref
For they despised worldly pomp, their death they did subdue,
And thought it under, that to spirit, it mostly did consent:
Wherby they seeking God to please, did bid the world anues:
Wife, Children, and possessions for taking, for they knew
That eneuying treasure were appointed them at last,
The which they thirsting, did from them, all worldly pleasures cast.
But thou O watch dost life prolong, not that thou wouldst gods
As dutie bindst us all to do, most chiefly gloyzy.
(name)
But rather by thy living still, wilt Godes renowne befoame.
And more and more dishing him, this is thy dist I spy.
Philologus.

I mean to live in worldly loves, I can it not denye.

Con.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Conscience.

What are those joys, which thou dost mean, but pleasures straing
By being of the which, thou shalt provoke his heavy rod: (for god:
Suggestion.

Cush knowest thou what Philologus, be wise thy self into,
And listen not to these fond words which Conscience to thee tell,
For thy defence I will allege one worthy lesson more:
Unto the which I am right sure, he cannot answere well:
When David by baine trust in men of warre, from God soze fell,
And was appointed of these plagues, the eaisest for to chuse,
He saide Gods mercy easier is to get, then mans as I suppose.

Again he sayeth among the Psalmes, it better is to trust
In God, then that our conscience we sette should in man,
Wherefore, to this which I now lay of soze content thou must:
That when two evils before to glance, no way aboide we can:
Into the hand of God to fall by choyce is lawfull than,
Because that God is mercifull, when mans no mercy shewe,
Thus have I pleaded in this cause, sufficiently I trrow,

Conscience.

How can you say, you trust in God, when as you him forsake,
And of the wicked Hammon here, do make your saine tendre,
No, no, these words which you recite against you mostly make:
For thus he thinkes in his destresse, God cannot me defende,
And therefore by Suggestion straile, to mans helpe he hath leave;
Partie who say truth of him of me, and do him beth beleue.

Philologus.

I lyke thy words, but that to lose these joys it would me grewe,

Conscience.

And where Suggestion, tellst thee, that God in mercies shew,
Yet is he in flimes to co;test, and true in that he speake,
Wherefore he sayeth, who to my name, before 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 proud presumptioun breake,
Again he sayeth, who to his lyfe or godes, will seek to save,
Shall love them all, but who for Chrust will lose them, gaine shall
Suggestion.

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

where
The Conflict of Conscience.

Where if he had not, of the Jews, he should have tailed death:

Philologus.

Even to shall I in tract of time, with bitter teares complaine.

Suggestion.

Ye time enough, though thou delect, untill thy latest breath.

Conscience.

So freely Suggestion unto thee, but Conscience it behoveth,
And in the ende what so I say, thy truth thou shalt espie,
And that must fall, which Conscience shall in secret part shew.

Philologus.

Ah wretched man, what shall I do - which do to plainly lie,
My body and spirit to containe, and that in no small thing,
But as concerning the event of extreme miserie:
Which either guide to amoyse, or else upon me bring,
And which of them I should bett trust, it is a doubtful thing:
My Conscience speaketh truth me think, but yet because I fear,
By his advise to suffer death, I do his words to heare.
And therefore partly thy selues, and do not to comend,
Thy selues, in baile I must take some meanes for to eschew,
Thy creeping greese, which unto mee, I see now imminent.
And therefore will no longer stay, but bid they now adoe.

Conscience.

Oh say I say Philologus, as els thou wilt it rue.

Philologus.

It is lost labour, that thou wretch, I will be at a point,
And to intinge these woeful toyes, I leasure with a long.

Exit.

Conscience.

Oh cursed creature, O traite death, O meat for worms, O dust,
O blatter puffes full of winde, O danger then these all,
What canst haile thou in thine owne lust, to have to great a trust:
Which of thy selues canst not style, the starts which on thee fall.
The blindeste of the outward man, Philologus shew to shal.
At his returne, unless I can at last, make him relent.
For why the Lord him toorrect, in curious ward he tret.

