

'Under his tongue doth mischief lie'

OR

A morality play gone wrong

Dramatis personae:

EVERYMAN



VOICE OF
VIRTUE



VOICE OF VICE



THE ENEMY



INNOCENT
FROM THE
CROWD



EVERYMAN



All the world is against me!

O Lord, how do my woes increase
How many are my miseries:
My troubles rise and never cease
Men judge Thou wilt not hear my cries

O Lord, how do my woes increase, Psalm 3
Orlando Gibbons (1583 – 1625)

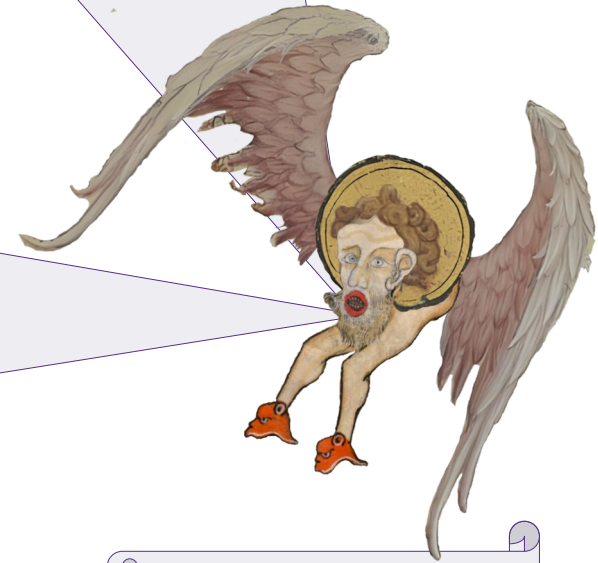
Gather the tribe, right the wrongs!

*Enforce yourself as God's own knight,
to strengthen your commons in their right.*

God hath given you of his goodness,
wisdom with strength and sov'reignty,
all misdone things to be redress.
And specially hurts of thy commonalty,
which cry and call unto your majesty,
in your person all their hope is pight,
to have recover of their unright.

Enforce yourself...

Enforce yourself as Goddes own knyght
Edmund Turges (c. 1450 – 1500)



VOICE OF VICE
pretending to be
VIRTUE

Yes, redress! The evil swine!



- 1) What is the cause that thou, O Lord, art now so far from thine?
And keepest close thy countenance, from us, this troublous time?
- 2) The poor doe perish by the proud, and wicked mens desire,
Let them be taken in the craft, that they themselves conspire.
- 3) For in the Lust of his owne heart, the ungodly doth delight:
So that the wicked praise himselfe, and doth the Lord despight.
- 7) His mouth is full of cursednesse, of fraud, deceit, and guile:
Under his tongue doth mischief sit, and travaile all the while.

What is the cause, Psalm 10
John Dowland (c. 1563 – 1626)

EVERYMAN

I'm off to fight the Holy War!



I was born at one; at two I grew up;
at three I took a lover; at four I was wed.
I got married with love, *my soul, life, and heart*.
Tell me, young lass, where are you from?
I long to get to know you.
If you do not have a lover, I will defend you, *my soul* ...
I'm going off to the war, I've thrown kisses into the air,
one is for my mother, the other is for you.

A la una yo naci, traditional Sephardic

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-
ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-
ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-
ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-
ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

The fool!

Cavalcando (instrumental)
Magister Piero (<1300 – >1350)



VOICE OF
VIRTUE

Oh no, innocents will get hurt in this :(



Our King is swift and ready to
receive the blood of innocents.
So sing the angels and with praise
resound.

*But yet—the clouds
this blood bewail.*

Rex noster promptus est, part 1
Hildegard von Bingen (c. 1098 – 1179)

Stop threatening me! Shut up!

THE ENEMY

Hold thy peace!
And I pray thee, hold thy peace,
or else I will box thee,
on thee, Sir!
Peace, thou knave, hold thy peace!

THOU KNAVE!

Hold thy peace
Anonymous (16th/early 17th century)



VOICE OF
VIRTUE

Where's Wisdom when we need her?!?!?!?



O strength of Wisdom
who, circling, circled,
enclosing all
in one lifegiving path,
three wings you have:
one soars to the heights,
one distils its essence upon the earth,
and the third is everywhere.
Praise to you, as is fitting,
O Wisdom.

O virtus Sapientie
Hildegard von Bingen (c. 1098 – 1179)

EVERYMAN

Off with you, swine!



1. *The man, the man, the armed man, one must beware the armed man.*
The word is that everyone must arm himself with a hauberk [iron chain-mail vest].

The man, the man ...

2. He will be attacked by you the feared Turk,
Master Symon – certainly this will happen –
and put down by hook or by crook

3. In a short time you will have beaten him to God's pleasure,
then it will be said:

“Long live little Symon le Breton who has fallen upon the Turk!”

L'homme armé, Anonymous (15th century)

I am black but beautiful,
O ye daughters of Jerusalem.
Therefore hath the king loved me
and led me into
his bedchamber.
Do not consider me
that I am brown
because the sun hath
altered my colour;
they have made me
the keeper in the vineyards.
Stay me up with flowers,
compass me about with apples:
because I languish with love.

Nigra sum sed formosa (instrumental), Mathieu Gascongne (fl. early 16th century)



C'mon,
we're
human too!

