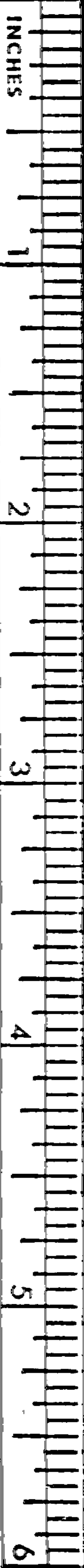


This old Pamphlet was a part of a Collection  
of Curiosities made by that famous Antiquary  
and Historian M<sup>r</sup>. Roger Morrice late of  
Hoxton in the County of Middlesex; (of  
whom see Dr. Calamy's List of the Ejected  
Ministers in the 2<sup>d</sup>. Vol. of M<sup>r</sup>. Baxter's Life);  
and was Printed (as I have since learn'd from  
M<sup>r</sup>. John Smart), about the Year of our Lord 1710.  
Wherefore, it having been preserved thus long  
from the devouring Jaws of Time, I thought it  
to be valuable purely for its Antiquity; and have  
accordingly carefully lay'd it up & preserved it  
for about or near to 30 Years, that it has been  
in my Hands. And that it may not be thrown  
away as an imperfect and good-for-nothing Piece,  
after I am Dead and gone, is what is designed in  
my Writing of this Recommendation of it.

Octob<sup>r</sup>. 15. 1733.

Sam<sup>l</sup>. Marriott.

MS. A. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.



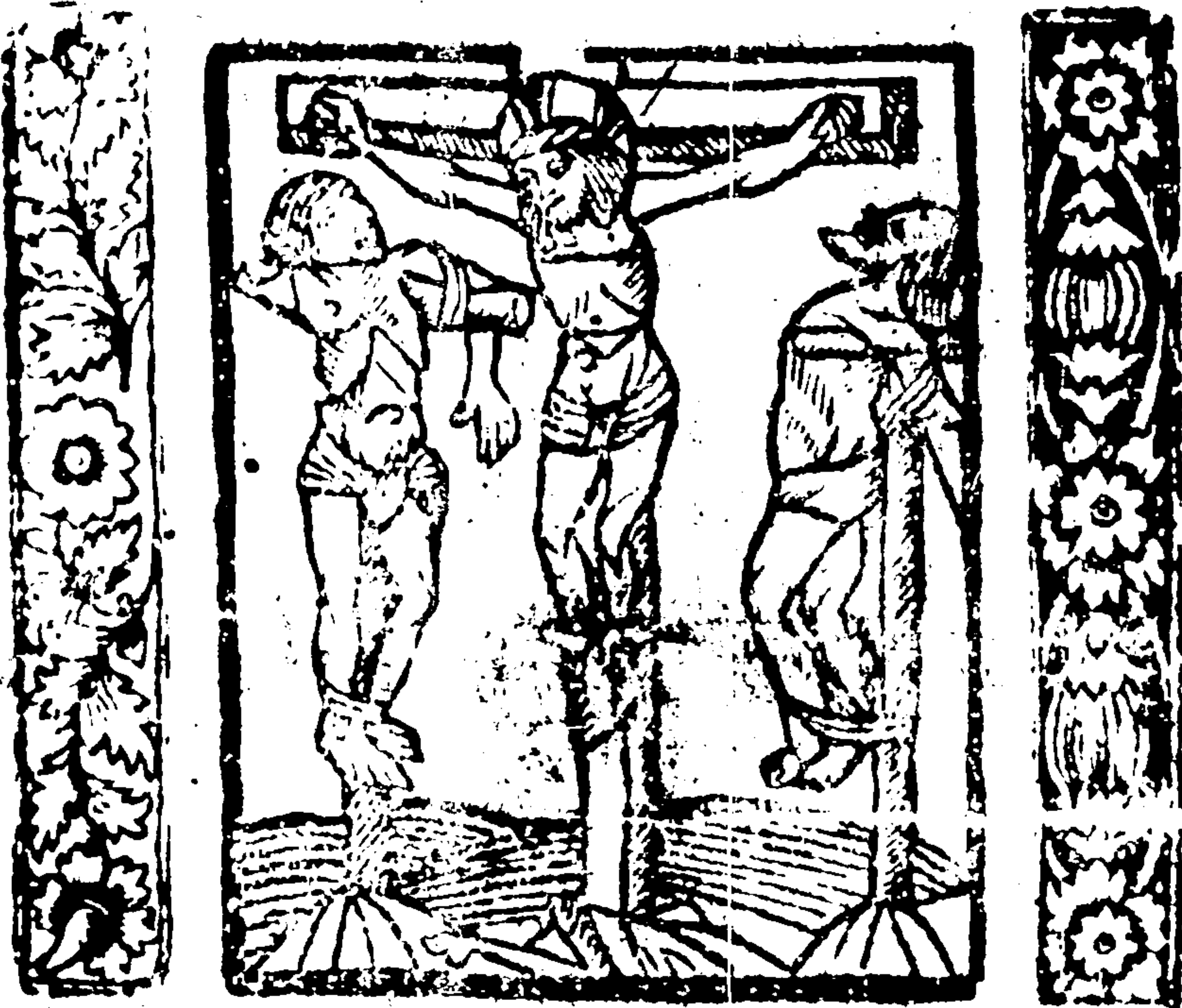
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*Morice*  
**Christmas ca-**

rolles newely Imprinted.