Exit Conscience.

[Continued text]
The Conflict of Conscience.

Act. Fifth. Scene. 3.

Hypocrisy?

Such chopping thieve, as we have made, the like hath not bin seen.
And who is pleasant with my Loose, as is Philologist.
His recantation, he hath made, and is disshatched clean.
Of all the greases which unto him, did seem, so pleasant as I was.
Which thing you know, was brought to passe especially by us.
So that Hypocrisy, hath done that, which Satan would have done.
That men by worldly wealth, should reate the Coppel to perish.

What shall become of earthly Good, I mean Philologist, and it
In actual manner, to your eyes, shall represent itself.
For though as how, he comes to be, in State most glorious,
He shall not long continue to, the one of you shall see,
But needes I must he paching here, my fellows I say for me.
Shake hands before we do depart, you shall see me no more.
And though Hypocrisy, we away, of hypocrite here to good steps.

Act. Fifth. Scene. 4.


C

One on my Children desire to me, and let us talk awhile.

Of worldly goodes, which I have got and of my pleasant Good.
Which to time hath intialled me, who once dearly simple.
Do that into the top of whyle, the bath me elevate.
I have escaped all in hand, in which my Conscience did parte.
And where before I ruled well, as in the common stage.
Now as a Judge within this Land, I hear a Rulers part.

Gisbertus.

Indeed, good father, we have came to praise your greatness.
Who did both hate your selfe from love, and us, from begging State.
Where if you had persevered still, as we did scare greatly;
Your goods from us, your Children should, to Legacy bere confiscate.
Our glorious pompes, then, should we have beene glad to abate.

Paph.
The Conflict of Conscience.

But now, not onely that you had forbeare all false and vain
such offers, where by you were gaine, you were by the very same time
prevented by me, and by God. Philologgus.

I was at point, once, very great, to have beene quite forgone,
and not toPGA the light of my sight and eyes before me.
The sight thereof was cause all things, of mine to be disordered.
I thought I had felytice, when I had obtained.
And to thy truth, I do not care, what to my losse betide.
So long as this prosperitie, and wealth by me abode,
and my whole delight in sport and games, of pleasure I repose on.

Now do I not at Horror of admound for no le, myself.
May day the journy here awhile, I do the prisoner take,
I shall shew the pleasures some pce, to some, though it happeneth.

Philologgus.

What is the name, whence commeth thence it falls to me distaste?

My name is called Conscience, the great terror of the objects.
And to correct imperfects of God I am alligned.
And for because thou dost despise, God merci, and his grace,
And shouldst no judgment take, be them that did the wrong.
Neither when Conscience committeth this, thou wouldst his works
who thou hast, and the unto god obedience true to heartes and peace
not conflict betweene Suggestion, craft, but Conscience truth discern
Websle therefore, thou shalt of met another tenant heart.
Which wilt thou, all thou, to torment of Conscience, thou shalt bear.
And where thou hast esteemd, the holy Spirit of God.
And made him more with the same, which duly thou hast done.
He will no longer in thy soul, and spirit maketh others.
But with the Graces, which he gane to thee, now is he gone,
So that to Godwardes, by Christes death, dying shott hath none.
The peace of Conscience faded is in head whereof, I bring
The spirit of Satan, blasphemy, confusion and curting.
The Ghost like tose of hangers, which is thinke destroy

[...]

P.S. they are simply advised I will...
The Conflict of Conscience,

I will transforme into the GLasse of deadly desperation,
By looking in the which, thou shalt conceive a great annoy.
Thus have I caught thee in thy pride, and brought thee to damnation:
So that thou art a patterne true, of Gods just indignation;
Whereby eche man may learned bee, the like sinnes to eschew.
Least the same tormentes they incurre, which in the they shall view.

Philologus.

