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Called by Death, Everyman can persuade none of his friends - Beauty, Kindred, Worldly Goods - to go with him, except Good Deeds.                                              Characters  Everyman-------------------------Strength God: Adonai----------------------Discretion Death-----------------------------Five-Wits Messenger------------------------Beauty Fellowship------------------------Knowledge Cousin----------------------------Confession Kindred---------------------------Angel Goods-----------------------------Doctor Good-Deeds    HERE BEGINETH A TREATISE HOW THE HIGH FATHER OH HEAVEN SENDETH DEATH TO SUMMON EVERY CREATURE TO COME AND GIVE ACCOUNT OF THEIR LIVES IN THIS WORLD AND IS IN MANNER OF A MORAL PLAY.    *Messenger: I pray you all give your audience,*  *And here this matter with reverence,*  *By figure a moral play-*  *The Summoning of Everyman called it is,*  *That of our lives and ending shows*  *How transitory we be all day.*  *This matter is wonderous precious,*  *But the intent of it is more gracious,*  *And sweet to bear away.*  *The story saith,-Man, in the beginning,*  *Look well, and take good heed to the ending,*  *Be you never so gay!*  *Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,*  *Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,*  *When the body lieth in clay.*  *Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,*  *Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,*  *Will fade from thee as flower in May.*  *For ye shall here, how our heavenly king*  *Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning:*  *Give audience, and here what he doth say.*  *God:            I perceive here in my majesty,*  *How that all the creatures be to me unkind,*  *Living without dread in worldly prosperity:*  *Of ghostly sight the people be so blind,*  *Drowned in sin, they know me not for their God;*  *In worldly riches is all their mind,*  *They fear not my rightwiseness, the sharp rod;*  *My law that I shewed, when I for them died,*  *They forget clean, and shedding of my blood red;*  *I hanged between two, it cannot be denied;*  *To get them life I suffered to be dead;*  *I healed their feet; with thorns hurt was my head:*  *I could do no more than I did truly,*  *And now I see the people do clean forsake me.*  *They use the seven deadly sins damnable;*  *As pride, covetise, wrath, and lechery,*  *Now in the world be made commendable;*  *And thus they leave of angels the heavenly company;*  *Everyman liveth so after his own pleasure,*  *And yet of their life they be nothing sure:*  *I see the more that I them forbear*  *The worse they be from year to year;*  *All that liveth appaireth\* fast, \*is impaired*  *Therefore I will in all the haste*  *Have a reckoning of Everyman’s person*  *For and I leave the people thus alone*  *In their life and wicked tempests,*  *Verily they will become much worse than beasts;*  *For now one would by envy another up eat;*  *Charity they all do clean forget.*  *I hope well that Everyman*  *In my glory should make his mansion,*  *And thereto I had them all elect;*  *But now I see, like traitors deject,*  *They thank me not for the pleasure that I to them meant,*  *Nor yet for their being that I them have lent;*  *I proffered the people great multitude of mercy,*  *And few there be that asketh it heartily;*  *They be so cumbered with worldly riches,*  *That needs on them I must do justice,*  *On Everyman living without fear.*  *Where art thou, Death, thou mighty messenger?*  *Death:         Almighty God, I am here at your will,*  *Your commandment to fulfil.*  *God:            Go thou to Everyman,*  *And show him in my name*  *A pilgrimage he must on him take,*  *Which he in no wise may escape;*  *And that he bring with him a sure reckoning*  *Without delay or any tarrying.*  *Death:         Lord, I will in the world go run over all,*  *And cruelly outsearch both great and small;*  *Every man will I beset that liveth beastly*  *Out of God’s laws, and dreadeth not folly;*  *He that loveth riches I will strike with my dart,*  *His sight to blind, and from heaven to depart,*  *Except that alms be his good friend,*  *In hell for to dwell, world without end.*  *Lo, yonder I see Everyman walking;*  *Full little he thinketh on my coming;*  *His mind is on fleshly lust and his treasure,*  *And great pain it shall cause him to endure*  *Before the Lord Heaven King.*  *Everyman,  stand still; whither art thou going*  *Thus gaily? Hast thou thy Maker forget?*  *Everyman: Why askst thou?*  *Wouldest thou wete\*? \*know*  *Death:         Yea, sir, I will show you;*  *In great haste I am sent to thee*  *From God out of his great majesty.*  *Everyman: What, sent to me?*  *Death:         Yea, certainly.*  *Though thou have forget him here,*  *He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere,*  *As, or we depart, thou shalt know.*  *Everyman: What desireth God of me?*  *Death:         That shall I show thee;*  *A reckoning he will needs have*  *Without any longer respite.