Imprinted at London in the Rowls  
try by Rycharde Kele, dwellyng at the  
longe shop vnder saynt Myldres  
deschyrche, 20. 1534.



**N**ow synge we as we were wont  
Vexilla regis prodeunt.

**T**he kinges baner on felde is playd  
The crosse musty can not be nayd  
To whom our sauyour was betrayd  
And for our sake  
Thus sayth he / I suffre for the  
My deeth I take

Now synge we. &c.

Behold my shankes behold my knees  
Beholde my hed armes and thees  
Beholde of me nothyng thou sees  
But sorowe and payne  
Thus was I spynt man for thy gylte  
And not for myne.

Now synge we. &c.

Behold my body how I wes it donge  
W knots of whipcord & scourges strong  
As stremes of a well þ blode out sprög  
On euery syde  
The knottes were knypt  
Ryght well made with wyte  
They made woundes wyde

Now synge we. &c.

**W**han þ hale now vnderstand  
Of my head, bothe fote and hand  
Are four. C. and fyue thousand  
Woundes, and syrtty  
Fyfty and. vii. were tolde full euen  
Upon my body

Now synge we. &c.

**S**yth I for loue bought the so dere  
As thou may se thy self here  
I pray the with a ryght good chere  
Loue me agayne  
That it lyketh me  
To suffre for the  
Now all this payne.

Now synge we. &c.

**W**han vnderstand now thou shall  
In sted of drynke they gaue me gall  
And eyfell mingled therewithall  
The icwes fell  
These paynes on me, I suffered for the  
To byng the fro hell

Now synge we. &c.

**N**ow for thy lyfe thou hast mys led  
Mercy to aske be thou not adred  
The lest drop of blode that I for y bled  
Myght clense the soone  
Of all the syn  
The worlde within  
If thou haddest doone

Now syng we. &c.

**I** Was more wrother with Judas  
For he wold no mercy aske  
Than I was for his trespas  
Whan he me solde  
I was euer redy  
To graunt hym mercy  
But he none wolde

Now syng we. &c.

**L**o how I hold my armes abrode  
The to receyue redy I sprede  
For the great loue that I to the had  
Well may thou knowe  
Some loue agayne  
I wolde full fayne  
Thou woldest to me be we

Now syng we. &c.

**F**or loue I aske nothyng of the  
But stand fast in faythe, & syn thou fle  
And payne to lyue in honeste  
Bothe nyght and day  
And thou shalt haue blys  
That neuer shall mys  
Withouten nay.

Now syng we. &c.

**N**ow Iesu for thy great goodnes  
That for man suffred great hardnes  
Saue vs fro the deuyls cruelnes  
And to blys vs send  
And graūt vs grace, to se thy face  
Withouten ende.

Now. &c.

Finis.

**I**f thou be Johan I tell it the  
Myght with a good aduyce  
Thou may be glad John to be  
It is a name of pryce  
The name of Jo. Wel prays  
It is full good y wys (ma)  
The grace of god, it is to say.



It soundes nothyng amys  
If thou be kyng in realte  
And of wyt full wyse  
Thou mayst be glad Johā to be  
It is a name of pryce

If thou be Johā. 4c.

He is not worthy to byght Johā  
The ore that is not whyght  
And thou art not worthy to hight iohā  
But grace be in the pyght

If thou haue loue and charyte  
And boydest away all byce

Thou art thou worthy Johā to be  
It is a name of pryce

If thou be Johā. 2c.

Johan gaue baptyst vnto Chryst  
Of grace was his prechyng  
And saynt Johan euangelyst  
Was Chrystes owne derlyng  
In penaunce and byrgnyte  
He had full great delyce  
God graunt vs grace this Johā to be  
It is a name of pryce.

If thou be Johā. 2c.

If thou be cleped Nicolas  
Bothe in dede and fame  
Yet art thou Johā, yf thou haue grace  
It may well be thy name  
I tell the true the beryte  
And so I haue done it y wys  
Thou mayst be glad Johan to be  
It is a name of pryce.

If thou be Johan. 2c.

