

The Play of the Boat to Hell
Translated by Eric “C” Heaps
From *Auto da Barca do Inferno* by Gil Vicente

Characters

The Devil

Crewman

Angel

Noble - D. Henrique – a man who lived off of inheritance.

Moneylender – a man that made a living lending money at very high interest rates

Cobbler – by the name of John Antonio, he appears to be well-off, perhaps he owns his own shop
– rich shoemaker

John - an idiot, fool

Priest - Father Babriel

Florence; - his courtesan

Brisida Vaz - a female pimp

Jew – moneylender by the name of Semifara

Judge – high functionary of the justice system

Lawyer – high functionary of the justice system

Hanged Man

Four Crusaders – who died fighting for the faith

Devil: To boat, my friends, to boat, ahoy
For at this time, the tide is slack.
Now come all flesh, get in the back.
It's done, it's done, 'tis a joy.
Go there, though the hour be bad
Tighten up those lines and cords
Get your arse up off those boards
Make room for those we will add.
To boat, my friends, to boat, bub!!
Hurry, if you want to go.
What a great time to heave-ho!
Praises to Beelzebub.
Hey now there, why do you droop?
Clear off the deck, 'tis not your bed.

Crewman: In good time will I move my head.

Devil: Lower, bad hour, the plank at the poop,
Untie the lower part of that sail
And throw that line rearwards.

Crew: O halyards, o yards!

Devil: O what a boat is this!
This is a party you shouldn't miss;
Raise the flag, anchors away.

O precious Don Henrique!
Have you come? What's this?!

Noble: Tell me where this boat goes,
That I see beneath your toes?

Devil: It goes to the island of the lost,
We leave soon at any cost.

Noble: Are you going there miss?

Devil: Sir, at your service.

Noble: This looks like a maze to me!

Devil: Because you're outside you see.

Noble: So where do you head?

Devil: To Hell, the land of the dead.

Noble: A land highly unfavored.

Devil: What! You mock here too?

Noble: And passengers find you
For such a landscape?

Devil: I see that you're in shape
To go to your due.

Noble: Maybe it seems like that to you . . .

Devil: What hope do you still keep?

Noble: I have someone to weep
And pray always for me.

Devil: They pray always for thee?
Hee hee hee hee hee hee.
You lived at your pleasure
Hoping to escape your measure
Because they pray for you there!
Embark, or get on the boat,
For you are to go to my lair.
Find yourself a chair,
Meet your dad across this moat.

Noble: What, what, what! Is that all?

Devil: Whatever; get on the boat quick:

What a man chooses,
Determines what he loses.
Since your heart's failed to tick,
You must come out on the pier.

Noble: Isn't there another boat here?

Devil: No, sir, this is it,
And right when the dust you bit,
They gave me the sign.

Noble: What sign, in fine?

Devil: That here you would fit.

Noble: Ah, there's another way.
Hey! Where do you go from here?
Hey boatsman, don't you hear?
Answer me! Listen, I say!
By God, I am more than ready,
I say that this is much worse!
By my honor, these fools adverse,
Say my noble claims are not steady.

Angel: What dost thou want?

Noble: I want you to tell me,
Since I died so unexpectedly,
If this boat is of the heavenly,
That goes to Paradise

Angel: It is. Ask of me advice.

Noble: Your ship is of great worth:
I am of noble birth,
Letting me on would be wise.

Angel: Tyranny must not come in,
Into this ship that knows no sin.

Noble: I don't know why it's such trouble
For me to enter, a noble.

Angel: The tale thou tellest is tall,
And this boat is very small.

Noble: For someone of such stature
How do you have such gall?
Lower the plank, o what rapture,
To take me from here away.

Angel: I don't see any way
To get thee in this vessel.
The other has more room to nestle:
Their chair will hold you
And thy children too,
With all thy ancestors.
Thou art part of the devil's clutch
Thee and all thy nesters.
Thy tyranny festers
About which thou carest so much;
And because in generosity
Thou forgottest the needy poor,
I'll think less of thee not more
As you attack me with ferocity.

Devil: To boat, to boat, o great lord.
O what a silver-lined tide!
And a killing wind beside,
With valiant men to oar.

