Mary of Nemmegen: The ca. 1518 Translation and the Middle Dutch Analogue, Mariken van Nieumeghen

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Mariken van Nieumeghen
Frontispiece, Mary of Nimmegen and her uncle on their way to Cologne, with the Devil threatening them. Illustration by Mari-anne Lutes, after woodcut (see fig. 10).
Mary of Nemmegen
The ca. 1518 Translation and the Middle Dutch Analogue,
Mariken van Nieumeghen

Edited by Clifford Davidson,
Martin W. Walsh, and Ton J. Broos

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Contents

Preface vii

Introduction 1

Mary of Nemmegen 23

Mariken van Nieuwenhoven (Dutch text) 49

Mariken of Nijmegen (English translation) 93

Notes to Mary of Nemmegen and Mariken van Nieuwenhoven 123

Abbreviations 147

Bibliography 149
MARY OF NEMMGEN IS AN IMPORTANT and neglected text, significant from a number of different perspectives: Dutch-English literary relations; the use of woodcuts for illustrating texts; the history of the book, especially for its role in the development of the taste for prose narrative; the parallel with Everyman, which also has its source in a Dutch play; the relationship of the tale with lives of the saints; and, most importantly, the fact that it is an analogue of the Faustus story and hence draws on the same traditions of the occult and forbidden contact with demonic powers. The editorial task was begun with our firm opinion that there is a need for a new edition, based on the only extant copy now in the Huntington Library. John McKinnell’s acting adaptation (1993) is useful for performance but not for scholarly research, nor do we find Margaret M. Raftery’s published M.Phil. thesis (1991), laudable as it is, entirely adequate.

While the Dutch copy, whether a manuscript or printed book, used by the translator is lost, a Dutch analogue is available and appears in good modern editions. These are, however, not well known to English scholars, and, for that matter, Dutch is not a language with which they are usually conversant. For scholarly purposes we note that the Decker-Walsh bilingual edition of Mariken van Nieumeghen (1994) does not include a scholarly translation but rather a performance text designed for the stage. Nor is it a translation that relates very well to Mary of Nemmegen, which is the focus of the present book. We are hence including along with it both the original Mariken van Nieumeghen for comparison and a literal translation from the Dutch into modern English. In this way we are able to make our work widely accessible not only to advanced scholars in the field but also, at least potentially, to interested students.

We are particularly grateful to Elsa Strietman, who, as reader for the press, made valuable suggestions for improvement, and to others who helped in various ways. Jerry Root deserves special mention since he called our attention, in a paper read in a Word and Image session at the International
Congress on Medieval Studies in Kalamazoo, to the importance of the
Theophilus story. The frontispiece was kindly provided by Marianne Lutes,
and we express our gratitude to the staff of Medieval Institute Publications,
particularly Tom Krol and Patricia Hollahan. It is gratifying to be able to
assist in reviving the Early Drama, Art, and Music Monograph Series, with
hope for continuation in the future. Work on the present edition has been
facilitated by the resources of the British Library, the library of the Warburg
Institute, the University of Michigan Libraries, and the Western Michigan
University Library. The Huntington Library, San Marino, California, has
kindly allowed publication of the text of Mary of Nemmegen from its collec-
tion (shelfmark no. 54046). Photos of the illustrations of the woodcuts were
provided by courtesy of the Huntington Library, and these also appear as
illustrations in the present book by permission.
MARY OF NEMMEGEN IS AN ADAPTATION into English prose of the much-admired Dutch miracle in dramatic form, Mariken van Nieumeghen, a text and a modern translation of which are also presented in the present edition for comparison. For a number of reasons Mary of Nemmegen is important—for example, it comes from the same social context and language area as Everyman, also adapted, but much more closely and retaining the form if not the purpose of a theater text, from a Middle Dutch play, Elckerlijc. This is not to pretend that Mary of Nemmegen is a masterpiece on the level of Everyman or its Middle Dutch original, but the “lyttell story” it tells is worthy of being included in any “sources and analogues” collection relating to Christopher Marlowe’s Tragical History of Doctor Faustus. There is an immediate relevance to the career of Dr. Faustus and the devil Mephostophilis, immortalized by Marlowe and subsequently by Goethe as Faust and Mephistopheles, resonating in more recent times in Thomas Mann’s Doktor Faustus.

Yet, as a “lyttell story” presented as “trewthe” (a common enough literary device) “of a mayde ... that was the dyuels paramoure by the space of seven yere longe,” its broader cultural, historical, and literary importance should not be underestimated. There is, for example, an immediate connection with the obsession in the late medieval period with witchcraft and demonology. An analogue is the popular saint’s legend of Theophilus of Adana, allegedly dated 537 CE, which involves making a pact with the devil for personal gain after a career setback. Mary of Nemmegen also is of immediate interest for the study of the status of women, believed to be the weaker sex, who allegedly were more likely than men to dabble in such forbidden practices as witchcraft. Further, on its own Mary of Nemmegen does tell a good tale, and, in spite of the repetition in the manner in which the characters’ speeches are introduced, it does so in dialogue that is lively and compelling. Not to be neglected, either, is the significance of the physical book, the printing and illustration of an English translation for the British market.
The Printer and His Book

Jan van Doesborch’s unique edition of *Mary of Nemmegen* was published by him in an undated chapbook, apparently in 1518, as ascertained on the basis of the borders and the printer’s device (fig. 12). The device is of interest in itself on account of its iconography. It consists of the figure of Fortuna, crowned and seated on a throne that has a canopy on which the title *Auontuere* (i.e., “Chance”) appears. The left side of her face is masked, and she holds a wheel of fortune in her left hand and a scepter in her right. Scrolls at each side contain the words “gheluck” (good fortune) on her right, and “ongeluc” (calamity) on her left. Minstrels with shawms stand on the tile floor beside her (perhaps we should imagine the one on her left playing out of tune or unharmoniously), and at the bottom of the print is the word ΥΝΟΘΘΟΩΙΛΥΤΟΝ (presumably signifying *gnothochyauton*, “Know thyself,” derived from Juvenal, *Satires*, 11:27). The woodcut, as used in a slightly damaged condition, first appeared in 1517. The book is a quarto, containing twenty leaves, collated A–A⁶ B–B⁶ C–C⁴ D–D⁴. Pagination is lacking, as is not unusual for such books printed in this period. Only one copy of *Mary of Nemmegen* is extant, now in the Huntington Library in California.

The translation was produced for Doesborch, the printer, and not by him, with the export market in mind. Doesborch, whose printshop was located “besyde the Camer Porte” (i.e., city gate) in Antwerp, also had a bookshop in London, and paid tax in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields in 1523–24. Whoever was the translator (the Englishman Laurence Andrewe has been suggested), he was not working from the edition of *Mariken van Nieumeghen* that had been printed previously by Willem Vorsterman, like Doesborch a member of the St. Lucas Guild in Antwerp. Vorsterman’s edition, while clearly known to Doesborch, was not the text used by the translator for his translation. Assuming that he may have had access to a manuscript, it was not one that had been used for typesetting the Dutch text. Could the translator have seen a copy used for preparing an actual staging of *Mariken*? Lacking evidence, it is also conceivable that the text from which Doesborch’s translator was working had already been converted into a prose narrative. In any case, choosing to adopt a prose text would be consistent with Doesborch’s clear preference in his publications of fiction for the English market. The translation does very much look like a text that derives from a drama rather than a straight narrative; narrative links are merely substituted for speech tags.

In any case, with regard to the relationship between the Dutch text and *Mary of Nemmegen*, a conclusion presented in an inaugural address by Wim Hummelen may serve as a useful warning against focusing discussion
narrowly on how the English version might have been derived from a theoretical and non-extant original.

With Mariken van Nieumeghen, an important text of our national literature, the literary historians have got themselves into the cul-de-sac of a genetic discussion. For many years now their central problem has been, in simplified terms, whether it was a play which was later rewritten as a prose romance, or a prose romance with exceptionally numerous verse dialogues. Forgetting this argument about its origin for a moment, I think it should be possible to try and find out how the text, such as we have it, ought to be read. To do this, we must set the text [of Mariken] between verse dialogues in prose romances on the one side and contemporary plays on the other.18

However, it is in fact vitally important to keep in mind that both the Middle Dutch text and the early English translation of ca. 1518 presented in the present edition came out of a Dutch milieu that supremely valued theatrical production. A supposition advanced by Ayres and Barnouw concerning the authorship of Mariken van Nieumeghen is worth noting—that is, that the author of the Dutch text may well have had a connection with the Chamber of Rhetoric in Antwerp known as De Violieren, since there appear to be allusions in the text to its device, “Uyt ionsten versaemt” or “United in love,” at three points.19 This would provide a direct connection with the Chambers of Rhetoric (Rederijkerskamers) in Antwerp, which were lavish sponsors of theatrical activity. The St. Lucas Guild, to which both Vorsterman and Doesborch belonged, sponsored the chamber known as De Anjelieren (The Gillyflower).20

The plays and pageants of the Chambers of Rhetoric were of various types, but with a heavy emphasis on moral and religious themes. There was immense effort and expense put into such spectacles, which must be seen as markers of religious and civic identity. In this effort, the effectiveness of the moral and spiritual functions of religious drama were considered a proven fact, and nowhere more explicitly in Mariken van Nieumeghen than in the embedded play, the “wagon play” (waghenspel) of Masscheroen. Seeing this annual morality drama precipitates Mariken’s conversion, as it also does in Mary of Nemmegen, even though the latter narrative fails to provide its text but only a reportage of the event. Yet the manner and form of such a play must have been familiar enough to English as well as Dutch audiences, since plays produced on pageant wagons and fixed stages were well known on both sides of the English Channel. At Antwerp as in other cities in the Low Countries, both booth stages and pageants on wagons were used in play
production, and these in fact seem to have served as models for staging in Britain. We need only look to the use of pageant wagons as stages for plays in English towns such as York, which after all had close ties with the Continent through trade.

The effect of the embedded play, Masscheroen, has great relevance for the story told in Mary of Nemmegen, for even without its text it stands out as a testimony to the power of theatrical representation to change lives. Its textless presence, enclosed within the larger action, serves as the pivotal moment when the sensory experience of seeing and hearing leads to Emmekyn’s full recognition of her deplorable spiritual condition and begins the process of conversion that will culminate in her absolution and forgiveness. The play of Masscheroen affects her extreme hardness of heart, and she is able, at last, to have normal feelings of grief and remorse. This would have been no mystery to an English reading audience since affective spirituality was well understood. Mary of Nemmegen, we might suggest, demands a stage setting, or rather a series of stage settings in the theater of the reader’s imagination in order to achieve the same result as occurred in the Dutch play—that is, the change in her emotional and moral health that takes place within Emmekyn.

Visualizing the Story

The story of Mary/Emmekyn as translated into English for Doesborch retains the sensationalism of its Dutch source in its plot line and dialogue, implying scenes that are intended to be imagined by the reader. Here is where the illustrations to the text come into play. The woodcuts in Mary of Nemmegen have nothing about them of the skill of the masterpieces of the time (e.g., the work of Hieronymus Cock or the later illustrations in the books printed by Christopher Plantin). They are not even original designs, but rather seem mostly modeled on those that had appeared in Vorsterman’s edition of Mariken van Nieumeghen. Vorsterman’s actual blocks for the Dutch text are not used, but rather they are re-cut—and are usually felt superior in quality, though their excellence has been challenged. Problems, however, are here present. While mainly a single set of blocks is used, the individual scenes depicted are not always consistent in their depiction of characters or events. Still, as a stimulus to the visual imagination of the reader, they serve to highlight and suggest many of the crucial events of the story. They capture the eye first before the text is read, and they guide the reader through the narrative.

On the title page the reader encounters the first woodcut, the figure of Satan (renamed thus by the English translator), having taken human form, appearing to Mary as she is seated under the hedge with her shopping
basket (sig. A1r; fig. 1).\textsuperscript{27} She wears a kerchief and a long gown. Since he has horns (or is wearing a horned cap) on his head, he is immediately recognizable as the evil one, for thus he had often been depicted in the visual arts.\textsuperscript{28} His face is not appealing, according to the text, and he has one eye missing.\textsuperscript{29} As a shape-shifter, the devil lacks the ability to transform himself at will into “the lykenes of a man but he hathe some faute.” Because he is a creature of pure evil, total negation, his human shape could never entirely conceal the fact that this is a deception and that his true form is sub-human, thoroughly grotesque, and distorted in representation of his essence.\textsuperscript{30} He wears an academic gown (possibly lined with ermine) over a fashionable undergarment, an appearance designed to deceive and mislead Mary in his plot to seduce her. An archetypal pattern is repeated, for the action replicates the seduction of Eve in the Garden of Eden. Here too he offers as a bribe the illusion of knowledge, indeed the knowledge of all languages, and again the woman falls, in this instance under the spell of Satan intellectually and physically. She makes a pact with him, albeit not a written document.\textsuperscript{31} This, then, reveals the pivotal moment in the story as recounted in the narrative.

Following the title page, there is a second woodcut (sig. A1v; fig. 2), under which the text begins. Here Mary is dressed again like a respectable Dutch woman of the day in a long dress and apron, designating her as domestic. She holds a basket for her purchases over her arm as she says farewell to her uncle upon setting out on her shopping trip to Nemmegen (modern Nijmegen). Her uncle, Father Ghysbryche, holds a prayer book in his right hand and raises his left as if saying goodbye. He has a beard and wears what is presumably intended to be recognized as clerical headgear. His long, priestly cassock reaches nearly to the ground. He is barefoot, and stands by the door of his parsonage, where his “cosen” Mary has been attending him and caring for the house. Oddly, the design of this woodcut is repeated for her aunt in the next illustration (sig. A3r; fig. 3). Mary is unchanged, as is the background, but the other figure, her wicked aunt, whose face still somewhat resembles that of a man, now wears an apron, a kerchief, and a dress that is only slightly altered from the cassock of the previous illustration. Her extended foot is changed so that it appears she is wearing shoes. The book is missing, and the aunt’s left hand is held up as a sign of rejection in exactly the same position as her uncle’s goodbye gesture. If the woodcut disappoints, the masculine face of the aunt is in a sense nevertheless appropriate since in her recent argument with the four or five ladies of the town she had been behaving in a manner unbecoming for a woman.

Following, on the next page (sig. A3v) is the repeated woodcut of Mary’s temptation by Satan unchanged but with different borders (fig.
4). Her posture and downcast face are indicative of her despairing mood. The theme of despair also enters the subsequent woodcut (sig. B1r; fig. 5), which shows the suicide of Mary’s aunt, in appearance and dress more like a younger middle-class Dutch woman than like the older figure in the previous depiction of her on sig. A3r. Her hair is uncovered and loose. She is stabbing herself in the chest at the base of the throat with a large dagger (the text says she “cut hyr owne throte” with a “knyfe”) as she falls to the ground. In posture and in the positioning of the dagger she mimics quite well a common iconographic representation of the final stage of the sin of despair. In the woodcut, two devils above, both with horns, bat-like wings, tails, claw feet, and black faces, carry away her soul, in appearance like a small doll. The text, however, has a single devil who, being “glad” about the suicide, “toke the sowle and bare it to hell to euerlastynge payne.”

The central events narrated in the little book are not illustrated. The next woodcut (sig. B4v; fig. 6) is positioned after the last crime for which Satan is responsible near Antwerp and immediately prior to Emmekyn’s/Mary’s express wish to return to her home territory to see her uncle and aunt. It is, however, a made-up illustration showing, in the left-hand block, a rich and fashionably dressed young man with long hair; he is wearing a hat, a short coat over a gown, and pointed shoes. This block had been used previously in Frederick of Jennen, likewise printed by Doesborch. In the block at the right is a patrician woman in a fashionable long gown and elaborate headdress who is curtseying and has her hand outstretched as if toward the man. This block also was used in Frederick of Jennen. Both blocks represent interiors, but they do not match up. The floors differ, the one in the right woodcut being tiled. These blocks are enclosed on four sides in non-matching borders, of which only the top and the bottom ones are used elsewhere in the book.

The series of woodcuts illustrating the story of Mary/Emmekyn concludes on the following pages. At the climax of the story, Satan, angry about her conversion upon watching the embedded play that mirrored her sinful condition, bears “hyr vp into the ayer, than caste he hyr fro thence downe” in the presence of her uncle (sig. B6v; fig. 7), who happens to be present in the audience at the performance. Emmekyn/Mary, her arms outstretched and her long hair streaming, has been taken high above the highest buildings by an entirely black and hairy devil. He is utterly grotesque, with claw feet, horns, outspread wings. In this woodcut and in the next, her gown is similar to the garment worn on the day of her departure for Nennegen. Three men below are watching, all in hats and gowns appropriate for wealthy burghers, though the one in front, who is wearing a short, sleeveless coat over a short gown and
has his arm raised, surely must represent Mary’s uncle, Ghysbryche. It is possible that the cross on the man’s chest is indicative of his role as a priest.

Following the beginning of the chapter “Howe the dyuell spake to syr Ghijssbriche,” there is a woodcut illustrating this action (sig. C2r; fig. 8). The priest, dressed more or less as before and with a man standing behind him, has his left hand raised toward the devil in the air. This creature is a short, black figure with all the demonic characteristics noted above. Emmekyn/Mary lies below on the ground in a swoon, her long hair uncovered and her head against the wall of a building.

The devil, however, will undergo yet one more transformation, as Emmekyn/Mary and her uncle set off for Cologne (sig. C2v). In the woodcut (fig. 9 and frontispiece) he is no longer black, but he is indeed grotesquely ugly in shape and repulsively nude, with a minimum of body hair. He has goat horns on his bestial head, an open mouth signifying a roaring anger, and claws for hands and feet as he hovers in the air beside a modestly dressed Emmekyn/Mary in a long gown, her hair now covered with a kerchief. The devil seems to be bouncing in excitement off a pillar behind her. Her uncle is now properly dressed in a chasuble and alb as he extends his left hand toward her. In his right hand he holds a ciborium with the Holy Sacrament, which is giving her protection against the devil, as do also her daily prayers to the Virgin Mary. In appearance, he bears no resemblance to the priest who appeared at sig. A1v or in the scenes in which Emmekyn/Mary is taken up into the air or falls to the ground in a swoon.

Two narrative woodcut engravings remain: first, Emmekyn’s/Mary’s meeting with the Pope (sig. C3v). She meets the Pope in the foreground, a setting in an architectural background but revealing an open field outside (fig. 10). He holds his distinctive papal cross under his right arm and oddly seems to bless her with his left hand. He is dressed in full pontificals, on his head the triple crown. Emmekyn/Mary, heavily wrapped in a loose cape over a long dress and with a veil over her head, reaches out her hands in supplication. Her face does not appear at all feminine, and her uncle is nowhere to be seen. In the background, in a chapel to the right, the seated Pope is granting absolution to Emmekyn/Mary, who is kneeling before him. The illustration does have the look of a generic block designed to be useful in other contexts. Nevertheless it serves as a prelude to the final scene, depicted in the next woodcut.

The Pope’s harsh penance for such a wicked life as Emmekyn’s/Mary’s has been—that is, that she must wear iron rings on her neck and arms—concludes in the miracle at the end of the story. It is a miracle worthy of any saint’s life of the time. She has now become a nun at Maastricht among a convent
of penitents, and, as the writer says, “at the laste Our Lorde had mercy on hyr.” Her remarkable vision of being taken from hell to heaven by an angel is not illustrated, nor does it show the doves in her vision that beat on her iron rings with their wings and miraculously loosen them. Instead, the woodcut showing the scene, located in an interior, merely depicts the angel, who is centrally positioned above the reclining and sleeping Mary, dressed in her habit as a nun, and removing the last of the rings from her right arm (fig. 11). The other two rings, from her neck and her other arm, are already lying on the floor.

Two woodcuts (sigs. D4r and D4v) follow the conclusion of the story, and are of the arms of England (fig. 14) and Doesborch’s printer’s device, discussed above (fig. 13).

Theophilus and the Occasion for Surrender to Evil

In the prose narrative Mary is first shown as an exemplary young lady, who has devoted herself to tending her devout Uncle Ghysbryche’s household, as we have seen. Her undoing comes as she is sent to Nemmegen to do some shopping and then, since the time is late, asks for overnight lodging with her aunt. This has been recommended by her uncle since “it is yll for a mayd for to goo alone in the nyght.” Her aunt, however, will not cooperate when Mary appears at her door (her anger over a political disappointment and a violent argument concerning it are redirected at her niece). Mary, falsely accused of gross misbehavior, is quite literally left out in the dark, afraid to set out for home. It is a symbolic moment. In her despair she admits now to being suicidal, but then indicates that she will accept help from anyone, be it the devil or God. Significantly, she says, “I kare nat whether of them two it be.” In her disappointment and in her reaction to it there are parallels to the story of Theophilus of Adana, though his trajectory is on a much grander scale.

Theophilus was initially an exemplary person who, in his humility, refused an offer of appointment as a successor to the late bishop whom he had served. However, when the new bishop was installed, Theophilus was removed from his position as steward. As the Golden Legend explains, he “fell into ... despair,” whereupon he solicited the help of a “sorcerer.” This, like Mary’s predicament in Mary of Nemmegen, represents a time of great vulnerability. From a psychodynamic point of view, it involves severe ego deflation, a psychic wound, in a sense a kind of puncture. To remedy his situation, Theophilus obtains the help of a magician who will serve as an intermediary between himself and the devil. He will make the previously noted pact with the evil one, and this will return him to a position of authority in the diocese. If the wound seemed healed, it was simply a misleading covering over of the
infection that had set in after his dismissal. Now, like the protagonist of *Mary of Nemmegen*, he will have lost his humanity. He would exercise his authority with an unfeeling sternness, “everyone,” as Paul the Deacon says, “obeying him with fear and trembling serving him.” It is important to understand the trajectory, for it involves humility, disappointment, despair, misguided action, an agreement with the devil, and the loss of all feeling toward others, a *deadness* that affects him until he recovers. What happened in the duration of Theophilus’s apostasy, however, was not included in the account in the *Golden Legend*, though the entire story was well known. This unhappy period of his life is treated in the medieval dramatization by Rutebeuf (ca. 1261), who has Théophile saying that “No man’s important unless he is feared” and that he will treat others “with anger and cruelty” (“Je lor serai fel et irous”). So too Emmekyn will lose all feeling for others and will try to forget her “heaviness” by making “good cheer” as she witnesses the utter destruction of others.

After seven years in each case, Théophile and Emmekyn despair again, but this time about their fallen condition. Rutebeuf’s protagonist is saved through the assistance of the Virgin Mary and absolution by the bishop; Emmekyn is converted through seeing the embedded play in which her sins are shown to her and in which the Virgin plays a role, and then will receive absolution through the offices of the highest ecclesiastical authority and thereafter long penance. In this process, they must each for a second time reach a condition of despairing, now as they come to the full recognition of their corrupted condition, emotional coldness, and barren spiritual state. Rutebeuf’s Théophile speaks of the “vilté” and “ordure” in which he has lived, Emmekyn of how her “synfull lyuynge” has been “played before hyr face” in the play that she has witnessed. Thus the narrative in both cases shows how despair has the potential for bringing one to an existential hopelessness, even to crime, or to a recognition of one’s condition that culminates in the realization of one’s fallen condition in a way leading to regeneration and salvation. Yet successful resolution is not inevitable, as Mary’s aunt illustrated in her suicide. Despair is a theme handled with greater power in Marlowe’s *Faustus*, with negative and tragic results.

In contrast to *Doctor Faustus*, *Mary of Nemmegen* involves a rescue from tragedy, for, in part through the assistance of the Virgin Mary, the heroine achieves forgiveness and salvation. The story ultimately has the form of a saint’s life rather than merely of an admonitory tale of damnation. Mary’s weakness, a feminine fault since as a daughter of Eve she is allegedly of the “weaker” sex, is capable of being set straight, and her crime (albeit of a kind that, among men less lenient in those days, might well have meant burning
at the stake for witchcraft) will not after all lead to damnation. She did the act that was presumed of witches—that is, she had intercourse with the devil, and she did so over a period of seven years. As she admits, she “was at his commandment” during this time. Sex was clearly part of the experience she had in cohabiting with Satan.48

Sleeping with the Devil

In making her verbal compact with Satan to become his paramour, Mary reluctantly agrees to give up the name she shares with the Mother of the Savior and to take another, but one that nevertheless retains the first letter, “Em-.” This name will be “Emmekyn.” But in so accepting “Emmekyn” she will in the course of her life of sin give way to neglecting her devotion to the Virgin Mary. Yet in keeping “Em-” she retains a tiny vestige of her original devotion, and this will stand her in good stead eventually. In the baptismal rite she was signed with holy oil and marked “as Christ’s own forever,” and in her incomplete renunciation of her name she also has failed to receive the mark of the Beast on her body that would identify her as Satan’s entirely. There is a hidden spark of goodness in her that is never quite extinguished in spite of what appears to be total depravity, accepted as such by her when she contemplates her abysmal condition at the time of her conversion. It was believed that rejecting one’s name in favor of one given by the devil—a demonic name assigned at the time of a demonic baptism that reverses the Christian rite—was a common occurrence in the witch cult.49 Yet her agreement to become the devil’s lover and to be his accomplice would serve to arraign her among perhaps the majority of her contemporaries as guilty of a crime that was treated as a capital offense.50

As her aunt had shown witchlike characteristics—anger, specifically,51 and malicious and irrational behavior that would do great harm to Mary—so her niece likewise falls into related malicious behavior, in her case into actions that will result in death and ruin for those who are attracted to her or are vulnerable to deadly sins stimulated by her paramour, Satan. These activities are mainly set in a particular place, the Golden Tree inn located on the central Market Square at Antwerp. The name of the place is significant, for it is a place of avarice and of taking rather than giving. And Emmekyn clearly enjoys the acts of temptation by which they bring “reuell and mysserule” into action in that location. It is no accident that taverns like this one were considered by moralists to be “þe deuelys chapel,”52 a location where diabolical effects are achieved, while off stage Emmekyn engages in the “act of darkness,” as Edgar (as “Poor Tom”) calls it in King Lear (3.4.87), with
her demon lover. As fully as the devil’s other victims, Emmekyn is caught in Satan’s “snare as men may take a byrde that cannat flye,” and as she comes to realize this she begins to understand the depth of her predicament. She despairs, now convinced that it is “to late for me to take repentance.” Here we have precisely the condition of Marlowe’s Dr. Faustus, who likewise feels he is fatally entrapped—and then allows himself to be ensnared further by the temptation offered to him. Faustus never finds his way out of the maze but ever works his way forward toward a spiritual cul-de-sac instead of reaching the center where salvation would await him.

Even Emmekyn’s desire to have mastery of the Seven Liberal Arts that Satan promises to her may have a sinister side if Elsa Strietman, in a discussion of the source text of Mariken van Nieumeghen, is correct in linking them to the seven devils of the traditional telling of the story of Mary Magdalen (Luke 8:2, Mark 16:9). To be sure, the Seven Liberal Arts were not normally in the provenance of the devil to be given to humans but rather were connected to Wisdom, Christ, and/or the Virgin Mary. And Emmekyn’s knowledge is turned to illegitimate ends, and so thus would have been regarded by many to be transgressive for a woman in the first place. Her desire to have command of one branch of knowledge is, on the other hand, denied to her by Satan himself. This is necromancy, which implies the power to control demonic forces. Her uncle, we discover, has this power, and it is a power that Satan rightly fears. Emmekyn quickly abandons her request to have such knowledge, and this too is symbolic of her willingness to surrender herself, body and soul, to the power of the devil.

**A Play Better than a Sermon**

The narrative prepares Emmekyn for experiencing the embedded drama by her initial remorse over her wickedness at Antwerp that leads her also to desire to return to “the lande of Gelder,” especially to see her uncle and her aunt. This is not repentance in any sense, since she asks Satan to accompany her. Only after their arrival at Nemmegen does the devil tell her that her aunt “is deed more than a yere ago.” Now they see a large congregation of people, and Emmekyn inquires about the purpose of their gathering. The devil responds, “They play a play that is wont euery yere to be played.” The practice of thus repeating a community play or pageant annually in connection with a religious festival was not unusual, and commonly had a devotional intent. In the case of the much more elaborate day-long production of the normally annual York Corpus Christi plays, a document of 1422 explained that they were performed “for the cause of devotion and for the extirpation of vice and
the reformation of customs” (“deuotionis causam & viciorum extirpacionem morumque reformacionem”). Emmekyn remembers her uncle’s claim that a play may be “better than a sermant to some folke,” apparently a proverbial saying analogous to Reginald Pecock’s claim that seeing a religious play can be more moving than a static statue or painting. And she insists on hearing it: “Good Satan, let vs goo here it.” And she does, in spite of Satan’s wish to go to a tavern instead where they can “make good chere.”

All that is said about the content of the play of Masscheroen in Mary of Nemmegen is that it concerned “synfull lyuynge” and that it reflected Emmekyn’s “lyuynge played before hyr face.” Quite possibly the translator did not have access to the little drama (Masscheroen) inserted into the Dutch text, but he seems to have known something about it nevertheless. In any case, it does make clearer a dynamic of repentance. In argument with Masscheroen, Lucifer’s advocate (aduocaet), the Son of God forcefully argues that those who have not repented in this life will thereafter be punished in the pit of hell. His harshness is countered by his Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, but it seems that he will not be deterred from his plan to bring down punishment upon the wicked. In the translation, Emmekyn, despairing, comes to full recognition of how deeply she has fallen short of acceptable behavior. Her despair, unlike the despair she felt after her abandonment by her aunt at the beginning of the story, now points instead to a full understanding of her faults and to remediation for them. Despair, as shown here, is Janus faced, leading to disaster and suicide, as with Mary’s aunt, or to an escape into full repentance and cleansing away of sin. This is a first and necessary step toward salvation, and of course it enrages Satan, who now will reveal himself for what he is—a destroyer, but in this case an ineffective one, for he fails to kill Emmekyn, who is protected by “God and Our Lady.”

The scene described in the narrative is a spectacular one, as shown too in the accompanying woodcut (fig. 8), which has received comment above. The devil, exercising his propensity for malice now against her, lifts her high into the air with the intent of throwing her down, “wenyng to haue broke hyr necke.” Her fall onto the street before all the people assembled to watch the play is, however, not fatal, and, by chance, her uncle is among the audience and able to attend her. Surviving such a fall was considered a miracle, and she begins the process of repentance by telling her uncle about her dissolute life. She explains to him that “by this play was I conuerted, wherw i þe dyuell was angery” to the point of lifting her high up into the air and hurling her down into the crowd. He will not be deterred from attempting to carry off “hyr body and sowle to the pyt of hell.” But Emmekyn’s uncle promises to prevent him
from doing so, and then to effect this he “counered” the devil so he “culde
tempte hyr no more.” The means as revealed in Mariken involves some incan-
tations (eight or ten “regulen”) written on an inserted piece of paper in his
breviary; these will suffice to enable the priest to control the Evil One.

An Uneasy Path to Forgiveness

Since Emmekyn’s crime was so heinous, Father Ghysbryche is not able to find
a clergyman in Nemmegen who feels able to absolve her of her sin. Choosing
to go to Cologne, they set out under the protection of the Holy Sacrament,
but the devil follows, even breaking down trees and hurling these after them
“for to haue broke theyr necke.” Because they also worship the Blessed Virgin
daily using a “sertayne prayer,” the “good Lorde þ a t is euer mercyfull” pro-
tected them from the evil one’s malice. However, the bishop at the famous
pilgrimage destination of Cologne, the site of the shrine of the Three Kings
who worshiped the Christ Child and presented him with gifts at the Nativ-
ity, could only send Emmekyn on to the Pope at Rome, the highest authority,
who he felt was the only person who could absolve sins “so greuyouse.”

The seriousness of Emmekyn’s crimes—“the erthe bereth nat nowe a
more synfuller persone than I am”—would again be stressed as she intro-
duces herself to the Pope. She specifies the rewards of her unsavory relation-
ship, both pleasure and having all her wants (including sexual) satisfied, and
tells the pontiff of “more than two hundred persones ... murdered” on her
account. In spite of the Pope’s initial reluctance, Emmekyn’s quest will not be
in vain. Her story now has moved some distance into quite a different realm,
of a piece with the lives of women sinner saints, in particular the composite
St. Mary Magdalen, identified with the former prostitute.62 Her penance will
be to wear three iron rings, these to be set by a smith about her neck and
arms, to be worn until they fall away, at which time her sins will be forgiven.
This will necessarily involve a long period of purgation involving both body
and soul until at long last, in a remarkable scene, the rings will be removed
“by maracle.” This will occur in a vision long after she has returned to the Low
Countries and has entered the Convent of Converted Sinners dedicated to
St. Mary Magdalen at Maastricht. Then, when the rings fall away, she will be
assured that her penance has been completed and that her sins are forgiven.

The Historical and Religious Context, and Chronology

The claims to truth in the translation, as in the Middle Dutch text, are but-
tressed by reference to recent events in Low Countries history in which the
conflict between Arent, duke of Egmond, and his fractious son Adolf played the major role. There was not only a breach of allegiance between them but also open fighting between armies loyal to each. In 1459, a well-documented meeting between Adolf, who had initially gone with his forces to Venlo, and Arent at Straelen, culminated with the son challenging his father to a settlement of their conflict by a duel involving twelve knights from each side. His father rejected the proposal. The crisis came in 1465, when Arent was captured and imprisoned in Buren Castle. The latter event is what sets off the anger of Emmeckyn's aunt when she is confronted by supporters of Adolf, very likely numerous in Nijmegen. Hence we can date the events of Emmeckyn's life with Satan between 1465 and seven years later, being a year after Duke Arent was released from prison.

