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THE DEBATE BETWEEN THE BODY AND THE SOUL: A STUDY IN THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN FORM AND CONTENT.

The Ohio State University, Ph.D., 1965
Language and Literature, general

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THE DEBATE BETWEEN THE BODY AND THE SOUL
A STUDY IN THE RELATIONSHIP
BETWEEN FORM AND CONTENT

DISSERTATION
Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate
School of The Ohio State University

By
Mary Heyward Ferguson, A.B., M.A.

* * * * * *

The Ohio State University
1965

Approved by

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Please Note:
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PREFACE

With anyone who thinks me presumptuous to write about four poems written over four centuries ago in three different languages I agree completely. I am not an expert in Medieval Latin nor in Old French nor even in Old English; yet I have translated from the first two languages and explicated poems in all three.

My only excuse is that the job needed doing. In order to clarify relationships among seminal versions of the Debate Between the Body and the Soul, I have translated where necessary, analyzed, and evaluated the earliest medieval versions. Since all the poems belong to the same genre and are on the same theme, I believe that analysis of one throws light upon the others. I hope I have at least cleared away the underbrush for experts.

I wish to thank Professor Francis Lee Utley for his kindness and generous aid, from my first day in his class at The Ohio State University through the long hot summer of the dissertation. Professor Martin Stevens of the English Department was very helpful in offering suggestions which I have incorporated, and Professor Charles W. Forbes of the Classics Department saved me from displaying the full extent of my ignorance of Latin prosody. Mr. Anton Vishi of the Classics Department at State and Mr. Fernando Rodriguez of Ohio Wesleyan University aided me with the Latin and Old French translations.
Mrs. Eleanor K. Heningham graciously consented to allow me to print her text of the Royal Debate. To her and to my family who somehow lived with me, I owe many thanks.
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I: INTRODUCTION

One of the most popular genres of the Middle Ages was the debate; one of the most widespread and most thoroughly medieval themes for debate was that between the Body and the Soul. The theme was already well-known in antiquity, for some of its elements are oriental and pre-Christian in origin,\(^1\) and versions of a Debate between the Body and the Soul are found in Hebrew and Greek.\(^2\) Aspects of the medieval versions are found in the Visio Pauli of the fourth century and in the legend of St. Macarius of the fifth century.\(^3\) But it was to the medieval mind that the theme particularly appealed. From the eleventh century, Latin versions both in prose and poetry began to appear, and between the tenth and fifteenth centuries the theme was treated in almost every vernacular of Europe.\(^4\)

Because of this long history and also because of its relationship to other genres, the Debate between the Body and the Soul has been widely studied. In the nineteenth century, Theodore Batouchkof and Gustav

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\(^1\)See Louise Dudley, *The Egyptian Elements in the Legend of the Body and the Soul* (Baltimore, 1911).

\(^2\)Ibid., passim and Appendixes A and B, pp. 151-163.


\(^4\)The most complete bibliography of the Debate in all languages is that of Francis L. Utley, "Dialogues, Debates, and Catechisms," prepared as a chapter of the revision of Wells' *Manual*, but as yet unpublished. I am greatly indebted to Professor Utley for allowing me to use his typescript and his file on locations of the works he cites.
Kleinert attempted to survey the entire field; J. D. Bruce was particularly interested in the English versions, Gaston Paris and Gustav Gröber in the Old French, and Thomas Wright and Edelstand Du Mûril in the Latin. In the twentieth century, the broadest study has been made by Hans Walther, but Professor Walther did not go into detail on the Body and Soul debates because he expected Professor Clark S. Northup to publish a two-volume work on them. Neither this work nor the "more general investigation" mentioned by Mrs. Eleanor Kellogg Heningham has appeared. Meanwhile, other scholars have probed the relationship of the Body and Soul theme to homiletic literature, to the memento-mori theme, to vision literature, and to religious treatises. But no attempt has been made since the

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6 See Das Streitgedicht in der lateinischen Literatur des Mittelalters (München, 1920), pp. 53-64.


8 See Mrs. Heningham, op. cit., and her article "Old English Precursors of 'The Worcester Fragments,'" PMLA, LV (June, 1940), 291-307; and Rudolf Willard, Two Apocrypha in Old English Homilies (Leipzig, 1935) and "The Address of the Soul to the Body," PMLA, L (December, 1935), 957-83, which deal especially with the homiletic relationship. Benjamin P. Kurtz, Gifer the Worm: An Essay Toward the History of an Idea, University of California Publications in English, II (1928-29), No. 2, 235-251, maintains that the treatment of the decay of the Body is part of memento-mori tradition, and Mrs. Heningham, An Early Latin Debate, agrees with him (see pp. 52-53). Arnold B. Van Os, Religious Visions (Amsterdam, 1932), studies the vision frame and points out its relation to the homiletic tradition. In the most recent work on the Debate theme, Robert W. Ackerman emphasizes the
nineteenth century to consider the tradition as a whole. It would take a lifetime uninterrupted by war, marriage, and the weariness of the flesh to produce such a work; but at least it seems possible to make a broad study using the technique of sampling. The first problem is to choose significant samples.

The earliest known version of the Debate is the Anglo-Saxon Address of the Soul to the Body, accepted as dating from the tenth century. Gustav Kleinert therefore claimed that the Old English Address was the source of all other known versions. Since Kleinert's time, scholars have not only pointed out the genetic fallacy in his argument but have emphasized the elements in later versions which distinguish them from the Address. They have shown, for example, that the lack of an answer by the Body in the Old English poem sets it apart from the tradition of debate. And it has been pointed out that the Address has more in common with memento-mori literature than it does with the Body and Soul theme.

Furthermore, Mrs. Heningham has shown most convincingly that major versions of the Debate in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are directly related to or derived from the so-called Royal Debate, a Latin poetic relation of the Debates, particularly the Middle English Disputisoun, to certain doctrinal treatises. See "The Debate of the Body and Soul and Parochial Christianity," Speculum, XXVII (December, 1962), 542-565.

Batiouchkof (pp. 513-514), following Kleinert (cf. p. 1), divides the Debates into two major groups, those in which the Soul alone speaks, and those in which the Body replies. He further subdivides group two according to whether the poem is in the form of a vision or not. Ackerman says positively that the OE Address is "not in any sense a source" for the Middle English Disputisoun (p. 543). Mrs. Heningham is less dogmatic, asking (An Early Latin Debate, p. 52) "Why, however, does the Old English poet retain the single speech but radically change the setting [of the legend], while the debates [i.e., all versions other than the OE Address] introduce the body's reply yet retain more of the original setting?"

See n. 8 above.
version of the theme dating from the early twelfth century. The more famous Latin poem of the early thirteenth century, the "Noctis sub silentio" or Visio Philiberti, Mrs. Heningham shows to be very similar to the Royal Debate; in fact, she considers it a "free and talented reworking" of the Royal Debate. The early thirteenth-century Middle English Disputisoun, which Kittredge called "incomparably the best embodiment of the theme ... in any language," Mrs. Heningham shows to be "a very free translation" of the "Noctis sub silentio," but with direct echoes also of the Royal Debate. From the Royal Debate also stems the earliest French version, the poem known as "Un samedi par nuit." Of all the redactions of the Royal Debate, Mrs. Heningham found "Un samedi," which probably dates from the first third of the twelfth century, to be the most closely related.

Mrs. Heningham's study and Batiouchkof's discovery of a Latin homiletic treatment of the Debate which he dates as eleventh century seem to point to Latin origins for all known versions of the Debate except the OE Address. It would seem fruitless to try to resurrect Kleinert's opinion that the Address is a source for the other versions.

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11 See An Early Latin Debate and also her dissertation of the same title from New York University.

12 Walther's list of 132 MSS of the "Noctis" (pp. 211-14) testifies to its popularity.

13 An Early Latin Debate, p. 42.

14 In his Introduction to The Debate of the Body and the Soul, modernized by Francis James Child (Boston, 1908), p. ix.

15 An Early Latin Debate, p. 49.

16 Ibid., pp. 25-36.

17 Batiouchkof, pp. 5ff.
But in rejecting the OE Address as a source for later versions, we need not set it aside from the tradition of the Debate; as Kleinert pointed out, it has much in common with later versions. Valuable as source study is in establishing relationships among poems, it does not furnish answers about the effect of the creative process on the content of the poems. As Curtius maintained à propos the Latin literature of the Middle Ages, what begins as artifice—e.g., rhyme—eventuates in art: the Stabat Mater and the Dies Irae. Mimesis is not slavish imitation but an essential aspect of the creative process. It seems fruitful to examine several poems treating—or "imitating"—the same subject matter to discover the relation between the artist's technique and his subject matter. It is my thesis that in the Debate between the Body and the Soul, not only the choice of subject matter but the actual content of the poems was based on artistic principles; and that the artistic form shaped the subject matter, to produce artifacts.

I approach four versions of the same legend from the point of view that each version is dynamic; rather than working on more or less static "material," each poet helped to create the legend. Thus we should expect to find similarities of content, as we do in all known versions of the Debate. But, more important, we should expect to find differences in content because of different artistic purposes and techniques. The genre

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18Kleinert, passim, especially pp. 45-46.


20This is the thesis of Erich Auerbach, Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature, trans. Willard Trask (New York, c. 1953).
of the Debate furnishes enough unity to allow us to discern relationships; but the differing languages, audiences, and cultural milieus of the poems allow us to see the artistry at work within the genre.

The choice of "samples" was thus based on several considerations. First, the four versions chosen are all very early; each is extremely influential upon literature in its language and in other languages. Second, each of the versions chosen is in itself a work of art of high quality. Third, each version is significant as an example of its cultural milieu. Fourth, only two of the four versions have ever before been translated into any modern language.

In the chapters following, I propose to treat each of the four versions selected as a separate artifact. Chapter II deals with the Old English Address; Chapter III with the so-called Royal Debate in Latin; Chapter IV with the oldest French version, "Un samedi par nuit"; and Chapter V with the Visio Philiberti or "Noctis sub silentio," the Latin version upon which most versions of the high Middle Ages and later are based. Chapter VI presents my conclusion about the relationship between form and content among these poems, as well as some incidental conclusions about the distinctively British tradition of the Debate. In the Appendices are translations of the two Latin poems and the Old French poem; texts are furnished for the Royal Debate and "Un samedi," since the only published texts are not easily accessible.
II: THE OLD ENGLISH DEBATE

The Soul's Address to the Body in Old English, generally accepted as dating from the early tenth century, is the earliest known poetic version of the Debate Between the Body and the Soul. Though it contains only 121 lines, the poem is clearly complete. The first sixteen lines are an introduction giving details of the circumstances under which the Soul returns to speak. The actual address of the Soul to the Body follows in eighty lines, and the last twenty-five lines are a conclusion giving further details of setting and situation, and explaining the fate of the Body until the Last Judgment. The sense of completion is very definite, since the idea of the final verse and a half

\[ \text{peet maeg seghwylcum modsnotter:} \]

The poem is found in two MSS: The Exeter Book, ed. by Sir Israel Gollancz and W. L. Mackie (London, 1932-1934) and The Vercelli Book, ed. George Philip Krapp (New York, 1932). In neither MS does the poem bear the title by which it is commonly referred to; in the Exeter Book it is Poem XVII and is entitled by the editor "The Soul's Address to the Body"; in the Vercelli Book, the editor adds the title "Soul and Body I." All references in this chapter are to the Exeter Book text. The Vercelli poem is 5 lines longer than the one in the Exeter Book, and is followed by a fragmentary address of a righteous Soul to its Body. The texts show the following variations in number of lines:

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For rearrangement of common lines and other variations, see Krapp's line numbering and his Introduction, p. iii. Editors seem inclined to correct the Vercelli text by reference to the Exeter Book; see Krapp's notes. The
returns to the thought of the opening lines:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Huru þæs behofæ} & \quad \text{haeleþæ aeghwylc} \\
\text{þæt he his sawle sið} & \quad \text{sylfa bewitige} \\
\text{hu þæt bið deoplic} & \quad \text{bonne se deas cymeð}.
\end{align*}
\]

The use of this "envelope" pattern—a frequent device of Old English poetry—\(^2\) makes the poem rhetorically conclusive. The logical frame of the poem is equally conclusive. In the introduction the poet explains that when the sibbe, the united Body and Soul, are parted at death, they must remain separate until God brings about the end of the world, or for three hundred years, whichever is sooner. During this long interval before the final Judgment, the Soul must visit the Body every seventh night; on these visits it will speak "grimlice... to þam duste." In the conclusion the poet emphasizes that the "flæschord" contains only dust: after the Soul departs, "lig ðuust þær hit waes" (99b). Since it is only dust, the Body cannot answer the Soul, either to defend itself or to commiserate with its former kinsman. The rest of the conclusion gives details of how the Body has become the dust it now is, one especially greedy worm having led the way for its fellows to tear open the throat and slit the tongue "on tyn healfe." Thus the condition of the Body logically precludes any response on its part; the form of the poem, the dramatic monologue, is necessary for the subject matter.

Yet the Soul's address, the focus of the poem, both logically and rhetorically demands an answer: the Soul's thesis that the Body alone is responsible for their mutual fate should be followed by its antithesis.

discussion here disregards the fragment found in the Vercelli Book because the later development of the legend ignores this fragment.

The Body's inability to answer, insisted on by the poet, balanced against the logical necessity to answer, creates tension. Thus the very muteness of the Body heightens the drama of the poem. Paradoxically, as the Soul reminds the Body, even though the Body is now "dumb and deaf" (60a), at the Last Judgment it must with its "motes record" (87b) plead its case before God. For this purpose it will be reborn, reunited with the Soul; but because of its sins in life, the Body will have no justification before God (86a-92a). The Body's muteness now is an analogy for its final silence before God. The poem emphasizes the known horrors of death—the fate of the Body—in order to portray imaginatively the ultimate fate of Man, that union of Body and Soul. Instead of antithesis, the poet offers analogy as the logical skeleton of his poem.3

The Soul's present situation is not presented in detail either in the introductory narration or in the address. We are told in the beginning only that the Soul must visit the Body in its grave every seventh night until it is released; on each visit, it will reproach the Body. Though the poem gives us the words of the reproach only once, the dramatic impact of the address is heightened by our knowledge that week after week the same accusations will be met by the same silence. Week after week, the Soul will return at cockcrow to "pe hamas pe pu me aer scrife" (65a-65b); there it is bound and tormented (28a-29b) in a place without honor (66a). What its torments are specifically, the Soul does not say, but it clearly recognizes what its eternal torment will be:

3 The poet of the Vercelli Book used antithesis as well as analogy, since the fragmentary speech of the good Soul to its Body is in every way antithetical to that of the evil Soul. The good Soul speaks warmly and solicitously to its Body; it comes from heaven, not hell; it has feasted in life on spiritual food; and it looks forward to being reunited to its Body. See Krapp, pp. 58-59, 11. 127-166.
The ultimate fate of the Soul and the Body can best be understood by knowing what their situation had been like when once before they had been united, that is, in life. Once again the poet uses analogy to express the unknown.

The logic of the poem thus demands emphasis upon the earthly life of the Body and the Soul. The Soul’s accusation makes just this emphasis. It accuses the Body first of having taken little thought of the Soul’s needs (19b-21b), and especially of having given no thought to its thirst for the Body and blood of God (37b-38b), i.e., for the Eucharist. Two specific sins are involved here: concern for the flesh rather than for the spirit, and failure to receive the sacraments. The Soul also mentions the "firenlustas" (31b) of the Body, and specifies its gluttony, drunkenness, and vainglory (36a-37a, 41a-42a). Twice it speaks scornfully of the Body’s confidence in wealth and possessions (54a-56b, 69b-73b). This confidence has so perverted the Body that it would have been better off to have been a beast and fulfilled its natural function, even if that function had been to be wicked like the serpent. (74a-81b). These details of the Body’s life on earth are enough to give the reader a vivid picture of typically human life: concern for the flesh, leading to excesses; failure to partake of the sacraments, ignoring or postponing the demands

\[ ^4 \text{Mackie interprets geahbe (69b) to mean "follies," construing the passage to mean "Thy follies are naught/ that thou didst display here on earth before men." The Vercelli Book has "sehta," which, as Krapp points out in his note (p. 127), fits the sense perfectly, though not the alliterative pattern. I should prefer to read geahbe as "extravagances" in the sense of luxuriae, as Toller permits along with "follies." This seems to me to make better sense in context; and to put the emphasis on possessions to make the necessary link with line 72: "ponse pe waeran ealle eorpan spede. . . ."} \]
of the spiritual life; a little boasting, probably with the idea "It can't happen to me"; and confidence in worldly goods to buy spiritual life. Such a picture of typical human life is appropriate in a poem which emphasizes the universal human fate: worms, dust, silence—and worse, far worse: the eternal union of a sentient being, the Soul, to the dust.

Just how repugnant that union will be to the Soul is made clear to the reader by analogy. The poet saves his most specific details to portray the condition of the Body after death. The reaction of the sentient reader to this picture resembles the reaction the Soul will have when at the Judgment it is sentenced to eternal union with the Body. The poet spares no detail of the charnel house; in fact, he repeats his details twice, so that we cannot escape the gruesome picture. He describes the body as it now is: the head is split, the limbs dismembered; the jaws hang open, the throat is torn, the neck gnawed through; even now the worms still swarm, sucking the sinews and stripping the flesh from the ribs. The tongue is slit into ten parts, so that the Body cannot exchange words with the Soul (103a-110b). Then the poet repeats the details, dramatizing the decay by describing the onslaughts of the first worm to attack the Body, Gifer, whose very name denotes his outstanding quality: greed. His needle-sharp teeth opened the way for other worms to enter the tongue, the teeth, the eyes, and to consume the cold Body (111a-119a). The reader cannot escape the metaphysical shudder; how infinitely worse must be the tremor of the Soul, compelled to watch weekly for three hundred years, and then forever to be reunited to this foul clay.

The repugnance of the Soul is made clear not only by these rhetorical devices in the poem as a whole but also by its own words. The narrator comments on the failure of the Soul to comfort the Body or offer it any
pity or sympathy. Then, in its address (17\textsuperscript{a}-96\textsuperscript{b}), the Soul taunts the Body with its present vileness, expressing no regret, though once the two had been 

\emph{siBB}, with all the loyalties that word connoted in the Anglo-Saxon world. The coldness of its manner of speaking (15\textsuperscript{b}) is paralleled throughout the speech by the cold selfishness of its attitude toward the Body. The Soul taunts the Body with its solitariness, pointing out that the Body will not be loved by any of its comrades or kindred, now that it has no Soul (49\textsuperscript{a}-53\textsuperscript{b}). The Soul asks why the Body had never considered the Soul's fate; the Body cannot now ask why the Soul cares nothing for its fate, but the reader can recognize the degradation of the Soul, now as selfish as the Body had been. The Soul says that its life with the Body had seemed like thirty thousand years because of the weight of evil the Body had inflicted on it (31\textsuperscript{b}-34\textsuperscript{a}). Not only was the Soul miserable in life, but now it is bound in hell, and must, against its will, come to visit the Body it detests (57\textsuperscript{b}-59\textsuperscript{b}). The alienation of the erstwhile \emph{siBB} is complete not only in fact but in feeling. The Soul cares nothing for the Body's fate and emphasizes that the Body alone will be required to answer before God for both (82).

Then, at the very end of its speech, for the first time the Soul speaks of the Body and itself as \emph{we two}: it asks

\begin{quote}
\textit{ac hwaet do wit unc}
\end{quote}
\begin{quote}
\textit{\textsc{b}onne he unc hafa\~{n} geedbyrde}d . . . . \textit{(93\textsuperscript{b}-94\textsuperscript{a})}
\end{quote}

The terrible irony of "geedbyrde" helps the reader to realize the true horror of eternal damnation. When the Body is reborn and reunited to the Soul, the union will last forever, not for a mere thirty thousand years. There will be no hope of death to separate them again. The two, now completely alienated in this interim hell, as they had really been for most of their life on earth, will be eternally united. This is Judgment; this
is hell. Through its sins, the Body has perverted the will of God, who had given it a Soul for its salvation \((24^a-27^b)\); its addiction to sin has been so complete that all the Soul's efforts, as well as the sacrifice of Christ, have been in vain. The Body has rejected God's grace through His two gifts of its Soul and His Son. In so doing, the Body has brought the Soul to despair—a deadly sin which has removed the Soul too from God's grace. The union of Body and Soul, meant to show God's infinite mercy, will now be the sign of His terrible Judgment.

All the devices the poet has used—his rhetoric, his logic, and his use of the Soul's own words—serve to weigh the reader's sympathy toward the Soul. By delineating so sharply the disgusting condition of the Body, deserted by all humans who had ties of loyalty to it, the poet enables the reader to share the Soul's reaction; the reader, too, visits the grave. The charnel house details are an integral part of the poem, not simply as an appropriate accompaniment to the memento-mori theme, as some critics have suggested, but as part of the Soul's hell. The inexorable harshness of eternal damnation is epitomized for the reader in the graphic description of one visitation typical of innumerable others.

Both the rhetorical and the logical structure of the poem help to make its meaning clear: with legendary material, the poet is illustrating the Christian doctrine that salvation must be sought during earthly life. This orthodox Christian view is also emphasized by the poetic form of the Address.

The poem has five parts:

1. A general statement pointing a moral (1^a-5^a: 4 1/2 lines)

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5See Kurtz, op. cit., and Heningham, An Early Latin Debate, pp. 52-53.
2. A narrative introduction detailing setting and circumstances (5b-16b: 11 1/2 lines)

3. The speech of the Soul (17a-96b: 80 lines)

4. A narrative conclusion, further detailing setting and circumstances (97a-119a: 22 1/2 lines)

5. Reiteration of the sententia (119b-121b: 2 1/2 lines).

It is obvious that the five parts are a circular pattern, with the end returning to the beginning, as was pointed out above. This circular pattern parallels not only the view inherent in the poem that life, the interim hell, and eternal damnation are a continuum, but also the view that the Body and Soul are eternally united.

Thus the structure of the poem is symbolic of the content. Within the poem are other symbols which reflect the tropological mode of exegesis so prevalent in the Middle Ages. The numbers referred to in the poem are conspicuously symbolic. The number 300, important in the poem because it is the term of the interim Hell in which the Soul must visit the Body, is an analogue of the number 3 when represented on an abacus; so is the number 3.

6. Though the tropological mode was emphasized most by such men as Hugh of St. Victor in the twelfth century, it goes back to Ambrose, Augustine, and Philo Judaeus. See F. J. E. Raby, A History of Christian-Latin Poetry ... (Oxford, 1927), pp. 355-359. Our Anglo-Saxon poet might have known number symbolism through Bede's text on Arithmetic or any standard arithmetic of the time. See Vincent Foster Hopper, Medieval Number Symbolism (New York, 1938), pp. 97-98, 146.

7. Hopper and Eleanor Webster Bulatkin, "The Arithmetic Structure of the Old-French Vie de Saint Alexis," PMLA, LXXIV (December, 1959), 495-502. I am indebted to these two works and to further explanation from Mrs. Bulatkin in seminars in Old French at The Ohio State University for my knowledge of the concepts involved in medieval numerical composition. I have not cited Hopper for each item, since his excellent index includes the numbers referred to and can be easily consulted. Specific debts to Mrs. Bulatkin are noted below; here I should like to acknowledge her explanation of the method of columnar calculation, pp. 497-98.
30,000, mentioned by the Soul as the apparent term of its life on earth with the Body. The number 3 itself corresponds to the 3 days during which Christ was in his tomb and during which He visited Hell; His resurrection on the third day parallels the resurrection of the Body at the end of the interim Hell. The number 300 itself symbolizes the cross and the agony suffered by Christ; the Soul's suffering now, from its point of view, parallels Christ's. In fact, its life on earth when it was united to a sinful Body seems 100 times (30,000) worse than Christ's suffering, because for Christ there was hope, whereas for this Soul there is none.

For Christ came Sunday, after the Sabbath spent in the "harrowing" of Hell. For the Soul comes a brief respite from Hell after every 7th day; but this respite offers only the pain of delivering its sabbatical speech, just as for it resurrection will mean only the continuance of Hell, not relief from it. The number 7, of course, was highly symbolic; it signified man, composed "of the 4 of the body and the 3 of the soul"; it also signified "the Final Sabbath... the age of the Final Resurrection."

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8 For a discussion of the "Sunday Respite," see Willard, "The Address of the Soul to the Body," pp. 965-982. I believe that in the Address "ymb seofen niht" (l. 10) has the connotation "every Saturday, i.e., Sabbath, night," and that the recurring return of the Soul is therefore during the Sunday Respite. According to Professor Willard, the legend of a weekly release of the damned on Saturday arose between the eighth and twelfth centuries, if not much earlier (p. 969). Thus the idea was available to the poet of the Address. And the linguistic relation between "ymb seofen niht" and "every seventh-day night" is obvious.

9 Hopper, pp. 171, 199. These analogues apply to Dante's numerical symbolism, but, as Hopper points out, similar ones were widely known throughout Christian history, and, indeed, in pagan times. Frederick B. Artz, The Mind of the Middle Ages, 3rd ed., (New York, 1959), points out that St. Augustine in Civitas Dei divided history into seven ages "to correspond to the days of Creation" (p. 83); and that "to... Augustine, things occurring in the same number possessed inner relations" (p. 237). That Augustine was familiar with Pythagorean number symbolism is evidenced by his use of it in discussing music. See Artz, pp. 219-220.
In a poem which uses number symbolism explicitly and in which the general structure is, as we have seen, a symbol of the content, one wonders if further number symbolism may not be implicit in the structure itself. In other words, we are led to speculate about the possibility of numerical composition as part of the poetic technique. Such composition would furnish the poet with an additional means of uniting form and content, and also would be appropriate to his didactic purpose because it would be subject to the techniques used by Augustine and others in Scriptural exegesis.

When the poetic structure is considered in detail, a numerical pattern seems discernible. If we ignore fractions for the time being, we see that part 1 of the Address is twice as long as its counterpart, part 5; that part 4 is twice as long as its counterpart, part 2. Each of these four parts is accompanied by a fraction; the sum of the fractions is 2, the multiplier establishing the relationships just noted. Part 3, containing the Soul’s address, is 80 lines long, the only part without a fraction. Eighty is the product of the number of lines in part 1 and those in part 5, times 10: \( \frac{4}{3} \times 2 \times 10 \); it is also \( 2^3 \times 10 \). Furthermore, the total number of lines in the poem, 121, is also related to the number 2, since it is \( 11^2 \).

Such a definite pattern based on the number 2 is hardly likely to have been accidental. Furthermore, the choice of the number 2 seems most appropriate to the content of the Address, for this number "appears always to have carried with it the idea of mutual antithesis," specifically, in the Christian Middle Ages, the antithesis of good and evil, of the spiritual and the material, of the Soul and the Body.\(^\text{10}\) Not only

\(^{10}\) Hopper, p. 4.
were these dyads seen as antithetical; they were also considered congruent: one implies the other, though at the same time each opposes the other. The tension of this relationship parallels the tension we have pointed out in the Address: though the Soul longs for separation from the Body, it is forever bound to it. The significance of \(2^3\) or 8 (80) lines of the Soul's speech may well symbolize the inescapable union: in life, in the interim until Judgment, and in eternity, the Body and the Soul must remain two-in-one. Such is the nature of man, the microcosm who in the medieval Christian view was represented by \(4\) (or \(2^2\)) because he corresponds to the macrocosm, composed of the four elements.\(^{11}\) It is also significant that 2 signified the unique union of spirit and matter in Christ. In this union was no tension, since perfect congruency prevailed in the perfect man. Such perfection God had intended for man, first by His gift of a Soul when he created man in His own image, and second by His redemption of man through Christ and the gift of the Holy Spirit. In its speech, the Soul mentions God's intention:

\[\text{ond burh engel ufan of roderum sawle onsende burh his sylfes hond meotud aelmihtig of his meegenbrymme ond be be gebohte blode by halgan... (24-27).}\]

The sins the Soul accuses the Body of are specifically those which pervert God's intention of a perfect union, sins of the flesh and faith in material possessions. Such perversion may well have been signified by the numbers 8 and 11 in the Address.

Eight is not only \(2^3\) but also one more than 7, the latter considered by medieval theologians a perfect number because it is the addition of 3, 3.

\(^{11}\) Hopper, pp. 83-84. Hopper cites St. Augustine, Ambrose, and Theophilus of Antioch as referring to 4 as a symbol for man and the mundane sphere.
standing for all things spiritual, and 4, standing for all things temporal. Hence 7 represents totality, or the universe, as well as the ideal man, as we have seen. Eight, 1 beyond 7, could signify immortality or resurrection, both ideas appropriate to the Soul's address. In some views it signified specifically the Day of Judgment, preceded by the resurrection, symbolized by 7. But 8 has significance not only in its aspect of 2 and 7 + 1, but also viewed as 9 - 1, or a deficient number; in this view 8 could well signify the Body's sins of omission, especially its failure to partake of the sacrament.

The number 11, which appears in the Address as 111 (part 2), 2 x 11 (part 4), and 112 (total number of lines), also had varied significance. It could signify 2, since according to the columnar method of computation 11 appears in parallel columns. Added sideways, 11 = 1 + 1 = 2; 22 = 2 + 2; 121 = 1 + 2 + 1 = 4 = 2^2. Thus 11 is basically related to 2. Furthermore, from St. Augustine's time on, 11 was viewed as signifying sin. As 10 + 1, it meant "transgression beyond measure," an interpretation peculiarly appropriate to the Address which stresses gespe or luxuria as one of the Body's primary sins. As 12 - 1, 11 falls short of the perfection of 12, which represented Christ, as did 2; as a deficient number in this aspect, 11 represented the sins of omission. Like 8, 11 could signify the failure of the Body to feed the Soul the spiritual food of the Eucharist.

Though the fractions in four of the five parts of the poem are

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12Hopper (p. 112) points out that the dying St. Guthlac referred to the Day of Judgment as the "eighth day." Since this poem occurs in the Exeter Book (Cf. especially p. 167 of EETS No. 104, 11. 1036-1038), it would not be surprising if the poet of the Address had such a specific significance in mind.

necessary to the addition of the total number of lines, they are irrelevant in any specific instance. This is to be expected in view of the general distaste for fractions prevalent in the Middle Ages. Still, it may be significant that in the Address even the fractions add up to 2.

It is tempting to play the numbers game ad infinitum when one discovers that numerical composition is perhaps being used. But it is dangerous to attempt to pinpoint one-to-one significance, since there was so much variation even during the Middle Ages about the interpretation of numbers. It is obvious, however, that such a numerical pattern would in this poem support the rhetorical and logical patterns. The effectiveness

14 Bulatkin, p. 498.

15 The case for numerical composition is neither supported nor weakened by MS evidence, as a study of the facsimile edition of The Exeter Book indicates.

The only mark to indicate a unit in the Address is the usual symbol to indicate the end. Since each stanza of Deor, which follows the Address in The Exeter Book, is followed by the symbol, as are parts of other poems, it is apparent that the scribe considered the Address a single unit. Wil­lard points out that a word may have been omitted at the end (pp. 977-78), but this would not affect my computation of the number of lines.

One might consider that only the last 1 1/2 lines rather than the last 2 1/2 lines reiterate the moral and constitute the conclusion. If so, the numerical pattern I have found would be an imperfect one. Cen­tainly, the sentence

\[ \text{paet maeg seghwylcum} \]
\[ \text{men to gemyndum modsnottera} \]

is syntactically complete. But the preceding sentence

\[ \text{bi bonne wyrmes gisfl} \]
\[ \text{set on eorpan} \]

may be viewed as part of the conclusion; it parallels the idea of ll. 38-40 in the opening. And evidence that the last 2 1/2 lines belong to­gether comes from comparison of the Exeter and Vercelli versions. Al­though several lines from the last part of the two redactions are placed differently, the last 2 1/2 lines are identical. See Krapp and Dobbie, p. 178.
of the poem does not depend upon numerical composition, but the poem is certainly enhanced by the poet's skillful and unobtrusive use of symbols which to medieval readers would make the grim events narrated seem all the more inevitable. Because the modern reader must have these symbols elucidated, he may feel that they are superfluous; to the medieval reader, they undoubtedly had rich implications which established the tone of the poem all the more firmly.

The general effect of the poem is that it is very compactly constructed so that the content is elucidated by the poetic form and the form is carefully adapted to the subject matter. Such integration of form and content has resulted in an impressive work of art.
III: THE ROYAL DEBATE

A long Latin poem on the Debate Between the Body and the Soul seems chronologically to be the next poetic version of the theme still extant. Referred to by the name of the unique manuscript in which it is found, The Royal Debate is agreed to date probably from the early twelfth century. Its 2544 lines seem to be complete, for the poem has a vision frame described in its first four lines and in its last four in very similar terms:

Nuper huiuscemodi
visionem somnii
Culdam pontifici
factam esse didici (1-4)

Cuius miserabili
voce. cor episcopi
Motum huiuscemodi
finem fecit somnij. (2541-44)

The vision frame is followed by a narrative introduction (5-24) explaining the circumstances under which the Soul has returned to speak to its Body; then the Soul makes a long speech to the Body (25-1452). A narrative interlude of 14 lines follows, describing the Body's rising from its

1For the text of the poem, see Heningham, An Early Latin Debate. Mrs. Heningham has graciously allowed me to reprint her text, which, along with my translation, appears below as Appendix A. Mrs. Heningham's monograph contains valuable comments about the poem and notes to the text, and I am greatly indebted to her. However, since she was primarily concerned with problems of source, authorship, and influence and I with criticism, I do not think we overlap unduly.

For discussion of the date of The Royal Debate, see Heningham, pp. 3-4 and 17-18.

Unless otherwise indicated, when quoting from the Latin text, I have used the original punctuation, although, in spite of Mrs. Heningham's claim (p. 54n.), it does not always make sense. My translation is as far as possible line for line; the line numbers of the translation are used except when I quote the Latin.
tomb to answer the Soul. The Body then makes a long speech, though shorter than the Soul's (1467-2140), and its return to the grave is described (2141-76). A second speech by the Soul follows, in which it addresses and bitterly reproaches God (2177-2452). Two demons who have come to carry the Soul to Hell are described (2453-81); they speak to the Soul, berating it for its sins (2482-2524). Then the narrator describes how they carry the Soul off to Hell (2525-40). Thus the narrative comes to a logical conclusion, and the vision frame completes the poem.

Many details of the setting and the circumstances under which the Soul has returned to speak are presented in the narrative parts of the poem, though significant facts are also given in the speeches. The bishop's vision and the visit of the Soul to the Body seem to be simultaneous, occurring at midnight on Saturday night (5-8). Many references in the speeches make it clear that the time permitted the Soul and the Body to speak is very limited (1103-06, 1135-7, 1291); in fact, the demon who should have taken the Soul directly to Hell after death will be severely punished for his negligence, the two demons say (2513-24). The Soul is in the form of a child (16, 2154), naked, pale, weeping, and utterly miserable (17-23, 25-40, 2157-72, 2540, 2455-56); it stands beside an open marble tomb, in which lies a Body covered by a shroud (9-12, 1462-64). The Body, though stinking and detestable, has not yet been attacked by worms (1071-95). It is the Body of a prosperous man, once strong and handsome but, at the time of death, well past middle age (passim).

Though not entirely certain that the Body can listen, the Soul speaks at length; it says, in order to console and avenge itself by castigating the Body for its sins (91-96). The Soul's 1428-line speech
is a set of variations on one theme: because of the Body's sins in life, especially its avarice and its rejection of every opportunity for redemption, the Body has consigned not only itself but the Soul to eternal punishment in Hell.

Addressing the Body, the Soul explains that it speaks because it wants to publish to the world the crimes of the Body, for which the Soul is soon to be dragged into Hell and for which both Body and Soul will suffer in the next world (25-64). The reason for their fate is that the Body never kept the laws of charity (69-84), but lusted for wealth and was avaricious (97-98). Avarice is like the thirst of the dropsical man; it is never satisfied (102-22). It led the Body to delight in the death of its comrades, rather than mourning for them, because it could plunder their estates and deprive their widows and orphans of their heritage (123-72). Instead of propitiating the Lord before death, the Body kept postponing its spiritual duties (175-79). Why? asks the Soul. Did the Body think it could bribe the Devil with the treasure it laid up (185-90)? This is a futile hope, since no one escapes from Hell, a labyrinth made with even greater skill than that of Daedalus (197-232). But suppose it were possible to bribe the Devil (233-37). Where would the Body now get the necessary gifts (238-40)? Where are all its possessions (241-76)? Nothing of them remains, and the Body is to be food for worms (277-91).