(Singing)

You all shall come to my hand,
To my hand you all shall come,
And be, I'm betting
Fish in my netting.

Noble: To hell with me!
Is hell where I'll arrive?
So sad that while I was alive,
I never believed what I now see!
I lived life like I dreamed,
I loved to be knelt to;
I felt my state to be true,
I thought to be redeemed.
Lower the plank and we'll see
This ship of sadness.

Devil: Embark with gladness,
And then you'll understand me.
Grab a pair of oars,
And after you've rowed
And we've reached our abode,
We'll leave you at the doors.

Noble: Wait for me here, abide:
While I go back to life
To see my beloved wife,
To keep her from suicide.

Devil: She'll kill herself for you?

Noble: This I well know.

Devil: You needn't go
O man of much ado.

Noble: She wanted me so much
She wrote me a thousand letters.

Devil: Whose lies were to you fetters
The pleasure was a crutch!

Noble: Why do you mock me
Who had the best of women?

Devil: Thus you lived, amen,
Or so you wished it to be.

Noble: As far as I know, I did.

Devil: For, while you were dying,
She was to be found lying
With another in his bed.

Noble: Excuse me, sir,
I'd like to go see my wife.

Devil: For you think her pain so rife
That from a cliff it will throw her.
All her prayers today
Between your shouts and roaring
Were for the infinite glory
To be from you free and away.

Noble: But she cried so loudly.

Devil: Is there not crying for joy?

Noble: And her passion was just a ploy?

Devil: Her lover gave her that proudly.
Enter, my friend, enter:
The way is ready for your foot.

Noble: I'll enter, my life's kaput.

Devil: Rest now in the center,
Breathe until the boat's crammed
The sands of death are turning.

Noble: O boat, how you are burning!
This is the boat of the damned!

Devil: You, young man, go onward,
Here's no place for you to perch;
Not for you, who went to church
This plank will not be lowered.
Here is only irritation,
Engraven with worry and pain
Manual labor and loads of strain
It would be outside your station.
To boat, to boat, gentlemen,
We want to leave our slip:
Come to ship, come to ship!
Many and of good ken.

(Note: the devil here seems to be addressing some passerby who otherwise goes unmentioned.)

Moneylender: O what a valiant ship!
Where are you sailing?

Devil: O what an hour to be failing,
Moneylender of my friendship!
Why are you so late?

Mon: That I'm here at all is the news;
While harvesting my dues
Saturn decreed my fate.

Devil: Now what surprises me most
Is that you're not free of money.

Mon: Well, it's not very funny
I don't have enough for the host!

Devil: Now enter, come on in.

Mon: I'm not going in here.

Devil: O how sweet, you fear.
Just lift up your chin!

Mon: I passed away just now,
Let me find a boat to take

Devil: Well for Pete's sake,
Why not get in my schow?

Mon: What's the destination?

Devil: Where you are to go;
We're leaving you know:
No more expatiation.

Mon: But where are you going?

Devil: To infernal territory.

Mon: I say, I'm not entering in this lorry;
This other is glowing.

(Going to the boat of the angel)

Hello the ship, hello, hey!
Soon away will you row?

Angel: And where dost thou want to go?

Mon: I'm heading for Paradise.

Angel: Well, I don't think it wise
To take thee today.
This other will take you away:
Go to he who in you confides.

Mon: Why?

Angel: Because thy bag of gold
Will take up the whole ship.

Mon: Without it then I'll make the trip.

Angel: But thy heart is still cold.

Mon: At home my money is not short
Twenty-six million in a chest
For with much interest I attest
Will you let me in your transport?!

(Returns to the Devil)

Hello, hey, o demon of old
Do you know what sinks me down?
I want to head back into town
And I'll bring back more gold,
Then that other sailor there,
Who thinks I didn't bring enough,
His treatment of me is very rough
Like the captain over in Barreiro.

Devil: Enter, enter and you shall row;
We will not lose this tide.

Mon: However . . .

Devil: With me abide:
I'll make you enter, you know;

Satan is who you will serve,
For his help to you he inclined.

Mon: O sadness, who made me blind?

Devil: Shut your mouth, weep as you deserve.