*  *Everyman: To give a reckoning longer leisure I crave;*  *This blind matter troubleth my wit.*  *Death:         On thee thou must take a long journey:*  *Therefore thy book of count with thee thou bring;*  *For turn again thou can not by no way,*  *And look thou be sure of thy reckoning:*  *For before God thou shalt answer, and show*  *Thy many bad deeds and good but few;*  *How thou hast spent thy life, and in what wise,*  *Before the chief lord of paradise.*  *Have ado that we were in that way,*  *For, wete thou well, thou shalt make none attournay\*. \*mediator*  *Everyman: Full unready I am such reckoning to give*  *I know thee not: what messenger art thou?*  *Death:         I am Death, that no man dreadeth.*  *For every man I rest and no man spareth;*  *For it is God’s commandment*  *That all to me should be obedient.*  *Everyman: O Death, thou comest when I had thee least in mind;*  *In thy power it lieth me to save,*  *Yet of my good will I give thee, if ye will be kind,*  *Yea, a thousand pound shalt thou have,*  *And defer this matter till another day.*  *Death:         Everyman, it may not be by no way;*  *I set not by gold, silver nor, riches,*  *Ne by pope, emperor, king, duke, ne princes.*  *For and I would receive gifts great,*  *All the world I might get;*  *But my custom is clean contrary.*  *I give thee no respite: come hence, and not tarry.*  *Everyman: Alas, shall I have no longer respite?*  *I may say Death giveth no warning:*  *To think on thee, it maketh my heart sick,*  *For all unready is my book of reckoning.*  *But twelve year and I might have abiding,*  *My counting book I would make so clear,*  *That my reckoning I should not need to fear.*  *Wherefore, Death, I pray thee, for God’s mercy,*  *Spare me till I provided of remedy.*  *Death:         Thee availeth not to cry, weep, and pray:*  *But haste thee lightly that you were gone the journey,*  *And prove thy friends if thou can.*  *For, wete thou well, the tide abideth no man,*  *And in the world each living creature*  *For Adam’s sin must die of nature.*  *Everyman: Death, if I should this pilgrimage take,*  *And my reckoning surely make,*  *Show me, for saint charity,*  *Should I not come again shortly?*  *Death:         No, Everyman; and thou be once there,*  *Thou mayst never more come here,*  *Trust me verily.*  *Everyman: O gracious God, in the high seat celestial,*  *Have mercy on me in this most need;*  *Shall I have no company from this vale terrestrial*  *Of mine acquaintance that way to me lead?*  *Death:         Yea, if any be so hardy*  *That would go with thee and bear thee company.*  *Hie thee that you were gone to God’s magnificence,*  *Thy reckoning to give before his presence.*  *What, weenest thou thy life is given thee,*  *And thy worldly goods also?*  *Everyman: I had went so verily.*  *Death:         Nay, nay; it was but lent thee;*  *For as soon as thou art go,*  *Another awhile shall have it, and then go therefor*  *Even as thou hast done.*  *Everyman, thou art mad; thou hast thou wits five,*  *And here on earth will not amend thy life,*  *For suddenly I do come.*  *Everyman: O wretched caitiff, whither shall I flee,*  *That I might scape this endless sorrow!*  *Now, gentle Death, spare me till to-morrow,*  *That I may amend me*  *With good advisement.*  *Death:         Nay, thereto I will not consent,*  *Nor no man will I respite,*  *But to the heart suddenly I shall smite*  *Without any advisement.*  *And now out of thy sight I will me hie;*  *See thou make thee ready shortly,*  *For thou mayst say this is the day*  *That no man living may escape away.*  *Everyman; Alas, I may well weep with sighs deep;*  *Now have I no manner of company*  *To help me in my journey, and me to keep;*  *And also my writing is full unready.*  *How shall I do now for to excuse me?*  *I would to God I had never be gete\*! \*been born*  *To my soul a great profit it had be;*  *For now I fear pains huge and great.*  *The time passeth; Lord, help that all wrought;*  *For though I mourn it availeth nought.*  *The day passeth, and is almost a-go;*  *I wot not well what for to do.*  *To whom were I best my complaint do make?*  *What, and I to Fellowship thereof spake,*  *And show him of this sudden chance?*  *For in him is all my affiance;*  *We have in the world so many a day*  *Be on good friends in sport and play.*  *I see him yonder, certainly;*  *I trust that he will bear me company;*  *Therefore to him will I speak to ease my sorrow.*  *Well met, good Fellowship, and good morrow!*  *Fellowship: Everyman, good morrow by this day.*  *Sir, why lookest thou so piteously?*  *If anything be amiss, I pray thee, me say,*  *That I may help to remedy.*  *Everyman: Yea, good Fellowship, yea,*  *I am in great jeopardy.*  *Fellowship: My true friend, show me your mind;*  *I will not forsake thee, unto my life’s end,*  *In the way of good company.*  *Everyman: That was well spoken, and lovingly.*  *Fellowship: Sir, I must needs know your heaviness;*  *I have pity to see you in any distress;*  *If any have you wronged ye shall revenged be,*  *Though I on the ground be slain for thee,-*  *Though that I know before that I should die.