

## Text extract 'Harrowing of Hell' from: Das Innsbrucker Osterspiel

Based on the digital version by Nigel F. Palmer / Henrike Lähnemann of *Das Drama des Mittelalters. Mit Einleitungen und Anmerkungen*, ed. Eduard Hartl. Vol. 2: Osterspiele, Leipzig 1937 (DLE. Reihe Drama des Mittelalters 2), p. 136-189

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*Angeli cantant, Tollite portas principes vestras  
et elevamini portae aeternales,  
et introibit rex gloriae.*

*Lucifer, Quis est iste rex gloriae'*

*Angeli, Tollite portas, principes, vestras,  
et elevamini portae aeternales,  
et introibit rex gloriae.'*

*Lucifer, Quis est iste rex gloriae'*

*Ihesus dicit:*

Ir hern vz der finsterkeit,  
290 vvir rufes sit ir gar vngemeit.  
balde schliset vff dy tor:  
der konnig der eren ist da vor!

*Lucifer dicit:*

Stoz den regel vor dy tor,  
der konnig der eren ist da vor!  
295 her schriget vns czu den oren:  
werlich, er mag wol toren,  
so vil kan her klaffen!  
waz hat her hy czu schaffen?  
balde heiß en enweg gen,  
f. 39' anders en wert eyn boße weter besten!  
301 ly mir crewel vnd kelle,  
ich wil en sencken in dy helle!

*Et sic Ihesus frangit tartarum*

Nu kumt, myne vil liben kint,  
dy von mynem vater bekommen sint!  
305 ir sult mit mir ewiglich  
besiczen mynes vater rich.

*Adam dicit:*

Wol mich hûte vnd ymmer mere!  
wol mich deser guten mere!  
ich sehe den der mich geschaffen hat,  
310 an dem hymmel vnd erde stat.  
bis wilkom, lyber vater Ihesu Christ!  
eya, wy lange du gewesen bist,  
daz du dich ny woldest erbarmen  
vbir vns vil armen!  
315 erbarm dich hûte vbir mich,  
vil lyber herre, dez bit ich dich!

*Ihesus dicit:*

Eya lyber Adam,  
wy waz ez vm dich getan?



Bodleian Library, MS. Lat. liturg. e. 18

**Angels:** (*singing*) 'Lift up your gates, princes, and be lifted up, eternal gates, and the King of Glory will enter in.' [Psalm 23(Vulgate), used as antiphone for advent]

**Lucifer:** 'Who is this King of Glory?'

**Angels:** 'Lift up your gates, princes, and be lifted up, eternal gates, and the King of Glory will enter in.'

**Lucifer:** 'Who is this King of Glory?'

**Jesus:** (*speaking*) You Lords of darkness, your brawling is completely fruitless. Lift up the gates at once – the King of Glory is outside!

**Lucifer:** Push the bolt across the door, the King of Glory is outside! He shouts right into our ears! Truly, he can rage as much as he can shout! What business has he here? Quickly tell him to go away, else a great storm will force its way through! Give me the pitchfork and hook, I will drag him into Hell!

*Jesus breaks open the underworld.*

**Jesus:** Now come, my very dear children, you who have come from my Father! You shall possess with me forever my Father's kingdom.

**Adam:** Joy to me today and ever more! Joy to me for this happy tale! I see him who created me, and through whom Heaven and Earth stand. You are welcome, dear father Jesus Christ! Ah, how long have you been, that it seemed you would never have mercy on us very sorrowful souls! Have mercy on me today, very dear Lord, this I beg of you!

wer gab dir den bosen rat,  
320 daz du brachz gotes gebot?

*Adam dicit:*

Lyber herre, daz wil ich dir sagen:  
der leydige tûfel vns hat betragen:  
er kam czu Evan gegangen  
glichir wiz eyner schlangen.

325 er sprach ‚Daz ist dy beste spiße:  
dy sult ir essen, so wert ir wise!’

*Eua dicit:*

Da ich den apphel vmving  
an dem baume da er hing,  
czuhant wart der fluch getan,  
330 der noch der frawen hanget an:  
nu muz liden pin vnd not  
manig sele in der helle glut.

*Ihesus dicit:*

Nu kumt, myne vil lyben <kint,  
dy von mynem vater bekommen sint,>  
335 in mynes vater rich,  
daz uch bereit ist ewiglich!

*Et cantat ‚Venite, benedicti patris mei’*

*Tunc anima infelix volens recedere cum deo*

340 Neyn, neyn, du bußer wicht,  
du kumest mir von hynnen nicht!

*Anima dicit:*

Awe, awe, awe,  
myr thon dy tufel alzo we!  
Ihesus, lyber herre,

345 schal ich nicht mit dir von hynnen kere?