(Entering in the boat, to the noble)

Mon: Saint Joan of Valdez!
Is this to be our fate?

Noble: Be kind to the demon, our new bedmate.

Devil: Do you hear? Listen to what the noble says:
You, noble, remember, take care
Do you think that now you can rest?
I will hit you with this oar and zest
Till courtesy you forswear.

Fool: Hey there!

Devil: Who is it?

Fool: It's me.
Is this service boat yours?

Devil: Service for who?

Fool: For fools.

Devil: For you: enter.

Fool: Should I jump in or fly?
O for the sake of my grandpa!
I ended up getting sick
And then I died real quick,
And for me the bell tolled.

Devil: What did you die of?

Fool: Of what?
A bout of diarrhea.

Devil: Of what?

Fool: I crapped myself to death.
And that's why I'm in a bad mood!

Devil: Enter, come on in.

Fool: Hey now, don't poke fun at the idiot!

Devil: Enter, eunuch fool,
We're going asea.

Fool: Wait, wait, wait, you there:
And where is it we'll end up?

Devil: With the devil to sup.

Fool: Where's that?

Devil: Hell. Come in

Fool: This is a hell of a bad time.
Hey, hey, boat of the devil.
With thick lips that bevel,
You cutter down of swamps!
Wolf like a sheep that romps.
Leaf from a plant in a bog,
Frog, frog, frog,
Son of a great traitor
Whose wife was a prater.
At whom a frog would think twice,
All rolled up in vice,
Grandson of a gypsy.
Onion-stealer, I'm tipsy,
Kicked out of the church,
You mule, I thee besmirch.
Take up your lost bread
Your wife who'd leave you dead.
And run away from here.
Before I kick you in the rear,
The devil stop you.
Ha, ha, I'll throw you in,
Stupidity you'll win.
Ha, ha, poop on the deck,
You talking head,
Old gypsy's legs,
Stocks that robbers dread
The glassmaker's dregs.

(Arriving at the boat to Glory)

Hello the ship!

Angel: What dost thou want?

Fool: Will you take me beyond?

Angel: Who art thou?

Fool: I'm a nobody.

Angel: Thou shalt pass, if 'tis thy desire
For what in thy life did transpire
Was not done on purpose:
'Tis enough thy simpleness
To sing with heavenly choir.
Wait awhile here with me,
To see if more do come
In life who ended victim
And should enter here with thee.

Shoemaker: Hello the ship!

Devil: Who approaches us?

Shoe: The blessed honored shoemaker

Devil: How much goods you take here!

Shoe: They told me to come thus.
But what's the destination?

Devil: The land of the damned.

Shoe: Those whose sins are uncrammed
Where do they go with elation?

Devil: There's no need to talk any more.
This boat is definitely yours.

Shoe: I'd abstain from your oars,
And your boat and your shore.
How can this be well,
I confessed, my sins all weighted?!

Devil: And you were excommunicated,
And didn't want to tell:
You hoped to live,
Your thousand sins hidden.
Robber of thirty years unbidden,
From people who you outlived.
Get in, it's a bad time for you
For I already await you long.

Shoe: I tell you you're wrong.

Devil: I tell you it's true.

Shoe: How many sermons I've heard

Don't they matter a thing?

Devil: Hearing a sermon, then robbing,
Is the path away from the Word.

Shoe: And the offerings I gave?
And the deathwatches I made?

Devil: And the money you mislaid,
That was to misbehave?

Shoe: And what about my leather shoes,
Or any fine-made product,
I arranged all my work conduct
Like saints with their virtues.
Now I pray to God for grace.

(Goes to the boat to Paradise)

Ahoy to the holy caravel,
Can you take me away from hell?

Angel: The other wilt string thee up.

Shoe: Why no mercy for I, who worship?
From God I deserve a little.

Angel: This other boat, well it'll
Take those who rob the poor.
O misguided souls!

Shoe: Now, I am quite surprised
You think this boat undersized
Four bags full of trolls,
Full and standing upright
Can fit in any corner.

Angel: Thou wouldst not be a mourner,
If thou hadst lived all right.

Shoe: Is that how you decide
Who will burn in Hell?