The Body must suffer because it has misused its wealth, which now its relations have taken over; they find it repulsive and will not try to help it (292-326). Now the Body will reap what it has sown (327-42). Since by its intemperance it lost the gift of grace it received at Baptism, it turned to sin more and more, like a dog to its vomit or a sow wallowing in a fetid slough (257-66). Its crimes in service of avarice
lead to deceit, slander, perjuries--complete hypocrisy--and to betrayals exceeded only by those of Judas (367-406). Because of these sins and the Body's wrath and pride, the Soul is now damned (409-18). How evil had been their life together (419-24), when in spite of all the Soul's attempts to assume its rightful role as mistress, the Body made itself the ruler and the Soul its slave (436-56)! Even at death's door, the Body continued to sin, refusing charity to the poor at its gate because it refused to believe death was near (459-74). Even if the Body had then been generous, the Soul argues, its forced generosity would have been to no avail, since only voluntary charity is acceptable to God (479-510). The Soul then further castigates the Body for its diligence and perseverance in sin, which has brought both it and the Soul

... far from the eternal joy
Which the Lord has prepared
to the "abyss" of Hell (516-47). In spite of the services it has tried to perform for the Body, the good it has done, the Soul is condemned through the Body's sins (549-558). Yet through the Soul the Body might have been able to live justly, since the Soul gave the Body its powers of sensation and movement (559-70). The Body, however, misused all its senses, and hence now lies insensate (571-79). Flourishing in life, the Body crushed all those associated with it and became a robber baron (587-618). But now its heirs enjoy its wealth and seek to emulate their father; the eldest son explains that his goal is to acquire wealth as his father did so that he may pass it on to his children (619-86). The Soul comments that it's no wonder such offspring now offer no alms for their father's rest (687-702), but suggests that even if they did, they could not now help, for the Body is already damned (703-20). Then the Soul shows the uselessness of hoping for grace through intercession by the Body's widow,
who has already married a young man whom she can control (723-63). She even beats the handmaid who mentions the dead husband's name (764-82). Thus no one mourns the Body, who during life postponed benefaction (796-817), provided lavishly for his family (820-826), and failed to receive the sacraments (831-38) and to attend the other services of the church (850-62). The Body deserves punishment (863-64), but the Soul wonders why it should first have to pay for the Body's crimes (865-66). The Soul then explains again that it did all it could to prevent the Body's sinning (871-74), and questions why the Body is not to suffer the torments of Hell immediately; it begs God to take vengeance for it on the Body (883-890). The Soul points out that the Body now has no need for earthly adornments, mentioning with disgust each part of the Body from head to foot (939-1050), and summarizing by showing how completely repulsive the Body now is to the women who had once loved it (1052-70). But its present corruption is nothing compared to what it will become when the worms begin to eat it (1071-95). Once again, the Soul points out that the Body deserves this punishment, as well as its final committal to "the spirits below," because it resisted the Lord and the Soul's counseling (1123-34). The Soul hastens to speak, for the demons are now hurrying to carry it to Hell, where it must await the Judgment Day to enter the Body again (1135-60). The Soul then gives a long description of the Judgment, detailing the fate both of the virtuous and of the wicked, whose souls have re-entered their bodies (1161-1410). The final Judgment for this Soul, it knows, will be to have the Body as a "perpetual comrade"; they will not be able to die again or ever have rest from their eternal torments (1411-52).

Such a long speech may seem dull in a prose paraphrase, but the poet has used many devices--here and throughout his poem--to save it from
monotony and to keep the reader alert. His choice of meter and rhyme, his employment of the rhetorical techniques to be codified as poetics during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and his use of essentially dramatic devices—all these reveal a skill considered admirable in the poet's own day and still admired in the twentieth century.

The poetic form used throughout the poem is seven-syllable trochaic lines rhyming in couplets. Each pair forms a long line which may be called "leonine" because the seventh syllable, followed by a heavy caesura, rhymes with the last syllable of the line. According to the "rules" for rhyming, "the cadence of the closing syllables must be the same, i.e., either rising . . . or falling. . . ." It is impossible to obey this rule with heptameters divided after the seventh syllable without varying the trochaic meter. A regular trochaic line so divided would end with a heavy beat at the caesura and a light beat at the line-end:

\[
/\text{u/} /\text{u/} /\text{/u/} /\text{/u/} /\text{u/} /\text{u/} /\text{u/}
\]

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4Strecker, p. 79. I am indebted to Strecker's discussion of poetry (pp. 71-85) for my knowledge of what was considered "proper" for rhyme and meter in Latin poetry of the twelfth century. He points out that in rhythmical poems, words have their prose accent, with no consideration of quantity; and that pronunciation differed greatly from classical pronunciation and from one location to another. Thus it is very difficult to be sure of one's ground in scanning and in recognizing rhymes.
We find that the poet of *The Royal Debate* never fails to have rising cadence at the end of the caesura and of the line, and he rarely fails to have seven syllables in each half-line. But occasionally within the half-lines, as was considered permissible, he varied the arrangement of the syllables.

The first words spoken by the Soul, for instance, illustrate the dominant pattern:

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\ / / \ / / \\
Corpus, os aperiam
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\ / / \ / / \\
tui ad infamiam (25-26).
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Here there is rising cadence in both lines, but the last foot in each is truncated. This variation of trochaic meter quickens the rhythm—a most desirable effect in fitting sound to sense in a poem throughout which the shortness of time is stressed. The poet allows himself some other variation in rhythm, in addition to this regular one. For instance, it is hard to read

Ve michi ve misere (85)

and

Vos escas. vos pocula (1330)

without a caesura to mark the phrases. But the basic pattern is pervasive, and the general effect is of breathless eloquence.

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5The only examples I have found of a line not of seven syllables is

Ve ve & alia (1432),

where actually the pause necessary between ve and ve amounts to the needed syllable. Or perhaps quantitative considerations are not completely dead.

6Such a pair of truncated lines may be viewed as trochaic tetrameter catalectic or, considered as a long line, as trochaic octameter catalectic.
Similar subtle variation is found in the rhyme pattern. Almost invariably, the last syllables of each half-line rhyme. But since the rhyming syllable is an unaccented inflectional ending, the rhyme is unobtrusive. Furthermore, frequently the last two, three, or even four syllables rhyme. An analysis of the first 250 lines shows that only 120 lines rhyme on one syllable; of the remaining lines, 112 rhyme on the last two, 16 on the last three, and 2 on the last four. Even the pattern of rhyming in couplets is varied; in the first 250 lines, seven sets of 4 rhyming lines are found, and one set of 4 lines in which the rhymes alternate.\(^7\)

Found in conjunction with anaphora, such repetition of rhyme strongly resembles stanzaic form. The following passage from the Soul's speech with the heptameters printed as long lines illustrates such a pattern:

1. Ibi post hec perpetem te habebo comitem.
2. Inseparabilem penerum participem.
3. Ibi semper erimus nec mori poterimus,
4. Nec consumi penitus tantis cruciatibus.
5. Ibi nos innumerabat tormentorum genera
6. Oportebat perpeti modo miserabilis.
7. Ibi nulla requies nulla rerum species.
8. Que nobis solatis det. immo supplicia;
11. Vo ve & alia multa his similis
12. Resonabant undique in theatris satiathae.
13. Petorem quem senties indicabis centies
14. Fortiora omnibus mundanis feteribus.
15. Ibi nostri calicia pars caninus sulfuris
17. Ibi nostra civitas & nostra hereditas
18. In qua vox leticie nulla set (sic) mesticie (1411-45).

Since it was possible in the twelfth century to consider the velar vowels \(\mathcal{o}\) and \(\mathcal{u}\) and the palatals \(\mathcal{e}\) and \(\mathcal{i}\) as rhyming,\(^8\) the pattern in these lines

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\(^7\)Strecker (p. 73) implies that quadrasyllabic rhyme was regarded as a blemish; hence our poet's sparing use of it is to his credit. Lines 1-4, 5-8, 9-12, 25-28, 33-36, 45-48, 85-88 are monorhymed; ll. 133-36 have alternate rhyme, abab.

\(^8\)See Strecker, p. 75.
is even more close-knit than the aabb immediately apparent to the modern ear in lines 1-4 of the excerpt above. The i of line 6 is echoed in the e of lines 10 and 12. Since even identical final consonants were also acceptable as rhymes, lines 13 through 17 are a unit. The modern punctuation I have supplied in this excerpt illustrates another characteristic of the poetic form: the heptameters are like heroic couplets in that each pair is a complete syntactical unit, sometimes but not always rhymed. The adaptation of sound to sense in this passage is especially appropriate, since it is the climax of the Soul's first speech. The degree of variety within unity is amazing not only in the rhyme pattern of this passage but also in its rhetorical-poetic devices.

The passage above can serve also to illustrate the poet's skill in what were in the twelfth century considered the "ornaments" of poetic style.9 Anaphora and anadiplosis—both kinds of verbal repetition—are amply present. The repetition of ibi in alternating heptameters (lines 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 and again in lines 15 and 17) serves to unite the entire passage. To avoid monotony, anadiplosis within lines varies this anaphora: undique at the end of line 10 is repeated at the caesura in line 12; the  at the beginning of line 16 is echoed at the beginning of the second half of line 17. In line 3, nec at the beginning of the caesura is followed by nec at the beginning of line 4. Furthermore, alliteration helps to unite the passage. Suffice it to point out the alliteration on p in lines 1 and 2 and on f in lines 14 and 15; the subtle effect of

9See Faral, passim, and Baldwin, especially pp. 17-19, 40-48, 185-191. Matthew de Vendôme, the text of whose Ars versificatoria (c. 1175) Faral prints with a summary (pp. 106-193), defines and illustrates most of the terms used here. Faral indicates that these terms were widely known in the twelfth century through the works of Cicero, Cornificius, and Horace (pp. 98-103).
nulla requies// nulla rerum in line 7; and the play on nos, nobis, nostri, nostra, nostra.

Such ornamentation is by no means unusual; nor is it used merely as ornamentation. Here the rhetorical devices emphasize the Soul's anguish at the prospect of what it will face ibi, that is, in Hell. Another passage employing anaphora emphasizes the Soul's anguish in life when it was united to the Body:

O quam mala caritas
quam mala societas;
Mala hospitatio,
mala convivatio.
Mala tecum mansio;
mala tecum pransio (419-24). 10

The sense of the passage is emphasized not only by the repetition of mala but by the anadiplosis of tecum, a highly effective way to point up the source of the pervasive evil.

Rhetorical devices are used to emphasize the emotion of the Soul and hence to set the tone of its utterance; they are also used as narrative devices. The "Ubi sunt?" formula, applied to possessions, relatives, former beauty of Body and of Soul, implies nostalgia and despair and at the same time gives a vivid and fairly comprehensive picture of the life on earth of the combined Body and Soul.

The "Ubi sunt?" passages employ not only the "ornaments" of style but also amplification, which was considered the most essential of all

10Note that in this short passage, united by rhetorical devices, the rhyme serves not only to unite but to vary the pattern. We find first two-syllable rhyme (considering i/e as rhyming), then four-syllable, then three-syllable.
rhetorical devices. The Soul asks first,

Where are now your manifold Treasures? (241-42)

and then specifies

Gems, necklaces, rings,  
And money bags full of coins (243-44).

The passage continues with a list of specific possessions. Then the answer is given in terms of the "treasures" and "money bags" of the opening lines: "Not an obol" (278). Further amplification of the list appears after this answer, when a variation of the "ubi sunt?" pattern,

What money, therefore,  
Will you give to redeem us?  
With what gift, therefore,  
Will you be able to redeem us? (279-83)

allows the same answer as the original question:

That which you had begun to collect  
Over so great a time,  
Behold, in a moment's time  
You have lost (295-98).

Explanation of what has happened to the great wealth of the Body amplifies this answer and introduces a new application of the "Ubi sunt?" formula:

Where are now your most beloved Relations? (299-300)

The answer to this question gives details of the division of wealth among the relatives, and furnishes a neat transition to introduce an antithesis, another "ornamental" rhetorical device. The Soul presents the picture of the Body's portion of its earthly goods:

Nothing, but in the tomb  
Worms and decay (313-14).

See Faral, p. 61.
Introduced once more by the "Ubi sunt?" formula (939-40), this picture is later amplified by a detailed description of the Body as it now is (941-1050). The description proceeds, as was thought proper, from head to foot, and is repeated when the Body's present decay is compared to what it will become when the worms begin to eat (1071-95). In the second picture of the decay, the order of description is from the outside to the inside, another "proper" method.

Another aspect of the original "Ubi sunt?" passage, that concerning the division of wealth among the relatives, is amplified by the son's speech (631-86) and the dramatic description of the activities of the widow, who has used her portion of the Body's wealth to "buy" a new husband (723-63).

So many rhetorical devices recommended by the best authorities are used by the poet of The Royal Debate that one might visualize him writing with Matthew de Vendôme at his elbow—if that were not a somewhat anachronistic picture. The poet used not only the devices already mentioned—amplification, comparison, description, antithesis, anaphora, anadiplosis—but many more listed by Matthew and others. One of the most striking aspects of his style is the use of tropes such as metaphor, metonymy, and synecdoche. The Body's avarice is compared to the unquenchable thirst of a dropsical man (102-22). The relatives dividing the Body's wealth are like wolves with their prey (307-08). The Body after Baptism returns to its sins like a dog to its vomit, and becomes like a sow wallowing in a fetid slough. The Body once flourished like the verdant broom (587-89), but now it is the tinder amid the dry chaff its sowing has given it to

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12Faral, pp. 75-76.
reap; hence it is ready to burn in the fires of Hell (328-43). The rapacious Body in life was like the Lebanon cedar, which allows nothing under it to live and grow (591-602). Its failure to partake of the sacraments was like letting the Christian seed fall among thorns and die (643-50). Indeed, the central question debated by the Body and the Soul is metaphorically presented: which one should have been the master, which the slave? which one has been the guest violating the laws of hospitality, which the host?  

Exclamation, one of the methods of amplification recommended by Matthew de Vendôme, appears in The Royal Debate as a unifying device and as a means of shifting emphasis. The Soul's repeated "Woe to me, woe to wretched me" (423, 475) echoes its first use of the phrase in

\[
\text{Woe is you, woe a thousand times,}
\text{My whitened outer wall! (173-74),}
\]

when it is mainly concerned with castigating the Body. The Soul's use of the phrase in its final speech indicates the shift in its concern from cursing the Body to its own impending fate:

\[
\text{Woe is me, woe a thousand times! (2449).}
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Even more striking than the repetition of this exclamation as a unifying device is the poet's use of a rhetorical question not only by the Soul but later by the Body. The Soul repeatedly asks, "Why do I mention details?" either in these words or some variation of them. The question is used to indicate the mood of the Soul, to furnish emphasis, to titillate the reader's curiosity, and to furnish irony. The question occurs

13 The master-slave question is brought up often by both speakers. See 11, 436-58, 551-52, 1127-34, 1557-70, 1595-1602, 1781. The guest-host metaphor is also used by both (425-28, 455-6, 1599).
for the first time just after the Soul has enumerated the sins to which the Body turned in great zest after it had been baptized (387); here the question emphasizes the Soul's indignation at the injustice of its having to suffer for the Body's sins, and excites the reader's interest in hearing about its crowning sin, refusal to be charitable even on its death bed (459-74). Further details of the Body's wickedness on earth, especially its role as robber-baron, are emphasized by a variation of the question (512). "Why should I explain further?" (795), coming just after the Soul has explained why the widow will not mourn her husband and just before it launches a new list of the Body's crimes, lends not only interest but suspense. The enormity of the Body's offenses and the Soul's sense of utter despair in trying to correct the Body are emphasized by "Why should I mention each detail?" (827), when almost casually the Soul introduces a sin it had mentioned before and which alone would have been enough to cause damnation: the Body's failure to receive the sacraments and to attend other church services. Perhaps the most effective use of the question occurs in line 1051, where, after having detailed the corruption of the Body, the Soul asks "Why should I narrate each detail?" and proceeds to tell how much worse the stench will be when the worms start to consume the Body. Actually, in each instance the rhetorical question introduces not only a summary of what has preceded but further details of a different nature; thus it serves as a valuable means of transition as well as a means of emphasis.

Through still another rhetorical device, prosopopeia, or personification, the poet has made his poem essentially dramatic: that ineffable substance, a Soul, is presented in the form of an infant which speaks—somewhat illogically for one so young!—at length and eloquently. Other
dramatic devices lend variety to the Soul's long speech and keep it from becoming static. Though most of the Soul's speech is directed to the Body, in one passage it addresses God directly (883-90). And within the 1428-line speech, the Soul quotes other speakers, letting them speak in their own words so that the Body can hear and believe what it might not believe from the Soul. In a highly ironic speech, the son tells of his intention to follow in his father's footsteps (831-86). The Soul has just vividly made the point that wealth is of no use now to the Body, who if it really loved its son and could communicate with him, would want desperately to warn him. The dramatic irony of this situation pulls the reader into the poem, for he has heard the warning. The long Judgment Day scene—which might almost qualify as a digression, so much admired in the twelfth century—is made highly dramatic by speeches of the archangel who announces that all should rise (1187-90), the shout of "Holy, Holy, Holy" from the citizens of Heaven (1264), God's speech to the righteous (1320-41), their wondering question (1344-45), God's answer (1347-63), and His stern speech to the wicked (1368-1403), who have no question to ask but mutely accept His judgment. Here not only the dialogue but the vividness of the description make the term scene applicable; the term is equally appropriate later in the poem when we see the Body raise its head from the tomb and return to it once more, and when we see the devils come to carry away the Soul.

It is obvious that the poet of The Royal Debate has used great variety in the Soul's speech. Let us now turn to the Body's answer, which in itself is an example of the oppositum discussed by twelfth century
poetic arbiters as a means of amplification. After a brief and dramatic description of the Body raising its head and removing the shroud from its face, the Body speaks to the Soul.

The Body protests having the entire blame for their mutual fate imputed to it and accuses the Soul of trying to win its own salvation at the Body's expense (1467-95). The Body begs for a chance to defend itself by using reason to render a fair decision (1495-1506); only lack of time, it asserts, will prevent its arguments from showing that the Soul deserves its punishment because of its "disgraceful actions" (1507-20). It will not attempt to oppose details to details, but will use enough argument to seem reasonable and credible.

The Body's first point is that the Soul's complaint of injustice is blasphemous, for the Lord is always just; hence the Soul's suffering now without the Body must be justified (1531-46). Its next point is that the Soul deserves punishment first because it thought of the crimes before the Body committed them (1547-54). Furthermore, as soon as the Soul had thought of a crime, it ordered the Body to execute it (1555-58); the Body had no alternative but to obey (1559-70). It admits that it has committed "innumerable sins," and claims now to regret them. It recognizes, however, that its repentance is too late (1570-74). Like Adam, it would never have of its own accord yielded to temptation (1575-82). But, having done so, the Body admits that it deserves its present fate, and re-emphasizes the Soul's dominance over it (1583-1602). It describes at some length God's effort to redeem the united Body and Soul (1603-30), admits that "we" resisted all His efforts (1631-40), but again asserts

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14 Faral, pp. 84-85.
that the greater blame was the Soul's and offers detailed evidence for this assertion (1641-60). It concludes,

I would have done no evil
... except through wretched you (1679-80),

and offers details of the sins it would not have committed (1680-1701).

Again, it repeats its assertion:

From me alone no
Sin would have come (1709-10).

Now, addressing God, it wishes that it had never had a Soul but had been a beast, for then it would never have had to fear the Judgment which awaits all humans (1717-48). But for it, resurrection at the Judgment will be destruction (1749-52). This destruction is the Soul's fault; the Body wishes that God had let the Soul perish completely (1754-68). But this is a vain wish, it admits;

... Our blame
Will have no pardon,

and punishment will never end (1769-80). Once again the Body asserts that the blame is entirely the Soul's, for it has been the master, the Body the servant. The Soul has been the rider, the Body the overburdened horse (1781-94). Again, the Body details sins it has been forced by the Soul to commit, emphasizing its deceit and malice in satisfying its avarice (1795-1820); it admits that it should suffer the more because of the high position it achieved through its crimes (1821-37). Once more it reiterates, "... completely by your fault we sink" (1844), and wishes it could kill the Soul (1845-48). It accuses the Soul of having been an inadequate pilot for its "little boat" and of trying to escape without its anchor (1849-72). Changing the analogy, it accuses the Soul of neglecting to guard its own lodging place and allowing a thief to enter and take away
all the parts of the house, which was "the house of the Lord" (1873-1904). Without a guide, the Body says it was like a blind man who, helpless, has fallen into a pit from which no one will rescue him (1905-16).

The Body now turns from its accusations to point out that even its arguments are not the final punishment for the Soul, though they will certainly prevent the Soul from finding the consolation it had sought in starting this conversation (1916-28). But the Body immediately returns to its main point: it denies the Soul's argument that the Body was "the teacher of crime" and reasserts,

... you are the occasion
Through which to me who am lost
Redemption is denied (1934-36).

It decides to leave the question to God's justice (1937-44), but immediately points out the futility of this debate except for the lesson it can offer to the living; for itself, dead, the decision has already been made (1945-58). Even now, "our crimes are being weighed," and avarice is by far the heaviest (1969-78). Because of avarice, there is no hope for redemption through alms-giving or prayers (1970-2000); instead there will be everlasting punishment in Hell, which the Body describes in detail (2001-2088). It dwells on these details, the Body says, because of its anger at being unable to avenge itself on the Soul (2089-96), but it will not stoop to the Soul's method of cursing, since this is a woman's means (2097-98). The Soul's present punishment is some consolation, however (2100-04).

The Body now turns to another argument, accusing the Soul of one crime greater than all others: treason in breaking the bonds of loyalty and friendship which united it to its Body (2105-24). But now the devils are coming, and the Body feels its ability to speak and hear, along with
its Soul, departing from it. Its senses fail and it must be silent (2125-40).

This speech of the Body above all gives the impression of repeating much of what the Soul has already said. It admits its crimes in detail, emphasizing avarice; it acknowledges the futility of obtaining help from any source, especially from those left on earth; and it heartily agrees with the Soul about the horror of their mutual fate.

But the Body disagrees with the Soul that this fate is unjust; since it is the will of God, it says piously, their fate must be just. And it disagrees emphatically that the blame for their guilt lies with the Body. The Soul alone, it emphasizes repeatedly, is responsible, since God made it dominant over the Body. This counter-accusation would seem to neutralize the argument of the Soul. But through skillful handling of the context of the Body's argument, the poet has made it very apparent that the Body's position is fallacious and its argument specious.15

The Body first discredits further argument by the Soul by pleading its lack of time to present all its arguments. Then, in appealing to reason and at the same time refusing to "oppose details to details," the Body is being patently illogical. Instead of rationally refuting each of the Soul's arguments, it resorts to the rhetorical trick of using glittering generalities to "throw falsehood out" and, in its words, to "seem

15 The close relationship between logic and rhetoric was based on their relationship in the Trivium studied in the schools. By the eleventh century, logic was being emphasized more than grammar (which included poetic) and rhetoric. Thus it is not surprising to find logical devices in a poetic speech; a twelfth-century educated audience would have recognized the use and abuse of logic. Cf. Baldwin, Ch. VI, and Richard McKeon, "Rhetoric in the Middle Ages," in Critics and Criticism, Ancient and Modern, ed. Ronald S. Crane, et al. (Chicago, 1952) pp. 260-280.
reasonable." The first argument it offers is just such a generalization:

   For the Lord is just
   In all His works
   And He distributes all things
   With exceeding fairness (1539-43).

From this premise, the Body deduces that since the Soul is being punished, it must have sinned to deserve the punishment. From this conclusion, it deduces that the sin committed by the Soul was that of planning the crimes which the Body then performed. From this conclusion, it then draws another: since the Soul's crime preceded the Body's, the Soul's punishment should precede the Body's. By this skillful use of circular argument and the post-hoc, propter hoc fallacy, the Body attempts to put itself in the right.

It then proceeds to another generalization: the Body had no alternative at any time but to obey the Soul's commands and to accede to its plans. Because it was only an agent, the Body can now afford to admit that it had indeed performed many crimes. It tries to clinch its lack of responsibility by claiming to be like Adam, who was guilty only by association. The Body now recounts Christ's passion in some detail, but quickly imputes to the Soul the entire guilt for rejecting God's grace.

Now for the first time the Body admits to specific accusations. It repeats the list of crimes pointed out by the Soul, and admits to gluttony, covetousness, insolence, envy, and pride; it enumerates the possessions it acquired through avarice, and finally admits that it feared death only through the Soul's admonishment. These admissions are accompanied by

16 This same argument was used by Job's friends; cf. Job VIII. Later in the poem, the Soul's lament is reminiscent of Job's, and, indeed, of Job's total situation.
constant reassertions of the Soul's complete responsibility, and the Body's hope that those still alive may profit from its example.

Such sophistic argument, bold in its implication of the futility of God's redemptive power, would have shocked a pious reader. Such a reader would have gasped at the temerity of the Body's next point. Appealing to God, the Body wishes that it had never had a Soul but had been a brute, who would never have to face resurrection and Judgment; finally, it wishes it could kill its Soul. A medieval reader would have recognized these wishes as mortal sins and hence would all the more have realized the speciousness of the argument which had led to such a wicked conclusion.

But the Body continues to assert the Soul's entire guilt and attempts now to reinforce its argument with a series of four analogies. The Soul, it claims, rode its horse with such a heavy burden that it fell to the ground; it was a stupid pilot of its little boat, which foundered in the sea; it was negligent in guarding its house, so that thieves were able to steal the very walls. In failing to guide its blind Body, the Soul has let it fall into the pit of Hell. In all these analogies, the Body indulges in special pleading to try to win sympathy for itself: the poor horse so cruelly overloaded; the "little boat" rudderless in the great sea; the house meant to be the dwelling of God, torn apart; the pitiful blind man—all are meant to wring the reader's heart.

But these analogies, rhetorically most effective as they are, do not prove anything; they are only analogies, not supporting arguments. The Body, apparently realizing that it has pursued this line of argument far enough, turns now to outright denial of the Soul's assertion that the Body had resisted its teachings and blandly points out that there is no use for
further argument since the Soul, refuted, cannot possibly find the consolation it had sought in its accusations. Here the Body claims the refutation which in fact it has not made. Returning to its earlier point that God's decision must be just, it now dwells on the details of the punishment which the Soul will justly experience before the Body is called to resurrection and Judgment. It further disarms the Soul's possible retort by argumentum ad hominem, pointing out that curses are like a woman's revenge and beneath its own dignity. It then promptly admits that it finds comfort in knowing that the Soul is cursed in its punishment. Before it loses its Soul completely and is silent, the Body makes one last accusation. It accuses the Soul of the greatest of feudal crimes, disloyalty to a sworn friend.

Through its sophistic speech, the Body has all too clearly delineated its own character. Not only does it admit to all the crimes the Soul has accused it of, but it shows itself committing most of them. Through its specious reasoning, it shows how skillful it is in deceit, in frauds, in perjuries. It shows its ability to lie and pretend when, after piously stressing God's justice, it specifically reproaches God for the injustice of having created Man—the combination of Body and Soul. In making the Soul seem the enemy of God, it seems to refute the Soul's vision of itself as God's partner in attempting to bridle the unruly Body. But the Body has already admitted that the Soul was God's gift, along with the gift of Christ (1595-1630). This example of sophistry—making the better one seem the worse—speaks louder than all its accusations. In boasting of its possessions and its crimes, in enjoying the Soul's punishment, it

17In 11. 1589-93 especially, the Body makes it clear that in obeying the Soul it was disobeying God, implying that the Soul was working against God and hence is His opponent.
gives away its own avarice and lack of charity. Thus the Body's speech is a true dramatic monologue, revealing a great deal more about the speaker than the speaker intends. The speech is supremely ironic because it shows the Body to be the opposite of what it claims to be. Even though it now feels its lack of a Soul, it is committing sins; thus, hoist by its own petard, the Body demonstrates the logic of the Soul's argument that the Body was by itself capable of sin.

The Body's speech is thus an oppositum to the Soul's, and at the same time, more subtly, a contrast to its own intentions. In stressing logic rather than "ornament," the poet emphasizes the essential difference between the Body and the Soul, with the reader's sympathy going to the Soul at this stage of the poem. The difference between the two in their method of debating has overtones of the great debate of the Middle Ages over the relative value of dialectic and of rhetoric. Though the Body's speech reveals many of the rhetorical devices pointed out in the Soul's speech, these devices are used in the service of a faulty logic. The Soul's amplification consists mainly of listing details which cumulatively arrive at a conclusion; that is, the Soul depends primarily upon induction, and upon metaphor often made explicit as simile. The Body, on the other hand, proceeds deductively, giving details only after offering a major premise, the validity of which it has not been established or which it has already contradicted. Its comparisons are all analogies, implicitly presented.

The contrast may be illustrated by considering the points at which the Body uses the question, "Why should I tell details?" First, it announces that it will not proceed by opposing details to details, and embarks, as we have shown, upon a series of generalizations. In line 1661, the question "Why should I tell details?" is followed by another series
of generalizations about the Body's wickedness on earth; then the Body repeats the Soul's list of the fruits of its crimes (1662-1700). Another use of the question in a varied form—"Why do I delay on this?" (2089)—is not really rhetorical at all, but a question with an immediate answer. The Body, here describing the punishment of Hell, realizes that the punishment is imminent (2128-34); this realization answers its question.

The Body now understands that it will have no opportunity to speak further and lies down in its tomb; stretching out, it, in effect, dies again (2141-52). But its speech has not been without effect upon the Soul, which now is stretched out upon the ground, longing for the death it cannot have, which, ironically, the Body had wished for it. The essential unity of the Body and the Soul is demonstrated by this shared wish and by the speech of the Soul, which now begins.

Since it has lost the Body as an audience, the Soul now speaks first to itself, then to God. The Soul's first words corroborate the despair just narrated:

O most wretched,  
Why were you born?  
Why were you created  
Who could not die? (2177-80).

Then it asks God why He is so angry, and begs to be allowed to speak once more, for it feels its anger is justified (2181-95). Recognizing its rashness, it accuses God of having given it an intolerable burden when He placed upon it the burden of the flesh, which, created good by God, quickly turned away from Him and became addicted to sin (2197-2216). The bond of flesh has become diabolical, as it does with all souls (2209-36); it is Man's nature to be

Submitted to the commands  
Now of God, now of the Devil (2242-43).
The Soul asks God why He created such a transitory being, and says that such an act was improper of the wise God (2249-56). In creating Man in His own image, God made him glorious, worthy of dwelling in Heaven; why then does God allow him to go to Hell (2257-84)? The Soul reminds God of His promises of everlasting mercy to David and to Abraham, and asks what has happened to this mercy promised to the saints (2285-2319). The Soul points out that those whom God in anger sends to Hell will never again be able to worship Him nor be loyal to Him (2320-32), and begs God not to be angry but to keep the promise of the Atonement, which many brilliant men argue as the supreme sign of God's graciousness (2333-54). Eternal punishment only cancels the price which Christ voluntarily paid for man's redemption and gives the Devil, once conquered, a new chance (2355-2400). Like a wolf deprived of its prey, the Devil bided his time and then pounced upon the unwary Soul (2401-12). Now the Devil is hurrying to thrust the Soul into Hell, not, like the wolf, to eat it, but to enjoy watching it suffer (2413-27). The Soul cries out,

And what more shall I say?
Woe is me, woe is miserable me! (2428-29)

as it sees two devils coming to carry it off (2430-34). It realizes again that there is no rescue possible (2436-44) and admits that it does not deserve redemption because it did not seek it in time (2445-48). Crying out again to God, it realizes that it is caught, and speaks no more (2449-52).

This speech employs much the same sophistic techniques as the Body's speech. The Soul returns again and again to its thesis that God was unjust in making Man as He did. This generalization it fails to support except by another, that all souls feel as it does. But it uses this accusation as the basis for a further generalization: therefore God is
unjust in sentencing Man to eternal punishment--especially in this instance!
The Soul in citing the promises God had made to Abraham and David and the 
saints, is like the Devil, who can quote Scripture for his own purposes. 
It also cites "brilliant men" as authority for accusing God of injustice 
because of the promises inherent in the Atonement.

Like the Body, the Soul has become almost blasphemous in its accusa-
tions, in a wild attempt to absolve itself from blame and thereby avoid 
the punishment such blame deserves. But--also like the Body (cf. 1773-
80, 2435-44)--the Soul recognizes that its attempt is futile.

The similarity of the Body and the Soul in these speeches reminds the 
reader that they are a unit, a Man, and that the whole attempt to blame 
each other and their mutual attempt to blame God has been, as the Body had 
pointed out, "mere words" (1770). The sympathy the Soul has won by its 
first speech is lost by its second, and the reader rejects the claims of 
both Body and Soul for anything more than justice. Even with the Soul's 
final pathetic words ringing in his ear--

My God, where are you? 
O! What shall I do? 
Where turn? Where flee? (2449-52)--

the reader is prepared to accept its fate as justified.

Two horrible demons appear, black as pitch, emitting a stinking, 
fiery breath, with a voice like a roar (2453-72). With their "glowing

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18 See M. Ursula Vogel, Some Aspects of the Horse and Rider Analogy 
in The Debate Between the Body and the Soul (Washington: The Catholic 
University Press, 1948), pp. 38-57, for a discussion of the problem of 
the relation of Body and Soul in Man a propos the thirteenth-century 
Middle English Debate.
iron tridents," they push the Soul. They confirm the reader's impression that the Soul deserves its fate:

Because of your own wickedness surely
Here with your Body
You came to struggle.

You, poor wretch,
Are already now judged,
Already condemned.

a reception
For you we have already
Prepared among the everlasting fires.
In the regions of Hell
We have already chosen for you
A place which you will always hold
According to your desserts (2475-2508).

But, they point out, although the Soul suffers first, the Body will share in its punishment, and the two will be eternally together (2509-12). The demon who is responsible for allowing them time to debate will be suitably punished immediately, they assert (2513-24). Wasting no words, they grab the Soul, and, prodding it with their tridents, drag it off to Hell. Crying out like a "lamb/Set among wolves," the Soul goes. Its cries move the heart of the bishop who was watching this scene in his dream and awakens him (2525-44).

At the end, the reader, like the bishop, is moved to sympathy for the "little lamb"; this sympathy, however, is not for a noble Soul demeaned by its Body, but for the Man begging for mercy and being cruelly punished. The Soul's final cry, "My God, where are you?" echoes the words of Christ in His anguish, the words which verified His humanity even upon the cross. The didactic purpose of the poet is clearly accomplished when the reader's attention is focused, as it is here, upon the necessity of winning God's mercy during life. Awakening, like the bishop, from a bad dream, the reader can be thankful that he is still a man capable of seeking mercy, that is, a man alive.
From the entire poem we get a vivid picture of the Man in whom the Body and Soul had been combined and who will again exist when the Body is resurrected and reunited to the Soul at the Judgment. The Man in life was past middle age: he had grown children and grandchildren. His main concern for them and for his wife was to accumulate wealth and possessions; in doing so, he must have dominated his wife, who hastens at his death to marry someone whom she can rule. And certainly he was not faithful to her, for he committed many adulteries, apparently even with prostitutes. He was too busy to attend church, and was particularly negligent in receiving the sacraments. Rather, he was occupied with using his wits to acquire wealth; there was no deceit, fraud, or perjury he would not employ, even against the widows and orphans of his own peers. His utter ruthlessness in impoverishing and exiling those dependent upon him served as an inspiration to his sons.19

Although avarice was his main crime, many subsidiary crimes aided him in accomplishing his goals and in celebrating his victories. He was covetous, envious, and proud; he was often drunken and gluttonous. He was quick to anger and full of concupiscence. In fact, not only the seven deadly sins but "more than a thousand vices" enthralled this Man.

Worst of all, however, was his persistent rejection of every opportunity to reform; he was no ignorant sinner but one who deliberately turned to sin. Although the Body accuses the Soul of having betrayed

19The heinousness of these crimes was agreed upon in the Middle Ages. Dante, following his understanding of Aristotle, puts the perpetrators of fraud into the lower circles of Hell, VIII and IX. See Karl Vossler, Medieval Culture: An Introduction to Dante and His Times, trans. William C. Lavton (New York, c. 1929), II, 269ff., for a discussion of Dante's view. It is interesting that some perjurers and deceivers are punished by being forced to remain silent, as is the Body in the Old English Debate, whereas others must cry out, as does the Soul in The Royal Debate.
their friendship, it is obvious that neither in life nor now in eternity are they really friends. They are enemies involved constantly in a veritable psychomachia, in which each tries to dominate the other. Apparently, in life the Body won this battle, for the Soul was unable to bridle it. This defeat leads the Soul in its final lament to blame God for having made Man of such a nature that the burden of the flesh overcomes his spiritual nature.