Comly wyght is now present  
His name y wys is Johā  
Of his gret grace god hath sent  
To make vs merve euerychone  
Be glad and mery in charyte  
I pray you all lyke wyse  
He is well worthy Johan to be  
It is a name of pryce

If thou be Johan. 2c.

¶ Thus.

Be thou poore or be thou ryche  
I redelyte by thyne eye  
And se in this we be all lyche



Forsothe all we shall dye.

**D**ethe began by cause of syn  
We syn bothe poore and ryche  
Therefore derthe wyll neuer blyn  
To take vs all in lyche  
For our syn I rede we seche  
To heuen that we may hve  
For be we neuer so fresh nor ryche  
Forsothe we all shall dye

Be thou poore. ⁊c.

**C**hrist that was bothe god and man  
He dyed for our gylt  
Redes must we dye than  
With syn yf we be spylt  
We shall rote bothe hert and mylt  
Mercy lord we crye  
It shall be orde, ryght us thou wyle  
Forsothe all we shall dye

Be thou poore. ⁊c.

**H**ow Christ dyed for all our mys  
I red haue in thy thought  
To set thy mynde on wordly blys  
Forsothe I holde it nought

For worldes blys Christ he ne rough  
I rede the it desy  
Unto thy graue thou shalt be brought  
Forsothe we shall all dye

Be thou poore. ⁊c.

**I**f thou be poore kepe the clene  
And thank god of his sonde  
If thou be ryche, gyue and lende  
Bothe to poore and bonde  
Loke thou do thus with thy honde  
Through Christ to heuen þ shalt hve  
Thou can not long lyue in this londe  
Forsothe all we shall dye

Be thou poore. ⁊c.

**T**hough þ be ryche, I tell þ before  
Death wyll with the mite  
Of all thy goodes thou getest no more  
But a wyndyng shete  
Therefore thy bales here thou bete  
To god for mercy crye  
Wepe for synnes with teares wete  
Forsothe all we shall dye.

Be thou poore. ⁊c.



**T**hou shalt by thou wote not when  
Nor thou wotest where  
To repent the tyme is no w  
This lesson I red the lere  
How soone þ shalt be brought on bere  
It is not for the to try  
Lette this lesson sound in thyn eare  
Forsothe all we shall dye  
Be thou poore. &c.

**A**ll we shall dye, and rylse agayne  
In one assynpte  
If we euill dye, we go to payne  
This is the verpte  
If that we rylse in charpte  
To blys than shall we stye  
This is gods equpte  
Forsothe all we shall dye.

Be thou poore. &c.

**C**finis.

**D**alleemus cantantes  
Domino noua cantica dantes  
Cum canoze iubilo  
Et tibi discipulo

**Q**uæ ex privilegio  
Pre ceteris a domino

**D**ilectus es  
Amice christi Johānes

**M**y hert is set to syng  
That all this worlde shall ryng  
Reioyfull be and glad withall  
Of the hygh memozyall  
Whome it pleased Chryst to call  
Of his grace especyall  
To his hyghnes  
Amice. &c.

**S**pytting at his boorde  
He shewed the a preuy touche  
A touche of fainlyarpte  
On his brest he suffered the  
In thy slepe secretes to se  
Of his glozyous deite  
For heuynes  
Amice. &c.

**I**n his tender aege  
He chose the to his pay  
His paramour of loue entyer



But for þe was of his blode so nere  
But that next his moder dere  
In chastyete thou had no pere  
And stedfastnes

Amice christi Johannes.

When he holde departe  
He bade the kepe the care  
The carefullest creature  
His mother, þe myght be sure  
Whyle that her lyfe holde endure  
One mayde to haue another in cure

For thy cleennes

Amice christi. ⁊c.

So at his desyre  
Thou kept her fro the myschefe  
The myschreuous retenu  
Of them that slewe thy lorde Jesu  
That no fyers nor cruell sewe  
In any wyse sholde her pursewe

O her oppres

Amice. ⁊c

But at his dyscelle  
She fell into the gre

The greatest heuynes and wo  
That any creature myght do  
Inly we wyse thy self also  
I knowe not the deadyer of them t wo  
In that dyspres

Amice christi Johannes.

I meruaple not þe wys  
Though thou hast cause to cry  
Dytcoussly to mourne and playne  
To se thy naturall colyn slayne  
His mother nygh distraught for payn  
That made thy hert to ryue in t wayn

For heuynes

Amice christi Johannes.

Who could be so harde herted  
To se how she fared:  
How she sobbed when she dyde wepe  
With sorowfull lokes ⁊ syghes depe  
Thou coude thy self no longer kepe  
But sodenly fell in a deadly slepe

All confortles

Amice christi Johannes.

Now Chyrtles colyn dere



Helpe that I be free  
Be free and true inherytour  
To his celestypall tour  
Where thou beholdest in every hour  
The glozy of thy saupour  
That neuer shall ceas  
Amice. ꝛ.