O painfull paine of eache diabol, oh gripping graft of hell,
Oh horrore huge, oh soule supplieth, and slaine with desperation,
Oh heape of sinnes, the sum whereof, no man can number well:
Oh death, oh furious flames of hell, my just recompensation,
Oh together sight, oh creature cursed, oh childe of condemnation.
Oh angrie God, and merciless, most fearfull to behold,
Oh Christ thou art no Lambe to mee, but Lion sarche and boulds.

Gisbertus.

Alas deare Father, what doth move and cause you to lament?
Philologus.

My sinnes (alas) which in this Glasse appear innumerable,
For which I shall no pardon get, for God is fully bent:
In furie to punish me, with paines intolerable:
Neither to call to him for grace, nor pardon am I able,
By sinne is into death, I feele Christians death both me to god,
Neither for my deseoe, did Christ thes his most precious blood,

Paphinitus.

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

I am condemned into hell, these tormentes to sustaine.
Gisbertus.

Oy say not so, my Father deare, Gods mercy mighty is,
Philologus.

The sentence of the righteous Judge cannot be cald againes,
Who hath already judged mee to everlasting payne:
Oy that my boide were buried, that it at rest might be,
Though soule were put in Judas place, or Caimes extremities.

Gisbertus.

Oy Brother haste thou to the Town, and set Theologus,
What sodaine plague and punishment, my Father haste befall,

Paphi-
The Confiidual of Conscience.

Paphnitius.
I run in haste, and will seek him, to come, with vs, Gisbertus.

Oh Father, rest your selfe in God, and all thing shall be well, Philologus.

Ah dreddfull name, which when I here, to sigh it mee compell, God is against mee, I perceive, he is none of my God, This he, that he will beat, and plague mee, with his rod. And though his mercy doth surpass the times of all the world, Yet shall it not once past me, or pardon mine offence. I am refusing utterly, I quite from God am whole: My name within the Book of life, had never residence, Christ prayed not, Chrift suffered not, my sinnes to expungence. But only for the Loaves eel, of which fact I am none, I feel his justice towards mee, his mercy all is gone: And to be short, within short space, my small end shall be, Then shall my soule, incure the paines, of utter desolation, And I shall be a pestilence, most horrible to see: To Gods elea, that they may be, the price of abstraction. Gisbertus.

To here my Fathers dolefull plaints, it bringeth perturbation, With my soule, but poner comes, that god Theologus: Oh welcome thee, and welcome you god master Eusebius.

Acte, vthth. Scene 2.

Do grace you good Philologus, love do you by Gods grace, Philologus, You welcome are, but I ( alas) wheather, am here even found Eusebius.

What is the chiefest cause (tell do) of this your dolesnes sake? Philologus.
Oh would my soule were suche in hell, to body were in grounde That angrie God, now had he will who taught mee to confounde. 

The6.
The Confidet of Consciences

Theologus

Do say not to Peter, as he did, that God is gracious, and to forgive the penitent, his mercy is plentiful. Do you not know that all the earth with mercy doth abound? And though the names of all the world upon one man were laid, if he did not seeke grace or mercy once had found, his wickednes could not hurt him: wherefore do not blame, Christ's death alone for all your names, a perfect ransom sacrifice; God doth not accept sinners death, but rather that he may By living still, he will his sinnes, and to them put away.

Consider Peter, who said spares his Master did enjoy: Peace, with all beth, and that although Christ did him warning give, Christ's word before he knew he had been so long familiarly, Of whom so many beneifts of whose he did receive, Yet when once Peter, his stone, fault old at the last perceiued, And did by waste his former ernes, with old and bitter tears, Christ by and by did pardon him, the Christ, witnesseth beares. The there be twie, and all the earth, which never had just God, But had in multitude spent his days, yes, burning all his days. With lastest breath when he his sinnes and wickednes withliue, And with iniquities of both, his spirit was at last. Tho' knew that one motion of his heart, and power of true behalfe, He was received into grace, and all his sinnes defaced.