And so a vivid picture emerges from the poem of a vigorous, lusty, powerful, rich, and completely selfish Man who was nonetheless unhappy—at least until his conscience no longer functioned, i.e., until his Soul gave up in its attempts to control and direct him. Even with his conscience stilled, he was able to enjoy himself only through his illusion that he would not die, that somehow he could escape the penalties of his crimes. This illusion involved failure to use his reason; it led to his final crime, failure to abide by the laws of charity and to his continuance in his ruling passion, avarice. The picture is that of Everyman, subject to mortal frailty; but it is also an individualized picture, at least of a type, the rich man who will find it hard indeed to enter Heaven.

The entire poem thus emphasizes the necessity to earn eternal life during this mortal life. Through the rhetorical devices especially of the Soul's first speech, the reader's sympathy is won for the Soul as one more sinned against than sinning. Through the rhetorical, logical, and dramatic devices of the remaining speeches and the swift narrative, the reader realizes that the Soul now actually shares the Body's evil characteristics; consequently, the reader's original sympathy for the Soul is lost. Thus the reader participates in the Debate, swayed first toward
one side, then the other. Forced to see vividly the decay of the Body, the present torments of the Soul, and the future torments of the resurrected Man, the reader can only conclude that rejecting the voice of conscience may well lead him to a similar fate. A learned medieval reader would have recognized the rightness of the poet's moral all the more because of the many classical, Biblical, and patristic allusions and tacit references made by the poet. 20 In this poem, form has shaped content to produce a memorable experience. The unknown poet wrought well.

20 These allusions have been noted and discussed by Mrs. Heningham and also by Francis Lee Utley in his review of her book in Modern Language Quarterly, II (September, 1941), 503-505.
"Un samedi par nuit," a debate of 1078 lines between the Body and
the Soul, is the oldest of several Old French versions of the theme.
Upon somewhat slender evidence, it has been assumed to date from the
early twelfth century; upon firmer evidence, it has been shown, at any
rate, to date later in the twelfth century than the Royal Debate.¹ A
vision framework indicates that the poem is complete. The poet tells us
that, lying in bed on a Saturday night (1-4), he dreamed of seeing a
Soul and of hearing it speak to its Body (4-18). The Soul's speech fol-
lows in 546 lines (19-564). The dreamer sees the Body aroused (565-70)
and hears it respond in a speech about two-thirds as long as the Soul's
(571-954). It lies down again, and the Soul, much distraught (955-68),
speaks again (968-1038). As it is dragged off to Hell by devils, one

¹For the text of the poem see Hermann Varnhagen, Anhang I to Linow's
edition of the Middle English Debate, Erlanger Beiträge zur Englischen
Philologie, I (1889), 115-194. Varnhagen prints four texts in parallel
columns, with notes on a fifth, but does not furnish a critical text. I
have translated the text of MS P, the fullest (see Appendix B), with
occasional readings from the other MSS. I have made use of Varnhagen's
helpful notes and those of Adolf Tobler, "Zu 'Un samedi par nuit,'"
Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen, XCIII (1894), 141-44; but I
have not followed their suggestions in every instance. Mrs. Heningham,
both in her thesis at New York University and in An Early Latin Debate,
pp. 25-36, has demonstrated conclusively the dependence of "Un samedi" on
the Royal Debate; often comparison of the two clears up problems which
Varnhagen and Tobler could not solve since they did not know the Royal
Debate. In this chapter I intend to treat "Un samedi" per se, reserving
comparison with the Royal Debate until Chapter VI.

Mrs. Heningham's evidence that the Royal Debate preceded "Un samedi"
is most convincing. The claims of Gaston Paris that the poem belongs to
the "première moitié" or to the "commencement" of the twelfth century are
completely unsubstantiated by him. See his review of Kleinert in România
IX (1880), 13, and La littérature française au moyen âge, 2nd ed. (Paris,
of whom speaks to it (1045-76), the Soul screams and awakens the poet
(1077-78).

The poet gives a good many details of the setting for the Debate.
He tells us that the dreamer sees the Body covered with a shroud and the
Soul is in the form of a child, naked and weeping, and "green as chive."#2
It is lamenting and begins to "curse the Body strongly." As the Soul be­
gins to speak, the Body is apparently still lying in its bier; but,
stung by the Soul's words, it raises its head and sits up to answer (565-570). As it speaks, its strength begins to wane and finally it lies down
again in its tomb, sighing "Like one who wants to die" (955-62). The
Soul screams when it sees what is happening, groans, and faints (963-68).
It revives again to utter a lament before being dragged off by two devils,
"Like a lamb between wolves," amid its groans and shrieks. The details
of the circumstances given with each "scene" impart a sense of verisimi­
litude and immediacy to this eyewitness report.

In its first speech, the Soul announces that it is going to testify
to the Body's bad character because the Body never allowed it to do anything

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1890), p. 227. A terminus ad quem can be set, since all the MSS but one
later copy date from the thirteenth century. See Varnhagen, p. 115.

2Tobler, Archiv, pp. 141-42, points out that green should not be
confused with the traditional black of the devil but that it perhaps here
symbolizes the fear of the Soul. I believe a simpler explanation is that
the French redactor misread the "ceruleo" of l. 12 of the Royal Debate,
where it is used to describe the shroud of the Body, and is translated
black, though, like most color words, its exact denotation is not clear.
It could have been used to describe any shade of blue-green-black which
the ocean or sky could assume. The poet of "Un Samedi" uses "verde qe
chive" again in l. 396 to describe the lips of the rotting body, where
the Latin merely says "Putrescunt hec labia" (997). Apparently green is
the French poet's interpretation of the color associated with death.
His use of it here to describe the Body and Soul of an avaricious man
parallels the description of Avarice as green in the Romance of the Rose
cited by Tobler; the idea may be traditional.
good. The Body was unfaithful to God and gave gifts only for praise. In fact, the Soul continues, the Body was guilty of avarice, which, like the thirst of a dropsical man, could never be satisfied (19-40). With no thought of its own death, the Body plundered its peers and through felony robbed children of their inheritance (41-50). Unwilling to serve God in life, the Body is now lost; where now are its wealth, its rich furnishings, clothes, horses (41-86)? Its friends have taken their share—but where now are the friends and relatives (87-98)? They fight like wolves over the Body's wealth, but none loves him or wants to see him (99-112).

In life, the Body after baptism turned all the more toward the Devil and was guilty of many sins, which the Soul specifies (113-158). Because of these sins, especially pride, the Soul has lost its former beauty and is damned, never to see God (159-68). The Body had made a slave of the Soul, which should have ruled it, and had rejected its counsel (169-86). Even at death's door the Body had refused to give to the poor, except, finally, out of fear (187-202). While alive the Body had its ability to move, to eat and speak and hear, from the Soul, but now it is like a tree destroyed by fire (207-17). Like a great oak under which nothing can grow, the Body had deprived those around it of wealth (218-40). Now the Body's sons have the inheritance of those crushed by the Body; the Soul quotes them to show their rejoicing in their wealth and in their father's wickedness (241-76). No one remains to mourn the Body; in fact, its widow has already married a handsome young man (277-310). The Body was foolish not to be generous when alive, instead of depending on those it left behind to give alms for it (311-18). In life the Body was avaricious and completely wicked; it never attended church and is therefore damned (319-38).
Why must I suffer first, asks the Soul, when the Body committed the sins (339-50)? The Soul calls on God to judge (351-56). Addressing the Body again, it reminds it of its former beauty and asks where it has all gone (357-427). Now the Body lies rotting, soon to become food for worms (428-38). The Soul knows that soon the Devil will take it to Hell; on the Judgment Day it will rejoin its Body and stand with the wicked at God's left hand for sentence to Hell, where they will suffer forever. At this thought, the Soul begs God to curse the Body (439-564).

Two qualities of this speech strike the reader immediately: first, the Soul's charges are extremely specific; second, the Soul speaks with great emotion. Together these qualities establish a tone of passionate grief.

The Soul accuses the Body first of the sins of omission; specifically, it says that the Body never fulfilled its vows to God or to its Soul and that it never gave gifts from a sense of charity (23-28, 187-202, 324-328). The Body had immediately broken the vows of baptism, to turn even more enthusiastically to sin (121-33); it never attended church (329-38). These sins all stem from the sin of commission, avarice, which "intoxicated" the Body and made it forget that it was mortal (29-50). The Soul gives details of the Body's crimes in the acquisition of wealth (45-50, 235-40); it specifies the sins connected with avarice: flattery, envy, lust, guile, perjury, treachery, anger, pride (113-158, 319-325). It shows the miser at work:

Where are your coins now,  
Which you held so dear,  
Which you used to enumerate  
And so often counted? (65-68).

Along with this vivid catalog of sins, the Soul emphasizes in detail how futile they had been. In two separate "Ubi sunt?" passages, the Soul
points out how all the Body's acquisitions have been lost. Now that it is rotting, it lacks possessions, friends, children, wife, and even beauty (357-429). In losing its Soul, it has lost all its strength and its senses (206-15).

These lists of sins and of losses—with almost no intervening generalizations—force the reader to share the Soul's overwhelming grief for what might have been. The Body was once "beautiful and lovely" (357); it had been baptized; it might have been charitable. The Soul, too, was once "very lovely" (167):

I was a virgin and maiden (169).

Its anguish now stems from its overwhelming sense of what the perversion of these gifts has brought:

You made me a slave (170).

Its grief is augmented by its knowledge of the penalty for such sin:

Because of your hospitality
I lose life everlasting.
Because of my bad hostel
I shall suffer great harm.
Never shall I see God (161-65).

Even after death, the Soul realizes, it will continue to lose what might have been.

But the Soul feels no quiet grief; so recently freed from the Body, it has not acquiesced in its fate. It speaks bitterly, furiously; itself hurt, it lashes out at the Body:

It complained of the Body,
Cursing it strongly (17-18).

It ends its speech even more savagely:

May God curse you! (564).

In context this vehemence seems not blasphemous but righteous. The dreamer has just described in some detail the Judgment by God, who has
literally cursed the resurrected Body and Soul by damning them to Hell and
the company of devils forever (531-554). God Himself had said

A pity that you were ever born! (530).

The Soul's earlier wish expressed in the same words—but significantly in
the subjunctive—seems justified:

A pity is it that you were ever born!
While you were alive
You never served God (54-56).

The Soul here is merely echoing the God of Justice. Yet, outraged by its
sense of being an innocent victim, the Soul begs for justice not from God
Himself but from the "Son of the omnipotent God," from whom some mercy
might be expected (351-54). Understanding the Soul's bitterness and par­
ticipating in its sense of loss and of dread, the reader can wish only
that there might indeed be mercy. The effect of the Soul's speech is not
so much to convince the reader of the rightness of its argument as to
force him to share the Soul's anguish; the impact is emotional, not in­
tellectual.

A summary of the Body's response reveals that here too the emphasis
is upon feeling. The Body speaks "bluntly" and says that it will accuse
the Soul "violently," as the Soul is responsible for their loss of life
eternal, for it had first "schemed" the sins which the Body then committed
but "With sorrow and unhappiness" (577-601). The Body compares itself to
Adam who was encouraged by "the evil woman" to sin, and curses the Soul
for having done as she did (602-10). It laments the Soul's "error," the
effect of which it recognizes fully:

... you separated me
From God my Father
Whose creature I was.
Now you have taken me so far away
I can hardly approach Him (612-16).

3Line 530 reads "Mar fustes onques ne!" Line 53, "Mar fuisses. ..."
The Body says it would repent of having been hospitable to the Soul if it could; it tried to restrain the Soul, but "I am of clay throughout," it cries, and God did not expect it to be able to control the Soul. God made the Body and the Soul in His own image and gave His creature baptism; but because of the sin of Adam, God had to send His Son to redeem man again. God was willing to go to any extent to save man, but

... we deserted Him.
Both of us are guilty
Since we, for the Devil, Deserted the love
Of our creator (668-72).

The Body then turns to accusing the Soul of greater guilt and enumerates the crimes forced upon it by the Soul's desires (673-701). Again it protests its lack of responsibility, pointing out,

I was a bit of earth (707),
which would never even have moved without a Soul. Then it begs God that it might again be earth or "some other creature/Of a different nature," so that it might avoid the "horrible Judgment"

When all the archangels
And the angels will tremble (731-32).

Unlike all other creatures who will die when their bodies die, the Body knows that it faces Hell. It points out that if God had destroyed the Soul, both the Body and the Soul would have benefited (735-64). But it is vain to pray now; the Body admits that it has been evil in life but asserts that its perversion was caused by the Soul, which used it like a beast of burden (765-779). It admits pride in its ancestry, but realizes how futile such pride is; its great power on earth will cause it all the more pain now (785-94). Again it accuses the Soul of negligence, like that of a pilot who failed to navigate his boat (803-18), of a sentry who
failed to guard his house (823-41), or of one who refused to guide a blind man (848-56).

But the Body realizes that their Debate is futile:

> Foolish Soul, you blame me
> And very harshly accuse me;
> I blame you equally
> But it profits me nothing.
> This dispute
> Only gives us a bad name (857-62).

It leaves the Judgment to God, who can tell His decision to those who are still alive and able to profit from the lesson. It is too late for the Body and the Soul:

> From God's love
> We are so far removed,
> That we shall never have it
> Nor will we return to Him.
> There shall never be deliverance.
> The balance has been struck.
> Greater was the weight of avarice
> Than either virtue or justice (877-84).

No prayers or alms can alleviate their condition. The Body describes in some detail the punishment to be encountered (885-930). Then it says,

> Soul, much angered am I
> But I do not wish to curse you.
> I shall not say it to you;
> You will have enough pain.
> It is not right that I curse you,
> For you were my friend a long time.
> I loved you very much,
> And you did me as well (931-38);

and, feeling its powers going from it, is silent.

Although the Body constantly repeats that the Soul is to blame for their predicament, it does so more in sorrow than in anger. It reiterates its own weakness, made of clay and earth as it is, and offers only this weakness as its excuse for obeying the Soul. It repeatedly acknowledges its sins, wishing that it could repent. Its cries to God for mercy
ring with sincerity because they are in the language of prayer:

May it please God
Who is in the Trinity (713-14);
Would that it please the Son of Mary (749).

Even when it only mentions God, the Body uses the language of petition, in which some attribute of the deity is specified: "God my father" (613), "my Creator" (619), "King of Majesty" (652), "our Creator" (672), "God the King" (869). The Body emphasizes God's great love in His attempts to redeem man:

There where He formed us
In His image
God made both you and me
Gave us Baptism
Then for the aid of man
He was born into this world
For no creature
Would God have such love
As He did for us... (640-65).

The Body reflects this Godly love when it refuses to curse the Soul further because of their mutual love on earth (931-93).

This tone of compassion, of sorrow and regret, almost makes the reader forget that the Body speaking was avaricious in life. The Body has referred to its sins specifically (675-99) but not emphatically. What it has emphasized is its regret for its sins of omission, its failure to love God. Both its regret and the fact that its sin was failure to love God adequately make it seem human and pitiable, not monstrous. Its own ability to forgive and love its Soul makes the reader willing to forgive the Body.

But God will not forgive, for the Body's repentance did not come in time. It is dead, stretched out in the tomb as if it had died a second time (955-62). The Soul, seeing this, shrieks and faints, overcome by
the actuality of what it had known was going to happen. Waking again, it repeats almost the same words it had used to the Body and which God had used at the Judgment:

A pity that you were ever born! (969).

Addressing God as "King of Heaven and of Earth," it asks why such a mighty one should make war upon a weak creature, and accuses God of having made a creature which He knew could not avoid sin. It cites "Christian men" as saying God could have acted otherwise except that the sacrifice of Christ was not powerful enough to overcome the Devil (970-1025).

Then a Devil seizes the Soul and tells it there is no use conversing; nothing will save it from the Judgment which has already taken place. Two devils lead the Soul away, tormenting it as they go; and the dreamer awakes, full of fear at the screams of the anguished Soul.

Since the Soul has come close to blasphemy in implying that God could not overcome the Devil, it is only fitting that its end come quickly. The poet does not even describe the Devil, except to say that it fell upon the Soul "Like a famished wolf" (1042). The Devil speaks bluntly, repeating what the Soul already knows:

More weighs avarice
Than truth or justice.
For this you were sent to me
And damned in Hell (1055-58).

Thus, though the reader was allowed to let avarice fade into the background during the Body's speech, he is reminded of it at the end of the poem. If the reader shares any of the sins of the Body and the Soul, he should, like the dreamer, fear that their fate may be his.

"Un samedi" is written largely in six-syllable couplets rhyming on the final syllable, a pattern not so common as the octosyllabic verse of
much French religious and narrative poetry of the twelfth century, but
used often in didactic poems, apparently because it was easy to remember.¹
The syllable count is by no means regular, for sometimes a syllable is
added and sometimes one is dropped, as in the following example:

    En guise d'un enfant
    Et faisait duel molt grant (11-12).

The rhymes are often repetitious. For example, grant is rhymed with
dormant (3), enfant (245, 264), puisans (791); mort with tort four times
(188, 580, 863, 1020), and with confort (106), dort (201), and port (805).
Many rhymes are on inflectional endings, or are as ordinary as rien-bien
(24-25), moi-foi (26-27), don-non (27-28). Occasionally, however, sound
and sense go together, as do mort-tort, from one point of view, and the
following pairs:

    Plains fus d'un maluais uice
    Qui a non auarice (29-30);

    Virge fui et pucele
    Tu me fesis ancele (169-70).

The last couplet furnishes an example of a tantalizing problem.
The denotation of virge and pucele is quite clear—though we must resist
the temptation to add to pucele the connotations of Joan of Arc it was
to take on later. But the meaning of ancele is not so simple. The
etymology is clear, from L. ancilla, "handmaid." But here, as anti-
thetic to pucele, surely it has connotations richer than those suggested
by the Old French denotation "servante." It is tempting to find the
connotation whore, which would underline the theme of the Body's sin as
that of perverting what might have been pure and lovely to its opposite.

In fact, one finds in "Un samedi" many words which to a medieval French ear may have been richly connotative. Specific terms for familiar objects and people must have called up vivid pictures of contemporary life. Such terms as "botane tassel," "vair . . . gris . . . porpre . . . bis," "parlefroi," "destrier," "sergant ne bacheler," "cordoan," and "sollerese" probably were as immediately suggestive of reality as they are difficult to translate.

An especially suggestive word is "chaitive," used by the Body and the Soul as a noun of address to each other, and used by the narrator and the Devil to refer to the Soul. The word corresponds, of course, to English "caitiff," of which it is the ancestor. But to translate it with this English equivalent is to beg the question, since the word has the same ambiguity in English as in Old French: it may mean "captive," "wretch," or "miserable one." In Old French, not only these meanings were possible, but also "exiled," "despicable," "wicked," and even just "human." Any of these meanings is applicable; all of them may be connoted. But a translator must use only one! At any rate, "chaitive" in all its contexts clearly connotes someone to be pitied, no matter how exasperating or undeserving of pity. The repetition of this word helps the reader share the sense of loss for what might have been.

Except for this kind of repetition, the poem employs few elaborate rhetorical devices. The rhetorical question appears only once—"What more could I tell you?" (311)—to introduce details of the hopelessness

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5See lines 15, 53, 247, 602, 794, 809, 965.
6See NED.
7See Tobler-Lommatsch, who cite many occurrences for the word both as substantive and as adjective.
of being retrieved from Hell. Another time the Soul says, "I don't know what to say to you," (441), and then proceeds to say a great deal more. Anaphora and anadiplosis appear, but except in a few passages, their use is inconspicuous. Such repetition and balance as in the following passage, though frequent, does not call attention to itself:

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Et que plus li riciies
Et plus le deceuoiies.
Serement ne doutoies
Souent te periuroies (143-146).
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More conspicuous is the repetition in the "Ubi sunt?" passages, (65-92, 359-426), which compose almost a fifth of the Soul's first speech. Similar repetition is found in the Body's list of the Soul's sins (675-698). Since this catalog parallels the first "Ubi sunt?" passage very closely in its details, it is appropriate that it be parallel in structure. Through other catalogs characterized by anaphora, the emotion of the Body's speech is expressed, such as in this climactic passage:

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Pols est qui ce ne croit,
Que io ia ne pechaisse,
Se toi ne herbergaisse;
Ia ne soffrissse mal,
S'a toi ne fust estal.
Un poi de terre fuissse,
D'iluec ne me meusse;
Ne m'esteust morir
Ne enfer te soffrir.
Iamais mal ne soffrisse
Ne enfer ne creuisse.
Car pleust cre a de,
Ki maint en trinite,
Que io fuisse femiers
Ou argille ou boiers
Ou autre creature
De diuerse nature!
Se dex me fesist arbre
Ou .I. perron de marbre
Ou .I. oisel uolage
Ou .I. poisson marage
Ou beste mue ou uer,
Que ne cremisse enfer,
Ne cremisse deable
Ne paine pardurable,
```
Even in such a passage, the effect of the rhetoric is not that of decorative language but of the language of speech. Even such redundancies as "oisel uolage" and "poisson marage" reflect vernacular usage. Such a pitch of emotion is reached in this passage that one forgets the speaker is trying to "prove" something. Later, the Body is equally eloquent in a passage about the futility of hoping for aid (877-898), the effect of which is to arouse pity for the "chaitive."

Metaphor too is used sparingly but effectively. The Soul compares the Body's avarice to the thirst of the dropsical man (31ff.) and its pride to the height of a great oak tree (219ff.). The Body returns the compliment by comparing the Soul to a harsh master of a beast of burden (766ff.), a bad pilot of a boat (803ff.), an absent sentry of a house (823ff.), and a negligent guide of a blind man (848ff.). Both refer to the Body as the host or dwelling of the Soul (161, 621, 706, 747). All these comparisons refer directly to the Body or the Soul, with the effect of blunt name-calling. They do not support an argument; they are the argument!

The poet makes no classical allusions but many Biblical and religious ones, some of which he repeats often. He cites Holy Scripture (171),

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8 But see Mrs. Heningham, An Early Latin Debate, p. 35. Pursuing her thesis that "Un samedi" is a close translation of the Royal Debate, "and not always intelligent," she considers these redundancies awkward attempts to render the Latin volatile . . . vel aquaticum animal.

9 See Mrs. Heningham, An Early Latin Debate, pp. 25ff. and passim for the sources of these and other allusions. She points out that the poet of "Un samedi" as well as the author of the Royal Debate makes many references to the Vulgate and to various patristic writers, especially St. Anselm of Canterbury.
St. Augustine (199), and "Christians" (1003) as authorities. He mentions Adam and his "ancien forfait" several times (603, 649, 1014), and refers to Lucifer (452), Beelzebub (923), and Judas (151). He alludes to the parable of the sower (113), to the story of the bad servants (180), to casting the moneychangers out of the temple (841). He speaks about the creation (632), Baptism (121, 644), the Passion of Christ (654, 1016), and at great length about the Judgment (351-6, 452-554, 703-48, 877-88, 899-928). In the midst of the New Testament story of the Judgment, he refers to Jehoshaphat (499). Most of these allusions are to central doctrines and figures; they are made unpretentiously and often with some detail. We are told about Judas, for instance, not only that he was a traitor—the idea needed for the context—but that he

\[
\text{... sold himself for a price} \\
\text{And was hanged} \\
\text{For the death of Jesus (152-54).}
\]

The details of the Judgment and of Hell are given after the Soul has assured us,

\[I \text{ was never in Hell (451).}\]

Such references give an overwhelming effect of total belief, naïveté, and simple piety. Even the reference to the Atonement as insufficient to overcome the Devil is presented more in sorrow than in anger. God might have prevented the Soul's fate but His Son made a mistake ("grant tort") even though He was willing to die for men. He too was human against the enemy; and His war continues.

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10 In "Un samedi" the word for den in the phrase "den of thieves" from Matthew 21:11 is fossae, meaning a "hole in the ground," or specifically, "grave." The word in the Royal Debate is specus, meaning a "hole in the ground," but also a "pit" or "cave." The Vulgate word is speluncam, meaning specifically a "cave" or "den." These choices illustrate the connotative richness of twelfth-century language, understandable best through such comparisons.
In fact, the whole poem has the tone of a world in which the Atonement has not taken place: the world of the Old Testament where justice, not mercy, is to be expected. Such a tone is of course most appropriate for the Body and Soul of a dead man; the message of the New Testament is to the living. The picture of an avaricious man, powerful and ruthless but not particularly bothered by his conscience, reminds one of such an Old Testament character as Shallum, son of a King of Judah, of whom God said, "He shall die in the place whither they have led him captive, and shall see this land no more. Woe unto him..." Shallum was much like the Man of the Debate. He disobeyed when told that he should "do no violence to the stranger, the fatherless, nor the widow, neither shed innocent blood," and that he should keep the covenant of the Lord. The Lord punished him for building "his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong"; for using "his neighbor's services without wages"; and for failing to judge correctly "the poor and needy." Shallum used his eyes "for covetousness . . . and for oppression . . . and for violence."¹¹

This Old Testament aura is augmented by the reference to Jehoshaphat (499), who, admonished by a seer for helping the ungodly, was afterwards less tenderhearted and charged the judges under him: "Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good."¹² This emphasis on good works as necessary to salvation is underlined by the failure of the poet of "Un samedi" even to mention the Eucharist as a means of grace. Rather he

¹¹See Jeremiah 22. The parallel is striking. See especially the Body's accusation that the Soul used its eyes primarily in its desires which led to sin:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Tant estoies esprise} \\
\text{De male covoitise,} \\
\text{C'onques ne vis mantel . . . (685ff.).}
\end{align*}
\]

¹²II Chronicles 19; see also Joel 3:2.
emphasizes failure to attend the feasts of those whose intercessions might "earn" mercy now (331-34, 891-99) and failure to take gifts to the altar (27-28, 326-28). In his view, damnation stems from failure to respond to a loving but jealous God, the God who cried to Shallum, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord."

The simple verse form, the lack of rich decoration, and the wealth of Biblical overtones give this poem a tone of simplicity and sincerity. They emphasize the Soul's basic point, the hopelessness of seeking mercy after death. The direct style reveals the speakers' feelings of despair and regret, and the reader is moved to feel pity and fear. Through his form, the poet has involved the reader in the tragedy of the human condition. This is high art, however artless it may seem.
V: "NOCTIS SUB SILENTIO"

The so-called Visio Philiberti was more widely copied in Latin than almost any other poem of the Middle Ages; it was also widely translated into vernaculars.¹ The title Visio Philiberti comes from an introductory framework in which Philibert or Fulbert, a hermit, sees the Body and the Soul debating; but this framework seems to be an addition of late MSS, perhaps in an attempt to add authority.² In the twenty-two MSS of British provenience, the poem always begins "Noctis sub silentio."³ Since this seems to be the original as well as the most frequent version,⁴ the poem will be referred to as the "Noctis." A few MSS date from the second half of the thirteenth century, but the majority from the fourteenth and fifteenth.⁵ The date of composition has not been definitely established, but evidence seems to point to the early thirteenth century as the probable date of the original version.⁶ The poem in this version, 312

¹See Walther, p. 69.
²Ibid., pp. 69-74; see also Heningham, p. 39, n. 1.
³Walther, p. 73.
⁴Walther divides the 132 MSS into three groups according to their incipits: 93 begin "Noctis sub silentio tempore brumali"; 23 begin "Vir quidam extiterat dudum heremita," and specify the name of the hermit, Philibertus, etc., in the following line. A third group of four shortened versions begin "Juxta corpus spiritus stetit et ploravit," (l. 9 of the Wright text; see n. 6 below). The remaining MSS do not have their incipits designated. See Walther, pp. 211-214.
⁵Ibid.
⁶Ibid., p. 2, and Heningham, p. 43. I follow Mrs. Heningham in using the text printed by Thomas Wright, op. cit. I have made a very literal,
lines long, \(^7\) has a vision framework: in lines 1-5 the poet explains that he was dreaming, and in lines 305-12, he explains how he felt upon awaking from his dream. Within this framework, the Soul speaks four times to the Body; the Body replies in three speeches alternating with those of the Soul. A rather long narrative section describes the Devils who come to carry off the Soul, and gives a detailed "sample" of what the Soul's punishment will be. The Devils speak to the Soul, warning it not to speak further; but it utters one last appeal, for which the Devils upbraid it before dragging it away. Thus both the dream itself and what happened in the dream are complete and the poem itself is a unit.

The "tempore brumali" of the first line establishes the setting of the poem as wintertime, perhaps even Hallowe'en. \(^8\) We are told that the poet, worn out from keeping vigils, had a vision in a "kind of" dream in which he saw a recently released Soul standing next to its Body, groaning loudly (2-10). He heard the Soul reproach its Body in a speech of some 80 lines (11-92); and saw the Body raise its head, and amid groans, inquire if it is its Soul speaking (93-96). In a speech about half as long as the Soul's, the Body denies the Soul's charges and imputes the

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\(^7\)The lack of a definitive text makes it hard to determine how many lines really belong to the poem, but somewhere around 310 seems to be the rule for those MSS without the Philibert addition. Wright's text is correlated with that of Th. von Karajan, Frühlingsgabe für Freunde älterer Literatur (Wien, 1839); I have checked Wright's text with that of the Florilegium Casinense found in the Bibliotheca Casinensis (Monte Casino, 1880), IV, part 2, pp. 115-119.

\(^8\)See Walther, p. 73.
entire blame for their troubles to the Soul (97-137). The Soul replies at equal length (138-76), denying that the Body has really spoken the truth, though it has put up an apparently convincing argument. The Soul now accuses the Body of having traitorously usurped its power. The Soul admits that it was at fault in not resisting the "allurements of the world," but accuses the Body of having tricked it into giving up its rightful power. The Body, now weeping and speaking humbly, defends itself for having made mistakes about its true goal in life. Admitting that it was not entirely innocent, it maintains still that the Soul was more to blame because it had received greater gifts from God (179-202). Pausing for a moment, the Body continues by asking the Soul what becomes of the Body after death. Answering its own question, the Body points out that without the Soul the Body is inert; using this argument, it turns once more to its accusation that the Soul must therefore be more to blame than the Body for their earthly sins (204-22). The Soul, so angry now that it shouts its reply, wishes that it had never been united to earthly things and that it had been like the "brute sheep," which do not have to suffer the tortures of Hell (224-230). "Now the Body speaks to the sad Soul" (231); curious about what Hell is like, it asks if there is any hope of mercy and if the punishment of those powerful on earth is any less than that of others (232-238). The Soul answers emphatically in the negative (239-258). Then two devils come to carry the Soul off to Hell, while other demons torment it, to demonstrate how it will be punished in Hell; they warn it not to speak further unless it wishes to increase its agony (259-290). The Soul nonetheless calls on Christ (295), but the devils shout that such a call comes too late, and taunt the Soul with the inexorableness of its fate (297-304). The dreamer now awakes, resolved to renounce the world, and praying God for mercy (305-12).
This poem is thus a true debate, in which the participants reply to each other and bring in new arguments. The speeches get shorter and shorter, starting out with 80 lines, decreasing to exchanges of around 40 lines and a final exchange of 7 lines each before the Soul has the last word of about 20 lines. The devils speak twice, first in four lines, then in 8; between their speeches the Soul makes a final desperate plea for mercy in a one-line ejaculation. The general effect is of an argument that gets more and more heated, until one opponent gives up. The question at issue—which of the two was more to blame for damnation—is never finally settled, though the Soul really wins the Debate on "points." The victory is pyrrhic, however, because the Soul is nonetheless inexorably damned, as the devils make plain.

The Soul's first tactic is to remind the Body of how great has been the change since yesterday, between its great realm on earth and its present reduction to seven feet of earth as its province. Taunting the Body with its loss, it uses the "Ubi sunt?" formula and answers its own questions: nothing is left. This condition, and the place reserved for the two in Hell, says the Soul, came about through the Body, which through its sins has dragged the Soul, once cleansed from sin through Baptism, to Hell. The Soul wishes that it had never been born but had gone straight from the womb to the tomb (30-33). Not only did the Body drag the Soul down to commit sin, but it prevented the Soul from doing any good which might have redeemed them (34-37). Therefore the Soul is

\[9\] It is tempting to see numerical composition here with the play on 80-40-20 of the alternating speeches; the 8-4 of the Devils' speeches; and the 7 lines each for the blasphemous speech of the Soul and the stupid question of the Body as to whether the rich cannot escape Hell's tortures. But in the absence of a definitive text—wished for by Professor Northup in 1901 and still to be desired—I shall resist the temptation.
most wretched, and its worst torture is that it cannot hope for pardon (38-41). Again using the "Ubi sunt?" formula, the Soul points out how futile is the hope that any of the Body's possessions in life can be of use to them now (42-54). Now the Body's only house is its grave. It cannot see or speak; it can no longer extract profit through frauds and perjuries; it has no more friends; its wife and children do not mourn but rejoice in their inheritance (55-75). No longer is the Body richly clothed; instead, it has attained the reward it well deserves (76-84). Its full reward will soon come. Though the Body does not now feel the torments of Hell, soon it will join the Soul and share its torments (85-92).

In this first speech, the Soul has emphasized three main points: (1) the Body, once powerful, is now helpless; (2) the responsibility for sin during life was the Body's; (3) the Body and Soul together will pay the price in Hell. In reply, the Body first chooses to emphasize the second point of the Soul's argument; it promises to do so "with lucid arguments," though a moment before, it had not been sure who had been addressing it (97-104). Its sins were not its fault says the Body, but that of the World and the Devil who together have enticed the Body to share their wickedness and to seduce its Soul, which follows the Body "like an ox led to sacrifice" (105-09). But, says the Body, the Soul should not have done so, for God gave the Soul the power of reason and made it mistress of the Body; therefore, the Soul should have controlled the Body (110-121). In fact, the Body does nothing without the Soul; if the Soul neglects its control, the Body is easy prey to the "enticements of the world." Furthermore, the Body would never even have thought of the crimes it has committed unless the Soul had first desired the sins (122-137).
This argument is "lucid" enough in that it is categorically convincing: the Soul should have been dominant; the Soul failed to be so; therefore the Soul is the cause of punishment. The major premise, however, is merely asserted, not demonstrated. Furthermore, the Body has already denied the premise by admitting that it had caused the Soul to go astray, implying, of course, that it could do so, and therefore showing that the Soul did not always have to be the ruler. The Body excuses itself for having misled the Soul by claiming to have been deceived by the World and the Devil; this excuse implies that the Soul's dominance is also at the mercy of these forces, and further weakens the Body's premise.

The Soul immediately attacks the Body's argument by making its own syllogism: "I should have opposed your will. You would not allow me to. Therefore you are the cause of our punishment" (138-150). By admitting the Body's major premise, which the Soul says "sounds like the truth" (italics mine), the Soul establishes ground for argument. It then goes on to demonstrate the minor premise in detail, showing in what ways the Body refused to follow the guidance of its Soul but instead betrayed the overlord to whom it owed loyalty (151-158). Once more it admits the major premise (159-160), and once more offers details of how the Body had deceived it, pointing out that the fate of deceitful men is just what the Body now has: "... after the delights, worms and stench" (161-175).

The Body, apparently realizing that the Soul's argument here cannot be refuted, now turns to the first point made by the Soul in its original speech: the powerlessness of the Body now. It admits that when alive it had no idea of how easily it would lose its power, but it realizes now its utter helplessness (177-186). Then it turns to a new tack: it admits that both Body and Soul are "liable to God, ... but not with equal
blame" (187-88), and once more accuses the Soul of failing to use the gifts of intelligence and memory with which it was endowed and instead allowing itself to be seduced by the Body (189-202). Pausing for a moment, the Body goes on with its accusation from a slightly different angle. Since the Body gets all its powers of speech and sight from the Soul, the Body cannot be to blame for its actions; the Soul was completely to blame (204-22).

The Soul, apparently exasperated beyond endurance by this circular argument, shouts out that it wishes it had never been born or had been like an animal whose soul would not have to suffer after death (224-30). The Body makes no further argument, but now turns to ask the Soul about its experience among the dead; the Body wants to know if there is any help for the condemned, especially for those who had been rich in life (232-238). This is an utterly foolish question, of course; the Body itself had admitted earlier that it realizes

... neither power, strength, nor noble birth
can escape the bitter tomb of death (185-86).

The Soul immediately scolds the Body for its "senseless question" and, returning to the third point of its original speech, emphasizes that there is no hope for "one who once enters the lower world," especially for the rich and powerful, who will receive proportionately more punishment in Hell.

This is the end of the argument, and the two devils come to carry off the Soul. Their actions, described by the poet, make it abundantly clear to the Body, which might still have been observing, that what the Soul had told it about the torments of Hell is true. The devils demonstrate the games they enjoy at the Soul's expense, tearing at its belly,
pouring hot lead into it, defecating and urinating into its mouth and eyes; they gnaw at its forehead, tear its sides, and pull off its skin (260-286). Almost worn out by this demonstration, they speak to the Soul, warning it that it can speak no more without fear of worse punishment; but the Soul cries out to Christ for mercy. Then in a speech the devils emphasize the truth of what the Soul has told the Body about despair in Hell: not only is there no hope of redemption, but in Hell the Soul will become like the hideous devils.

It is obvious that although the Body has put up a spirited argument, the Soul has scored more points. The Body's failure to answer finally (though the devils are not shown as interrupting) and the devils' evidence added to the Soul's account of what Hell will be like are most convincing. The demonstration of Hell's tortures gives the reader (and the Body, perhaps) an eyewitness account of the inexorable punishment. Since the Body had been foolish enough up to the last minute to hope that it might escape, we can see that its arguments all the way through have been foolish.

Yet the Soul has admitted the Body's major premise: it should have been the mistress. Both Body and Soul have betrayed themselves in their arguments. The dreamer draws the logical conclusion that while his Body and Soul are still one, he will renounce the pomp and glory of the world, the Devil and all his works--all "transitory things." It is those who are alive who can profit from the Debate.

 Appropriately for such a spirited argument, the poem is written in what is known as the "Goliardic measure." This thirteen-syllable line

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10See Alex Preminger, "Goliardic Verse," Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics, pp. 324-25. The "Noctis" lacks the auctoritas often found in this verse form.
is trochaic in this instance; the monorhymed stanzas, typically of four
lines, are here often varied by stanzas of five and nine lines, and
occasionally stanzas of three, six, or even fifteen lines. The rhyme is
invariably on two syllables, and each monorhymed stanza is a syntactical
and rhetorical unit. Wright's text plainly shows the unity of the
stanzas; each stanza begins with a capital and all lines but the first
are indented:

Non sunt tibi volucres, nec caro ferina;
oncignis nec gruibus redolet coquins;
nec murenae nobiles, nec electa vina;
es nunc esca vermium: haec est vis divina;
talis peccatoribus imminet ruina! (50-55).

The typical development by balance and antithesis is demonstrated in
this stanza. The catalogue is carefully built up with the repetition of
non and nec, and the antithesis is introduced by "es nunc," where the
alliteration on n on a word of the same grammatical form, an adverb,
furnishes transition. Such careful structure is typical of the entire
poem; an especially virtuoso exhibition appears in the description of the
"games" of the demons who enjoy punishing the soul:

Isti cum furcinulis animam ceperunt,
quam mor apud inferos cum impetu traxerunt,
quibus et diaboli parvi occurerunt,
qui pro tanto socio gaudium fecerunt,
ac loco tripudii dentibus strinxerunt,
et eis cum talibus ludis applauerunt;
viscatis corrigais eam ligaverunt,
quidam fursis ferreis ventrem disruperunt,
quidam plumbum fervidum intro projecerunt,
quidam os stercoribus suis repleverunt,
et in ejus oculos quidam commixerunt,
quidam suis dentibus frontem corroserunt;
quidam suis cornibus eam communixerunt,
quidam suis ungulis latera ruperunt,
et a toto corpore pellem abstraxerunt (272-286).

This fifteen-line stanza employs many rhetorical devices: litotes—"they
were glad to have such a companion" (276); irony—"that place of revelry"
(277); anaphora—the quidam of 11. 279-286. All are admirably unified by
the rhyme on -erunt, which gets a natural emphasis as part of the verb.
And the cumulative effect of the monorhyme is most appropriate here in
the climax of the poem.

The Goliardic measure, has, of course, always been associated with
the spirit of satire;11 the debate genre has often focused on frivolous
questions, such as the comparative virtues of wine and water, wine and
beer, various flowers, birds, seasons.12 Though the "Noctis" deals with
a serious problem—the fate of man after death—, the actual question
debated—whether the Body or the Soul is more to blame for their fate—
seems almost as frivolous as one on the merits of wine and of beer. Just
as the total effect of the two beverages is identical, so the total
effect of the actions of the man is identical, regardless of which part
of him is to blame for them. The inconclusiveness of the debate also
contributes to the atmosphere of futility, if not of frivolity. The
question debated is foolish; the Body is shown to be foolish by its other
question, "Couldn't the rich possibly escape?" The foolishness of the
Soul's arguing or even begging for mercy is also made evident. The
Goliardic measure as well as the balance and antithesis within the stan-
zas thus seems eminently suited to the content of the poem; both its form
and its content emphasize the futility of trying to escape Hell except
while Body and Soul are still united, i.e., in life. Thus a foolish
argument carries a serious message. The futility of the argument

11 See Raby, A History of Secular Latin Poetry, II, Ch. XIII.
12 Ibid., pp. 282-308, and Walther, passim.
underlines the futility of appeal from the laws of God. The poet of the "Noctis"—whoever he might have been—has achieved a unified work of art.

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13See Walther, pp. 70ff. He and Raby (A History of Secular Latin Poetry, II, 303) are inclined to think Robert Grosseteste (also known as Robert of Lincoln) the author. But Walther discusses many other suggestions, e.g., Walter Mapes, Philibertus, St. Bernard. See also Berthelemy Hauréau, Des poèmes latines attribuées à Saint Bernard (Paris, 1890), pp. 37-38.
VI: CONCLUSIONS

The poems analyzed above have much in common. They all treat of a Body and a Soul which had been united in life, are separated at the time of the poem, but will be reunited at the Judgment Day and forever afterward. In all four poems the time is after death and the scene is the tomb of the dead man; the Soul and Body are regarded as still sentient. In all the poems the Soul makes a speech of some length to which the Body listens in silence. The gist of the Soul's speech is that the Body's sins in life have caused the eternal damnation of both Body and Soul. The Body is that of a rich man who put his values in possessions rather than in the spiritual life. Since he did not repent of his sins during life, his damnation is inevitable.

These similarities in content are paralleled by similarities in form. In all four poems the Soul and the Body are said to have been seen in a dream by a witness who reports the details of what he saw and heard. The words of the Soul are given directly in the first person as it addresses the Body, so that the form is dramatic. In all the poems a comment is made about the significance of what is described, and a moral is unmistakably drawn. Each of the poems is written in a poetic style typical of its time and language.

But because the languages and the times of the poems are different, they vary greatly in form and in content. No matter how similar the basic material, a legend expressed in Anglo-Saxon half-lines, in Latin couplets or quatrains, and in Old French couplets can be expected to
have wide differences. Poems written over four centuries will inevitably reflect changes of cultural background. In fact, any poet worth his salt changes his material to let it reflect his time, whether intentionally or not.

The most striking difference among the poems is the varying number of speeches. The Old English poem involves a single speech by the Soul. The Royal Debate involves two speeches by the Soul, one by the Body, one by the Devils, and direct quotations of the words of the son of the man and of God at the Judgment. The Old French poem has the same number of speeches as the Royal Debate, in the same order, but all the speeches are considerably shorter, with those of the Soul and the Body more nearly balanced in length. The "Noctis" involves four speeches by the Soul alternating with three by the Body, and a fifth speech of the Soul between two by the devils—a total of ten.

Some critics have used these differences as a basis for separating the poems into two groups, the dramatic monologue and the dialogue or debate.1 This classification has the advantage of being easily seen; but it is an oversimplification, if not a distortion. I believe the poems can more accurately—and just as simply—be classified into an early tradition and a late tradition which begins with the "Noctis."

The basis of this classification is the differing assumptions as to the nature of the Soul and its relationship with the Body.

The Old English poet stressed that his poem cannot be anything but a monologue because the Body, without its Soul and rotting, cannot speak. In both the Royal Debate and "Un Samedi," the poets specify that

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1See Batiouchkof, "Debat de l'âme et du corps," pp. 513-14, and Ch. I, n. 9, p. 3 above.
although the Body speaks once, it must be silent when it feels its Soul
finally leaving it. The fact that the Body is allowed to speak at all is
explained as due to the negligence of the devil who was supposed to have
dragged the Soul off to Hell immediately. Thus in these three poems the
Body's reply is seen as something which should not have happened. In the
"Noctis," on the other hand, no explanation is offered for the ability of
the Body to speak; it stops speaking not because of any weakness it
feels—or at least mentions—but because the devils have come for its
Soul. We are not told that the Body lies down at this point; apparently,
the Soul is tormented with the Body looking on, as much for its edifica-
tion as for the readers'.

A change in cultural background helps to explain this difference
between the first three poems and the thirteenth-century "Noctis." The
rediscovery of Aristotle and the application of his philosophy to
Christianity in the late twelfth and thirteenth centuries separates
Christian psychology into Augustinian, or neoplatonic, and Aristotelian.

The separation is not easy to pinpoint, since Aristotle built upon Plato's
view of the Soul and many medieval commentators never realized the basic
conflict involved in Aristotle's view. For our purposes it is sufficient
to say that in the Augustinian view, the human soul was a separate sub-
stance which existed before and after its union with the Body. During its
union on earth, the Soul was viewed as the ruler of the Body. According
to the Aristotelian view, the Soul of an individual co-exists with the

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2 See Gordon Leff, Medieval Thought: St. Augustine to Ockham (Penguin

3 David Knowles, The Evolution of Medieval Thought (Baltimore, 1962),
explains the problem and the distinctions in Ch. XVII, "The Problems of
the Soul and the Process of Cognition."
Body as its form. The Soul is superior to the Body, but it needs to fulfill its own entelechy and hence can be shaped by its contact with the matter of the Body.¹

This shift in psychology explains why the three poets who wrote before the Aristotelian views were widely circulated took for granted that the Soul could speak but not that the Body could. The Anglo-Saxon poet emphasizes the decay of the Body as precluding any response; his decision to make the time of the Soul's visitation long after death emphasizes this logic. His decision about content thus determined his decision about poetic form. He was not too naive to write a dialogue if he wished, for imitations of Vergil's eclogues were known among educated Englishmen of his time,⁵ and dialogues in Anglo-Saxon were common.⁶ As has been pointed out, homilies including both the address and the dialogue form of the Debate Between the Body and the Soul existed by the tenth century, so that the poet might well have chosen to use a dialogue.⁷ But strict realism required that the Body not be allowed to speak, and apparently the Old English poet wished to emphasize the stark reality of the Body's fate. He therefore chose to use the form of the legend in which the Soul alone speaks to a Body dead for some time. Hence the idea of the interim Hell, probably already labeled with the symbolic 300 years,


⁶E.g., Alfred's translation of Boethius' De consolatione, Werferth's version of Gregory's Dialogues, and Solomon and Saturn.

⁷See Ch. I, n. 8, p. 2 above.
seemed grist to his mill. The use of this legend may well have encouraged him to refine his poem with further number symbolism. Adding a numerical structure to his grimly realistic picture of the Body's fate would have reinforced the feeling of the universality and inexorableness of this fate, since numbers were regarded as part of the structure of the universe.

The poet of the Royal Debate is careful to explain that the Body speaks—once—in his poem because of the mistake of a devil; he emphasizes that as the Body feels the Soul departing from it, it loses all its senses and its power of speech. This poet, obviously a learned man, had available details taken from the classics about Hell and its occupants. An eyewitness report of the Soul's trip to Hell, which apparently has preceded its visit to its Body very soon after death, is introduced early in the poem to explain the futility of any hope of escape (197-232). The Soul protests that these details are true and that it is not just being garrulous. In choosing this explanation of why the Body can speak, the poet was forced by logic to limit the time of speech; and he cannot emphasize the decay of the Body as did the Anglo-Saxon poet. He does describe the hideousness of the Body, which has only begun to decay, and points out that this ugliness is nothing compared to what will happen when the worms begin. Thus the poet's decision to use classical knowledge to explain the Body's ability to speak allows him to use a dialogue; but

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8 Morton W. Bloomfield, The Seven Deadly Sins (Michigan State College, 1952), pp. 23ff., points out that the story of the Soul's Journey is very ancient and at different times involved different concepts of its duration, from 3 days to 1000 years. I do not know the origin of the concept of 300 years, but undoubtedly it too is very old. Miss Dudley in The Egyptian Elements, p. 75n., discusses the tradition of prayers for the dead on the third, ninth, thirtieth, and fortieth days after death as corresponding to the Soul's experiences on its journey.

9 Van Os, Religious Visions, pp. 95-103, shows that such details were not characteristic of Old English literature contemporary with the
this decision also influences the content of his poem. Instead of concentrating on the repulsiveness of the Body, he concentrates on the repulsiveness of the Man during life; the images of a dog returning to its vomit and a sow wallowing in its slough are no more attractive than that of Captain Gifer and his raids. Yet, emphasizing the sufferings of the Soul rather than the fate of the Body, the poet logically gives more weight to the sins of the Soul than had the Old English poet; sins merely mentioned by the Old English poet logically require the rhetorical expansion the Royal poet gives them.

The poet of "Un samedi," following the Royal poet very closely, uses the same explanation for the ability of the Body to speak. But along with deleting all other classical allusions in the Royal Debate, in his redaction the French poet eliminates the emphasis on Hell. The Soul says explicitly, "I was never in Hell." The Soul gives a picture of what it thinks Hell will be like just after its Biblical description of the Judgment, but this description is not graphic: Hell is viewed as a prison full of devils and fire and eternal punishment. Later references to Lucifer and Beelzebub add no details, and the poet does not describe the devils who come to carry the Soul away. Thus his explanation of the Body's ability to speak when separated from its Soul receives little logical support in the poem. Actually, it seems to be evidence that the Soul was not so necessary to the Body as the Soul had claimed to be. This evidence undermines the Soul's argument and makes the Body seem less reprehensible; significantly, the poet of "Un samedi" omits the Royal poet's comparisons to the dog and the sow.

Address. Such details may be ultimately Egyptian in origin; see Dudley, The Egyptian Elements, p. 65.
Omitting the details of Hell means that the French poet omits the Royal poet's motivation for the "Ubi sunt?" passages. In the Royal Debate these passages are used to reinforce the Soul's claims that the Body should not hope to bribe the devil with any of its possessions. In "Un samedi," the "Ubi sunt?" passages lack this motivation; their effect is rather to emphasize what has been lost by both the Body and the Soul. This sense of loss imparts a feeling of nostalgia to the Soul's speech, a nostalgia shared by the Body. The Body in "Un samedi" similarly emphasizes its regret for the lost friendship it had shared with the Soul, whereas the Royal poet emphasized the betrayal rather than the friendship betrayed.

Thus in these poems the decision to use a dialogue form resulted in many changes in content and emphasis from the Old English poem. The Royal poet expands the picture of the life of the dead sinner and emphasizes the fate of the Soul. The poet of "Un samedi," compressing the Royal Debate, omits all the classical references. He gives essentially the same picture of the life of the Man on earth as does the Royal poet, but his attitude toward that life is different; his regret for the lost life makes the fate of Body and Soul seem equally grievous.

Many other changes by the poet of "Un samedi" stem from the fact that he lacks any interest in—or knowledge of—the classics, and has more interest in his surroundings. Instead of comparing the Man in life to a Cedar of Lebanon, the French poet compares him to an oak—a familiar landmark in the eleventh and twelfth centuries in France, where giant trees were used to designate places for parleys and regrouping in wars and raids.¹⁰

¹⁰See for an example of such a famous tree Amy Kelly, Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings (Cambridge, Mass., 1950), pp. 228, 236-37.
Instead of comparing the Body and Soul to a horse and its rider, the French poet makes one think of a mistreated donkey in describing a heavily-loaded "beast of burden." In taking over the other analogies used in the Royal Debate, the French poet has eliminated the note of whining self-pity; the Body is compared just to a boat, not a "little boat," and it mourns the loss of its "house" mostly because it was the mansion of illustrious forebears and the "house of the Lord." Thus in the Old French poem the Body has a dignity lacking in the Royal Debate. The fact that the Body of "Un samedi" does not resort to specious reasoning or the hypocrisy of emphasizing God's justice as its own standard also makes it more attractive than the Body of the Royal Debate.

In these three poems which preceded the so-called "renaissance" brought about largely through the rediscovery of Aristotle and Eastern knowledge, we find great variation along with dependence upon essentially the same view of the nature of the Soul. We should not be surprised to find even greater variation when this view was modified. There is no direct evidence in the "Noctis" that the poet was an Aristotelian. Like the other poets, he emphasizes that the Soul should have been the ruler of the Body. But this emphasis is both neoplatonic and Aristotelian. The poet's lack of explanation of why the Body can speak so vigorously and repeatedly after death indicates at least that he expected his audience to be satisfied with the concept that as long as the Soul could speak, the Body could also. This concept is Aristotelian.

Whether or not Robert Grosseteste was the poet of the "Noctis," as has been suggested,\textsuperscript{11} the fact that he has been seriously considered the

\textsuperscript{11}See Ch. V, n. 13, p. 78, above.
author supports the view that Aristotelianism was part of the equipment of the poet. Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, has been considered the father of empirical science. He and like-minded men would have been satisfied to accept the Body's ability to speak as a logical extension of the view that the Soul, the form of the Body, is inseparable from it. They would have accepted the hypothesis that if the Soul is presented as speaking, the Body can do so just as convincingly.

Strange as this willingness may seem to scientists of the twentieth century, it represented the advanced thinking of the late twelfth. Wishing to use observation as the basis of science, twelfth-century thinkers such as Grosseteste adopted Aristotle's "theory of the two-fold, inductive-deductive process in scientific argument." They would have been willing to accept the hypothesis that the Soul might speak in order to deduce from this generalization specific ideas for the empirical method to test. Grosseteste's ideas were widely disseminated and adopted, especially at Oxford, so that a learned poet of the thirteenth century would have felt no need to explain the circumstances under which the Body can respond to the Soul.

Feeling no such need, the poet of the "Noctis" did not describe either Body or Soul but plunged into his eyewitness account of what he saw and heard. The Soul emphasizes that it alone was created in God's image, whereas in the earlier poems Body and Soul together were considered God's image. The Body never mentions any lessening powers, though