Finally I the beseeche  
To teache me to make a byrse  
A byrse and a redy way to amend  
In that I dyde my lord offend  
That to his grace he wyll me lende  
After this present lyfe he me send  
Everlastyng peas  
Amice. ꝛ.

¶ Finis.

O my hert is wo  
Galy dyde say so  
For to se my dere sone dye  
Seyng I haue no mo  
Whan that my swete sone  
Was .xxx. wynter olde  
Than the traytour Judas

He became wonderes bolde  
For .xxx. plates of money  
His mayster had he solde  
But whan I wyll of that  
Lorde my herte was colde  
O my herte is wo

¶ On thure thurday  
Crucly than thus it was  
On my sones dethe  
That Judas dyd compas  
Many were the Jewes  
That folowed hym by trace  
And before them all  
He kyssed my sones face

O my herte is wo  
¶ My sene before pylate  
Then broughe was he  
And Peter sayd .iii. tymes  
He knewe hym nat parde  
Pylate sayd to the Jewes  
Now what say ye?  
They cryed all with one voyce  
Crucifige Crucifige.

**O** my hert is wo.  
**C** On good fryday  
At the mount of Caluary  
My sone was on the crosse  
And nayled with nayles thre  
Of all the frendes that he had  
Fewer one coud he se  
But gentyll Johan the euangelyst  
That shal dyde stand hym by

**O** my hert is wo.  
**T**hough I sorowfull were  
A roman haue no wonder  
For how it was the erth quaked  
And horryble was the thonder  
I loked vpon my sone  
The crosse that he stode vnder  
Lungeus came with a long spere  
And claue his hert asonder

**O** my hert is wo  
**C** finis.

our Lady and her sonne

le alone alone alone  
Soze I sygh and all for one

**A**s I went this enders day  
Alone walkyng on my play  
I harde a lady syng and say  
Woo is me and all alone

Alone alone. &c.

**C**o that place I drew me nere  
Of her songe somwhat to here  
There sat a lady with soze here  
That soze dyd sygh and grone

Alone alone. &c.

**B**eholde my sonne crowned w<sup>th</sup> thorne  
And all his body rent and torne  
Put to deth with shame and skorne  
For mannes sake alone.

Alone alone. &c.

**F**or sothe it was a wonderous syght  
To se her chylde how it was dyght

A. ii.



For to bynge mankynde to  
To saue vs from our sone  
Alone alone. &c.

¶ Sythe it wyll no better be  
Pray we to that chyld so free  
That we may hym in heuyn se  
Whan we shall hens gone  
Alone alone alone alone  
Soze I sygh and all for one

¶ Finis.

✠ \* ✠ \* ✠ \* ✠ \*  
Synge Dyllum dyllū dyllū dyllū  
I can tell you and I wyll  
Of my ladyes water myll

¶ It was a mayde of brentenars  
She rode to myll vpon a horse  
Yet was she mayden neuer the worse  
Synge dyllum. &c.

¶ Layde she was vpon a sache  
Stryke softe she sayd hurt not my backe  
And spare not let the myll clacke  
Synge dyllum. &c.

¶ Twys the myller was full nyce  
His myllstones hanged bothe by a byce  
And wolde be walkynge at a tyece  
Synge dyllum. &c.

¶ This mayde to myll ofte dyd resorte  
And of her game made no reporte  
But to her it was full great confozte  
Synge dyllum &c.  
¶ Finis.

¶ Inducas inducas  
In temptationibus.

¶ The nunne walked on her prayer  
Inducas. &c.  
¶ Ther cam a frere and met with her  
In temptationibus. &c.

¶ Inducas inducas  
In temptationibus.  
¶ This nunne began to fall aslepe  
Inducas  
¶ The frere knelyd downe at her fete  
In temptationibus.

¶ A. iii.

**I**nducas inducas.

**I**n temptationibus.

**T**his fryer began the nunne to grope

**I**nducas

**I**t was a mozell for the pope

**I**n temptationibus.

**I**nducas inducas

**I**n temptationibus.

**T**he frere & the nūne whā they had done

**I**nducas

**E**che to theyz cloyster dyd they gone

**S**ine temptationibus

**I**nducas inducas.

**I**n temptationibus.

**F**inis.

**M**y harte of golde as true as stele.

**A**s I me lested to a bough

**I**n fayth but yf ye loue my well

**L**orde so Robyn lough

**M**ylady went to Caunterbury  
**T**he saynt to be her bothe

**S**he met with cate of Malinesbery  
**W**hy shepyst thou in an apple rote

**M**y harte. &c.

**C**nyne myle to Mychelmas.

**O**ur dame began to brew

**M**yhell set his mare to gras

**L**orde so fast it new

**M**y harte. &c.

**F**or you loue I brake my glasse

**P**our gowne is furred with blew

**T**he deuyl is dede: for there I was

**I**wys it is full trew

**M**y harte. &c.

**A**nd yf ye slepe the cocke wyll crow

**T**ruc hart thynke what I say

**J**acke napes wyll make a mow

**W**oke who dare say hym nay

**M**y harte. &c.

**I** pray you haue me now in mynde

**I** tell you of the mater

**H**e blew his hozne agaynst the wynde

**T**he crow gothe to the water

**A. iiii.**



My hart. &c.