Angel: The notebook there will tell
Who in hellfire will abide.

Shoe: So, demons, why wait?
Come on, let's get there now,
Take me to fire I vow:
Why should we be late?

(A monk enters with a young woman by the hand; they come dancing, lowering for a kiss)

Dia: What's this, Father? Who's with you?

Monk: *Gracias Deo.* Milady Courtesan. (Latin: Grace be to God)

Devil: Do you also know how to dance?

Monk: Well, I could hardly forget.

Devil: Is this woman to go with you yet?

Monk: I don't know where I should get in.

Devil: Is she with you?

Monk: I'm not sure;
I bring her here as her savior.

Devil: And didn't you take her too
Within sacred convent walls?

Monk: She liked it in those hallowed halls.

Devil: O, how precious!
Enter, Reverend Father.

Monk: Where will you take us?

Devil: To that fire endless
With which in life you didn't bother.

Monk: I swear I don't understand:
And this collar has no worth?

Devil: O Father who so liked Earth,
To Beelzebub is my command.

Monk: O consecrated body of the Lord:
By the faith of Jesus Christ,
The which I thought sufficed:
Am I to be condemned hellward?
Such a beloved priest,
And so given to goodness!
God grant me healthiness,
For I'm startled at the least.

Devil: We cannot hold off the fact.
Get in the boat and we will leave,
Grab some oars and heave.

Monk: This wasn't in the contract.

Devil: But your sentence is already passed.

Monk: But, what about the woman!
She shan't go in such a sampan
She, my Florence, must be blessed.
What! For being a lover
And spending time with a woman
Is a monk to be undone?
With so many prayers to cover?!

Devil: Oh, now ready you are!

Monk: But I did you correct.

Devil: Devout husband and cleric,
Here you'll receive torture.

Monk: God maintain his crown!

Devil: O father Friar Headpiece,
Who acted life with caprice.

Monk: You know that as I breathed,
This sword was always unsheathed,
And this shield raised high.

Devil: I'll give your grace a try
At fencing to be bequeathed.

Monk: Give me something to hunt.
And soon you will see,
A hole in a demon, yea, thee:
This is the first affront.
Raise up your sword,
I put the devil on a cross,
As I will make you dross.
Come with weapon forward,
And be thee prepared.
Ready for defeat, a rout;
For soon you will pout,
Nothing else is compared.
When the harvest is late,
Attack is not prudent.
Wait, as the student,
For the second round await.
God keep me safe
With musket or staff;
Guard on my behalf
As with armor I'm safe.

I'll come out with my dirk.
Ho there, I'll guard the side.

Devil: O you're valiant I confide!

Monk: In this I will not shirk:
I will fight you again and more.
Against you and yours I'll rend;
And your power I'll upend,
Here is the sixth troop for war.
From here I'll find a guide,
And beat you soundly twice:
This is truth not lies.
O how many in hell that died
With a Father such as I
Am I to suffer in Hell?
To disdain the Saints, do tell
Treat them as if in a sty!
We'll move onward with our plight,
We will wait no longer.
Come, Florence, God is stronger:
Let's go to Heaven's shipwright.

(Arriving at the boat to Glory)

Deo gracias. Is here the place
For my humble reverence?
And also for my Florence,
For through me she can find grace.

(Latin: To God be grace)

Fool: Oh, this is not a good time!
Did you steal that collar, priest?

Monk: Lord, give me at least
The strength to avoid this grime.
We'll go where we have to.
God has nothing to do with this bank!
I don't see a way, to be frank,
To glimpse out Heaven's view.

Devil: Father, soon you must come.

Monk: Yes, take me there Florence,
And we'll fulfill my sentence;
We're ready for our kingdom.

Brisida Vaz: Hello the ship, hello!

Devil: Who's calling?

Bris: Brisida Vaz.

Devil: Wait a minute, tell me the cause:
Why it's taken her so long?

Crew: She said she didn't here belong
Without her friends with flaws.

Devil: Get in the boat and row away

Bris: I don't want to get in there.

Devil: So tasteful to see you scared!

Bris: It isn't this ferry I seek.

Devil: Have you evidence, speak?