*  *Everyman: Verily, Fellowship, gramercy.*  *Fellowship: Tush! by thy thanks I set not a straw.*  *Show me your grief, and say no more.*  *Everyman: If I my heart should to you break,*  *And then you to turn your mind from me,*  *And would not me comfort, when you here me speak,*  *Then should I ten times sorrier be.*  *Fellowship: Sir, I say as I will do in deed.*  *Everyman: Then be you a good friend at need;*  *I have found you true here before.*  *Fellowship: And so ye shall evermore;*  *For, in faith, and thou go to Hell*  *I will not forsake thee by the way!*  *Everyman: Ye speak like a good friend; I believe you well;*  *I shall deserve it, and I may.*  *Fellowship: I speak of no deserving, by this day.*  *For he that will say and nothing do*  *Is not worthy with good company to go;*  *Therefore show me the grief of your mind,*  *As to your friend most loving and kind.*  *Everyman: I shall show you how it is;*  *Commanded I am to go on a journey,*  *A long way, hard and dangerous,*  *And give a strait count without delay*  *Before the high judge Adonai\*. \*God*  *Wherefore I pray you bear me company,*  *As ye have promised, in this journey.*  *Fellowship: That is a matter indeed! Promise is duty,*  *But, and I should take such a voyage on me,*  *I know it well, it should be to my pain:*  *Also it make me afeard, certain.*  *But let us take counsel here as well we can,*  *For your words would fear a strong man.*  *Everyman Why, ye said, If I had need,*  *Ye would me never forsake, quick nor dead,*  *Though it were to hell truly.*  *Fellowship: So I said, certainly,*  *But such pleasures be set aside, thee sooth to say:*  *And also, if we took such a journey,*  *When should we come again?*  *Everyman: Nay, never again till the day of doom.*  *Fellowship: In faith, then will not I come there!*  *Who hath you these tidings brought?*  *Everyman: Indeed, Death was with me here*  *Fellowship: Now, by God that all hath brought,*  *If Death were the messenger,*  *For no man that is living to-day*  *I will not go that loath journey-*  *Not for the father that begat me!*  *Everyman: Ye promised other wise, pardie.*  *Fellowship: I wot well I say so truly;*  *And yet if thou wilt eat, and drink, and make good cheer,*  *Or haunt to women, the lusty companion,*  *I would not forsake you, while the day is clear,*  *Trust me verily!*  *Everyman: Yea, thereto ye would be ready;*  *To go to mirth, solace, and play,*  *Your mind will sooner apply*  *Than to bear me company in my long journey.*  *Fellowship: Now, in good faith, I will not that way.*  *But and thou wilt murder, or any man kill,*  *In that I will help thee with a good will!*  *Everyman: O that is a simple advice indeed!*  *Gentle fellow, help me in my necessity;*  *We have loved long, and now I need,*  *And now, gentle Fellowship, remember me.*  *Fellowship: Whether ye have loved me or no,*  *By Saint John, I will not with thee go.*  *Everyman: Yet I pray thee, take the labour, and do so much for me*  *To bring me forward, for saint charity,*  *And comfort me till I come without the town.*  *Fellowship: Nay, and thou would give me a new gown,*  *I will not a foot with thee go;*  *But and you had tarried I would not have left thee so.*  *And as now, God speed thee in thy journey,*  *For from thee I will depart as fast as I may.*  *Everyman: Whither away, Fellowship? Will you forsake me?*  *Fellowship: Yea, by my fay, to God I betake thee.*  *Everyman: Farewell, good Fellowship; for this my heart is sore;*  *Adieu for ever, I shall see thee no more.*  *Fellowship: In faith, Everyman, farewell now at the end;*  *For you I will remember that parting is mourning.*  *Everyman: Alack! Shall we thus depart indeed?*  *Our Lady, help, without any more comfort,*  *Lo, Fellowship forsaketh me in my most need:*  *For help in this world whither shall I resort?*  *Fellowship herebefore with me would merry make;*  *And now little sorrow for me doth he take.*  *It is said, in prosperity men friends may find,*  *Which in adversity be fully unkind.*  *Now whither for succour shall I flee,*  *Sith that Fellowship hath forsaken me?*  *To my kinsmen I will truly,*  *Praying them to help me in my necessity;*  *I believe that they will do so,*  *For kind will creep where it may not go.*  *I will go say, for yonder I see them go.*  *Where be ye now, my friends and kinsmen?*  *Kindred: Here be we now at your commandment.*  *Cousin, I pray you show us your intent*  *In any wise, and not spare.*  *Cousin: Yea, Everyman, and to us declare*  *If ye be disposed to go any whither,*  *For wete you well, we will live and die together.*  *Kindred: In wealth and woe we will with you hold,*  *For over his kin a man may be bold.*  *Everyman: Gramercy, my friends and kinsmen kind.*  *Now shall I show you the grief of my mind:*  *I was commanded by a messenger,*  *That is a high king’s chief officer;*  *He bade me go on a pilgrimage to my pain,*  *And I know well I shall never come again;*  *Also I must give a reckoning straight,*  *For I have a great enemy, that hath me in wait,*  *Which intendeth me for to hinder.