**C**omet I tell you mykyl moze  
The cat lyeth in the cradell  
I pray you kepe true hart in stoze  
A peny for a ladell

My hart. &c.

**I**swere by saynt Katheryn of kent  
The gosse gothe to the grene  
All our dogges tayle is byent  
It is not as I wene

My hart. &c.

**T**ylery lozynn the lauerocke songe  
Someryly prynces the sparrow  
The cow brake lose the rope ran home  
Syz god gyue yow good mozow

My hart. &c.

\* **Finis.** \*

Gebit. gebit. gebit. gebit.  
Lux fulgebit hodie.

**I**de moeat me  
An aple is no pere tree

In ciuitate Dauid

Gebit. &c.

**N**otum fecit dominus  
By the byll one knoweth a gosse  
In ciuitate Dauid.

Gebit. &c.

**A**paruit Clau  
A red gowne is not blew  
In ciuitate Dauid

Gebit. &c.

**U**erbum caro factum est  
A wepe is a peryllous beste  
In ciuitate Dauid

Gebit. gebit. &c.

✠ **Finis.** ✠

De Circumcisione domini

To encrease our ioy and blyffe  
Christus natus est nobis

**M**ake we mery in hall and boure  
And this glozuous lady honoz woz

That to vs hath bozne our sauour

Homo sine femine

To encrease. &c.

For as the sonne that shyneth bryght

Perceyth no glas that we may se

So conceyued he Jesu full of myght

Cum virginitatis honoze

To encrease. &c.

As say prophced longe befozne

How this Emanuel bozne sholde be

To saue his people that were forlozne

Dur exurget regere

We were all in great dystresse

Tyll this lord dyd make vs free

Wherof this feste beryth wytnes

Venit nos redimere

To encrease. &c.

A token of loue he fyrst now shewed

That he on vs wolde haue pytye

Whan he for vs was crucyfed

Ut declaratur hodie.

To encrease. &c.

Most glourous lady we the pray

That bereth the crowne of chastyte

Brynge vs to the blyse that lasteth aye

Feliciter congaudere

To encrease. &c.

Finis.

We we mery in this feste

In quo saluator natus est

In Bethleem that noble place

As by prophesy sayd it was

Of the vyrgyn mary full of grace

Saluator mundi natus est

We we mery. &c.

On chrystmas nyght an angel it tolde

To the shephardes keepng theyr folde

That into Bethleem with bestes wolde

Saluator mundi natus est

We we mery. &c.

The shephardes were copassed ryght

About them was a great lght



**D**rede ye nought sayd the aungell bryght  
Saluator mundi natus est  
Be we mery. &c.

**B**eholde to you we brynge great ioy  
For why Iesus is bozne this day  
(To vs) of mary that mylde may  
Saluator mundi natus est  
Be mery. &c.

**A**nd thus in sayth fynde it ye shall  
Lyenge pozely in an ore stall  
The shephardes than lauded god all  
Quia saluator mundi natus est.  
Be mery. &c.

**Finis.**

**A new caroll of our lady.**

**R**owell Rowell Rowell Rowell  
This sayd the aungell Gabryell.

**I**rides & ladyes all by dene  
For your goodnes & honours

**I** wyll you syng all of a quene  
Of all women she is the floure  
Rowell. &c.

**O**f Jesse there sprange a wyght  
I say sayd by prophesy  
Of whome shall com a man of myght  
From dethe to lyfe he wyll vs bye  
Rowell. &c.

**T**here cam an aungell bryght of face  
Flyenge from heuyn with full gret lyght  
And sayd hayle mary full of grace  
For thou shalt bere a man of myght  
Rowell. &c.

**A**stonyed was that lady free  
And had meruayle of that greetynge  
Aungell she sayd how may that be  
For neuer of man I had knowynge  
Rowell. &c.

