

# Lucidus and Dubius

*By Unknown*

circa 1450

**DUBIUS:**

A, God thee safe, Doctor gent,  
Mine own master verament,  
I know you by the speech.

**LUCIDUS:**

Why so, child? What is thy name?

**DUBIUS:**

Dubius, sire, all in game,  
That ye were wont to teach.

**LUCIDUS:**

What, is thy name Dubius?

**DUBIUS:**

Ye, sir, forsoothe iwis.

**LUCIDUS:**

Dubius is doubtful for to say;  
This is a quaint name.

**DUBIUS:**

So I am doubtful, in good fay;  
There-of I bear the fame.

**LUCIDUS:**

Dubius, sith thou were my clerk,  
Say where thou dwellest nowthe.

**DUBIUS:**

With every man on his work  
Dubius is full kowthe.  
And, sooth for to tell,  
Spare I nell;  
Somewhat I dwell  
With religion in cell,  
In city, town, upland, in soothe;  
I have dwelled there  
With kings and lords both,  
To wit, both quid and quare,  
And I have made on this land  
A new courtesy i-fond,  
That when men beith i-set  
And are served at their meat  
I bring forth quare and quid  
And serve them therewith,  
That is to say, why and what,  
And so each man speaketh of that;  
So that a burel sleve  
With-out any man's leave,  
And bring forth quid and quare,  
And priest and clerk he will not spare,  
And move so high such a question  
Than he confoundith his reason;  
And so through the answer of what and why  
Both fallen in-to heresy.

[slave]

# York Cycle: Play 1

*By Unknown*

Circa 1463/1477

## **SERAPHYN:**

A, merciful maker, full mickle is thy might  
That all this work at a word worthily has wrought.  
Ay loved be that lovely lord of his light  
That us thus mighty has made, that now was right nought,  
In bliss for to bide in his blessing.  
Ay-lastand, in love let us lout him,  
At bield us thus bainly about him,  
Of mirth nevermore to have myssing.

## **LUCIFER:**

All the mirth that is made is marked in me.  
The beams of my brighthood are burnand so bright,  
And I so seemly in sight myself now I see,  
For like a lord am I left to lend in this light.  
More fairer by far than my feres,  
In me is no point that may pair.  
I feel me featous and fair,  
My power is passand my peers.

## **CHERABYN:**

Lord, with a lastand love we love thee alone,  
Thou mightful maker that marked us and made us,  
And wrought us thus worthily to wone in this wones,  
There never feeling of filth may full us nor fade us.  
All bliss is here bieldand about us,  
To-whiles we are stable in thought  
In the worship of him that us wrought,  
Of dear never thar us more doubt us.

## **BAD ANGEL:**

O, what I am featous and fair and figured full fit!  
The form of all fairhead upon me is fest.  
All wealth in my wield is, I wote by my wit:  
The beams of my brighthead are bigged with the best.  
My showing is shimmerand and shinand,  
So bigly to bliss am I brought.  
Me needs for to noy me right nought:  
Here shall never pain me be pinand.

**SERAPHYN:**

With all the wit at we wield we worship thy will,  
Thou glorious God that is ground of all grace.  
Ay with steadfast steven let us stand still,  
Lord, to be fed with the food of thy fair face.  
In life that is leally ay-lastand,  
Thy dale, Lord, is ay dainetethly dealand,  
And whoso that food may be feeland,  
To see thy fair face is nought fastand.

**LUCIFER:**

Owe, certes, what I am worthily wrought with worship, iwis,  
For in a glorious glee my glittering it gleams,  
I am so mightily made my mirth may not miss.  
Ay shall I bide in this bliss through brightness of beams.  
Me needs not of noy for to neven.  
All wealth in my wield have I wieldand,  
Above yet shall I be bieland,  
On height in the highest of heaven.  
There shall I set myself, full seemly to sight,  
To receive my reverence through right of renown.  
I shall be like unto him that is highest on height -  
Owe, what I am dearworth and deft.  
Owe, Deus, all goes down!  
My might and my main is all marrand.  
Help, fellows, in faith I am falland.

**SERAPHYN:**

From heaven are we hieldand on all hand.  
To woe are we wendand, I warrand.

**LUCIFER:**

*(in inferno)* Out, out! harrow!  
Helpless, slike hot at is here!  
This is a dungeon of dole that I am to dight!  
Where is my kind become, so comely and clear?  
Now am I loathest, alas, that are was light.  
My brightness is blackest and blo now;  
My bale is ay betand and brinand:  
That gars one go gowland and girnand.  
Out, ay welaway! I well enew in woe now!