Bris: That for which I'll be spared.

Devil: What could bring you Heaven's glory?

Bris: Six hundred false virgins,
And a box that with magic burgeons
To tell no further story.
Three helpings of lies
Five safes full of spells,
Stealing that excels,
Thus to accessorize,
A closet to hold it all,
To move my house about,
A path to walk on out,
With deception not small.
And the biggest thing I bring
Are the young woman I sold:
For that merchandise all told
I bring much for judging.

Devil: Put your foot upon my deck.

Bris: Hey! I'm heading for Paradise.

Devil: And who informed you to this wise?

Bris: That is where I end my trek.
I am such a martyr
Of my goods I've been stripped
I've even been whipped,
No one's had life harder.
If I were to go to endless fires,
Everyone else would too.
This other boat beyond you

Caters more to my desires.

(Arriving at the boat to Glory)

Boatsman, my friend, by my eyes,
Brisida Vaz is calling.

Angel: I do not know why thou art here.

Bris: I ask you on my knees.
Do you care that I have fleas?
Angel of God, my rose,
I'm Brisida, as everyone knows,
That helped women to please;
I raised those young girls
To work on the corners.
Keep them from being mourners,
Lovie, my little pearls,
To them I'm an apostle,
Martyred and canonized,
With good works baptized.
A saint could not make docile
As many girls as I saved:
All of them saved at my cost,
That none at all were lost;
All like good girls behaved.
I brought them a good life.
Do you think I had no strife?
I suffered and none were lost.

Angel: Thou goest with the demon,
Thou art not for Heaven endowed.

Bris: But I already shouted out loud
Why I shan't go with that seaman.

Angel: It will not work for thee to plead,
For thou canst not come with me.

Bris: And what a bad time to be
At this shore with such a need!
Hey, boatsmen of every bad hour,
Lower the plank, with you goes me,
This was meant my fate to be,
This bitter end and sour.

Devil: Enter, my lady, in the scow,
And you'll be accepted wholly
If you had lived a life most holy
You would feel it now

(Jew enters with a goat on his shoulders)

Jew: O mariner, how goes it, son?

Devil: What a bad hour to arrive!

Jew: Whose boat is this you drive?

Devil: This is the boat of the boatsman.

Jew: Let me on for this money.

Devil: And what about the goat?

Jew: The goat's with me on the boat.

Devil: A goat as a passenger, funny!

Jew: Without a goat, how will I travel?

Devil: Well I don't work with goats.

Jew: Here are four ten notes,
And here you see me grovel:
For the love of all that's good
Let me bring the goat
Would you like another ten note?

Devil: You'll not enter in this boat of wood.

Jew: How come the Jew can't go
Where Brisida Vaz is going?

(To the noble)

Is my noble lord knowing?
My noble sir, so?

Devil: O, Don Henrique, who gave you
Command of this ship?

Jew: Judge or lordship,
It doesn't matter who.
Day of judgement,
Fire, brimstone, gall of hell,
In the air, a manure smell,
Strong chains as encasement;
With the Lord who shakes thee
With sackcloth on your face:
Makes a mock in this case,
Tell me, you whited tree?

Fool: Did you steal the kid, you old goat?
It would seem to me
You who care to be free
Wearing a blood-red coat.

Devil: Jew, I'll drag you there,
For you are to go unseated.

Fool: And he peed on those he cheated.
Not a follower of St. John, dear!
And he even ate his beef
Not his fish on Fridays;
And of his savior, leastways,
He crucified his chief.

Devil: Now everyone, let's set sail.
You, Jew, from this boat I ban,
Because you are a very bad man.
You and the goat go tied to the tail.

Judge: Hello the ship!

Devil: What do you want?

Judge: I am here, the Chief Judge.

Devil: O lover of a grudge,
How many vices you vaunt!

Judge: From my air you will know
They come not from my soul.

Devil: How will you find a loophole?

Judge: This accomplishment you will see.

Devil: Then enter in my little ferry
I have you in my contract.

Judge: Where do you go, to be exact?

Devil: In Hell you are to tarry.

Judge: What! To the land of the dead
Is to go a justice of the peace?

