

#### 4. The Fullers' Play: Adam and Eve in Eden

GOD:

Adam and Eve, this is the place  
That I have given you of my grace  
To have your dwelling in.  
Herbs, spices, fruit on tree,  
Beasts, birds, all that you see  
Shall bow to you herein.  
This place is Paradise.  
Your joys shall here begin.  
And if that you are wise,  
You shall remain within.

All your will you here shall have,  
As you please, to eat or save  
Fish, fowl, or meat,  
And to take at your own will  
All the things that herein dwell.  
Your subjects they shall be.  
Adam, of more and less,  
The lord I grant you be.  
This place, that worthy is,  
Keep it in honesty.

Look that you tend it skillfully.  
All other creatures shall multiply,  
Each one in tender hour.  
Look that you both save and set  
The herbs and trees. For nothing let,  
So that you may survive,  
Sustaining beast and man  
And all the birds alive.  
Remain here if you can;  
For this you both shall strive.

ADAM:

Ah, Lord, beloved be your name,  
For this is here a joyful home  
That you have brought us to,  
Full of mirth, of solace, joy-  
Herbs and trees, fruit on high,  
With spices manifold, too.  
Lo, Eve, now are we brought  
To rest and peace, we two.  
We need to take no thought,  
But always good to do.

EVE:

Loving be to such a lord!  
To us is given great reward:  
To govern great and small,  
And made by his own great advice  
Among these pleasures all.  
Here is a joyful sight!  
In this place we shall dwell.  
We love you, most of might,  
Great God, on whom we call.

GOD:

Then love me, with intentions clear.  
To my commandments, give good ear,  
And do, obediently.  
Of all the fruit in Paradise,  
Take you thereof in every wise,  
And eat it happily.  
But the tree of good and ill-  
The day you eat of this,  
Yourselves you surely kill.  
And you shall lose your bliss.

Man, for your need all things are made.  
To you all homage shall be paid  
By all beneath the sky.  
On Earth I make you lord of all.  
All beasts to you shall be as thrall.  
Your kind shall multiply.  
Therefore this tree alone,  
Adam, this prohibit I.  
No nearer to it come;  
If you do, then you shall die.

ADAM:

Alas, Lord, that we should do so ill.  
Your blessed bidding we shall fulfil  
Both in thought and deed.  
We shall not touch this tree nor bough  
Nor yet the fruit that there does grow,  
That we our flesh might feed.

EVE:

We do as you command;  
We have no other need.  
This fruit still shall there stand,  
O Lord, which you forbid.

GOD:

Look that you do as you have said.  
With all you have, now hold you paid.  
For here is wealth at will.  
This tree that bears the fruit of life,  
Look neither you nor Eve your wife  
Should touch, but leave it still.  
Because this is the tree  
Of knowing good and ill,  
This fruit you must let be,  
Or speed yourself to kill.

Therefore, this tree that I outtake,  
Now guard it truly for my sake,  
That nothing shall come near.  
For all things at your will shall be;  
I outtake nothing but this tree  
To feed your flesh. Now hear!  
Here shall you lead your life

With pleasures that are dear.  
Adam, and Eve your wife,  
My blessing have you here.

## 5. The Coopers' [Barrel-Makers'] Play: The Fall of Man

SATAN:

For woe, my wits in rage are rent,  
Which wrecks this havoc in my mind!  
That God I saw-I knew He meant  
To take upon Him such a kind  
Of a degree  
That He had made; but now I find  
That angel's form it will not be!  
Since we were bright and fair,  
Therefore I thought that He  
As an angel might appear;  
And that offended me.

The form of man He thought to take;  
And then great envy did I know!  
But God has made for man a mate;  
And straight to her I think to go-  
An easy way-  
For God's great plan to overthrow,  
And then from Him to rob that prey.  
My time would well be spent,  
If I may thus betray,  
His pleasure thus to end.  
So now, I shall assay.

In serpent's likeness I will wend,  
And strive to feign a flagrant lie.  
Eve, Eve!

EVE:

Who is there?

SATAN:

I...a friend.  
And for your own good, here am I.  
I have you sought.  
Of all this fruit that hangs hereby  
In paradise, why eat you nought?

EVE:

We eat of them, each one.  
We take as we have thought-  
Except one tree alone,  
Too harmful to be sought.

SATAN:

And why that tree-that I would wit-  
Any more than the others nearby?

EVE:  
Because the Lord forbids us it-  
The fruit thereof, Adam nor I  
To come too near.  
For if we did, we both would die,  
He said, and lose our solace here.

SATAN:  
Yah, Eve, now be intent;  
Take heed and you shall hear  
What all this matter meant  
When He spoke so severe.

To eat thereof He forbade you-  
This was His plan all along-  
Because He wished none other knew  
Of the powers that to this belong.  
For, Eve, you see,  
Whoever eats this, right and wrong  
Shall understand, as well as He.

EVE:  
Why, what sort of thing are you  
That tells this tale to me?

SATAN:  
A snake, who knows you too  
May also worshipped be.

EVE:  
What worship thus to win could we?  
To eat thereof-we need it not,  
We have the power of mastery  
Of all things that on Earth are wrought.