Christ saieing, come in Paradise with me thou shalt be placed. The hand of God is not abridged, but will he of might, To pardon them that call to him unadvisedly for grace, Again, it is God's property, to pardon sinners might.

Pray therefore with the heart to God, here in this open place, And from the very core of heart he wail to him the case.

And I amise the God will, on the his mercy shew, Though Jesu Christ, who is with him our advocate you knowes.

Philologus

I have no faith, the wonder you speake my hart doth not believe, I must confess that I for mine, am willyly extensive to hell.

Eusebius

His manifest incredulity, the very heart doth groan.

Ah here Philologus, I have knowledge by face and judge well,
The Conflict of Conscience.

A sort of men, which have been bent, with Diuels and spirits fell, In farre worse state, then you are yet, brought into desperation. Yet in the end, have bene reclaimed, by godly expectation. Such are the mercies of the Lord, he will throw downe to hell. And yet call backe againe, from thence, as holy David wrightes. Whate would then set your trust in God? I pray you to be set, With to forgive, and do be good, if chieflie him delightes. What would not you that of your lips, he should you cleane acquite? How can he once venis to you, one thing you do request? Which hath already gessn to you, his best beloved Christ. Lift up your hart in hope therefore, while be of good cheere, And make access, with his faute of grace, by earnest prayer. And God will surely you receive with grace, and not in faire.

Philologus.

I doe believe, that out from God, proceede these comforted saile, So do the Diuels, yet of their health, they alwayes dispaire. They are not written out of me, so I would be faite attained, The nearer, and the sure of God, but he loseth me dispaire. How would you have that man to live, which hath no mouth to eate? No more can I live in my soul, which have no faith at all. And where you say, that Peter bid, of Christ, none pardon get, Why in the selfe same time, with me, from God did greatly fall, why? I cannot obtaine the same, to you I open shalle: God had respect to your aloues, and did me firmly lone. But alas, am reproued, God both my sole reproue. Moreover, I will say, with tongue, what is you well require. My harte I seele with blasphemy, and cursing in replique.

Theologus.

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

To pray with lips, unto your God, you shall me none increas, By spirit, to Satan is in all. I can it not thence get. Euphues.

God shall renue your spirit againe, pray oneby as you can, And to all, that you in the same, we pray each Christian man. Philologus.

O God, which dwellest in the Heavens, and art our father desire. Thy
The Conflit of Conflitence.

Thy holy name throughout the world be ever sanctified,
The kingdom of thy word and spirit, upon vs rule might beare,
Thy will in earth, as by thy saints in heaven be ratified,
Our daily bread, we thee beseech, O Lord for vs prouide,
Our finnes remit (Lord vnto vs) as we ech man forgive,
Let not temptation vs allayle, in all cuill vs releace. Amen.

Theologus.

The Lord be praised, who bath at length the spirit mollificat,
These are not tokens vnto us of your reprobation,
You mote with tears, and sue for grace, wherefore be perswad,
That God in mercy guert care, vnto your supplication,
Wherefore dispaire not thou at all of thy soules preservation,
And lay not with a desparat heart, that God against thee is,
He will no doubt, these pannes once past receive you into blisse.

Philologus.

Do, no, my friends, you only heare and see the outward part,
Which though you thinke they have doen wel, it botteeth not at all,
My lypes have spoke the words in deed, but yet I feele my heart,
With cursing is replenished with ranke, spight, and gall.
Neither do I your Lord and God, in hart my father call,
But rather heere his holy name for to blaspheame and curse,
My state theerfore veth not amend, but worse still worse and worse.
I am excluded cleane from grace, my heart is hardened quicke,
Therefore you do your labour lose, and spend your breath in vaine.

Eufebius.

Oh lay not to Philologus, but let your heart be pigne,
Uppon the merces of the Lord, and I you atertaupe,
Remission of your former times, you shall at last obtayne:
God bath it sayde (who cannot lye) at whatsoever tune
A sinner shall from heart repent, I will remitt his cryme.