The chronology indicated in the story suggests that Mary became a nun at Maastricht in ca. 1473, and presumably lived for two more years after the death of her uncle in ca. 1497 or 1498. Though the recording of the timeline is typically fuzzy, likely this would place the ending of the story no earlier than at the very end of the 1490s, indicating a date of ca. 1500 as the earliest for the writing of the Dutch text that would be issued in one version by Vosterman, then subsequently translated and adapted, but from another source, to arrive at the English text published by Doesborch. As for the convent for penitent prostitutes dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, no evidence has been found for it at Maastricht, nor for either Mary of Nemmegen's grave or the three iron rings allegedly hanging above it.

In the Low Countries as elsewhere in Europe, there is strong evidence for widespread devotion to the cult of Mary Magdalen. This focused to be sure on the composite or “single” Magdalen, comprising, as we have seen, not only the woman with this name from whom seven devils were cast out, but also the unnamed prostitute who anointed Jesus's feet at the house of Simon, and, finally, the sister of Martha and Lazarus. In one version of her legend, it is her disappointment in love that leads her to give herself over to prostitution. In the West the single Magdalen's legendary life was popularized through the Golden Legend and other sources, and her days of being dissolute may be recalled from the Benediktbeuern Passion Play (ll. 58–61), where most famously she sings the remarkable song “Chramer, gip die varwe mier,” in which she calls to the apothecary for rouge for her cheeks so that she can prove more attractive to potential clients. Her image frequently appeared in Netherlandish art, so far as we know only after her conversion, as, for example, in the famous fragment of an altarpiece by Rogier van der Weyden in the National Gallery, London. This lovely Flemish painting shows her reading from a prayer book, now
as a penitent but well dressed, and with her hair properly covered. In Pieter Bruegel the Elder’s *Magdalena Poenitens*, engraved by Hieronymus Cock, the Magdalen is shown in her crude hermitage prepared for her by the hands of angels. Her long hair is no longer hidden, and she has long ago put aside her rich clothing. She is seated and reading with a crucifix before her, a skull on the ground to remind her of her mortality. The rigor of her final thirty years of contemplation and penance in the mountains of Provence, as described in her legend, may perhaps be echoed in the years of harsh penitence while wearing the iron rings endured by Mary of Nemmegen at the convent in Maastricht. Elsa Strietman correctly identifies the Magdalen legend as an important analogue to *Mariken van Nieumeghen*, and this applies as well of course to the English translation.

The Afterlife of the Mariken Story

In England, aside from a small role in establishing popular prose fiction in the repertoire of printers and booksellers, *Mary of Nemmegen* quickly disappeared from view. It was never reprinted until modern times, with the facsimile edition of Harry Morgan and Adriaan Barnouw only appearing in 1932. Yet, as noted above, its plot bears a relationship to the story of Dr. Faustus, also a victim of the devil, though not saved from damnation in Renaissance tellings of the story. As such it provides a window to the anxieties felt at the time over the power of the devil, demonic possession, and witchcraft.

Nevertheless, on the Continent, *Mariken van Nieumeghen* has a more complex history. It was reprinted in 1608 and 1615, and its visibility prompted the Bishop of Antwerp to ban the text in 1621. Likewise it was banned elsewhere in the early seventeenth century for teaching necromancy. However, the story, though apparently not known to be acted, was taken up by the Jesuits: it was presented in a Latin version by Hadrianus Lyraeus in his *Trisagion Marianum* of 1648, in Italian less than a decade thereafter in *Sabati del Giesù di Roma* (1655), and in Alfonso de Liguori’s *Le Gloria de Maria* in 1750. It had already appeared at Augsburg in *Marianischer Gnaden- und Wunderschatz* (1737), and, in an Arabic translation based on Liguori’s text, in a manuscript dated 1846 from Syria. The story of Mariken was well known in Antwerp in the nineteenth century, and so too elsewhere in Europe, even being adapted for the operatic stage. As a drama, *Mariken van Nieumeghen* has been a favorite for high-school production. At Nijmegen, there is an annual *Mariken Winterfeest*, and in 1975 a film version of the play, with many liberties, was produced (directed by Jos Stelling). This has been recently released on a DVD.
Editorial Principles

Mary of Nemmegen preserves the old spelling of the base text, for which we use the 1932 facsimile. Abbreviations are, however, expanded, with added letters in italics. Numbers in roman numerals are spelled out, again in italics. Modern punctuation and capitalization conventions are followed, and paragraph divisions, lacking within the chapters in Doesborch’s edition, have been introduced for readability. Emendations are identified in the Notes. Line numbering in the text of Mariken van Nieumeghen follows the editions of Ramakers and Debaene. This text is presented from the Vorsteman edition for comparison, utilizing the 1904 facsimile, and is not to be regarded as a critical edition. The accompanying literal translation of the Middle Dutch text is in prose, and no attempt is made to reflect the style or poetic forms of the original.

Early Edition of Mary of Nemmegen
Mary of Nemmegen. Antwerp: Jan van Doesborgh, [c.1518]. Huntington Library (STC 17557). [Base text.]

Early Editions of Mariken van Nieumeghen

NOTES
1 Mariken van Nieumeghen bears comparison with late medieval saint plays, of which one well-known example is the Digby Mary Magdalen; see Baker, Murphy, and Hall, Late Medieval Religious Plays. This play imaginatively dramatizes the process of the Magdalen’s fall into a wicked life, her conversion, and later life. For studies of the saint play as a genre, see Davidson, The Saint Play in Medieval Europe.

2 See the parallel text edition, Everyman, and Its Dutch Original, Elckerlijc, Davidson, Walsh, and Broos. Editions of Elckerlijc and Mariken van Nieumeghen were both published by the same printer, Willem Vorsterman, at Antwerp.

3 A useful attempt at such a collection presenting English translations of texts, with both Marlowe and Goethe in mind, is Palmer and More, Sources of the Faust Tradition.


6 The device is related to other iconographic figures representing the instability of Fortune; see, for example, Henkel and Schöne, *Emblemata*, cols. 1796–1809.


9 *Mary of Nemmegen*, as first noted in a sale catalogue in 1773, was bound with eleven other works, including the following chapbooks verifiably printed by Jan van Doesborch: *Virgilius* (“This boke treat[et]h of the lyfe of Virgilius and of his deth and many marvayles that he dyd by whychcraft”), dated ?1518; *Frederick of Jennen* (“This mater treateth of a merchauntes wyfe that afterwards went like a man and was called Frederyke of Jennen”), dated 1518; Bartholomé de Clerc-Ville (“The copy of the letter folowynghe which specifysth of ye greatest batayle that ever was sene ... and also the letter sent frome the great Turke unto ye pope”), dated ?1518; *Emanuel, King of Portugal* (“Of the new landes and of the people found by the messengers of the Kynge of Portyngale named Emmanuel” [etc.]), dated ?1520. The collection, which also contained one other tract possibly printed by Doesborch (“Causes that be proposed and tracted in a Consultacyon of a journey to be made with a tokyn of the Holy Cross against the Infideles and Turkes ... 1517”), also included saints’ lives of Brendan, Thomas Becket, Barbara, Erasmus, and Dorothy printed by Wynkyn de Worde, Richard Pynson, and Julvan Notary, as well as a life of Anthony, lacking imprint. The collection was broken up by its next owner. See Birrell, “Mary of Nemmegen,” pp. 326–28.


11 Doesborch was a member of a burgeoning industry at a time when Antwerp was a leader in Europe in the business. Sixty-six printers are reported to have been working in Antwerp between the beginning of the sixteenth century and 1540, and more than 2,250 books were printed there in this period (Voet, “Typography,” p. 138).


13 This suggestion is noted by Ayres and Barnouw in their introduction to *Mary of Nimmeugen*, p. 5.

14 Vorsterman’s edition of *Mariken van Nieuwenheghen* has been dated ca. 1515; see Debaene, *Mariken van Nieuwenheghen*, p. 14; and Coigneau, *Mariken van Nieuwenheghen*, online at <www.dbnl.org>. Vorsterman’s woodcuts, however, were copied for Doesborch’s edition; see below.


16 There is no record of such a performance or indeed of any performance related to the Middle Dutch text until 1892. What is in fact known is that the version we have is a chapbook, not a playbook as such. See Beuken, *De waerachtige ende een seer wonderlijcke historie*
van Mariken van Nieumeghen, p. 33; cited in Decker and Walsh, Mariken van Nieumeghen, p. 6. On the other hand, the embedded play of Masscheroen, assuming that it was earlier than the Dutch text in which it is embedded as appears most likely, seems to have been the text of a pageant shown at the annual Maria omdracht celebration. A pageant or play of this name was presented by the St. Lucas Guild in 1518 at great expense, according the guild records (Rombouts and van Lerius, De Liggeren en andere historische Archieven der Antwerpse Sint Lucasgilde, 1:91; see also Birrell, “Mary of Nemmegen: Provenance, Context, Genre,” p. 326).

18 Hummelen, Versdialogen in prozaromans, as quoted in translation by Franssen, “Jan van Doesborch,” p. 278.
19 Ayres and Barnouw, Introduction, in Mary of Nimmegen, p. 3.
21 For the booth stage, see Hummelen, “The Boundaries of the Rhetoricians’ Stage,” pp. 235–51, and for Low Countries street pageantry, see, for example, Twycross, “The Flemish Ommegang and Its Pageant Cars,” pp. 15–41, 80–98.
23 Affective piety has been much studied in recent years, especially in terms of the dependence on an assumed correlation between touch and sight, as understood in early ocular theory and popular devotional practice. St. Augustine believes that the eyes emit rays, which “go forth out of the eyes” and “touch whatever we see” (The Literal Meaning of Genesis, trans. Taylor, 2:15). This theory also has a connection to memory theory, for the understanding of which we are especially indebted to Frances Yates and Mary Carruthers. The superior importance of sight in the late Middle Ages was often affirmed by religious practices of the time. See Dives and Pauper, pt. 1, ed. Barnum, p. 82: “often man is more steryd by syghte than be heryng or redygge.” The telling of the story in Mary of Nemmegen therefore intentionally appeals to the sense of sight, especially reinforced by the woodcuts, as discussed below.
24 Raftery, Mary of Nemmegen, p. 24, suggests, as another possibility concerning both woodcuts and text, that Doesborch was retaining the woodcuts, subsequently copied by Vorsterman, from an earlier and now lost Middle Dutch edition that was the source for both the translation and Vorsterman’s edition of Mariken van Nieumeghen. Doesborch had a reputation for producing nicely illustrated books; in the records of the St. Lucas Guild he was noted as a “verlichtere,” or “illuminator” (Rombouts and Lerius, De Liggeren en andere historische Archieven der Antwerpse Sint Lucasgilde, p. 91; also cited by Birrell, “Mary of Nemmegen,” p. 323). Verlichtere here appears to signify high quality woodblock illustrations in printed books. For recent discussion of the woodcuts, see Rizzo, “Mariken van Nieumeghen and Mary of Nemmegen,” pp. 64–65.
25 As Raftery notes in her edition of Mary of Nemmegen, p. 41, this woodcut also was used in Volksboek van Margarieta van Lymborch, published at Antwerp in 1516 by Willem Vorsterman; it is reproduced in Franciscus Jacobus Schellart’s edition of this chapbook (Amsterdam and Antwerp: Stichting “Onze Oude Letteren” door de Wereldbibliotheek, 1952), fig. facing p. 8.
26 His name in the Middle Dutch text is Moenen, but he is clearly identified in the speech tags as “Die duuel.”
27 In contrast, the woodcut on the title page in Vorsterman’s edition has Mariken’s uncle bidding her farewell as she prepares to leave for Nijmegen.
28 The horns are curved, perhaps intended to be somewhat like the horns of a goat, an
animal often associated with the devil or with reprobates damned at the Last Day of history (see Matthew 25:32).

29 A useful comparison is with the disfigurement reported by the author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*. This writer reported that, as he had learned from students of necromancy, whatever physical appearance is taken by the devil, “he always has only one nostril, which is large and wide,” and, when one looks into it, a person “can see up it into his brain,” which is “nothing else than the fire of hell” (ed. Walsh, p. 227 [chap. 55]). In *Mariken van Nieumeghen*, however, the devil Moenen’s only visible disfigurement when he appears in the similitude of a human is his lack of an eye.

30 See, for example, Russell, *Satan*, pp. 168–71, for comment and the long-standing opinion that “the Devil can change his shape at will.” The author of the *Cloud of Unknowing* reflects common opinion in remarking that “his body is in some way fashioned according to the [demonic] work that he has to do” (p. 227).

31 In contrast to the agreement made by Theophilus with the devil, there is no charter signed and sealed by her and later to be retrieved by the Virgin Mary, albeit she has a role in her penance and absolution. For Theophilus's pact, written in his blood, see Rutebeuf, *Le miracle de Théophile*, in Axton and Stevens, *Medieval French Plays*, p. 178; Rutebeuf, *Œuvres Complètes*, 2:188–89 [ll. 250–53 and s.d. at l. 255]. For thirteenth-century manuscript illumination, see Jackson, “The Influence of the Theophilus Legend,” pp. 75–88, esp. p. 80, for London, British Library, Stowe MS 17, fol. 255v. For an early fourteenth-century example, see New York, Pierpont Morgan MS M 751, fol. 68r, and the even earlier miniature in the *De Brailes Hours*, London, British Library, MS Add. 49,999, fol. 34; illustrated in Donovan, *The de Brailes Hours*, p. 71. Since *Mary of Nemmegen* is an analogue of the Faustus story, this detail is of considerable significance on account of the use of Faustus’s blood in writing his pact with the devil. Mary’s pact, albeit verbal and not written, is nevertheless regarded by the devil as binding. For reference to these manuscript illuminations, we are indebted to Jerry Root. See also Fryer, “Theophilus, the Penitent, as Represented in Art,” pp. 287–33.

32 See Ripa, *Baroque and Rococo Pictorial Imagery*, no. 59, quoting in translation from the second edition of Ripa, *Iconologia* (Rome, 1603), p. 106, which points out under *Disperatione* that the despairing woman “loses all reason and cannot even enjoy good guidance [her condition being symbolized by a broken compass]. The dagger in the woman’s breast symbolizes the ultimate crime of despairing.” It was a commonplace that despair naturally leads to self-slaughter by one means or another. A prime example was Judas’s suicide following his betrayal of his master. A frequently cited depiction is Giotto’s *Desperatio* (Stubblebine, *Giotto* fig. 57), but this iconography is much older, with Judas’s suicide appearing at the right side of Jesus in perhaps the oldest extant Crucifixion on an ivory of ca. 420–30 (Brit. Mus., acqu. no. PE 1895, 1113.1).

33 The devil, more or less in this shape and form, was conventional and frequently appears thus in Netherlandish art. See, for example, the devil as he appears at the left side of Christ as the Judge in the Last Judgment in the Cleves Hours, Pierpont Morgan Library, MS M 917, p. 68; reproduced in Plummer, *The Hours of Catherine of Cleves*. Catherine of Cleves was married to Duke Arnold (Arent) of Egmond; for his role in *Mary of Nemmegen*, see below.


35 Proctor, *Jan van Doesborgh*, pp. 56–57. The two blocks are not part of a made-up scene in *Frederick of Jennen*, but appear on separate pages. Neither block was copied in Vorsterman’s edition.

36 Compare the woodcuts of this scene and of Mariken lying on the ground, with the
devil hovering overhead, in the 1608 edition of *Mariken van Nemmegen* (Utrecht: Herman van Borculo), as shown, albeit very poorly reproduced, in Hummelen, “The Stage in an Engraving after Frans Flori[s]’s Painting of Rhetorica (c.1565),” p. 508.

37 In Northern Europe, the Devil was from early in the eleventh century depicted as having a combination of animal and human features; see Russell, *Lucifer*, p. 209. Here the animalistic features overwhelm the human. Even more grotesque devils are to be seen in German and Netherlandish art of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries.

38 A left-hand blessing is unlikely, since such a “blessing” is associated with the devil. Undoubtedly the woodcut reverses the original design from which it was taken.

39 The difficulty of Emmekin’s/Mary’s achievement of sainthood is hardly surprising. Compare the (though quite different) life of the reformed concubine Margaret of Cortona, for which see Caciola, *Discerning Spirits*, pp. 98–113.

40 See n. 31, above.


43 It is of great significance that the embedded play in *Mariken van Nieumeghen* asserts the assurance by Christ to his Mother that no sins are too great to be forgiven if the sinner repents.

44 The classic biblical image is the barren fig tree (Luke 13:6–9). In the twelfth-century *Liber floridus*, Despair is a withered branch on the tree of vices (*arbor mala*); see Katzenellenbogen, *Allegories of the Virtues and Vices in Mediaeval Art*, p. 65, fig. 65. But of course Mary, like Theophilus, avoids the most drastic consequence of this condition—that is, suicide—by her conversion.


47 Cohabitation with a devil had mixed reviews, so to speak. Witch trials in the early modern period produced coerced information, which, as reported by Margaret Murray, claimed the devil’s member to be icy cold—one would think not very enjoyable (*The Witch-Cult in Western Europe*, pp. 177–82). On the other hand, the devil was believed definitely to have had no pleasure from sex, which was for him only an exercise in the pursuit of power and control. Another aspect to be considered was the notion that devils (like angels) only take on virtual bodies, which of course explains their ability to shift shape. See Aquinas, *Summa Theologiae* 1.51.3, Reply Obj, 6, and the discussion in Stephens, *Demon Lovers*, pp. 62–63. It is not surprising to learn that the Dutch source, *Mariken van Nieumeghen*, would in time find itself on the Index of Prohibited Books.

48 The pact with the devil, including renunciation of baptism, receiving a mark on the body, being given a new name, and assigning of one’s soul to hell in reversal of the Christian rite, was believed by the most credulous during the witch craze to be a most elaborate rite and one commonly practiced. See Robbins, *The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology*, pp. 369–79.

49 The manner in which the devil was able to have intercourse with humans was a subject of considerable discussion. To engage in such sex was to subordinate oneself to an unclean spirit. Heresy was implied, and this was to make one liable to conviction in an ecclesiastical
court as a heretic, thereafter to be turned over to the secular authorities for punishment, which might be by execution.

51 Regarding anger, the authors of the *Malleus Maleficarum* quoted Ecclesiasticus 25:22: “There is no head worse than the head of a snake, and there is no anger surpassing the anger of a woman”; see *The Hammer of Witches*, trans. Mackay, p. 162.

52 *Jacob’s Well*, ed. Brandeis, pp. 147–48. The debilitating “myraclys” of the devil in his “chapel of þe tauerne” include taking away men’s ability to “speke” and “alle his wittes.”

53 Knowledge of the Liberal Arts was the core of the medieval educational program, but was also a central goal of the widely known *Ars Notoria*, which purported by meditation and use of magic signs and symbols (“image-assisted meditation,” in Freedberg’s terminology in *The Power of Images*, pp. 161–62) to teach practitioners how to absorb their content not by conventional study but by *infusion* from intermediary spirits. See *Ars Notoria*, trans. Turner, sig. C1 and passim. This translation omits the *notae* (figures, magic symbols); for consideration of these, see Camille, “Visual Art in Two Manuscripts of the Ars Notoria,” pp. 110–39. In order to indicate a fairly wide acceptance of magic, Camille also calls attention to its inclusion of a figure (labeled “Magus”) on the façade of Chartres Cathedral as one of the Seven Mechanical Arts and paired with Philosophy (p. 135, fig. 16), and directs the reader to Levine, *Northern Foreportal Column Figures*, pp. 127–46. The “Magus” figure is very briefly commented on by Mâle, *Religious Art in France*, p. 95.

54 Strietman, “Debatable Issues in *Mariken van Nieumeghen*,” pp. 72–73. Biblical criticism has long rejected the connection of the woman from whom the seven devils were driven out with Mary, the sister of Martha and the prostitute, who anointed Jesus’s feet and was forgiven (Luke 7:36–50), but this was the dominant view in the late fifteenth century. It was challenged in the second decade of the sixteenth century; see Hufstader, “Lefèvre d’Étaples and the Magdalen,” pp. 31–60. The Magdalen connection will be made even clearer at the end of the story; see below.

55 A fine example is the Sapientia Regina illustrated in the Bible of Saint Martial de Limoges, Paris, Bibliothèque nationale, lat. 8, vol. 2, fol. 74v, illustrated in Newman, *God and the Goddesses*, fig. 5.3. In this miniature, Wisdom holds up seven books that represent the Seven Arts in her right hand. See also the discussion in Newman, *God and the Goddesses*, pp. 203–06, and, for the association between the Liberal Arts and the Incarnation in a tympanum at Chartres, see Katzenellenbogen, *Sculptural Programs of Chartres Cathedral*, pp. 17–21, fig. 9.

56 Richard Kieckhefer notes, “In all likelihood necromancy was studied and practiced within a kind of clerical underworld through much if not most of Western Europe in the later Middle Ages” (*Forbidden Rites*, p. 34). The object of conjuring was to control demons using formulas related to those used in legitimate rites of exorcism in orthodox Roman Catholic practice (*Forbidden Rites*, p. 146). As Kieckhefer observes elsewhere (“The Holy and the Unholy,” pp. 373–74), in connection with brief comment on the uncle in *Mariken van Nieumeghen* and on the pious hermit who conjures the devil after placing a stole (une estole) around his neck and holding a book (un livre) in the Cistercian *Quest of the Holy Grail*, such magic rites might be considered a holy art; see *La Queste de Saint Graal*, ed. Pauphilet, p. 119. To be sure, views of this sort should not be imagined to be mainline. Witch hunters like authors of the *Malleus Maleficarum* were most vociferous in actively opposing all such practices, while more nuanced objections were common.

57 Indeed, for a woman to assert authority in the male realm, as depicted, for example, in the legend of Pope Joan (German: *Jutta*), required her to submit herself to the demonic. A
German play about her may be regarded, with qualifications, as an analogue to *Mariken van Nieumeghen* and hence to *Mary of Nemmegen*; see Schernberg, *Ein Schön Spiel von Frau Jutzen*, and the useful translation and commentary by Wright, *Medieval German Drama*.


59 Pecock, *The Repressor of Over Much Blaming of the Clergy*, p. 221. The high value given to *seeing* the play may be said to have been influenced by the common late medieval understanding of vision, influenced as it often was by Platonic and Arabic theories of how sight functions to bring the person as if into a touching of the objects and actions that are perceived. Many examples may be cited, including Bernard Sylvestris's *Microcosmus*, chap. 14; see Silvestris, *The Cosmographia*, trans. Wetherbee; and, for analysis and perspective, see the chapter “Corpus Christi Play and Visual Piety,” in Davidson, *Corpus Christi Plays at York*, pp. 33–62.

60 In Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, the protagonist of course takes the opposite path that leads to the everlasting bonfire. The psychodynamics involved in Faustus’s choice are complex and controversial, very likely dependent in part on late sixteenth-century theory about the freedom of the will (or lack of it); see the chapter “Marlowe, the Papacy, and *Doctor Faustus*,” in Davidson, *History, Religion, and Violence*, pp. 9–11.

61 For the staging of such a scene in the Dutch play probably using a dummy or manikin and a pulley arrangement, see Decker and Walsh, *Mariken van Nieumeghen*, p. 18. Flight was considered a skill in which witches engaged, but not in Emmekyn's case. She must appear entirely under the malignant control of the devil.

62 For brief but useful comment, see Malvern, *Venus in Sackcloth*, pp. 26–29.

63 For a seventeenth-century engraving showing Duke Arent (Arnold), probably made from an earlier oil painting, see Nijsten, *In the Shadow of Burgundy*, p. 125 (fig. 16).

64 Nijsten, *In the Shadow of Burgundy*, pp. 124–27

65 Nijsten, *In the Shadow of Burgundy*, pp. 124–29, 203–05


67 Jacobus de Voragine, *Golden Legend*, 1:374–83. In this source, her legend concludes with a story of a Flemish clerk who, having lived a life of evil, nevertheless did not forsake devotion to the Magdalen. She appears to him in a vision and urges him to repent. He returns to a holy life, and at his death she stands beside him with angels, then carries his soul to heaven. The center of her cult was Vézelay, which claimed her relics.

68 Young, *The Drama of the Medieval Church*, 1:521; convenient translation in Bevington, *Medieval Drama*, p. 207. The music for this item, while not included in the Benedikti-beurn Manuscript, is extant.

69 Davies, *Rogier van der Weyden*, pp. 218–19, fig. 18. But see the well-known engraving by Lucas van Leyden of Mary Magdalen as dancer (1519), usefully illustrated and discussed by Slim, *Mary Magdalene, Musician and Dancer*, pp. 460–73.

70 Sellink, *Bruegel*, cat. no. 25.


72 For information on the later history of *Mariken van Nieumeghen* we are indebted to Wolthuis, “De Legende van Mariken van Nieumeghen in Duitschland en Italie,” pp. 23–26, 192–200.

Figure 1. Satan appears to Mary to tempt her.
[Chap. 1] [A1r] Here begynneth a lyttell story that was of a trewthe done in the lande of Gelders of a mayde that was named Mary of Nemmegen þat was the dyuels paramoure by the space of seven yere longe.

[1.1] In the tyme when Duke Arent was taken of his sone Adolfe and his hoste, the same tyme dwelled in the lande of Gelders three myle fro Nemmegen a deuoute pryste called syr Ghysbryche, and he had a yonge mayde dwellynge with hym that was his cosen that was named Mary, and this Mary dyd all þat was to do in hyr uncles [A2r] howse.

[1.2] It befell on a tyme that syr Ghijsbryche sent Mary to Nemmegen to the merket to bye that he neded and sayde, “The dayes be shorte. If it be late or ye haue done, abyde with your aunte at Nemmegen my syster, for it is yll for a mayd for to goo alone in the nyght.”

[1.3] Than departed Mary to Nemmegen. Then when she was come there she went aboute hyr busynes. It fortuned þe same day that hyr aunte had chyd ayen four or five women for the Duke of Gelders sake Adolfe þat had tane his fader, that they all semed madde and semed more to be dyuylles then women. For Marys aunte hylde on the yonge dukes party and afterwarde murdered hyrselwe when that she knewe that the olde duke was conueyed out of pryson by þe jayler therof, as more playnly hereafter foloweth.
[Chap. 2] Howe Mary cam to hyr aunte and howe hyr auntes spoke to hyr knapysly and angerly.

[2.1] When that Mary had bowght al thynges it was very late, than thought she for to tary all nyght there. Then wente she vnto hyr aunte and prayed hyr that she myght haue a bed there for þat nyght.

[2.2] Thanne answered hyr auntes angerly, “What haue ye here to do to tary all nyght here? Wherfore goo ye nat home agayne?” [A2v] Than sayd Mary, “My vnkyll sende me vnto the merket to bye that he neded, and nowe shulde I goo home but it is very late and oftentymes by nyght is a mayde espyed and tane and rauysshed, and therfore am I afayde to goo home.”
[2.3] Than sayd hyr aunte, “Alas, pore mayde, ye nede nat to fere that, for ye knowe well anoughe howe that ye shulde lye, and ye haue bene at the tauerne and dronke so muche that ye be dronke. For I knowe well that the yonge men of vyllages can teche maydens the nyght daunses in the corne when that it is hye, and that haue ye well proued, for in your vyllage dwell manye yonge fellowes.” Than sayd Mary, “A, good aunte, wherfore saye ye so?” Than sayde hyr aunte, “A dobell tonge it wyll nat tell the trowth, but I knowe well that ye haue dauuned many a daunse where there was no mynstrell, and ye be a mayde styll to your belly were great.”

[2.4] Than sayd Mary, “Why caste ye me in the tethe, good aunte, with suche thynges and I am therof gyllesse? But I pray you aunte, showe vnto me yt þat I shall haue a bed here for tonyght.” Than sayd the aunte, “Nay, I had leuer that ye lay in the ryuer than in my howse.” When Mary harde hyr aunte saye so she departed from hyr with a heuy harte. [A3r]
[Chap. 3] Howe Mary departed fro hyr aunte.

[3.1] As Mary had these answeres of hyr aunte, she departed fro hyr with a heuy harte out of the towne of Nemmegen in þe euenyng and at the laste she wente so longe tyll sh she cam to a thyckhe hegge where þat she satt hyr downe wepyng and gyuynge hyrselyfe vnto the dyuell, and sayd, “Woo be to the, my aunte! This may I thanke [A3v] the, for nowe care I nat whether that I kyll myselfe or whether that I goo to drowne me, and I care nat whether þe dyuell or God come to me and helpe me. I kare nat whether of them two it be.”

[Chap. 4] [A4r] Howe the dyuell cam lyke a man vnto Mary when that she sat vndernethe the hegge.

[4.1] The dyuell that is at all tymes reddy for to hauke after damned sowles, herynge these wordes of Marye, turned hym into þe lekenes of a man, but he had but one yee, for the dyuell can neuer turne hym in the lykenes of a man, but he hathe some faute. And than sayd he to his selfe, “Nowe wyll I goo suger my wordes for to speke vnto this mayde that I desplease hyr nat, for men muste speke swetely to women.” And with those wordes sayde he to Mary, “O fayer mayde, why syt you here thus wepyng? Hathe there any man that hathe dyspleased you or done you wronge? If that I knewe hym, I shulde be a wrokyn on hym.”

[4.2] Than Mary, herynge his voyce, loked besyde hyr and sawe a man stande by hyr wherof she was afrayde, and sayde, “Helpe, God, I am wayted!” The deuell sayd vnto Mary, “Fayer mayde, be nat afrayde, for I wyll nat do vnto you no maner of harme, but doo you good, for your fayernes men muste loue you and if that ye wyll consent vnto me I shall make you a woman aboue all other women, for I haue more loue vnto you than I haue to any other woman nowe lyuyng.” [A4v] Than sayde Mary, “I syt here halfe mad and in dyspayer. I care nat whether that I gyue myselfe to God or to the dyuyll, so that I were out of this thraldome and mysarye, but I pray you showe vnto me who that ye be.”

[4.3] The dyuyll answered to hyr, “I am a master of many scyances for that I take on me to do I brynge it vnto a ende, and if that ye wyll be my paramoure I shall teche to you al the scyances aforsayde so that there is no woman in þe worlde shall passe you.” Than sayd Mary to þe dyuyll, “I praye you, showe vnto me what ye be and what your name is.” Than sayd the dyuell, “Whan recketh you what I be? I am nat þe beste of my kynne and ye wyll nat be displeased. My name is Satan with the one yee, þat is well knowen amonges
good fellowes.” Than sayd Mary, “Nowe perseuyue I well that ye be the dyuell.”
“That is al one who I be, for I bere vnto you good loue.” Than sayd Mary, “I wold nat be afrayd of hym if þat it were Lusyfer hymselfe.”

[4.4] Than sayde the dyuell to Marye, “Fare mayde, wylle ye be my loue, I shall teche vnto you al the scyances aforesayde, and I shall gyue vnto you manye other costlye iewelles and also money at youre pleasure so that ye shall lacke nothynge at all, and you shall haue all your owne pleasure to do that thyngge that ye wylle desyre so þat there is noo woman shall haue the pleasure that ye shall haue.”
[4.5] [A5r] Than sayde Marye to the dyuyll, “Or that ye lye with me ye shall teche to me the forsayde scyances.” Than sayde the dyuyll, “I am contente. Aske what that ye wyll and ye shall haue it.” Than sayde Mary, “I wyll haue nygromancy for one, for I haue a vnkyll that hathe a boke therof and when that he lyste he wyll bynde the fynde therwith.”

[4.6] Than sayd the dyuell, “O fayer mayde, what ye desyre ye shal haue, but I occupy nat that scyence myselfe for it is so daungerouse, for when that ye begyn for to counger and if ye mysse one letter in redynge the geste that ye call for wyll breke your necke. And therfore I counsayll you nat to lerne þat scyence.” Than sayd Mary, “If that it be so, that scyence wyll I nat lerne.” Than was the dyuyll glad and sayde to his selfe, “Nowe haue I turned hyr mynde fro þat scyence, for if that she culde nygromancy, then whe nygromancy, then when she were angry with me then wolde she bynde me therwith.” Than sayd the dyuell to Mary, “I shall teche to you all the scyences afore sayde, and ye shall speke all maner of langages that ye wyll desyre, wherwith ye shulde be exalted.” Than sayd Mary, “Nowe put I away al sorowe thorowght your wordes and put me all hole to your wyll.”

[4.7] Than sayde þe dyuell, “O fayer mayd, I desyre ye of one thynge: that ye wyll chaunge your name, for I loue not to here that name, for by one Mary I and all my felashyp fare the worse [A5v] and therfore shall I neuer loue that name. And if that ye wyll chonge your name I shall make you a woman aboue all women and chose you whether that ye wyll be called Leysken, Merken, or Gretenyn.” Than sayde Mary vnto the dyuell, “What greueth you my name? For Mary cummeth of Maria the sweteste name that can be, and for all the good in the worlde wolde nat I chaunge my name nor be called other than Mary, for of Maria was Our Lorde borne.”

[4.8] When the dyuell harde hyr speke in that manere, than sayde he to his selfe, “Nowe is all my laboure loste and caste vnder þe fote, for I cannat chaunge hyr name.” Than sayde he to Mary, “My swete loue, if that we two shulde goo togyther, ye muste chaunge youre name and also whatsoeuer ye here or se ye muste say nothynge or elles we two muste nedes departe.” Than sayd Mary, “To kepe your counsayll I am content, but for to chaunge my name I wyll neuer whyle I lyue, for Maria is all my cumforde and helpe in all my nede and also I serue hyr dayly with a prayer that I dyd lerne in my yongth. And therwith wyll I serue hyr as longe as I lyue, thowgh that I am here nowe in the wylde fylde syttynge here cumfordlesse.” Than sayde þe dyuell to Mary,
“Whyle þat ye be set holy on þat name, I desyre and I am content that ye holde the fyrste letter of your name, that is M, and ye shall be called Emmekyn, for there be manye women and maydens in your lande that be called so.” Than sayde Mary vnto Satan, “If that ye wyll nat be contente with my name, yet for all that wyll nat we two departe, for I am content to be called Emmekyn, yet were I very loth to do it.”