Devil: O holy injustice,
Get in the ship, the rows are set.
Come in now, for you must come.

Judge: *Non est de regule juris*, man. (Latin: It is not the rule of law)

Devil: *Ita, ita*. Give me your hand,
 You grab a paddle, son.
 Make account of your birth
 To our companion here.
 Judge, what is to fear
 Come up the plank with mirth.

Judge: Oh! I'll renege from the voyage,
 And of you, my guide!
 Isn't there another ride?

Devil: Not even for a mess of pottage.

Judge: I don't understand these ship laws,
 For even *hoc non potest esse*. (Latin: This cannot be.)

Devil: If to you it seems messy . . .
 I do nothing but move my jaws
 That's my law, embark.

Judge: Ah, *videtis qui petatis?*
Super jure majestatis
 To your law must I hark? (Latin: Do you see who you ask?)
 (Latin: Upon the right of magistrate)

Devil: When you heard your cases
Nonne accepistis rape?
 So there is no escape
 Fled mercy leaves no traces.
 You know this role so well
 To hell, get on your way! (Latin: Did you not accept)

Judge: *Domine, memento mei:* (Latin: Lord, remember me:)

Devil: *Non es tempus*, o man of hell.
Embarkinum in my boat,
Quia judicastis malicia. (Latin: There is no time,)
 (Here the devil mixes Latin with Portuguese in original)
 (Latin: He who judges malice/poorly/in evil manner.)

Judge: *Semper ego in justicia*
Fecit and not to gloat. (Latin: With *fecit* on next line, I always justice did.)

Devil: And the goods of the Jews
 That your wife took away?

Judge: In this I had no say:
 To her belong those dues;
Non sunt peccatus meus,
Peccavit uxore mea. (Latin: They are not my sins,)
 (Latin: My wife sinned.)

Devil: *Et vobis quoque cum ea* (Latin: And you also with this)

Nemo timuistis Deus.
In a great way *adqueristis*
Sanguinis labororum,
Ignorantes peccatorum,
Ut quid eos non audistis.

(Latin: Didn't even fear God.)
(Latin: acquired)
(Latin: Blood of those who labor)
(Latin: Ignorance of those who sin)
(Latin: And how many did you not hear.)

Judge: You, sailor, *none legistis*
Both judge and give the sentence?
The laws have lost all constance
Si aliquid tradidistis.

(Latin: are you not read)

(Latin: If anyone is delivered up.)

Devil: Now enter your dark fate,
To go to the lake of the dogs,
And live in eternal fogs
With those like you who hate.

Judge: In the land of the damned
Are they who preach new tenets?

Devil: The teachers of such secrets
Are there well crammed.

Judge: O my good friend lawyer!

Lawyer: I kiss your hands, judge.
What says this water carriage?

Devil: That you were a good liar.
Enter, young jurisdoctor,
And you shall man the pump.

Law: And who is this chump?
Do you mock or proctor?
These students you have aboard
Where are you taking them to?

Devil: To eternal punishment, I do.

Law: I say, I'm not in accord.
There's another boat near,
Much better to my sight.

Devil: 'Tis now you see the light!
It's you hour to be here.

Judge: Did you confess, my son?

Law: I'm college educated
I felt religion outdated,
And my death would never come.
And you, adjudicator?

Judge: I confessed my very soul
But everything I stole
I covered like a satyr;
Because, if you don't return it,
The priest will not absolve,
And it's very bad to devolve
Without a legal writ.

Devil: So why not get off the shore?

Judge: *Quia speramus in Deo.*

(Latin: Because we wait on God.)

Devil: *Embarkinum in barco meo:*
For why *esperatis* more?

(Play on Latin/English and Latin: in my boat)
(Linate: Hope, play on expect/wait and hope as
same word in Portuguese/Latin)

(They go to the boat to Glory)

Judge: Hello ship of the glorious,
Let us on to your deck.

Angel: A plague upon ye both
Ye rotting, hateful souls
How think you saved in your roles,
As children of science, by troth!

Judge: Oh! *Habeatis* clemency,
And let us pass as yours.

(Latin: Have, show forth)

Fool: Men who set law at nought,
Obbedray abbtsray
and egslay of ickenschay,
Now you've missed a lot.