\[\text{See Gilson, p. 262.}\]

\[\text{Crombie, pp. vii, 25-27, 132ff.}\]
it is already being eaten by worms; it stops speaking only because the
devils have come for the Soul. For all we are told, the poet included
the Body in his audience for the description of the devils' torment of
the Soul. At any rate, the Body, still in possession of its faculties,
was fully capable of seeing and of suffering with the Soul. Thus, though
the poet of the "Noctis" emphasizes more than any of the other poets the
suffering of the Soul, this does not mean that he neglects the suffering
of the Body. Rather, he emphasizes the suffering that the united Body
and Soul will undergo. The question being debated in the "Noctis" is not
which of the two was to blame, as in the other poems, but which was more
to blame. The Soul freely admits that it was culpable, since as the form
of the Body it is superior to it. Significantly, in this poem it is the
Soul which wishes it had been united to a beast, whereas in The Royal De­
bate the Body first expresses this wish. Thus we see the Soul's guilt.
But the question of which was more to blame is never resolved. The gist
of the poem is, however, that the Soul as well as the Body was subject to
the lures of the world, the flesh, and the Devil. 15

Since the psychological assumptions of the "Noctis" indicate that the
Body and the Soul were subject to the same temptations and were both
guilty, it is eminently suitable that the Debate not be finally resolved.

But since both Body and Soul admit the Soul's superiority, it is

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15Ackerman, "The Debate . . . and Parochial Christianity," p. 558,
points out that the concept of the world, the flesh, and the devil belongs
to the thirteenth century in a vernacular phrase. Its use here in Latin
illustrates Raby's opinion (following Walther) that though debates were a
learned form, they frequently used popular ideas. See Secular Latin Poetry,
II, 282. Walther (pp. 73-74) points out that the "Noctis" was often printed
with a poem called "Ecce mundus moritur," in which the same renunciation of
the world of the "Noctis" plays a major part. Robert Grosseteste wrote a
tract De contemptu mundi in which most of the ideas of "Ecce mundus" were
expressed, but of course contemptus mundi was commonplace by the thirteenth
century.
appropriate that the Soul present the stronger argument. It is also right that the Soul suffer more than the Body, which must await the resurrection for its full punishment. The poem thus ends on a note of poetic justice, in spite of the lack of resolution.

In all four poems, then, the form varies considerably, though the poems deal with the same material and point the same moral. Because of the difference in form, the total meaning of each poem is different; as Leonard Bloomfield has pointed out in another context, "Formally different utterances always differ in meaning." So inextricably are form and content interwoven in these poems that to say which was more important in the poetic process seems almost as supererogatory as the issue of the "Noctis." It appears, however, that content was prior to considerations of form, and that the decision about form then shaped the details of content. An artist does not, however, simply work with material; he works for an audience. He is limited not only by his own knowledge but by what he can expect his audience to understand and to enjoy. No medieval author, certainly, expected to teach without pleasing. What considerations may have moved each of our poets to offer his material to his audience in the form he chose?

Again, cultural history is a determining factor. Why should a tenth-century Englishman have written a didactic poem in his native language rather than in Latin? Probably because a strong tradition of vernacular writing already existed and because through English he could expect to reach the audience to whom he was directing his moral. In tenth-century England, recovering from the invasions of the Danes and the disorder of

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16 Professor Bloomfield discusses this idea as a "well-tried hypothesis of linguistics." See his Language, 2nd ed. (New York, 1948), p. 137.
the ninth century, a great monastic revival was influencing all aspects of English life. By the late tenth century when Aelfric was writing, every bishop in England was a monk. Hence throughout the church monastic attention to church services and to the monastic need for financial support was the rule. Aelfric himself wrote in the vernacular, including exegeses and translations for wealthy thanes who must have requested them. The clergy were much concerned to win the support they needed from the wealthy; such men would be encouraged to lead lives of devotion and generosity to the church. When the poet of the Address specifies the greatest sins of the dead man as failure to receive the sacraments and overvaluing possessions, he is communicating the teaching of the church to those whom the church needed to reach. A people so accustomed to sudden death would know very well the fate of the Body; using this fate as an analogy for the fate of the resurrected Body and Soul was an effective way to put across an idea.

Thus the Old English poet's decision to use the traditional alliterative hemistiches was probably based as much on consideration of his audience as his decision to use a monologue was based on considerations of psychology. For exactly the same reason the poet of the Royal Debate may have decided to use a highly ornate Latin poetic form. In the late eleventh and early twelfth centuries, the England of the tenth century had been drastically changed by the Conquest. The main language for all writing was Latin. Few if any Englishmen remained in ecclesiastical power; indeed, few Englishmen remained in any position of influence and

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importance. The picture of a wealthy overlord ruthlessly oppressing his subjects was extremely realistic. A cleric, as the poet of the Royal Debate must have been, might well try to frighten such a man with eyewitness reports of Hell's labyrinth from which no one would escape.

The Conquest brought England into close contact with French schools and monasteries and the continental ferment of theological and philosophical discussion. Such a man as St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1093-1109, kept to the conservative Augustinian tradition of the priority of faith over reason. Anselm felt strongly, however, that nothing should be accepted on the authority of Scripture alone, and that men should be persuaded by logical argument. Like other Christian logicians of his time, Anselm accepted certain premises as true and tried to demonstrate their truth by logic. The poet of the Royal Debate, who drew heavily on Anselm, is reflecting his time when he emphasizes that the Body's argument is fallacious and is based upon the false premise that the Soul caused sin.

He is being equally contemporary when he allows the Soul to doubt the effectiveness of the Atonement. The doctrine of the Atonement was being widely discussed; St. Anselm's Cur Deus Homo presents a view which seemed heretical to some in his own day because he denied the tradition of the Devil's right to man. Such a denial implied that the Atonement

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19 Stenton, pp. 670ff.
20 Raby, A History of Secular Latin Literature, II, 89.
21 Leff, p. 99.
22 R. W. Southern, Saint Anselm and His Biographer: A Study in Monastic Life and Thought, 1059-c. 1130 (Cambridge, 1963), p. 51. The fact that Anselm used the dialogue form frequently may also have influenced the poet; see Southern, p. 48.
23 Ibid., pp. 82-88.
was useless. If even an archbishop might write heretical views, it is anachronistic to consider the Soul's desperate utterance as blasphemous. We must remember that over three hundred church councils were held in the twelfth century to rule on heretical opinions and other abuses. The Soul's doubt in the Royal Debate might well have elicited such a council but it could not be labeled heretical out of hand. Rather, the Soul which has been so logical throughout the Debate should be seen as offering one more hypothesis for consideration.

In justifying the Incarnation in Cur Deus Homo, St. Anselm said that he was answering a question not only for "learned but even illiterate men," for theological speculation was the concern of an ever-widening number of people. It is not surprising, then, to find a French poet adapting the Royal Debate for a wider audience. In twelfth-century France there were many wealthy men, unlearned but interested in religion. To please them, the French poet wrote in the vernacular; he eliminated all traces of classical learning; and he added new details. The result is a different poem, but one with the same moral as the Royal Debate: repentance must come during life if Hell is to be avoided. In an age in which the practice of indulgences was already beginning, this was a timely moral. Accumulating wealth is not to be avoided; rather, lack of generosity must be avoided, for rich men are even more likely than others to be punished in Hell. To the rich but uncultivated Normans who, like

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24 Holmes, History of Old French Literature, p. 41.
25 Southern, p. 82.
26 Holmes, p. 36. Only the clergy used Latin, Holmes says, "and the rest of the population understood and spoke only French by the early twelfth century."
27 Southern, p. 102.
St. Anselm, served Henry I either on the continent or in England, such a poem must have had appeal; it is not surprising that two of the five extant MSS of "Un Samedi" are written in Anglo-Norman and are found in British MS collections.

The three earlier poems are all connected with England, and there is reason to believe that the "Noctis" also may have been written originally in England. At any rate, by the thirteenth century both in England and in France the vernacular was so well established that we can assume a Latin poem to be intended primarily for a learned audience. The Goliardic measure was a clerical vehicle adapted to many purposes; the debate, a well-established genre both in Latin and in the vernacular, was eminently suited for a doctrine based on Aristotelianism. Throughout the thirteenth century Aristotle's relevance to Christianity was widely discussed; this was the great age of translation of Aristotle's works into the vernaculars. Though most of Aristotle's works and the Oriental commentaries on them were known by 1200, further translation resulted in very wide dissemination of his views—so much so that the Church issued several bans upon his works. But this did not deter men like Grosseteste, who translated the Ethics (1240-45), and William of Moerbecke, who revised and retranslated most of Aristotle's works for the use of St. Thomas Aquinas.28 As a part of the Arts curriculum, Aristotle continued to be studied in the universities and became a part of the larger controversy of the thirteenth century, "the struggle between a secular and a theocratic conception of life."29

28Leff, pp. 171-176. Knowles, p. 228, points out that the ban did not affect Oxford.

29Leff, p. 176.
In such an atmosphere of controversy, an inconclusive debate on a perpetually interesting topic was most à propos; the poet of the "Noctis" chose a form and a topic of great appeal in his time, as the proliferation of MSS indicates.

But in choosing timely form, none of our poets was limiting his influence to his own time. The form, ideas, and language of the Old English Address appeared in the vernacular for centuries. The Royal Debate influenced not only "Un samedi" but poems in other vernaculars. "Un samedi" was copied not only in France but in England. The "Noctis" draws upon the Royal Debate. The vernacular tradition, the Royal Debate, and the "Noctis" all furnished inspiration for the Middle English Disputisoun, in which the synthesis of Aristotle and Christianity made by Thomas Aquinas allows the basis for merging the traditions of the Debate Between the Body and the Soul.

This tradition, as we have seen, is eminently British. Within the tradition, we may distinguish two groups: (1) those poems based on the Augustinian view of the Soul, that is, the Old English Address and its vernacular successors and the Royal Debate and its redactions, including "Un samedi"; and (2) those based on an Aristotelian view, that is, the "Noctis" and its many redactions, and the Middle English Disputisoun.

All the poems are presented as eyewitness accounts; it is not important whether the witness was the poet himself or some more authoritative

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30See Heningham, "Old English Precursors. . . ."

31Heningham, An Early Latin Debate, pp. 36-39, shows its influence on Old Norwegian and Old Castilian versions.

32Ibid., pp. 39-49.

33See Vogel, Some Aspects of the Horse and Rider Analogy, passim.
person. All the poems present the direct words of the speakers. Thus, though the theme of the Debate Between the Body and the Soul is "ecclesiastical fiction," the form chosen by each poet allows great verisimilitude. We can say of the form of these poems, as M. Jeanroy has said of the debate form itself: it is "less a literary genre than the most direct echo of reality." All the poems reflect the reality of the Middle Ages, so different from our own. With all their differences and speculations, not one of the poets shows any doubt that there is a Soul.

34 Willard, Two Apocrypha ..., p. 2, uses this term to describe "apocryphal material of an uncanonical nature."

I have recently learned that
A vision, a kind of dream,
Came to a

Certain bishop
In the middle of the night
Following the Sabbath.

He had seen in his dream
The dead body of a man
And it had been laid
In a marble coffin
And covered with

A black shroud.

And he saw standing
Not far from the body
The soul of that man

In the form of a child
The image was very pale,
Mourning a thousand times,
Naked and very sad,

Weeping in a storm of tears.
And with its eyes and hands
Stretched out toward the body,
Amid its frequent groans

It used these words:
"My body, I shall expose your
Countenance to disgrace;
I shall not unjustly make

A complaint against you.
If time for conversation
Is offered to us,
I shall content myself to publish

For your ignominy.
Now, let there be knowledge
Concerning your wickedness

Before I shall be dragged off
For my inexorable punishment.
Tua prodam scelera
pro quibus en misera.
A principibus cedar
in gehenna puniar.
Omnium terrestrium
rerum ac celestium.
Facta sum ulissima
per te caro pesima.
Per te o nequissimum
factum est opprobrium.
Nobis imperpetum
in conspectu omnium.
Per te fetens glebula
per eterna secula.
Facta sum ridiculo
universo populo.
Angelis hominibus
creaturis omnibus.
In despectu erimus
propter tuum facinus.
Facient memoriam
nostri. non ad gloriem.
Nec ad refrigerium.
sed ad improperium.
Et quod est deterius
non erit ulterius.
Nobis cum fidelibus
sors. sed cum demonibus.
Non uidebis dominum
in terra uuentium.
Facie ad faciem
dicam tibi quamobrem
Quis numquam scilicet
quod nobis proficeret.
Affectu beniulo
te fecisse recolo.
Fidem quam promisimus
deo & hominibus
Seruare. catholicam
hanc fecisti irritam.
Numquam puro anno
optulistis domino.
Numus ad alteria
sed pro una gloria.
Numquam erga dominum.
siue quemquam proximum
Seruasti salubria
caritatibus federa.
Ue michi ue misere.
erubesco dicere.
Que te iuuit facere
dum fas fuit uiuere.

I shall proclaim your crimes
In return for which, behold, wretched
I shall be driven away from noble ones;
I shall be punished in hell.
Of all things
Earthly and celestial
I have become the most vile,
Through you, most evil body;
Through you, o most wicked one,
Has everlasting disgrace
Been done
In the sight of all.
Through you, stinking clod,
For all ages
I have become ridiculous
To all people.
To angels, to men,
To all creatures,
We shall be [held] in contempt
On account of your villainy.
They will make our memory
Not to glory
Nor to salvation
But to abuse.
And what is worse,
In the next world we will have our lot
Not with the faithful
But with devils.
You will not see the Lord
In the land of the living
Face to face:
I shall tell you why.
Because, to be sure, never
Do I remember you to have done
Out of benevolent kindness
What is profitable to us.
The universal faith
Which we promised
To God and to men
You have failed to keep.
Never with a pure soul
Did you offer to the Lord
Your gifts upon the altar,
But [rather] out of vainglory.
Never towards the Lord
Or anyone near to him
Have you kept the proper
Laws of charity.
Woe is me, woe is miserable me,
I am ashamed to tell
The things which it delighted you to do
While life was permitted you.
At tamen si liceat
dicam. ut te pudeat.
Sitque hoc invectio
in te: michi ultio.
Sumam in suppliciis
istud pro solaciis.
Si in te dignissimis
sacier conunitis.
Te penes diuitie.
erant asuritie.
Quibus te nequissimum
exhiebas serulium.
Hae tua pecunias
augebat cupiditas.
Que girabat omnia
siti fierens rabida.
Feruet ut intrinsecus
quilibet ydopicus.
Qui quo magis biberit
tanto magis poterit.
Paruipendens omnia
iuri tuo subdita.
Cum uideres quodlibet
quod tibi non cederet.
Nec quam peruipenderas
erogare poteram.
Nequitie mammam
propert asuritiam.
Putabas o misera
eternare prospera.
Heu quam mortifero
pota eras pucu.
Num te diabolicus
debirast spiritus.
Cum uideres mortuus
contribules plurimos.
Coeuos & comparces
utrisus homines
Sexus, & his casibus
nil pasebas penitus?
Gaudieba tunc maxime
cum audires undique
Dolare de mortuo
in tuo confinio.
Quanto ille ditior
fuit qui obierest:
Tanto eras letior
qua sic acciderat;
De morte alterius
apem sumens, calerius
Dirigebas oculos
ad ipsius loculos.
But yet if it should be allowed
I would speak so that you may be ashamed
And that this be an attack against you,
A revenge for me.
In my tortures I would take
That for my consolation,
If I should cause you pain
By these most earned revilements.
In you were the lusts for wealth,
For svarice
To which you revealed yourself
A most iniquitous slave.
Those riches of yours
Cupidity augmented
And it turned everything
Into a fiercely burning thirst.
It burned inwardly
Like one sick with the dropsy
Who, the more he drinks,
The more he under its power.
Despising everything
Subjected to your authority
Whenever you would see anything
Which would not yield to you,
You could not disburse
That which you had despised
Because of avarice,
The mammon of iniquity.
You thought, o wretched one,
To perpetuate your fortune.
Alas, by what a deadly drink
Didn’t a diabolical spirit
Make you drunk?
When you saw dead
Many of your companions
Of the same age, your peers,
Humans of either
Sex—even at these occurrences
Did you not inwardly tremble?
You especially rejoiced at the time
When you heard everywhere
Lamenting for a dead person
In your borders.
By as much as he was richer, that man
Who had passed away,
The happier were you
Because he had fallen thus.
Taking hope from the death of another,
The more swiftly
Did you direct your eyes
At his coffin.
Snares were set
For the children and widow
While for their father
They were preparing the funeral rites.
If you had been the executor for him
Whom you knew to have passed away,
Soon with impetuosity
You seized everything.
A smaller part of the property
Fell to the widow;
To the children and to the parents fell
Either too little or absolutely nothing.
Among your comrades
If anyone had died,
You invented contrivances
For his fortune,
By which deceits
Concerning his wealth
You usurped anything
Which might now pass to you.
By these and many more
Nefarious methods
Your wealth increased
For you in your wickedness.
In truth, as much as it had increased,
The more had it seemed to you
To decrease
Because it did not satisfy you.
It could have satisfied you
If you were willing to live so
That in you would be
Moderation and not cupidity.
Woe to you, woe a thousand times,
My whitened outer wall!
Why while you lived
Did you postpone serving God?
Before reaching the border of death
You should have made the Lord
Propitious
To you, forsaking the devil.
But now you wish it when you are unable.
That which you ask, comes too late.
Now by no rewards
Will you redeem the past.
Did you lay up treasure
Because you had thought that
From the bonds of the Devil
You would have been able to redeem yourself
by gifts
And that if you loathed
Whatever you would see there
[You would be able] by a fixed weight of
gold
Et a mortis uinculo
opum adminiculo

Resurgendo pristinam
redire ad patriam?
Utique non talibus.
mulcetur diabolus.
Nec spe captus munerum.
serum facit liberum.
Dire mortis ratio
& rata conditio
Post datas fiducias
nulli dat inducias.
Quem simul arripiant
ad inferna pertrahunt.
Nexu duro uinciunt
carceri initiunt.
Precellit diaboli
carcer arte dedali.
Calle deuabilii
& irremiabili
Quo cum introieris
egredi non poteris;
Neque si spoponderis
opes cresi ueteris;
Forsitan incredulas
aures michi commodas.
& me nugigerulam;
Sed cum illuc ueneris
atque circumspexeris.
Perhorrendas acies
fidem tibi facies.
Cum ibi fuerimus:
comprobabit exitus
Atque merces operis
cui hic seruieris.

Unde cum uolueris
egredi non poteris:
Disce me veridicam
fuisse, non garrulam;
Tamen ut te miseram
omni parte asseram:
Ponamus te munere
possa nos redimere.
Esto. tu quid facies?
opes ubi capies.
Quibus datis demoni
discedamus liberi?
Vbi multifaria
tua nunc eraria.
Gemmae, torques, anuli.
pleni nummis sacculi?

You would be able to return
From the chains of death to your former country

By rising up with riches
For your support?
Surely not by such things
Is the devil appeased,
Nor, won over by the expectation of reward,
Does he make the slave a free man.
The dire reckoning of death
And its unalterable condition
After the contract has been sealed
Gives release to no man,
Whom as soon as they seize
They drag down to hell.
They fetter him with a strong binding;
They cast him into prison.
The prison of the devil surpasses
The skill of Daedalus
Because of its sequestered
Passage from which there is no return,
From which, when you enter,
You will not be able to depart,
Not even if you should promise
The wealth of ancient Crete.
Perhaps you lend
Incredulous ears to me
And think me a speaker of trifles
And garrulous;
But when you will have arrived there
And have looked around,
You will believe
Your thoroughly horrified eyes.
When we shall have been there
The end of our life
As well as the punishment for the work
To which you were here a slave will confirm
From that place, when you wish
You will not be able to depart.
You will learn that I am truthful
And not garrulous.
Nevertheless, in order to declare you
Entirely wretched,
Let us posit that by a gift
You are able to redeem us.
Let it be so. What will you do?
Where will you find your wealth
By means of which, given to the devil,
We depart as free men?
Where now are your manifold Treasures:
Gems, necklaces, rings,
And money bags full of coins?
Vbi nunc argentae usae tam idones.
Ciphi. coclearia. catini. salaria?
Vbi mutatoria uestia tam varia.
Vbi tam sollicita famulantum agmina?
Vbi leporaij. ubi nunc dextraij.
Plena equis stabuls molosi. uenabula?
Nisi & ancipitres. ubi nunc & aucupes.
Silue. saltus nemorum. caule. greges peeforum?
Molendina. orrea. pistrina. uiaria.
Coquine cellaria. plena promtuaria.
Vbi nunc innumerus tellus se getifera
Vinearum uigera orti. & pomeria?
Vbi arma fulgia pigmentata pocula
Epularum genera bissus. atque purpura?
Vbi frequentissimus pretitorum redditus.
Vbi ineffabilis tua suppellectilis?
Iam quid de tot opibus super est? nec obolus
Quas ergo pecunias dabis. ut nos redimes?
Quo ergo nos munere poteris redimere?
Perdidisti omnia & te ipsam misera
Transierunt ferie tue uane glorie.
Non ascendes amplius
in equis uelocibus.
Hic isebeis. protinus consumenta uermibus.
Neque glorioseris sed male torqueres.
Quia male prestitis. usa es diuittia;
Quod ex tanto tempore ceperes colligere:
Where now are your silver
Vases, so proper,
Your cups, spoons,
Dishes and salt shakers?
Where are your changes of
Clothes so various?
Where is your army of
Household slaves, so solicitous?
Where now are your greyhounds,
Your war-chargers,
Your hunting stables
Full of Molosian horses?
Where now also are your falconers?
Your forests, the passages of your groves,
Your flocks of sheep, your herds of cattle?
The miling places, granaries,
Fish-markets, game preserves,
Kitchens, pantries,
Full storerooms?
Where now are your countless Grainbearing fields,
Acres of vineyards; and where are your
Gardens and orchards?
Where are your gleaming armor,
Your painted goblets,
Varieties of food,
Satin and purple clothes?
Where is your very frequent revenue
Of endowed gifts?
Where is your indescribably
Massive furniture?
Now what remains
From so much wealth? Not an obol.
What money, therefore,
Will you give to redeem us?
With what gift, therefore,
Will you be able to redeem us?
You have lost every
Wretched thing and your very self.
The festive days of your
Vain glory have gone by.
You will not mount any more
Upon swift chargers.
Here you will lie, stretched out
To be eaten by worms.
Neither will you be glorified;
Rather you will be evilly tormented,
Because you evilly employed
Your superior wealth.
That which you had begun to collect
Over so great a time,
En sub momentaneo  
perdidisti spatio;  
Ubi nunc carissimi  
tui consangvinea?
Partem sibi repuit  
quia iam iam & abit  
Quicquid aggregaueras.  
per partes innumeris  
Diviserunt tumulo  
adhuc incomposito.  
Sic & lupi faciunt  
cum predam diripiant.  
Non curant qui uideant  
dum non est qui terrent.

Behold in a moment’s time  
You have lost.  
Where are now your most beloved  
Relations?
Even now, each one for himself  
Has seized a portion and has departed.  
Whatever you had gathered together,  
They have divided  
Into countless portions, although the grave  
Was still unsettled;  
In the same way as wolves act  
When they tear apart their prey,  
They do not care who may see them  
As long as the one who frightens them is no more.

In horum consortio  
quenam tua portio?  
Nulla sed in tumulo  
uermis & corruption;  
Hi quos summopere  
dilegerez  
A te quem non diligunt  
iam se lange faciunt;  
Omnis te contingere  
iam horrent & cernere.  
Nec te sibi quipiam  
dari cupid obuiam.  
Ursis aut leonibus  
quis nocte non obuimus  
Magis uellet fieri  
quam tibi cadaveri?  
Instant tue misera  
mesionem temporae.  
Nunc parebit quaius  
seminast semina;  
Respondebunt ultima  
primis uice consona.  
Quando propter segetes  
zizania colliges;  
Zizana. lolium  
recondes in horreum  
Hoc est inutilium  
Dignos fructus operum.  
Quid in tua area?  
nichil nisi pales.  
Quam ventus discutiet.  
& ignis deglutiet;  
O fomes nequitie  
ubi munus gratiae  
Quod a pio domino  
percepisti lauacro?  
Ipse te baptizaste  
lauit. linens crismate.
And when the Devil was exorcised
You clung to the Lord
And became a sharer
Of heavenly feasts.

Happy, extremely happy, you would have been
If you had remained temperate.
Wretch, you did not wish [to do this].

But you broke your pledge
Just like a dog
Returning to its own vomit.
And though for a short time

You renewed your innocence,
You abandoned the excellent
Traces of truth,
Despising to live chastely,
Innocently, openly;
And as if a sow you
Were submerged in a fetid slough.
When you had pushed against the light yoke

Of the Lord, again you were joined to the
devil,

Pursuing
Then your unclean spirit

Returned to its former dwelling
After it had laid hold of
Seven more iniquitous [spirits];
And your newest state

Made you, O most wicked body,
Worse, since your former morals
Had been taken far away.
After all love of justice had vanished,

Vice filled you
With injustices,
With frauds, perjuries,
Anger and lust

Without control;
And with deceits and envy
Binding these together as odious [habits].
Why should I mention each particular?

You have made outrages your equipment,
Of your own accord being exposed
To all sordid things,
Bearing honey in a pitcher,

But bitterness in your heart,
Enticing the innocent,
You dragged them to the noose.
As much as anyone was the more pure,

The more were you deceitful.
Now by laughter, now by tears
Did you veil your crimes.
Often did you resort

To wretched perjuries—-
Vna die cencies
scienter, uel milies
In proditionibus
per tibi quis pessimus.
Preter iudam proprii
proditorem domini?
Nam quis est qui explicet
satis? nemo scilicet
Quante iracundie
erat. ac superbie;
Ob tuam superbiam
tradar ad miseriam.
Que nunquam deficiet
neque facies et;
Tua iracundia
uit perdo gaudia.
Pro tua superbia
descendam ad tarters
O quam mala caritas
quam mala societas
Malum hospitatio
mala conuiuatio.
Malum tecum mansio
malum tecum pransio.
Pro meo hospitio
addicor supplicio;
Ut michi ut miserae.
mee culpa hospite
Vite perdo patriam
& eternam gloriam;
Que pridem pulcherrima
ful. nunc miserrima.
Olim uirgo libera;
captivus ancilla;
In antiquis legitur
scriptis. nec ambiguitur
Quod michi debueras
subici. dum uixeras;
Debussem domina
esse. & tu famula.
Noluissim pessima
pro tua superbia;
Sed sumpto imperio
ordine prepostero
Fecisti te dominam.
me uero pedissequeum;
Ita plenus scelerare
serus solet facere;
Lucrerae spe innocuo
necem prant domino
Sategi ut aliquem
tibi frenum ponere

In one day a hundred times
Skilfully or a thousand times.
In betrayals
What most evil man is equal to you
Except Judas,
The betrayer of the Lord himself?
For who is it who adjusts
Sufficiently? No one, to be sure.
You were [a man] of great
Wrath and pride.
Because of your pride
I shall be handed over to a misery
Which will never fail
Nor will it have an end.
Because of your anger
I lost the delights of life [eternal];
In return for your arrogance
I shall descend into Tartarus.
O how evil your charity,
How evil your companionship,
Evil your hospitality,
Evil your meals,
Evil the dwelling with you,
Evil the eating with you.
In return for my hospitality
I am given over to punishment.
Woe to me, woe to wretched me!
By the fault of my guest
I lose the fatherland of my life
And eternal glory;
And long ago I was most beautiful,
But now most miserable.
"Once I was a free maiden but
I was captured [and made] a serving girl,"
It is written in the Old
Testament. Nor is it disputed
That you ought to have been
Subjected to me while you lived,
Since I ought to have been your
Mistress and you my slave.
But you did not wish it
Because of your most evil pride.
But after you had assumed control
And placed my rank last,
You made yourself the mistress
And me in reality the basest creature.
Thus is a servant full of wickedness
Accustomed to act:
In the innocent expectation of gain
They commit murder for their master.
I busied myself
To bridle you
& ut te precipitem
a male auerterem.
Cum te corripueram
frustra laboraueram
Omne saluberrimum
spreuisti consilium
Cum instaret ultimus
dies tui obitus
Deo & tunc nimiam
feciisti iniuriam;
Nam de tantis opibus
egenis nil penitus
Iussisti tribuere
sperans semper uiuere
Mors erat in artubus
tuis. & prefioribus
Turba stabat pauperum
petens adiutorium
Nolebas attendere
nec quicquam tribuere
Vel pro christi nomine
in tanto discrimine.
0 infelicissima
si dedisses omnis
Tunc. que dare poteras:
parum. adhuc fereras;
Sed quia non dederas
ante: promerueras
Iram iusti iudicis
quam reservat impiis.
Augustinus asserit
quia male interit.
Qui nonquam euigilat
donec mors appropiat;
Hoc est omni tempore
delectatur scelere
Neque mali penitet
donec mors se obsidet;
& tunc dare incipit
que perdenda conspicit
Velit nolit ilico

cum coacto animo
Dat ob hoc uidelicet
quia iam non prevaelet.
Eis frui liber
neque secum tollere;
Idem & in plurimis
reperetur paginis.
Quod minoris meriti
sunt tales munifici;
Dator enim hilaris
deo acceptabilis.

And to turn you away from
The evil which you were rushing towards.
Although I reproved you,
I labored in vain.
You rejected my every
Most useful counsel.
When the last day
Of your life arrived,
Even then you committed
A mortal sin against God.
For from so much wealth
You ordered that absolutely nothing
Be donated to the poor,
Because you hoped always to live.
Death was in your limbs
And before your gates
Stood a crowd of the poor
Seeking assistance.
You did not want to pay them any heed
Nor to give them anything,
Not even in the name of Christ,
In such great danger.
O most unhappy me,
If only you had given everything
Then which you were able to give!
Up to that time you had given too little.
But because you had not given
Before, you merited
The anger of the just Judge
Which he reserves for the wicked.
St. Augustine declares
That he perishes wickedly
Who never prepares
Until death comes near.
This is the case every time.
One is delighted by vice
And does not repent of his sins
Until death besets him;
And then he begins to give
And, intending to squander money, he looks
around:
He wants to, then immediately he does not
want to;
With a constrained mind
He gives, but clearly on account of this--
Because he no longer has the upper hand
To enjoy them openly
Nor to take them with him.
This will also be found
On many pages:
The fact that such munificent contributors
Are of less merit.
For the cheerful giver
Is acceptable to God
& qui non spontaneus
dat: non est idoneus;
Nam si quis hoc tribuat
quod habere nequet
Sed a se iam tollitur:
quid inde meretur?
Heus tu fedissima
restant adhuc plurima.
Ausculta si uales.
unde magis doleas.
Tu cunctis temporibus.
atque modis omnibus.
Malo eras dedit
mente attentissima.
Abaque penitentia
durans in malitia.
Omnis diligentia
consumpsasti tempora;
Mala ab initio
tua conversatio
Fuit. & nunc pessimum
peruenit ad exitum;
Quas te pro his gratias
adportum estimes?
Mala sine dubio
erit retributio
Longe nos a gaudiis
feciis perpetuis;
Que se diligentibus
preparauit dominus;
Que nec udit oculis
nec auduit aquis.
Neque in cor hominis
ascendisse noueris;
Fecisti nos horrido
deputari baratro
Vorandas sulfureis
gehenne incendiis.
Vbi nos supplicia
manent eternia.
Flamma que non deperit
uermis que non interit.
O abominabilis
fetens. execrabilis.
Hec tuorum operum
fructus. merces premium?
Eccine multimoda
propter beneficia
Que tibi prestiteram
per te nunc recipiam?
Dum tui hospiciij
appotecam colui:

And the one who does not give
Voluntarily is not suitable.
For if anyone should give
That which he cannot have
But which will soon be taken away from him,
What therefore will he deserve?
Alas, you most detestable creature,
Many things still remain (to speak of).
Listen, if you are able--
From which you will grieve the more.
You, at all times
And in every way
Had been dedicated to sin
With a most attentive mind,
Without penitence,
Becoming callous in your wickedness.
In all diligence,
Have you passed your time.
Your behaviour from the beginning
Was bad
And now it arrives
At the worst conclusion.
What graces do you think
You shall obtain in return for these things?
Without a doubt
Your punishment will be evil.
You have brought us far
From the eternal joy
Which the Lord has prepared
For the diligent
Which no one has seen with the eyes
Nor heard
Neither did you learn
How to ascend into the heart of man;
You have caused us
To be assigned to the horrid abyss,
About to be swallowed up by the sulfurous
Fires of hell
Where eternal punishments
Await us
And the flame does not die
And does not destroy the worms.
O abominable,
Stinking, detestable creature!
Is this the fruit of
Your labors, your reward, your profit?
Behold, in return for the manifold
Services
Which I performed for you,
Shall I receive [this reward] through you
now?
As long as I dwelled in the storeroom
Of your hospitality,
Quicquic boni prestiti

tibi: totum perdidij
Per me naneque senserar:
per me & audieras.
Per me lucem uidieras
per me loqui noueras;
Ego cibum sumere
ego gressum ponere
Ego motum omnibus
dabam tuis artibus;
Tunc si michi crederem
uoluisse: libere
Potuisse uiuere
iustn, pie. sobrie.
Nolui mi sera.

sed apera justicia:
In peccatis omnibus
abusa es sensibus.
Ecce nunc immobilis
iaces. facta similis
Faullae vel cineri
gello ac sterill;
Iam es a me libera
surge & insinus.

Que tua sit gloria.
virtus & potentia.
O putrescens facies
deserta iam edoces.
Quid tibi contulerim
dum te uelgetauerim;
Etenim tunc temporis
floresbas. ut uiridis
Mirice sub tempore
uerno solet facere;
Sicut cedrus libani
quam torrentis riuuli.
Irrigat. in silice
solido stat robore.
Plano quidem stipite
densoque cacumine
Obumbrat marmoreos.
subscentes scopulos.
Remotos a iubare
solis omni tempore:
Sic tu o pessima
opprimebas subdita;
Sub te nullus liber
quibat homo uiuere
Quem noueras diuitem
faciebas inopem;
Confidens in uiribus
corpus & opibua.

Whatever good I performed
For you--I have lost everything.
Indeed, through me you had sensation
And through me you had the power of hearing.
Through me you had the power of sight;
Through me you had the knowledge to speak.
I gave you the power to select nourishment,
To walk
And to give movement
To your limbs.
At that time, if
You had chosen to believe me,
You would have been able to live openly,
Justly, piously, and moderately.
You did not want to, wretched one,
But justice was rejected.
In your sins
You abused all your senses.
Behold, now you lie motionless,
Having become similar to
Still-glowing ashes or to ashes
Cold and useless.
You are now free from me.
Arise and learn
What is your glory,
Your virtue, and your power.
O decaying form,
Deserted, you will not learn
What I imputed to you
As long as I put life into you.
Indeed at that time
You were flourishing as the verdant
Broom is accustomed to do
In the spring time.
And just as the Lebanon cedar,
Which the rushing waters
Irrigate, stands on solid
Stone for its strength,
And with its thick trunk and
Dense foliage overshadows
The marble stones
Lying beneath,
Distant from the radiance
Of the sun for all time,
So also you, 0 worst of creatures,
Crushed what was under you.
Under you no man was able
To live freely.
The man whom you knew to be wealthy
You made poor.
Confident in the strength
Of your body and in your fortune
Grandique familia
contempebas omnia
Confundebas patriam
totam. per superbiam;
Aliens rapiens.
& insontes opprimens
Spoliebas miseros
ut ditares liberos;
Qui nunc patrimonis
tenent. set te crimina;
Gaudium heredibus
est de patris cpibus.
& super te perdita
gaudiet orci curia;
Gaudium est fillis
tuis de diuitiis.
Quas ineffabilibus
adquisisti fraudibus;
Qui nunc sibi grandia
partientes predia.
Voce factur mutua
hec uel his similis;
In nostra memoria
fratres constet gloria
In qua noster floruit
pater dum hic deguit;
Vir fuit fortissimus.
audax. ferocissimus
Non erat in milibus
compar ei viribus.
Non erat in populo
qui eius imperio
Auderet resistere
nec quid contradicere
Quos rebelles repertit
opprimens corripuit.
Hosque sibi subditos
sect tributaricos
Multos strauit milites
generosque diuites.
De quorum diuitiis
erant que diuiditis.
Ergo fratres eia
de patria audatia
Quiaque nostrum capiat
exemplum & repiat.
Agamus uiriliter.
conteramus pariter
Quoscumque poterimus
pro eorum opibus.
Fundum patrimonij
augeamus singuli.

And in your important family,
You scorned everything.
You disturbed the entire country
Through your pride,
Robbing others
And oppressing the innocent.
You plundered the poor
So that you might enrich your children
Who now are master of their inheritance
But your crimes are master of you.
There is delight for your heirs
Because of the fortune of their father.
And the house of Orcus delights
In you, damned one.
There is delight for your sons
Because of the wealth
Which you acquired
Through unspeakable frauds,
Who now, separating their
Large booty among themselves,
Speak to one another
These things, or things similar to these:
"In our memory,
My brothers, let the glory stand constantly
In which our father flourished
While he lived here.
As a man he was the bravest,
Daring, and most warlike.
There was no one equal to him
In power among thousands.
There was not among the people
A man who would dare
To resist his authority
Nor to contradict him in anything.
Those whom he found rebellious
He brought to ruin, crushing them;
And he made those who submitted to him
His tribute-payers.
He struck down many soldiers
And the noble wealthy.
From their wealth
Were the things which you divided.
Well, then, my brothers,
From the audacity of our father
Let each of us take his
Example, and plunder.
Let us act like men.
Let us destroy in like manner
Whomsoever we shall be able
For their fortunes.
Let us each augment the base of
Our inheritance
That our children also
May be able to become famous.
Let everyone in this country
Learn to fear us.
Let us be an excessive terror
To all the people.
Let us hasten to destroy
Those wishing to resist.
And let us place many in exile
According to the custom of our father.
For if we shall have done this,
We shall be the offspring of our father,
More similar to him
As we are the more terrible,
Who made so many poor,
So many exiled and wretched,
That we might be rich.
He loved his children
For our likeness to him.
Let us learn to love
Our offspring
And make them rich,
For who ever hated
Those whom he begat?
A father unmindful of an offspring
Becomes worse than a dog."
O vicious is the material
From which such an offspring
Appeared grown
Who thus remembers his father.
Such an offspring recalls your evil deeds
So that he also might do evil.
Not so that he could relieve you
With alms or tears.
Nor is it wondrous if the shoots
Become detestable
Which are from the worst
And bitterest vine.
Nor is it wondrous that there is neither a
son
Who, giving alms,
Seeks grace for you.
What if someone did?
Because of this nothing would become
Far easier for us,
Because just as a damned man
Has no need for a doctor,
So mediation does no good at all
For a damned man.
While you were sick
You rejected the medicine.