*  *Kindred: What account is that which ye must render?*  *That would I know.*  *Everyman: Of all my works I must show*  *How I have lived and my days spent;*  *Also of ill deeds, that I have used*  *In my time, sith life was me lent;*  *And of all virtues that I have refused.*  *Therefore I pray you thither with me,*  *To help to make account, for saint charity.*  *Cousin:        What, to go thither? Is that the matter?*  *Nay, Everyman, I had liefer fast bread and water*  *All this five year and more.*  *Everyman: Alas, that ever I was bore!*  *For now shall I never be merry*  *If that you forsake me.*  *Kindred:     Ah, sir; what, ye be a merry man!*  *Take good heart to you, and make no moan.*  *But as one thing I warn you, by Saint Anne,*  *As for me, ye shall go alone.*  *Everyman: My Cousin, will you not with me go.*  *Cousin:        No by our Lady; I have the cramp in my toe.*  *Trust not to me, for, so God me speed,*  *I will deceive you in your most need.*  *Kindred:      It availeth not us to tice.*  *Ye shall have my maid with all my heart;*  *She loveth to go to feasts, there to be nice,*  *And to dance, and abroad to start:*  *I will give her leave to help you in that journey,*  *If that you and she may agree.*  *Everyman: Now show me the very effect of your mind.*  *Will you go with me, or abide behind?*  *Kindred:      Abide behind? Yea, that I will and I may!*  *Therefore farewell until another day.*  *Everyman: How should I be mary or glad?*  *For fair promises to me make,*  *But when I have most need, they me forsake.*  *I am deceived; that maketh me sad*  *Cousin:        Cousin Everyman, farewell now,*  *For varily I will not go with you;*  *Also of mine an unready reckoning*  *I have to account; therefore I make tarrying.*  *Now, God keep thee, for now I go.*  *Everyman: Ah, Jesus, is all come hereto?*  *Lo, fair words maketh fools feign;*  *They promise and nothing will do certain.*  *My kinsmen promised me faithfully*  *For to abide with me steadfastly,*  *And now fast away do they flee:*  *Even so Fellowship promised me.*  *What friend were best me of to provide?*  *I lose my time here longer to abide.*  *Yet in my mind a thing there is;-*  *All my life I have loved riches;*  *If that my good now help me might,*  *He would make my heart full light.*  *I will speak to him in this distress.-*  *Where art thou, my Goods and riches?*  *Goods:        Who calleth me? Everyman? What hast thou hast!*  *I lie here in corners, trussed and piled so high,*  *And in chest I am locked so fast,*  *Also sacked in bags, thou mayst see with thine eye,*  *I cannot stir; in packs low I lie.*  *What would ye have, lightly me say.*  *Everyman: Come hither, Goods, in all the hast thou may,*  *For of counsel I must desire thee.*  *Goods:        Sir, and ye in the world have trouble or adversity,*  *That can I help you to remedy shortly.*  *Everyman: It is another disease that grieveth me;*  *In this world it is not, I tell thee so.*  *I am sent for another way to go,*  *To give a straight account general*  *Before the highest Jupiter of all;*  *And all my life I have had joy and pleasure in thee.*  *Therefore I pray thee go with me,*  *For, peradventure, thou mayst before God Almighty*  *My reckoning help to clean and purify;*  *For it is said ever among,*  *That money maketh all right that is wrong.*  *Goods:        Nay, Everyman, I sing another song,*  *I follow no man in such voyages;*  *For and I went with thee*  *Thou shouldst fare much the worse for me;*  *For because on me thou did set thy hand,*  *Thy reckoning I have made blotted and blind,*  *That thine account thou cannot make truly;*  *And that hast thou for the love of me.*  *Everyman: That would grieve me full sore,*  *When I should come to that fearful answer.*  *Up, let us go thither together.*  *Goods:        Nay, not so, I am, to brittle, I may not endure;*  *I will follow no man one foot, be ye sure.*    *Everyman: Alas, I have thee loved, and had great pleasure*  *All my life-days on good and treasure.*  *Goods:         That is to thy damnation without lesing,*  *For my love is contrary to the love everlasting.*  *But if thou had loved moderately during,*  *As, to the poor give part of me,*  *Then shouldst thou not in this dolour be,*  *Nor in this great sorrow care.*  *Everyman: Lo, now was I deceived or was I ware,*  *And all may wyte\* my spending time. \*blame*  *Goods:        What, weenest thou that I am thine?*  *Everyman: I had wend so.*  *Goods:        Nay, Everyman, say no;*  *As for a while I was lent thee,*  *A season thou hast had me in prosperity;*  *My condition is man’s soul to kill;*  *If I save one, a thousand I do spill;*  *Weenest thou that I will follow thee?*  *Nay, from this world, not verrily.*  *Everyman: I had wend otherwise.*  *Goods:         Therefore to thy soul Good is a thief;*  *For when thou art dead, this is my guise*  *Another to deceive in the same wise*  *As I have done thee, and all to his soul’s reprief.*  *Everyman: O false Good, cursed thou be!