**D**rede the nothyng mary mylde  
Thou art fulfilled with great vertue  
Thou shalt conceyue and bere a chyld  
That shall be named swete Iesu

**Nowell. .xc.**

**I**She knelyd downe vpon her kne  
Is thou haste sayd so may it be  
With hert / thought / & mylde chere  
Goddes handmayd I am here

**Nowell. .xc.**

**I**Chan began her wombe to sprynge  
She went with chylde without man  
He that is lord e ouer all thyng  
His fleshe & blode of her had than

**Nowell. .xc.**

**O**f her was bozne our heuen kynge  
And she a mayden neuer the lesse  
Therefore be mery & let vs synge  
For this new lord e of Chyrtmas

**Nowell Nowell. .xc.**

**Finis.**

**O** blessed & maruelous natyuyte  
Of goddes sonne in dyuynte  
**W**elcome be this blessed feste  
Of goddes sonne in dyuynte

**That is resourmer of our rest**

**Longe peace and charyty**

**O blessed. .xc.**

**I**n tyme of peace this chylde was bozne  
As was shewed in prophesy

**T**o saue mankynde that was forlozne  
For kynge of peace he is truly

**O blessed. .xc.**

**B**orne maruelously he was  
Full of grace and dyuynte  
And she a mayden neuer the lesse

**A**nd so was neuer non but she

**O blessed. .xc.**

**T**herfoze pray to that lord e  
And to his mother that mayden fre  
To make vs wyle in worde & dede

**T**o prayse & please his deyte

**O maruelous. .xc.**

**Finis.**







**G**audem' syngge too i hoc sacro tpe  
Puer nobis natus ē ex Maria virgine

**M**ary moder come and se  
Thy lone is nayled on a tre  
Hande and fote he may not go  
His body is wrapped all in wo

**U**pon a tre nayled he is  
To bynge vs all to heuen blyss  
Foz a dam that dyde anyss  
Foz an aple that was so fre

**F**rom his heed vnto his too  
His skynne is tozre and fellke also  
His body is bothe wanne and blo  
And nayled he is on a tre

**T**hy louely lone that thou hast bozre  
Is crowned with a crowne of thozre  
To saue mankynde that was but lozre  
And bynge man but to his liberte

**W**han Johan this tale began to tell  
Hary wolde no lenger dwell  
But went amouge the Jewes fell  
where he myght her lone se

**A**lle



**M**y swete sone that arte me dere  
why hangest thou on rode here

**T**hy hede is wyrtzen all in a byete  
Louely sone what may this be.

**M**oder to Johan I the betake  
Johan kepe this woman for my sake  
On rode I am emendes to make  
For synfull man as ye may se.

**T**his game of loue I must play  
For mannes soule it is no nay  
There is no man that goth by the way  
But on my body he may haue pyte

**T**his payne y men haue me wrought  
For synfull soules I haue it bought  
Of all this smerte yet rewe I nought  
If man wolde be kynde to me.

**M**y blode coletth my fleshe doth fall  
I am athyrt after drynke I call  
They gyue me cypyll menged with gall  
A woys drynke may there be none.

**F**ader my soule to the I betake.  
My body dyeth for mannes sake

**T**o hell I must withouten make  
Wankynde for to make fre

**G**od that deyed for vs all  
Bozne of a mayde in an ore stall  
Graunt vs his realme celestyall  
Amen/amen/for charyte.

Finis.

**O**f saynt Steuen

**T**o saynt Steue wyll we pray  
To pray for vs bothe nyght and day

**O**f saynt Steuen goddes knyght  
That preched y sayth day & nyght  
He tolde the Jewes as it was ryght  
That Chyrt was bozne of a may.

**T**he Jewes layd in grete scozne  
That Chyrt was not of a mayde bezne  
Than layd Steuen ye are but lozne  
And all that beleue in your lay.

**N**ow is spronge the welle of lyfe  
Of Mary moder mayde and wyfe  
Therefore the Jewes fell at stryfe

And with steue thā d p p u ed th p.

B. III.



**T**he wycked Jewes at the last  
Stones at Steuen they gan cast  
His hed and armes they all to braft  
And made his body in foule aray.

**S**teuen that was full mylde of mode  
Thought he were all red in blode  
In his prayers stylk he stode

And cryng to god thus he dyde say

**L**orde god for thy myghtfull grace  
Forgyue the Jewes theyr trespase  
And gyue theym grace to se thy face  
In the Joye that lasteth aye.

**T**o heuen he loketh soone on hye  
To the father and sone truly  
And to the holy goost he gan cry  
Receyue my soule & the pray.

**G**od receyued his boone anon  
Downe came aungeles many one  
They toke his soule & to heuē oyd gone  
To blyssednesse that lasteth ay.

**T**o that blysse that is so goode  
Them that dyed vpon the roode

**G**raunt vs for his pccyous bloode  
Our saluacyon at domes day.  
¶ Finis.

**O**f saynt Johā.

**P**ray for vs to god on hye  
Blyssed saynt Johan and our lady.

**O** blyssyd Johan ⁊ euangelyst  
Myght dere beloved of Jesu cryst  
The pccurte of heuē in erthe thou wyll  
As touchynge to the trynyte.