Obisti. quid igitur? 
spae salutis tollitur; 
Si quesisses medicum. 
ante mortis terminum. 
Dedisses remedia 
uite. senans uulnera; 
Perditas spontenea 
tua nos desidia: 
Iam non est qui redimat 
hec qui saluas faciat; 
Hec de tua sboele 
quid dicam de coniuge? 
Rara fides femine. 
sius: nulla utique. 
Priusquam funereas 
expresset exequias. 
Forma uenerabilis 
ceptit uri iuuenis; 
& ei cum nimia 
iam nuptis leticia. 
Celebratis nuptijs 
de tuis diuinitij. 
Ipsum sibi prouida 
industrial 
Quem flectere poterit 
ad quicquid uoluerit. 
Quicquid hac precipiet 
ille libens faciet. 
Huic beneplacitum 
promptus ad officium; 
Mors que te surripuit. 
multum ei contulit; 
Facis ac leticie 
plus quam possim dicere. 
Tecum egit tempora. 
semper in meseria; 
Semper in mesticia; 
pro tua malitis. 
Cum adolescentulo 
nunc fruitur gaudio. 
& fit quicquid imperat. 
quod tecum non poterat. 
De tuo consortio 
iam nulla fit mentio; 
Perierunt pristini 
federa conuigij; 
Ecce quas exequias 
servans amicitias. 
Que tibi suffragia 
tua prestat uidue; 
In tua mancipia 
non est servus aliquis. 

You died. And why?
The hope of recovery was taken away.
If you had sought a doctor
Before the edge of death
You would have made remedies,
Healing the wounds with the vine.
Now because of your willing
Sloth
There is no one who can redeem us
Who are lost, or make us well.
What should I say about
Your offspring? about your wife?
Fidelity in one's wife is rare;
Indeed, there is none at all.
Before she completed
The funeral rites,
She began to lust for the body
Of a young man worthy of her respect,
And soon she married him
With too much joy.
The wedding was celebrated
Out of your wealth.
Carefully and purposefully
She chose for herself him
Whom she could influence
To whatever she wanted;
Whatever she advises,
He will do gladly,
Ready to do
A service pleasing to her.
Death, which abducted you,
Conferred much on him,
More peace and joy
Than I could say.
Time dealt with you
Always in misery,
Always in gloominess,
In return for your wickedness.
With a young man
She now enjoys bliss
And he does whatever she commands,
Which she could not do with you.
Of your marriage
There is no longer any mention.
The vows of the first marriage
Have come to nothing.
Behold what rites
Observing love
And approbation
Your widow offers for you.
Among your possessions
There is no slave,
Nec ancilla aliqua de tua familia. Que non statim uapulet si te tantum nominet. Si uirga uel baculus presto sit in manibus. Quod si non habuerit: quem primum inuenerit Fomes ignis rapitur & ei proicitur Ictum si euaserit ad quem illa iecerit: Mox a domo pellitur uixque post recipitur; Quod si uinlus fecerit: siue caput fregerit: Gaudet fusus sanguine pro auditu nomine; Hec est spes auxilij hi sunt pacte fideio Fructus. quos promiserat quando tibi nupserat; Ecce lamentatio pauperum refectio. Dolor, luctus. lacrime te plangentis uidue. He sunt elemosine. misse ac uigilie & preces assidue pro defuncto coniuge; Quid enarrem amplius? ut de tuis edibus Te uexit populus sursum versis pedibus. Non est coniunx. filius. servus. neque alius Qui tibi tenuerit fidem quam promiserit; Infelix est igitur qui se obliviscitur. De salute anime spem ponens in homine; Qui dum datur spatium. dendif beneficium. Confidens in filio. coniuge uel alio: Miser est & desipit prosus: sequ decipit. Volet cum non poterit. quod uelle: nil proderit; Si sit unde ualestquilbet. & negligat

768 If she but mentions you, If there is a rod or staff Ready to hand; But if there isn't one handy
772 As soon as she has found the servant A torch is seized And pushed at her.
776 Which she aimed at her, soon She was thrown from the house And not received afterward. But if she made a wound
780 Or shattered her head, She rejoices in the streaming flood, The payment for mentioning your name. This is your hope of help.
784 These are the fruits of the pledged faith Which she had promised When she married you. Behold the lamentation, The refreshment to the poor, The sorrow, the grief, the tears Of your widow lamenting you. These are the alms, The masses and vigils, And constant prayers For a dead husband. Why should I explain further?
792 Although the people carried you On high, with your feet turned From your house, There is no wife, son, Servant, nor anyone else Who keeps the faith Promised to you. He is unfortunate, therefore, Who forgets himself, Putting in man the hope For the salvation of his soul. He, while the time is granted, Puts off benefaction, Trusting in his son, Wife, or someone else. He is wretched and wholly foolish And deceives himself. When he does not have the power, he will wish

That which it does him no good to want. But if anyone has the means
And neglects
Dare elemosinam:  
  male odit animam;  
  Sic tu caro fetida  
  male tibi prouida.  
Pro iniquo mammona:  
  uite perdix gaudia;  
Amans natos. coniugem  
  plusquam summen requiem.  
Propter auariciam  
  celi perdix gloria;  
  Quid referam singula?  
  plusquam mille uties.  
Sunt. que te perpetuo  
  separant a domino;  
Si nichil iniustius.  
  fecisses ac nequis  
  Quam hoc quod dominicum  
  spernebas misterium:  
Quia illus spreueras  
  perire debueras.  
Ac pro tanto scelere:  
  regnum dei perdere;  
  Tu quicquid ad dominum  
  pertinebat: friuolum  
Ducebas. & herculis  
  comparabas faculis;  
Semen euangelicum  
in condensis fructicu  
  Suffocatum uepibus  
  cessaet fructibus;  
Inter densos frutices  
  cadens super lapides:  
Humorem non repperit.  
  sed natum: mox aruit;  
Sacrata sollempnia  
  non colebas aliqu.  
Plusquam animalia  
  bruta. boni nescio;  
Apostoles. martires  
  Confessores virgines.  
Ommes sicut ceteros  
  resposbas mortuos;  
Uere tibi mortui  
  sunt quos sic contemptui  
Habebas. nec ali quam  
  impetrabant uniam;  
Hec tua temeritas  
  penas solueat debitias;  
  Sed ego cur misera  
  prima luo scelera?  
Nunquam use dapibus  
  rapine. uel potibus.  

To give alms.  
He despises his soul wickedly,  
Like you, stinking flesh;  
Wickedly provident for yourself,  
In return for evil riches  
You lose the joys of life.  
Since you loved sons and wife  
More than ultimate peace,  
Because of your avarice,  
You lose the glory of heaven.  
Why should I mention each detail?  
There are more than a thousand vices  
Which separate you  
From your eternal Lord.  
Even if you had done nothing  
More unjust or evil  
Than avoid the Sacrament  
Of the Lord--  
Because you spurned that  
You deserve to die;  
And for such a crime,  
To lose the kingdom of God.  
Whatever pertained to the Lord,  
You considered worthless  
And comparable  
To the fables of Hercules.  
The Christian seed,  
The fruit,  
Suffocated by the dense thorns,  
Was crushed by their fruit,  
Falling upon rock  
Amidst thick bushes.  
It found no moisture,  
But, born, soon it dried up.  
Nor did you celebrate  
Any of the sacred services  
More than brute animals  
Ignorant of good.  
Apostles, martyrs,  
Confessors, virgins---  
All of them you rejected  
Like the other dead.  
Truly they are dead to you  
Whom you thus despised,  
Nor will they effect  
A pardon for you.  
This rashness of yours will pay  
The deserved punishment.  
But why do I first  
Pay for the wretched crimes?  
I, who never enjoyed the feasts  
Or drinks,
Cur iam fame crucior
    cur iam siti morior?
Semper prout potui
te peccante restiti.
Me inuita feceras.
    quicquid meli gesseras;
Cur ergo non toleras
    mecum has primitias?
Perpetratrix scelerum
iam non capis premium?
O si iudex omnium
hoc michi judicium
Dedisset: qua trucia
    iam ferres supplicia;
O iudex iustissime
patris unigenite
Aspice considera.
quo pendeat trutina;
Qui secundum merita
cunctorum das premia:
Te & me uliscere
de hoc nequam corpore;
O res fetidissima.
sehenne dignissima.
Miraris quod conqueror
    que nescis quid patior;
Iam me conscientia.
    pro tua dementia.
    Torquet iam voracibus
    mordens cremat facibus.
Tu inunda sindone.
sed plena putredine
Iaces. & in marmore
digno ducis funere
Operta sudario
    sed & multifario
Ornata circundata:
    odores aromatas;
Siquidem honoribus
    multo amplioribus
Condiri debueras
    que tam diues fueras
Diues. & pulcherrima
    licet nunc miserrima.
Sed non prorsus misera
    que tot habes munera.
Hem uaelet non modicas
    qusisse pecunias.
Quiibus sic & mortuus
    adornetur dominus;
Ni fuisses locuples:
    non haberes sindones.
Nec fumos aromatum.  
Nor the aroma of perfumes
nec tale sarcofagum.  
Nor so large a grave.
Sed iam inter cetera  
But now amidst the other
creatoris munera:  
Gifts of the Creator,
Ecce ad memoriam  
Behold, let us reflect a bit,
redit. quantam gloriam  
What glory
Of honor He has bestowed
Sed iam inter cetera  
And what a life He gave,
creatoris munera  
A gratuitous gift,
Cum expeditoriis.  
He indeed gave to you
non pro tuo meritoj  
Not in return for your merit.
Ipse tibi siquidem  
An admirable figure
formam ammirabilem  
And an appearance
Tribuit. & speciem  
Comparable but to a few.
Quis in multis milibus  
Who, among many thousands,
par tibi uel uiribus  
Was equal to you
Suae pulchritudine  
Either in strength
tuo fuit tempore?  
Or in beauty, during your life?
Vbi nunc formositas  
Where now is that beauty
ilia quam habueras?  
Which you had?
Flosne feni decidit  
Has the blossom of the hay been cut short
quia fenum aruit?  
Because the hay has dried?
Cur es sic abscondita?  
Why are you so carefully hidden?
Lift up your linen cloth
Ut te semel videam  
So that I may see you once
antequam hinc abeam.  
Before I depart from here,
Semel te intuear  
So that I may gaze at you once
antequam hinc rapier.  
Before I am snatched from here,
Nam diu ulterior  
Since, for a long time hence,
on nos reuidebimus;  
We will not see each other.
O capilli diuitis  
O, you have no need
non egetis digitis  
Of adornments for the hair
Cum expeditoriis.  
Nor of fingers to arrange it,
neque redimiculis;  
Nor of fillets.
Oportebat dominam  
It was necessary for the lady
esse potentissimam.  
To be most powerful
Que tam admirabilem  
Who combed such an admirable
pecteret cesariem;  
Head of hair.
Modo non est aliquae  
But there is no other
meretrix tam publica.  
Prostitute so public
Que eam contingere  
Who would wish to touch it,
uellet. neda pectere;  
Still less to comb it.
Non utetur amodo  
From now on it will not use
galeas uel pilleo.  
A hat or cap,
Mitra neque circulo.  
Turban or comb,
pectine. nec lauchro;  
Or a shampoo.
Hi quales sunt oculi  
Are these the same eyes
qui uelut carbunculi  
As those which used to sparkle
Fulgere consueuerant?  
Like stones?
modo nil considerant;  
Now they look on nothing.
In horum officio  
In their employment
multa indignatio  
There was much indignation,
And they were full of pride.
Now they flow with venom
And are deprived of light,
Covered with a darkness
Which you could not smooth out
With Hippocratic salves.
Of what kind are these ears?
Like the wings
Of a small bird or the ears
Of one [a bat] flying in the house,
They fall off from itching,
Blacker than soot;
Nor can they be healed
By medication.
Apollo, Asclepius,
Galenus, Plinius,
Will not restore to them
Their former function.
This nose has now grown cold
And begins to putrefy.
It is full of rot,
No longer adjusted to smells.
Paleness corrupts the cheeks,
The beard falls out.
These lips are fetid,
Unsuitable to the sight.
The entrance to this mouth
Is open to filthy worms.
The teeth, once white,
Are filthy and decayed.
This palate has become dry
And has lost its usefulness.
The word deserts the tongue,
Which is now wholly putrid.
This wind-pipe near the throat,
Once snowy-white,
Is full of rotten pith
Like a cooking pot.
The chest and arms
Are blue with paleness;
As if heavily beaten,
They lack strength.
The navel is destroyed.
The whole belly hangs down.
The stomach is unappreciative
Of feasts and drinks.
Nor into those intestines
Could you force trays
Of wild animals or of birds
From far away, nor of fish.
Nor into this old belly
Could you any longer pour
Non infundes amplius uasis multiformibus; A lot of wine
Manus que tam candide fuerunt: sunt pallide From variously-shaped vessels. The hands which were so white
& earum digiti. Are pale
turpes sunt & rigidi; And their fingers
Casuris iam unguibus: Are rotten and stiff
non cum aure pellibus Now, with nails about to fall out.
Cirotecas manibus Will you any longer cover your hands
circumdabis amplius; As if with gloves.
Nullum emes iaspidem You will buy no jasper
aliwm ue lapidem Or other stones
turpes sunt & rigidi; To be fitted into rings
Casuris iam unguibus: Which you might put on your fingers.
non cum aure pellibus Nor with cloth of gold
Clrotecas manibus Will you any longer cover your hands
circumdabis amplius; As if with gloves.
Nullum emes iaspidem You will buy no jasper
aliwm uel lapidem Or other stones
Coemptandum amulis. To be fitted into rings
quos impones digitis; Which you might put on your fingers.
Preciosis caligias. From now on you will not put
amodi uel crecis Precious boots
Crura hec. & graciles Or leggings on these legs
tibias non inferes; And graceful shins.
Pedes nec calcarius. No more will you adorn
eque sotularibus. With spurs or shoes
Nec aureis nexibus Or golden twinnings;
ornabas ulterus; The superfluous decorations
Augmenta superflua pedum. que plebs fatua For feet, which silly folk
Vitatur in seculo: Use in this age,
non addes articulo; You will not add to your limbs.
Quid narrarim singula? Why should I narrate each detail?
turpis es & fetida You are rotten and disgusting,
Hinc pallens. hinc lluida Here pale, there livid,
totaque perhorrida; And wholly dreadful,
Olim candidissima. Though once most brilliant
tactue lenissima. And soft to the touch,
Per quod & innumerab. Through which you made
facesti adulteras Innumerable adulteresses
Quibus now es odio To whom now you are odious
& si te nuncrecerent: Because of your excessive wrongdoing.
metu contrebserent; And if they saw you now
Quarum una quelibet They would tremble with fear.
nocte non quiesceret Nor would any one of them
Tecum pro dimidio With you for half
cesaris imperio. The power of Caesar.
Que te plus amauerat She who loved you more
& plus attrectauerat: And touched you more
Modo plus desiderat Only desires more
ut de te nil audiat; Not to hear anything about you.
Non he solum femine Not only these women
sed & omnes anime But all souls
A te longe faciunt Keep away from you
se. quia te odiant; Because they hate you.
Nec mirum si odient Nor is it a wonder if they hate you
si se longe faciunt. And keep away from you;
Nam si fetes hodie: For if you stink today,
cras multo plus utique. Certainly tomorrow you will be worse.
Iacebis hic itaque And so you will be here
in deformi cemate In this deformed shape
Fiesque congeries And you will become a heap
uermium & sanies. Of worms and bloody matter.
Grande sterquilinium These large masses
he tuorum artuum Of your limbs
Grandes masse faciunt. Will make a great dung heap,
quos uermes confodient; Which the worms will dig thoroughly.
Infra penetralia Within those interiors
ista. multa milia Many thousands
Nascentur. & putribus Will be born
uescentur his carnibus; And will feed on this rotten flesh.
Cumque te uorauerint. When they have consumed
totamque consumpserint: And devoured you totally,
Then next they will turn
Conuertent ad inuicem To devouring themselves,
in sese uoraginem; And they will become a filthy heap.
Fientque congeries Thus a series of events
cenulenta. series. Will be completed;
Ita rerum exigit And God wished it thus.
& deus sic uoluit; And every changeable thing
Cunctam rem mutabilem Will revert to its origin.
ad suam originem;
Cuncta qui disposuit: He arranged all things
reversuram statuit. And decreed
Hora iam appropiat Now the time approaches
qua michi non liceat In which I can
nec loqui diuitius; Nor speak longer.
Ire tamen stimulo. But I am goaded by anger
hec super aditio To add one more thing:
Mea maledictio May my curse
& deus sic uoluit; Be with you always
Cunctam rem mutabilem And may it come without delay
ad suam originem;
Cunctam qui disposit: And remain with you.
reversuram statuit.
Totam te adimpleat May it fill you completely
totamque circumeat; And surround you completely.
Hanc habeto poderem Take this robe.
habeto diploidem. Take this cloak.
Ista tibi cinculum May it be your belt
sit per omne seculum; For all ages.
Ista te possideat May it possess you
ista te detineat And detain you
Hec te infernalibus And commit you
commendet spiritibus To the spirits below.
Hanc hereditario May this be granted to you
iure tibi tributio By hereditary right,
Vt tibi sit socia So that it may be your companion
per eterna secula; Through all ages.
Ali digna munere You are worthy of this reward of evil,
es. que omni tempore You through all time
Restitisti domino
& meo consilio;
[CC]uius infidelitas
ferme omnes alias
[F]recellit; hoc pessime
euge es dignissima;
[E]ccie iam atrocis
ucoor ad supplicia.
[D]emones accelerant
qui me illuc rapiant;
[Q]ui me fætidissimo
intrudent hospicio
[U]nde non egredi,
usque dum precipiar.
[H]e te rursus ingredi
in die iudicii;
[T]unc iussu dominico
ciamante archangelo;
[S]urgent omnes mortui
mox in ictu oculi.
In momento perulu,
testante apostolo;
Infra tale spatum
redibit ad proprium
Corpus omnis animæ
o quanta potentia;
Ego ad te miseram
necessæ est redeam.
Redieium faciam
sensumque restituum;
Cumque te suscepero:
resurgemus illico
Aduentum terribilis
prestolantes iudicis;
Cuius ad iudicium
omne genus hominum
Quod uixit & moritur:
simul congregabitur
In illo examine
erunt omnes animæ
Iudeorum gentium
christiœque credentium;
Non sine corporibus
sed sicut superius
Dixi. hoc est singule
in propru corpore.
Mundi ab origine
de ade propagine.
Vaque diem ultimum
quicquid habet animam
Quicquid homo fuerit:
judicio aderit.
Vox preconis celici
   cuiusdam archangeli
Terrarum in omnibus
audietur finibus.
Vox inquam adueniet
cunctisque precipiet
Dicens omnes surgite
defuncti. ac pergite
Ad magnum iudicium
regis regum omnium.
Surgent qui dormierant
sicut surdi audient
& qui claudi fuerant
sicut cerui salient;
Nulli de tot milibus
profecto fidelibus.
Deerit aut oculus
aut pes. aut articul. 
Dens. manus. aut digitus.
nec quicquam de artibus.
Nemo uere confitens
christum: quicquam.
indecens.
Sed nequid superfluum
feret ad iudicium;
In perfecta statua
surget omnis anima.
Coheredum domini
tam senis quam pueri.
O quam ammirabilis
 tanti uirtus iudicis.
Cuius sic imperio
tot fient tam subito;
Cuius sic potentia
restaurabit omnia.
Polorum perhennia
percepturis gaudia;
De nostris corporibus
non fuit doctoribus
Cura. ut dissererent
quomodo resurgerent;
Quippe que utilitas
  esset. si auctoritas
Definisset posteris
hoc de nobis miseris?
Qualescunque impij
resurgamus: inferi
Flammis deputabimur
quid procasset igitur
Scire quales erimus
cum resurrexerimus?
Utique si aliquem
gibbum uel loripedem.

The voice of some archangel,
The messenger of heaven,
Will be heard
To all the ends of the earth.
This voice, I say, will come
And will inform everyone,
Saying, 'All the dead,
Arise and proceed
To the great judgment
Of the King of all Kings.'
All those who slept will rise.
Let those who were deaf hear,
And those who were lame
Leap up like stags.
To no one of so many thousands
Of those who were really faithful
Will there be lacking either an eye,
Or a foot or a joint,
A tooth, a hand, or a finger,
Or any limb.
No one who truly acknowledges
Christ, however unsightly,
Will bring anything superfluous
To judgment.
Every soul will rise
In a perfected image,
All co-heirs of the Lord,
The old men as well as boys.
0, how admirable
Is the virtue of such a Judge
By whose power
So many things will happen thus so suddenly.
By whose power,
He will restore all things thus.
About our bodies,
Which were about to take in
The lasting joys of heaven,
There was no concern among the doctors
So that they might examine
How they rose.
Indeed, what advantage
Would these have been if their power
Had defined this for posterity
About our wretched selves?
Whatever sort of evil men we are,
Let us rise—and we below
Will be cut down by the flames.
Therefore, what advantage would it be
To know what we will be like
When we have risen?
Indeed, if some
Hunchback or bandy-legged men
Rectum tunc uel bipedem esse deus dederit:
Quid hoc ei proderit si dampnamus fuerit? 1236
Siue formosissimus siue deformossimus
Non euad meritem iudicis sententiam; 1240
The sentence of the Judge which he deserves.

Scriptum autem legitur. 1244

Omnis terre populus
Tunc petebunt noxia
tenebrarum abdita.
Tunc secreta cordium
procedent in publicum; 1248
Cecis cunctis debitur lux. & intuebitur.
Omnis caro populi salutare domini; 1252

Uidebunt ut peraent.
qui eum pupugerant.
& qui non correxerint que hic male gesserint; 1256
Video bunt ut gaudeant qui eum desiderant.
& eius custodunt
mandata & diligunt;
Cum quo cum aduenerit
cetus omnis aderit
Supernorum ciuium
sanctus ter clamantium;
Aderit & iudicis
mater ammirabilis
Virgo secretissima & laude dignissima. 1268
Quem hec mundi domina
hec regina celica
Salvari uoluerit
utut esse poterit; 1272
Nam quicquid pecerit
statim impetrauerit;
Nec ei negabitur
quicquid deprecabitur. 1276

Cuius ad memoriam
honorem & gloriam
Si fecisses pessima
& infeliciassima 1280
Templum uel basilicam aut rem quanuis modicam:

Per eius auxilium salutis remedium 1284

God had granted
To be straight or two-footed,
What will this profit him,
If he is to be condemned?
Whether one is very beautiful
Or very deformed,
He will not avoid
The sentence of the Judge which he deserves.

Moreover, in the Scripture it is found:

When
Every people of the earth,
Whether just or wicked, are revived,
Then will open the harmful
Secrets of darkness.
Then the secrets of hearts
Will advance into public view.
Light will be given
To all the blind,
And every one will be concerned
With worship'ng the Lord, dear to the people.

They will see how those perish
Who annoyed them
And who have not amended
What they had done wrong.
They will see how those rejoice
Who desire Him
And keep
And love His orders.
And when He has arrived,
There will be an assemblage
Of all celestial citizens,
Shouting "Holy" three times.
And the admirable Mother
Of the Judge will be there,
The most holy Virgin,
Most worthy of praise.
Whomever this mistress of the world
And heavenly queen
Wished to be saved
Will be safe.
For whatever she asks
He will do immediately.
Nor to her will anything be denied
Which she begs for;
In whose honor,
Glory and memory,
If you had made
A temple or basilica
Or anything, however moderate,
Even if you were very bad and most unfortunate,

Through her help
You could obtain
The remedy of salvation
On the Judgment Day.
You didn't want to, wretched one,
So I return to other things
Which I have begun.
And I will speak out
Because I am already being taken from here.
With the Judge named before,
At that test
There will be present innumerable thousands
Of the elect of the Lord,
Shining patriarchs,
Prophets, apostles,
Martyrs clothed in white,
Confessors, virgins—
All, after the two-fold
Sentence of the Judge,
About to carry away their bodies
To eternal joys.
There they will obtain a double garment
And indescribable
Glory
Which they had always hoped for.
When all of these have been seated
In good order,
The Lord Himself,
Sitting higher,
Will cause
That multitude
To be divided one after the other by the
angels:
The wicked on the left
And the others
On His right.
To the latter He will give
A most acceptable sentence,
Saying, 'You dearest sons
Of my Father,
Come forth and receive
The glory of my Kingdom
Which I have prepared for you
From the beginning of the world.
For, when I was hungry
Or dry from thirst,
And I recall that you,
In your devotion to charity,
Furnished food, drink,
Clothing, shelter,
To me, your Lord.
And when I was detained
In prison

Or sick from being confined, You were zealous In visiting your Lord. I received from you Comforts of various kinds.' This happy congregation Will answer the Lord, 'When did we see You like that Or do these things for You?' To this the Lord says, 'Because one of you did it For one of the least Of these, my brethren, And because whenever He did anything For these, he did it For love of me, Reward will be given to him Of which he will never be deprived. Now I will return to you All the alms Which you gave to a poor man With a reward many times as large. What once I promised, It is time for me to fulfill: Enter into the joy Which has no end.' Then to those trembling, Standing on the left, Us unhappy ones, The Lord Himself will say: 'Depart from me, You wicked heirs of Satan, And proceed, Cursed, wretched one Into the fire of hell Prepared by the Devil And his community. Seeing me weak, Needy and poor, Afflicted with imprisonments, Diseases and sores, Thirst and hunger And lack of clothes, And without lodging, No compassion moved you To bring even Moderate help. Against me You hardened your most wicked minds. You stopped up Your ears to my prayers.
Ego quoque ianuam

celi uobis obstruam.

Uos exclusi eritis

vicumque pro meritis.

Sumetis cum demone

uestre sortis principe.

Vos mea gens impia

abiecistis monita

Que mandauii facere

spreuistis. & saathane

Perpetrastis opera.

ipse uobis premis

Reddet. el desero

uos iure perpetuo;

Ite. sicque ilico:

nostra congregatio

Hosti crudelissimo

tradetur diabolo.

Qui de preda gratulans

cumministros aduocans:

Ducet gregem miserum

in ignem perpetuum;

Ibi post hec perpetem

tbe habebo comitem.

& inseperablim

penarum participe.

Ibi semper erimus.

nec mori poterimus.

Nec consumi penitus.

tantis crucatibus.

Ibi nos innumere

tomentorum genera.

Oportebit perpeti

modo miserabili;

Ibi nulla requies

nulla rerum speties.

Que nobis solatia

det. immo supplicia;

Ibi stridor dentium

erit. & mentarium

Gemitus. & lacrime.

reundabant undique.

Ve ue & alia

multa his similia.

Resonabant undique

in theatris saathane;

Fetorem quem senties;

iudicebis centies

Fortiorem omnibus

mundanis feteribus;

Ibi nostri calicis.

drat. caninus sulfuris.
& procelle spiritus
& dolorque innumerus;
Ibi nostra civitas.
& nostra hereditas.
In qua uxor lecticie
nula. set meesticie;
Hec est mora perpetua.
que nobis o pessimia
Pro tua multitia
debetur in secula.
Juste a iustissimo
maledicta domino.

And storm
And measureless pain.
There is our citizenship
And our inheritance,
In which there is no sound of happiness;
But of sorrow.
This is perpetual death,
Which by us, o worst one,
For your wickedness
Will be repaid unto eternity,
Justly cursed
By a most just Lord."

Dvm hec uoce querula
perorasset anima:
Vidit mirabilia
pontifex per sompnia
Vidit enim propere
quasi reuluiscere
Cadauer exanime.
& caput eriger.
Eminens ab numerus
super bustum marmoris;
A uultuque pal.
sublato sudario:
Disputans hoc ordine
respondebat anime;
O infelissima
cum bene sis conscia
Quia ducta gaudia
culpa perdis propri:
Cur exprobras omnia
tua michi uitie
Annotasque misera
tua michi opera?
Quasi tu innocua
insens & iustissima
Fueras per omnia
ute nostre spatia;
An sic tui sceleris
totum onus poteris
Super me imponere
& a te excutere?
Multis atque grauibus
accusationibus
Me dampane niteris
quasi nil deliqueris
Quasi accusatio
mei & dampratio

When these things with plaintive voice
The soul had finished saying,
The bishop through dreams
Saw wondrous things.
For he saw quickly
Coming back to life, as it were,
A lifeless body;
And it raised its head,
Projecting from its shoulders,
Over the marble tomb.
When from its pallid face
The shroud was taken,
Arguing in this way
It answered the soul:
"O most unhappy one,
Since you are well aware
That the joys of life
You are losing through your own fault--
Why do you charge all
Your vices to me
And put down to my account
Your wretched works?
As if you have been harmless,
Innocent, and most just
Throughout the whole
Space of our life.
Or can you thus put
On me the whole weight
Of your wickedness
And drive it from yourself?
With many serious
Accusations
You strive to damn me,
As if you had committed no crime,
As if my accusation
And damnation
Tibi excusatio
fiat. & salutatio.

Vel quasi remissius
tibi sit & leuius.

Cum me in miserijs
socium habueris;

Esto. set nunc interim
qualecumque fuerim:

Detur michi obsceco
locus. ut de cetero

Causam meam prosequar
& forsan inuenier

Respondere aliquid.
quod tibi non proderit;

Propulso mendatio
adsit queso ratio.

Vt inter nos scilicet
equitatem iudicet.

Multis testimoniis
tuis querimonijs

Contraire potero:
si tempus habueris;

Argumentis pluribus
ueris. probabilibus.

Atque necessarijs
conuinci potueris.

Quia falsa quereris
de multis que loqueris

Si potes attendere:
presto sum ostendere

Dignum te supplicijs
pro tuis flagiciis

Ioque uolo noueris
non singule singulis

Opponendo prosequar
set its ut uideer

Nec uero resistere
neque false cedere;

Ad id tantum operam
debo. ut que proferam:

Attestetur ratio
carere mendatio

Luges & conquereris
quod penis addiceris

Sine me. & asseris
quod inuste ageris;

Ecce in hos etiam
cum nil tibi suggeram

Peccasti. dominica
blasphemans iudicia;

Iustus enim dominus.
cunctis in operibus.

Became for you an excuse
And salvation;

Or as if it were less severe
For you and lighter.

Since you had me
As a companion in wretchednesses,

Let it be. But now meanwhile,

Whatever sort I was,
I beseech, let there be given to me

A spot, that as for the rest
I may pursue my case

And perhaps find
Something to answer

Which will not be helpful to you.
With falsehood thrown out,

I ask that reason assist,
In order that between us actually

It may render fairness.
With many testimonies

Your complaints
I shall be able to contradict;
If I had time,

You could have been convinced

By more
True, credible,
And unavoidable arguments

That you complained erroneously
About many things that you said.

If you can pay attention,
I am ready to show

That you are worthy of punishment
And I want you to know it.

Not by opposing details to details
Shall I proceed,

But in such a way that I seem
Neither to resist the truth

Nor to yield to falsehood.
To this alone my energy

I shall give, in order that reason may

That what I offer
Lacks falsehood.

You moan and complain

Because you are given over to punishment
Without me; and you maintain

That you are being treated unjustly.
Behold in this, too--

While I imply nothing about you--
You sinned,

Blaspheming the Lord's judgments.
For the Lord is just

In all His works
And He distributes all things
With exceeding fairness.
Therefore, whatever you suffer
Or will suffer,
It is certain that it happens
By a most just judgment.
Justly you are punished first
Who are known
To have thought the crimes
Before they became deeds.
Every contrivance of evil,
Big or very small,
Was invented by your
Art and industry.
And when you arranged it
As you wanted,
You ordered me quickly
To put it in operation.
Your wish was a command
For miserable me,
Which at no time
Could I resist.
And so it behooved me
To bring about
Whatever it was
Which pleased you.
And so, to your desires
And commands
Obedient, innumerable
Sins I committed.
I have sinned: now I am sorry.
But not in time; for actually
That repentance
Does not effect remission.
Adam, the first of men,
Never against the Lord
Would have acted, if by his own
Decision he had stood.
But because he found truth
In his wife's urgings,
Whom the serpent had deceived,
He therefore by law lives in exile.
Thus I, wretched,
Am stinking flesh, wasted away
And most useless.
I am very worthy of death.
A deservedly terrifying
Sentence I await,
I who have obeyed you more
Than my Maker.
And because I have deserted Him
By favoring your wickedness,
Veritatem fateror.
cane sum deterior;
Ipse ad imaginem
& similitudinem
Suam nos compositum.
meque tibi subddidit;
Me tibi hospitium
facet. tu dominium
Sumens eius munere:
me fecisti uiuere;
Factis unum denique
nobis, sue gratie
Largitus est munere.
delens ade crimina;
Pompis & operibus
demonis. & omnibus
Eius suasionibus
abrenuntiuimus;
Deponentes ueterem
exuimus hominem.
qui est dei filius;
Qui ut nos redimeret
peccatumque tolleret
Per quod mundus periiit:
multa pati uoluit;
Passus est obprobria
& crucisque supplicia
Se' s mortis uincula
Vnde die tercia
Surgens. iam non moritur
permanens quod dicitur;
Mors ei ulterius
neque participius
Eius dominabitur
felices suntigitur;
Nos autem miserrimi
cum essemus liberi
Incidimus iterum
demonis in laqueum;
Spernentes consortium
redemptoris omnium:
Adhesimus demoni
Nexnu insolubili
Nos ergo culpabiles
& inexcusabiles
Tua tamen graudior
culpa. quia promptior
Ad effectum sceleris
fuisse dinooceris;
I confess the truth:
I am lower than a dog.
He made us
In His image
And likeness
And subjected me to you.
He made me your host.
You, taking your dominance
From His favor,
Made me come to life.
On us, at length made one being,
He bestowed
The gifts of His grace,
Destroying the sins of Adam.
The pomps and works
Of the Devil and all
His exhortations
We renounced.
Putting aside the old
Man, we have taken him off
And put on the new,
Who is the Son of God;
Who to redeem us
And to take on sin,
Through which the world perished,
Wanted to suffer much.
He suffered the disgrace
And punishment of the Cross.
But even the bonds of death
He loosed with His own death;
From which on the third day
He rose, with wondrous power;
Now He does not die
But is said to be everlasting.
And death will no longer
Rule Him
Nor those who share His lot.
They are happy, therefore;
We, however, most miserable.
When we were free,
We fell again
Into the Devil's snare.
Rejecting the fellowship
Of the Redeemer of all,
We were bound to the Devil
By an unloosable knot.
We therefore are to blame
And cannot be excused.
Greater, nevertheless, is your
Blame, because you are known
To have been quicker
To the accomplishment of evil.
Tu uires ad impia
michi debes opera
Atque tuis stimulis
incumbebam uicijs.
Tu per mea labia
debeas mendatia
False testimonii
dolos & perjurii;
Per tua incendia
gule desideria
Adimplebam sepius
excrerendis dapibus;
Tu manus tu digltos
tu pedes tu oculos
Mouebas ad omnia
deo odibilis.
Quid narrarem singula?
tota eram dedita
Seruituti demonum
per tuum imperium;
Nulla uel uix aliqua
hora a malitia
Quieuisse poteram
malem propter hospitam;
Me quam in insidias
tueri debueras:
Instrumentum feceras
ad omnes nequitias;
O infelix anima
quam fuisti cupida
Contumax in inuidia
tumensque superbia
Ego nil cupiueram
nichil adquisieram
Michil mali gesseram
nisi per te miseram
Ego nec argenteos
quesisse nec aureos
Torques. gemmas anulos
nec frumenti modios;
Non preciosissimas
uestes. neque uines.
Neque greges pecorum.
neque saltus nemorum
Non canes non uolucres
neque equos agiles.
Neque tam innumer
epulorum genera
Bisuum neque purpuram
neque pellem variam.
Nec pompam multiplex
nec formosam coniugem;
You gave strength to me
For wicked works
And by your incentives
I applied myself to vice.
Through my lips you
Told lies,
False testimony,
Deceits and perjuries.
Through your passions,
The desires of gluttony,
I too often filled up
With accursed feasts.
My hands, fingers,
Feet, eyes
You moved toward all things
Hateful to God.
Why should I tell details?
I was totally given
To the service of devils
By your command.
At no or scarcely any
Hour from wickedness
Was I able to rest
Because of my wicked host.
Me, whom against snares
You should have protected,
You made an instrument
For all villainies.
O, unhappy soul,
How covetous you have been!
How insolent and envious,
And swelling with pride!
I would have coveted nothing,
I would have acquired nothing,
I would have done no evil,
If because of wretched you
I had sought neither silver
Nor gold chaplets,
Gems, rings,
Nor bushels of grain
Nor the most expensive
Garments, nor vineyards,
Nor flocks of cattle,
Nor tracts of forests,
Nor dogs, nor birds,
Nor nimble horses,
Nor so numberless
Kinds of dishes,
Satin nor purple,
Nor variegated leather,
Nor multiple display,
Nor a beautiful wife.
Michi non infamia
inhesisset aliqua
Nec concupiscencia
nisi per te anima.
Errat atque desipit
omnis qui non aspicit
Quia tua grandior
culpa sit. & grauior.
Non ego tot horrida
perpetrassem crimina
Nisi quod tirannidi
tue ntims parui.
Ex me nullum penitus
prodiisset facinus
Quippe que nil poteram
nisi per te miseram;
Antequam adheseram
tibi. non timeram
Mortem. nec ignjuomes
acherontis caueas;
O deus. o utinam
dedisses culuspam
Me fuisse uolucris
corpus. uel quadrupedis; 1720
Vtinam uoatable
esse. uel aquatile
Animal uel marmoris
pars. uel truncus
arboris. 1724
Anguis aut uermiculus
non timerem ampius
Concremanda ingeri
in profundum inferi;
Non timerem demones
nec penas horribiles
Tremendumque omnibus
iudicum gentibus. 1732
Vbi & angelicelli
pauebunt. & angelii.
Ubi reddet singulis
dominus pro meritis;
Non est infelicitas
ulla. nec calamitas
Nostre comparerabilis.
tam est miserabilis;
Vermes. pisces. pecora
cunctae mortalia
Moriendi ordinem
tenent. preter hominem; 1744
Mortuis corporibus;
mortui sunt spiritus.
Nec ea ulterius —
resurgere credimus; 1748

No ignominy
Would have adhered to me
Nor concupiscence
Except through you, soul.
Everyone errs and is foolish
Who does not see
That greater is your
Blame, and heavier.
Not so many horrible
Crimes would I have committed
Except that your tyranny
I obeyed too much.
From me alone no
Sin would have come,
Who, to be sure, could do nothing
Except through wretched you.
Before I was joined
To you, I had not feared
Death nor the fire-belching
Caves of Acheron.
0 God, would that
You had permitted
Me to have been the body
Of any bird or quadruped;
Would that I had wings
Or were a water
Animal or a piece of marble
Or the trunk of a tree.
As a snake or a little worm
I would fear no more
Being brought to be burned
In the abyss of hell.
I would not fear the devils
Nor the horrible punishments
And the judgment
At which all nations must tremble,
When even the archangels
Tremble, and the angels;
When the Lord renders to each
According to his merits.
There is no unhappiness
Not misfortune
Comparable to ours,
It is so miserable.
Worms, fish, cattle,
And all mortal things
Have a finality of dying
Except man.
When their bodies are dead,
Their spirits have died;
And these no more
Rise, we believe.
Si me reuiiscere
oporet. ac surgere.
Ista resurrectio:
michi est perditio;
Hoc est per te anima
que ad tuum misera
Redibil hospiciun
passura supplicium
Vtinam altissimo
placuisset domino:
Ut perieres penitus.
sicut bruti spiritus;
Nam si deus omnium
te prorsus in nichilum
Redigi preciperet:
bene tibi faceret;
Non probares amplius
quis inferni puteus.
Quantus que tartareis
fetor sit in tenebris;
Set incassum fabulor.
erba sunt que eloquor.
Nil in hoc proficio
non erit quod cupio;
Culpa nostra ueniam
non habebito quoniam
Semper iniquissimo
seruiimus dominu;
Iste nos innumeris
affliget suppliciis
Neque finem capiet
pena qua nos puniet;
Ego tuus servus
eram olim. tumidus.
Et superbus oppido.
unde nimis doleo;
Set quicquid superfluum
deoque non placitum
Me fecisse memini:
te docente didici;
Equum tibi feceras
me. & imposueras
Grauem michi sarcinam
quam ferre non poteram
Sarcinam non potui.
sustinere. corru.
Surgere non valeo.
uita per te careo;
Dum michi prefueras:
sepe me uexaueras.
Sepe me coegeras
ire per illecebras;
If I must come back to life
And rise,
That resurrection
Will be my destruction.
This is your fault, soul,
Who shall return miserably
To your hostel
To receive punishment.
Would that it had pleased
The most high Lord
That you perish completely,
Like the spirit of the brute.
For if the God of all
Would order you
To be reduced again into nothing,
He would be doing you a favor.
You would no more examine
What the pit of hell is like
Or how great is the stench
In the darkness of the infernal regions.
But I speak in vain:
Mere words are what I say.
I am getting nowhere in this.
What I desire will not be.
Our blame
Will have no pardon.
Since we served
A most wicked master,
He will afflict us
With numberless punishments,
Nor will the punishment with which he
punishes us
Come to an end.
Once upon a time I was your servant,
Arrogant
And exceedingly proud.
Wherefor I grieve exceedingly.
But I remember
That I did everything superfluous
And unpleasing to God.
I learned while you taught.
You had made me your horse
And placed upon me
A heavy load
Which I could not bear.
I could not sustain the weight.
I have sunk to the ground.
I cannot get up.
I am without life because of you.
While you presided over me,
You often abused me.
Often you forced me
To undergo seductions
While you led the way.
I would rush into out-of-the-way places;
That is, into illicit paths.

Pleasing to the Devil.
Indeed, with you no rest
I would take.

How long I have had you
As my companion and mistress!
Would that I from this time forward
Might not have you as a teacher,
Nor guide, nor mistress;

Really not even as a companion.
Your society
Made us exiles, miserable,
And worthy of

Perpetual punishment.
While you presided over me,
You made me clever,
Attentive, most ready

For every malice.
The braver I was because of my distinguished lineage

The more cruel was I;
Let the lineage perish

Which magnifies punishments.
The more powerful anyone is,
The more fiery is the strength
Which twists the mighty

Until they are miserable in hell.
The richer a crooked man is,
The harsher the torture.
The more crooked the rich man is,

The more severe the pain.
For, those who exult more
In their pack of lies
Will be wracked more

By the fires of Gehenna.
0 you, most unhappy
And worthy of death--
I'm talking to you, soul--

Forsaken wretch,
You have dragged me
And yourself.
To inevitable destruction

And completely by your fault we sink.
I should like it with the greatest pleasure
If I could kill you.
You who are the occasion

For my not having life;
You, who should have
Brought me to safety
Through the shoals of the sea,

Have sunk below the sea.
Putasti eusedere
sola. non sic utique.
Hic teneris anchora.
non pertinges littores;
Nos tuo regimine
sumus in salisugine.
In mari periculo
sine adminiculo;
Blastemus nauiculam.
set ne uerum taceam:
The sunt blasphemie.