*  *Thou traitor to God, that hast deceived me,*  *And caught me in thy snare.*  *Goods:         Marry, thou brought thyself in care,*  *Whereof I am glad,*  *I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad.*  *Everyman: Ah, Good, thou hast had long my heartly love;*  *I gave thee that which should be the Lord’s above.*  *But wilt thou not go with me in deed?*  *I pray thee truth to say.*  *Goods:         No, so God me speed,*  *Therefore farewell, and have good day.*  *Everyman: O, to whom shall I make my moan*  *For to go with me in that heavy journey?*  *First Fellowship said he would go with me gone;*  *His words were very pleasant and gay,*  *But afterward he left me alone.*  *Then spake I to my kinsmen all in despair,*  *And also they gave me words fair,*  *They lacked no fair speaking,*  *But all forsake me in the ending.*  *Then went I to my Goods that I loved best,*  *In hope to have comfort, but there had I least;*  *For my Goods sharply did me tell*  *That he bringeth many to hell.*  *Then of myself I was ashamed,*  *And so I am worthy to be blamed;*  *Thus may I well myself hate.*  *Of whom shall now counsel take?*  *I think that I shall never speed*  *Till that I go to my Good-Deed,*  *But alas, she is so weak,*  *That she can neither go nor speak;*  *Yet I will venture on her now.-*  *My Good-Deeds, where be you?*  *Good-Deeds: Here I lie cold in the ground;*  *Thy sins hath me sore bound,*  *That I cannot stir.*  *Everyman: O, Good-Deeds, I stand in fear;*  *I must you pray counsel,*  *For help now should come right well.*  *Good-Deeds: Everyman, I have understanding*  *That ye be summoned account to make*  *Before Messias, of Jerusalem King;*  *And if you do by me that journey what you will I take.*  *Everyman: Therefore I come to you, my moan to make;*  *I pray you, that ye will go with me.*  *Good-Deeds: I would full fain, but I cannot stand verily.*  *Everyman: Why, is there anything on you fall?*  *Good-Deeds: Yea, sir, I may thank you of all;*  *If ye had perfectly cheered me,*  *Your book of account now full ready had be.*  *Look, the books of your works and deeds eke;*  *Oh, see how they lie under the feet,*  *To your soul’s heaviness.*  *Everyman: Our Lord Jesus, help me!*  *For one letter here I can not see.*  *Good-Deeds: There is a blind reckoning in time of distress!*  *Everyman: Good-Deeds, I pray you, help me in this need,*  *Or else I am forever damned indeed;*  *Therefore help me to make reckoning*  *Before the redeemer of all thing,*  *That king is, and was, and ever shall.*  *Good-Deeds: Everyman, I am sorry for your fall,*  *And fain would I help you, and I were able.*  *Everyman: Good-Deeds, you counsel I pray you give me.*  *Good-Deeds: That shall I do verily;*  *Though that on my feet I may not go,*  *I have a sister, that shall with you also,*  *Called Knowledge, which shall you abide,*  *To help you make that dreadful reckoning.*  *Knowledge: Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide,*  *In thy most need to go by thy side.*  *Everyman: In good condition I am now in every thing,*  *And am wholly content with this good thing;*  *Thanked be God my creator.*  *Good-Deeds: And when he hath brought thee there,*  *Where thou shalt heal thee of thy smart,*  *Then go with your reckoning and your Good-Deeds together*  *For to make you joyful at heart*  *Before the blessed Trinity.*  *Everyman: My Good-Deeds, gramercy;*  *I am well content, certainly,*  *With your words sweet.*  *Knowledge: Now we go together lovingly,*  *To Confession, that cleansing river.*  *Everyman: For joy I weep; I would we were there;*  *But, I pray you, give me cognition*  *Where dwelleth that holy man, Confession.*  *Knowledge: in the house of salvation:*  *We shall find him in that place,*  *That shall us comfort by God’s grace.*  *Lo, this is Confession; kneel down and ask mercy,*  *For he is in good conceit with God almighty.*  *Everyman: O glorious fountain that all uncleanness doth clarify,*  *That on me no sin may be seen;*  *I come with Knowledge for my redemption,*  *Repent with hearty and full contrition;*  *For I am commanded a pilgrimage to take,*  *And great accounts before God to make.*  *Now, I pray you, Shrift, mother of salvation,*  *Help my good deeds for my piteous exclamation.*  *Confession: I know your sorrow well, Everyman;*  *Because with Knowledge ye come to me,*  *I will you comfort as well as I can,*  *And a precious jewel I will give thee,*  *Called penance, wise voider of adversity;*  *Therewith shall your body chastised be,*  *With abstinence and perseverance in God’s service:*  *Here shall you receive that scourge of me,*  *Which is penance strong, that ye must endure,*  *To remember thy Saviour was scourged for thee*  *With sharp scourges, and suffered it patiently;*  *So must thou, or thou scape that that painful pilgrimage;*  *Knowledge, keep him in this voyage,*  *And by that time Good-Deeds will be with thee.*  *But in any wise, be sure of mercy,*  *For your time draweth fast, and ye will saved be;*  *Ask God mercy, and He will grant truly,*  *When with the scourge of penance man doth him bind,*  *The oil of forgiveness then shall he find.