[4.9] Then was the dyuell glad in his mynde that she had forsake hyr name and sayde, “Good loue, let vs goo to Shertegen Bosshe and from thense we wyll goo to Anwarpe and or that ye come there ye shall haue lerne all maner of langages and also the seven free scyences. And also if that ye wyll abyde with me, anytyme ye shall see that we two wyll worke meruayles and ye shal drynke no other drynke but wyne bothe muskeadell, bastard, romney, and all maner of other wynes at your owne wyll.”

[4.10] And when that Satan had spoke these wordes, than was Emmekyns harte glad and she arose and went with the dyuell to Shertegen Bosshe warde, and when they were come there they toke theyr ynne and abode there a great whyle, and made good chere with reuelynge and daunsyng and payde for euery man that cam in theyr company that eate and dranke with them and wolde nat let them spende a halfe penny.

[Chap. 5] [A6v] Nowe wyll we leue of Emmekyn and Satan and speke we of hyr vnkyll syr Grijsbyche.

[5.1] As Mary that nowe is called Emmekyn was so longe oute and cam nat home to hyr vnkyll, he meruayled greatlye where that she was become. Than sayde he to his selfe, “I bad hyr if that it were late or she had done that she shuld abyde with hyr aunte in Nemmegen, and slepe there all nyght, but I wyll goo see, for I were sory that she shulde myscarye nowe, synes I haue browght hyr vp of a chylde, but yonge women be anone entreated.”

[5.2] Than wente syr Grijsberche to Nemmegen to his systers howse, and whan that he was there he asked for Mary his cosen. And his syster answered hym knapyshelye, “I wot nere were she is.” Than sayde hyr broder, “Syster, ye mocke with me.” Than sayde his syster, “It is more than ten dayes agoo she cam to me with a dronken face and prayed that she myght haue a bed that nyght, and I bad hyr that she shuld goo to the place where that she had dronken all þe day before. And by cause I sayde those wordes she ranne out of the dores I wot nere where.” Than sayde the vnkyll, “Alas, where is that
mayde become.” Than sayde his syster, “At the wyne tauerne, there shall ye fynde hyr drynkyng with good fellowes.”

Than sayde the pryste, “Alas, syster, ye ma[1r]ke my harte colde to here those wordes that you speke.” His syster sayde, “If that she hath be broched she shall be the esyar for another and she shall neuer halte therof.” Than wente the pryste fro his syster with a heuye harte when that he harde hyr speke in that manere and culde here no tydynges of Mary his coseyne.

[Chap. 6] [B1v] Howe Marys aunte cut hyr owne throte.

[6.1] And in þe meanetyme dyd the Jayler that kepte the pryson that the olde duke was in let hym out of pryson and they fled bothe to the towne of Sher-tegen Bosshe where that they were honorably reseyued of the lordes of the

Figure 5. Mary’s aunt commits suicide.
same towne and great ioye was made for his delyuerye with great tryumpeh
that culde be made.

[6.2] Within a wyle tydynges cam vnto Marys aunt howe that the olde duke
was delyuered out of pryson and was in the towne of Sherhtegen Boshe. This
herynge, Marys aunte was very angerye therwith, and she was so angrye ther-
with that she swelled that she had almoste burste and then cared she nat what
she had done to hyrselfe and than the dyuell that is at all tymes reddeye temped
hyr to cut hyr owne throte and at the laste he temped hyr so muche þat in hyr
anger she took a knyfe and cut hyr owne throte.

Than was the dyuell glad and toke the sowle and bare it to hell to euerlast-
ynge payne.

[chap 7] Howe Emmekyn and Satan departed
to þe towne of Anwarpe.

[7.1] Whan Emmekyn and Satan had dwelled a good whyle in Sher-
tegen Bosche that is a fayre towne, then departed they fro thense and went
towarde Anwarpe togyder. And when they were at Anwarpe, than sayd Satan
to Emmekyn, “Nowe be we come to Anwarpe, nowe let vs goo to the Gylden
Tre on the Market Place and there wyll we reuell and playe and spare for no
coste and for a pot of romneye there shall ye see neurthryftes that spende
theyr fryndes goodes that bene deed, and also there shall ye see the syngyll
women that they kepe and also there shall ye see braggers and bosters and
pyckers ofquarels and also theues and farers for moneye, and aboue syt the
burgeses of the towne that had leuer take money than for to gyue money.”
Than sayde Emmekyn, “Good Satan, let vs goo thyder and see that pastyme,
for that is the thynge that I reioyce moste in and loue beste to see.” Than
sayde Satan to Emmeken, “With a good wyll.”

[7.2] Than departed they to the Gylden Tre. And when that they were
come, then sat they downe and called for a pot of wyne. Than sat there
two fellowes in another sete therby that sawe Emmekyn syt by Satan; than
sayde the one to the other, “Se what a fayer woman sytte the ouer agegynste
vs with a yong fellowe that hath but one yee. I merueyll what great fantasy
that fayre mayde hath vnto hym. [B2v] We wyll goo take our pot and goo
syt by hym, and also take hyr fro hym.” Than arose the benchewystelers and
cam and sat downe by Satan with the one yee and sayd to hym, “By your
leue, may we syt by you?”
Than sayd Satan, “Ye, with a good wyll and ye be welcome. Take the pot and drynke with vs, I praye you.” Than answered the benshewystelers, “We thanke you hartelye, we haue of our owne.” Than as they were set and talked, than sayde Emmekyn, “My loue Satan, were it nat gemetrye that I shuld tell howe many droppes of wyn were in the pot?” Whan the benshewystelers harde hyr saye so, they sayde to hyr, “That were a thynge vnpossyble and a thynge to meruayle of greatly.” Than sayd Satan to the benshewystylers, “She can do it wele and greater thynges than that is, for she can the seven free scyences: I durste let hyr slyp for to despute with the beste docture in all Parys or Louen.”

Than sayde the benshewystelers to Satan, “I praye the, good fellowe, þat thou wylt desyre hyr for to do that wonderly scyance that we may see hyr doo it, and ech of vs shall gyue vnto you a pot of wyne before and moreouer if there be any man that will say the contrary we will be auenged on them.” Than sayd Satan to the fellowes, “Say ye that than shall she do it before you,” and than sayd he to Emmekyn, “Emmekyn, my loue, ye muste shewe vnto these [B3r] good fellowes, howe many drops of wyne be in the pot as ye dyd promyse them for to do yesterday and they wyll gyue vnto you for your laboure.” Than sayde Emmekyn, “Whyle that I must nedes shewe vnto you that poynote of iemotrye, than muste ye all kepe our pece and speke no more, for rethoryke wyll be harde.”

And as Emmekyn had spoke these wordes and that it was knowne in the towne, there cam many folkes for to see it to knowe whether that she culde do it or no. And when that Satan sawe that there were manye men gathered for to see it, than thought he þat he wolde goo and sett some of them togyther by the eres so that one of them myght kyll another. Than tempered he two or three so muche þat they fell togyther by the eres so that there was one slayne, and he that had done þe dede was tane and also behedhed, wherof Satan greatly reiosed and was glad and sayde to hymselfe, “This is well practysed of me, for there is nowe two deed.”

And in this maner dwelled Satan and Emmekyn at the Guylden Tre at Anwarpe, beinge in the Merket Place, and made reuell and mysse rule longe tyme, so that thorowghe the dyuell temptacyon there were many men slayne for Emmekyns sake, wherin the dyuell reioysed and was glad and sayd, “This is a very good lodgyng for me. I culde nat haue founde a better in all Anwarpe than this is, for [B3v] nowe shall I worke many wonders if that we abyde here a whyle lenger, for by me shall be a great many sowles brought to hell and
I shall make many a one for to lese his lyfe thorowghe my temptacyon of them and therothere were I lothe for to departe fro this loggyng, for there be many that I may take in my snare as men may take a byrde that cannat flye, and here shall I fynde suche at all tymes in this howse. And I wyll goo to my hoste and by my borde of hym by the moneth as longe as I tary here, and than shall I be reddy at all tymes for to make chydynge and brawlynge and set them togyther by the eres, and make one styche another, so þa or it be a yere paste I shall make me a phisicyan or a sothesayer so that þe people shall come and seke to me for counsayle and by that maner shall I brynge more than a thowsande sowles into hell if that I am nat let my mayster Ihesu.”

[Chap. 8] Howe Emmekyn hyr synful lyuynge a lyttell complayned.

[8.1] [B4] As Emmekyn had dwelled at Anwarpe a good whyle she began to marke þat she lyued vicyously and synfully, and for hyr sake that many men were murdered by the dyuyll falsehed, and sayde, “O, it forthynketh me my synfull lyuynge and to forsake the ioyes of heuen and goo the ryght way to euerlastynge perdycyon; nowe perseuye I well that this Satan that is here with me is the dyuyll thowghe that he wolde neuer tell it vnto me. O aunte, your spytefull wordes that ye sayd vnto me hath caused me þat I shall be utterly dampned in the pyt of helle and if that nowe I shulde turne I am afrayde that I haue ronne to ferre. And also I was wonte to worshyp Our Lady dayly with a prayer and nowe I haue nat done it of longe tyme, and Satan wyll nat also suffer me also that I shulde do it, and therothere may I se well that he is þat dyuyll, and nowe is it to late for me to take repentance. And nowe wyll I let all heuynes goo and make good chere, for yender I see cum in the felashyp that promysed me yesterday to make good chere.” And when they were come, than went Emmekyn and Satan and sat downe by them and made good chere and had forget all hyr heuynes and at the laste they fell at wordes with other men so that one of the fellowes had stycked a man.

[8.2] And when that was done, sayde Satan to the fellowe that they two [B4v] wolde goo without the towne, and so they dyd. And as they were without the towne the dyuell spyed a man comynge. Than sayde the dyuell to þe fellow, “Yender cometh a man with muche money. Let vs kyll hym and take the money fro hym.” And the dyuell tempered hym so muche that he consented, and when the man was come, the fellowe toke a dager and styked hym, wherof the dyuell was glad and departed.
[Chap. 9] [B5r] Howe Emmekyn wolde goo see hyr fryndes in the lande of Gelder.

[9.1] As Satan and Emmeken had dwelled in Anwarpe by the space of six yere at the sygne of the Gylden Tre where that muche myschefe and manslawter was done thorowghge them, so on a tyme longed Emmekyn for to see hyr vnkyll and other kynsfolle þat she had in the lande of Gelder. Than desyred she Satan þat he wold goo with hyr to the lande of Gelder “for to se howe þat my vnkyll and my aunte that knowe nat where that I am become, for I knowe for a sertente that my vnkyl taketh great thowght for me, for he loued me euer well and he hath wept for my sake many a tere.” Than sayde Satan to his selfe, “This polle shorne pryste that prayeth a prayer to the woman þat is all in whyte þat lettethe me at all tyme that I may nat haue my purpose, for and it were nat for his prayer that he sayeth I had or this tyme other a broke hyr arme, or a legge, or els hyr necke.” Than sayd Emmekyn, “Satan, what saye you to yourselfe in that maner?” Than sayd Satan vnto hyr, “I say no other thynge but as ye wyll, so am I contente to goo.” Than payed Satan the hoste
all theyr costes so that the hoste was well content and thanked them hartely
of theyr good payment. Than toke Satan leue and [B5v] departed to Nem-
mege in the lande of Gelders, and when they were come to Nemmegyn it
fortuned on the same that it was the didycacyon of a chyrche.

[9.2] *And* when they were within the towne, than sayde Emmekyn to Satan,
“Let vs goo see howe my aunte dothe.” Than sayde Satan, “Ye ne de nat to go
to hyr, for she is deed more than a yere ago.” Than sayd Emmekyn, “Is it
trewth?” Than sayd Satan, “Ye.” Than sayd Emmekyn to þe dyuell, “What do
all yender folkes þat be yender gathered?” Than sayde the dyuell, “They play a
play þat is wont euery yere to be played.” Than sayde Emmekyn, “Good loue,
let vs goo here it, for I haue harde my vnkyll say oftentymes that a play were
better than a servant to some folke.”

[9.3] Than sayde the dyuell to Emmekyn, “What lye ye on me to see the play?
Let vs goo to the tauerne and make good chere.” Than sayd Emmekyn, “Good
Satan, let vs goo here it.” Than sayde Satan, “Wyle that ye wolde so fayne here
it, go thyder and here it, but tarry no lenger than I shall call you.”

[9.4] Than went Emmekyn and harde the playe, and the playe was of synfull
lyuyng, and there she sawe hyr lyuyng played before hyr face. Than she began
to be sory and take repentance. Than called the dyuell hyr, for he wolde haue
hyr here it nat oute. But she wolde nat come, for by the play she was all hole
turned fro hyr mysse lyuynge and sayde, “O good [B6r] Lorde, haue mercy
on me, pore wretche and sinner. I am nat wordy to trede vpon the erthe,
and I am afrayde þat I haue ronne to ferre.” Than sayde the dyuyll to his
selfe, “All my laboure is loste: she taketh þnto hyr hole repentance,” and sayd
vnto Emmekyn, “What ayle ye nowe, be ye mad? Let be your wepyng and
sorowe, and let vs goo to the tauerne and make good chere and put awaye
your sorowe.” Than sayde Emmekyn, “Go fro me, thou false fynde. Woo be
to the that euer thou cam to me, and I repente me that euer I chose the for my
paramour, for by þe I am vtterly damned without the more mercy of God.”

[9.5] Than arose the dyuyll fro the growne and sayde, “Holde your peace
and be styll or elles I shall bere the with me to euerlastynge payne.” Than
said Emmekyn, “O good Lorde, haue mercy on me and defende me from the
handes of the dyuyll that he do to me no harme.” Than sayde the dyuell vnto
hyr, “I see it wyll be no better.”
[9.6] Thus toke he Emmekyn in his clawes and caryed hyr vp into þe ayer more hygher than ony stepyll, that hyr vnkyll and al the people meruayled therat howe it cam that she was caryed so sodenly vppe.

[Chap. 10] Howe Satan toke Emmekyn and bore hyr vp into the ayer and caste hyr downe and howe that hyr vnkyll sawe it.

[10.1] As Satan the dyuyll had borne Emmekyn vp into the ayer, than caste he hyr fro thense downe, wenyng to haue broke hyr necke, but God and Our Lady wolde nat suffer it, and she fell in the strete before all þe people, whereof they þat were there present were sore abasshed and afrayde.

[10.2] And also thare was hyr vnkyll, that harde the same playe, that sawe hyr also fall, but he knewe nat that it was his cousyn. Than went þe people to hyr as faste as they myght, askynge if þa at hyr necke were nat broke. Than cam a burgeys of þe towne to syr Ghijsbryche and asked hym if that he wolde goo and see whether that she had broke hyr necke or no, and he sayd, “With a good wyl.”

[10.3] Than went the burgeyes and he to Emmekyn, and when they were come, then asked þe burgeyse if she had nat broke hyr necke, and they sayde, “No.” Than sayd syr Ghijsbryche, “That is a great meruayle. Let me come see hyr.” Than went hyr vnkyll to hyr and when that he sawe hyr he sayde, “Alas, it is my coseyne. I haue sowght hyr by the space of seven yere longe, and neuer culde fynde hyr.”

[10.4] And as Emmekyn had layne a good space in a sownde, than began she a lyttell to come to hyrselfe, and than harde she hyr vnkyll speke to hyr, whiche she knewe well by the voyce, and sayde, “O vnkyll, what is me befall, where haue I be and where am I nowe? O good Lorde, I pray þe, haue mercy on me that I may be saued and come to euerlastyng lyfe, for had nat your mercyfulnes a kepte me here, the dyuell had caryed me bothe body and sowle to euerlastynge payne.”

[10.5] Than sayd hyr vnkyll to hyr, “A, good cosayne, howe fortuned this.” Than sayd Emmekyn, “Vnkyll, I wolde that I were in the same case that I was in when that I dwelt with you, but nowe I am dampron.” Hyr vnkyll sayd, “Say nat so, good cosen, for there is nobody loste without they fall in
despayrer. But I pray you shewe vnto me howe that it hapened that ye were caryed so hygh in the ayer as ye were.”

[10.6] Than sayde Emmekyn, “Good vnkyll, I shall tell to you all togyther. On a tyme as I sat vnder a hegge when that I departed fro my aunt, I gaue myselfe vnto the dyuel and he cam vnto me, and I went with hym and dwelled with hym this seven yere longe. And in that tyme haue there many wonders be done, and on a tyme I desyred hym to goo see you, and when that we were here I desyred hym that I myght here this play. And by this play was I conuerted, wherwith þe dyuell was angery and toke me and bare me into the ayer and caste me downe amonges these folke.” Than sayd hyr vnkyll, “Was the dyuell with you, good coseyne?” Than sayde Emmekyn, “I was at his commaundement this seven yere.”

[10.7] Than sayde hyr vnkyll, “That geste muste we rydde fro you and se whether that we can get the mercye of God by our prayer.”
[Chap. 11] Howe the dyuell spake to syr Ghijssbriche.

[11.1] When þe dyuel hard those wordes, he sayd, “Þat shalt thou nat haue pore for to do, for I wyll when it please me caraye hyr body and sowle to the pyt of hell.” Than sayde hyr vnkell, “That shal I let þe.” Than coungered he hym þat he culde tempte hyr no more.

[11.2] Than went hyr vnkyll to the deacon and compelayned, but Emmekyn sayd she trusted to be saued. And than went he to þe moste lerned of all Nemmegen and asked counsayll of them, [C2v] but as they harde the synne there was none so well lerned, so holy or deuoute that durst take apon them to absoyle hyr of them and gyue vnto hyr pennance accordyng to hyr synnes, wherof they were ryght heuy. And so departed Emmekyn and hyr vnkyll away with heuy hartes.
[Chap. 12] [C3r] Howe syr Ghijsbryche and hyr vnkyll departed towarde Colayne with Emmekyn and howe he toke the Holye Sacrament with hym that the dyuell shulde haue no pore of them.

[12.1] Whan that Emmekyn and hyr vnkyll culde gett no comforde in Nemmegen, than on the morowe dyd syr Ghijsbryche synge Masse and when that Masse was done, than toke he þe Holy Sacramente in his hande and bad that his coseyne Emmekyn shulde goo with hym to Colayne for to seke remmedy. And Emmekyn sayd, “With a good wyll, vnkyll, I am reddy.”

[12.2] Than departed they both towarde Colayne, hyr vnkyll berynge in his hande the Holy Sacrament. And the dyuell folowed them all þe way, but he durste nat come nere them to do them any harme by þe vertu of the Holy Sacrament. But in the way as he went, he brake trees and caste after them for to haue broke theyr necke, but Our Good Lorde þat is euer mercyfull wold nat suffer hym to haue the power for to do theym any harme therwith, for they bothe were wonte for to worshyp dayly Our Blessed Lady with a ser-tayne prayer that they had lerned.

[12.3] And at þe laste they went so longe that they cam vnto Colayne, and when they were there, than went she vnto the bysshop and confessed hyr to hym. And when that he had harde all hyr confessyon, he was sory for hyr and sayd, “A, good dawghter, youre synnes be so greuyouse that I dare nat absolue you, wherfore I am sory. This herynge, hyr vnkyll toke his leue of the bysshop and than departed.

[Chap. 13] [C4r] Howe Emmekyn and hyr vnkyll toke theyr iorneye to Rome to the Pope for to be absolued of hyr synnes, and howe the dyuell folowed them for to haue done some harme vnto them.

[13.1] After that Emmekyn and hyr vnkyll had bene with the bysshop and culde haue no remedye, than departed they fro hym and toke theyr iorneye to Rome where that they cam in short space with good auenture. And as they were come, then went Mary and hyr vnkyll to the Pope, and, when they were come before hym, then kneled they downe. And than desyred Emmekyn the Pope for the loue of God that she myght be confessed of hym. And he answered, “With a good wyll.”
[13.2] Than sat Emmekyn and the Pope downe. Than began Emmekyn for to showe vnto þe Pope hyr synnes and sayd, “O moste Holyeste Fader, the erthe bereth nat nowe a more synfuller persone than I am.” Than sayde the Pope, “Good daughtuer, why say ye so? Tell to me þat cause wherfore.” Than sayd Emmekyn, “O Holy Fader, I haue bene þe dyuells paramoure by the space of seven yere, and haue done all thynges that he commandad me for to do.

[13.3] Than sayde the Pope to Emmekyn, “Howe culde ye consent to hym whyle that ye knewe for a certente that it was þe dyuell?” Than sayde
Emmekyn to the Pope, “O Holy Fader, the great gyftes that he gaue vnto me bothe of syluer and of gold and also the pleasure þat I had with hym dayly bothe in daunsyng and playinge and had all that I desyred, for that cause dyd I agree vnto hym. And also for my sake hathe there more than two hundred persones be murdered which sore repenteth me.” Than sayd þe Pope, “O good dawghter, for that thyng maye ye be ryght heuy.” Than sayde Emmekyn that “I am as heuy therfore as ony woman may be, and I desyre you, Holy Fader, that ye woll for the loue of God and Our Lady, gyue vnto me penance for my synnes howe great soeuer it be.”

[13.4] Than sayde the Pope vnto hyr, “Alas, good dawghter, youre synnes be so greuyouse that I cannat gyue to you penannce nor absolue you without that God gyue vnto me some grace to gyue me some maner of knowlege, and I wyll pray vnto hym therfore.” Then kneled the Pope on his knees and prayed God þat he wolde put in his mynde some penannce that were for hir synnes.

[13.5] And when he had prayed a whyle than cam into his mynde a penaunce for hyr wherof he was glad. Than bad he Emmekyn that she shulde call hyr vnkyll, and than shuld he gyue vnto hyr hyr penaunce. Than went Emmekyn to hyr vnkyll and bad that he shulde go with hyr to the Pope. Than went hyr vnkyll with hyr vnto the Pope, and when that they were come, than sayde þe Pope vnto hyr, “I wolde be sory that any man or woman shulde be loste by þe faute of me.”

[13.6] Than toke he three yron rynges in his hande and sayde, “Take these three great yron rynges and make a smythe set them on, and ye shal put the greateste about your necke and the other two aboute your armes as faste as ye may for fallynge of and than let them alone thyrtye tyme that they fall of by their selve and be all consumed, and when they be consumed and gone, then be your synnes forgyuen you and Our Lorde hath mercy on you.” Than sayd hyr vnkyll to the Pope, “My holye Fader, if it please you that thyng be a thyng vnpossible, for if that it were posyble for hyr for to lyue by þe space of two hundred yere, yett for all that they shulde nat consume and fall of fro hyr.” Than sayd the Pope vnto hyr vnkyll, “O syr, þe mercy of God is great, for she may pray so muche vnto Our Lorde God þat thorowghe hyr prayer Our Lorde God may haue mercy on hyr and take hyr to his grace, and by maracle [D1v] cause the yron rynges for to fall fro hyr.”

[13.7] And as the Pope had spoke those wordes and had gyuen vnto hyr this pennaunce, than toke theyr leue of the Pope and prayed hym that he
wolde pray for hyr. And the Pope sayde to them that he wolde with a good wyll, but he sayd to hyr, “Take good hede that ye abyde styll in the mynde that ye be in and thynke stedfastly þat ye shall be saued and fall nat in despayer for all that I haue gyuen you, for by your pennaunce and by your great contricion may God forgyue you and giue vnto you euerlastynge blysse.”

[13.8] Than thanked Emmekyn and hyr vnkyll the Pope, and so departed. When that Emmekyn had this rynges to hyr penauunce, then wente hyr vnkyll and she to a smythe and caused hym for to Smyte on the rynges, þe greatteste on hyr necke and on eche of hyr harmes has armes one faste that neuer whyle she had lyued shulde haue fallen of but by maracle.
[Chap. 14] Howe Emmekyn was a none at Mastryck of the ordere of Saynte Mary Magdalene that returne fro theyr vycyouse lyuynge.

[14.1] [D2r] When that hyr vnkyll had caused the yron rynges on, than departed he and Emmekyn fro Rome and went so longe tyll that they cam vnto the towne of Mastryche where was a nonnery of nonnes of Seynt Magdalenes order called Converted Synners. For there be none other in the place then they that haue bene mysse women, in whyche place she desyred hyr vnkyll that he wolde labour for hyr ðat she myght be shorne in amonge them, and hyr vnkyll answered, “With a good wyll.”

[14.2] Then spake the vnkyyl vnto the abbayse of the place and entreated hyr that his coseyn myght be shorne in and made a none in hyr place, and he entreated hyr so much that at the laste she agreed.

Figure 11. The angel removes the rings that Mary has been wearing.
[14.3] Then within two or three dayes was she shorne in by the helpe of hyr vnkyll. And when it was done, than departed hyr vnkyll into his owne lande and lyued after by the space of twenty-four yere and euerye yere after as longe as he lyued he went and sawe his cosayn ons in a yere.

[Chap. 15] Howe a aungell cam fro heuen and put of þe yron rynges fro Emmekyn.

[15.1] As Emmekyn was thus shorne into the nonrye, she fasted and prayed so muche that at the laste Our Lorde had mercy on hyr and forgau all hyr synnes. And on a tyme as she was a-prayinge in hyrselfe she fell on slepe and in hyr slepe apered a aungell and vndyd þe yron rynges fro hyr, and she thought in hyr slepe howe [D3r] that she was in hell and howe that there cam a aungell and browght hyr into heuen and that there were a great many doues cam to hyr and with theyr wynges smote of hyr yron rynges.

[15.2] And when that she had had that vysyon, than awaked she and saw the rynges lye before hyr and were vndone. Wherof Emmekyn was ryght glad and fell vpon hyr knees and thanked God that he had showed vnto hyr pore synner that great maracle and had mercy on hyr, and after sayd, “O all ye people take an example of me, and whyle that ye haue laysure and space do pennaus for your synnes and amend your wretched lyuyng whyle ye maye haue laysure, for nowe may ye see howe mercyfull that God is by me and therfore do penance and pray vnto Our Blessed Lady þat she may pray for you þat ye may come vnto þe ioy that is without endynge, to the whiche ioye brynge bothe you and me. Amen.”

[Chap. 16] The conclusyon.

[16.1] [D2v] Al this in this boke conteyned is for a trewth and if that ye wyll nat beleue me that was the fyrst maker of this boke, if that it fortune ony of you for to goo into the lande of Flanders to a towne called Mastryche and goo to the nonry of the Conuerted Synners, there shall ye see Emmekyns graue and also þe yron rynges hangyng there ouer and vndernethe wryten hyr lyuyng and also hyr penance. And she lyued but two yere after she was delyuered of þe rynges and so departed and went vnto the blysse euerylastying to the whiche blysse brynge bothe you and me.

Thus endeth this lyttell treatyse, imprynted at Anwarpe by me Iohnn Duisbrowghe, dwellynge besyde the Camer Porte. A M E N
Figure 12. Arms of England, following the last page of text.
Figure 13. Fortuna holds the wheel of fortune. Jan van Doesborch's printer's device at the end of Mary of Nemmegen.
Mariken van Nieumeghen
The Dutch Text

Die waerachige ende Een seer wonderlijke historie van Mariken van Nieumeghen die meer dan seven iaren metten duvel woende ende verkeerde

Die prologe  In den tijde dat hertoghe Arent van gheldre te grave ghevanghen wert gheset van sijnene sone hertoghe Olof ende sijnene medepleghers, so woende op dri milen na Nieumeghen een devoet priester, geheeten heer Ghijsbrecht, ende met hem woende een schoon ionge maecht, geheeten Mariken, zijnder suster dochter wiens moeder doot was. Dese voerscreven maecht regeerde haers ooms huys, hem zijn gherief wel eerlijck ende neerstelijck doende.

Hoe heer Ghijsbrecht Mariken zijnder nichten tot Nimmeghen ghesonden heeft

Het ghebuerde dat dese heer Ghijsbrecht Mariken zijnder nichten seynden wilde in die stadt van Nieumeghen, om daer te coopene tghene dat si behoefden tot haer seggende aldus:

[Die Oom  Mariken!]

Mariken  Wat ghelieft u, heer oom?

Die Oom  Hoort, kint, slaet mijnder woorden goom:
   Ghi moet nae Nimmeghen nemen u vertreck
   Om ons provande te halen, wi hebbens ghebreck
5   Van keersen, van olie in die lampe te doene,
   Van azine, van soute ende van enzoene
   Ende van solferpriemen, soe ghi selve ontcnoopt.
Daer zijn acht stuvers, gaet henen, coopt
Te Nimmeghen van dies wi hebben breke;
Tesser nu iuyst mertdach vander weke,
Te bat suldi vinden al dat u ghereyt.

Mariken   Heer oom tot uwer onderdanicheit,
           Kent mi bereet in alder onderdanicheyt.

Die Oom   Om tavont weder thuys te sine werdet te late,
15     Want die daghen zijn seer cort nu ter wilen,
       Ende tes van hier te Nieumeghen twe groote milen
       Ende tes nu tien uren of daer toe bet.
       Hoort, kint, eest dat ghier so lange let
       Dat u dunct dat ghi met schonen daghe
Niet gheraken en sout tuwen behaghe,
Blijft daer vri te nacht, ick werts te gherustere,
       Ende gaet slapen tot uwer moeyen, mijnder sustere;
       Die en sal u om eenen nacht niet ontsegghen.
       Ick hebt liever dan dat ghi doer haeghen ende heggen
Thuys by doncker sout comen alleene,
Want den wech en es van boeven niet alte reene,
       Ende ghi sijt een schone ionghe lustighe maecht,
       Men soude u lichtelijck aenspreken.

Mariken   Heer oom, soot u behaecht,
           So sal ick alle dinghen doen ende niet el.

Die Oom   Groet mi u moeye mijn suster, ende vaert wel.
31     Coopt al dat ons ghebrect bi mate ende bi gewichten.

Mariken   Ick sal, heer oom, adieu.

Die Oom   Adieu, Mariken nichte,
       Gods gratie moet u eenpaer wesen.
       Heere Godt, hoe mach mi therte so swaer wesen?
35     Eest dattet lant hier so tweedrachtich si,
       Of eest om dat mijn nichte daer scheyt van mi?
       Ontbeyt, hoe coem ic aldus swaer? Dits vreemt bediet.
       Met dat meysken daer van mi schiet,
Wert mi te moede recht ick en weet hoe,
40  Ick duchte haer oft mi sal wat comen toe.
    Ick wilde dat icse thuys hadde ghehouwen.
    Tes dwaesheit ionghe meyskens of vrouwen
    Alleene te laten gaen achter lande,
    Want die boeverie der werelt is menigerhande.

Hoe Mariken seer schandelijken toeghesproken wert van haerder moeyen

Aldus es Mariken van haer heer oom ghescheiden ende tot Nieumeghen gegaen, daer si cochte van als dat haer oft haren oom nooteliw wesen mochte. Ende opent selven dach dat si te Nimmeghen comen was, so hadde haar moeye teghens vier oft vijf vrouwen ghekeven, om des hertoghen Adolf wille, die sijnen vader hadde doen vanghen, als dat si bat scheen dul oft een verwoed duyvelinne te sine dan een kersten mensche, want si metten ionghen hertoge pertijde ende vermoorde namaels haar selven, doen si hoorde dat dye oude hertoghe uuter ghevanckenissen verlost was bij toedoene van den casteleyn vanden Grave, ghelijck ghi hier na horen sult. Mariken siende dat biden avonde was als si haer dinghen al ghedaen hadde daer si om comen was, seide tot haer selven aldus:

45  Nu heb ic van als dat ons ghebrack
    Doen weghen ende meten naer mijn ghemack
    Ende daer na ghecocht ende wel betaelt,
    Maer mi dunct dat ic hier so langhe heb gedraelt,
    Dat ghinder die nacht compt op gheresen.

50  Daer sie icck eenen wiser. Wat macht wesen
    Aenden dach? Tes alre tusschen vieren ende viven.
    Nu moet ic tavont int stede bliven;
    Ten es noch maer een ure dach.
    Ende in drie uren dat ict nauwelijck gaen en mach

55  Van hier tot mijns ooms. Neen, tes beter ghebleven;
    Mijn moeye die woont recht hier neven.
    Ick wil haer gaen bidden datse mi een bedde decke
    Ende morghen also vroech als ick ontwecke
    Soe maeck ic mi nae huys snel ten labuere saen.

60  Ick sie mijn moeye voer haer dore staen.
    Soot wel betaemt, wil icse gaen groeten
    Moeye, Cristus wil al u leet versoeten,
    Ende alle die ghi lief hebt hoeden van gequelle.
Die Moeye    Ke, willecome duvel, hoe staget in die helle?
65    Wel, joncfrouwe, wat hebdi nu hier te doene?

Mariken    Mijn oom sant mi omtrent der noene
    Om keersen, om mostaert, om azijn, om verjuys
    Ende om al datter ghebreck was tonsent in huys.
    Ende eer ick van deen totten anderen heb connen loopen,

    Ende alledinck heb connen vinden ende coopen,
    So eest sus late worden ende luttel grievet u,
    Dat ghi mi te nacht een bedde decket, ghelievet u.
    Ic soude immer noch thuys gaen maer metter nacht
    Wort somtijts een maechdeken bespiet ende gewacht,
70    Onteert, vercracht te haren verwite,
    Ende daer voer sorge ick.