que debebas regere;
Quaecumque pericula
incurrat nauiculam:
Culpa nautam respicit
qui regendam suscipit
Culpa stulti nauite
tradita sum satane
Cui cum sim tradita:
penitus sum perdata;
Tua somnolentia
tua negleantia
Versum heat hospitium
tuum. in excidium
Obseruare spreueras
domum quam debueras
Excubere. defuit
custos. domus patuit;
Deerant excubie
facte sunt insidie.
Fur ingressus repuit
quicquid ei placuit;
Trabes. laquearia.
queque necessaria
Domus tue repuit
repeins pessumdedit.
Patefactis cameris
clauibus adulteris:
Vendicarunt impij
hostes domum domini;
Que orationibus
creata. latronibus
Specus & predonibus
facta est demonibus;
Tu custos. tu domina
illis consentanea
Criminalis merito
pulsa ab hospitio;
Quod ubi te caruit:
nullem prorsus habuit
In se ualitudinem.
neque sensum aliquem;
You thought to escape alone;
It certainly was not this way.
You are held here by an anchor:
You will not reach the shore.
We by your guidance
Are in the brine,
In danger of the sea
Without support.
You curse the little boat;
But lest I keep the truth silent,
Your curses are
What you should control.
Whatever dangers
The little ship meets,
The blame reflects upon the sailor
Who undertook to sail it.
By the fault of a stupid sailor
I am handed to Satan;
Since I am handed to him,
I am completely destroyed.
By your sleepiness,
By your negligence,
Your hostel has been converted
Into destruction.
You scorned to watch
The house which you should have watched.
The guard was gone.
The house stood open;
The watchmen were gone;
Plots were made.
A thief entered and took
Whatever pleased him:
Beams, panels,
Everything necessary
For your house he took.
Taking them, he destroyed them.
When the rooms had been opened
By forged keys,
The wicked enemies sold
The house of the Lord.
What was created for prayers
Was made a den for thieves
And pirates--
For demons.
You, the guard, the mistress,
Agreeable to these,
Complain, though rightly thrown out
From the host
Who, when he did not have you,
Had utterly no
Strength in himself.
Nor any sensation.
Set ut cecus preuium
non habens. in puteum
Cadit: ita corrui
postquam te non habui;
Postquam in hunc cecidi
puteum. non potui
Surgere. nec aliqua
senai adiutoria;
Postquam hic iacueram:
non fuit qui dexteram
Jacenti porrigeret
ut me hinc extraheret;
Anima multimodis
uerbis me redarguis
Accusasque grauiter
et ego te pariter;
Sed hec disputatio
non est consummatio
Mali. sed est stimulus
doloris. & cumulus;
Non est altercatio
unde consolatio
Nobis iam proveniat.
& que penis augeat;
Causar is me nimium.
& magistrum scelerum
Me fulsse asseris.
& quod per me perderis;
Ego contra astruo
quod tu es occasio
Per quam mihi perdito
negatur redemptio;
Sed qui uidet omnis
antequam sint condita:
Nouit & considerat
cuius culpa superat;
Quem non fallit truita
iam libruit crimin.
Nostra. & quo pendeat
libra: iam considerat;
Hoc ii innotuerit
quibus scire proderit.
Nam si notum fieret
nobis: nil proficeret;
Illis scire licet
quos uite uis vegetat.
Qui a suo scelere
sequent resipiscere;
Sed nobis quid ualeat
si hoc scire licet:
Nulla sapientia
reddet nobis perdita.
Per nullam scientiam
iudicis sententiam.              1960
Nec quam promeruimus
iram declinabimus;
Nullius noticia
dignas amicitias
Dei nos efficiet.
nec mirum uidelicet;
Ab ipsius federe
elongate misere.
Non recuperabimus.
quod ultro perdidimus.
Iam in libra posita
ponderantur crimina
Inter nostra uita
prestat avaritia;
Ipsa suo pondere
nos festinat ponere
Per hiatus cerberi
in profundum inferi;
Per eam confundimur
perimus & morimur.
Nec est nobis amodo
alia redemptio
Si pro nobis quippiam
donet elemosinam
Siue missas celebret;
nobis nil proficiet;
Sub celo nec monachus
est. neque canonicus.
Cuius sacrilegus precibus
nobis fiat leius;
Sacerdos nec uidia.
propinquus nec adversus
Possunt nobis aliqua
ferre adiutoria;
Non est cuius meritis
nobis de preteritis
Detur indulgentia
ita stat sententia.
Index ita censuit
qui peccatis repperit.
Nos omnino deditas
& malis implicitas;
Quis in nobis repperit
malis finem posuit.
Sed que nos inuenit
mala: non deficient;
Non licebit aliqua
perpetrare crimina
Sed pro gestis: horrida
capiemus premia.

Through no knowledge
Shall we avoid
The sentence of the Judge
Nor the anger we have merited.
No one's knowledge
Will make us
Worthy of God's friendship.
And no wonder, to be sure.
From His covenant
Wretchedly removed
We shall not recover
What by our own will we have lost.
Already placed on the scales,
Our crimes are being weighed.
Among our vices

Avarice stands out:
By its own weight
It hurries to put us
Through the open jaws of Cerberus
Into the abyss of hell;
Through it we are confounded,
We perish, and we die.
Nor is there for us from this time forward
Any redemption.
If anyone on our behalf
Gives alms,
Or if he celebrates masses,
It will be no benefit for us.
Under the sky there is no monk
Nor canon,
By whose holy prayers
It will be lighter for us.
Priest nor widow,
Neighbor nor stranger
Can bring
Any help to us.
There is no one for whose past merits
There might be given
To us indulgence.
Thus stands the sentence;
Thus the Judge has decreed,
Who by our sins has found us out,
Completely given to
And involved with evils.
He has put an end to the evils
Which He has discovered in us.
But evils which will come upon us
Will not be lacking.
We will not be allowed
To commit any crimes.
But for our deeds
We shall get horrible rewards.
Nec mirum omnimoda
si negetur uenia
Nobis: que nullatenus
peccare desiiumus;
Sed sicut temporibus
cunctis proni fulimus.
Ad agenda scelera
sic erunt & premia.
Sicut prauis actibus
finem non posuimus:
Sic non erit exitus
nostris cruciatibus;
& quibus humanitas
defuit & piietas.
Cum inesse debuit:
ultra prorsus deerit
Sed quam exercuimus
agendo seuitiam:
Hanc recompensabimus
patiendo centuplam;
Intuere igitur
quantum mente capitur.
Quanta tolerabimus
culpis exigentibus;
Vide quid amisimus
& quid adquisiimus.
Perdimus innumera
nostra propter scelera.
In perhenni solio
non est nobis portio.
Vila, set cum inferis.
plutone & ceteris;
Vbi diffidentie
omnis indulgentie
Plus uerint in intimis
quam gehenna deforis;
Ubi desperatio
maior crux & passio
Erit. quam incendia.
umquam merciscntis;
Docet enim ueritas
quod non est dubietas.
Quia sit perpetuos
ignis. quem meruimus;
In cuius incendio
uremur perpetuo.
Quo dira captivitates
non habet inducis;
Constat namque pluribus
scriptis attestantibus
Quoniam in baratro
nulla est redemptio
And no wonder
If every sort of pardon
Will be denied to us
Who in no wise stopped sinning;
But as at all times
We were prone
To committing sin,
So will be also the rewards.
As we put no limit
On our crooked deeds,
So there will be no end
To our tortures.
To whom human feeling
And pesty was lacking
When it should have been there,
It will further be utterly absent.
But what cruelty
We employed in doing
We shall pay back
One hundred-fold in suffering.
Consider, therefore,
How crazed we shall be,
What great things we shall bear
Since our faults demand them.
See what we have lost
And what we have gained.
We are lost
On account of our numberless offenses.
On a lasting throne
There is no portion for us.
But with those in the underworld--
Fluto and the rest--
Where those souls despairing
Of all pardon
Will burn more within
Than outside of hell,
Where despair will be
The greater cross and suffering,
Greater than the fires--
There will never be idleness.
Truth teaches what
There is no uncertainty about:
That there is perpetual
Fire which we have deserved,
In whose flame
We shall burn eternally.
Where the dread captivity
will have no cessation.
Certainly it is attested to
In many writings.
Since in the abyss of Hell
There is no redemption,
Ipse princeps inferi
nec unius miseri
Relaxaret animam
ob mercedem aliam;
Quicquid habet orien
gazarum uel occident
Si si promitteres:
nil tibi proficeris;
Cruciere noxias
plus affectat animas.
Quam totius gloriam
mundi uel pecuniam;
Et quanto quis prostri
eius ad obsequeia
Tanto ille seuit
in reddendo premia;
Ita honorificat
sibi quos illaqueat.
Sic renumerabitur
qui ei obsequitur;
Hec qui ei servient
donatius capiet.
Hec habebit premia
ipsius familie
Qui plus hic obsequitur
plus ibi torqucubit.
Aliud nil premij
possidebunt impij
Quid in istis immoror?
ira grandi repleor
Irataque doleo
quod inulta pereo.
O infelix anima
Si qua michi commoda
Prouentire crederem
iam te maledicerem
Set est maledictio
mulieris ultio
Verum omni strenuo
parum consolatio
Satis malediceris
Que penis addiceris.
& eternis ignibus
pro tuis criminibus;
Cum recordor pristine
nostre amicitie
& de nostra gloria
recurrit memoria:
Impium & facinus
reir in te acrius
Amplius insurgere
teque maledicere.

The prince of darkness himself
Would not loose the soul
Of a single sufferer
For any reward.
Whatever treasure the Orient has
Or the West,
If you were to promise it to him,
You would not help yourself.
To punish guilty souls
He strives more than
For the glory of the whole
World or for money.
And the prompter someone is
To comply with him,
The fiercer is he
In paying out his reward.
So does he honor
Those whom he snares.
This is the recompense
For those who obey him.
Those who comply will
Receive these gifts.
This will be the remuneration
For the family of that man.
He who gives more obedience here
Will suffer more there.
No other reward
Will the wicked receive.
Why do I delay on this?
With great wrath I am filled
And in my anger I grieve
That I perish unavenged.
O unhappy soul!
If I thought any good
Would come to me,
I would curse you.
But a woman's revenge
Is a curse.
Still, for every vigorous person
There is small comfort.
You are cursed enough
And given over to the depths
And to the eternal fires
For your crimes.
When I remember our
Former friendship,
And the memory
Of our glory recurs,
I think of a wicked crime
Rising up more bitterly
And more extensively against you
And indicting you.
You still remember
By how great a bond
And mutual obligation we used to be bound,
We friends.

When there is much joy,
There is much friendship.
We passed through life

While we were permitted;
Now we have sorrow and sadness.
In place of those treaties of friendship
We consider ourselves enemies.

Alas, there is a reversal of our situation!
Truly this change of our lofty position is swift;

In so short a time
These [devils] will drag us down
Into a most loathsome abyss,
Where for those who once enter
There will be no return.

I already feel that I am completely lacking a soul.
Nor will I be able long to speak with you henceforth.
My sight is failing,
My tongue, speech, breath;
And because I am without you,
As though cut off, I am silent."

These words ended, immediately the body was seen to stretch itself out,
With head thrown back;
And suddenly the grave gave out a sound of cracking,
Like the breaking of limbs being stretched out by force.
And soon with a feeble sound the body sent forth a sigh
As do many men when they die.
But the unhappy soul in the form of an infant stood near, gazing on
All the most sorrowful things.
Having seen them, straightening, it tore its hair with both hands.
And with its nails its face, now beating its breast, now seeming to want
to tear out both eyes
With a curved forefinger.
Torturing itself and so desiring to surrender to death, it made no moderate lament. And soon in pitiable state, weeping and weeping, the form lay thrown on the ground as though dead. And rising very quickly, it cried out most often that it was a wretched captive, as it uttered its lament, saying, "O most wretched one, why were you born?" Why were you created, who could not die? O king of Heaven above and equally of earth, why are you angry with me who am such a weak thing? However much it is worth, still, I beg, let me complain before I go to the gates of hell. If not undeservedly, but justly and as my due, I should dare to speak, I ought to be angry. For which reason, though very rashly, I seem right to attempt something. Lo, I speak out, I, who cannot be silent. When you created me, a burden unbearable and intolerable you placed on me, namely, the burden of flesh, which though it was made good by you, quickly destroyed what good it had and became so fragile that at each hour it would commit some wrong as long as it lived here. Overturned by its weight, O god, its maker, I have fallen, yielding to the burden of the flesh. But equally to my whole soul it happened in such fashion so that no day passed on which it did not do evil.
Ex quo carnis uinculo alligatur: illico Subditur diabolo astricta ciropapho; Peccatrices itaque fiunt omnes anime. & quo hic diutius uiuunt; eo amplius In carnis ergastulo nec unus spatio Diei est aliqua abaque noxa nimis; Non est tanti meriti quisquam. ut preteriti Nil in se reperiat quod delere debet; Neque tam iustissimus de futuris casibus Qui nil sibi timent ne in crimen incidat; O quanto calamitatis quanta infelicitas Quod tantas injurias nostra suffert dignitas; O natura hominis nunc dei, nunc demonis. Subdita imperiis. plena es miserijs; Que dextra mirifica dei bona condita: Nunc caduca fragilis hostibus subigeri. O deus tu quamobrem creasti sic hominem Quem antequam feceras peritum noueras; Mirum est & indecens te qui tam es sapiens Velle quid incipere quod nolis perficere; Creans enim hominem. dederas imaginem. Ei tue similem. o quam caustudinem; Factus est ut cium concius celestium Fieret. perpetuis fructurus gaudijs; Cum ita decreueris deus; cur nunc pateris Eum preda fieri demonis & inferi?
Quem ad uitam feceras
quare mori toleras?
Quem sic preelegeras
modo sic repudias?
Quod ad celos tendere
uolebas: descendere
Ad infernum pateris
tu qui potens diceris?
Qui humani generis
pater es & diceris
Cur perire toleras
quod saluare poteris?
Condelectat perdere
quod in celo uiuere
Tecum disposueras
& ob id hoc feceras?
Numquid promiseras
dauid. de quo dixeras
Seruum enim mihi repperi
uirum magne fidei.
Vunxi eum oleo
& ipse in brachio
Meo confirmabitur
manuque iuuabitur;
Hostes eius conteram.
& in fugam redigam.
In me prosperabitur:
quicquid operabitur;
Veritas, iusticia.
& misericordia.
Mea ei aderit.
& hiis quos genuerit;
Inque meo nomine
hic cum suo semine
Nimis sublimabitur;
& multiplicabitur;
In seculum seculi
uiuent eius filij.
Si autem deliquerint
& me irritauerint:
Visitabo scelera
eorum per uerbera
Sed misericordiam
ab eo non auferam;
Idem quoque domine
promisisti abrahe.
Quod in eius semine
saluarentur anime.
Vbi nunc he domine
sunt misericordias.
Quas sanctis promiseras
si in me sic uindicas?

Why do You suffer to die
Him whom You made for life?
Him whom You have so predestined,
Why do You thus now repudiate?
What You wanted to strive for Heaven,
Why do You allow to
Descend to hell,
You who are called powerful?
You who are and are called
Father of the human race,
Why do You allow to die
What You could have saved?
Does it delight You to destroy
What You had fashioned
To live with You in Heaven
And because of whom You had done this?
Did you not make a promise
To David, concerning whom
You said, 'I have found myself a servant,
A man of great faith.
I have anointed him with oil
And he will be strengthened
By my arm,
And by my hand will he be aided;
For I will wipe out his enemies
And will put them to flight.
In me will he prosper,
Whatever he does.
My truth, justice,
And mercy
Will aid him
And his offspring;
And in my name
He with his children
Will be exceedingly exalted
And multiplied.
Forever
Will his sons live.
But if they abandon me,
And anger me
I will meet their sins
With scourges;
But my mercy
I will not take from them.'
The same too, O Lord,
You promised to Abraham,
That souls in his line
Would be saved.
Where now, O Lord,
Is this mercy
Which You promised the saints,
If You so punish me?
Quid inquam lucraberis quando ultus fueris.
In me rem miserrimam fragilem ac friuolam?
Non laudabunt mortui nomen sanctum domini.
Nec omnis quos putaeus deglutit tartareus;
Nesciet hec ciuitas que tua sit pietas
Neque tuo nomin
laudem debitis perdit;
Que ergo promiseras: irrita ne facias.
Reduc quod perierat ad quod facta fuerat;
Perfice quod ceperas.
peccatrices animas
Libera per unici passionem filij;
Querere qui uenerat ouem que perierat.
Quam inuentam proprijs posuit in humeris.
Reducens ad patriam per mortem spontaneam.
Redemptam. & sanguine quem sumpsit de uirgine;
Hinc est unde disputant qui te plum predicant
Multi. multipartiae
nitentes assere
Quod sit injustice deputandum nimie
Si perire debeat quod iesus redimerat;
Quis se eximiens seruilemque induens
Formam: morte propra
soluit ade uinicula;
Nos quibus condoluit visitarie soluit
Factus quod non fuerat
manens quod extiterat
Factus est passibilis
deus invisibilis.
Vt infirmus languido fieret salvatio;
Non emin est medicus infirmis idoneus.
Nisi condescenderit ei qui languerit.
Eleuatus denique
in crucis quadrifide
Ligno: clausa lanceam
super per clementiam
In se figi pertulit.
sique tibi optulit
Se pro nobis hostiam
patr. beneplacitam;
Perforato latere
a longino milite:
Sanguinis effusio
mundi fit redemptio;
Quia ergo dominum
pro salute omnium
Constat per se hominem:
sic uicisse demonem;
In iussum hoc igitur
a multis decernitur.
Vt hostis nunc repetat
quod vicit amiserat;
Quod tante clemencie
sit. sue potentiae
Vt quo christi fuerat
usurpare audeat;
Presumatque subdolus
retemptare aditus.
Quos per mortem perdidit
quam salvator subijt;
Ipse quidem subiit
mortem. Quia uoluit;
Sicque lupum terruit
qui nos diu tenuit:
Lupus praede perdita.
latitans per absida.
Querebat quid reperet
inuersaque sicilet;
Nam cernens girouagam
me. nec bene prouidam.
Tetendit muscipulam.
resumpsitque miseram;
Captam ecce latebris
iam me fiddissimis.
& horrendo carcere
festinat intrudere;
Non ut me max deuoret.
uerum ut se satiet.
Si sat ei fuerit
cum me uri 'uiderit.
He sunt eius epule
gehennales facule.
Extorrentes miserar
quas decepit animas;
Raised finally onto the wood
Of a four-part cross,
He endured the nails, in His mercy,
And, besides, the lance thrust
Into His side.
And so to You He offered
Himself for us, a sacrifice
Pleasing to the Father.
From His side pierced
By the soldier Longinus,
The outpouring of His blood
Became the redemption of the world.
Because, then, the Lord
Himself a man,
So conquered the devil
For the salvation of all,
It is seen by many as unjust
That the enemy should now
Demand again
What he lost when conquered;
Because His power
Was so merciful
That he [the enemy] should dare
To usurp what was Christ's
And that he should presume craftily
To try again the approaches
Which he lost through the death
Which the Saviour underwent.
To be sure, He suffered
Death because He wanted to;
And so He terrified the wolf
Which long held us.
The wolf, when his prey was lost,
Lying hid in concealed places,
Was seeking what he might seize,
And surely found it.
For, seeing me wandering around,
Not paying attention,
He struck out his wretched trap
And pulled me back.
Behold me now, caught
By the surest snares.
He hurries to thrust me
Into his dreadful prison,
Not that he may soon devour me
But that he may satisfy himself:
It is sufficient for him
To see me burn.
These are the hell-torches
Of his banquet,
 Burning the wretched souls
Which he has caught.
His gaudet delicijs
istud pro diuitijs
Computat in gentibus
& quid dicam amplius?
Ve michi ut misere.
ecce duo proprius
Irruunt horribiles
ipsius satellites;
Isti iam arripient
me. secumque deferent.
Nam non est qui redimat.
nec qui saluum faciat;
Non est qui occurrere
peret. nec defendere.
Neque archangelius.
quia quae angelus;
Propheta, apostolus.
neque martir in citus
Confessor, nec omnibus
ulla de virginibus.
Nec mirum. non merui
a quoquum dum potui;
Vt michi succurreret
cum opus accideret;
Ve michi ut milies.
deus meus ubi es?
Ve michi quid faciam?
quo uertar. quo fugiam?
Dum sic miserrima
quereretur anima.
Pallens. tremens. eulans.
plurimumque lacrimans;
Ecce duo demones
ut duo ethiopes.
Set tanto dissimiles.
quanto plus terribiles;
Nam e suis maribus
& ore anelitus
Emittabant igneos
nimiumque fetidos;
Fetor quasi sulphuris
aspectus: ut fulguris.
Splendor & ut aula erant eis ungule;
Vox ut animalium.
ursorum. uel talium.
Vox horrendi murmuris
sed intelligibilis;
Tetriores facie
pice. uel fuligine.
Hi candentes ferres
ferabant fuscinulas;
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He rejoices in these delights,
He reckons it for wealth
Among his kind.
And what more shall I say?
Woe is me, woe is miserable me!
Behold, two of his
Dreadful henchmen
Soon they will seize me
And carry me off with them,
For there is no one to redeem me,
No one to save me,
No one to oppose them,
No to defend me--
No archangel,
Nor any angel,
Prophet, apostle,
Nor famous martyr,
Nor confessor, nor any
Of all the virgins.
No wonder--I did not merit
From anyone while I could
That he might help me
When the need should arise.
Woe is me, woe a thousand times!
My God, where are you?
O! What shall I do?
Where turn? Where flee?"
And while this most wretched
Soul laments,
Pale, trembling, wailing,
And weeping much,
Behold! Two demons
Like two black men--
But as different as they were,
The more were they terrible:
For from their nostrils
And mouth
They emitted fiery
And exceedingly foul breath,
A stench as of sulphur,
An aspect as of lightning.
And they had a splendor
Like an eagle with claws,
A voice as of animals,
Of bears or the like--
A voice with a terrible roar
But understandable.
More foul in appearance
Than pitch or soot,
These demons were carrying
Glowing iron tridents,
Frendentesque dentibus
cum toruis luminumibus
In infeliciissimam
intendebant animam;
Dicentes miserrime
mel tuut utique.
Huc cum tuo corpore
uenisti contendere;
Quod si reuuisceret,
forsan resipisceret.
A preuis operibus.
set tarde ulterius.
Preualent malitie
ipsius: iusticie
In ipsius trutina
desunt beneficia;
Quicquid inuenimini
pro amore domini.
eciae nil ponderis
est in libram scelaris;
ropter uestra scelera
ipsum & tu misera
Iam nunc iudicamini
iamque condemnamini;
De uobis iudicium
iam fit. iam hospicium
Vobis preparauiimus
in eternis ignibus
In inferni sedibus
iam uobis elegimus
Locum. quem pro meritis
semper obtinebitis;
Tuque prisme uenies
& locum recipies
Rediensque postmodum
hebebis hunc socium;
Sed reuera hodie
is cuius custodie
Deputata fueras
has luets inducias;
Si repertus fuerit
ducere qui debut
Te ad nostra atria:
luet hec colloquis;
Pro ista licentia
in tua presentia
Affligetur hodie
graui cesus ubere;
His dictis: miserrimam
rapientes animam.
Ire cum fuscinulis
compellebant ferreis;
And, gnashing their teeth,
With their gloomy lamps
Toward the most unhappy
Saying wretchedly:
"Because of your own wickedness surely
Here with your body
You came to struggle.
But if it were to come alive again
Perhaps it would recover
From its base deeds.
But slowly
Its wickedness prevails
All the more
In the scales of justice itself.
Kindnesses weigh nothing.
Whatever you have been found
To have done for the love of the Lord
Weighs nothing against
A pound of sin.
Because of your sins
You, poor wretch,
Are already now judged,
Already condemned.
On you judgment
Has been passed; a reception
For you we have already
Prepared among the everlasting fires.
In the regions of hell
We have already chosen for you
A place which you will always hold
According to your deserts.
And you will be the first to come
And take your place;
And, returning afterwards,
You will keep this company.
But truly today
He to whose custody
You have been awarded
Will atone for these delays--
If he will be found
Who ought to have brought
You to these regions,
He will pay for this conversation.
For that license,
In your presence
He will be punished today,
Cut down by his grievous presumption."
This said, they seized
The wretched soul
And with their iron tridents
Forced it to go.
And pressing on hurriedly,
They did not cease to go out.
Its back, stomach, arms,
Breast, and the remaining parts,
They ripped; and tore its sides
With their hooks.
They dragged it by the arms
With their unholy hands;
And, like a little lamb
Set among wolves
And trembling under the frequent blows
It cried out often.
The bishop's heart,
Moved by its piteous voice,
Made an end of
This kind of dream.
APPENDIX B: "UN SAMEDI PAR NUIT"*

Un samedi par nuit
Me gisoie en mon lit
Et ui en mon dormant
Une ausion grant.
Car ce m'estoit ulaire,
Que desos .I. suaire
Estoit couuert un cors
Et l'ame en istoit fors.
Ce me'iert uis, totue nue
S'en estoit l'arme issue
En guise d'un enfant
Et faisoit duel molt grant.
De petite figure
Est cele creature
Et estoit la chaitiue
Si verde comme chiue.
Del cors se complaignoit,
Verment le maldissoit.
"Cors, ce li disoit l'ame,
De toi port male fame.
Mal los dirai de toi
Et mostrerai por col.
Car ainc ne fesis rien,
Qi me tornast a bien;
Ne ainc ne gardas foi
Ne uers deu nen uers moi;
Ne ainc ne fesis don
Se por losenge non.
Plains fus d'un maluais uice,
Qui a non aurice.
Tu as l'enfermete
--Dont ia n'eras sante--
Com a l'idropicus:
Tant com il enboit plus,
Et il greignor soif a;
La saoul ne sera
Onques saoul ne fus,
Tostans uoloies plus.
Comme tu plus suois,

One Saturday at night
I was lying in my bed
And saw in my sleep
A great vision
In which it seemed to me
That under a shroud
A body was covered
And its soul had come out of it.
I saw the soul, all naked;
The soul had come out
In the guise of a child
And was making a great lament.
Small in stature
Was this creature;
And the miserable one was
As green as chive.
It complained of the body,
Cursing it strongly.
"Body," the soul said to it,
"I bear witness to your bad character.
I shall speak ill of you
And I will show you why.
For you never did anything
Which directed me towards good;
You never remained faithful
Either to God or to me;
You never gave a gift
Except for praise.
You were filled with an evil vice
Which has the name of avarice,
You have a sickness--
From which you will never recover--
As has the dropsical man:
The more he drinks
The greater is his thirst;
Sated he shall never be.
Never were you sated,
You always wanted more.
The more you bad,

*For the text, see Herrmann Varnhagen, Erlanger Beiträge zur Englischer Philologie, I (1889), 115-194.
Et tu plus desiroies;
The more you desired.
Peebles te faisoit guiure.
Sinning intoxicated you;
Tostans pensoies
Your peers and your neighbors
Ti per et ti voisin
Met their end;
Aloient a lor fin;
Qj' eJn auoies paor,
You were not afraid
[N'ej]n sucies peor,
To take what was theirs before
[Aj] ne predoies del lor;
You plundered their children
Lor enfans enplaidoies
And disinherit them.
[le] les desiretoies.
By such felony
[U] tele felonie
[Oj] roissoit ta manandie;
You increased your wealth.
[Com] elle plus croissoit,
The more it grew,
Et tes cors plus ardoit.
The more your body lusted.
Chaitis, maleures,
Miserable, unfortunate one,
Mol fuisses onques nes,
A pity is it that you were ever born!
Dementres que fus uis,
While you were alive
Quant a deu ne seruis!
You never served God.
Car deuant le morir
For before death
Fust tans de deu seruir.
Was the time to serve God.
Orc as perdu la uie
Now you have lost your life
Et la grant manandie;
You have lost your treasure
Perdu as le tresor
Of silver and gold.
De l'argent et de l'or.
You yourself are lost,
Tu meisme es perdu,
Lamenting and confused.
Dolant et confunduo
[Ou] sont or li dener,
Where are your coins now,
Qe tant suoces chier,
Which you held so dear,
Qe soloies nombrer
Which you used to enumerate
Et tant sovent conteur?
And so often counted?
Et u sont li uaiscel,
And where are the vessels
Qui tant estoient bel,
Which were so beautiful,
Et les copes d'argent,
And the silver cups
A boire le pieument?
For drinking the colored wine?
U sont li bon mantel,
Where are the great cloaks,
Li botone tassel
The tasseled buttons,
Et le uair et le gris
The dapple gray and the gray,
Et le porpre et le bis?
The purple and the multicolored?
U sont li parlefroi
Where are the saddle horses
Et li conte et li roi
Which the counts and kings
Te soloient doner,
Used to give to you
Por mencoignes conteur?
For flattering them?
U sont li bon destrier?
Where are the great war horses?
Ne pues mais
You can no more go horseback riding.
La ne les uerras mais;
Never will you see them again.
Chi giras tu pusnais.
Here you will lie, punished.
U sont ti uesteament
Where are your clothes
Et ti cher garniment?
And your dear accoutrements?
Cascuns de tes amis
Each one of your friends
En a ia le sien pris.
Has already taken his part.
Et ou sont ti ami?
And where are your friends?
Ta sont tot deperti.
They have already left;
Ton suoir et ton ble
En ont o eus porte.
Mar i'amassasses tu,
Quant ensi l'as perdu!
Quant se as aume,
Des l'ore que fus ne,
As perdu en .I. ior;
Ia n'en ares retor.
Tot cil qi l'ont raiu,
Ti parent, ti ami,
En feront mais lor preu.
Fait ont comme li leu,
Qi depart tot la proie;
Lui ne chaut qi le uoie.
Quant il te uoient mort
N'i ont mais nul confort.
Departie est l'amor,
Ore ont de toi pec.
Tot te sont ami;
Ia n'aras mais ami,
Qi est a toi parler
Ne te uoille encontrar.
Ce que tu as seme,
T'iert ore presente.
Maluais ert li present,
Tot en portera uens.
Ta semence est faillie,
Tot£eJ est de gazerie,
Tote est tornee a faille
Et uaine comme paille.
Tu receus baptesme
Par oile et par le cresme.
Deable renois
Et od deu t'elostas.
Mais d'icelc aiostee
Fu brieue la duree.
Con tu ancois peus
Et tu t'eperceus,
Deguerpis verite
Et amas fausete.
Damedeu renois
Ariere repaires,
Et mangas ta ruture,
Dolente creature.
Plain fus de felonie,
De losenge et d'enuele.
Ainc la toie luxure
Ne pot auoir mesure.
El cuer auoies fiel
Et en la bouce miel.
Your goods and your wheat
They have taken away.
You must have gathered it unlawfully
To have lost it thus!
Whatever you may have accumulated
From the time you were born,
You have lost in one day.
Never will it be restored to you.
All those who plundered it,
Your relatives, your friends
Will always make their profit from it.
They act like the wolves
Who divide all their prey;
It does not bother them who sees them.
When they see you dead,
They do not thereby have any discomfort.
Gone is love;
Now they have fear of you.
They are all enemies to you;
Never again will you have a friend
Who dares speak to you
Or wishes to meet you.
What you have sown
You now reap.
The reaping is bad;
The wind will carry it all away.
The harvest has failed.
Everything is like grass--
Everything has become a loss
And vain as straw.
You received baptism
By oil and by chrism.
You renounced the Devil
And allied yourself to God;
But of your alliance
The duration was brief.
As you had been before,
You became afterwards.
You deserted truth
You renounced our God;
You went even farther
And squandered what you had recently gained.
Sorrowful creature,
You were filled with crime,
With flattery and envy.
Never did your lust
Ever have limits.
Your heart had bitterness
When in your mouth was honey.
Quant a home parloies,  
Felonie pensoies;  
Et que plus li rioies,  
Et plus le deceuoies.  
Serement ne doutoies,  
Souent te periuroies;  
En fesias plus de cent.  
De traison penser  
Ne fu onques ton per,  
Fors Iudas le dolent,  
Qui se liurs al uent  
Et a estre pendu  
Por la mort de Iezu.  
Tant per ju[s] de grant  
ixe,  
N' est hom quil sache dire.  
Trop eus grant orgoil;  
Saches que molt m'en doil.  
Por la toie possee  
Sui dolente, esgaree.  
Por ta herbergie  
Pert io durable uie.  
Por mon maluais ostal  
Sofferai io grant mal;  
Que ie deu ne uerrai.  
Ne o lui part n'arai.  
Io fui iadis molt gente,  
Or sui laide et dolente;  
Urge fui et pucele,  
Tu me fesias ancel.  
Ce dist sainte escripture,  
Qe droit fust et mesure,  
Qe tu servises  
Tant con io fui en toi,  
Io deusse regner  
Sor toi et segnor;  
Tu deusses servir  
Sos moi et obeir.  
Tu fesias a enuers,  
Con fait li maluais ers,  
Qi traist son segnor  
Et treit a deshonor.  
Ne te poi reffrener  
Ne de mal retorner,  
Ne te poi conseillier,  
Dolent, ne castier.  
Quant uenis a la mort,  
A deu feis grant tort;  
Car ainc ta manantie  
Far toi ne fu partie

Quand you spoke to someone,  
You were thinking of crime;  
And the more you laughed,  
The more you deceived.  
You feared no oath;  
Often you perjured yourself.  
Knowing them to be all false,  
You made more than a hundred oaths.  
To think of treachery  
No one was your equal  
Except for Judas the evil-doer,  
Who sold himself for a price  
And was hanged  
For the death of Jesus.

How great your anger was  
No one can say.  
You had too much pride;  
Know that it grieves me a great deal.  
Because of your arrogance  
I am grieving, lost.  
Because of your hospitality,  
I lose life everlasting.  
Because of my bad hostel,  
I shall suffer great harm;  
Never shall I see God;  
Nor shall I have a part of Him.  
Before, I was very lovely;  
Now I am ugly and lamenting.  
I was a virgin and maiden;  
You made me a slave.  
Holy Scripture says this,  
That it was right and proper  
That you serve me.  
As long as I was in you,  
I was to reign  
And rule over you.  
You were to serve and  
Obey under me.  
You did the opposite,  
Like the bad servants  
Who betray their master  
And deal in dishonor.  
I could not restrain you  
Nor turn you from evil;  
I could not advise you,  
Unfortunately, nor punish you.  
When your death came,  
You did God a great wrong;  
For you never  
Distributed your wealth
As poures, qui crioient
Et ki le demendoient;
Ne lor uolsis-doner,
Tostans pensas durer.
Nepoëoec fust en doute,
Se la donaisses toute,
Qe por la demorance
Nen preisit deus vengance.
Ce dist sains Augustins,
Qe maluaise est la fins
D'omme, qi tostans dort,
Tant qe il sent le mort.
Por ce te di, dolent,
Pereçous fus et lent.
Ainc ne te repentis,
Dementres qe fus uis.
Quant io fui dedena toi,
Grant force eus de moi.
Io te faisoie aler
Et manger et parler.
Io te faisoie oir
Et uoir et sentir.
Or sui de toi seuree,
Remese est ta posnee;
Ta posne [j] est remese;
Ore es comme la brese,
Dont est choais li feus;
D'iert mais troeue cis leus.
Plus fier eres de Seaine
Et sembolies le chaisne,
Qi en haut terbre nest
Sor tote la forest.
Li pie de lui est plain
Et desos sont li rain.
Sos lui ne puet fructier
Ne arbre ne pumiero
Desos lui sont li arbre
Plus froit que ne soit
merbre.
La soleil ne [j] uerra
Ne nes eschafera,
Et sont en oscurte
En iuer, en este.
Tel fus tu, caitis,
Dementres qe fus uis.
La poure cresten
Entor toi n'est bien.
Tote la poure gent
Matoies a torment.
Tos les acrauentoies
Et ses desiretoies.
To the poor, who cried
And begged for it;
You did not want to give to them,
Thinking you would last forever.
Nevertheless, you feared
That if you did not give all of it,
For the delay
God might seek vengeance.
St. Augustine says this,
That evil is the end
Of him who always sleeps
Until he feels death.
That is why I tell you, sadly,
You were lazy and slow;
Never did you repent
While you were alive.
When I was inside of you,
You had great strength from me.
I made you move
And eat and speak;
I made you hear
And see and feel.
Now that I am severed from you,
Your arrogance is gone.
Your pride is gone.
Now you are like the embers
Which fire has made into dry wood.
Nothing will be found in this place.
You were fiercer than a Saxon
And resemble the oak
Which is on a high hill
Over the whole forest.
The base of it is big
And above are the branches.
Below it a tree can
Neither blossom nor grow.
Below it the trees are
Colder than marble.
Never the sun shall see
Nor warm them,
And they are in darkness
In winter, in summer.
Thus were you, miserable one,
While you were alive.
Never did a poor Christian
Around you have wealth.
All the poor people
You put into torment.
You crushed all of them
And disinherited them.
Ou sont li heritage,  
Dont lor fesis damage?  
Ti fil en sont or lies;  
Tu en as les pechies.  
Lies en sont li enfant  
Del patremoine grant,  
Maleurous, cheitis,  
Qe tu lor as conquis;  
Lie en sont del tresor  
De l'argent et de l'or,  
Qe lor as aune  
Par grant iniquite.  
Or dist li uns a l'autre:  
'Mostre pere fu usautre;  
Bien mata ses uoisins,  
A soi les fist aclins.  
N'en i ot nul tant fier,  
Mel feist sosploiere  
Grant honor nos conquist,  
Maint proutdome en ocist.  
Por l'honor, qi est ample,  
Prendons de lui example!  
Querons a nos enfans  
Honor et terres grans!  
Mar aurons cel uoisin,  
Qi ne nos soit enclin!  
Ne remaime ne per,  
Qi nos est rueler!  
Resamblons nostre pere,  
Qi tostans fu robere!  
Metons gent en escil  
Don't serons nos si fil.  
Il nos am forment;  
Et nos tos ensement  
Deuomes lui amer  
Et les nos amender!'  
Dolente creature,  
Con male engendreure  
Remaint en ta maison,  
En ta possesion!  
Je ne fera por toi  
Aumosne ne por moi.  
Et se nus le faisait,  
Qe ce nos monteroit?  
Car riens n'ia [8]  
droit,  
Lo alment gaaigne soit.  
Dire te sai nouele,  
Ki ne t'iert mie bele:  
Ta feme a pris segnor  
El siecle a grant honor;  

Where are their inheritances,  
To which you did damage?  
Your sons are now happy over it.  
You bear the blame for it.  
Happy are your children  
Over their great patrimony;  
Unhappy are you, miserable one,  
That you conquered for them.  
Happy are they over the treasure  
Of silver and gold  
Which you gathered for them  
Through great iniquity.  
Now they say to each other:  
'Our father was of this kind:  
He conquered his neighbors,  
Made them bow to him.  
There was none too proud,  
Whom he did not make kneel.  
He gained great honor for us;  
Many a man he killed [for it].  
For honor, which is great,  
Let's follow his example!  
Let us seek for our children  
Honor and great lands!  
Those neighbors will have trouble  
Who do not bow to us.  
Let there be no peer  
Who will revolt against us!  
Let us resemble our father,  
Who was always a robber!  
Let us put people in exile!  
For which we will be so proud.  
He loved us very much  
And we all equally  
Should love him,  
And they should pay tribute to us.'  
Miserable creature,  
Engendered in evil!  
There remains in your house,  
In your possession,  
No one who will  
Give alms for you or for me.  
And if anyone does,  
What good will it do us?  
For there is nothing which was legally  
And honestly earned.  
I am going to tell you a story  
Which will not be pleasant:  
Your wife has taken a husband;  
She has great honor in her life.
Ains l'ot ele choisi,
Quel fuisses enfoi.
Grant servuce li fist
La mort, qi toi ocist.
Pesoit li de ta uie
Et de ta compaigne.
Pris a .I.ioncel,
Qi molt li semble bel;
Cel le set bien seruir;
A tot le sien plaisir,
Tot a sa uolente.
Ce est la charite,
Q'ele fera por toij;
Tote est ore la foi,
Qe ele te promist,
Quant a signor te prist.
N'a home en ta maison,
Qi ost nomer ton non,
Servant ne bachelor,
Qi toi ost ramembrer.
Qi t'en dirioi plus?
Quant issis de ton huis,
Ne laisses apres toi,
Qi ainc te portast foi.
Fous est a esclent,
Qi autrui don atent
Et de donner s'oblie,
Tant com il est en uie.
Fel fus et mençogner,
Chicher et losenger;
Enfrun fus et escars
Et de mailuiises ars
Et de pute nature,
Quant de deu n'eus cure.
Ainc n'ali as autel,
Por bel present porter.
Onques n'portas don
Se por losenge non.
Damede n'eus chier
Ne n'aisas son mestier.
Apostle ne martir
Ne ulsais ainc servuir;
Ne celebraz lor feste
Plus qu'ealuz beste;
Ne te feront aione
Plus qu'a best mae.
Por ceste iniquite
Esteras tu dampe.
Por coi ai fain et soi,
Neis ançois de toi?

She chose him
Before you were buried.
A great service for her
Did death, who killed you.
She was burdened by your life
And your company.
She took a young man
Who seemed very handsome to her;
He knows how to treat her well,
According to all her pleasures,
All her wishes.
This is the charity
Which she will give for you;
Such is now the faith
Which she promised you
When she took you for husband.
There is no one in your house
Who dares utter your name,
Servant nor young man
Who dares remember you?
What more could I tell you?
When you went out through the door
You left no one behind
Who would ever have faith in you.
You are mad certainly
To wait for others to give
And forget to give yourself,
As is the custom in life.
You were a liar and a cruel one,
A miser and a flatterer.
You were avaricious and sullen,
With wicked ways
And of a debauched nature.
And as for God, you had not a care.
You never went to the altar
To take a handsome present.
Never did you take a gift
Except for flattery.
You never held God dear
Nor cared for his office.
Neither apostle nor martyr
Did you want to serve;
You did not celebrate their feasts
Any more than would a wild beast;
They will not help you
Any more than a dumb beast.
For this iniquity
You shall be damned.
Why am I hungry and thirsty
Sooner than you?
Tu deusses, por uoir,  
Tot le trauail auoir,  
Qi altrui bien reubas  
Et beus et mangas,  
Quant onques ne reubai,  
Ne bui ne ne mangai.  
Se l'ossaie lugier,  
Tu deusses premier  
Soffrir iceste paine,  
De coi io ai l'estreine.  
Fius deu omnipotent,  
Tu ses le lugemento  
Del core pren la uengance.  
Qe usis en balance.  
De ton siege la sus,  
Qi le mal poise plus.--  
Cors, molt fus bel et gens,  
Ore es lais et puliens.  
Qel sont ore ti crin?  
Uenu sont a lor fin.  
Ne seront mais laue  
Ne souent desmeile.  
Al soir erent trechie  
Et al matin pignie.  
N'i ara mais charcel  
Ne coiffe ne capel.  
Molt ert riche la dome,  
Qi te peignoit la comme;  
Or n'a sos ciel putain,  
Qui ore i meist main.  
Qel sont ore li oil,  
Ou auoit tant d'orgoil?  
Quant mais nes pues ourir,  
Ne te puent seruir  
Ne te feront aieue;  
Lor clarte ont perdue.  
Et qels sont les oreilles?  
Noires sont a merueilles.  
Sos ciel nen a banier,  
Tant haut seust huchier,  
Ne[s] si pres d'els escrie,  
Qi la t' entre [en] oie.  
Ti[s] nes volra porrir;  
Ne porra mais sentir  
Nes une bone odor;  
Tout est plains de puor.  
Ta face est molt trobles,  
Tote est descoloree;  
Perdues a sa color,  
N'i auras mais calor.

You should, in truth,  
Have all the punishment,  
You who stole from others  
And drank and ate,  
While I never stole  
Nor drank, nor ate.  
If I dared judge you,  
You would first have  
To suffer this pain,  
In whose grips I find myself.  
Son of omnipotent God,  
You know the Judgment.  