*  *Everyman: Thanked be God for his gracious work!*  *For now I will my penance begin;*  *This hath rejoiced and lighted my heart,*  *Though the knots be painful and within.*  *Knowledge: Everyman, look your penance that ye fulfil,*  *What pain that ever it to you be,*  *And Knowledge shall give you counsel at will,*  *How your accounts you shall make clearly,*  *Everyman: O eternal God, O heavenly figure,*  *O way of rightwiseness, O goodly vision,*  *Which descended down in a virgin pure*  *Because he would Everyman redeem,*  *Which Adam forfeited by his disobedience:*  *O blessed Godhead, elect and high-divine,*  *Forgive my grievous offence;*  *Here I cry thee mercy in this presence.*  *O ghostly treasure, O ransomer and redeemer*  *Of all the world, hope and conductor,*  *Mirror of joy, and founder of mercy,*  *Which illumineth heaven and earth thereby,*  *Hear my clamorous complain, though it late be;*  *Receive my prayers; unworthy in this heavy life,*  *Though I be, a sinner most abominable,*  *Yet let my name be written in Moses’ table;*  *O Mary, pray to the Maker of all thing,*  *Me for to help at my ending,*  *And same me from the power of my enemy,*  *For Death assaileth me strongly,*  *And, Lady, that I may by means of they prayer*  *Of your Son’s glory to be partaker,*  *By the means of h is passion I it crave,*  *I beseech you, help my soul to save.*  *Knowledge, give me the scourge of penance;*  *My flesh therewith shall give a quittance;*  *I will now begin, if God give me grace.*  *Knowledge: Everyman, God give you time and space:*  *Thus I bequeath you in the hands of our Savior,*  *Thus may you make your reckoning sure.*  *Everyman: In the name of the Holy Trinity,*  *My body sore punished shall be:*  *Take this body for the sin of the flesh;*  *Also though delightest to go gay and fresh;*  *And in the way of damnation thou did me brine;*  *Therefore suffer now strokes and punishing.*  *Now of penance I will wade the water clear,*  *To save me from purgatory, that sharp fire.*  *Good-Deeds: I thank God, now I can walk and go;*  *And am delivered of my sickness and woe.*  *Therefore with Everyman I will go, and not spare;*  *His good works I will help him to declare.*  *Knowledge: Now, Everyman, be merry and glad;*  *Your Good-Deeds cometh now;*  *Now is your Good-Deeds whole and sound,*  *Going upright upon the ground.*  *Everyman: My heart is light, and shall be evermore;*  *Now will I smite faster than I did before.*  *Good-Deeds: Everyman, pilgrim, my special friend,*  *Blessed by thou without end;*  *For thee is prepared the eternal glory,*  *Ye gave me made whole and sound,*  *Therefore I will bid by thee in every stound\*. \*season*  *Everyman: Welcome, my Good-Deeds; now I hear thy voice,*  *I weep for very sweetness of love.*  *Knowledge: Be no more sad, but ever rejoice,*  *God seeth they living in this throne above;*  *Put on his garment to thy behove,*  *Which is wet with your tears,*  *Or else before god you may it miss,*  *When you to your journey’s end come shall.*  *Everyman: Gentle Knowledge, what do you it call?*  *Knowledge: It is a garment of sorrow:*  *From pain it will you borrow;*  *Contrition it is,*  *That getteth forgiveness;*  *It pleaseth God passing well.*  *Good-Deeds: Everyman, will you wear it for your heal?*  *Everyman: Now blessed by Jesu. Mary’s Son!*  *From now have I on true contrition.*  *And let us go now without tarrying;*  *Good-Deeds, have we clear our reckoning?*  *Good-Deeds: Yea, indeed I have it here.*  *Everyman: Then I trust we need not fear;*  *Now friends, let us not part in twain.*  *Knowledge: Nay, Everyman, that will we not, certain.*  *Good-Deeds: Yet must thou lead with thee*  *Three persons of great might.*  *Everyman: Who should they be?*  *Good-Deeds: Discretion and Strength, they hight,*  *And thy Beauty may not abide behind.*  *Knowledge: Also ye must call to mind.*  *Your Five-wits as for your counsellors.*  *Good-Deeds: You must have them ready at all hours*  *Everyman: How shall I get them hinder?*  *Knowledge: You must call them all together,*  *And they will hear you incontient.*  *Everyman: My friends, come hither and be present*  *Discretion, Strength, my Five-wits and Beauty.*  *Beauty:        Here at you will we be all ready.*  *What will ye that we should do?*  *Good-Deeds: That ye would with Everyman go,*  *And help him in his pilgrimage,*  *Advise you, will ye with him or not in that voyage?*  *Strength:     We will bring him all thither,*  *To his help and comfort, ye may believe me.*  *Discretion:   So will we go with him all together.*  *Everyman: Almighty God, loved thou be,*  *I give thee laud that I have hither brought*  *Strength, Discretion, Beauty, and Five-wits; lack I nought;*  *And my Good-Deeds, with Knowledge clear,*  *I desire no more to my business.*  *Strength:     And I, Strength, will by you stand in distress,*  *Though thou would be battle fight on the ground,.*  *Five-Wits:    And though it were through the world round,*  *We will not depart for sweet nor sour.