Die Moeye    Wachermen, tijte!
    Sorchdi nu so seere voor uwen machdo
    m, godwouds?
    Ke, lieve nichte ghi weet doch van oudts
    Hoe ghi ghewonnen waert, al ghelaeti u dus inge.
80    Ghi enhebt hier sint der noenen met uwen dinge
    Niet besich gheweest, laet ic mi dincken.

Mariken    Ick doe seker moeye.

Die Moeye    Ja oft sitten drincken
    Iewers int heimelijke, nae uws herten willeken.
    Ke, nichte, te lande waert Cleyken ende Gilleken
85    Connen alte wel dese meyskens int coren leyden,
    Ende alse ten avontspele gaen onder hem beyden.
    Hoe wort Lijse dan van Hannen ghetoeft!
    Ke, nichte, ghi hebtet al wel gheproeft,
    Want touwent woont so menich frisch gheselleken.

Mariken    Twy segdi dat, moeye?

Die Moeye    Ey, dobbel velleken,
91    Al en dooch die waerheyt niet gheseyt,
    Ghy hebt menighen rey ghereyt,
    Daer die pijper geen vijf groote en wan.
En de al gaetmen langhe af ende an,
95 Tes al maecht tot dat den buyck op rijst.

MARIKEN Dat ghi mi dese scande bewijst
Sonder schult eest mi te hert om verdragen.

DIE MOEYE Ick hebbe liedem ghesproken dye u lestent saghen
Met uwen eygenen oom ligghen so ontscamelijk,
100 Dat mi te segghen waer ombetamelijk.
Onteeren blamelijck doedi al ons geslachte.
Tfij moet u worden onsalighe drachte,
Ick en mach u niet sien te mijnen goede.

MARIKEN Here God, hoe wee wert mi te moede.
105 Hoe ontstelt van bloede
Werdt mijn gheheel lichaem soudeynich.
Die smedige woorden, dit verwijt vileynich
Te hoorene ende te verdragen sonder schult.
Nu, moeye, segt oft ghi mi een bedde decken sult
Desen nacht ende niet langher.

DIE MOEYE Ghi laecht mi liever in die Maze,
110 Alsoe diepe als dit huys hooch is, tot eenen aze
Van alle die visschen dier inne vlieten.
Dus vertrect van hier oft het sal u verdrieten.
Van thoorne sta ick als een loof en beve.

MARIKEN Moeye, ghi hebt groot onghelijck.

DIE MOEYE Ontbeyt, dese verhide teve
115 En sal mi niet laten onghequelt.
Moeten die tuyten wat zijn verstelt?
Ja, si beghint mi den worm int hoot te roerene,
Ick stae quaet ghenoch om den duvel te snoerene,
Oft om op een cussen te binden al waer hi kintsch.
120 Ic stae wel soe spijtelijcken en winsch,
Ic en weet nauwe of ic op mijn hoot sta of mijn voeten.
Alle die mi desen dach ontmooten
Die sal ick antwoerden, dwelck mi dit beroer doet,
Alleen ghelijck die duvel zijn moer doet.
Mariken

O bedructe, nu is u lijden naest

126 Ick blive staende wel so beraest
    Dat ick van miselven en weet hoe noch wat,
    Met eenen dullen hoofde loop ic noch uuter stat,
    Ontsiende boeven noch daer toe roovers.

130 Ic scatte ic mijn bedde make onder die loovers.
    Ic en vrage na niemant die nu levende si,
    Al quaem die baerlijcke duvel tot mi,
    Nu gae ic sitten onder dese haghe,

135 Mi selven bevelende inden handen
    Van Gode of alle die helsche vianden.

Hoe Mariken van haerder Moeyen schiet ende uut Nieuemeghen ghinck

Aldus es die jonghe maecht Mariken van haerder moeyen gescheyden ende al weenende, seer mestroestich, metten donckeren avont uuter stad van Nieuemeghen gheghaen, so langhe dat si quam nevens een groote dicke haghe, daer si met grooten drucke onder ghinck sitten weenen ende screyen, haer selven den vianent seer dicwils overghevende met droever herten tot haer selven segghende aldus:

    Wee mi! Suchten, crijschen ende hantghewrinck,
    Mi selven hetende vermalendijt,
    Dats nu mijn solaes ende anders gheen dinck,

140 Doer mijns moeyen scandich verwijt,
    Eest onrecht, dattet mi spijt,
    Sonder cause sulcken woorden te lijden?
    Neent vri. In mi groeit sulcken nijt,
    Daer therte in wast nu talder tijt,

145 Dat ic quaet ghenoech sitte in dit berijt,
    Om mi selven eewich te vermalendi(d)en.
    Hulpe! Welcken temptacie comt mi bespringhen?
    Wil ic mi selven verhanghen oft craghen?
    O ioncheyt, suldi u connen bedwinghen,

150 Oft en wildi nae gheen reden vraghen?
    Wie soude oock alsulcken woorden verdraghen
    Sonder schult? Hi en is niet levende, ic meens,
    Diese sonder verdiente wel soude behaghen.
Dies segick in wanhopen die mi comt belagen:
155 Comt nu tot mi ende helpt mi beclaghen,
God of die duvel, tes mi alleleens.

Die viant die altijd zijn stricken ende netten spreit haecckende nae die ver-
doemenis der sielen dese woorden hoorende seyde tot hemselven aldus:

Dat woert werdt mi die siele weerdich.
Ick hebbe mi selven toeghemaect rechtverdich
Al waer ick een mensche, ende al bi Gods ghedooghe.
160 Tes al te passe sonder mijn een oghe.
Die is of si mi uut waer ghesworen.
Wi gheesten u en hebben dye macht niet, dats verloren,
Ons te volmakenne doer gheen bespreck.
Altoos es aen ons eenich ghebreck,
165 Tsi aen thoot, aen handen oft aen voeten.
Nu willick mijn voiseken wat gaen versoeten,
Ende spreken so welvallende ende met beschede,
Dat ick mijnen boel niet en verleede.
Ten eersten salmen die die vrouwen soetelijc overgaen.
170 Schoon kint hoe sitti dus belaen?
Heeft u yemant mesdaen
Sonder redene ofte recht?
Dat sal ick wreken als een goet knecht.
Ghi dunct mi slecht,
Ende daer omme schick ick
Hier tuwen trooste.

MARIKEN Hulp, God! Hoe verscrick ick!
175 Wat mijns? Ick en weet van mi selven nauwelijck,
Met dat ick dien mensche ben aenschauwelijck,
Hulpe, hoe flauwelijck vervalt mi therte.

DIE DUVEL Schoon kint, en vreest grief noch smerte.
Ick en sal u hindere, grief noch quaet doen.
180 Maer ick ghelove u, wildi na mijnen raet doen
Ende met mi gaen, wilt dit onthouden nauwe
Ick make u eer lanc der vrouwen vrauwe.
MARIKEN Vrient, ick sitte nu rechts also ghesint,
[...]
So beroert ende soo ontstelt van engienen
Doer die schimpighe woerden, die ic sonder verdienen
Heb moeten lijden: hoere, schueke ende teve.
Dies ic mi alsoe lief den viant overgheve
189 Als Gode, want ick sitte half sonder sin.

DIE DUVEL Bi Lucifer, tes noch al ghewin!
Si heeft de beroert te deghe op ghes(open).
Si sit noch even versteent in wanhopen.
Nu soudic hopen, te min so claech ic nu,
Dat ic niet missen en sal. Scoon kint, noch vraech ick u,
195 Oft ghi met mi versamen wilt in ionsten.

MARIKEN Wie sidi, vrient?

DIE DUVEL Een meester vol consten,
Nieuwers af falende, wes ic besta.

MARIKEN Tcomt mi alleleens met wien dat ick ga;
Also lief gae ic metten quaetsten als metten besten.

DIE DUVEL Wildi u liefde te mi werts vesten,
201 Ick sal u consten leeren sonder ghelijcke:
Die seven vrie consten, rethorijcke, musijcke,
Logica, gramatica ende geometrie,
Aristmatica ende alkenie,
205 Dwelc al consten sijn seer curable.
Noyt vrouwe en leefde op eerdre so able
Als ic u maken sal.

MARIKEN So moetti wel zijn een constich man.
Wie sidi dan?

DIE DUVEL Wat leyt u daer an?
Wie ick ben en soudi met rechte vraghen niet.
210 Ick en ben die beste van mijnen maghen niet.
Maer u dat ic emmermeer niet dan ionste en toge.
Mariken   Hoe heeti, vrient?

Die Duvel   Moenen metter eender ooghe,  
            Die wel bekent es met veel goede ghesellen.

Mariken   Ghi sijt die viant vander hellen.

Die Duvel   Wie ick ben, ic ben emmer ghejonstich tot u.

Mariken   Ick en hebbe oeck van u ancxt, vrese noch gru.

217 Al quame Luycefer selve uuter helscher ghewelt,  
          Ick en souder niet af vervaert sijn so ben ic gestelt.  
          Ick ben onghequelt van allen anxten.

Die Duvel   Ja, scoen kint, dits tcorste ende dlancxte:  
            Wildi met my gaen ende mijnen raet doen sonder veysen,  
            Al dat ghi dincken moecht oft peysen  
            Sal ick u leeren, soe ick u eerst vertelde.  
            Van goede, van iuwelen noch van ghelde  
225 En suldi ooc nemmermeer hebben ghebrec.

Mariken   Tes wel gheseyt maer nae deerste bespreck,  
          Eer ghi met mi sult versamen in ionsten,  
          Suldi mi leeren die seven vrie consten,  
          Want in alle dinghen te leeren verfray ick.

230 Ghi sullet mi al leeren, suldi?

Die Duvel   Wat trouwen, ia ick.  
            Ick sal u leeren al dat wel voechlijck is.

Mariken   Nigremansie, dats een const die ghenoechelijck es.  
          Mijn oom es daer af fraey ende cloeck.  
          Hy maect wonder somtijts, hi heefter af eenen boeck,  
235 Ick wane hi hem in node noyt en fælde.  
          Hi soude door die ooghe van eender naelde  
          Den viant wel doen cruypen teghen sinen danck.  
          Die conste moetti mi oock leeren.

Die Duvel   O aenschijn blanck,
Al wes ick can, u selven verfroyt,

240 Es al om u, maer ick en leerde noyt
Niegermansie, daer veele aencleeft.
Tes een conste die veel moyten heeft
Ende daer oock vele sorghen inne steeckt.
Als ghi nigermansie begint ende u ontbreeckt

245 Een woort oft een letter, schoon rode mondt,
Enge ghi den gheest die ghi roept ter stont
Niet en cont bevelen of te passe spreken,
Hi soude u ter stont den necke breken.
Dus leiter groot grief inne, scoon edel blomme.

MARIKEN Eest so, soe en gheef icker dan niet omme.

251 Ick en wil niet leeren daer ic bi sou moghen sneve

DIE DUVEL Ha, ha, dat heb ic haer ontgheven!
Wat sou si nighermancie begheeren te leerne.
Cost si nighermancie, twaer om te verseerne

255 Ende tot haren accoort te keerne
Die gheheel helle ende te brengen in laste,
Ende tware om mi te bedwinghen alst haer paste,
Oft mi yewers te legghen vaste,
Daer ic en soude moghen noch wech noch van.
Haer nighermancie te leeren daer en come ic niet an.
So ick best can,
Sal ick haer dat houden uuten sinne.

260 Hoort wat ic u noch leeren sal, mijn schoone minne,
Om dat ghi die nighermancie sout laten varen.

MARIKEN Wat suldi noch leeren?

DIE DUVEL Dat sal ick u verclaren.
Alle die talen der werelt sal ick u leeren.
So sal u alle die werelt verheffen ende eeren,

265 Want alle die talen te connen ghi en weet niet wat si,
Ende dan die seven vri consten daer bi,
Tes om van elcken verheven te sijn seer excellentelijc.

MARIKEN Daenhoren versacht minen druck tormentelijck.
Gheheel obedientelijk
Stel ick mi touwen wille, ende ghijt so doet.

DIE DUVEL Maer een bede sal ic aen u begheren beelde soet;
271 En ghi mi dit doet, het sal u wel baten.

MARIKEN Wat beden es datte?

DIE DUVEL Dat ghī uwen naem soudt willen laten,
Ende geven u selven eenen anderēn naem van nu voort aen.
Mariken es voer mi een ombequāem woort;
275 Bi eender Marien ic ende mijn geselscap sulc griel hebben,
Dat wi nemmermeer dien naem en sullen lief hebben.
Doet doch u selven Lijnken Grietken of Lijsken noemen.
Ick belove u eer dat iaer lijt, het sal u vromen
Meer dan ghī noyt hadt van vrienden oft magen.

MARIKEN Ey lacen, twi mach u dien naem meshaghen?
281 Tes doch den edelsten ende den soetsten naeme
Van alle der werelt ende elcken bequame.
Mariken oft Maria, hoe moechdi dien naem wēten?
Om al dat leeft en wille ic anders niet heten.
285 Mi dunct, men mach dien naem niet versoeten.

DIE DUVEL Ey, ey! nu es mijn werck weder al onder die voeten,
Can ick desen naem niet doen veranderen.
Hoort, lief, willen wi wandelen met malcanderen,
Soe moetti uwen naem veranderen, al deret u seer,
290 Oft wi moeeten scheyden. Ende voort noch meer
Moetti mi beloven. Peyst, belofte es schult.

MARIKEN Wat sal ick beloven?

DIE DUVEL Dat ghī u nemmermeer segghen en sult.
Wat dat u toe compt oft pijnt te deerne,
Ghi en moecht u niet seghenen.

MARIKEN Dat belove ick u gheerne
295 Aent segghen en leyt mi niet veel an,
Maer minen naem ick qualic gheloechenen can,
Want Maria daer ic naer hete dads alle mijn troost,
Mijn hope, want alsi mi yet grieft of noost,
Roep ic ter stont op haer om een bevredinghe.

300 Oeck dien icxse daghelicx met eender bedinghe,
Die ic van ioncx hebbe gheleert.
Maria die wert van mi gheeeert
Also lange als ic kennisse hebbe, des niet en fael ic.
Al sla ic int wilde of al regeer ic mi qualic,

305 Haer te loven en mach niet zijn vergheten.

DIE DUVEL  Nu, om dat ghi so seer sijt vervleten
Op dien name hoort ic sal u noch begheren nettere.
Ick ben te vreden dat ghi hout deerste lettere
Van uwen name, vrou onghelaemt fijn,

310 Dats de M, dus suldi Emmeken genaemt sijn.
In u lant sijn doch veel maechden ende vrouwen
Die Emmeken ghenaemt sijn.

MARIKEN  Nu wel, Moenen mach ic niet behouwen
Minen rechten name, lyever dan wi scheeden souwen,
So ben ic metter eerster letter te vreden
Emmeken sal ic heeten tallen steden

315 Nochtans en doe icx niet gheerne.

DIE DUVEL  Sijt, segt, ghepayt.
Ent niet al op uwen duym en drayt,
Eer een iaer, doeges mi verwijt.
Gae wi na tsHertogen bossche sonder respijt,

320 Wi en comen tAntwerpen na onsen luste.
Daer wert een wonder van ons begonnen.
Eer wi daer comen suldi alle die talen connen
Die ghi begheert te leerene, soe ick u seyde,

325 Bastaert, maleveseye wert uwen eertschen dranck.
Condi mijn vrientscap houden ende minen danck,
Tes wonder wat ghi noch sult bedrijven.
Maer ten eynde hope ick salder u siele bliven.
Nae dese woorden zijn Emmeken ende Moenen nae des Hertoghenbosche ghereyst, daer si sommighe dagen bleven, teerende seer rijkelijc, voer een ygelijcken betaelenden die met hem lyden quam eten oft drincken.

Nu sellen wy een luttel swighen van Emmeken ende Moenen ende bescriven van heer Ghijsbrecht, Emmekens oom.

Na dat Marike dyemen nu Emmeken noemt, sommighe daghen wech gheweest hadde soe was heer Ghijsbrecht haer oom seer verwonderdt van haer langhe bliven, seggende tot hem selven aldus:

O murmeracie, die mi al even stranghe creyt,
330 Hoe ontstelt ghi hert, sin ende verstant,
Om dat Mariken mijn nochte soe langhe beyt,
Die ick om provande te Nimmeghen sant.
Ick seyde haer nochtan, quaem die nacht op hant, 
Ofte datse haer vervaerde in eenigher wijs, 
335 Dat si tot mijns susters soude gaen slapen, want
Als ick te Nimmeghen come, dats altoos mijn logijs. 
Ick en hebbe hert, sin noch avijs, 
Ick en moet weten hoet met haer staet. 
Mesquaem haer iet doer eenich afgrijs, 
340 Ick storve sonder hoop of troost, 
Want tmeysken is alle mijn toeverlaet, 
Ende van ioncx heb icse op gehouwen, 
Dus soude icker aensien node eenich quaet. 
Maer seer lichte vertwifeltmen ionge vrouwen. 
345 Dit es nae Nimmeghen sonder vercouwen, 
Om van haer te hooren recht bescheet. 
Sulck hoort somtijts, tes hem om hooren leet.

Nae desen woorden is heer Ghijsbrecht tot zijns susters huys gegaen, haer vragende na Mariken haerder beyder nichte, dye welcke seer straffelijck andtwoerde dat si van haer niet en wiste. Waerom hi seer droeve was tot haer seggende aldus:

Ey lazen, suster ghi beguyt mi, 
349 Dat ghi segt dat gi van Maeyken niet en weet.
Die Suster, Mariakens moeye Ey, neen ick seker, goey ian dunct mi.

Die Oom Ey lazen, suster, ghi beguyt mi.

Die Moeye Ick schat si yevers in een camer ghemuyt si,
Daermen sulken tijtkens om een grootken speet.

Die Oom Ey lazen, suster, ghi beguyt mi,
355 Dat ghi segt dat ghi van haer niet en weet.
Ghi ghelaet u verstoort ende seer tonvreet,
Om dat ic u come vraghen met woerden saechtich,
Oft ghise niet ghesien en hebt.

Die Moeye Dats seker warachtich,
En ghelaet u al had icse te bewarene ghenomen.
360 Tes acht oft tien daghen leden dat si hier was comen,
Segghende: Moeye, dect mi een bedde desen nacht,
Ic en derre niet thuys gaen oft ic ware gewacht
Van boeven dye machdekens geerne mesverghen.
Doen seide ic haer dat si sou gaen ter herberghen,
365 Daer si al den dach had sitten drincken ende scincken.

Die Oom Hoe? Hadse al den dach sitten drincken?

Die Moeye Dat moechdi wel dincken,
Dat si gheweest hadde daert haer niet en verdroot.
Si quam hier met een kinnebacken also root
Als een eersgat met vuysten ghesleghe
370 Ende om dat ic daer wat seyde teghen,
Tscheen datsi mi gheten sou hebben metten mostaerde.
Al vloeckende ende al tierende lyepe haerder vaerde,
Ende noyt sint en heb ick mijn ioncfrouve ghesien.

Dye Oom Ey lazen wat sal mijns dan gheschien
375 O Godheyt in drien,
Waer sal dmeysen ghevaren zijn?

Dye Moeye Ey goey yewers inden droeven of claren wijn,
Daer si vergarende zijn
Die de goey ghesellen deersgat leenen.
Dye Oom  Ey lasen, suster, ghi doet mi weenen,
    Dat u alsulcke woerden ontvloten.

Die Moeye  Haddise in een cofferken ghesloten,
    So haddi moghen dit grief beweeren.
    Keren, lief man, wat salt haer deeren,
    Al machse wat ghebruycken haers willen?
    Ten sal haer een enckel mite niet schillen,
385  Si en sals oech niet te nauwer zijn een stro,
    Si en salder niet manck af gaen.

Dye Oom  Och ick hoore dit so no,
    Dat mi therte dunct in vieren spliten,
    Ick moet omme keeren ende minen oghen witen,
    Want die tranen ontvallen mi lancx die caken.
390  O Moeder ons Heeren, die ick binnen Aken
    Alle iaer besoecke met ionsten devoteliyck,
    Staet mi nu bi, het is mi noteliyck.
    Ende ghi, sinte Servaes, rustende binnen Maestricht,
    Die van mi tsjaers menich soon licht
395  Uut devocien wert ghestelt,
    Mi hoepic dat ghi niet beswijcken en selt.
    Ter noot salmen troost aen vrienden soecken.
    Ic wil gaen vernemen ende doen vernemen in alle hoeken,
    Ofter yemant af heeft ghehoort.
400  Al ben ic ghestoort,
    Ten es gheen wondere dat mi tderven grief gheeft:
    Niemant en scheet gheerne van dat hi liefheeft.

Na desen is heer Ghijsbrecht van sijnder susteren ghescheyden met droeven moede, om dat hij geen tijinghe van Mariken zijn nichte en verhoorde.

**Hoe Marikens Moeye haer selven dye kele af stack**

Binnen desen middelen tijde heeft die casteleyu vanden Grave den ouden hertoge Arent uuten ghevanckenisse ghelaten, hem leedende in die stadt van Shertoghen bossche daer hi seer feestelijc ontfanghen was vanden heeren vander selver stadt. Dwelcke dese Marikens moeye horende, wert daer om so toornich in haer fenijnich herdt, dat si naelcx gheborsten hadde van quaetheden, seggende:
Hulpe, leveren, longeren ende milten,
Tanden, hoofden, wat ic al leets ghewinne,
Den spijt sal mi doen bersten of smilten,
Want ic swelle van quaethyet als een spinne,
Verwoet dul werdt ic ende buyten sinne,
Doer die nieumere die ic daer hebbe verstaen:
Doudie dief die te Grave opt slot lach in die rinne,
Die is verlost ende laten gaen.
Och nu es alle mijnen troost ghedaen,
Want ons ionghe hertogh, bi wien ic blive,
Sal nu dutch ic zijn hant opt bloote slaen.
Ick bender so inne beroert dat ic mi saen
Over gheven soude met siele met live,
Ende roepen alle duvels te mijnen verstive.

DIE DUVEL Ha, ha, van dien bedrive
Soudic profijt hebben.
Die siele es mijn, mach ic den tijt hebben
Van een half ure ontrent haer te sine.

EMMEKENS MOEYE Eest oock niet spijtich?

DIE DUVEL Jaet, ende grote pijne
Voer den gene die den iongen hertoge hout zijn.

EMMEKENS MOEYE Om waer segghen, wie sout zijn,
Hi en soude ghenoechite in sulcken gheselle maken?
Al soude icker eewelijc om in die hellen blaken,
So sal ic mi selven die kele afsteken uut spijte,
So werdic van deser ongenoechten quijte.
Och adieu, orlof ionghelincn ghepresen!
Moechdi hier na noch hertoghe wesen.
Ic en achts niet dat ic mi dleven corte,
Daer met steeck ic dien opsteker in mijn storte,
Met dien horte
Dat ick mi verniele.
Paertiscap verdoempt menighe siele.

DIE DUVEL Ten helschen ghecriele
In een eewich verseeren
Wil ic die siele onder Luycifer broen.

Wat dasen menschen dat si om princen oft heeren
Oft uut partiscap hem selven verdoen.
Al onse, al onse, die in dit opinioen
Hem selven houden so versteent.
Partie ende nidicheyt baet der hellen menich millioen

Van zielen, eert iaer lijt, wie dat beweent.

Hoe Emmeken ende Moenen na Antwerpen reisden, daer veel quaets doer hemlieden ghebuerde

Doen Emmeken ende Moenen sommighe dagen tsHerhogenbossche ghe-weest hadden, so reysden si nae Antwerpen daer si corts quamen. Ende Moenen seyde tot Emmeken aldus:

Nu zijn wi tAntwerpen na u begheeren.
Nu willen wi triumpheren ende costelijc teeren.
Gaen wi inden Boom om een pintken romenye?

Emmek en Inden Boom, segdi?

Moenen  Ja, troost, daer suldi sien
Alle die quistgoeykens die hem qualije regieren,
Alle die vroukens vanden leven, alle die putyeren,
Die van tienien van vieren,
Stellent int wilde.
Boven sitten die borghers, beneden die ghilde,
Die liever nemen dan gheven souden.

Emmek en  Daer verhuech ic mi inne, als ick sulc leven scouwe;
Gheen dinck en es mi bequamere.

Moenen  Wi moeten daer noch drincken op die gulden camere
Eer dat wi scheyde en ghijt begheert.
Sit neder, troost. Ja, en eerst, heer weert,
Twer iammer, versuerdet binnen den vate.

Die Cnape  Wat wijn belieft u, goet man?
Moenen Een pintken garnaten
   Ende een pintken ypocras om mijn wijf,
   Ende een pintken romanien, die verwermet dlijf,
   Courage gheeft hi, al warmen flou.

Die Cnape Dats emmer waer; een eerst, ou! een eerst, ou!
461 Vanden besten, vanden besten, met volle kitten.

Een Banck Gheselle Siet, Hein sone, wat schoonder wijf compt ginder
   sitten?

Dander Gheselle Dats waer, ende wat leckerder druyt van eenen manne.

Deen Gheselle Willen wier ons bi scicken met onser canne,
465 Ende hooren wi dat maer zijn meysen en es,
   Wi sullense hem nemen.

Dander Gheselle Hi moet tavont aent mes,
   Want tes eenen leeliken loeten;
   Ende tvronken en es niet om versoeten.
   Die es tavont mijn, eest maer sijm meysen.
470 Suldier niet toe helpen?

Dander Gheselle Biden storten, ia ick, dat moechdi wel peysen,
   Ende daer af minen voet biden uwen stellen.
   God segene u, brasser.

Moenen Comt drincken, ghesellen!

Dander Gheselle Neen, brasser, wi hebben vanden selven.
   Maer mogen wi hier bi u sitten?

Moenen Ja ghi, al waert tootten elven.
475 Goet gheselscap en mach mi niet verleeden.

Deen Gheselle Bi oerlove, waen sidi onder u beeden?

Moenen Vanden Bossche of uuter Meyerie.
Emmeken  Moenen lief, en waert niet geometrie,
  Dat ic ons wiste te seggene int clare,
480   Hoe vele dropelen wijns dat in een canne ware?

Moenen   Jaet, lief, hebdi die conste noch wel onthouden?
  Die conste leerde ick u ghisteren.

Emmeken  Dats waer, en trouwen,
  Logicam leerde ghi mi oock daer naer,
485   Die hebbe ic ooc vaste.

Een Gheselle vraechde moenen
  Brasser wat seyt u vrouwe daer?
  Sousi wel weten te sommeren gheringhe,
  Hoe veel dropelen wijns in dien pot ghinghe?
  Van vreemder dinghen en hoordic noyt scriven.

Moenen   Si soude noch al meer wonders bedriven.
490   Haers ghelijcke en saechdi nie binnen uwen levene.
  Die vrije consten can si alle sevene:
  Astronomie ende geometrica,
  Aristmetica, logica ende grammatica,
  Musijcke ende rethorijcke, daldert houtste.
495   Si soude derren staen teghen den alder stoutste
  Clerck die in Parijs oft in Loevene studeert.

Dander Gheselle   Goey brasser, ic bid u dat ghi haer consenteert,
  Dat wi van haer wat sien moghen oft hooren.

Deen Gheselle   Ja doch, ic meet een paer winen te voren.
500   Ende biden rebben, wilt u yemant hinderen oft vercorten,
  Wi willen ons bloet voer u storten,
  Ende ghi yewers aen onghenoechte gheraectet.

Moenen   Dat refereynken, dat ghi ghisteren maectet,
  Doen wi ons noenmael deden te Hoochstraten,
505   Segt hem lieden datte.

Emmeken  Willes mi doch verlaten.
In rethorijcken slacht ic al den slechten scolieren,
Al soudic gheerne rethorijcke hantieren,
Om die seven vri consten daer met te vermeerene,
Rethorijcke en is met crachte niet te leerene.

510 Tes een conste, die van selfs comen moet.
Alle andere consten alsme
n
daer neersticheit toe doet,
Die zijn te leerene met sien, met wisene,
Maer rethorijcke es boven al te prisene,
Tes een gave vanden Heylighen Gheeste.

515 Al vijndtmen menighe onbekende beeste
Diese versteken, tes grote smerte
Voer diese beminnen.

DANDER GHESELLE Ey, goey herte,
Moet u soe seer zijn ghebeden?

DEEN GHESELLE Segt ons doch yet, wi zijn te vreden
520 Met dat ghi cont, ey, om gheselscaps wille.
Ick sal oeck wat segghen.

EMMEKEN Nu swijcht dan stille.
Na mijn beste sal u een duenken ghedaen zijn.
Want rethorijcke wilt ghehoort ende verstaen zijn,
Dus en laet van couten gheen vermaen zijn.
O Rethorijcke, auctentijcke, conste liefljcke,

525 Ick claghe met wanhaeghe die di eerst maecte,
Datmen di haet,
Ende versmaet.
Den sinnen die u beminne vallet seer grieflijke.
Hem tfi, die di als dongheraecte
Gheen gade en slaet.
Tfi, sulcken daet

530 Ick puer versmade.
Maer al eest scade
Ende leet hem alleene die dit aenhoren
Doer donconstighe gaet die conste verloren.

Conste maect ionste, steltmen in een parable.
Voer fabele houdic dat woert ende niet waer.
535 Laet daer een constenaer comen notable,  
Donable van consten niet wetende een haer,  
Sal claer ghehoort zijn hier ende over al (daer).  
Welnaer sal dye constighe van armoeden ver-smore,n  
Vercoren es die loeftutere allet iaer.

540 Maer emmer al hebbens die selcke thoren.  
Doer donconstighe gaet die conste verloren.

Tfy, alle botte, plompe, slechte sinnen,  
Die conste sout stellen in u verstant, want  
Reyn conste sal elck met rechte minnen,

545 Conste eerst ghemaect aen elckent cant, want  
Conste hout in weelden menich playsant lant.  
Eere gheschie hem allen die consten orboren.  
Tfy, donconstighe, die de const vander hant plant.  
Te dier cauoen stel ic den reghel van voren:

550 Doer donconstighe gaet die conste verloren.

Princelijc wil ick tot consten keeren,  
Ende nae mijn macht altoos consten leeren,  
Want niemant en es metter consten gheboren.  
Maer tes alle constenaers een verseeren,

555 Dat donconstige die consten so luttel eeren.

Om dit refereyn te horene vergaederden veel lieden. Dwelck Moen siende,  
toonde sijnen aert ende stichte daer selken roere, datter een vanden gesels-  
cape doot ghesteken wert, ende diet dede den hals af geslaghen. Aldus won-  
den Emmeken ende Moenen tAntwerpen inden Guldenen Boom, op die  
merct, daer daghelicx bi zijn toedoen veel moorden ende dootslaghen met  
meer ander quaets gheschiede, waer in hi hem zeer verblide seggende tot he  
selven aldus:

Wat wonder con ic bedriven.  
Die helle sals, hope ick, becliven  
Wat profijts.  
Regneeric hier noch een luttel tijs,  

560 Daer salder noch meer haren mont in schieten,  
Twaer quaet dat wi dese herberghe lieten,  
Want al dat int wilde leyt sinen tijt,
Tuysschers, vechters, onghostijdige puuytieren,
Coppelersen, camercatten of sulken dieren,
Vandien vintmen hier altoos planteyt,
Ende dats al volcxken daer mijn profijt aen leyt,
Dus moet ick mi hier in dit huys ontdragen.
Ick wil den weert terstont gaen vragen
Wat hi hebben wil van onser beyer cost
Lig icker thuys, soe mach ick na minen lost
Altoos hier ontrent te mijnen ghery sijn,
Ende alser wat schuylt in die weere sijn,
Om int verwaerde te stellen hier ende daer.
Ick doer noch hondert dootsteken int iaer.
Soe crijcht Lucifer tsine int helsche estere.
Als een kijcpisse, dies staet mi elck te prijse.

Ick sal oock verloren schat weten te wisene,
Die sal mi groote eere ghedaen sijn.
Voort alle die saken die den mensce overgegaen sijn.
Die sal ick oock weten te seggen iuyst.
Mi sal volcx naeloopen meer dan duyst,
Eer een maent, doer mijn practijke.
Oock sal ick scats winnen sonder ghelijcke.
Mijn lief Emmeken en sal mi maer beminnen te bet.
Ent mi de Opperste niet en belet,
Ick sal eer een iaer meer dan duysent sielen verlachen.
Maer alst hem belieft, so heb ick uut ghebacken.

Hoe Emmeken haer sondich leven een luttel beclaecht

Emmeken aldus tAntwerpen wonende ende merkende dat si een seer quaet sondich leven leyde, want om haren wille bi toedoen van Moenen wonderlijke veel quaets daghelixx gheschiede, seide tot haer selven aldus:

O memorie, verstandenisse, waerdi dinckende
Op dlever, daer ick mi nu in ontdraghe,
Het soude u duncken sondich ende stinkende,
Ghi laet die claeherheyt der hemelen blinckende,
Ende gaat den wech der heller vol meshage.
595  Ick sie ende mercke, meest alle daghe
Es hier yemant om mi ghequetst of doot.
Ende ick weet wel desen Moenen dat es de plaghe,
En es vanden besten niet, dit es den noot.
Ic ghevoelt wel, al en seyt hijs niet al bloot,
600  Dat een viant moet wesen of niet veel betere.
O moeye, moeye, u fel verwiten groot
Sal mi maken een verdoemt selerere,
Eewelijke uuter gracie vanden hoochsten wetere.
Ey lasen, al eest voor mi wat claghelijcx

605  Ick ben te verre, al woudick mi te keeren pooghen.
Ic plach ooc Maria te dienen daghelijcx
Met bedinghen, oft anders iet behagelijcx,
Ende die devacie es oec al vervloghen,
Ende oec en wilse mi niet ghedoghen,
610  Ende dat ic mi seghenen soude en gedoecht hi ooc niet.
Daerbi soumen oec ghevoelen moghen,
Dat hi quaet es, omdat hi tseghenen vliet.
Wat wil ic ooc achterdencken, besiet doch, siet,
Tes nu te verre komen om achterdincken.
615  Hola! ic hebber ghinder twee bespiet,
Die ic ghisteren dach stelde om scincke ende drincken,
Daer wil ic mijn keelken laten clincken.