Judge: Angels, don't be contrary,
We have no other point.

Fool: *Beleguinis ubi sunte?*
Ego latinus macairo.

(Latin: Where are the guards?)

(Latin: I speak stupid Latin/I'm stupid speaking Latin)

Angel: Eternal justice divine
Commands you come loaded
Because you will be goaded
In this hellish boat so fine

Judge: St. Martial does not prize
This stream or e'en this river!
Heaven knows that I shiver,
Bad here is nothing to their eyes.
Lower your black plank here,
Let us in to see this secret.

Law: There's a text that does decree it. . .

Devil: Enter, and decree you will hear.

(To Brísida Vaz)

Judge: You are very poorly met,
Mrs. Brísida Vaz.

Bris: I'll be in peace if in these jaws
Justice has not my penalty set:
To have my breasts grow hard with milk
As fate would demand for my crimes.

Judge: Return you to your weaving times
To spin more lies of silk. . .

Bris: As you say. Tribunal and judge:
Has Pero from Lisbon now come?
We'll tie him out back with the scum,
And off we will go through this sludge.

(Pero from Lisbon was a civil judge who tried to stop the 1506 riots in which "New Christian" Jews were slaughtered.)

Devil: Come away, hanged man:
What said Garcia Moniz?

(A treasurer and noble of the court in Lisbon)

Hanged Man: I'll tell you, if you please:
You're as lucky as Pan,
He said, for for your death
I will become sainted;
For I died hanging untainted
Like a bird upon its nest.

Devil: Enter in and row away
To the very gates of Hell.

Hang: It isn't there that I'm to dwell.

Devil: Enter, there's still space I say.

Hang: For Pete's sake!
Garcia Moniz said I would clinch
As I died hanging, as in a lynch
Freedom from hell's mandrake!
And he said God would provide
For he was also hung up,
So I should with Him sup,
That for good I was born and died;
And the Lord did me choose,
And then I saw good omens;
A pelican and a thousand Latins,

As if I Latin knew.
And as I passed from life free
He said into my ears
That the chosen place for years
Is hanging on a tree:
Not even a monastery
Has so many holy people
Nor does any single steeple,
Than the penitentiary.

Devil: Did that make you feel better
Or give to you some strength?

Hang: Around my neck 'twas a length
Of rope, I couldn't be a fretter:
Sermons lead to devotion,
That then leads to change;
But to he who hangs
A sermon has no notion.

Devil: Enter, enter, in my lorry,
For it is to Hell you go.

Hang: And would Moniz lie so?
He told me: With glory
You will eat honey and bread
Since you are being hanged.
Now I'm to be harangued
I'm as good as dead.
Now I don't know what to do:
He didn't tell me about a river,
No man nor woman to make me shiver,
Just Paradise in few.
And this all in good time;
A saint I would become,
But I don't know what I've done,
Or if he was only lyin'.

Devil: Did he tell you of Purgatory?

Hang: He said that it was prison,
And that it was my mission
To die with victory;

Devil: Now enter, for you are to go,
Your father will not follow.

Hang: Enter I will, this dish I must swallow.

Devil: You enter well, you know.
Now all, cut the lines, shove off,

We must away from this dry land.
You, doctor, lend a hand;
Sir noble, let us cross this trough.

(Four Knights enter, singing in four parts)

Knights: To the boat, to the boat most secure,
Keep clear of the lost boat of strife:
To the boat, to the boat of life.
Ye men who work so hard
For life that fades as an ember
Remember, by God remember
This dreadful boat reward.
To boat, to boat, ye mortals;
But living the life of the lost
The boat of life is the cost.

Devil: Crusaders, you pass forthwith
And don't tell me where you go?

1st Knight: And you, Satan, presume so?
Be careful who you talk with.

2nd Knight: And what do you demand?
If you want to know us some;
We died far from our home,
And that's all that you can stand.

Angel: O crusaders for Jesus,
I have waited long for you,
That died in battle true
For Christ above, who sees us.
Upon you evil has no lease,
Holy for certain, no doubt;
For they who die in such a bout
Have earned themselves eternal peace.