Philologus.

You cannot lay to much to me, as herin I do knowe,
That by the merces of the Lord, all finnes are don alywe,
And vnto them that haue true faith, abundantly he fowle,
But wherence do this true faith procede to vs, I do you saye,
It is the only gift of God, from him it comes alywe,
I would therefore he would boychate, one partie of faith to plant,
The Conflict of Conscience.

within my breast, then of his grace, I know I should not want.
But as easily may be done, as you may with one spoon,
At once take up the water clear, which in the seas abide:
And at one draught, then drink it up, this shall ye do as done,
As to my breast of true belief, one sparkles shall bebe:
Wilt, you which are in prosperous state, and my paines have not tried
Doe think it but an easy thing, a sinner to repent
Him of his sins, and by true faith, damnation to prevent.
The healthfull neede not rhine a space, and ye which are all halles,
Can give good counsel to the sick, their sickness to etchew:
But here alas, confusion, and hell, both me affaire,
And that all grace from me is rest, I finde it to be true.
By part is steale, so that no faith, can from the same influe,
I can conceive no hope at all, of pardon or of grace,
But out alas, confusion is alwayes before my face.
And certainly, even at his time, I do most playly se,
The devils to be about me rounde, which make great preparation,
And keep a tirre here in this place, which only is for me.
Neither doe I conceive, these things, by baine imagination,
But even as truly, as mine eyes beholde your shape and fashion,
Wherefore, desired Death dispatch, my body being to rest,
Though that my soule in furious flames of fire, be suppresse.

Theologus.
Your minde corrupted both present, to you, this false illusion,
But turne aside, unto the spirit of truth, in your distresse,
And it shall cast out from your eyes, all hazzard and confusion:
And of this your affliction, it will you some redresse.

Euscius.
"We paxe good hope Philologus, of your salvation doubtlesse.
Philologus.
What your hope is concerning me, I utterly contempte,
By Conscience, which for thousands stand, as guiltie me condemne.
Euscius.
When did this hazzard first you take, what think you is the cause?"
Philologus.
"One shortly, after I did make mine open abiration,
For that I did prefer my goods, before Godes holy lawes.

Thren.
The Conflict of Conscience,

Therefore in wrath he did me sende, this horrible vexation, And hath me wounded in the soul, with grievous tribulation: That I may be a president, in whom all men may view, Those torments, which to them, that will frustrate the Lord, are due. Theologus.

Yet let me boldly ask one thing of you, without offense, What was your former faith in Christ, which you before did hold? For, it is saie of holy Paul, in these same words in sense: It cannot be that utterly, in faith he should be ercolde, Who so he be, which perfectly, true faith in hart once hold: Wherefore researce in short discourse, the sum of your believe, In those pointes chiefly, which for health of soul, are thought most

Philologus.

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 just and sanctified: I dyd beleue lykewise, That without him, heaven to attaine, sufficient means were none, But to reknowledge this againe, alas, all grace was gone: and this I never loved him againe, with right and sincere hart, Neither was thankfull for the same, as was such godmans part.

But rather take the faith of Christ, for lyberall tootime, And did abuse his graces great, to further carnall lust, what wickednesse I did commit, I cared not a pinne: For that, that Christ discharched had, my ransom, I dyd trutt to it, Iherfor the Lord both now corrected, the same with tormentes without, By sonnes, my sonnes, I speake to you, my consell is not well: And praiie that in devces, which I in wordes shal to you tell.

I speake not this, that I would ought, the Coppel derogate, which is most true in every part, I must it never confesse, But this I say, that of base faith alone, you should not plaie, But also by your holy life, you should your faith expresse, And believe weelears, by holy profe, these thinges I do expresse, Peruse the wrting of S. James, and first of Peters too, which all Gods people, holynes of life eth PROF. THE

By sundrie reasons, as so: inke, because we strangers are, Againe, since from the first procuring, but we of the spirits are, The third, because the flesh alwayes against the spirit, was wearie.
The Conflict of Conscience.