Na desen esse weder gaen sitten drincken metten ghesellen, daer Moenen soe wracht, als datter weder een doot bleef. Ende diet dede wert van Moenen geleit buyten der stad, daer hi noch een vermoerde bij rade van Moenen die hem wijs ghemaect hadde dat die ghene die daer vermoort wert veel ghelts had, om dat hien vermoorden soude. Waerom Moenen seer verblide seggende:

Hulpe, Lucifers kagie ende helscaps clove!
Hoe ic hier tvolc daghelijcx verdove.

620  Men gheeft mi ghelove
Voor een groot cadet.
Ick weet al te segghen wat die liedhen let,
Ende daer omme te bet
Volchtmen mi naer.
Ic weet raet te gheven, net ende claer,
So ic desen vrouwen wijs maec met minen blasene,
Om die mans na hem lieden te doen rasene.
Ic doe hemlieden den mans sulcken brocken gheven,
Datser gheen acht daghen naer en leven.
Ic hebbe dat hier bedreven
Meer dan eens,
Ende daer en verliest Lucifer niet aen, ic meens.

Om tvolc verborgen schat te doen vindene.
Dat heeft alree ghisteren dlijf ghecost.
Ic wees hem daer eenen scat, lach quansuys vermost
In eenen peertstal al onder eenen post,
Daer den peertstal al geheele op stont.

Ic seyde hi moeste delven tot inden gront,
Hi sou daer menich pont
Vinden van verborgen scatte.
Ter stont ghinc hi delven datte.
Maer also saen als hi so verre quam,
Dat hi den pilare sijn fondament benam,

Ende sinen stant daer hi op stont,
Den pilare sanck tot inden grondt,
Ende daer versmoorde mijn oomken ondre.
Ick sal voort stellen dmeeste wondere.
Comet gheen belet van boven,

Men sal noch als een god aen mi ghelooven
So voer ickse met hoopen ten helschen suchte.

Na dat Emmeken ende Moenen omtrent vi. iaren tHantwerpen ghewoent
hadden inden Gulden Boom, daer uutermaten veel quaets doer hem luden
ghebuerde, soe wert Emmeken verlangende om haeren oom ende haer ander
vriendekens inden lande van Ghelre te besoeken, Moenen biddende dat hi
haer consenteren ende met haer reysen wilde. Waer op hi seyde aldus:

Emmeken u bede ontsegge ick u no.
Wildi, segdi, eens tot uwen vrienden varen?

Emmekên ick soudt u bidden, waert u believen alsoe.

Moenen  U bede, lief, ontseg ick u no.
Emmeken Mijn moeye te Nyeumeghen, mijn oom te Venlo,
En sacht ic niet in ses och in seven iaren.

Moenen Daeromme ontsegge ick u die bede no.
655 Ick belove u, wi sullen tuwen vrienden varen.

Emmeken Si en weten niet, alle die mi bestaende waren,
    Waer ick ben ghevaren,
    Niet te meer dan oft ick waer ghesoncken in deerde.
    Ende mijn oom hadde mi in so grooter weerde.
    Ic weet wel dat hi menigen traen om mi geweent heeft.

Moenen Des plackaerts bedinghe dat mi verbeent heeft
661 Dicwils, als ic haer die leden waende vercroken.
    Ick hadse langhe den hals ghebroken,
    Maer zijn bede totten wive metten witten
    Die doetse mi altoos ontsitten.
    Ick en cans niet ghenitten.
665 Dat ic eens pas hadde nae mijn gherief.

Emmeken Wat segdi, Moenen?

Moenen Niet, Emmeken lief.
    Ick geve u oerlof, ghelijck dat ghi begheert,
    U vrienden tsiene ende dat u deert.
    So gaet; rekent teghen den weert
    Daer wi gheleghen hebben inden Boom,
670 Ende morghen willen wi naer uwen oom,
    Oft naer u ander vrienden, daer ghi mi leet.
    Ick ben bereet.

Emmeken Ick gae bescheet halen,
    Weten watter noch achter staet int briefken
    Ende al betalen.

Moenen So doet, mijn liefken
675 Betaelt vri opelijc en siet op een oneffen mite niet.
    Vri, ten wert te mijnen onprofite niet,
    Dat wi reisen tot haren oom, den pape,
Mach icken eens op zijn blote betraxe,
Ende ick minen wille mach ghebruycken,
680 Ick sal dien plecaert den hals verstuycken.
Waer hi wech, dmeysen waer mijne sonder foute.
Maer dat ic veel scicke oft coute,
Tes al niet en mi die Opperst warachtich
Gheen volle consent en gheeft eendrachtich;
Boven Hem en ben ic niet een haer te verwerven machtich.

Hoe Emmeken ende Moenen na Nieuemegen reysden

Aldus zijn Emmeken ende Moenen na Nieuemegen ghereyst, daer si quamen op den ommeganckdach, des Emmeken seer blide was, ende Moenen seide tot haer aldus:

685 Nu Emmeken, naer u bede aen mi versocht,
So zijn wi emmer hier gherocht
Te Nieuemegen. Oec eester heden ommeganckdach.
Ghi segt dat u moeye hier te wonen plach,
Wildise niet gaen besien?

Emmeken Ick mach gaen tot daer.
690 Maer als om te begeeren aen haer
Herbergh of eenich eten of drincken,
Dat en sal ic niet dincken.
Si mochte mi schincken
Scandelike woorden, wreet onbetamelijck,
Also si eens dede, ontscamelijck.
695 Haer onwetende woorden onverstandelijck
Brochten mi eerst int dleven scandelijck,
Daer ic mi nu in ondraghe, eylaes.

Moenen Ick soude ghełożen, mijn lief, mijn solaes,
Als daer te gane dats u ghenen noot es.
700 Weet dat u moeye wel drie iaer doot es.

Emmeken Wat dinghe? Doot?

Moenen Ja, liefste greyn.
Emmeken   Hoe weeti dat, Moenen?

Moenen   Ick weet serteyn.

Emmeken   Dats mi groot hindere.

Moenen   Tes nochtans so.

Emmeken   Ontbeit, wat sie ie ghindere?
705   Laet ons dat vernemen, eer wi van hier scheen.
     Siet, siet, daer vergadert veel volcx over een.
     Scuylter wat? Wilt yemant vraghen snel.

Moenen   Neen, troost, men salder gaen spelen een waghen spel.

Emmeken   Dats alle iaer op desen dach te doene.
710   Als icker om peyse, tes tspel van Masscheroene.
     Die weerdicheit van dien spele en es niet te sommen.
     Mijn oom pleecher om hier te comen.
     Ke, Moenen, laet ons gaen hooren.

Moenen   Tes een soete snabbelinghe.
     Lust u te hoorene sulcken brabbelinghe?
715   Ke, ga wi biden roost ende biden wine.

Emmeken   Ey, Moenen, het pleech so goet sine.
     Ic heb mijnen oom hooren seggen op ander saisoenen,
     Dat dit spel beter is dan sommige sermoenen.
     Daer zijn goede exemplen somtijts in selcke spelen.
720   Dus, troost, en lietjijs u niet vervelen,
     Ick sout wel willen sien.

Moenen   Ic en consenteers niet gheerne.
     Ic heb al vreese, bi Lucifers achterqueerne.
     Oft si int spel iet hoorde van deghe,
     Daer si berou oft achterdencken bi ghecrege,
725   Bi Lucifer, so waer mijn hoghe vermet niet.

Emmeken   Ey, Moenen, laet mi hooren.
Moenen Nu, wel, maer en let niet
Langher dan ic u en roepe, oft ic vererre.

Emmeken quelde Moenen so langhe om dit spel te hooren dat hijt haer te lesten consenteerde, maer hi deet seer node, ghelijck ghi ghehoort hebt. Ende dat spel begonst aldus:

Masscheroen Bre! hierioh Masscheroen, advocaet van Luciferre,
Wil gaen appelleren mijn ghedinghe

730 Teghen den oppersten iuge gheringhe,
W aerom dat hi dmenschelijke geslachte misdadich
Meer ontfermt ende es ghenaadich,
Dan ons arme gheesten, eewich versmaet.
Al hadde een mensche alle die mesdaet

735 Alleen ghedaen die men in die werelt doet,
Heefh hi eens hertelijck berou goet
Met goeder meyninghen, hi comt er ghenaaden.
Ende wi arme gheesten, die noyt niet en mesdaden,
Dan met eenen ghepeyse cort,

740 Sijn daeromme inden afgront ghehort,
Sonder hope, in eewighe pijne stuer.
Ick, Mascheroen, Lusifers procuruer,
Vraech u noch eens, God der ontfermherticheyt,
W aerom dat ons meer ghenaade es ontseyt

745 Dan den mensche, die dagelijcx sondicht onsprekelijck.

God Mijn ontfermherticheit en es niemant gebreckelijc,
Die berou heeft eer dat leven is gheynt,
Die in tijts met berouwe bekint
Dat ic een God ben ontfermhertich ende rechtveerdich.

750 Maer die so versteent bliven in ercheden onweerdich,
Dat si nemmermeer en hebben achterdincnen,
Die moeten met Luycifer inden afgront sincken,
Daer niet en is dan hande wringhen.

Masscheroen U gherechticheyt faelt in veel dinghen,

755 Al heetmen u rechtveerdich God in allen siden.
In Abrahams, in Moyses, in Davids tijden,
Doen mochten u rechtveerdich naemen,
Doen sachmen u den menschen blamen ende beschamen,
Ende puneren om een onreyn ghedachte.

760 Nu, al waert dattet kint die moeder vercrachte,
Oft dattet den vader torte oft smeete,
Oft dat deen broeder dander verweete
Alle quae dat ye was ghebrouwe,
Heeft hi eens hertelijc berouwen,

765 Ter stont es uwe ontfermherticheit verworven.

GOD Waerom ben ic die doot ghestorven,
Soo schandelijck, so smadelijc, aen tscrucen hout,
Dan om dat elc mensche, ione ende oudt,
Ter ghenaden soude staen van mijnen vadre?

MASSCHEROEN Dies hoordi te wesen te stranger ende te quadre

771 Dan te voren, aengesien dat ghi naect hebt
Sulcken scandelijcken doot ghesmaect hebt,
Omdat ghi die mensche daer met sout reenen.

775 Ende meer dan te voren dat si versteenen,
In onbetamelike sonden horribile,
Te becondighen of te verhalen waer impossibele.
Die redelike hem int overdinken vereysen,
Datmen in doude wet niet en dorste peysen,
Dat derren die menschen nu wel stoutelijken doen.

GOD Daer en liechdi niet, Masscheroen.

781 Het volck es nu in quaetdoen so verhert,
Eest datter gheen beteringhe af en wert,
Ick sal mijn stranghe sweert van iusticien
Moeten doen sniden met punicien,

785 Ende mijn plaghen senden quaet om verdraghen.

ONS LIEVE VROUWE O kint, wijsdi den menschen plaghen,
Dat moet mi wanhaghen; mach u verbeden wesen,
Laet den menschen doch noch wat met vreden wesen,
Sent hemlieden eerst teekenen oft verboden,

790 Alsoe ghi pleecht in sulcken noode,
Eertbevinghe, dobbel sonnen oft sterren met steerten,
Dat si bevroeden moghen met sulcke gheveerten,
Dat ghi ghestoort sijt uutermaten.
Si selen dan bi aventueren die sonden laten,
795 Uut vreesen van meer gheplaecht te sijne.

GOD Neen, moeder, dats al verloren pijn.
Ick heb dicwils soe veel teekenien ghebaert,
Daer si af behoorden te sijn vervaert,
Pestelencien, orloghen, dier tijden,
800 Daermen met rechte voer soude vermiden
Die sonden die mijn Godheit verleden.
Mer hoe si meer geplaecht sijn, hoe si meer wreden,
Niet denckende op deewighe doot vol gheweens.
Tes al: waer voor sorge ick? Versucht ic ten lesten eens,
805 Dontfermhertige God wert mijns ontfemmende.

Emmekeu, dit spel horende, wert haar sondich leuenedinckende met bedructer herten, in haar selven seggende:

Here God, hoe wert mijn bloet verwermende
Int hooren van desen wagenspele?
Ick hoor dier redenen ende argumenten soe vele,
Dat ick puer achterdincken crighe ende berou.

Moenen Wel sullen wi hier bliven staende? Ou, seg, ou!
Wat wildi aen dese brabbelinge hooren?
Gaen wi doch, minne.

Emmeken Neen, tes verloren
Gheroepen, ghetrocken of ghesluert.
Also langhe als dit spel duert,
815 En crijchdi mi van hier niet, gaen die willen.
Tes beter dan een sermoen.

Moenen Hulpe, Lucifers billen!
Dat si hier blijft staende, des versuchte ick,
Si sal hier achterdencken crighen, duchte ick,
Doer die prasinghe die si daer staet en hoort.
820 Ick sal noch wat beyden, maer comse dan niet voort,
Ick salse wel met vuysten van hier doen trenten.
Aldus hadde Moenen gheerne dat spel belet te horen, maer si bleef hoorrende, oft hy wilde oft en wilde. Dwelck aldus voorts luyde:

**Masscheroen**

O beleeder der hemelen ende der elementen,  
God inder rechtveerdicheyt in die hochste seghie,  
Soudi Lucifer ende die helsche collegie

825 Gheen consent willen gheven ende gehinghen,  
Dat wi die mensche wat castien ghingen  
Van haren mesdaden ende van haerder quaethyt?  
Anders en crijchdijs nemmermeer verlaetheit  
Vanden vervaertheit die si plien.

830 V hant van iusticien moetse castien,  
Suldi nu onder menschen die bekinde wesen.

**God**  
Masscheroen, het sal moeten int eynde wesen  
Dat ic consent sal gheven tvolck te plaghien.  
Want met gheenen dinghen en sijn si te versagen,

835 Voer si den slach hebben op den hals.

**Ons Lieve Vrouwe**

O sone, die menschen sullen hem beteren van als.  
En wilt niet te haeste u punicie toogen.  
Denckt om die borstkens die ghi hebt ghesoghen,  
Denckt om dat buxken daer ghi inne gelegen hebt,

840 Dinckt om die passie die ghi gheleden hebt,  
Dinckt om alle dbloet dat ghi stortet in ghescille.  
Waert niet al om smenschen wille,  
Om dat si thuus vaders genaden souden geraken?  
Ghi hebt selve ghesproken, wat wildi maken?

845 Al hadde een mensche alle die sonden alleene  
Ghedaen van alle die werelt ghemeene,  
Riep hi eens hertelijck op u ontfermen,  
Hi soude ontfanghen sijn met openen armen,  
Dits u woort, menich mensche es vroedere.

**God**  
Ick sprac ende ten es mi niet leet, vrou moedere.  
Ende noch seg ic: al hadde een mensche alle die sonden  
Ghedaen diemen soude connen gronden,  
Kent hi mi met berou, hi sal vercoren sijn.  
Ende liever dan een siele soude verloren sijn,
Ick soude noch eer alle die piyne dobbel lijden,
Die mi die iodden deden in voerleden tijden.
O mensche, hier om behoorli te dincken.

Hoe Emmeken dit spel langher hoorde, so si haer sonden meer overdenck-ende wert, seggende aldus:

Nu eerst beghinnen mi die tranen tontsinnckene
Even ghedichte over mijn wanghen claeer.

Och welcke wroegen heb ick ontfanghen daer
Int hooren dier woerden, o heere der heeren.
Waert ooc mogheliic, woudic mi bekeeren,
Dat ic ter genaden soude comen van u?
Noyt en had ic achterdencken dan nu.

Waert ooc mogheliick? Ick ducthe neent.
Ick hebbe mijn consente te verre verleent
Sonder redene mijn voernemen ghebruyckende.
Och eerde, ontdoet u ende zijt mi beluyckende,
Want ic en ben niet weerdich dat ic u beterde.

Moenen Hulpe, Modicack, hoe ick blaecooghende werde!

Dit meysen crijcht berou den balch al vul.
Ga wi yewers int scoonste vander steden
Een kanne wijn meten.

Emmeken Laet mi met vreden
Ende vliet van mi, fel viant boos.
Wee mi, dat ic u oyt verkoos
Ende aenriep u, vergheyten de godheit ontfermhertelic.
Och, och, ick crighe sulcken berouwen hertelijc,
Dat nu therte sal besluyten. Och ic beswelte.

Moenen Hulpe, Lucifers leveren, longheren ende milte!
Nu mach ic wel borlen, blaecooghen ende huylen,
Mijn meeninghe wil hier al vuylen.
Onder die helsche guylen
Wert nu mijn daet van cleender vramen.
Rijst, in alder duvel namen,
885 Oft ic draech u ghecoust, ghescoeyt, in cacabo!

Emmeken  O Heere, ontfermt u mijns.

Moenen  Ja, eest also?

Nu hoor ic wel dat achterdencken in haer gaet cnaghen.
Tot in tsweerck der wolcken wil icse draghen,
Toornen hooghe, ende worpense van boven neder.

890 Coemtse dan te haer selven weder,
So heeftse gheluck, die leelijcke vrucht.
Her, her, ghi moet mede in die lucht.

Nae dese woorden heeft Moenen die duvel Emmeken hoogher dan eenich huys ofte kerke in die locht ghedraghen, dat haer oom ende alle die lyden saghen, dwelck hem allen seer verwonderde, niet wetende wat dat bedieden mochte.

Hoe Moenen Emmeken van boven neder werp ende hoese haer oom wert kennende

Als Moenen die duvel Emmeken boven alle huisen hooghe ghedragen hadde,
werp hij se van boven neder opter straten, haer also meeneende den hals te breken waer af die lieden seer verscrickten. Ende heer Ghijsbrecht, haer oom, die dat self spel oec horende was, verwonderde wat dat bediede ende wye dat wesen mochte, dye van so hoghe viel, seggende ende vraghende eenen die neven hem stont aldus:

Heefts de hals niet ontwee, so heeftse gheluc vry.
Mijn herte crijchter onsprekeliicken druc bi,

895 Dat ic dit liden aen eenich mensche scouwe.
Kendise niet? wie es die vrouwe?

Een Borgher  Ick sout gheerne sien, oft icse kende,
Maer tvolc staet hier so en dringt over ende,
Datmer niet en can bi gheraken.

900 Coemt achter mi, heer, ic sal ons een gat maken.
Dwaes es hi die mi int dringhen slom acht.
Siet heere tvrouken leet in onmacht.
Si leyt al van haer selven.
Die Oom  Dat en es gheen wondre.  
   Helpt, al dbloet mijns lichaems van boven tot ondere

905  Vercruypt mi, ic soudt wel betoghen;  
   Die tranen schieten mi uuten oghen,  
   Mijn aderen versterven, mijn coluer wert bleec,  
   Noyt en ghevoelde ic mi so weec.  
   Och vrient, slaet mijns gade, ic bids u seere.

Die Borgher  Ontbeyt, wat let u, heere?  
911  Ghi verandert al waerdi puer een doot mensche.

Die Oom  Om sterven dat ic in deser noot wensch  
   Och Antropos, coem en doerschiet mi lichte.

Die Borgher  Hoe meslaet di u aldus?

Die Oom  Och, het es mijn nichte.  
915  Dies ic therte vol leets ghenoch hebbe.  
   Dit esse, die ic wel seven iaer ghesocht hebbe.  
   Ey lasen, nu leyt si hier den hals verstuyct.  
   Och, eerde, ontdoet u ende mi beluyct.

919  Ick en wille niet langher ruste ghewinnen.

Die Borgher  Weetti wel dat sijt es?

Die Oom  En soudicse niet kennen?  
   Oft meendi dat ic mijn sinnen misse?

Moenen  Hulpe, melcfessen van corten blisse,  
   Minen steert ic bepissee  
   Van rechter quaetheden.  
   Nu en weet icker gheenen raet teghen.

925  Dit is haer oom; hoe sal ic nu coken?  
   Ick hadde haer langhe den hals ghebroken,  
   Maer die bede van desen pape heylich  
   Maect mi den wech onveylich.  
   Had icker macht een, ic souden ter stont ter hellen voeren.

Die Borghere  Siet, heere, ic siese noch roeren.
Die Oom   Verroeren, dat waer boete voer vele ghepijns.
   Tes waer, si roert sekere.

Emmekens   Ay mi, wats mijns?
   Waer heb ick gheweest of waer ben ic nu?
   O Heere, sta ic ooc noch in die gracie van u,
   Dat ic ter ghenaden soude moghen comen?
   Ja ick, want haddi mi hier niet ghenomen
   In uwer bewaernesse alles machtich
   Ick ware in deewighe pine onsachtich
   Met siele, met live, eewich versteken
   Uut tsheeren rijke.

Emmekens Oom   Condi noch spreken,
   Mariken nichte, so spreect teghen mi,
   Die so menich suchten om di
   Ghesucht heeft ende so menich claghen gheclaecht,
   Ende tallen canten so menich vraghen ghevraecht.
   Ende nu vindic u hier onder dit ghedroom,
   In desen soberen puente.

Emmeken   Och sidi dit heer oom
   Och ghehingde God dat ic op dit pas
   Ware inden selven puncte dat ic was
   Doen ic u leste sach sonder dese reyse
   Och als ic mi selver overpeyse
   Ic ducht dat ic eewich verdoempt ben.

Die Oom   Nichte ghi sneeft
   Ten es niemant verloren dan die hem verloren gheeft
   Hoe soudi so verdoempt sijn? Dat waer te deerne.
   Maer hoe coemdi hier? Dat wistic gheerne.
   En ghi waert vlues in die lucht so hooghe.
   Segghet mi doch bi uwen ghedooghe.
   Ick en sach noyt mensche so hooghe, dat ic weet.

Emmeken   Heer oom het waer mi onghereet
   Dat ic u alle mijn aventuere soude verhalen bescedelijc.
   Ic hebbe mi den viant eens overgegheven geheelijc
En de nae dien ontrent seven iaren met hem gegaen.
Ick en cans u niet al doen vermaen
Ick wilt metten cortsten overslaen
Binnen dien seven iaren mijn regiment ende ons bedriven;
Men souder wel boecken af scriven.

Gheen quaet en mach tegent mijne clicken.
Ten eynde van alle dese vreemde sticken
Quam ic hier int lant, om mijn vrienden te visiterene
En de met dat wi hier doer meenden te passerene
En de ter merct quamen, so saghic staen spelen daer

Tspel van Masscheroen. Ic hoorder naer.
Emmer in die woorden die ic hoorde
Creech ic sulcken achterdincken dats hem stoorde
Hi die bi mi was ende droech mi daert volck sach,
Hooghe in die locht.

Die Oom Ey lacen owach

Hoe nichte was die viant bi u?

Emmeken Jay, heer oom, ende es ontrent seven iauer nu,
Dat ick mi voechde onder sijn ghebot
Ende met hem ghewandelt hebbe.

Die Oom Hulpe, almoghende God!
Daenhoren doet mi al dlijf vergruwen.

Dien gast moeten wi van u stuwen,
Soudi ghewinnen Gods rijke hueghelijck.

Moenen Ey, pleckaert, dat en es niet mueghelije,
Dat ghi mi van haer sout vervremen
Alst mi past ic salse met haer, met haer, nemen

Ende draeghense daernen selden solfer of pec spaert.

Die Oom Soudi, fel gheest?

Moenen Ja ick, hoeresoon, pleckaert!
Si es mine, si heeft haer selven overgheheven,
Den Oppersten af ghegaen ende mi bi ghebleven.
Daer om moetsi ten helschen gloede blaken.
990 Ende, hoeresone, soudise mi meinen tongoede maken,
    Ick soude u hals ende beenen verpletten.

**Die Oom** Fel gheest, dat sal ic u wel beletten.
    Ick hebbe hier, meen ick, in minen brevier,
    Acht oft tien regulen in een papier.

995 Si selen u vlues doen anders wrimpen.

**Moenen** Och, och, mijn borstelen risen, mijn haren crimpen,
    Mits dat hi daer leest wat sal ick verkiesen?
    Bi Modicack, moete ic dese verliesen.
    Hoe sal ic doergoyt zijn met gloeyende wappers.

1000 Van quaethyden so bijt ic mijn knappers.
    Uut ooren, uut bachuse blasick helsche spercken.
    Hier aen mi machmen nu mercken,
    Als ons opset den oppersten Here verdriet,
    So es ons min dan niet.

1005 Ick ducht ic van deser sielen sal moeten scheeden.

**Die Oom** Ga wi, Mariken nichte, ic sal u gaen leeden,
    Hier totten deken een vier doen stoken.
    Ic dencke wel, u leden zijn u al ghebroken,
    Mits dat hi u so op vuerde ende weder liet vallen.

1010 Ghi moet seer ghequets(t) zijn

**Emmekenen** Ick en achs niet medallen.
    Dit liden, heer oom, dies gheen verhael,
    Ick ben willich te liden tien dusent mael
    Meer dan penen souden connen ghesriven.
    Mach Gods ontfermen aen mi becliven,

1015 Mi en ruect wat ic doe, mach ic eens troost
    Verwerven ende gracie.

**Die Oom** Blijft in dat propoost.
    Ick verseker u Gods rijcke tuwer kueren.
    Wi lesent deghelijcx in die scriftueren:
    Om te verwerven Gods glorie puere,

1020 Niet voer een heerlijc berou ter lester huere.
Na desen es heer Ghijsbrecht met zijnder nichte gegaen tot alle den gheleersten priester vander stat van Nimmeghen, maer gheen priester, hoe hoge gheleert, hoe expert, hoe heilich oft hoe devoet, alsi tsuc verstonde, en dorsten hem gheensins onderwinden haer te absolveren oft eenige penitencie te setten van hare sonden, die seer anxtelijck ende onmenschelijc waren waer om dat si alle bedruct waren.

**Hoe heer Ghijsbrecht na colen reisde met zijnder nichten**

Des ander daechs smorghe ns wel vroech bereede hem heer Ghijsbrecht alleen oft hi hadde misse willen celebreren, nemende dat weerde, gependide, heyligh sacrament in zijn haart, ende heeft hem also met Emmeken zijnder nichten op die reise gestelt na Cuelen. Ende Moenen die duvel es hemlieden van vers ghevolcht, maer hi en dorste hem lieden niet bi comen, noch Emmeken eenichsins genaekte drie crachten des heilighen sacraments. Nochtans werp hi som tijt half eyken ende ander boomen van boven na hemlieden, om hem beyden den hals te brekene. Mer Ons Lieve Heere en wildes niet ghehinghen, wa hen dachlijc een ghebeken plach te lesen ter eeren van Onser Liever Vrouwen. Aldus hebben si soe langhe ende veel ghe-reyst dat si tot Cuelen quamen daer si haer tegen den bisschop biechte. Maer si en wisten haers gheenen raet, want die sonde so onmenschelijck ende groot was, dat hi gheen macht en hadde daer af te absolverene.

**Hoe Emmeken ende haer oom na Rome reisden ende hoe Emmeken haar biechte teghen den Paus**

Na desen zijn Emmeken ende haer oom vanden bisschop ghescheiden ende uut Colen ghegaen na Rome, daer si nae veel reysens met grooten arbeide quamen. Ende Emmeken heeft haer biechte ghesproken teghen den Paus met weenenden ooghen seggende:

*O stadhouder van Gode,*  
*Ja God op deerde, somen ons ghewaecht,*  
*Gheen sondigher dan mi deerde en draecht,*  
*Eewich gesloten, duchtic, uutter hemelscher balie.*

**Die Paus**  
Waer om dat kint?

**Emmeken**  
Ic ben sduvels amie,
Ende gheweest hebbe bat dan seven iaren,
Met hem gewandelt ghegaen ghevaren,
Daert ons beliefde, zijt dit bedrijf vroet,
Met hem ghedaen so man ende wijf doet.
Maghic mi dan niet wel ontstellen?

**Die Paus** Watdinge kint? Met den viant vander hellen?

**Emmeken** Ja, vader lofsaem.

**Die Paus** Ende wistet ghi wel, als hi bi u quam,
1032 Dat die viant was?

**Emmeken** Och ia ick, dat doet mi claghen.

**Die Paus** Hoe condi ghi u metten viant ontdraghen,
Als ghi wist dat hijt was?

**Emmeken** Vadre, die goede daghen,
1035 Tgrote ghelt, ende tgrote goet.
Dat hi mi dede hebben zijt des wel vroet.
Dat deet mi doen al doet mi nu vereysen.
Ic en conde ghedincken noch ghepeyse,
Hi en deet mi hebben te mijnen behoeve.

**Die Paus** Ende noch dat alder meeste, daer ic mi om behoeve,
1040 Ende dat mi int herte den meesten toren gheeft,
Dats, dat so menich mensche dlijf verloren heeft.
Ter plaetsen daer wi hebben verkeert.
Over die twe hondert, vadre gheeert,

**Emmeken** Sijnder om minen wille vermoort ende doot bleven.
Als voer ende naer.

**Die Paus** Hulpe, Godheyt verheven.
Doer sulcke stucken moechdi wel leven onhuegelic.

**Emmeken** O vader soect mi raet, eest mogheliic,
Ende stelt mi penitencie, eer wi verporren;
1050 Mi en ruect hoe stranghe si es.

**Die Paus** Ick en sal nau dorren
So diep taste in die ontfemherticiteit ons heere.
Wat? Soudi biden viant verkeeren?
Sulcken sonden en quam mi noyt voren in biechten.
Ende dan noch voort doer dijn bedriechten,

1055 So menighen dlijf verliesen.
Ic en weet wat penitencie kiesen,
Stranghe ghenoech teghen sulcken wercken sondeljc.
Bi den viant te sine, tes te hondelij!
O Godheyt, grondeljc vol ghenaden,

1060 Wilt mi doch in dit stuc beraden,
Ic ben puer beladen in minen sin.
O rechter inder rechtveerdicheit, sent mi doch in
V inspiracie, uut uwer hoochster glorie.
Hola, mi compt daer in mijn memorie,

1065 Mi waer leet, waerdi verdoemt.
Roepet den priester die met u comt,
Dan suldi u penitencie hooren.

Emmeken Waer sidi heer oom?

Die Oom Ic stae hier voren,
Vol drucx vol ancxten, tot dat ic weet

1070 Hoe dat vergaen sal.

Die Paus Nu hoort naer dbescheet.
Mi waer leet ende twaer ooc wel om deeren,
Dat yemant verloren ware, constment ontberen,
En de god en soudts oock niet gheerne ghehinghen,
Siet, daer sijn drie yseren ringhen.

1075 Den meesten suldi haer sluiten aenden hals,
Dander, sonder veel ghescals,
Sluyt die aen haer armen wel vast ende stranghe.
En de die ringhen moet si draghen also langhe
Tot datse versleten sijn, of datse van selfs af vallen.

1080 Dan werden haer sonden vergheven met dallen.
Niet eer en salsi los ende quijt sijn.

Die Oom Dat sal, duchtic, noch eenen langhen tijt zijn,
Eer si van selfs sullen sitten of.
Want si sijn so ruide, swaer ende grof.
In hundert iaren en souden si so vele niet sliten,
Als tvierendeel vander dicten.

**Die Paus** Si mach haer so quiten
In hertelike penitencie volstaende,
Dat si van selfs wel selen sijn afgaende
Vanden armen ende vanden halse.

Maer doetser vast aensluyten.

**Die Oom** Wel, vadre, ick salse
So vast daer aen doen sluiten ende so sterck,
Dat si nemmermeer en ontgaen, ten waer Gods werck.
O priester ende clerck boven alle staten,
Bi uwer ghénéden willen wi u laten,

Ende reysen weder onser straten
Tonsen lande neder
Van daer wi quamen.

Maer doetser vast aensluyten.

**Die Paus** Die hoochste bevreder
Die wille dijn lidena maken so lanx so sochter.

**Emmekenen** Adieu, heilighe vader.

**Die Paus** Gaet in Gods hoeden, dochtere,
Ende blijft volstandich in u penitencie.

Want hier boven in die hoochste excelencie,
Es volstandighe penitencie seer ghepresen.
Boven alle dinghen daer wi af lesen
Mach penitencie veel griefs ghenesen.

Aldus heeft Emmeken haer penitencie ontfaen vanden Paus. Ende haer oom
dede die ringhen ter stont so vaste aen haren hals ende aen haer ermen maec-
cken, datse haer leefdaghe niet af en mochten, ten ware bi ghehinghenisse
ende mirakele van ons Lieven Here.

**Hoe Emmeken uut Rome reysde En hoe si nonne wert inder bekeerder
ondersen clooster te Tricht**
Nadat Emmekev die ringhen aen hadde, ghelijke ghi gehoort hebt, so es si met haren oom uuter stadt van Rome gegaen, die welcke so langhe reysden dat si te Maastricht quamen, daer Emmeken inder bekeerden sonderssen cloostere nonne wert, tot welcken haer oom behulpich was. Ende na dat hise daer in geholpen hadde, nam hi oerlof aen haer ende reysde tot sinen lande, daer hi noch .xxiiij iaer leefde, na datti zijGender nichten int clooster geholpen hadde, dye hi alle iare eens besocht, also langhe als hi leefde.

