

And sit by Satanas the fiend.

*(Let Demons appear, with great clamour and bestial noises, to drive the Bad Souls to the Hell-mouth)*

Jesus.

Now is fulfilled all my forethought,  
For ended is all earthly thing.  
All worldly deeds that I have wrought,  
After their works have now to bring:  
They that would sin and ceased nought,  
Of sorrows manifold now shall they sing;  
And they that reformed while they might,  
Shall build and bide in my blessing.

*( And thus He makes an end, and is carried up to Heaven with the melody of angels crossing from place to place below.)*

**excerpted from *Everyman and Medieval Miracle Plays*, edited by A. C. Cawley (London, JM Dent & Sons Ltd. , 1956)**

When ye were set like sirs on bench,  
I stood thereout weary and wet;  
Was none of you would on me think,  
Pity to have of my poor state;  
Therefore into hell I shall you sink  
Well are ye worthy to go to that gate.

When I was sick and most sorrowful,  
Ye visited me not, because I was poor;  
When I was bound fast in prison,  
Was none of you looked how I foor;  
When I knew never wherefore to rest,  
With blows ye drove me from your door;  
But ever to pride then were ye inclined;  
My flesh, my blood oft ye forswore.

Clotheless when I was oft, and cold,  
In need of you, went I full naked;  
House nor harbour, shelter nor help  
Had I none of you, though I quaked;  
You saw my great distress;  
By none of you my sorrow lessened,  
But ever forsook me, young and old;  
Therefore shall ye now be forsaked.

1<sup>st</sup> Bad Soul.

When had thou, Lord, that all things has,  
Hunger or thirst, since thou God art?  
When was it thou in prison was,  
When was thou naked or harbourless?

2<sup>nd</sup> Bad Soul.

When was it we saw thee sick, alas?  
When showed we thee this unkindness?  
To let thee go thy way weary or wet,  
When did we thee this wickedness?

Jesus.

Caitiffs, as oft as it happened  
That needful persons asked in my name,  
Ye heard them not, your ears ye hid,  
Your help to them was not at home,  
To me was that unkindness shown.  
Therefore ye bear this bitter blame;  
To least or most when ye it did,  
To me ye did the self and the same.

*(To the Good Souls)*

My chosen children, come unto me!  
With me to dwell now shall ye come  
There joy and bliss shall ever be;  
Your life in liking shall ye pass.

*(Let Angels appear, singing and with trumpets to lead the Good Souls to Heaven)*

*(To the Bad Souls)*

Ye cursed caitiffs, from me ye flee,  
In hell to dwell withouten end,  
There ye shall never but sorrow see,