*  *Beauty:         No more will I unto death’s hour,*  *Whatsoever thereof befall.*  *Discretion:    Everyman, advise you first of all;*  *Go with a good advisement and deliberation;*  *We all give you virtuous monitiion*  *That all shall be well.*  *Everyman: My friends, harken what I will tell:*  *I pray God reward you in his heavenly sphere.*  *Now harken, all that be here,*  *For I will make my testament*  *Here before you all present.*  *In alms half good I will give with my hands twain*  *In the way of charity with good intent,*  *And the other half still shall remain*  *In quiet to be returned there it ought to be.*  *This I do in despite of the fiend of hell*  *To go quite out if his peril.*  *Even after and this day.*  *Knowledge: Everyman, hearken what I say;*  *Go to priesthood, I you advise,*  *And receive of him in any wise*  *The holy sacrament and ointment together;*  *Then shortly see ye turn again hither;*  *We will all abide you here.*  *Five-Wits:    Yea, Everyman, hie you that ye ready were,*  *There is no emperor, king, duke, ne baron,*  *That of God hath commission,*  *As hath the least priest in the world being;*  *He beareth the keys and thereof hath the cure*  *For man’s redemption, it is ever sure;*  *Which God for our soul’s medicine*  *Gave us out of his heart with great pine;*  *Here in this transitory life, for thee and me*  *The blessed sacraments seven there be,*  *Baptism, confirmation, with priesthood good,*  *And the sacrament of God’s precious flesh and blood,*  *Marriage, the holy extreme unction, and penance;*  *Gracious sacraments of high divinity.*  *Everyman: Fain would I receive that holy body*  *And meek to my ghostly father I will go.*  *Five-wits:    Everyman, that is the best that ye can do:*  *God will you to salvation bring,*  *For priesthood exceedeth all other things;*  *To us Holy Scripture they do teach.*  *And converteth man from sin heaven to reach;*  *God hath to them more power given,*  *Than to any angel that is in heaven;*  *With five words he may consecrate*  *God’s body in flesh and blood to male,*  *And handleth his maker between his hands;*  *The priest bindeth and unbindeth all bands,*  *Both in earth and in heaven;*  *Thou ministers all the sacraments seven;*  *Though we kissed thy feet thou were worthy;*  *Thou art surgeon that cureth sin deadly;*  *No remedy we find under God*  *But all only priesthood.*  *Everyman, God gave priests that dignity,*  *And setteth them in his stead amount us to be;*  *Thus be they above angels in degree*  *Knowledge: If priests be good it is so surely;*  *But when Jesus hanged on the cross with great smart*  *There he gave, out of his blessed heart,*  *The same sacrament in great torment:*  *He sold them not to us, that Lord Omnipotent.*  *Therefore Saint Peter the apostle doth say*  *That Jesu’s curse hath all they*  *Which God their Savior do buy or sell,*  *Or they for any money do take or tell.*  *Sinful priests giveth the sinners example bad;*  *Their children sitteth by other men’s fires, I have heard;*  *And some haunteth women’s company,*  *With unclean life, as lusts of lechery:*  *These be with sin made blind.*  *Five-wits:    I trust to God no such may we find;*  *Therefore let us priesthood honour,*  *And follow their doctrine for our souls’ succour;*  *We be their sheep, and they shepherds be*  *By whom we all be kept in surety.*  *Peace, for yonder I see Everyman come,*  *Which hath made true satisfaction.*  *Good-Deeds: Methinketh it is he indeed.*  *Everyman: Now Jesu be our alder speed\*. \* speed in help of all*  *I have received the sacrament for my redemption,*  *And then mine extreme unction:*  *Blessed be all they that counsell me to take it!*  *And now, friends, let us go without longer respite;*  *I thank God that ye have tarried so long.*  *Now set each of you on this rod your hand,*  *And shortly follow me:*  *I go before, there I would be; God be our guide.*  *Strength:    Everyman, we will not from you go,*  *Till ye have done this voyage long.*  *Discretion:    I, Discretion, will bide by you also.*  *Knowledge: And though this pilgrimage be never so strong,*  *I will never part you fro:*  *Everyman, I will be as sure by the*  *As ever I did by Judas Maccabee.*  *Everyman: Alas, I am so faint I may not stand,*  *My limbs under me do fold;*  *Friends, let us not turn again to this land,*  *Not for all the world’s gold,*  *For into this cave must I creep*  *And turn to the earth and there to sleep.*  *Beauty:        What into this grave? Alas!*  *Everyman:  Yea, there shall you consume more and less.*  *Beauty:        And what, should I smother here?*  *Everyman:  Yea, by my faith, and never more appear.*  *In this world live no more we shall,*  *But in heaven before the highest Lord of all.*  *Beauty:        I cross out all this; adieu by Saint John;*  *I take my cap in my lap and am gone.*  *Everyman:  What, Beauty, whither will ye?*  *Beauty:        Peace, I am deaf; I look not behind me,*  *Not and thou would give me all the gold in thy chest.*  *Everyman: Alas, whereto may I trust?