SATAN:  
Woman, do way!  
To a greater state you may be brought  
If you will do as I shall say.

EVE:  
We wish to do no harm,  
Our God to disobey.

SATAN:  
Fear not, feel no alarm;  
Eat safely, as you may.

Indeed, no danger therein lies,  
But honour, and great gain, I say.

For just as God you shall be wise,  
And peer to Him in every way.  
Yes, gods you shall be-  
On good and ill to cast your eyes,  
To be as wise as He-

EVE:  
Is this the truth you say?

SATAN:  
Oh, yes. You don't trust me?  
Would I in any way  
Tell ought but truth to thee?

EVE:  
Then I will to your teaching trust  
And take this fruit for us as food.  
[Then she should accept the apple]

SATAN:  
Bite on boldly, be not distressed;  
And take some to Adam to mend his  
mood-  
And also his  
bliss!

[Then Satan goes away]

EVE:  
Adam, have here some fruit full good.

ADAM:  
Alas, woman, why took you this?  
Our Lord commanded us both  
To shun that tree of His.  
This work will make Him wroth-  
Alas, you've done amiss!

EVE:  
Nay, Adam, grieve you not at it,  
And I shall tell the reason why.  
A snake has given me to wit  
We shall be like gods, you and I,  
If that we eat  
Here of this tree; Adam, thereby,  
Fail not that honour for to get!  
For we shall be as wise  
As God that is so great-  
Exalted in the skies-  
Therefore, take this and eat!

ADAM:  
To eat it I would not eschew,  
If I were sure of your teaching.

EVE:  
Bite on boldly, for it is true;  
We shall be gods, and know everything!

ADAM:  
To gain that name,  
I shall this taste, at your teaching.  
[And he accepts and eats]  
Alas! What have I done? For shame!  
Ill counsellor, curse thee!  
Ah, Eve, you are to blame;  
To this you enticed me-  
My body gives me shame;

For I am naked, it seems to me.

EVE:  
Alas! Oh, Adam, so am I!

ADAM:  
Buried for sorrow, why are not we?  
For we've grieved God who sits on high,  
Who made me, Man-  
Broken His bidding, bitterly.  
Alas, that we this thing began.  
This deed, Eve, have you wrought,  
And made this bad bargain!

EVE:  
No, Adam! Blame me not!

ADAM:  
Oh no, dear Eve? Who then?

EVE:  
Surely, we should blame the snake;  
With tales untrue he me betrayed!

ADAM:  
Alas; I listened when you spoke  
And took as true things you said.  
For mercy I bid!  
For I now curse that bitter bread;  
That wicked deed, I know I did!  
Our shape with shock me grieves;  
With what shall we be hid?

EVE:  
Let's take here these fig leaves,  
Since it is thus betid.

ADAM:  
Right as you say, so shall it be,  
For we are naked, and all bare;  
Most gladly would I now hide me  
From my Lord's sight, if I knew where.  
Would that I were never wrought!

GOD:  
Adam, Adam!

ADAM:  
Lord?

GOD:  
Where are you there?

ADAM:  
I hear you, Lord, and see you not!

GOD:  
And why? Hold not your tongue;  
This work why have you wrought?

ADAM:  
Lord, Eve made me do wrong,  
And to this pass me brought!

GOD:  
Speak, Eve; why have you made your  
mate  
Eat fruit I told you should hang still,  
And commanded none of it to take?

EVE:  
A snake, Lord, enticed me theretill;  
Alas, the day  
That ever I did this deed so ill!

GOD:  
Ah! Wicked snake, be cursed this day!  
By lying in her ear  
You made them such dismay;  
My curses have you here,  
With all the might I may.

And on your belly shall you glide,  
And always full of enmity  
To all mankind on every side;  
And earth shall all your sustenance be  
To eat and drink.  
And also, Adam and Eve,  
In the earth you shall sweat and swink,  
And labour for your food.

ADAM:  
Alas, when might we sink?  
We that had all the world's good,  
Most wretched may us think.

GOD:  
Now, Cherubim, my angel bright,  
Into the world go drive these two.

ANGEL:  
All ready, Lord, as it is right,  
Since your will is that it be so,  
And your liking.  
Adam and Eve! Do you two go,  
For here you may make no dwelling!  
Go forth now, fast, from here;  
Of sorrow you must sing!

ADAM:  
Alas! For sorrow and care  
Our hands may we both wring.

Return to [York Pageant List](#).

## 6. The Armourers' Play: The Expulsion

ANGEL:

All creatures! To me, be attent!  
From God of Heaven I am sent,  
Unto the wretches who wrongly went  
To dwell in woe.  
The joy of Heaven, that was them lent,  
From them does go.

From them is lost both joy and glee.  
He bade that they should masters be  
Of everything, except one tree  
That should them kill.  
And thereto went both he and she,  
Against his will.

Against his will thus they have  
wrought.  
To grieve great God they cared right  
nought.  
[They would not listen, as they ought];  
That well know ye.  
And so in sorrow they are caught,  
As you shall see.