**T**hat pccurte that is withouten pere  
To Johan he toke his mode dere  
All whyle he lyued in erthe here

**T**hat byrgyns were bothe he and she.  
**T**his noble Johan that we of rede  
Informed vs of Chrystes dede  
The whyle that he on erthe yede  
In his gospell so fynde we.



¶ When Chryst on crosse hanged so by  
He sayd vnto his moder Mary  
Lo there thy sone standynge the by  
¶ And se thy moder Johan sayd he  
¶ Nowe pray we to this saynt echone  
For vs to pray to god in trone  
Out of this lyfe whan we shall gone  
To se hym in his mayeste  
¶ Finis.

¶ A caroll of the Innocentes.

¶ Marke this songe for it is trewe  
For it is trewe as clerkes tell.

In olde tyme straung thyng? cam to pas  
Grete wonder & grete metuayll was  
In Israell.

¶ There was one Octauyan  
Octauyan of Rome Emperour.  
As booke olde doth sperehye

Of all the wyde worlde teryre.

He was lord and gouernour.

¶ The Jewes that tyme lackyd a kyng  
They lackyd a kyng to gyde them well  
The Emperour of power and myght  
Chese one Herode agaynt all ryght  
In Israell.

This Herode thā was kyng of Jewys  
was kyng of Jewys & he no Jewe  
Forsothe he was a paym bozne  
wherfore on fayth it may be swozne  
He reyned kyng vntrewe.

¶ By prophete one I say  
One I say at lest byd tell  
A chylde sholde come woobrous newys  
¶ shold be bozne trewe kyng of Jewys  
In Israell.

This Herode knew one bozne shold be  
One bozne shold be of trewe lenage  
That shold be ryght herptour  
For he but by the Emperour  
was made by vlyrpage.



Wherfore of throught this kyng Herode  
This kyng Herode in grete fere fell  
For all the days most in his myght  
Ever he feared Chrystes byrth  
In Israell.

The tyme came it pleased god  
It pleased god so to come to pas  
For mannes soule in dede  
His blyssed sone was bozne wyth spede  
As his wyll was

Tydynges came to kynke Herode  
To kyng Herode and dyd hym tell  
That one bozne forsoth is he  
Whiche lord and kyng of all shall be  
In Israell.

Herode thā raged as he were woode  
As he were wode of this tydyng  
And sent for all his scribes sure  
Yet wolde he not truit the scrypture  
Nor of theyr counsellunge.

Then this was the conclusyon  
The conclusyon of his counsell

To sende vnto his knyghtes anone  
To sle the chylderne euerychone  
In Israell.

This cruell kyng this tyranny  
This tyranny dyd put in vye  
Bytwene a day and yeres too  
All men chylderne he dyd sloo  
Of Chryst for to be sure.

Yet Herode myssed his cruell pray  
His cruell pray as was goddes wyll  
Joseph with Mary than dyd fle  
With Chryst to Egypt gone was he  
From Israell.

All this whyle this tyrantes  
This tyrantes wolde not couert  
But innocentes yonge  
That lay for kyng  
They thryft to the herte.

This Herode sought the chyldren  
This chyldren yonge with corage fell  
But in doynge thys vengeance  
His owne sone was slayne by chaunce

In Israell.

Alas I thynke the moders were wo  
The moders were wo it was grete skyl  
what motherly payne  
To se them slayne

In cradels lyeng styll:

But god hym selfe hath theym electe  
Hath theym electe in heuyn to dwell.  
For they were bathed in theyr blode  
For theyr baptyng forsoth it stode

In Israell.

Alas agayne what hartes had they  
what hart had they those babes to kyll  
with swerdes whan they hym caught  
In cradels they lay and laught  
And neuer thought yll.

¶ Finis.

This was the tenour of her talkyng

¶ Timor mortis conturbat me.

¶ I asked that hynde what she ment

I am a murther sayre & gent

For fere of deeth I am all bent

¶ Timor mortis conturbat me

¶ Whan I shall dye I know no day

Contrey nor place I can not say

wherfore this longe syng I may

¶ Timor mortis conturbat me.

¶ Jesu chryste whan he sholde dye

To his father gan he crye

Father he sayd in trynaye

¶ Timor mortis conturbat me

¶ All chrysten people beholde & se

This worlde is but a vayne

For therein is but necessitye

¶ Timor mortis conturbat me.

¶ Wake or slepe eat or drynke!

whan I on my last ende do thynke

For great fere my soule doth synke

¶ Timor mortis conturbat me.

¶ Finis.