*  *Beauty goeth fast away hie;*  *She promised with me to live and die.*  *Strength:    Everyman, I will thee also forsake and deny;*  *Thy game liketh me not at all.*  *Everyman: Why, then ye will forsake me all.*  *Sweet Strength, tarry a little space.*  *Strength:     Nay, sir, by thy rood of grace*  *I will hie me from thee fast,*  *Though thou weep till thy heart brast.*  *Everyman: Ye would ever bide by me, ye said.*  *Strength:     Yea, I have you far enough conveyed;*  *Ye be old enough, I understand,*  *Your pilgrimage to take on hand;*  *I repent me that I hither came.*  *Everyman: Strength, you to displease I am to blame;*  *Will you break promise that is debt?*  *Strength:     In faith, I care not;*  *Thou art but a fool to complain,*  *You spend your speech and waste your brain;*  *Go thrust thee into the ground.*  *Everyman: I had went surer I should you have found.*  *He that trustest in his Strength*  *She him deceiveth at the length.*  *Both Strength and Beauty forsaketh me,*  *Yet they promise me fair and lovingly.*  *Discretion:    Everyman, I will after Strength be gone,*  *As for me I will leave you alone.*  *Everyman: Why, Discretion, will ye forsake me?*  *Discretion:  Yea, in faith, I will go from thee,*  *For when Strength goeth before*  *I follow after evermore.*  *Everyman: Yet, I pray thee, for the love of the Trinity,*  *Look in my grave once piteously.*  *Discretion:   Nay, so nigh will I not come.*  *Farewell, every one!*  *Everyman: O all thing faileth, save God alone;*  *Beauty, Strength, and Discretion;*  *For when Death bloweth his blast,*  *They all run from me full fast.*  *Five-wits:    Everyman, my leave now of thee I take;*  *I will follow the other, for here I thee forsake.*  *Everyman: O Jesu, help, all hath forsaken me!*  *Good-Deeds: Nay, Everyman, I will bide with thee,*  *I will not forsake thee indeed;*  *Thou shalt find me a good friend at need.*  *Everyman: Gramercy, Good-Deeds; now may I true friends see;*  *They have forsaken me every one;*  *I loved them better than my Good-Deeds alone.*  *Knowledge, will ye forsake me also?*  *Knowledge: Yea, Everyman, when ye to death do go;*  *But not yet for no manner of danger.*  *Everyman: Gramercy, Knowledge, with all me heart.*  *Knowledge: Nay, yet I will not depart from hence depart,*  *Till I see where ye shall be come.*  *Everyman: Methinketh, alas, that I must be gone,*  *To make my reckoning and my debts pay,*  *For I see my time is nigh spent away.*  *Take example, all ye that do hear or see,*  *How they that I loved best do forsake me,*  *Except my Good-Deeds that bideth truly.*  *Good-Deeds: All earthly things is but vanity:*  *Beauty, Strength, and Discretion, do man forsake,*  *Foolish friends and kinsmen, that fair spake,*  *All fleeth save Good-Deeds, and that am I.*  *Everyman: Have mercy on me, God, most mighty;*  *And stand by me, thou Mother and Maid, holy Mary.*  *Good-Deeds: Fear not, I will speak for thee.*  *Everyman: Here I cry God mercy.*  *Good-Deeds: Short our end, and minish our pain;*  *Let us go and never come again.*  *Everyman: Into thy hands, Lord, my soul I commend;*  *Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost;*  *As thou me boughtest, so me defend,*  *And save me from the fiend’s boast,*  *That I may appear with that blessed host*  *That shall be saved at the day of doom.*  *In manus tuas- of might’s most*  *For ever- commendo spiritum meum.*  *Knowledge: Now hath he suffered that we all shall endure;*  *The Good-Deeds shall make all sure.*  *Now hath he made ending;*  *Methinketh that I hear angels sing*  *And make great joy and melody,*  *Where Everyman’s soul received shall be.*  *Angel:         Come, excellent elect spouse to Jesu:*  *Hereabove thou shalt go*  *Because of thy singular virtue:*  *Now the soul is taken the body fro;*  *Thy reckoning is crystal-clear.*  *Now shalt thou into the heavenly sphere,*  *Unto the which all ye shall come*  *That liveth well before the day of doom.*  *Doctor:        This moral men may have in mind;*  *Ye hearers, take it of worth, old and young,*  *And forsake pride, for he deceiveth you in the end,*  *And remember Beauty, Five-wits, Strength, and Discretion,*  *They all at last do Everyman forsake,*  *Save his Good-Deeds, there doth he take.*  *But beware, and they be small*  *Before God, he hath no help at all.*  *None excuse may be there for Everyman:*  *Alas, how shall he do then?*  *For after death amends may no man make,*  *For then mercy and pity do him forsake.*  *If his reckoning be not clear when he do come,*  *God will say- ite maledicti in ignem aeternum.*  *And he that hath his account whole and sound,*  *High in heaven he shall be crowned;*  *Unto which place God bring us all thither*  *That we may live body and soul together.*  *Thereto help the Trinity,*  *Amen, say ye, for saint Charity.*  *THUS ENDETH THIS MORALL PLAY OF EVERYMAN.*  *Source.*    *This text is part of the* [*Internet Medieval Source Book*](https://sourcebooks.fordham.edu/halsall/sbook.asp)*. 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