**Hoe die engel Gods Emmekens ringhen af dede van haren halse ende handen**

Emmekens in dit voerscreen clooster wonende leefde so heyliechlichck ende dede so strangen penitencie, dat haer die ontfermhertige Christus al haer son- den verghaf, sinen inghel tot haer seindende, daer si lach en sliep, die welcke haer die ringhen af dede. Waer af Emmeken seer blide was, segghen:

Langhe nachten zijn selden den ghenen lief,
Die druck int herte hebben oft swaermoedichheit.

1105 Sijn slapen es grote onruste of meerder grief,
Swaer droomen verscrickende of sulkhen meskief;
Mi ghebuert vele alsulcken onspoedichheit.
Wie sal mi segghen die rechte bevroedichheit
Van minen droome, daer ick in heb gheleghen?

1110 Mi dochte ic was genomen uuter helscer gloedich eyt.
Ende van daer boven inden hemel ghedreghen,
Daer quamen mi vele witter duyven teghen.
Die sloeghen mijn banden af met haren vlercken
Ontbeyt, wat sie ic? O godheyt vol seghen!

1115 Heb ic u hoghe ghenade vercreghen?
Och, ia ic mijn banden zijn af, somen mach mercken.
Si ligghen hier neven mi, O godlike wercken,
Wat crachtiger schermschilt sidi tegen tvercrancken,
Dies en can men u nemmermeer voldancken

1120 Te gheenen stonden.
O mensche, vol ghebreken ende vol sonden,
Hier aen moechdi nemen exempele,
Ende ter eeren deser weerdicheit sonder gronde
Den almoghende God eewighen lof vermonden,

1125 Naer u arm macht seer sempele.
Weldaet dient wel ghedaen in Gods tempele.
In deser manieren, Gods vrienden vercoren,
So es dit ghebuert hier te voren,
Sonder faute al eest dat den menigen luegelyc dinct.

1130 **Ende** ghi noch te Maestricht in stede ghinct,
Ten bekeerden sonderssen, daer soudi sien
Emmekens graf **ende** boven dien
Die drie ringhen hanghen boven haren grave.
**Ende** onder die ringhen ghescreven met letteren gave,

1135 Haer regnacie **ende** penitencie die si besuerde,
Hoe ende wanneer dit ghebuerde
Doer die teekenhen houdic dit te bat voer waer.
Si leefde noch ontrent twee iaer,
Na dat haer banden af spronghen, was mi geseyt,

1140 Altoos penitencie doende **ende** neersticheyt,
Om den oppersten coninck te behaghene.
Neemt alle danckelick sonder elagene,
Dit slecht bewijs. Jonste deet bestaen,
The True and Very Strange Story of Mariken of Nijmegen
Who Lived for Over Seven Years with the Devil and Kept Company with Him.

Prologue
In the time when Duke Arent of Guelders was imprisoned by his son Duke Adolf and his accomplices in the city of Grave, there lived about three miles from Nijmegen a devout priest by the name of Father Gisbrecht. With him lived a beautiful young maiden named Mariken, his sister’s daughter, whose mother was dead. The aforementioned maiden managed her uncle’s household honestly and diligently.

How Father Gisbrecht sent Mariken his niece to Nijmegen

It so happened that Father Gisbrecht sent his niece to the city of Nijmegen to buy there the things that they needed, saying to her thus:

Uncle Mariken.

Mariken What is your pleasure, Uncle?

Uncle Now listen, child, pay attention to my words. You will have to make your way to Nijmegen and fetch provisions. We are short of candles, oil for the lamp, vinegar, salt and onions, and matches as you realized yourself. Here are eight stivers. Go and buy what we need in Nijmegen. It just happens to be the weekly market day. It will be quick enough to find everything you need.

Mariken Reverend Uncle, know that I am ready in all obedience.

Uncle It will be too late to get back home again before nightfall, for the
days are very short this time of year. And it’s a good two miles from here to Nijmegen. Now it’s ten o’clock or even later. Listen child, if you stay there so long that you think you can’t get home easily in daylight, then spend the night there. That would put my mind at ease. Go and sleep at your aunt’s, my sister’s. She won’t refuse you for one night. I’d like that better than to have you coming home alone in the dark through bush and briar, because the road is not free of rogues, and you are a beautiful, lively young maid. You could very easily be accosted.

MARIKEN Reverend Uncle, I shall do everything as it pleases you, and nothing else.

UNCLE Greet my sister, and now farewell. Buy everything we need at the correct weight and measure.

MARIKEN I will, reverend Uncle, adieu.

UNCLE Adieu, Mariken, my niece. May the grace of God be with you always. Lord God, why is my heart so heavy? Is it because the land about here is so divided? Or is it because my niece is parting from me? How? Why do I suddenly feel so heavy-hearted? This is very strange. I don’t know, just as the maid parted from me, a troubling thought came into my mind. I fear something will happen to her—or to me. I wish I had kept her at home. It’s folly to let young maids and women roam alone around the countryside, for the world is full of roguery.

How Mariken was addressed by her aunt in a most contemptuous manner

Thus Mariken parted from her uncle and went to Nijmegen, where she bought everything that she and her uncle might need. And on that same day she came to Nijmegen, her aunt had fought with four or five women on account of Duke Adolf, who had imprisoned his father, so that she seemed to be mad or more like a raging she-devil than a Christian person, because she sided with the young duke. She killed herself later on when she heard that the old duke had been released from prison by the chatelain of Grave, as you shall hear. Mariken, having finished buying everything for which she had come, noticed that it was getting on toward evening and said to herself thus:

MARIKEN Now I’ve got everything we need and have had everything pro-
properly weighed and measured to my liking, all bought and paid for. But it seems to me that it took too long. Already night is falling. There’s a sundial; what time is it? It’s between four and five already. Now I’ll have to stay in town for the night. There’s only one more hour of daylight, and it takes me at least three hours from here to my uncle’s house. No, better stay. My aunt lives close by. I’ll go and ask her to make me up a bed, and tomorrow, as soon as I wake, I’ll head home as quickly as I can and get back to work. I see my aunt standing in front of her door. I’ll greet her as is fitting. Aunt, may Christ ease all your pain and protect all your loved ones from harm.

AUNT  Christ! Welcome, devil, how’s it going in hell? Well, young lady, what are you doing here?

MARIKEN  My uncle sent me around noon for candles, mustard, vinegar, and verjuice, and everything we needed at home. And before I could rush from one stall to the next to find and buy everything, it had gotten this late. I hope it won’t be too much trouble for you to make me up a bed for the night, if you so please. I could still go home, but a girl is sometimes spotted and waylaid at night so she’s dishonored and raped, to her great shame. That’s what worries me.

AUNT  Ah, you poor little chick! Are you so worried about your virginity now? God help us, if that were true. Christ, dear niece, you’ve known for a long time now how you were conceived, even if you now pretend to be so coy. And I don’t believe you’ve been about your business here since noon.

MARIKEN  I certainly have, Aunt.

AUNT  Yes, or sitting somewhere secret drinking to your heart’s content. Christ, niece, in the country every Tom, Dick, and Harry knows only too well how to take girls into the cornfields; and when the two of them go and play their evening games together, oh, how Jill is handled by Jack. Christ, niece, you’ve already tried that yourself, for out where you live there are plenty of frisky lads.

MARIKEN  Why are you saying this, Aunt?

AUNT  You two-faced little hypocrite. Even if it’s indecent to tell the truth, you yourself have danced many a dance for which the piper didn’t get paid
in coin. And even if you’ve been practicing how to move back and forth for a long time now, you are all maidens until your belly swells.

**Mariken** This shame is too hard for me to bear, when I am guiltless.

**Aunt** I talked with people who saw you not long ago sleeping so shamelessly with your own uncle, that it would be indecent for me to speak of it. It’s scandalous how you are disgracing our family. Shame on you, you cursed wretch. I can’t bear to look at you!

**Mariken** Dear God, how strange I feel suddenly. My whole body feels drained of blood. To have to listen to these contemptuous words and hear this vile accusation without deserving it. Now, tell me, Aunt, will you give me a bed just for tonight?

**Aunt** I’d sooner see you lying as deep in the river Maas as this house is high, as bait for all the fish that swim in it. Get out of here or you’ll regret it. I’m standing here trembling like a leaf with anger!

**Mariken** Aunt, you’re doing me great wrong!

**Aunt** So, this damn bitch won’t leave me alone! Do I have to tear out your locks? She’s got the worm turning in my head. I’m mad enough to bind the devil to a pillow as if he were a child. I stand here wild with rage! I don’t know if I’m upside down. I’m in such a foul mood, I’ll answer everyone today just like the devil does his dam.

**Mariken** O wretched me, now suffering’s at hand. I stand here so completely beside myself, I can’t tell what or how. With a crazed head I’ll run out of town not fearing thieves and robbers. I think I’ll make my bed under these shrubs. I won’t beg anyone else on earth, even if the devil himself should come to me. I don’t care about anything. Now I’ll go and sit under this hedge and commend myself into the hands of God—or to all the fiends of hell.

**How Mariken departed from her aunt and left Nijmegen**

Thus the young maid Mariken departed from her aunt, crying and dejected, and went away from the city of Nijmegen in the dark of night until she came to a large, thick, thorn bush, where she sat down, very dejected, weeping and
wailing, again and again commending herself to the devil with a sorrowful heart, saying to herself thus:

**Mariken**  Woe is me! Moaning, wailing, wringing my hands and calling myself accursed; that’s my only consolation now, and nothing else. Is it wrong that I am so deeply offended by my aunt’s groundless accusations? Certainly not! I feel growing inside me such bitterness that it fills my heart constantly. I’m angry enough in this predicament to curse myself everlastingly. Help, what temptation springs upon me? Do I really want to hang myself or cut my throat? Ah, you poor young thing, won’t you control yourself and listen to reason? But who would be able to bear such words without feeling shame. I believe no one alive would care to hear them without having deserved it. I say this in a despair that besets me. Now come and pity me, be it God or the devil, it’s all the same to me!

The devil, who always sets his traps and nets desiring the damnation of souls, upon hearing these words, said to himself thus:

**The Devil**  These words make this soul worthy of me. I’ve dressed myself up properly to appear like a man—and all by God’s permission. Everything’s fine except for my one eye. It looks as if it has festered away. We spirits no longer have the power to make our appearance perfect with the help of magic. We always have some sort of deformity, either of the head, hands, or feet. Now I want to sweeten my voice so it sounds pleasant and reasonable so as not to offend my darling. At the outset one needs to speak sweetly to women. Pretty child, why do you sit there so forlorn? Did someone injure you for no reason or without cause? I will avenge it as a faithful servant. You seem so helpless to me. To console you, I put myself at your service.

**Mariken**  God help me, how scared I am! What’s happening to me? I hardly know myself, looking at this man. Oh, help, how faint my heart is growing.

**The Devil**  Pretty child, fear no grief or pain. I’ll bring you no grief or sorrow. I promise you, if you follow my advice and remember it well and come along with me, I’ll make you the finest lady in the land.

**Mariken**  Friend, I’m sitting here in such a state, so confused and completely beside myself on account of insulting words I’ve had to suffer without reason—whore, slut, and bitch. I’d as soon give myself over to the devil as to God, for I’m sitting here half out of my mind.
The Devil. By Lucifer, this is all to my gain! She’s completely absorbed in her troubles. There she sits, frozen in her despair. I needn’t complain; I hope I won’t fail now. Pretty child, I ask you again, will you join with me in amity?

Mariken. Who are you, friend?

The Devil. A master of many arts, never failing in anything I try.

Mariken. I don’t care with whom I go. I’m just as happy to go with the worst person as with the best.

The Devil. If you agree to join with me in love, I’ll teach you incomparable skills, the Seven Liberal Arts: Rhetoric, Music, Logic, Grammar, and Geometry, Arithmetic, and Alchemy, all of which are highly esteemed. No woman on earth was ever as accomplished as I’ll make you.

Mariken. So, you must be a talented man. Who are you?

The Devil. What’s it to you? Don’t ask me who I am, there’s no reason to. I’m not the best of my tribe, but no matter, I’ll never show you anything but affection.

Mariken. What’s your name, friend?’

The Devil. Moenen the One-Eyed, who is well known among all good fellows.

Mariken. You are the fiend from hell!

The Devil. Whoever I am, I’ll always be good to you.

Mariken. I am not afraid of you. I don’t feel any terror or horror. I wouldn’t be frightened even if Lucifer himself should appear from the kingdom of hell. That’s how I am; not troubled by any fear.

The Devil. Yes, pretty child. This is the short and the long of it; do you want to come with me and follow all my instructions in good faith? All that you can think up or imagine I will teach you, as I told you before. And you’ll never be short of riches, jewels, and money.
Mariken Well said, but before you join with me in love, you’ll have to teach me the Seven Liberal Arts as you first promised. I delight in learning everything. You’ll teach them to me, won’t you?

The Devil Surely, just as I promised. I’ll teach everything that’s appropriate.

Mariken Necromancy is a lovely art. My uncle knows a great deal about it and is expert in it. He makes miracles happen sometimes. He has a book on it. He could make the devil, against his will, creep through the eye of a needle. That trick you’ll have to teach me too.

The Devil Oh, pretty innocent, everything I know is at your disposal. Be happy! But I have never learned necromancy, which is very complex. It’s a very difficult art involving many problems. If you begin a spell in necromancy, my little ruby lips, and the spirit you called appears and you don’t address him with the correct words or can’t control him instantly because you missed out a word or letter, he could straight away break your neck. There’s a lot of trouble in it, my precious flower.

Mariken If that’s the case, I don’t care for it. I don’t want to learn anything that might kill me.

The Devil Ha, ha, I’ve talked her out of that. What would she want to learn necromancy for? If she knows necromancy, it would be to our harm. If she got what she wants, it would make trouble for all of us in hell. She could control me, too, whenever she felt like it. Or she could even tie me up somehow so I wouldn’t be able to get away. Teach her necromancy? I wouldn’t touch it. I’ll talk her out of it as best I can. Listen to what else I’ll teach you, my pretty love, so you’ll give up necromancy.

Mariken What else will you teach me?

The Devil I’ll explain it to you. All the languages of the world I will teach you, so that the whole world will praise and honor you. You have no idea what it’s like to speak all those languages. And you’d know the Seven Liberal Arts. You’ll be exalted by everyone; extravagantly praised by all.

Mariken Hearing all this soothes my anguish. I obediently submit to your will—if you’ll do as you say.
THE DEVIL  But there’s one more request I must ask of you, my sweet. If
you agree to do this, it will be to your advantage.

MARIKEN  What request is that?

THE DEVIL  That you give up your name and give yourself another one from
now on. “Mariken” is an unpleasant word for me. My fellows and I came to
such grief from one Mary that we’ve never had much love for that name. Why
don’t you call yourself Lina, Greta, or Lizzy? I promise you, before the year is
out, it will profit you more than anything you ever got from friends or family.

MARIKEN  Alas, why should that name displease you? After all, it’s the most
noble and sweetest name in the world, pleasing to all. How can you hate that
name [derived from] Mary or Maria? By all that lives, I don’t want to be
called anything else. One can find no sweeter name, I think.

THE DEVIL  Ay, ay! All my hard work has gone for nothing if I cannot get
her to change that name. Listen, love, if we are going to travel together, you’ll
have to change your name, no matter how much it upsets you, or we must
part. And something else you have to promise me. Remember, a promise is
binding.

MARIKEN  What do I have to promise?

THE DEVIL  That you’ll never again bless yourself, whatever happens, what-
ever pain you might endure. You must never bless yourself.

MARIKEN  That I’ll gladly promise. I don’t care very much about blessing
myself—but I can hardly deny my name, since Mary, for whom I was named,
is all my hope and comfort. Whenever something harms or grieves me, I
quickly turn to her for succor. I also honor her daily with a prayer I have
known since childhood. I’ve honored Mary for as long as I can recall. I never
forget to praise her, even if I go astray and behave badly. I’ll never forget to
honor her.

THE DEVIL  Ah well, since you are so fond of that name, I’ll modify my
request. I’ll be content if you keep only the first letter of your name, my gen-
tle lady, that’s the “M.” After all in your country there are many girls and
women called Emmeken.
Mariken  All right then, Moenen, if I can’t keep my own name, better than parting ways with you, I’ll be content with just the first letter, though I don’t like it.

The Devil  Rest content, if after a year everything doesn’t go as you wish you can put the blame on me. Let’s be off to ’s-Hertogenbosch without delay. Then, as we please, we’ll move on to Antwerp. There we’ll live a wonderful life. Before we get there, you will have mastered all those languages you wanted to learn, just as I told you, and the Seven Liberal Arts. Bastard and malmsey will be your daily draught. You’ll achieve even more wonderful things, if you keep my love and favor. But in the end I hope your soul will be lost.

After these words, Emmeken and Moenen traveled to ’s-Hertogenbosch where they stayed for several days, living in luxury, paying for anyone who ate and drank with them.

Now we will be silent for a while about Emmeken and Moenen, and describe Father Gisbrecht, Emmeken’s uncle

After Mariken, who is now called Emmeken, had been gone for some days, Father Gisbrecht was very much disturbed by her long absence, saying to himself thus:

Uncle  Oh, anxious feelings that torment me so, how you disturb heart and mind and soul, for Mariken my niece whom I sent to Nijmegen for provisions has been gone so long. Yet I told her if night came on, or she felt in any way afraid, that she should go and sleep at my sister’s house. Whenever I go to Nijmegen that’s where I always stay. I don’t know what to think or feel until I know how it goes with her. If some terrible calamity should have overtaken her, I would die hopeless and inconsolable, for the girl is all my comfort. I raised her from infancy. I couldn’t bear it if any harm came to her. But it’s so easy to seduce young women. I must go to Nijmegen without delay and make inquiries and get true word of her. Sometimes it’s painful to hear what one doesn’t want to hear.

After these words, Father Gisbrecht went to his sister’s house, asking her about their niece Mariken. But she answered very sharply, whereupon he became very disconsolate and said to her thus:
Uncle  Alas, sister, you’re trying to fool me if you tell me you know nothing about Mariken.

The Sister, Mariken’s Aunt  Well, I certainly do not, you silly man.

Uncle  Alas, sister, you’re trying to fool me.

Aunt  I’d guess she’s locked up in a room somewhere, where for a few coins, they put such little chickens on a spit.

Uncle  Alas, sister, you’re trying to fool me if you say you know nothing about her. You’re behaving very disgruntled and disturbed just because I’ve come to ask you, kindly, if you’ve seen her.

Aunt  That’s true enough! And don’t carry on as if I had to take care of her. It was eight or ten days ago when she came here saying, “Aunt, make me a bed for the night. I’m afraid to go home because I might be propositioned by rogues who like to accost young girls.” Then I told her to return to the tavern where she had been drinking and carousing all day.

Uncle  What, had she been sitting drinking all day?

Aunt  You might well think that wherever she was, she wasn’t bored. She came here with her cheeks as red as a well-spanked bottom. She would have eaten me with mustard just because I mentioned the fact. Then she ran off cursing and shouting. Since then I haven’t seen the young lady.

Uncle  Alas, what will become of me? O Holy Trinity, where can the girl have gone?

Aunt  Oh, you silly man, sitting at wine, murky or clear, somewhere where they rent out their asses to jolly fellows.

Uncle  Alas, sister, it makes me weep to hear such words from you.

Aunt  If you had locked her up in a coffer you’d have prevented such trouble. Christ, my dear man, what harm will it do her if she goes her own way for a while? It won’t make a penny’s worth of difference to her, and won’t do her a lick of harm. She won’t be crippled from it.
Uncle  Listening to this in such distress, my heart is split in pieces! I must avert my eyes, for tears are running down my cheeks. Oh Mother of God, whom I visit every year in Aachen with great devotion, stand by me; I need you now. And you St. Servatius, buried in Maastricht, to whom I have every year dedicated, devoutly, many a beautiful candle, I hope that you will not fail me. I’ll go investigate, inquire everywhere if anyone might have heard anything about this. If I am confused, it’s no wonder; missing her gives me such grief. Nobody likes to be parted from the one he loves.

After this Father Gisbrecht parted from his sister in a sorrowful mood, for he had not heard any news of his niece Mariken.

How Mariken’s aunt cut her own throat

At the same time, the chatelain of the city of Grave released the old Duke Arent from prison and brought him to the city of ’s-Hertogenbosch, where he was welcomed with a great celebration by the men of that city. When Mariken’s aunt heard of this, she became so enraged in her evil heart that she almost burst with anger, saying:

‘Emmeken’s Aunt  By God’s liver, lungs, and spleen, teeth and head, what sorrow I have to endure! This spite will make me burst open and be my ruin, ’cause I’m swollen up with anger like a spider! I’m beside myself, livid, raving mad from the news I’ve heard. The old thief who sat in jail, safely locked up in Grave, has been freed and let go! Now all my hope is gone! The young duke, on whose side I will always remain, will soon have the worst of it. I’m so upset by this that I could easily give myself up, body and soul, and call on all the devils to come to my aid.

The Devil  Ha, ha, I can get some profit out of this business! This soul is mine if I could just spend half an hour with her.

Emmeken’s Aunt  Isn’t it just too infuriating?

The Devil  It is, and a great injury to the young duke and his supporters.

Emmeken’s Aunt  To tell the truth, who wouldn’t be satisfied with such a fine fellow? Even if I have to burn in hell forever, I’ll cut my throat out of spite! Then I’ll be rid of all this misery. Ah, adieu, farewell distinguished
young man. May you yet become duke some day. I don’t care if I shorten my life. And so with all that, I’ll plunge this dagger into my throat and with this blow destroy myself!

The Devil Partisanship has damned many a soul. In swarming hell, in endless torment under Lucifer I shall roast this soul. How foolish these people are who do away with themselves on account of princes or lords and partisanship. They are all ours, all ours those who are so stuck in their ideology. Partisan politics and greed will, before the year is out, secure many millions of souls for hell, no matter who whines about it.

How Emmeken and Moenen traveled to Antwerp, where much evil took place because of them

After Emmeken and Moenen had been several days in ’s-Hertogenbosch, they traveled to Antwerp, where they arrived shortly afterward. And Moenen said to Emmeken thus:

Moenen Now we are in Antwerp as you desired. We’ll live it up and royally too! Let’s go to the Inn of the Tree for a pint of sweet wine.

Emmeken Inn of the Tree, you say?

Moenen Yes, my dear. There you’ll see all the big spenders who behave quite badly; all the ladies of pleasure and all their clients who carelessly squander everything. Above sit the burghers, below the guildsmen, and all of them like much better to take than to give.

Emmeken I’d love to see such life. Nothing could please me more.

Moenen We could also have a drink up in the Guild Room, if you’d like, before we go. Please sit down, my dear. A fresh one, Innkeeper—a pity if it’s gone sour in the barrel.

Waiter What sort of wine would you like, good sir?

Moenen A pint of the sweet Grenada; and a pint of the spiced hipocras for my wife. And then a pint of romany; it warms the body and gives one courage even if one is feeling low.
Waiter   That’s quite true! One fresh one, and another—the very best, the very best in full tankards!

Barfly   Look, Harry, old son, what a fine wench is sitting down over there!

Second Barfly   That’s true, and what a grim looking man!

First Barfly   Let’s take our tankards and join them. And if we find out she’s only his tart, we’ll take her away from him.

Second Barfly   He’ll meet up with my knife tonight, he’s such an ugly brute. But the little lady couldn’t be sweeter. If she’s just his tart, tonight she’ll be mine. Will you help me?

First Barfly   I’ll stick out my neck; you can count on me. I’ll be at your side, and God bless you, old pal.

Moenen   Come and have a drink with us, fellows!

Second Barfly   No thanks, pal, we’ve got our own, but may we sit with you?

Moenen   Yes, indeed, even if you were to stay to eleven. Good company can do me no harm.

First Barfly   If you’ll allow me, where do you two come from?

Moenen   The Meyery, around ’s-Hertogenbosch.

Emmekken   Moenen, love, wasn’t it through geometry that I could calculate precisely how many drops of wine are in a tankard?

Moenen   Yes, love, you still remember how to do that? I taught you that skill yesterday.

Emmekken   True indeed. You taught me logic after that too. I’ve got that down as well.

One of the Barflies asks Moenen   Old pal, what’s your woman saying
there? Does she know how, straight away, to calculate how many drops of
wine are in that tankard? I never heard a stranger thing.

MOENEN  She can perform even greater wonders! You’ve never seen anyone
like her in your life. She knows all the Seven Liberal Arts: Astronomy and
Geometry, Arithmetic, Logic and Grammar, and the oldest one Rhetoric.
She dares challenge the sharpest scholar who has studied in Paris or Louvain.

SECOND BARFLY  Good old pal, I beg you, allow her do something we can
see or hear.

FIRST BARFLY  Yes indeed, but first let’s fill up again with some wine. And
by Christ’s ribs, if anyone should hinder you or interrupt, if you get into
trouble any way, we’ll spill our blood for you.

MOENEN  That little poem you made yesterday, when we had lunch in
Hoochstraaten—recite it for them.

EMMEKEN  Don’t make me do that! In Rhetoric I’m just a rank beginner.
Though I would like to employ Rhetoric to enhance the other Seven Liberal
Arts, it can’t be acquired by effort alone. It’s an art that must come of itself.
All other arts are acquired through observation and instruction, if only one
works hard at them. But Rhetoric is the most praiseworthy of all. It is a gift
of the Holy Spirit. It is a great sorrow to all who love it that you find so many
ignorant dolts who despise it.

SECOND BARFLY  Well, dear heart, how long do we have to beg you?

FIRST BARFLY  Recite something for us! We’ll be happy with anything you
do, for good company’s sake. I’ll recite something too.

EMMEKEN  Then be quiet! I’ll recite for you a little ditty as best I can. As
Rhetoric needs to be closely listened to and absorbed, don’t make me scold
you for chattering away:

    Oh, Rhetoric, genuine, lovely Art,
    In sorrow I lament for those who created you
    That you are hated and scorned.
    To those minds who love you, it is very painful.
Shame on those louts who do not care for you.
I really despise such an attitude.
But even if it is sad and too bad for those whose who hear this,
By the Ignorant, Art is lost.

“From Art springs Affection,” the saying goes;
I hold that saying to be a fable, not true.
Let a notable artist appear;
The unskilled, who know nothing of the Arts,
At once make themselves heard everywhere.
The artist almost dies of poverty,
And the flatterer is always preferred.
But still there are those who are distressed about it.
By the Ignorant, Art is lost.

Fie on the stupid, coarse, simple minds
Who think they know all about Art!
All should truly love true Art,
For Art is traditionally practiced all over
And it prospers in many a beautiful land.
Honor to all who promote the Arts!
Shame on the ignorant who dismiss them!
For these reasons I put this verse before all:
By the Ignorant, Art is lost.

I will turn myself to Art in princely fashion
And study the Arts to the best of my powers,
For no one is born with the Arts inherently.
But all artists grieve
That by the ignorant Art is honored so little.

Many people rallied around to hear this poem. Moenen, seeing this and showing his true nature, caused such an uproar that one of the company was stabbed to death, for which the culprit was beheaded. Thus Emmeken and Moenen lived in Antwerp at the Inn of the Golden Tree on the Market Place, where every day, through his machinations, many murders and homicides and many other evil acts were committed, for which he rejoiced greatly, saying to himself thus:
Moenen  What wonders have I been able to perform! I trust it is of some profit to hell. If I could rule here a little while longer, many more would slide down into Hell Mouth. It would be wrong to leave this inn since there are always people who waste their substance here: sharers, brawlers, shameless whores, bawds, courtesans, and other such beasts. These you will always find aplenty, and they’re the kind in whom my profit lies. So I must abide here in this house. I’ll go right now and ask the innkeeper what he’ll charge for the two of us. If I lodge here I’ll have everything I desire. And if it happens there’s the chance of creating chaos here and there, I’ll stab to death another hundred in the year. That’s how Lucifer receives his due down in his hellish pleasure garden. Like some mountebank, everyone here will praise me. I’ll know how to seek out treasures, for which I’ll receive high honors. I’ll know how correctly to predict what will happen to people. Within a month, more than a thousand will be running after me and my practice. I’ll also be able to amass incomparable riches. My dear Emmeken will love me all the more for it. And if the Almighty doesn’t prevent it, before a year has passed I’ll have trapped more than a thousand souls—but if it goes his way, I’ll come up short.

How Emmeken laments somewhat for her sinful life

While Emmeken was living thus in Antwerp, she became aware that she was leading a wicked and sinful life because on her account, every day, Moenen was causing incredible evil to happen. And she said to herself thus:

Emmeken  Ah, memory, understanding, if you were to reflect upon the life I’m living now, how sinful and foul it would seem. You have forsaken the splendor of heaven and are following the miserable way to hell. I notice, most days, I see somebody wounded or killed because of me. And I know well that it’s this Moenen who’s the plague. It’s clear he is not the best of men. I feel it, though he doesn’t say so straight out, that he must be a devil, or not much better. Oh, Aunt, Aunt, your evil, harsh reproaches are sure to turn me into a damned tart and separate me entirely from the grace of the Almighty. Alas, though I lament it, I have gone on too far already even if I should try to turn back. I also used to serve Mary with a prayer or something else pleasing to her. That devotion, too, has slipped away—and he won’t tolerate it either, won’t let me bless myself. One can tell by this that he is evil, for he shuns the sign of the cross. How shall I repent? Just look at my life, judge for yourself, it’s gone too far for repentance. Aha, I spy two others over there whom I invited for dinner and drinks. There I’ll go and raise a glass with them.
After this she again went drinking with her companions, at which time Moenen so contrived it that another person died. The perpetrator was led by Moenen out of the city where Moenen advised him to murder another man, having convinced him that the victim had a lot of money and so he should kill him. Because of this Moenen was very gleeful, saying:

**MOENEN** By Lucifer’s dungeon and the abyss of hell! How I befuddle daily the people here. They believe I am a fine gentleman. I know just what to say to these people about what troubles them. That’s why they follow me even more. I give them neat and clear advice and so make women know, through my whisperings, how to drive men crazy for them. I make them give their men such lumps that they’re hardly alive eight days later. I’ve done that here more than once. And I believe Lucifer won’t lose out from this either. I’m beginning to get people to seek out hidden treasures. That’s already cost a man his life yesterday. I pointed out to him where a treasure was supposed to be molding away in a horse stable, right under a supporting beam on which the whole stable was resting. I told him he would have to dig deep in the earth and he would then find many pounds of hidden treasure. He began to dig straightaway, but as soon as he had gotten so far that he had removed the foundation on which it stood, the pillar collapsed into the earth and smothered my stupid friend. I’ll continue performing the mightiest miracles—if I’m not hindered from on High. They’re going to take me for a god—as I lead them, sighing, in droves into the place of sighing, hell!

After Emmeken and Moenen had lived in Antwerp at the Golden Tree for about six years, where an extraordinary amount of evil happened because of them, Emmeken began longing to visit her uncle and other friends in Gelders. She begged Moenen to give his permission and to travel with her. To which he answered thus:

**MOENEN** Emmeken, I shouldn’t like to refuse your request. You say you at some time want to visit your friends?

**EMMEKEN** I ask you for this, if it would please you too.

**MOENEN** I wouldn’t want to deny your request, my dear.

**EMMEKEN** I haven’t seen my aunt in Nijmegen or my uncle in Venlo for six or seven years.
Moenen   That’s why I wouldn’t want to deny you. I promise you, we’ll go to your friends.

Emmekken   All those who are nearest to me, they don’t know where I’ve gone. It’s as though I had sunk into the earth. And my uncle loved me so much! I know he has cried many tears for me.

Moenen   The prayers of that hypocrite have thwarted me often whenever I wanted to crush every bone in her body. I would have broken her neck long ago, but his prayers to the Woman All in White always let her escape from me, over and over. I never once had the opportunity to carry out my plans as I pleased.

Emmekken   What are you saying, Moenen?

Moenen   Nothing, Emmeken dear. I give you permission to see your friends as you desire, if that’s what troubles you. Go, pay the bill to the innkeeper of the Tree where we’ve been staying. And tomorrow we’ll depart and visit your uncle or your other friends, wherever you may lead me. I’m ready.

Emmekken   I’ll go and find out what’s still on the bill and pay for everything.

Moenen   Do that then, my dear. Pay up freely and ignore any minor discrepancies in the bill. Surely it will not be unprofitable for me if we travel to her uncle the priest. Then if I can just catch him off guard and do what I’d like, I’ll break that hypocrite’s neck. If he were gone, without a doubt the girl would be mine. But whatever I plot or say to her, it’s all for nothing if the Almighty above doesn’t give his full consent and agreement.

How Emmeken and Moenen traveled to Nijmegen

Thus Emmeken and Moenen traveled to Nijmegen, where they arrived on Procession Day, which pleased Emmeken very much. And Moenen said to her thus:

Moenen   Well, Emmeken, just as you’ve requested of me, we’ve finally arrived in Nijmegen. And today is Procession Day as well. You say that your aunt used to live here. Don’t you want to go and visit her?
Emmeken I may go over and visit there. But I wouldn’t think of asking her for shelter or for some food and drink. She would give me scandalous words, crude and indecent, as she spitefully did once before. Her senseless, stupid words first led me into the shameful life in which I find myself, alas.

Moenen I think you don’t need to go there, my love, my solace. You know your aunt’s been dead three years already.

Emmeken What are you saying? Dead?

Moenen Yes, dear heart.

Emmeken How do you know that, Moenen?

Moenen I know it for sure.

Emmeken That’s a great sorrow to me.

Moenen Nevertheless, it’s true.

Emmeken Wait, what do I see over there? Let’s find out before we leave. Look, look, a great crowd of people is gathering over there. Is something going on? Ask someone, quickly.