Blessyd Stephan we the praye  
Pro nobis preces funde

**I**' Shall you tell this ylike nyght  
Of saynt Stephan goddes knyght  
He tolde the Jewes that it was ryght  
That Cryst was bozne of a mayde  
Blessyd Stephan. &c.

**T**hen sayd the Jewes w grete scozne  
That goddes sone myght not be bozne  
Stephan sayd ye be forlozne  
And all that byleueth on that lay  
Blessyd Stephan. &c.

**T**his Stephā whā he was most pyte  
In Crystes lawe illumynate  
The Jewes hym toke with grete dyspyte  
Without the towne to lapidate  
Blessyd Stephan. &c.

**T**he cursyd Jewes at the last  
Stones at Stephan they gan cast  
They bette hym and bounde hym fast  
And made his body in scule aray  
Blessyd Stephan. &c.

**W**han the aungell Ave began  
Fleshe and blode togyder ran  
Mary bare bothe god and man  
Through the vertue of benygnyte.

**S**o sayth the gospell of saynt Johā  
God and man is made bothe one  
In fleshe and breed/ blode and bone  
One god in persones thre.

**A**nd the prophete Jeremy  
Tolde in his prophecy  
That the sone of Mary  
For vs sholde dye on tree.

**H**e hath Joye to you graunted  
And in erth peace hath plaunted  
Whan ybozne was that saynted  
In the londe of Galilee

**M**ary graunte vs the blyffe  
where thy sone dwellynge is  
And of that we haue done anyffe  
Thou pray for vs for charyte.

Finis. A. iii.



**S**alue regina mater misericordie.  
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra salue.

*\* \* \* \* \**

**O** very isle of swetnes and hope  
Of thy mercy lende vs a drope  
As thou bare Jesu y our kynd dyd grope  
Salue regina mater mie. vita. &c.

**U**nto our helth thou bare that chyld  
With spot of syn thou were neuer defyld  
Mary mother bothe meke and myld  
Salue regina mater mie. vita. &c.

**W**e synners lady to the we crye  
In this world to haue mercy  
We synge to the yet oz we dye  
Salue regina mater mie. vita. &c.

**T**o the we call euer at our nede  
As frende spreyll for all mannes nede  
Thou flour on felde of Adams seide  
Salue regina mater mie. vita. &c.

**T**hy eyen of pyte from vs not hyde  
Whyle we here in this world abyde  
Thou gouerne vs and be our gyde

**T**his voyce both sharpe & also  
Shalbe herd from heuen to l,  
All mydle erthe it shall fulfill  
Venite ad iudicium.  
A voyce. &c.

**V**enite is a blyssed song  
For them that for ioye dooth longe  
And shall forsake paynes strong  
Venite ad iudicium.  
A voyce. &c.

**G**lad in hert may they be  
Whan Chryst sayech Venite  
Ye blyssed chyldren come to me  
In to vitam eternam  
A voyce. &c.

**W**han I hongred he gaue me meat  
Ye clothed me agaynst the weat  
In trouble ye dyde me not forgeat  
Venite ad iudicium  
A voyce. &c.

**Y**e socoured me at your dooze  
And for my sake gaue to the poore



therefore Wyl I you socooze  
Venite ad iudicium.

A voyce. .xc.

**S**ozp in hert may they be  
That hereth this heuy worde, Ite  
Ye cursed chyldren go fro me  
Into ignem eternum

A voyce. .xc.

**W**han for nede that I dyde crye  
Confortlesse ye lete me dye  
Therefore now I you demp  
Venite ad iudicium

A voyce. .xc.

**F**oz by me ye set no store  
Ye shall abyte ryght dere therfoze  
In hell with deuyls for evermoze  
Venite ad iudicium

A voyce. .xc.

Finis.



**J**esu Christe fili dei viui mise.  
bis. Alleluia. 21

**M**ost souerayn lord Chyri.  
Born of a mayd þeuer was true  
With grace and goodnesse þe vs endue  
That now syngeth this. Misere nobis.

Jesu chyste fili dei viui.

**L**orde of mercy by propre condycion  
That of mankynd made the redemption  
Graunt vs now this petycion  
That now syngeth this. Misere nobis.

Jesu chyste fili dei viui. .xc.

**J**esu preferue vs and be our spede  
With grace to socour vs at our nede  
To do thy pleasure in worde and dede  
That now syngeth this. Misere nobis.

Jesu chyste. .xc.

**W**un not synners by thy myght  
But with mercy medled with ryght  
So that we may lyue in thy syght  
That now syngeth this. Misere nobis.

14  
Jesu chrisste fili dei bñi. ꝛc.  
god graunt vs repentaunce  
and space for to do penaunce  
And good lyfe to haue contynuaunce  
That we may syng this. Misere nobis  
¶ Inis. ¶



¶ A boyce from heuen to erth shall com  
¶ Venite ad iudicium.