The fools who fell from faith! Hear now!  
Take heed to me before you go!  
From God of heaven unto you  
I am sent now  
To tell you both what kind of woe  
Is made for you.

ADAM:

For us is made (Ah! Must I say?)  
Dole enduring night and day!  
The wealth we would have had for ay  
From us is gone.  
To mourn for this misdeed, well we may  
With each new dawn.

ANGEL:

Adam, yourself made all this woe.  
For to the tree you fast did go,  
And boldly the fruit did bite, although  
My Lord forbad.

ADAM:

Alas! My wife I blame, for so  
She to me said-

ANGEL:

Adam! Because you believed her tale,  
He sends you word. He says you shall  
[Go forth from here, and for your fall]  
Live ever in grief;  
Awaiting long, in bitter bale,  
For his relief.

ADAM:

Alas! Wretches! What have we  
wrought?  
To such a bliss we both were brought;  
[Each moment was a joy unsought]  
While we were there!  
We had enough. Now we have naught.  
Alas, for care.

EVE:

Our cares have come, both keen and  
cold,  
With horrid terrors manifold.  
Alas! That tyrant to me told,  
With all his guile,  
That we in hand all wealth should hold.  
Alas, the while.

ANGEL:

That "while" you worked but foolishly,  
So to grieve God mightily.  
And, therefore, you shall pay dearly  
Before you go.  
You both shall live, as is worthy,  
In fear, and woe.

Adam, have this. Look how you think;  
[With sorrow you must sweat and  
swink],  
And toil for all your food and drink  
Forever more.

ADAM:

Alas! For sorrow why might I not sink,  
I am shamed so sore.

EVE:  
Sore are we shamed with sorrow severe;  
And cruelly must we go from here.  
Alas, that ever we came it near,  
Unto that tree.  
With sorrow now we pay, full dear,  
For our ill deed.

ANGEL:  
Eve, because you tricked him so,  
Labour you shall undergo.  
Your babies to bear with pain and woe;  
This do I say.  
Obedient now shall you go  
To man this day.

EVE:  
Alas! For woe, what shall I do?  
That I may never have rest, I rue!

ADAM:  
Nay, this tale is told me, too,  
Of labour's name!  
Now are we ruined, I and she, too!  
Alas, for shame!

Alas, for shame and sorrow sad;  
Mourning makes me amazed and mad  
To think in heart what help I had,  
Who now has none.  
On earth to walk, I'll not be glad;  
My joys are gone.

Gone are my joys, as I do say.  
Alas! In bliss we could not stay.  
Placed in Eden at dawn today,  
With no travail,  
By noon, we cast it all away;  
So weep and wail!

So weep and wail, such pain we see.  
All animals were friends to me;  
Fish and fowl both willingly  
With me would go.  
And now, all beasts in enmity  
Hold me their foe.

A foe on earth, I limp along  
To suffer shame and sorrow strong;  
All for one deed that I did wrong

Through wicked wile.  
I think, indeed, I live too long.  
Alas! The while.

Ah, Lord, I ask, what thing is this [That is, the spade-ed.]  
That to me is given for my miss?  
If I work wrong, who now teaches?  
What is the way?  
How best to work, so have I bliss,  
I must assay.

Alas, for pain! What can this be?  
In world unwisely done have we!  
The earth, it trembles for this tree,  
And groans around!  
All this world is wroth with me,  
As I have found.

Full well I know my wealth is gone,  
The earth, the weather, every one.  
Sorrow comes when sin is done,  
That I can see.  
Never were wretches so pale and wan  
As now are we.

EVE:  
We are well-deserving in this,  
To have this mischief for deeds amiss.  
Placed we were in perfect bliss,  
Forever to be.  
My saddest sorrow now is this:  
Myself to see.

ADAM:  
To see us is a shameful sight.  
We both, who were in bliss so bright,  
Must now go naked, day and night,  
Even so.  
Alas, but woman's wit was light,  
As now I know!

EVE:  
Yes, it was so, and grieves me sore.  
But if the woman witless were,  
Man's mastery should then have been  
more  
Against this guilt!

ADAM:

Nay, at my speech you would not spare!  
That has us spilt!

EVE:

If ever I said a word to you,  
[And urged you then this woe unto],  
You should have taken heed thereto,  
And turned my thought!

ADAM:

Be quiet, woman! [The fault's in you,]  
So name it not!

For to my bidding you would not be;  
Therefore, my plague I now call thee.  
Through your advice, outcast are we  
In bitter bale!  
May God let no man after me  
Trust a woman's tale!

For surely I regret full sore  
That ever I listened to your lore.  
Your counsel casts me now in care,  
As know you should!

EVE:

Adam, stop. Speak thus no more.  
It does no good.

Too well I know I have done wrong.  
In mourning I must limp along.  
Alas! The while I live, too long,  
I wish to die.

ADAM:

On earth with joy I'll never belong;  
With sorrow, I.

With sorrow I must go.  
And slain I am by woe.  
This tree I take myself, that so  
Is sent to me.  
May He that made us, now us show,  
Where now go we.

Return to [York Pageant List](#).