Take vengeance on the body,  
You who weigh in the scales.  
From your seat high above,  
See who is doing more evil.  
Body, you were beautiful and lovely;  
Now you are ugly and putrid.  
Where is your hair now?  
It has met its end.  
It will never be praised again  
Nor often untangled.  
In the evening it was cut  
And in the morning combed.  
You will never more have a turban  
Nor a head-dress nor cap.  
Very powerful was the lady  
Who used to comb your hair;  
Now there is not a whore  
Who would put a hand on it.  
Where are the eyes now  
Which had so much pride?  
No more can you open them.  
They cannot serve you;  
They will not help you.  
They have lost their clearness.  
And where are your ears?  
They are incredibly black.  
Nowhere is there a crier,  
However loud he may cry,  
Or how close to them he yells,  
Who will ever make you hear.  
You don't want your nose to rot,  
But your nose will never be able to smell  
A good odor;  
All is filled with rot.  
Your face is very troubled;  
It is all pale  
And it has lost its color.
Ta bouche est ennoircie
Et ta lange est porrie.
Perdue as la parole,
Qui tant par estoit foie.
Ta leure et ta genciu
Est plus verde qe chiue.
El palais la dedens
Te chient ia les dens.
As plus gros c'une mole.
Li pie sont atenuri
Et li bras ameigri.
Qeles sont or les mains,
Qe ie iadis me plains,
Qi tant beles estoient
Et tant de mal faisoient?
Tot li doi porriront
Et li ongle en charront.
N'i aura mais anel
Ne gant fait a orpel.
Quel sont ore li pie,
Qui si erent chaucie?
Remes est le boban;
N'aront mais cordoan.
N'i ara mais es pies
Sollerres detrancies.
Ta char est molt palie.
La n'era mais amie,
Qui a toii uoille aler
Ne qui est aproisimer.
Te vsentres est pusnais;
La n'entra mais
Ne oisel ne poisson
Ne point de venison
Ne clare ne pleument
Ne autre bon present.
Chi girras ore enuers,
Apres deuenres uers;
Grant ert li uermilliers,
Plus de .V.C. milliers.
Ciat uer deuenront terre,
Quant finee ert lor guerre;
Et aura par moncieaus
Laiens en tes boueaus.
Mangeront toi premier,
Puis deuendront femier;
Car tote creature
Reuient a sa nature.
Desor m'en doi aler,
Ne doi mais ci ester.

Your mouth is blackened,
And your tongue has rotted;
It has lost its speech
Which was so very foolish.
Your lips and your gums
Are greener than chive.
From your palate inside there,
Many of your teeth are falling out.
The windpipe under your snout
Is fatter than a mussel.
Your feet have become attenuated,
And your arms have become thin.
Where are the hands now
Which I complained of in the past,
Which were so beautiful
And did so much evil?
All the fingers will rot
And the nails will fall from them.
No longer will there be a ring
Nor gloves of gold cloth.
Where are your feet now
Which were so well shod?
Gone is the luxury;
Never again will they wear cordovan shoes.
Never again will there be on your feet
Laced shoes.
Your skin has become very pale.
You will never again have friends
Who wish to go to you
Or who will dare come near you.
Your stomach is rotten.
Never again will enter there
Fish or fowl
Nor any venison at all
Nor wine nor any drink
Nor any other good thing.
Here you lie now on your back,
Later to become worms;
Numerous will be the worms,
More than 500 thousand.
These worms shall become earth
When they finish with their war;
And you will have whole bunches
There in your guts.
They will eat you first;
Then they will become fertilizer,
For every creature
Returns to its natural state.
Now I should go;
I should not stay here any longer,
Io ne te saï que dire,
Car molt sui plains d'ire.
La moie malicon
Te lais comme [s] felon
Et com a traitor
Uers deu ton creator.
Ne ains ne gardas foi
N'enuers deu n'enuers moi.
Io m'en irai en peine,
Car diables m'en mane.
Ainc ne ful en infer,
Or uerrai Lucifer.
Iluec serai esprise
Tresc'al ior del iuise.
Adonc m'en istrai fors
Et uenrai a mon cors.
A toi uenrai, chaihtif,
Et si te ferai uif.
Ensemble resordon,
Al iugement iron,
A cel grant iugement,
Ou tant ara de gent.
Sos ciel n'a crestien
Ne uiui ne païen,
Qui, des Adan soit nes,
Iluec ne soit mandes.
Une uois descendra
Des ciel, qui somonra;
El mont n'ara partie,
Ou el ne soit cie;
Del ciel descendra ius,
Dira lor: 'Leues sus!
Uenes al iugement!
Le flex deu uos atent.'
Dex les suscitera,
Tos les amesura,
Uieus homes et enfans,
En l'ae de XXXX. ans.
Molt ert ce grant merueille;
Que ia n'ara creille
En cest siecle adurée,
La ne soit retournee;
Ni ert adire dent,
Ne soit al iugement;
Ne li bras ne li pies,
Iluec ne soit iugies.
Large poeste a
Li rois, qui iugera.
Al iugement igal
Iron et bon et mal.
A senestre partie
Ert nostre compaignie.
Nos serons a senestre,
Mais cil seront a destre,
Qui furent bon ouvrier,
S'en aront bon loier;
Tel loier en auront,
Que iamais ne perdront.
El ual de Josapha
Ert qui nos iugera.
Li rois en monument
Fera son iugement.
Le sera li fiez de
En se grant maieste;
Les bons apelera,
Pieument lor dira:
'Ues, boneuree gent,
Receues le present,
Qui nos est aprestes,
Deadonc que fustes nes!
Car quant fui entre uous
Poures et souffraitous,
Uos n'en fustes pas lie,
Ains uos en prist pitie.
Le bien, que me fesistes,
Quant pourre me ueistes,
Uos uoill guerredoner,
Nel uoill mais oblier.
Otroi uos paradis
Com [q] mes bons amis;
Or uoill que i entre
Ne iamais n'en istres.
Tel don uos uoill doner,
Que cuer ne puets penser:
En la durable uie
Uos ferai compaignie.'
A celis dira: 'Uenes!' Et as autres: 'Ales!' Ales, maleure!
Mer fustes onques ne!
Ales el fu durable
Ensemble ot le deable!
Cil uos fu aprestes,
Ains que uos fuisisses nes.
Car quant fui entre uous
Et nus et fameillous,
Ainc rien ne me donastes
Ne me me confortastes;
Anchois me tollissies,
Que ne me donissies.
Qu'en diriez io el?
Et quant fui sans ostel
Et en chartre et en fers
Et tant nus com un uers
Et naures et plais,
Ne uos en prist pities.
Ne moi nule de uous j
Ci uos guerpis as lous.
As lous uos guerpis ci,
Que uos aues serui.
Icel leu raisable,
Ce seront li deable,
Qui uos en porteront;
Je merci n'en aront.'

Puis seron compaignon
De grant perdition.
En la grant pullentie
Ert nostre compaignee.
Ne porrons mais morir;
Nos estoura soffrir
Le fu, qui est durable,
Ensemble ot le deable.
Cho ert par ta folie;
Damedeu te maldie!"

What shall I say about it?
And when I was without shelter,
In prison and in irons,
Naked as a worm,
Hurt and ailing,
You took no pity.
Neither will I have any pity on you.
As you abandoned me there,
I abandon you to the place
In this violent place
There will be devils
Who will carry you off;
They will never have mercy.'

It seemed to me
That from beneath the shroud
The body awoke
And thrust its head out.
It answered the soul
And said bluntly:
"Disconsolate soul,
You were badly forged,
To issue forth damned!
Miserable, unfortunate one,
You accuse me violently.
I shall do the same.
Concerning your accusation,
Let reason examine it.
And may he be condemned to death
I am ready to prove--
If you wish to listen--
That it is through your folly
That we lose everlasting life.
It is by your error.
That you lose life.
And if you feel agony,
Car tu deserui l'as.
Ains de moi i es mise
Per droit et par justice, 590
Qui penses le forfait,
Ains que venist al fait.
Car onques n'iert cis mals
Ne pechies criminals,
Ains ne soit engingnie,
'Q'il ne soit commencis.
Li engins sor [N]t de toi
Et ta mauaïse foi.
Tot le mal ensegnas
Et sel me commandas.
Tel pensas et gel fis
Com dolans et caitis.
La Adam ne pechast
Ne ne s'en porpensest,
Se ne fut le serpent
Et l'amonestement
De la male moiller,
Qui li fist comencer.
Ensement feis tu;
Mal dice sois tu!
Mal conseil me donas,
Quant tu me deseuras,
De dameau mon pere,
Qui feiture io ere.
Or m'es si esloignis,
N'en puis approcher mie.
Ice conois io bien,
Que plus fel fui que chien,
Quant io mon criator
Deguerpi por t'amor
Et delirial ostal,
Por engingner le mal.
Or m'en repentiroie,
Se faire le poioe.
Le mal, qi te plaisoit,
Faire le m'estouoit.
A tot le lien plaisir
M'estouoit obeiur.
Ne te poi refrener
Ne del mal destorner.
Rien n'amontast m'guerre,
Car tot ere de terre.
Dex ne fist cors tant fier,
Qui puissie guerroir
Uers son aspiremeu,
Qi de mort le deffent.
Io fui ton estrument
Et tu l'aspiremeu,
It is because you deserve it.
Over me you are placed
By right and justice,
You who thought of the sin
Before the deed was done.
These evils do not exist
Nor evil sins
Unless there be scheming
Before they begin.
The schemes come from you
And your bad faith.
You taught all the evil
And you ordered me to do it.
You thought something, and I did it
With sorrow and unhappiness.
Adam never would have sinned,
Nor would he have thought of it
Bad it not been for the serpent
And the encouragement
Of the evil woman
Who made him begin.
You did a similar thing.
Cursed be you!
Bad advice you gave me
When you separated me
From God my Father
Whose creature I was.
Now you have taken me so far away
I can hardly approach Him.
This I know well:
Th... more perverse was I than a dog
When I deserted my Creator
For your love
And gave hospitality to you
In order to plan evil.
Now I would repen
If I could do it.
The evil which pleased you,
It bothered me to do.
All your pleasure
It bothered me to accede to.
I cannot restrain you
Nor turn you from evil.
You did scarcely anything to my advantage.
For I am of clay throughout.
God has made no body so proud
As to fight against
The desires of him
Who enforces them with death.
I was born your instrument
And you the breath
Que dex i aspire,
La ou il nos forma.
A l'ymage de soi
Fist deus et moi et toi.
Ensemble nos iosta,
Baptesme nos done.
De la crestiente
Fumes rengener.
Deable rencoimes,
Qui engigne les ames,
Et le premerain home,
Qui forfiat por la pomme,
Primes nos ot gete
Del roi de maieste.
Por li socorut l'omme,
Et le premerain home,
Et fu crucejies,
Por oster nos pechies
Et l'ancien forfait,
Que Adams auoit fait;
Il fut a tort iugie
Et naure et plaie
Et el sepulcre mis,
Por saluer ses amis.
De nule creature
Nen ot dex si grant cure,
Com il de nos eust,
Se li pechies ne fust,
Que nos versa li feimes,
Quant nos le deguerpimes.
Andoi somes copable,
Quant nos por le deable
Deguerpimes l'amor
De nostre creator.
La toie coupe est maire,
Que tu me fesis faire;
Mal me fesis sentir
Et uxites oir
Et en mal lie aler
Et folie parler
Et faire lecherie
Et uedir la folie
Et d'autrui labor uiure
Et estre souent iure.
Ame de male part,
Tant par fus de mal art!
Tant estoies esprise
De male couditice,
C'onques ne us mantel
Ne precious vaiscel,
Tresor d'or e d'argent

Which God breathed there,
There where He formed us
In His image
God made both you and me.
Together He made us,
Gave us baptism.
With Christian faith
We were regenerated.
We rejected the Devil
Who deceives souls.
And the first man
Who sinned because of the apple
First separated us
From the King of Majesty.
Then for the aid of man
He was born into this world
And was crucified
In order to take away our sins
And the old sin
Which Adam had done.
He was wrongly judged,
Hurt and wounded,
And placed in the tomb
In order to save His loved ones.
For no creature
Would God have such great love
As He did for us,
If the sin had not been
That we committed against Him,
When we deserted Him.
Both of us are guilty
Since we, for the Devil,
Deserted the love
Of our Creator.
Your fault is greater
Because you made me act;
You made me feel
And listen to vain things
And go to bad places
And speak folly
And do lecherous things
And see madness
And live on others' work
And often be drunk.
Soul of evil character,
So much addicted to evil ways!
So much were you taken by
Evil covetousness
That you never saw a cloak
Nor a precious vessel,
Gold or silver treasure
Ne grant muis de forment, 690 Nor great piles of wheat, 695 Nor great honor in the kingdom, 
Palefroi ne destrier 695 Nor any beautiful woman 700 Which you did not covet all of, 
Ne deliteus mangier, 695 Whatever you saw with your eyes. 700 I do not have the name of criminal, 
Porpre ne osterin 700 I do not have the name of criminal, 
Ne uigne ne molin 700 I do not have the name of criminal, 
Ne grant honor el regne 700 I do not have the name of criminal, 
Ne nule bele feme, 700 I do not have the name of criminal, 
Que tot ne couoit elo[3] 700 I do not have the name of criminal, 
Ce que as ex uelo[3] 700 I do not have the name of criminal, 
Nen ci non de felon, 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
Ame, se per toi non. 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
Tot ai uoir dit et droit, 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
Pois est qui ce ne croit, 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
Que io ia ne pechais, 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
Se toi ne herbergaisse; 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
Ia ne soffrise mal, 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
S'a toi ne fust estal. 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
Un poi de terre fuissee, 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
D'iluec ne me meussee; 705 Never would I have tolerated evil 
Ne m'esteueot morir 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Ne enferte soffrir. 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Iaemais mal ne soffrise 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Ne enfer ne cremisse. 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Car pleust ore a de, 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Ki maint en trinite, 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Que io fuisse femiers 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Ou argille ou boiers 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Ou autre creature 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
De diverse nature! 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Se dex me fessist arbre 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Ou .I. perron de marbre 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Ou .I. oisel uolage 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Ou .I. poisson marage 710 Nor suffered Hell; 
Ou beste nue ou uer, 720 Or a block of marble 
Que ne cremisse enfer, 720 Or a block of marble 
Ne cremisse debile 720 Or a block of marble 
Ne paine perdurable, 720 Or a block of marble 
Deable ne cremisse 720 Or a block of marble 
Ne ia mal n'i soffrise 720 Or a block of marble 
Ne cremise noient 725 Nor fear the Devil 
L'orible iugement, 730 Of the horrible Judgment, 
Ou tot li saint arcangle 730 Of the horrible Judgment, 
Trembleront et li angle! 730 Of the horrible Judgment, 
Plus maluaise nature 730 Of the horrible Judgment, 
Ot la nostre aventure; 730 Of the horrible Judgment, 
Molt ert no vie sure 735 Our life was more certain 
Que d'autre creature. 735 Our life was more certain 
Cil a cel iugement 735 Our life was more certain 
Ne resordront noient, 735 Our life was more certain 
Car tote la lor ule 735 Our life was more certain 
Est od le cors fenie. 740 Is finished with the body,
Mais quant io resordrai,
Uie reprendrai
Et me surexion
Me donra passion.
Ame, ce ert per toi
Que reuendras a moi;
Resaisiras l'ostal,
Ou sofferras grant mal.
Pleust al fil Marie,
Que tu fuisse fenie!
Se deus te fenissoit,
Grant profit me feroit.
Profit seroit a toi
Ensement com a moi,
Cant n'entreiriens ismais
En enuer le pusnais.
Mais or peroi en win,
De paime sui certain.
Nostre dampanacion
Ne puert auoir pardon.
Al mortel anemi
Toestans auons serui.
Sans fin nos penera,
Is merci a a.
Io fui iadis cuuers,
Par toi ere poruers;
Io ere tes somiers,
Par toi estoie fiers.
Tu estoies me domme
Et moi cargas la somme,
Que io ne poi soffrir;
Mon cuer me fist partir.
Dese tu me poignoles
Et tu me semonoles,
Estouoit moi aler
Et saillir et treper;
Tu me cargas le dos.
Onques n'i ois repons,
Tant com io t'oi a maistre.
Iamais n'i uoldroi estre
En la tois baillie;
Est maie compaignie.
Trop me fesis cortois
Par tes maluaises lois.
Grant fu mes parentez,
De riches gens fu mez,
Por ma nobilete
Menoiie grant fierte.
Mar ci iast parage,
Dont m'est sors tel

But when I rise
I shall have life again
And my resurrection
Will give me suffering.
Soul, it is because of you
That you will return to me,
Retake the dwelling
Where you will suffer great pain.
Would that it please the Son of Mary
That you had died!
If God killed you,
He would do me a great favor!
It would be a benefit for you
As well as to me.
Then I would never enter
Into stinking Hell.
But now these words are in vain;
Of punishment I am certain.
Our damnation
Cannot be pardoned.
To the mortal enemy
We have always given service.
He will punish us endlessly;
Never will he have mercy.
In the past I was an evil man.
Through you I was perverted.
I became your beast of burden.
Through you I became proud.
You were my mistress
And I carried the burden
Which I could not bear;
It made my heart break.
You hit me so much
And you cursed me so
That I had to go
And leap and stamp;
You loaded my back.
I never had rest
As long as you were my master.
I would never want to be
In your power;
Evil is your companionship.
You paid too many compliments
Through your devious ways.
My parents were great.
I was born of rich people.
In my nobility
I had great pride.
Evil is this parentage
damage!
From which comes such destruction!
Tant com plus fui puisans,
Est ma peine plus grans;
Li plus poesteif
Seront li plus caifif.
Arme malheuree,
Dolante et esgaree;
En dolerous destroi
As mis et moi et toi.
Volentiers t'ochiroie,
Se faire le poioie;
Car tu es l'achoiros
De me perdicion.
Quant en la haute mer
Me deus gouerner
Et moi mener al port,
Por moi garir de mort
En le wage parfonde,
Me trebuchas en l'onde.
Tu meisme, cheitue,
Ne reuendras a riue.
Chaus es en peril
Et en mauvais escil.
Tu blasmes le batel,
La gree del vaiscel;
Tu en fais a blaser,
Quil deus gouerner.
Suis llures al Sethan.
Quant a lui sui llures,
Miex me ueniit asse,
Que ia ne fuisses nes
De mes grans parentes.
Perie est la maison
Par mauaise ocoison;
Par mauais estruman
Suis llures al Sethan.
Quant a lui sui llures,
Miex me ueniit ass,
Que ia ne fuisses nes
De mes grans parentes.
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Perie est la maison
Par mauaise ocoison;
Par mauais estruman
Suis llures al Sethan.
Or sui fosse a larron;
Che as fair per ton non.
Io n'oi ne me uli,
Puis que seuras de mi;
N'oi engien ne valor
Ne force ne uigor,
Quant de moi issis fors.
Io remes com li ors,
Qui trebuce el putel,
Quant pert son calemel.
El putel trebuchai,
Onques puis n'en leuai.
Onques puis n'en resors

Ne nen oï tel socors,
Que del putel perfont
Me releuasse amont.
Fole ame, tu m'encuses,
Et molt forment m'acuses;
Io t'encus ensement,
Mais ne me uaut noient.

Ceste desputison
Ne nos fait se mal non.
Io di que tu as tort,
Qui liure m'as a mort.
Li respons uient de toi,
Que io suis achoison
De ta perdicion.
Li rois dex seulement
En set le iugement.
A ceus uoil qu'il le die,
Qui encor sont en uie;
Car riens ne nos uaudroit,
Se il le nos disoit.

Iamais por nul chasti
Ne serons mais ami.
De la deu amistie
Sommes si esloignie,
Queiamais ne l'aurom
N'a lui repaireron.

N'i a mais recourance,
Venue est la balance.
Plus pesoit avarice
Que vurtu ne ujustice.
Par lui sommes uencus
Et mort et confundus.
Nostre dampnation
Ne puett avoir pardon.
Aumosne de parent
Ne nos usut mais volent

Now I am a den of thieves.
What have you done in your name!
I neither see nor hear
Since you are separated from me;
I have neither wits nor valor,
Vigor nor strength
When you issue forth from me.
I remain like the blind man
Who falls into the pit
When he loses his balance.
I have fallen into the pit
Never to get out of it again.
I will never be able to come out of it

Neither will I have such aid
As from the deep pit
Might raise me up again to the top.
Foolish soul, you blame me
And very harshly accuse me;
I blame you equally
But it profits me nothing.
This dispute
Only gives us a bad name.
I say that you are wrong
Who have delivered me to death.
The reply comes from you
That the fault is mine,
That I am the cause
Of your perdition.
Only God the King
Knows the Judgment.
I want Him to tell it to those
Who are still alive;
For it would be worthless
If He told it to us.
Never through any punishment
Shall we be friends.
From God's love
We are so removed,
That we shall never have it
Nor shall we return to Him.
There will never be deliverance.
The balance has been struck.
Greater was the weight of avarice
Than either virtue or justice.
By it we are vanquished,
Not only dead but condemned.
Our damnation
Can have no pardon.
Alms from our relatives

Will never be worth anything to us.
Neither mass nor matins
Will be medicine for us.
Under Heaven there isn't a monk,
A priest, or a canon,
Nor recluse nor hermit,
Be he of great merit,
Who will be able to help us,
To alleviate our pains.
The powerful King judged us
There where He found us.
We were inclined towards evil;
But He put an end to it.
Never shall we do any more evil;
But we shall suffer it!
Because of our desertion
We shall suffer such a great loss
That we shall never have a part
In life everlasting.
Evil defiance
Gives us greater pain.
I know well the truth
Without any falsehood,
That endless shall be
The fire which will burn us.
In infernal torment
We shall be forever;
In the infernal prison
Without any ransom
Because for all the treasure
Of silver and gold
Which is found in the Orient
Or in the West,
Beelzebub will not give
The soul of a single lost one.
The more one has served him,
The more the Devil likes to be his
enemy;
And greater torment has
He, who has served him most.
Never any other recompense
Shall one have from this felon.
Soul, much angered am I,
But I do not wish to curse you.
I shall not say it to you;
You will have enough pain.
It is not right that I curse you,
For you were my friend a long time.
I loved you very much,
And you did me as well.
Because of this old love,
Soffrons tant grant dolor.

We suffer a great pain.

Mel sit tes amistie,

Filled with evil was this friendship.

Por coi sommes irie

Because of which we are angry,

Et por coi mis seron

And for which we shall be placed

En cest fort baratron,

In this strong prison

Dont iamais hom n'istra,

From which one shall never leave

Puis k'il i enterral

Once he has entered.

Ame, ce dist li corps,

Soul," continued the body,

Quant de moi issis fors,

"After you came out of me

Io ne puis longement

I could not for long

Soffrir cest parlement.

Stand this discussion.

Or me faut le ueue,

Now my sight is gone.

La parole ai perdue.

I have lost my power of speech.

Tel parler n'est noient,

Such talk is nothing,

Car li maluais cors ment."

For evil bodies lie.

Adont m'estoit auis,

Then it seemed to me

Que li cors, q'ert asis,

That the body, which was seated,

Restendoit soi ariere

Stretched itself back

De lone en lone sa biere;

The full length of its bier;

Tant forment s'estendit,

It stretched out so violently

Que la biere en croissi.

That the bier creaked;

Et ietoit .1. sospir

And it uttered a sigh

Com hom, qui ueut morir.

Like one who wants to die.

L'ame, quant ce uocit,

The soul, when it saw this,

Merueillos duel faisoit,

Gave a great shriek;

Chaitiue se clamoit

'Miserable, it lamented

Et souent se pasmoit.

And afterwards swooned.

Apres, quant eart pasmee,

Later, after it had fainted,

Crioit: "Maieuree,

It cried, "Wretched one,

Mar fui enques criie!

A pity that you were ever born!

Iamais ne serai lie.

I shall never be happy.

Hai, lasse, dolente,

Hated, tired, suffering,

Tant dolerouse atente!

Very sad, I am waiting.

Chaitiue creature,

Miserable creature,

Tant malueise aventure!

Such a bad outcome!

Rois del ciel et de terre, 975

King of Heaven and Earth,

Por cof mostras ta guerre

Why do You show your war

Uers une feble cose

Towards a weak thing

Qui seul parler nen ose?

Which does not even dare speak?

Molt ai uers toi grant ire,

I have much anger against You

So io l'osaise dire;

If I dare say it

Car quant tu me crias,

Because You created me

Moltes fois m'esguardas,

And You watched me many times

Que ia ior ne usquisse

And saw that I never lived a day

Que pechie ne feisse.

In which I did not sin.

N'est nus hom en cest monde, 985

There is no man in this world
Qui de pechie soit monde,
Tant soit de sainte vie,
Qui ne face folie.
Malauise est la nature,
Qui sufre tel eniure.
Pere, tu me crias
Et puis me reformas.
Por coi fis creature,
Quant de lui non as cure?
Molt est ce grant damage,
Quant tu, qui es tant sage,
Deignas ainc faire rien,
Qui ne tornast a bien.
Pas ne te loeront
Gil, qu'en infer seront
Ia de ta grant pitie
Nul ior ne seront lie.
Li crestitien, qui uiuent,
Desputent et estriuent;
Ce dient li plusor,
Que molt est grant dolor,
S'il t'estoit a plaisir, 
Que la dole perir
Icel creature,
La qui forme, nature
Fesis prendre a ton fil,
Por oster le peril
De l'ancien forfait,
Que Adan auoit fait.
Por no redempcion
Soffri il passion
Et fu en la crois mis,
Por sauer ses amis.
Quant il por nos fu mort,
Dient que c'est grant tort,
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Desputent et estriuent;
Ce dient li plusor,
Que molt est grant dolor,
S'il t'estoit a plais
Qui me peust garir,
Sempres ne sole prise
Et el puis d'infer mise."

Tant com se dementoit
Cele ame et se plaignoit,
Puis uenoit .I. desable,
Comme les rauisable,
Cele ame saisisoit,
Fierement li disoit:
"Qui chi vos amena?
Mal garant vos sera.
O nostre cors pullent
Faisies parlement.
Or se repentiroit
Li fel, se il pooit.
N'ia mais recours.
Plus poise en la balance
La sole iniquite
Que ne fait carite.
Plus pesoit avarice
Que urete ne iustice.
Por ce m'estes liures
Et en infer dampnes.
El noir fu infernal
Auras mauals ostal.
En la grant pullentie
Nos feras compagnie."

L'ame estoit entre .II.
Com aignel entre lous,
Et noire et triste et
Tote descoloree.

Who might be able to save me.
Immediately I shall be taken
And placed in the pit of Hell."

Much lamenting
And complaining did this soul.
Then came a devil;
Like a famished wolf
He seized this soul.
He said to it savagely,
"Who brought you here?
You will have much guarding.
While your body rots
You have been conversing.
Now it would repent,
The wicked one, if it could.
There will never be deliverance.
More weight on the scales has
The iniquitous sin
Than does charity.
More weighs avarice
Than truth or justice.
For this you were sent to me
And damned in Hell.
From the black infernal fire
You shall have poor hospitality.
In the great stench
You shall keep us company."
The soul was between two devils
Like a lamb between wolves,

blee, 1065

Black, sad, and wounded,
All discolored,

They took away the wicked one.
They spared it nothing;
They poked its back,

Stomach, and bones.

It uttered great cries,
Asked mercy of them;

It cried loudly,
Very anguished.

But this was to no avail,
For it achieved no advantage there.
Such fear I had from the screams

That I woke up because of it.
During the silence of the night in winter time
I, given over in some fashion to a spiritual dream,
saw a body lacking its breath of life
of which a vision came to me under a form of this kind.

While I was tired from sleeping little and from vigils,
behold a certain soul recently departed
from its appointed body and weighed down with vices
which loudly bewails
the death of its flesh with groaning.

Next to the body the soul stood and wept
and in these words bitterly reproached its flesh:
"O most wretched body, who has destroyed you thus,
whom the world did no unexpectedly enrich with estates?
"On the day before yesterday the world was subject to you, wasn't it?
The entire province feared you, didn't it?
Where now is your household of slaves which followed you about?
Your tail is even now wholly cut off [i.e., it's the end of the world
for you].

"Now you are no longer in your towers of square stone,
nor are you in your lavish palace;
now you lie in a bier of small size,

"What did your palaces avail you or your beautiful houses?
Your tomb hardly now occupies seven feet.
You will not harm anyone by judging from a false measure.
Because of you there is a wretched place for us in Hell.

"I who had been created so noble,
molded to the likeness of the Lord,
and cleansed from every sin by baptism,
again am so utterly blackened by sins
because of you, O wretched body, and I am condemned.

Rightly can I say, alas! why was I born!
Would that I had been transferred from the womb
straightway to the tomb! and thus freed
from Hell's punishment now prepared for me.
"It is not strange, I confess, because while you lived you did not allow me to do anything good, but always you dragged me down to the worst crimes, for which reason we shall always be in grief and sorrow!

"I am most wretched and shall always be amongst my torments! All the tongues of a generation might not truly speak the smallest punishment which I unhappily bear; but it tortures me the more that I cannot hope for pardon.

"Where now are those estates which you gathered together? and the lofty towers and palaces which you erected? the jewels, necklaces and rings which you wore on your finger? and the pile of coins which you loved beyond measure?

"Where are your feasts of greatest elegance? your capes of various colors? the kinds of spices with the best taste? or your silver vases gleaming like snow?

Now you don't have birds or wild animal flesh; your kitchens smell neither of swans nor cranes; nor excellent fish, nor choice wines; you are now the food of worms; this is the divine power. Such a ruin threatens sinners!

"How does your house please you now? The highest point lies above your nose, doesn't it? your eyes are blinded, your tongue is silent; there remains no part of your body that might have time for profit.

"Whatever you have collected for a long time by various methods, by craft, by deceit, by usury, by fear, or by harshness and over a long time with great labor, the fortune of one hour has entirely snatched from you.

"Now you are no longer surrounded by troops of friends; for the flower of your glory has fallen through death, the bond of whatsoever love you had has been broken; now the mourning of your wife has ceased, whose delight in her inheritance removes strength from her sorrow.

"Henceforth do not put hope in your parents; your heir briefly laments your death, because your towers and your elegant house remain for him and the abundance of your treasure for which you now grieve.

"Do not believe that your wife or children would give five plots of field or meadow to redeem us, who are now taken away from their midst, from the punishment which we must suffer."
"O most wretched body, are you now safe
because the glory of the world is deceitful and crafty?
polluted by the worst and varied vices,
and imbued wretchedly with the venom of demons?

You are not now clothed in expensive garments;
your robe is hardly worth two farthings;
you lie swathed in cheap linen;
the poor do not now bring taxes to you:
and now you have attained the reward which you deserved.

"For although you do not now feel harsh torments,
know that you are not to lack punishments;
for the laws of all the Scriptures bear witness
that you will come with me, shortly to suffer punishments.

"Because you were not a father to the poor, but a plunderer,
the worms and stench are eating you in the tomb.
I am not able to stand here any longer; now I am leaving.
You don't know how to respond in opposition, I believe."

Finally after the soul had spoken such things,
the body raised its head as though it had come to life again;
indeed, after it had let out many groans,
it asked who it was that had spoken with it.

"Are you my soul who spoke thus?
All the things which you state are not completely true;
now I shall prove more fully by lucid arguments
that they are partly true, and that partly you are talking nonsense.

"I have made you, I confess, many times to go astray;
and often to turn away from good works;
but if the body should ever cause the soul to sin,
it is not surprising; listen, I will tell you why.

"The world and the Devil have made an irrevocable law together,
dragging the foolish flesh to a participation in their deceit,
and the body by their enticements seduces the soul,
and drags it from the pinnacle of virtue to the lowest state;
and it immediately follows the flesh like an ox led to sacrifice.

"But, just as you already said, God created you
both good and noble, and endowed you with consciousness
and molded you likewise to his own image,
and He gave me to you to be your handmaid.

"Therefore, if you were created my mistress,
and rational power was given through which you ought
to control us in this world, why did you make me favorable
towards illicit matters, and not set me straight?
"Not the body but the soul is held to be blamed
who, although she is the mistress, makes herself to be a handmaid;
for the body ought to be entirely subdued by the soul
in regard to hunger, thirst, and the lash, if the soul wishes to be mistress.

"The body does nothing without the soul
through whose assistance while living it is nourished;
therefore if the body is not ruled by the soul,
soon it becomes infatuated with the enticements of the world.

"The body, which is corrupted, does not know evil through itself;
whatever I had done proceeded in the first place from you;
when that which the soul desires becomes known to the flesh,
the body does not stop until it becomes fuller.

Therefore, if the soul is guided to the deeds
through the flesh as its attendant, why is it blamed?
The blame lies with the soul, which premeditates
whatever its weak living body does.

"You have sinned more grievously, I say, believe me,
following the pleasure of the weak and detestable flesh;
the worms are gnawing at my sides in this place--
now no further shall I speak, O soul; return!"

To whom the soul answered, "I still wish to stand,
and, while I have time, to debate with you,
inasmuch as you spoke to me so bitterly, O body,
wishing to place the blame entirely upon me.

"O most wretched body, which was while alive
both deceitful and foolish, from whom have you learned
the words which now so very bitterly you have uttered?
Even so you have answered in many places rightly.

"I know that it sounds like the truth,
that I should have opposed your will;
but your frailty, prone to pleasure
and surrendered to the world, did not wish to allow this.
Therefore, we shall be absolutely condemned.

"When I wished, body, to restrain you
by hunger or vigils, or to tame you with the lash,
soon the vanity of the world began to entice you,
and forced you to find time for its frivolities.

"And so you usurped from me my power;
you were a traitor to me, although close to me;
you dragged me down after you through the allurements of the world
and you pleasantly immersed me in a pit of sin."
"But I know I am at fault, for I erred in this: when I was your mistress, I did not restrain you; but, because you had deceived me with such pleasing fraud, I believe that you were more seriously at fault in the sinning.

"If you, fool, had scorned the attractions of the world and flattering tricks and enchanting attractions of the Devil, and if you had adhered to the heavenly Thunderer, we would be with the saints.

"But when the fraud of the world pleased you a short time ago and firmly promised lasting life, you did not think you would die; but death shattered this when it sent you from your palatial hill.

"The world has a need of deceitful men whom it embraces more, to whom it gives honor, whom it betrays quickly with the severity of death, and to whom it gives, after the delights, worms and stench.

"Those who were your friends while you lived don't want to see you lying in the tomb." Understanding this, the body began immediately to weep and to respond in humble words thus:

"Do you think that I, who while alive was able to give orders to many, to collect money, gold, gems, estates, to build castles, to judge people,—do you think that I believed I would enter a tomb?

"No, but I see now, and it is clear to me, that I am master neither of gold nor of riches; and neither power, strength, nor noble birth can escape the bitter tomb of death.

"Both of us, I say, are liable to God, and we must certainly be so, but not with equal blame. The more severe blame should be imputed to you. This can be proved in many ways.

"No one intelligent is ignorant of this, and you know very well, for Scripture bears witness, that reason wishes to be regulated more by him to whom the greater grace of virtue is given.

"Life, memory, and intellect the Lord gave you, and perfect sense by which you should have restrained your evil disposition and should have loved whatever was right."
"Since you were enriched with so many virtues, and you made yourself well-disposed toward foolish me, and you never resisted my allurements, it is evident enough to all that you did more wrong."

The body spoke again with bitter heart: "Tell me, if you know, with a clear statement, when the soul withdraws from the flesh, what is the body? Does it move itself afterward quickly or seldom? "Does it see? of speak? Is it not therefore clear that the soul gives life, but the body profits little? If the soul loved its dear God, never would the body win out over the strength of souls. "If you had loved God perfectly while you lived, and if you had judged correctly the cases of the poor, and if you had not adhered to the way of life of evil men, the vanity of the world would have deceived neither me nor you. "Nevertheless, when I was alive, molded to you, those things which you now see were bequeathed to me: rottenness with worms; my home is stripped bare, and by these things I am constantly and strongly afflicted. "And I know besides that I will rise on the last day and will suffer punishment with you forever. O death worse than just hard, O death everlasting and endless!"

To this the soul shouts in a practically unintelligible voice: "O, if only I had never entered into the nature of things! Why did the Lord permit me to be His creature when He knew beforehand that I would perish? "Happy is the condition of the brute sheep! When their souls leave their bodies, they will not, after death, approach a place of torures. If only there were such an end for the wicked!"

Now the body speaks to the sad soul, "If you were a soul among the dead, tell me, I implore you, what did you see there? Tell me if there is any hope for the wretched through the sweetness of Christ?"

"Tell me if noble persons are spared anything, those who sat on thrones while they lived. Tell me if there is any hope of redemption for them in return for money, estates, and other gifts."
"O body, that question is senseless:
Understand that one who once enters the lower world
whatever mortal person he may be, in return for his transgression
has no further hope of redemption
either through alms or through prayer.

"If faithful men offered their all in intercession,
if the world gave all its money,
if all the religious took the time to fast,
it would never free him once he was put into Hell
because he is such that he lacks the grace of God.

"Neither would the savage Devil give, to those who are
not bound, one soul which is in his fetters
in return for the terrestrial estates of a whole generation;
or would he allow at any time that the soul be unpunished.

"Still, as to your question if noble people are
spared anything, no: for this law is laid down,
that the more anyone is exalted in his lifetime,
the farther he falls if he sins;
therefore, if a dying rich man is weighed down by vices,
he is more subdued in comparison with the punishments of others."

After the soul had spoken such sorrows,
behold two devils came, black from pitch,
whose ugliness neither the writers nor painters
of the world could describe.

They carried in their hands iron forks,
and sent out through their mouths sulphurous fires,
their teeth were like mattocks;
and from their noses snakes projected;
their eyes were like red-hot basins;
their ears had openings flowing with gore,
and they carried horns on their foreheads,
pouring out venom through the ends of their horns;
and the claws of their fingers were like the teeth of boars.

They grabbed the soul with their forks;
they dragged it by force to the company of the dead.
Little demons also hastened to meet them;
they were glad to have such a companion.
And in that place of revelry they grabbed it with their teeth,
and they showed them their approval with such games as this:
they bound it with leather straps smeared with bird-lime;
some tore the belly with iron forks;
some plunged hot lead into it;
some filled the mouth with their own dung;
and into its eyes some urinated;
some gnawed away the forehead with their teeth;
some punctured it with their horns;
some tore the side with their nails;
and they pulled skin from the whole body.

After this, the devils spoke, almost worn out:
"This is the way those who serve us are honored.
No longer can you talk, as the toad for Crates,
for you should suffer worse things a hundredfold."

When it heard this, the groaning soul sighed,
and with what voice it could muster, it murmured a little.
But when it entered the doors of the underworld,
it cried out in a mournful and complaining voice,
"Look on your creature, Son of David."

Then the demons shouted and said to it:
"You called on the name of your God too late.
No more will you say, 'Have mercy on me.'
There is no further hope of pardon or rest.
No more will you see the light of day.
The beauty of your face will be changed.
You will be joined to this army of ours,
and you will be made like our species.
In this way let the culprits among the dead be consoled."

When I saw this in my sleep, I grew very frightened;
and, almost beside myself, I stayed awake
and with arms extended, I cried out to God,
praying that He protect me from so harsh a penalty.
And I condemned the world with its trifles,
and I considered gold, gems, and estates worthless,
and I renounced transitory things,
and I commended my whole self to the hands of Christ.


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