The fourth, if we may stop the mouths of such as would hark again.

The fifth, that other by emulations, to God be not more, we might again, they sing a pleasant song, which sing in文体 and word.

But where dull life, in drear good words, there is a sole discourse. But I alas, most overexcited, whereas I did presume, that I had got a perfect faith, did holy life in vain: Even though I did other preach, good lyke, and consume; my lyfe in wickedness not birth, in lust and pleasures in me.

So neither did I once contende, from then death to remaine. Wherefore therefore, the judgments now, of God both me annoy, not for amendment of my lyfe, but this way to destroy.

Eutubius.

We do not altogether like of this your expostulation; whereas you warn us not to trust, to much unto our faith. But that good works we should prepare, unto our preservation. There are two kinds of righteousness, as Paul to Roman's faith: The one benefit of good works, the other hangs of faith. The former which the world allows, god counts it least of diligence. As by god protest shall to you, in words be puzzled plainly.

For Socrates and Cato both, did purchase great renowne. And Aristides surnamed Iul, this righteousness fulfilled, Wherefore he was an honest man, eraseth his native town: Yet are their soules with Infidels, in hell for ever shielded. Because they sought not righteousnes, that way that God the willed. The other righteousness's come from faith, which God regardeth long, And makes us some immutableness, before his heavenly throne.

Wherefore, there is no cause you should leave us to outwitted and, As to the annoy or refuge, of our preservation.

Theologus.

The meaning of Philologus, is not here to estray, as do his words make it to seem, by your allegation, he doth not mean, nor there good works, and faith to make relation, as though: works were equivalent, salvation to attain. As is true faith, but what he mean, I will let your more playne, he did espouse the young men here, by him to beware, least as he did, so they, build Gods gospel pure, and without good advice,expiry of faith the gift so rare:

Therefore...
The Conflict of Conscience;

Whereby they think, what so they do, the selves from tormentes free; And by this proud presumption, God's anger should procure: And where they boast and vaunt, the selves, good faithfull men to be, Yet in their lyues, they do deny their faith in such degree:

Wherefore he saith, as Peter saith, he that you do make knowne, Your owne election by your workes: againe, S. James both say, They must thy faith, and by my works, my faith shall thee be known, And wherupon his owne offence, he doth to them dwell, While he did daminge his yong, upon a dead faith stay, Which for the inwarde righteousnesse, he alway did suspect, And hereupon all godlynes of life, he did neglect.

Philologus.

That was the meaning of my wordes, how ever I them speake, The truth (alas) vile vaunche, my soule and Conscience for true fel.

Theologus.

What? do you not Philologus, with vs no comfort take, When all these things, so godlyly, so you I do rehearsal, Especially, tht that your selfe, in them are same to well: Some hope unto vs of your health, and lastie yet is lest, We do not think that all Gods grace, from you is wholly rett.

Philologus.

Alas, what comfort can betide, unto a damned vaunch, what so I here, fee, feel, talk, speake, is turned all to woe.

Eusebius.

Ah deare Philologus, think not, thou hast can Gods grace outreaches, Consider David which did sinne in lust, and marrow too: Yet was he pardoned of his sinnes, and so shalt thou also.

Phil. Ring David always, was elect, but I am reprobate, And therefore I can finde small ease, by weighing his estate.

He also prayed unto God, which I shall never doe, His prayer was that God would not, his spirit take away: But it is gone from me long since, and shall be given no more. But what became of Cayne, of Cam, of Saul, do you pray? Of Iudas, and Baruch, these must my Conscience say. Of Iulian Apollcata, with other of that crew, The same tormentes must I abide, which these men did inuite.

Theologus.

Alas my friend, take in good part, the malcontent of Y Lope
The Conflict of Conscience.