Moenen No, my dear. They’re going to perform a wagon play.

Emmeken They perform it every year on this day, now that I think of it. It’s a play called Masscheroen. The value of this play can’t be overstated. My uncle used to come and see it. Come on, Moenen, let’s go and listen!

Moenen It’s a load of nonsense! Do you really want to listen to such twaddle? Come on, let’s get some roast meat and wine.

Emmeken Oh, Moenen, it used to be so fine. I’ve heard my uncle say that this play is better than some sermons. There are good lessons, sometimes, in such plays. Darling, if it isn’t too much for you, I’d really like to see it.

Moenen I don’t want to consent. By Lucifer’s butthole, I’m afraid she’d hear something powerful that would make her regret and repent everything.
Then, by Lucifer, all my great plans would come to nothing.

EEMEKEN  Ah, Moenen, let me hear it!

MOENEN  Well, all right. Don’t stay any longer than when I call you or I’ll be angry.

Emmeken pestered Moenen so long about wanting to hear this play that he finally consented. But he did it very reluctantly, as you’ve heard. And the play began as follows:

MASSCHEROEN  Brrr! Here am I, Masscheroen, Lucifer’s advocate! I will go and plead my case before the Highest Judge: why does he show more mercy and grace to sinful mankind than toward us poor spirits who’ve been expelled forever? Even if a single human committed all the sins in the world, once he felt true, heartfelt remorse, in all sincerity, he would receive grace. But we poor spirits, who never sinned except by that one brief thought, have because of it been cast away into the abyss of hell, hopeless, in cruel and eternal torment. I Masscheroen, Lucifer’s attorney, ask you once again, God of Compassion, why are we shown less mercy than mankind even though mankind daily commits unspeakable sins?

JESUS  My mercy is withheld from no one who feels contrition before his life’s end, who in time acknowledges, remorsefully, that I am a merciful and righteous God. Those who are mired in shameful anger and never feel remorse must sink with Lucifer into the pit of hell where there is naught but the wringing of hands.

MASSCHEROEN  Your justice fails in many ways, though everywhere they call you a just God. In the time of Abraham, Moses, and David you could be called righteous. Then one could see you accusing, condemning, and punishing man for a single impure thought. But nowadays, even if a child raped its own mother, or kicked and beat its father, or if one brother accused the other of having done every evil ever committed, once he shows sincere contrition he immediately gains your mercy.

JESUS  Why did I die in evident shame and disgrace on the wooden cross except so that every human being, young or old, might come and abide in the grace of my Father?
Masscheroen  That’s why you ought to be more strict and angry than before ever, since you suffered such an outrageous death, all naked and bare, so as to cleanse mankind of sin. And more than ever they persist in shameful and horrible sins which are impossible to describe or recount. Reasonable men shudder when they reflect on what one hardly dared to think of under the Old Law, but which nowadays folk dare to do without fear.

Jesus  You are not lying there, Masscheroen. The people are so hardened in evildoing that if there is no improvement, I will have to let my powerful Sword of Justice slash down in punishment and send my plagues, which shall be hard to bear.

Our Dear Lady [Mary]  Oh, Child, are you condemning mankind to suffer plagues? That deeply troubles me. If I might implore you, leave mankind in peace for a little while yet. First send the people signs or warnings—earthquakes, double-suns, comets—as you usually do in such peril, so that they realize from such miraculous signs that you are extremely incensed. They might perhaps forsake their sins for fear of being tested by more afflictions.

Jesus  No, Mother, that is a wasted effort. I have often sent omens that should have alarmed them—plagues, wars, famine—when it would have been advisable to cease the sinning that so offends my divinity. But the more I torment them, the more perverse they become, heedless of an eternal death full of lamentation. It’s nothing but “Why be afraid? If I just sigh in remorse at the end of my life, the compassionate God will have mercy on me.”

Emmeken, hearing this play, began to ponder her sinful life with a heavy heart, saying to herself:

Emmeken  Lord God, how my blood is inflamed by emotion, listening to this wagon play! I hear so many good reasons and arguments that I’m beginning to feel contrition and remorse.

Moenen  Well, are we going to stand here forever? Hey, I say, hey, why do you want to listen to this twaddle? Let’s go, love!

Emmeken  No, that’s all in vain. All your shouting, pushing, and pulling won’t get me away from here as long as the play lasts. Whoever wants to go, can go. This is better than any sermon.
MOENEN  By Lucifer’s buttocks! I’m groaning that she wants to stay here! She’ll feel remorse if she stands here listening to this drivel. I’ll wait a bit longer, but if she doesn’t come away then, I’ll drive her out of here with my fists.

Moenen thus wanted to prevent her from hearing the play, but she stayed on to listen to it, whether he liked it or not. The play continued as follows:

MASSCHEROEN  Oh, Ruler of Heaven and all the elements, God of Righteousness on the highest throne, won’t you grant Lucifer and his infernal company your consent and permission that we punish humanity for its ill deeds and wickedness? Otherwise, you will never see the end of the abominations they commit. Your Hand of Justice must chastise them if you want to be respected by mankind.

JESUS  Masscheroen, in the end so it must be. I give my consent to chastise the people, for nothing else will instill fear in them but having a knife at their throats.

OUR DEAR LADY  Oh Son, mankind will improve in every way. Do not be too hasty to unleash your punishment. Think upon the breasts you suckled. Think upon the womb in which you lay. Think upon the Passion that you suffered. Think upon the blood you shed as you were sorely mocked. Was it not all for the sake of mankind, so that they might be received back into your Father’s grace? You have claimed this yourself: How can you do otherwise? Even if a single person had committed all the sins of the whole world, once he sincerely cries out for your mercy, he will be received back with open arms. You have given your word, and all men know it.

JESUS  I spoke so, and am not sorry for it, Lady Mother. And I say again that even if a person had committed all the sins one could imagine, once he acknowledges them in true repentance, he will be saved. And rather than that one soul should be lost, I would much rather suffer double the pain the Jews inflicted on me in times past. Oh, Man, you should reflect upon this!

How Emmeken continued to listen to this play and so pondered on her sins, saying thus:

EMMEKEN  Now certainly tears begin to pour profusely down my cheeks. Oh, what remorse I felt while listening to those words! Oh Lord of Lords!
Would it be possible that, if I repented, I would be taken back into your grace? I never considered this before. Would it be possible? I fear not. I’ve acquiesced for too long without considering the consequences, unreasonably following my own desires. Oh, Earth open up and engulf me, for I am not worthy to tread upon you!

MOENEN   Help me, Modicack! In my rage my eyes flash lightning bolts! This girl is getting a bellyful of remorse. Let’s go somewhere in the nicest part of town and finish off a jug of wine.

EMMEKEN   Leave me in peace! Go, depart from me, you evil, cruel fiend. Oh, woe is me, that I ever invoked you and chose you, forgetting the all compassionate God. Oh, I feel such deep remorse that now my heart is faltering. Oh, I’m fainting; my strength fails me!

MOENEN   By Lucifer’s liver, lungs, and spleen! I may well roar and yelp, spitting lightning flashes! My scheme is going to fail completely. My deeds will be of little use to the imps of hell. Get up, in the name of all the devils, or I’ll carry you, your shoes and all, to the cauldron of hell!

EMMEKEN   Oh Lord, have mercy on me!

MOENEN   So, that’s the way it is? I hear now how remorse is gnawing away inside of her. I’ll carry her up into the clouds of heaven, as high as the towers, and throw her down from on high. If she revives she’ll be lucky, the ugly shrew. Come along, come along, up into the air with me!

After these words the devil Moenen carried Emmeken up into the air higher than any house or church, and all the people who saw this were greatly astounded and knew not what it might mean.

How Moenen threw Emmeken down from above, and how she recognized her uncle

When Moenen, the devil, had carried Emmeken high above all the houses, he threw her down onto the street intending thereby to break her neck, which terrified the people very much. Her uncle, Father Gisbrecht, who had been listening to the same play, was also wondering what it all meant and who it might be who had fallen from such a great height. He questioned someone next to him, saying thus:
UNCLE If she didn’t break her neck, she is very lucky. My heart feels unspeakable pain seeing such suffering in a fellow being. Do you know who this lady is?

BURGHER I’d like to see if I know her, but the people standing here are pushing so you can’t get any closer. Follow me, sir, I’ll make way for us. He’s a fool whoever thinks I’m not good at shoving. Look, sir, the little lady lies here in a faint all by herself.

UNCLE That’s no wonder ... Oh, help, all my blood has drained away from top to toe, I swear. Tears pour from my eyes. My veins dry up, my color turns pale. I’ve never felt so weak before. Oh, my friend, look after me, I beg you please.

BURGHER Hold on! What’s the matter with you, sir? You’ve changed as if you’d turned into a corpse.

UNCLE Because I want to die from this sorrow! Oh, Atropos, come and quickly shoot me dead!

BURGHER Why are you wailing so?

UNCLE Oh, this is my niece! That’s why my heart is filled with so much sorrow. This is she whom I’ve been seeking for almost seven years. Now she’s here with her neck broken! Oh, Earth, open up and engulf me! I’ll never again have peace of mind.

BURGHER Are you sure it is she?

UNCLE Wouldn’t I recognize her, or do you think I’m out of my mind?

MOENEN Help me, devil Melcflessen, I’m pissing on my own tail out of rage. I don’t know what to do now. This is her uncle. I’d have broken her neck long ago but the prayers of this saintly priest made that too dangerous a course for me. If I had the power, I’d carry him off to hell straight away.

BURGHER Look, sir, I see she’s still moving.

UNCLE That would compensate for so much suffering. It’s true, she really is moving!
Emmeken  Ay, what’s happening to me? Where have I been, or where am I now? Oh Lord, am I still in your grace that I might come into your forgiveness? Oh, yes! If you in your omnipotence had not taken me into your protection I would already be in terrifying, everlasting pain, my body and soul eternally cast out of the Lord’s Kingdom.

Emmeken’s Uncle  If you can still speak, Mariken, my niece, speak to me, to me who sighed so many sighs and lamented over you so much; who inquired about you everywhere. And now I find you in this press of people in such a wretched situation.

Emmeken  Oh, is that you, uncle? Oh, if God would permit that I might be in the same state of grace I was in when I last saw you, before these travels. Oh, when I think about myself, I believe I am damned forever!

Uncle  Niece, you are wrong! No one is lost unless he gives himself up for lost. How could you be damned? That would be too pitiful. But how did you get here? That’s what I’d like to know. You were so high up in the air just now. Tell me, if you please. As far as I can tell, I’ve never seen anyone up so high.

Emmeken  Dear Uncle, it would be very difficult to tell you all my adventures at length. At one time I surrendered myself completely to the devil and kept company with him for seven years. I can’t explain it all to you. I’ll just tell you, as briefly as I can, of the seven years, my way of life, and our activities. Oh, one could write books about it! No evil can compare with mine! At the end of all these strange doings, I came back to this region to visit my friends. We only meant to pass through and came to the marketplace where I saw the play of Masscheroen being performed. I listened to it. From those very words I heard, I felt such remorse that it angered him, the one who was with me, and he carried me, as the people saw, high up into the air.

Uncle  Alas! How, Niece, did the fiend come to be with you?

Emmeken  Yes, Uncle, it’s been about seven years now that I’ve put myself under his control and consorted with him.

Uncle  Help me, Almighty God! Hearing this makes my body shudder all over. We’ll have to drive this villain away if you ever want to enter God’s heavenly kingdom.
Moenen  Hey, you hypocrite. It’s not possible that you can steal her away from me. If I want to, I’ll take her, hide and hair, and carry her off to where there’s no lack of sulphur and pitch.

Uncle  Would you, evil Spirit?

Moenen  Yes, you son of a bitch, you hypocrite. She’s mine! She has given herself to me. She has forsaken the Almighty and stayed with me! That’s why she must burn in hell fire. And you, you son of a bitch, if you think you can snatch her from me, I’ll break your neck and bones.

Uncle  You evil Spirit, I’ll prevent you from doing that. I have here in my breviary, I believe, eight or ten charms written on a piece of paper. They’ll soon turn your grin upside down.

Moenen  Oh, oh, my bristles rise, my hands stand on end from what he’s reading! What shall I do? By Modicack, do I have to lose this one? I’ll be flogged with glowing whips. I’m gnashing my teeth in rage! Out of my ears and jaws I’m blowing sparks of hellfire! You can see from me how, when our designs displease the Lord Almighty, they amount to less than nothing. I imagine I’ll have to take my leave of this soul.

Uncle  Let us go, Mariken, my niece. I’ll lead you to the deacon and have a fire lit. I think every bone in your body must be broken, for he took you up so high and let you fall back down again. You must be badly injured.

Emmeken  I pay no attention at all to that. This pain is hardly to be spoken of. I am prepared to suffer ten thousand times more than pens can write down, if God’s mercy might abide with me. I don’t care what I have to do, if only I might regain consolation and grace.

Uncle  Hold to that resolve! I can assure you of God’s Kingdom, as you desire. We read every day in Scripture that for the obtaining of God’s perfect glory there is nothing better, in the end, than honest repentance.

After this Father Gisbrecht went with his niece to all the most learned priests in the city of Nijmegen. But no priest, no matter how learned, how experienced, how pious or devout he was, when he understood the case, dared to take it upon himself to absolve her or define the penance for her sins which were so terrible and horrific. They were all very distressed by this.
How Father Gisbrecht traveled to Cologne with his niece

Early the next morning Father Gisbrecht prepared himself as if he were about to celebrate Mass, taking the exalted, blessed Holy Sacrament in his hands. And he set off with his niece Emmeken for Cologne. The devil Moenen followed them from a distance, for he did not dare come closer or bother Emmeken in any way because of the powers of the Holy Sacrament. Yet at times he threw at them both half an oak and other trees in order to break their necks. But because she used to recite daily a little prayer in honor of Our Dear Lady, Our Dear Lord did not permit that to happen. So they traveled for a long while until they arrived in Cologne where she confessed to the bishop. But he did not know what to advise. Because her sins were so monstrous and great, he had no power to absolve her.

How Emmeken and her uncle traveled to Rome and how she confessed to the Pope

After this Emmeken and her uncle departed from the bishop and traveled to Rome, where they arrived after a long and difficult journey. There, with weeping eyes, Emmeken confessed to the Pope, saying:

EMMEKEN Oh, Vicar of Christ, God’s deputy on earth, as we are taught, there is no one more sinful than I. I fear I am shut out forever from the heavenly kingdom.

THE POPE Why is that, my child?

EMMEKEN I am the devil’s mistress and have been for seven years. I consorted with him and went with him. We traveled wherever we chose. And, know this, I carried on with him as if we were husband and wife. Don’t I have reason to be terrified.

THE POPE What, my child, with the devil from hell?

EMMEKEN Yes, Holy Father.

THE POPE Did you know he was the devil when he came to you?

EMMEKEN Yes, I did, and that is why I mourn.
The Pope  How could you live with the devil when you knew who he was?

Emmekken  Holy Father, do understand, it was the good times, the ready money, and the lavish presents he gave me that made me do this, though it makes me shudder now. No matter what I thought or imagined, he gave me whatever I desired. And then, what saddens me most of all and gives the greatest sorrow to my heart, is that so many people lost their lives in the places where we stayed. More than two hundred people, Holy Father, were killed and murdered on account of me at various times.

The Pope  God help us, for such sins you have good reason to live in despair.

Emmekken  Oh, Holy Father, advise me, if you think it at all possible, to find a penance for me before we go. I don’t care how painful it might be.

The Pope  I hardly dare draw so deeply upon Our Lord’s compassion. How could you have consorted with the devil? Such sins have never come to me in confession. So many lost their lives through your treachery, moreover. I do not know what kind of penance to impose upon you severe enough for such sinful acts. To live with the devil is just too beastly! Oh, God of infinite mercy, guide me in this! I am truly distressed in my mind. From your highest Glory, send me inspiration. Wait! Something comes to mind. It would grieve me if you were damned forever. Call the priest who came with you, and then you will hear your penance.

Emmekken  Where are you, reverend Uncle?

Uncle  I am standing here at the door, full of anxiety and fear until I know how it will all be resolved.

The Pope  Now listen to my judgment. It would sadden and pain me if anyone were damned if it could be avoided. And God would not want to allow it. Look, here are three iron rings. You should lock the largest one around her neck. The others, without more ado, lock them firmly and tightly about her arms. She must wear these rings until they are worn down or fall off by themselves. Then her sins will be completely forgiven. Not before will she be pure and free.

Uncle  I think it will be a long time before they fall off by themselves, for
they are terribly heavy and rough. In a hundred years they wouldn’t wear down more than a quarter of their thickness.

The Pope She can cleanse herself with heartfelt and complete penance so that they may fall from arms and neck on their own. Fasten them on tightly.

Uncle Well, Holy Father, I am locking them on so tightly and securely that they will never come off—unless it be the work of God. Oh, priest and spiritual leader of us all, with your permission, we’ll take our leave and travel the road again back down to our own country.

The Pope May the highest Reconciler ease your suffering more and more.

Emmeken Adieu, Holy Father.

The Pope Go under God’s protection, daughter, and remain steadfast in your penance, for on high in Glory steadfast penance is highly praised. Of all things that we read, penance can cure many ills.

So Emmeken received her penance from the Pope, and her uncle at once secured the rings about her neck and arms so that they would never come off during her lifetime except by the consent and miraculous intervention of Our Dear Lord.

How Emmeken departed from Rome and how she became a nun in the Convent of Converted Sinners in Maastricht

After Emmeken had the rings on, as you heard, she left the city of Rome with her uncle. They traveled for a long time until they came to Maastricht, where Emmeken became a nun in the Convent of Converted Sinners with the help of her uncle. After he had helped her to gain admission, he took his leave of her and traveled back to his own country, where he lived for another twenty-four years. Having helped his niece enter the convent, he visited her once a year for as long as he lived.

How the angel of God removed Emmeken’s rings from her neck and hands

Emmeken, dwelling in the aforementioned convent, lived so piously and
performed such severe acts of penance that the compassionate Christ forgave her all her sins, sending an angel while she was sleeping who took the rings from her. At this Emmeken was very glad, saying:

Emmeken Long nights are seldom enjoyable for those anxious or melancholy in their hearts. Their sleep is restless and sorrow laden with heavy, anxious dreams or other such horrors. Many such torments have happened to me. Who can tell me the true meaning of the dream I just had? It seemed to me that I was taken out of hellfire and carried up to heaven above. There, many white doves came to meet me who struck off my bonds with their wings. Wait! What do I see? Oh, God of Blessings, have I received your highest mercy? Oh, yes, my bonds are off, as one can see! They are lying right beside me! Oh, Divine Acts, what a powerful shield you are against perdition. That is why I can never thank you enough for this. Oh, Man, full of weaknesses and sin, you can take example from this, and in honor of this boundless favor, proclaim eternal praise of Almighty God, according to your poor and simple abilities. Good works should be well done in God’s temple.

Dear friends in God, without any deception, this happened here long ago, even if many people think it untrue. If you go to the city of Maastricht to the Convent of Converted Sinners, you would see there Emmeken’s grave and the three rings hanging above her grave, and below the rings, written in clear letters, the account of her way of life and the penance she endured, and how and when all this happened. Because of this evidence, I believe the story all the more. She lived for another two years after her bonds fell off, I was told, always doing penance and making an effort to please the King of Kings. Accept, all, this simple lesson thankfully and without complaint. Love made this possible that we might be received into heavenly Glory. Amen.
Mary of Nemmegen

[1.1] Duke Arent was taken of his sone Adolfe. Arent (Arnold of Egmond), Duke of Guelders, “was taken” by his son, Duke Adolf, on the night of 9–10 January 1465, which provides a date for the beginning of the events in the “littell story.” For the historical events against which the opening of the tale is set, see Introduction.

three myle fro Nemmegen. There is confusion here about the geography. Whatever the case, we are to imagine the distance to be a considerable walk, especially long if the uncle lives at Venlo, as indicated in Mariken. A “myle,” perhaps in the sense of the indeterminate “country mile,” thus appears to mean to be a long way to walk during a season when the “dayes be shorte,” an indication of the shorter duration of sunlight in winter. However, in the woodcut on the title page (repeated at sig. A1v), the hedge under which Mary is seated appears to be in full leaf. Mary’s uncle stresses that it is unsafe for a young woman “to goo alone in the nyght,” and this seems also to be indicative of the turmoil in the area on account of the political struggles of the time. For the comment that “skirmishes, raids and pillage ... became the order of the day,” see Nijsten, In the Shadow of Burgundy, p. 205.

cosen. Here signifying niece.

[1.3] hyr aunte bad chyd. Chided, but certainly meant in a very harsh and forceful way. She and the other women involved in political argument “all semed madde and semed more to be dyuylles then women.” Nijmegen had long apparently become a center of discontent concerning Duke Arent’s rule (Nijsten, In the Shadow of Burgundy, p. 203), but Mary’s aunt favored Duke Adolf’s side, the winner, temporarily, in the conflict between father and son. Her extreme anger, under the circumstances, would make her guilty of one of the Seven Deadly Sins; hence along with her antagonists,
she is identified as demonic, like a devil. The text here foretells the aunt’s self-murder, represented as the natural result of her anger and subsequent despair. Her wrath nevertheless is rather odd, since she reacts with fury when her loyalties have prevailed and, later, when there is a setback for her politically. Egbert Krispyn observes that in the English translation especially she emerges as a fanatical supporter “of the historical villain, Duke Adolfe,” and this structurally “matches her consistent efforts, within the action, on behalf of Satan” (“Mary and Mariken,” JEGP 75 [1976]: 362–64). Her evil disposition will come into play when Mary, after finishing her shopping, asks for lodging for the night, at which point her aunt is led to invent slanderous allegations about her behavior.


[2.3] nyght daunses in the corne when that it is hye. Referring to youthful promiscuity kept secret from elders. Presumably proverbial. Emendation; MofN: it his bye.

A dobell tonge it wyll nat tell the trowth. Proverbial. Her aunt accuses Mary of hypocrisy and deceit.

[2.4] many a daunse where there was no mynstrell. Referring to sexual intercourse. Again probably proverbial. In the following, “ye be a mayde styll to your belly were great,” “to” is a corruption; “though” seems intended. The Dutch text is more crude even to the extent of charging Mary with incest with her uncle.

caste ye me in the tethe. Why do you throw such false accusations in my face?


she cam to a thycke hegge. It is perhaps not a stretch to compare the “dark wood” that Dante encounters in the first canto of the Inferno. The hedge serves as the borderline between her life of virtue and her life of sin and crime. In anthropological terms, she has arrived at a liminal state, as a “realm or dimension that has few or none of the attributes of the past or coming state” (Turner and Turner, Image and Pilgrimage in Christian Culture, p.
2). Since it is thick, the hedge is presumably impassible—a proper symbol for representing despair—leading, through the arrival of the devil, to an earthly semblance of the space given over to the damned.

care I nat whether that I kyll myselfe or whether I goo to drowne me. Cf. the aunt’s words “I had leuer that ye lay in the ryuer.” (In Dutch, the river is specified as the “Maze,” i.e., the Meuse, which surely is an error since this stream does not flow by Nijmegen.) Mary is suicidal, and already is offering herself to the devil. She has in fact decided when, as an alternative to suicide, she says she will give herself either to God or to the devil, whichever one of them proves willing to assist her. When Satan appears, she will become an enabler of her own seduction.

[4.1] reddy for to hauke after damnnd sowles. Drawing on the image of the hawk, a predatory bird, roaming the sky and swooping down to capture its prey with claw feet. Depictions of the devil, lurking and ready to pounce, are common, as in deathbed scenes. But “to hauke” here may involve a mistranslation of the Dutch text; “haeckende” in this context is making reference to “desire,” meaning “desiring the damnation of the soul,” having set nets and snares. It is important to note that those being victimized seem already to be among the damned, i.e., persons who have given themselves to the powers of darkness. Some, like Mary of Nemmeggen and like Theophilus in the classic story of making a pact with the devil, will nevertheless eventually be rescued.


dyuell can never turse hym in the lykenes of a man, but he hathe some faute. As a shapeshifter, the devil has transformational powers, but to make himself totally like a man is beyond his demonic powers. He is ugly, and has but one eye. These deformities Satan cannot overcome and are symbolic of his corrupt essence. Mary will believe, however, that she sees a “man.” For this reason he causes her to be afraid when he approaches her. In contrast, in Mariken Moenen’s only physical fault is his lack of one of his eyes.

suger my wordes ... for men muste speke swetely to women. He must play the hypocrite, at least until he has successfully seduced Mary.

wrokyn on hym. Revenged upon him.
Helpe, God, I am wayted. Her natural reflexes make her call on God in her fear of being accosted by a dangerous intruder. “Wayted” signifies “spied upon, with intent to harm.” See OED s.v. ‘wait’ (v.), 1a.

I shall make you a woman above all other women. An echo of Genesis 3:5, which reports Lucifer’s promise that Eve and her partner Adam shall have their eyes opened and be as gods. Satan here, too, promises to do something extravagantly good, but in fact is offering something that will make her fall into evil. There is also an echo here of Luke 1:28: “blessed art thou among women.”

I syt here halfe mad and in dyspayer. Mary is seated, thus in a posture inferior to the devil, who is standing, as shown in the woodcut. Her seated posture may be regarded as a sign of her vulnerability. In her depression, she is emotionally “down.” She is easily tempted; she repeats her offer to give herself to either God or the devil “so that I were out of this thraldome and mysarye,” and queries Satan’s identity. Her depleted emotional state provides the “trigger” for her rapid acceptance of him as her new master.

master of many scyances. So too Mary will be promised superiority as a woman, for she is told that she will be given mastery of the Seven Liberal Arts—listed in Mariken, but not in Mary of Nemmegen, as Rhetoric, Music, Logic, Grammar, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Alchemy—which Satan promises to teach her. This will, he says, be the way to achieve superior status above all others of her sex. In her edition of Mary of Nemmegen, Raftery points out that the use of the verb consten to describe the teaching he is offering Mary also has “the connotation of ‘trick’—anything from pseudo-alchemy to conjuring” (p. 45). This knowledge is not being offered to her by study and hard work, but by a process like the infusion specified in the occult handbook known as the Ars Notoria, yet hardly involving the extensive ritual described there; see the translation by Robert Turner (London, 1657), sig. C1r. Of course, the enlightenment Mary will be given is a charade, leading to trickery, deception, and the illusion of power as much as that given to the protagonist of Marlowe’s Doctor Faustus.

I am nat þe beste of my kynne. Indeed he is not! But he nevertheless correctly predicts that she will accept him and “nat be displeased.” There is no reason to believe that Satan is here remembering with nostalgia the experience of heavenly bliss before the fall of the angels resulting from Lucifer’s insurrection. It is unclear, however, whether Satan’s categorization of himself has anything
to do with his status among the orders of angels. Commentary in a necromancer’s manual identifies Satan as particularly dangerous, “the most vicious enemy of the faith,” “tempter of righteousness,” “seductor of humans,” “most wicked dragon,” etc.; see Kieckhefer, *Forbidden Rites*, pp. 142–43.

*aforsayde*. MofN: a aforsayde.

**My name is Satan with the one yee.** His name in the Dutch play is Moenen, undoubtedly indicative of a lower order of devils than that implied by *Satan*, the grandiose name chosen by the translator; Moenen, whose name in contrast suggests that he is a devil, probably folkloric, and not ranked so far as we can determine in the usual medieval demonic hierarchy. In *Mary of Nemmegen*, this devil has received a promotion, for Satan is present in the New Testament as the antagonist of Jesus (e.g., Matt. 4:10, etc.), while in Ephesians 2:2 he is presumably the one designated as the “prince of the power of the air.” Satan is significantly named as one of the grand dukes of hell in a Faustbook, *Doctoris Iohannis Fausti magiae naturalis et innatural*, in Scheible, *Das Kloster*, vol. 3). For discussion, see Butler, *Ritual Magic*, pp. 159–80.

*perseyue I well that ye be the dyuell.* Mary’s recognition of Satan’s identity is important throughout and at the end, when she cannot deny that she entered into the relationship with him knowingly. Her next statement, claiming not to fear him though he “were Lusifer hymselfe,” shows her to be brazenly willing to proceed in her descent into evil.

[*4.4*] *scyances afore sayde*. MofN: a afore.

**manye other costely iuvelles and also money.** Recalling that, at the Temptation of Jesus (Matt. 4:1–11, Luke 4:1–13), Satan had offered worldly goods and power. Mary will have all goods that any woman could wish, and further is offered the opportunity to “haue all your owne pleasure” and to do everything that she desires.

[*4.5*] *nygromancy*. Mary says that her uncle performs exorcism and a species of ritual magic that is able to control the devil. Such rites were widely but not of course universally accepted as being legitimate. The practice of necromancy was identified with numerous well-known and respected figures such as the immensely learned Abbot Trithemius and Roger Bacon. See, for example, Butler, *The Myth of the Magus*, pp. 145–59. In some cases
necromancy appeared as a subset of one of the Seven Liberal Arts or even as an “eighth liberal art” (Verger, *Les gens de savoir en Europe à la fin du Moyen Âge*, as cited by Véronèse, “Magic, Theurgy, and Spirituality in the Medieval Ritual in the Ars Notoria,” p. 66). A cleric with a book has prominently conjured up a devil in a miniature, showing the liberal and mechanic arts in a British Library manuscript of Bruno Latini’s thirteenth-century *Le Livre dou trésor* (MS Add. 30024, fol. 1). Closer in date to *Mary of Nemmegen*, Reisch’s *Margarita Philosophica* places necromantia, pyromantia, and geomantia in book 7 along with astrology (tract. 2, chaps. 21–29).

[4.6] Necromancy most often signified the gaining of control over evil spirits and using such control to perform harm (Fanger, *Conjuring Spirits*, pp. vii–viii). For examples of such necromantic rituals, see Kieckhefer, *Forbidden Rites*. To “bynde the fynde” (fiend) in perpetuity will be the great achievement to be performed at the Last Day of history. The devil, however, adamantly refuses to allow Mary to learn necromancy for obvious reasons since this art would give her control over him, as he says in his aside: “then when she were angery with me then wolde she bynde me therwith.” True, missing a single letter could be dangerous for the conjurer in magic rituals; indeed all aspects of these ceremonies were considered dangerous. Here the ritual in the conjuring book is called a “geste,” from the Dutch “gheest” (“narrative”) in *Mariken*, and the danger lies in possibly having one’s neck broken. The attempt by Satan to do precisely this to Mary, after her conversion while watching the play-within-the-play, is a playing out of this warning concerning the risk of dealing with devils. Raftery notes the “predilection of devils in medieval Dutch drama, legends, and exempla” (p. 47) for attempting to break the necks of victims.

**speke all maner of langages.** Such “totality of knowledge” is promised by magical texts; see Véronèse, “Magic, Theurgy, and Spirituality,” p. 66. In *Mary of Nemmegen*, the purpose of speaking all languages is to achieve an “exalted” status and power. This is a parody of the gift of tongues at Pente-cost (see Acts 2:4). Mary is not interested in learning for its own sake or for spiritual enrichment.

**put me all hole to your wyll.** This may be seen as a verbal contract to place herself “hole” (wholly) under his control. She becomes in effect a slave to the devil, all the while falsely believing that she is doing only what she desires. The dynamic of slave and master here merits reference to the Lordship and
Bondage section in Hegel’s *Phenomenology of Mind*, pp. 229–40. After Mary’s reunion with her uncle, she says, “I gaue myselfe vnto the dyvel.”

[4.7] **chaunge your name, for I loue not to here that name.** Mary’s change of name involves a reversal of her baptism (see Introduction). She must give up the name of the Mary, which is anathema to Satan on account of the power it clearly holds over him; indeed, he says, “all my felashyp fare the worse” on account of her. Mary’s name, like Jesus’s, is linked to the holy figure that it designates as if it is actually a part of it—and a part of it that can be invoked in the service of the sacred and the good. Satan recognizes that the name itself has power. The name participates in the essence of the holy one just as an image of the Virgin was felt so to be part of her essence.

**chonge your name I shall make you a woman aboue all women.** Emendation; *MofN*: chonse. The passage echoes Genesis 3:5, the devil’s promise that Eve (and Adam) shall be “like gods,” i.e., all-knowing.

**Leysken, Merken, or Gretenyn.** The names suggested by the devil here, as in Dutch, are deliberately lacking in any numinous qualities, and Mary is clearly offended to the point of defending Mary as “the sweete name that can be” since “of Maria was Our Lorde borne.” Emendation: *for Mary cummeth; MofN*: cnmmeth. Naturally, Satan feels defeated at this point, but perseveres and threatens her with separation from him. Yet she insists she will not succumb, nor will she refrain from saying her daily prayer to the Virgin. She here refuses to desist serving the Mother of God, but later stops praying. As Raftery points out, “her uncle’s prayers on her behalf to a certain extent make up for this” (p. 49).

[4.8] **whatsoever ye here or se ye muste say nothynge.** Mary must keep secret what she observes, just as witches keep secret their rites and activities, including their acts of malice. However, the translation appears to be corrupt at this point. The Dutch text would have the devil forbidding *signing* (*seghe- nen*) herself, i.e., making the sign of the cross (see Raftery, pp. 48–49).

**wylde fyldde.** Field in the countryside, implying liminal space.

**ye shall be called Emmekyn.** Renaming but retaining the first letter “M” of Mary. The compromise is agreed upon with regard to her name, reluctantly on the part of both of them. The retention of this fragment of her name is
important for Mary’s/Emmekyn’s later conversion and forgiveness for her horrendous sins.

[4.9] Shertegen Bosshe. The strategic town of ’s-Hertogenbosch (also known as Den Bosch, the most important city in the northern part of Brabant), where they will stop briefly on the way to Antwerp, located about 80 kilometers distant.