INNOCENT
FROM THE
CROWD

What did she just say?! She has the nerve to imply
YOU're the swine!!!

EVERYMAN



!!!

VOICE OF VICE
"VIRTUE"



Can she excuse thy wrongs with virtue's cloak?
shalt thou call her good when she proves unkind?

Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
must thou praise the leaves where no fruit thou
find'st?

~~~

No, no: where shadows do for bodies stand,  
thou may'st be abused if thy sight be dim.  
Cold love is like to words written on sand,  
or to bubbles which on the water swim.

~~~

Wilt thou be thus abused still,
seeing that she will right thee never?
if thou canst not overcome her will,
thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Can she excuse my wrongs, Dowland

VOICE OF VICE
"VIRTUE"



SWINE!!!



EVERYMAN and THE ENEMY
keep fighting,
trampling Innocent from the Crowd.
Finally they both retreat severely bruised,
leaving her bloody remains behind.



A souldier's resolution (instrumental), Tobias Hume (c. 1579 – 1645)

She wasn't with you, she was against you! She deserved what she got!



That tyrant still was choked by death's oppressive sleep in punishment of his grave wickedness.

That poor innocent ...
this is reaaally bad :(



But yet—the clouds
this blood
bewail.

Rex noster promptus est,
part 2
Hildegard

Too bad some of them escaped. Next time we'll get them for good!



England be glad, pluck up thy lusty heart!
*Help now thy king, thy king, and take his part,
And take his part!*

Against the Frenchman in the field to fight
In the quarrel of the Church and in the right.
With spears and shields on goodly horses light,
Bows and arrows to put them all to flight,
To put them all to flight:

Help now ...



England be glad, Anonymous (early 16th century)

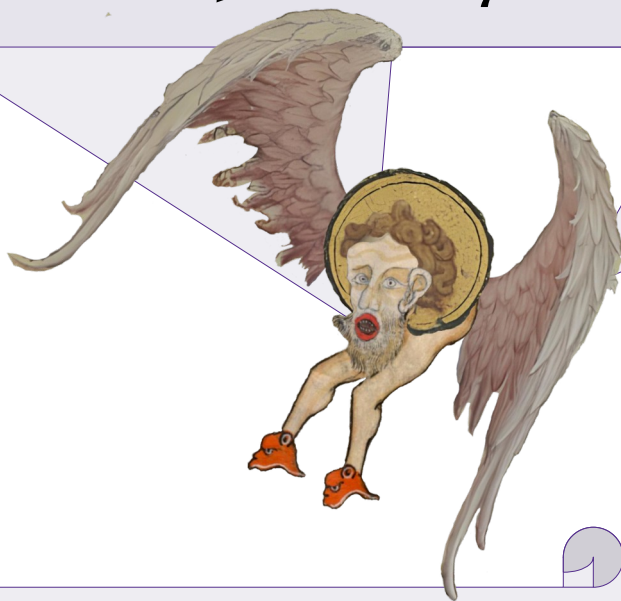
Ha!
That worked out
nicely!

Oh, those FOOLES!



'La folia'/recercada quarta (instrumental)
Diego Ortiz (c. 1510 – c. 1576)

THANK GOD YOU GUYS WON!!!



Glory be to the Father and to
the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.

This is really quite bad!



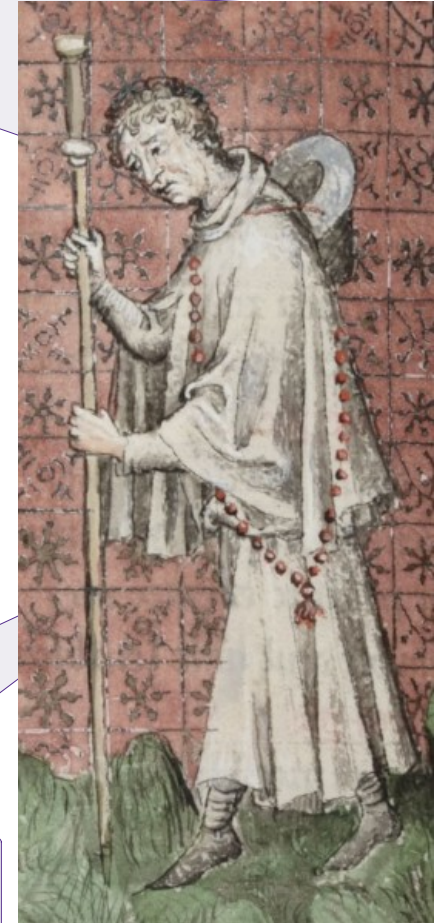
But yet—
the clouds
this blood
bewail.

[noticing Virtue] Wait, you just changed your tune! fire you even the same person?!



No, I'm not! Whereas you
- you might as well be
fighting yourself!

[plaintively] Waddayamean?



In the air of these days I made so great a
Castle that even Jove cannot raze it,
Founded upon two flying wheels,
And of dust and of wind are the doors,

~~~

With a thousand moats around, and for a garrison  
Vain hopes, of every effect void.  
Of desire are the walls, where strike  
Not sea nor river, but adversity and fate.

~~~

Of foolish ardor and fear are made
The armaments, against which no other knows how to fight,
And of various thoughts are the munitions,

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Against himself the Castellan spars,  
Paying his soldiers only in ambition.  
Pray think on my works, which will have end.