Who both correct you in this world, that in the lyfe to come, 
He might you save, for of the like, the Scripture beares record.

Philologus.

That is not Gods intent with me, though it be so with some, 
Who after bodies punishment, have into favour come: 
But I(alas) in spirit and soule, these greenous toments beare, 
God hath condemned my Conscience, to perpetuall greite and feare. 
I would most gladly chose to lyue, a thousand, thousand yeare. 
In all the toments and the grieues that damned soules suffaine, 
So that at length I might have eafe, it would me greatly cheare. 
But I alas, shall in this lyfe, in toments still remaine, 
While Gods just anger, upon me, shall be revealed plaine: 
And I example made to all, of Gods just indignation, 
Oh that my body were at rest, and soule in condemnation.

Eusebius.

I pray you answer me herein, where you by depe dispaire, 
Say, you are worse here in this lyfe, then if you were in hell, 
And for because to have death come, you alway make your prayer, 
As though your soule and body both, in toments great did dwell; 
If that a man should give to you a sword, I pray you tell, 
Would you destroy your selfe there with, as doe the desperate, 
Which hange oz kill, oz into sounds, themselves precipitate.

Philologus.

Give me a wordes, then shall you know, what is in mine intent. 
Eusebius.

Not so my friend, I onely ask what herein were your will? 
Philologus.

I cannot, neither will I tell, whereto I would be bent. 
Theologus.

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

Philologus.

I cannot pray, my spirit is dead, no faith in me remayne 
Theologus.

Doe as you can, as more then might, we can ask at your hand.

Phil.
The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus.

My prayers turned is to none, for God doth it disdain,
Eusebius.

It is the fall-hood of the spirit, which do your health withstand,
That teach you this, whereby in time, reject his filthy bands.
Theologus.

Come kneel by me, and let us pray, the Lord of Heaven unto;
Philologus.

With as good will as did the Dweller, out of the dead man's soul,
O God which dwellest in the heavens.

Euthy, you do your labours lose, for where Belshabub both
And both invite me to a seat, you therefore speak in vain,
Yet if you atke ought more of me, in answer I will be mute,
I will not wait my long for naught, as some shall one small grayne
Of Pindar's muse, all the world, as I true faith attain.
Theologus.

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

Yet will we pray continually, that God would you convert.
Theologus.

Gisbertus and Paphnutius, troubling him to his place,
But see he have good company, let him not be alone.
Ambo.

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

Come Father, do you not think good, that we from hence begone?
Philologus.

Let go my bandes at liberty, all causes I crave none:
Oh that I had a woode a while, I should see one sawed bee.
Ambo.

Alas dear father, what do you: Euseb. His will we may now see
Theologus.

O glorious God, how wonderful, those judgments are of thine
Thou dost beholde the secret hart, naught doth thy eyes beguile,
Oh what occasion is us given, to shew thy might divine:
And from our harts to hate and loathe, iniquities so vile,
Lead for the banks, thou in thy wrath, both grace from us strike.
The Conflict of Conscience.

The outward man doth the not please, no; yet, the mind alone, But thou requirest both of us, or else regarded none.

Eusebius.

Here may the worldlings have a glasse, their states for to behold, And learne in time, to escape, the indigments of the Lord, Whilst they by flattering of them selves, of faith both dead and colds Do sell their soules to wickednes, of all good men abhorde; But godlynes both not depend, in knowing of the word: But in fullfilling of the same, as in this man we see, Who though he did to others preach, his lyfe did not agree.

Theologus.

Againe Philologus witnesheth, which is the trueth of Christ, For that consenting to the Pope, he did the Lord beare, Whereby he teach the wavering fayth, on which side to persist: And those which have the trueth of God, that still they may indure, The Tyesants which delight in blade, he likewise doth assure, In whose assayes, they spende their time; but let vs homewarde goe.

Eusebius.

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

Exiunt.

Theo. & Eufc.

Acte sixe. Scane last.

NVTIVS.