**ye shall haue lerned.** MofN: lerued.

**worke meruayles.** “Marvels,” from “wonder” in the Dutch text. Not to be confused with legitimate miracles, but rather false appearances that only appear to be real. Through Satan’s agency, they will perform wonders, in the sense of astonishing events, cause for amazement, but also disasters, shameful deeds; see MED s.v. ‘wonder’ (n.). They will be examples of the working out of *maleficium*, harm engineered by demonic forces so feared in the historical period when witchcraft emerged as a critical issue in the consciousness of Western Europe.

**muskeadell, bastard, romney.** Bastard was a sweet Spanish wine similar in flavor to muscatel. Both were considered luxury wines. If romney was related to hippocras (“ypocras”), subsequently mentioned in the Dutch text, it was a sweet, spiced cordial.

[4.10] she arose. Only now does Mary/Emmekyn, who has been seated, rise up from her inferior position, but this is not a move toward being spiritually upright.

**toke theyr ynne.** Arranged for their room in the inn, and paid for it.

**for every man.** MofN: heuery.

**wolde nat let them spende a halfe penny.** The appearance of generosity, referenced in the Dutch text in the chapter heading. A halfpenny in the early sixteenth century was not negligible, being worth a little under 20 percent of a skilled wage earner’s daily salary; see Dyer, *Standards of Living in the Later Middle Ages*, p. 215.

[5.1] Mary that nowe is called Emmekyn. MofN: Eemekyn. A recognition
that Mary ought to be her real name, now forsaken, though she from henceforth will be identified as Emmekyn as a sign of her lessened and debased moral and spiritual status.

**yonge women be anone entreated.** Young women are easily misled.

[5.2] **knapsbelye.** Emendation; *MofN:* knappshelye. Mary’s aunt answers snappishly, roughly, quite an inappropriate way to answer a brother. She is harsh, without any feeling for the fate of her niece Mary, who she insists must be at the tavern where she is drinking “*with* good fellowes.” Ironically, this is precisely where she is, and with Satan her paramour. The Dutch text is far more crude.

[5.3] **If that she hath be broched.** Lost her virginity; broached, lit. ‘pierced,’ ‘stabbed’ (*OED*).

[6.1] **in þe meanetyme.** Misleading chronology. These events will take place considerably later, at the time of Duke Arent’s restoration.

**the olde duke ... let hym out of pryson.** The culmination of a period of intrigue, allowing the Old Duke, Arent, a return to political power. A sign of the political turmoil of the time.

**great tryumphe.** Referring to a formal triumphal entry into the city, an orchestrated entry designed to affirm the royal mystique of a ruler and to affirm the people’s loyalty to him. The latter effect was apparently not entirely achieved in the case of Arent’s civic entry in 1471 (*Nijsten, In the Shadow of Burgundy*, p. 389). The form and functions of an entry are discussed in Kipling, *Enter the King*.

[6.2] **swelled that she had almoste burste.** Predisposed to anger, she goes to extremes, in this case physically swelling up and becoming totally irrational. Such an expression of anger involves traditional iconography, which emphasizes its “unseeing” and “unreasoning” aspect; see the depiction of Wrath who is similarly swelling up and also tearing off her clothes in the fresco by Giotto in the Area Chapel at Padua (*Stubblebine, Giotto*, p. 89, fig. 65). Anger (*Ira*) is one of the Seven Deadly Sins, so the devil sees his opportunity and tempts the wicked aunt to despair and suicide, performed by slashing her throat (in the woodcut stabbing herself high in the chest, near the throat). Seeing the
devil at hand at one’s deathbed is also traditional; he will snatch the souls of reprobates to take them off to hell. The scene is depicted in the illustrations in the popular *Ars Moriendi* treatises, which to be sure encourage a good death that will frustrate the wishes of the evil one. See the useful comments and illustrations in Duffy, *The Stripping of the Altars*, pp. 313–27, figs. 117–19.

[7.1] **Gylden Tre on the Market Place.** An appropriately named inn (Dutch: *Den Ghulden Boom*), which stood on the Grote Markt (and which in recent times has been reconstructed after a 1637 painting). There is a lower level in the inn where spendthrifts waste their inheritances and where they bring their mistresses (“syngyll women that they kepe”). There are all sorts of unsavory characters present, while above in the gallery (*bovenkamer*) the town’s burghers are seated (http://www.belgiumview.com.t|1/view0000411.php4). They are described as acquisitive (takers of money). To see this scene will be a delightful “pastyme,” Emmekyn believes. Into the mix will be the malice that Satan introduces among the men in the crowd, initially by using Emmekyn as bait to attract some of them to try to “take hyr fro hym.” These are designated as “benchewystelers,” or reprobates of an indeterminate sort who hang out at taverns. For other interpretations of the inn’s name and function, see Barnouw, “Mary of Nimmegen,” pp. 74–75.

[7.3] **howe many droppes of wyne were in the pot.** Of course “vnpossyble,” but also indicative of the fraudulence of the learning that Emmekyn has acquired from the devil. Satan’s willingness to “let hyr slyp” (like a dog or hawk set loose) to dispute with the wisest doctor of Paris and Leuven is, of course, an idle brag. Her achievement of identifying the number of drops of wine in the pot does not seem to have been accomplished; it would have been a deed of “wonderly scyance,” in this case preempted by a shameful disturbance. Her skill at “gemetrye” (geometry) signifies the art of measuring, but perhaps also implies *geomancy*, which involves divination (see *OED*). In any case, Emmekyn’s “gemetrye” is to be understood as trickery, not the true application of knowledge that would signify one of the Seven Liberal Arts.

**beste docture in all Parys or Louen.** The best debater among the doctors in the universities of Paris and Louvain (Leuven). *Mariken* specifies the “stoutste Clerke” rather than clever “docture.”

[7.4] **shall gyue vnto you a pot of wyne before.** The translation here seems confused, since it indicates that each person shall give a pot of wine before
Emmekyn performs her trickery. The next words, “if there be any man that will say the contrary we will be avenged on them,” is also confusing.

**kepe our pece and speke no more, for retthoryke wyll be harde.** Another confused line, though there is no question about the need for silence, required while a magic trick is being performed. Compare Marlowe’s *Doctor Faustus* 5.1.25 (A-text): when Helen of Troy is about to be conjured up, Faustus commands onlookers to, “Be silent then, for danger is in words.” But the reference to rhetoric still seems illogical. What does this have to do with geometry? The explanation is that rhetoric is a subject of the long poem addressed to Rhetoric which Emmekyn recites in *Mariken* and which is omitted in the English adaptation.

[7.5] **sett some of them togyther by the eres.** Satan sees an opportunity to cause a squabble, and he does just this. His intent is extremely malicious, for he has tempted a small group (two or three men) so that the result is a homicide. Satan, a master of maleficium, is glad. This is presented as preliminary to an extended period of “reuell and mysse-rule” at the Gylden Tre in Antwerp. Emmekyn is the bait whereby Satan would tempt a great many who would thereby lose their lives.

**be that had done þe dede was tane and also behedhed.** Arrested, subsequently beheaded.

[7.6] **many men slayne. MofN: slayue.**

*I culde nat haue founde a better in all Anwarpe than this is.* Raftery (p. 53) cites Gascoigne’s *The Glasse of Governement*, act 4, scene 5, for the common belief that Antwerp is a “sixteenth-century Babylon.” This seems to have been a correct interpretation of Gascoigne’s statement that “there are not many townes in Europe that maintayne more iollytie then Antwerp,” for the city was verifiably one of the most cosmopolitan in Europe at the time and as such was inevitably more socially complicated than the picture drawn in the exhibition and catalogue, *Antwerp’s Golden Age: The Metropolis of the West in the 16th and 17th Centuries*. Lodovico Guicciardini, in his *Description of the Low Countreys and the prouinces thereof* (1593), comments on “how maruelouslie wel furnished” the town is endowed, furnished with “all kind of victuals and dainties, both for the necessary vse of man, and also for wantonnesse” (sig. 26v); this passage is also quoted by Murray, *Antwerp in the Ages of Plantin and Brueghel*, who gives the date of Guicciardini’s observation as 1557 (p. 4).
**note shall I worke many wonders.** Again, not true wonders or miracles, but *maleficium*, inevitably harm done to others, especially among the denizens of the Gylden Tre, a pathway for their souls to be “browght to hell” through the temptations offered by Satan.

**loggyng.** Lodging, convenient for Satan’s crimes of malice.

*my snare, as men may take a byrde that cannat flye.* See Psalm 123:7 (AV: 124:7): “Our soul hath been delivered as a sparrow [Lat.: *avis*] out of the snare of the fowlers” (trans. Douay-Rheims). Satan sets snares for men and women as a fowler sets snares to catch the unwary. He finds many “siche at all tymes in this howse,” that is, at the Gylden Tre inn on the great Market Square, and may disguise himself as a fortune-teller or physician, both suspect vocations. His goal is to catch “more than a thowsande sowles into hell” if he is not prevented by “my mayster Jhesu.” Thus, he admits to a more powerful force than the powers of evil in this world are able to muster and acknowledges Jesus’ ultimate authority. The devil is not an atheist, but rather a combatant on the wrong side of the moral and spiritual struggle. In this struggle, Emmekyn will be a collaborator on account of her vicious life.

**make one styche another.** Stab, meaning mortally. Raftery suggests Dutch derivation, from “(Doot)steken” (p. 53).

[8.1] **forthynkethe me my synfull lyuynge.** Emmekyn begins to feel the first pangs of conscience, the first halting move toward repentance. She balances the “ioyes of heuen” against going “the ryght way to euerlastynge perdy- cyon,” and for the first time comes to a full sense of what it means to be in league with the devil. Oddly, she remarks that Satan would not reveal his identity to her previously—a sign of how blinded she has been by him. She blames her aunt, who, she says, “caused” her to fall into the way of hell, in this manner shifting responsibility away from herself.

**ronne to ferre.** Admitting despair, a sense of hopelessness, and a feeling of being unable to turn back. Having traversed this distance, she fears it is too late to repent—that is, she will be unable to exercise her will. She is indeed in bondage to Satan.

**I was wonte to worshyp Our Lady dayly.** Her daily prayer to the Virgin has been discontinued, and now in her present relationship with Satan he will not permit this practice. This relates to the bondage of her will to Satan, who
will not allow her to choose the good. Her response is chilling: she will set aside her “heuynes” and “make good chere,” with the result being the stabbing of another man—and then another in the course of a robbery.

*than went Emmekyn and Satan.* MofN: wen.

*they fell.* Emendation: MofN: the fell.

[9.1] *on a tyme longed Emmekyn for to see hyr vnkyll and other kynsfolke.* After six years of “myschefe and manslawter” in Antwerp, Emmekyn is drawn to return to see her relatives, especially her uncle, who has great love for her and has “wept for my sake many a tere” (emendation; MofN omits *for*). Significantly, as a person in bondage to another, she must ask permission and does not want to go alone. Hence she asks Satan to accompany her. His response is anger, but he does not speak out loud to her about his feelings, especially about the “pole shorne [tonsured] pryste that prayeth a prayer to the woman þat is all in whyte [the Virgin Mary] that lettethe [preventeth] me at all tyme that I may nat haue my purpose.” At this moment, and at times previously, he would otherwise have inflicted bodily harm on Emmekyn by breaking her arm, leg, or neck. This certainly undercuts all fair words spoken to her when he was seducing her at the beginning of their relationship, and also makes a mockery of the fun they believe they have been having in Antwerp. The great power of the Virgin Mary in human affairs is also affirmed, and this will be crucial after her conversion experience at the play-within-the-play when Satan makes a direct attempt on her life.

*or this tyme other.* Before this time or at another time (presumably, eventually).

*the didycacyon of a chyrche.* Emendation; MofN: dilycacyon. The dedication ceremony involves a special ritual in which the bishop, after a perambulation of the church, during which it is sprinkled with holy water, strikes three times with his crozier on the west door, and commands, quoting from Psalm 24:7–8, “Tollite portas, principes, vestras, et elevamini, portae aeternales, et introibit rex gloriae” (“Open up, ye gates, open, ye everlasting doors, that the king of glory might come in”). A deacon representing the devil inside the church then says, “Quis est iste rex gloriae?” (“Who is this king of glory?”). The bishop responds, “Dominus virtutum, ipse rex gloriae” (“The Lord strong and mighty, he is the king of glory”). This exchange is repeated three times; on the final command the door opens so that the bishop and
the others in the procession may enter. In some rites a man impersonating the devil hurries out of the north door to signify that the interior space has been purified. The rite is reflected in the liturgical representation of the Harrowing of Hell, in which Satan is overcome at the gates of hell by the Anima Christi on Holy Saturday. See Young, The Drama of the Medieval Church, 1:102–04, 149–51; and, for a convenient summary of the rite, see Spatz, “Church Porches and the Liturgy,” pp. 347–50. In the case of Emmekyn, this day with its remembrance of the Descensus (the Savior overcoming the powers of hell) is therefore auspicious, all the more so on account of the Marian festival and annual play that she will insist on witnessing in spite of the devil’s desire that they should slip off to the tavern.

_Than sayd Emmekyn_. Emendation: Eemekyn.

[9.2] _more than a yere agoo_. Emmekyn learns from Satan that her aunt has died over a year since; in the Dutch play the time of her death is nearly “drie iayer,” three years.

_They play_. MofN: The.

_a play pat is wont euery yere to be played_. In the Dutch text, the play-within-the-play, identified as Masscheroen after the main character who acts as the devil’s advocate, is included insofar as Mariken drops in on it to see and hear, but since she arrives in the middle she will only be there for the final portion. Masscheroen may have been part of the costly production of the St. Lucas Guild that was noted in the guild’s records for 1518; see Introduction.

_a play were better than a sermant_. Plays are more effective than sermons. See Introduction, and compare A Tretise of Miraclis Pleyinge, ed. Davidson, pp. 97–98, for arguments in favor of religious plays, but therein presented only to be confuted by the writers, presumed to be Wycliffites.


[9.3] _What lye ye on me_. Why are you begging me “to see the play”? Satan gives his permission reluctantly, but commands that she must “tarry no lenger than I shall call you.” She may have what she will, but only within the limits set by him; she is, he insists, not free. Here as at other times he keeps her like a dog on a leash, though she will of course now slip away from him, as he is afraid might happen.
she sawe hyr lyuyng played before hyr face. The embedded drama, a morality play of “synfull lyuyng,” albeit not actually presented in the English prose adaptation, serves as a mirror for her to view her sinful life. The concept of a play as a mirror is conventional, based on the Aristotelian theory of artistic production as involving the imitation of nature.

she began to be sory and take repentance. At this point she is, as indicated below, “all hole [wholly] turned fro hyr mysse lyuynge”—in other words, this will be the point in time at which she is converted, though, as revealed in her next speech, she still fears that she has “ronne to ferre” along the paths of unrighteousness to be saved. In the Dutch play, Mariken more explicitly feels the depths to which she has sunk as a condition deserving of consignment to hell rather than election to heaven.

for he wolde haue hyr here it nat oute. But his command to her is not be heeded; the master-slave relationship is broken.

Lorde, haue mercy on me. Translating the Greek Kyrie eleison, retained in the Ordinary of the Latin Mass. Emmekyn now has a full sense of the depths into which she has sunk and she despairs; she feels she is not worthy to live. She weeps for the first time over her transgressions. This was considered an important and indeed necessary step toward salvation, especially in the practice of the visual piety of the time. A Tretise of Miraclis Pleyinge, albeit hostile to such experience, reports that religious plays might bring spectators to “compassion and devocion” and so cause them to weep “bitere teris” (p. 98). The devil correctly interprets what has happened to Emmekyn, and sees that all his “laboure is loste.” Her will is no longer to be subject to his, though the passage to full freedom of conscience will be long and arduous.

Go fro me, thou false fynde. Mary’s definitive rejection of the false fiend Satan, who will not, however, be easily defeated in his aim to capture her soul for hell and damnation. He will command her to be quiet, but his control over her is no longer effective. She reiterates her rejection of her abusive partner, but, in her fear, she prays that she may be defended “from the handes of the dyuyll that he do to me no harme.”

arose the dyuyll fro the growne. Rising above the ground, possible because Satan has the power of flight accorded to demons. He threatens to carry her off into the air to the place of everlasting pain if she talks back to
him. She does not allow him to control her even though, as she later admits, his plan, in case she should resist, was to carry her off “body and soul” to hell. Compare Marlowe’s Dr. Faustus, who in contrast is unable to break the bondage in which he is held by the powers of evil (e.g., A-text, 5.2.32–34). A useful discussion of the contrasting and distinctly Protestant psychology of the bondage of the will in Marlowe’s play is contained in Fletcher, “Doctor Faustus and the Lutheran Aesthetic,” pp. 187–209.

[9.6] toke he Emmekyn in his clawes and carryed hyr vp into þe ayer. Satan’s true form and essence are revealed in his claws; however, in the book this description of him is supplemented by the accompanying woodcut, which shows him as a fully sub-human shape; see Introduction. Emmekyn is taken up to a height higher than any church steeple in the southern Low Countries. The height from which she is cast down should have killed her, as intended by Satan. She is protected from breaking her neck by “God and Our Lady,” the Virgin Mary, both of whom have been impersonated in these roles by actors at the end of the play-within-a-play of Masscheroen in the Dutch Marien.

[10.2] thare was hyr vnkyll, that harde the same playe. Her uncle goes to Emmekyn when he is asked to do so by a town burgess, and he does so “[w]ith a good wyl.” He will pronounce her survival after the fall to be a “great meruayle,” a true miracle, to be distinguished from the kinds of illusory marvels that Satan has been able to effect through his powers. Only then, as he looks at her lying on the ground, does he recognize her as his niece.

[10.4] a good space in a sounde. In a swoon, that is, unconscious, for a period of time. In modern terms, this might be a sign that she has experienced a concussion.

[10.5] nowe I am dampted. In contrast to being in a state of grace when she was dwelling with her uncle. Her despair again here is part of the conversion process, but she still cannot fail to fear that she has stepped too far into evil to be forgiven. The danger of such thinking, however, will be explained by her uncle: “nobody [is] loste without they fall in despayer.” This is a theological commonplace. He wishes to know how she has come to this condition, and she tells him her story in a sanitized version that nevertheless implies the worst.

geste muste we rydde. Geste, here meaning “kind,” “company”; see OED s.v. ‘gest’ (n²); cf. the Dutch word gast in Mariken.

when it please me caraye byr body and sowle to the pyt of hell. Satan’s goal, now being frustrated by Emmekyn’s uncle, who will prevent (“let”) him. At this point he “coungered” the devil, that is, he performed a rite of exorcism, presumably involving magic rather than merely rites that were a normal part of Roman Catholic practice. Emended to read please. MofN: psease.

went byr vnkyll to the deaco and complayned. Clearly a mistranslation of the Dutch text, inexplicable here. If so, the translator mistook Emmekyn’s uncle’s offer in Mariken to see that she is taken to the deacon to have a fire prepared (considering her state after her fall); see Raftery, p. 60.

that durste take apon them to absoyle byr. Emmekyn’s salvation will depend on an action by the institutional Church, which alone can dispense absolution. However, none of the clergy at Nemmegen feels able to absolve Emmekyn. Blasphemy and heresy required absolution from a bishop, but a sin even more terrible like the apostasy committed by Emmekyn will, as later demonstrated in the story, require the highest authority to perform the rite. In the Middle English Play of the Sacrament, absolution by a bishop is needed after desecration of the Host (Davis, Non-Cycle Plays and Fragments, pp. 58–89), and it would seem that Emmekyn’s crime is far worse. Emmekyn and her uncle will set out for “remmedy” from higher authority at Cologne. The following chapter heading tells that when they departed from Nemmegen he carried the Holy Sacrament to prevent Satan from having “pore of [power over] them.”


toke be the Holy Sacramente in his bande. The Host, consecrated at Mass that morning; Ghysbryche would have carried it in a ciborium, as in a procession.

byr vnkyll berynge. Emendation; MofN: vunkyll. The Host along with their prayers will protect them, a critical presence of the holy, since they are followed by Satan “all þe way.” The devil is restrained by his fear of the Host, indicating the real presence of the Godhead in the transubstantiated bread. In his maliciousness, however, the evil one breaks down trees to “caste
after them” with the intent of breaking their necks. There is perhaps an air of comedy in the futility with which Satan single-mindedly attempts to pursue his nihilistic plan of destruction, now directed at both his would-be victims. However, the devil is still a real and present threat for Emmekyn; because of her life of crime and sin she remains in a highly vulnerable state and is only safe through the protection of “our good Lord...is ever mercyfull.” God’s mercy serves as her ultimate protection from the devil’s malice. Belief in his malevolent and very real power in this world was the norm, just as strong belief in the actuality of hell itself still was accepted, though this would change over time; see Walker, *The Decline of Hell*. There has to be an element of terror in Satan as he continues to threaten both physically and spiritually, even though simultaneously his power is contained so that his threats might also be seen to some extent as ludicrous.

[13.1] *in short space with good aventure*. Expeditiously and by good chance (but involving risk).

*kneled they downe*. Prostrated themselves before the Pope, who is presumably Sixtus IV (1471–84).

[13.2] *haue done all thynge that he commanded me for to do*. Emendation; *MofN*: thyuges. In her confession, Emmekyn explains that she has been the devil’s sex slave and has performed other acts of obedience to the devil, including being an accessory in his crimes—that is, *maleficium* on a large scale. And, she tells the Pope, she did it all knowingly, including her part in the murder of over two hundred people. She indeed has reason to be “ryght heuy,” being thus under such a great burden of sin.

[13.3] *Hawe culde ye consent to hym*. This question has relevance to the question of why abused women remain with violent partners, a phenomenon that has been studied widely, perhaps nowhere more penetratingly than by Jessica Benjamin in her book *The Bonds of Love*. In Emmekyn’s case, she was fully aware of the consequences, yet was willing to remain totally under Satan’s control until she revolted and asserted her own will over his.

*the great gyftes ... and also the pleasure that I had ... and had all that I desyred*. Emendation; *MofN*: þat that. The rewards were the fulfillment of earthly desires, physical (“of syluer and of gold”) and pleasures—that is, both entertainment and erotic enjoyment. She had *everything*—except, of course,
freedom of will and the ability to empathize with others. Now she is confessing her existential emptiness to the Pope.

I am as heuy therfore as ony woman may be. Emmekyn echoes the Pope’s word (“heuy”) to describe her condition. The concept of sin as a weighty burden is a Christian commonplace. In her despair, which today might be described as a clinical case of depression, her heaviness of mood may also be compared to St. Augustine’s feeling, before his conversion, of “walking a dark and slippery path” and descending into the depths (“ambulabam per tenebras et lubricum profundus maris”); see Confessions 6.1.1; trans. Boulding. She begs the Pope, “for the loue of God and Our Lady,” to give her penance for her sins “howe great soeuer it be.” She requires rescue from her experience of the dark night of her soul, a living hell, and still fears that release may not be possible. At the same time, she recognizes that there is a path to salvation and it will be difficult. There is, in other words, hope—the hope of obtaining grace.

[13.4] without that God gyue vnto me some grace. The crimes are so serious that the Pope cannot give an appropriate penance without divine guidance through an answer to his prayer. He will not proceed to give absolution until he has chosen the right penance for her. He then makes the announcement of her penance to Emmekyn with her uncle present. This is necessary, since her uncle will have a role in her penance, which will involve the three great iron rings that she is to wear. In the Dutch text, the Pope exhorts her uncle to attach the rings to her neck and arms tightly, while in the translation he will have the task of engaging a smith to “set them on” later.

[13.6] when they be consumed and gone, then be your synnes forguyen you. To this, the uncle objects that they would not be consumed and fall off in two hundred years, an inflated number since the Dutch only specifies one hundred years. The Pope has confidence that a miracle will take place through the sincerity of her prayers, but still conditions his statement with “may”: “thorowghe hyr prayer Our Lorde God may haue mercy on hyr and take hyr to his grace.”

mercy of God. MofN: mercy or good.

[13.7] Take good hede that ye abyde styll in the mynde that ye be in. In his farewell to Emmekyn and her uncle, the Pope urges her to keep the faith, be
stedfast, and “fall nat in despayer.” It is only when the rings fall away that her sins will be fully forgiven.


**Mastryche where was a nonnery of nonnes of Seynt Magdalenes order.** Such a nunnery at Maastricht, in the diocese of Liège, seems not to have existed, but in this case a convent dedicated to Mary Magdalen would have been regarded to be appropriate since this saint was the patron of reformed prostitutes (here “mysse women”). The Magdalen was also a patron saint of the Dominican Order, to which the St. Lucas Gild in Antwerp had a close relationship; see Peeters, “*Mariken van Nieumeghen: Historia – Rhetorica – Ethica,*” p. 179. Emmekyn begs her uncle to assist her by appealing to the abbess to find acceptance in this convent and to be “shorne in”—that is, to have her head shaved as part of the consecration ritual in which she is made a novice of the order.

[15.1] **fasted and prayed so muche.** The sentence is indicative of the effectiveness of fasting and praying, resulting in all of Emmekyn’s/Mary’s sins being forgiven. After years of prayer and penitence of heart, she thus was returned to her baptismal purity. In a vision in her sleep, she first thought “she was in hell,” from which she was then released and taken by an angel to heaven. If despair on account of her sins had been a living hell (thus St. Gregory had described the state of sin in *Moralia in Iob,* 8:29; ed. Adriaen, 3 vols., Corpus Christianorum 143), so now she is as if taken up out of the abyss. In her vision she also credits doves for beating away the iron rings that have been symbolic of her penance and the weight of her transgressions that have now been overcome through the power of God’s grace.

[15.2] **awaked she and saw the rynges.** When Mary observes the rings that she had worn lying by her, she gives thanks for God’s mercy and the miracle that has taken place. In a typical ending for a saint’s life, her prayer calls on all to see her as an example and, in the time of grace, to do penance and “amend your wretched lyuyng whyle ye maye haue laysure.” All are reminded of the usefulness of prayers to Our Lady in the time allotted to us in this earthly life.

[15.2] **God is by me.** Mof/N: God is by be.
[16] The conclusion. The claim of “trewth” is repeated, and for any disbelievers the advice is given to see for yourselves—that is, to go on pilgrimage to Flanders, to Maastricht, where in the nunnery dedicated to the Magdalen the doubter can see the “yron rynges.” These would be relics of one who, in spite of a great quantity of sins, had achieved saintliness—in other words, had left behind objects as relics allegedly worthy of being venerated and of being visited by pilgrims journeying to see them. There, too, could be seen an inscription verifying Mary’s penance as well as the information that she lived only two years after she was “delyuered of þe rynges.” She is now in bliss, the writer affirms, and to this same condition may we all be brought. Such an ending is a characteristic of a saint’s legend. The syntax of the final sentence is shaky.

Mariken van Nieumeghen

Prologhe. Olaf. Later editions emend to Adolf.
1 DIE OOM. Omit Mariken.
2 dese. Mariken: des.
13 onderdaniebeit. Van Mierlo suggests “in alder mate” (“in all aspects”) as a rhyming alternative; this emendation has been adopted in all later Dutch editions.
22 sustere. Mariken: suster.
26 boeven. Mariken: boven.
30 Groet. Mariken: Geoet.
37 dits. But Dits makes sense, as Van Mierlo’s note indicates.
48 heb. Mariken: hebt.
56 woont. Mariken: woent.
59 maeck. Mariken: mack.
81 dincken. Mariken: duncken.
98 MOEYE. Mariken: MOYE.
109b Maze. Apparently an error on the part of the author or typesetter, since the river at Nijmegen is not the “Maze” (Maas, or Meuse) but the Waal. Coigneau suggests not very convincingly that the name can be proverbial, referring to “modder” (“mud”).
115 laten onghequelt. Mariken: late nonghquelt.
117 worm int hoot. It was believed that madness was caused by worms in the head.
120 winsch. Mariken: wensch.
140 scandich. Mariken: scandch.
146 vermalendiden. *Mariken*: vermalendien.
169 *die*. *Mariken*: die die.
183 This line omitted. Leendertz suggests, to rhyme with “ghesint”: “Want boven al dat leeft heb ick u ghemint” (“Because I loved you beyond everything alive”). For other possible solutions, see Coigneau.
204 alkenie. *Mariken*: alkenie.
213 *Moenen*. A not-very-elegant devil’s name, perhaps from Dutch folk tradition. Debaene speculates an origin from Scorcerer, or slightly more convincingly from Mahoë (i.e., Mohamet). Also, not convincingly, he offers adaptation from Daemon?
295 segghen. Making the sign of the cross is not permitted in a contract with the devil.
308 lettere; *Mariken*: settere.
324 geeste. So *Mariken*. Modern Dutch editions emend to “ghereyde” (“at your disposal”).
340 troost. So *Mariken*. As a rhyming alternative, “raet” has been suggested by Van Mierlo.
350 dunct mi. So *Mariken*. Van Mierlo has suggested “druyt mi” (“my friend”) as a rhyming alternative; Ramakers has “goey Jan [Duyt] ghi.”
367 MOEYE. *Mariken*: MOEIE.
380 MOEYE. *Mariken*: MOYE.
432 This line belongs more logically to the devil.
437 in. Mariken: iu.

477 Meijerij. Located in the former duchy of Brabant.
504 Hoochstraten. Present-day Hoogsraten, located en route to Antwerp, twenty miles to the south.
511 neersticheit. Mariken: neerstichs.

524 Non-rhyming line introducing Mariken’s praise of Rhetorica, the art of eloquence. Chambers of Rhetoric in cities of the Low Countries were organized by the town elites. At their festivals and contests they promoted the vernacular and developed language skills by which they attempted to bring themselves to true piety and to ward off melancholy. Technique alone was considered insufficient, and, as Mariken says (l. 514), the Rhetorician receives his gift from the Holy Spirit. Street poets were often attacked, as Mariken seems to do in the last line of her recitation. For comment on the Chambers of Rhetoric, see the Introduction to the present edition, above, and also at more length Pleij, “The Chambers of Rhetoric,” pp. 96–129.

527 grieffelijcke. Mariken: grieffelijc.
537 daer. Omit Mariken.
551 prinselijc. Referring to the Chamber’s patron or so-called “prince.”

569 gaen. Mariken: naen.

576 Line omitted. Leendertz proposed, and Ramakers concurred, “Ick sal mi ghelaten als een bequaem meestere.”

618 helscaps. Mariken: helscalps.

646 A line following, rhyming with “luchte,” is suggested by Van Mierlo: “Maer ic belet van boven” (“But I fear resistance from above”).

After 647 uutermateu. Mariken: wwatermateu
653 ic niet. Omit Mariken.
654 MOENEN. Mariken: MOEN.

715 wine. Mariken: wiue.
717 saisoenen. Mariken: saisonen.
719 sele. Mariken: elcke.

753 bende. Mariken: herde.
768 Dan. Mariken: Dat.
780 liechdi. Mariken: leihdi.
823 segbie. Mariken: seghe.
870 Modicack. A scatological name for the devil, otherwise not identified. Coigneau references commentary by Michels in *Tijdschrift voor Taal en Letteren*, p. 17, and by Maximillianus in *De Nieuwe Taalgids*, p. 18; also van de Kastelee, “Letterkundig Leven te Gent van 1500 tot 1539,” p. 48, for the information that “Modecac” was the name of a rhetorician jester (*rederijkersnar*) from Kortrijk.
871 A line, ending in a word rhyming with “vul,” seems to be missing here.
872 steden. Mariken: ste.
879 nu therte sal. Mariken: nuth erte al.
888 tswerck. Mariken: twerck.
889 worpense. Mariken: worpene.

907 aderen. Mariken: anderen.

913 Antropos. Atropos, like Clothos and Lachesis, is one of the three Fates in classical Greek mythology. Clothos spins the thread of life, Lachesis measures it, and Atropos, the most terrifying of all, cuts it off. However, Mariken’s uncle welcomes death upon his recognition of her apparent broken neck as a result of her fall.

922 melcflessen van korten blisse. Humorous devilish curse, not yet sufficiently explained. Coigneau cites a suggestion that “melcflessen” may be a corruption derived from *maleficium*, while “korten blisse” in turn may derive from “Koran,” regarded as a devilish Islamic book. Another explanation that has been advanced has “cortenblisse” derived from “Tortelbless,” a more common name of the devil, in this case said to be derived ultimately from Thor, the *bliksemer* (thrower of lightning).

938 onsachtich. Mariken: onsashtich.
944 ghevraeckt. Mariken: gheuracht.
951b sneeft. Mariken: sueeft.
1010 ghequestst. Mariken: ghequets.
1034b EMMEKEN. Mariken: EMMEKN.
1044 gheeert. Mariken: gheteet.
1051 die. Mariken: di.
1083 sullen. Mariken: sulleu.
1124 eewighen. Mariken: eemighen.
1144 hemelsche. Mariken: hemelsce.
## Abbreviations

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Abbreviation</th>
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<tr>
<td>Leendertz</td>
<td>P. Leendertz, ed. <em>Mariken van Nieuwegen</em> (1904)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mariken</td>
<td><em>Mariken van Nieuwegen</em> (Vorsterman, ca. 1515)</td>
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<td>MED</td>
<td><em>Middle English Dictionary</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>MofN</td>
<td><em>Mary of Nemmegen</em> (Doesborch, ca. 1518)</td>
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<td>OED</td>
<td><em>Oxford English Dictionary</em>, 2nd ed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Van Mierlo</td>
<td>J. Van Mierlo, notes to <em>Reproductie van de post-incunabe van W. Vorsterman</em>, edited by Debaene, introduced by Verhofstede (1950)</td>
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