*Lucifer dicit:*

Awe, awe, hoffart,  
daz din y erdacht wart!  
ich waz eyn engel klar  
vnd luchte vbir alle engel schar.  
350 ich hatte mich dez vormeßen,  
daz ich welde hochir han geseßen  
wen der ware got,  
der da ist der hoste rat.  
dar czu brachte mich myn hoffart,  
355 daz ich ernityder gestoßen wart  
vil tyff in dy helle,  
ich vnd alle myn gesellen.  
we dem der da tribit hoffart!  
iz wert em alles czu der sele gespart,  
360 ouch mußen sy liden gruße not:  
we dem der da hoffart tut!

*Tunc Lucifer currit ad pallatium, clamans alta voce:*

Gesellen, liben gesellen alle,  
kumt mit eyne grußen schalle  
vnd mercket myne clage,

365 dy ich uch wil sage:  
wir waren gewaldig lange:  
ez ist vns vbel ergangen,  
wir haben dy selen vorlorn,

**Jesus:** Ah, my dear Adam, how did this happen to you? Who gave you the evil advice that you broke God’s command?

**Adam:** Dear Lord, I’ll tell you: the lying Devil has deceived us. He came to Eve in the form of a snake, and he said ‘This is the best food – you should eat it, then you will become wise.’

**Eve:** When I grasped the apple from the tree where it hung, at once the curse which still hangs over women was laid: now many souls must suffer pain and sorrow in the fire of Hell.

**Jesus:** Now come, my very dear children, you who have come from my Father, to my Father’s kingdom, which has been prepared for you eternally!

*(singing)* ‘Come, you blessed of my Father’ [Matt. 25:34]

*Then an unhappy soul tries to leave with God.*

**Lucifer:** No, no, you wicked one, I won’t let you escape!

**The Soul:** Oh, oh, oh, the Devil has caused me such suffering! Jesus, dear Lord, shall I not go with you from this place?

**Lucifer:** Oh, oh, pride, that you ever were invented! I was an angel pure and bright, shining above all the host of angels. I had the pride to think that I was destined to sit higher than the true God, who is the highest councillor; I was brought to this by my pride that I was pushed down very deep to Hell, me, and all my companions. Woe to him who engages in pride! It will all be taken out on his soul. All those are doomed to great suffering: woe to them who act in pride!

*Then Lucifer runs to his palace, calling out in a loud voice:*

Friends, all you dear friends, come with great clamour and take note of my cries, and what I want to say to you:

des last uch allen wesen czorn!  
 370 nu vahet waz ir müget begriffen,  
 daz last uch nicht entwichen!  
 daz muz mit vns ewiclichen wesen  
 vnd kan nicht genesen:  
 Ihesus, der grüße herre,  
 375 gehinder vns nummermere!

*Sathanas dicit:*

Lucifer, lyber herre,  
 din schade ruwet mich sere!  
 so geroge wir weder tag noch nacht,  
 ez werde den din wille volbracht,  
 380 ouch wil ich dar noch ymmir ringen,  
 ich wulle dir vil selen brengen.

*Lucifer dicit:*

Sathan, Sathan,  
 min vil lyber kumpan,  
 lauf hen keyn Pullen,  
 385 daz wir dy helle gefullen!

*Sathanas dicit:*

Lucifer, lyber herre myn,  
 waz du gebutest, daz sal sin!

*Lucifer dicit:*

Sathan, Sathan, min vil liber kumpan,  
 lauf hen keyn Avian,  
 390 bringe mir <alczu mal>  
 den babest vnd den kardenal,  
 patriarchen vnd legat,  
 dy den luten geben bosen rat,  
 konig vnd keyser  
 395 dy bringe mir alczu male her,  
 grafen vnd fursten,  
 (dy darf nicht her gelüsten),  
 ritter vnd knechte,  
 (dy sint mir alczu mal rechte),  
 400 bringe mir den voyt vnd den raczman,  
 dy den luten vil vnrechtes haben getan,  
 bringe mir ouch dy wucherere,  
 (dy sint gote gar vnmere),  
 dy schepphin mit dem orteyl,  
 405 dy bringe mir her an dinem seyl,  
 den phaffen mit der blatten,  
 den monch mit der kappen,  
 bringe mir den byrschencken,  
 (den wil ich in dy helle vorsencken),  
 410 bringe mir den becken mit dem wecke  
 (dem wil ich machen eyn gruz geleck),  
 den fleyschewer mit der kw  
 vnd den webir dar czu,  
 bringe mir ouch den czymmerman,  
 415 min vil lyber kumpan,  
 bringe mir den schuster mit der ole,  
 den altboßer mit der sole,  
 bringe mir ouch den byrschrotener,  
 vnd dar czu den botener,  
 420 esser, eyler,

we were powerful for a long time.  
 We fared badly, we have the lost  
 souls, this should make all of you  
 angry! Now catch what you can, let  
 them not escape! Those must be  
 with us for ever, and cannot be  
 saved: Jesus, the great Lord, can  
 hinder us no more!

**Satan:** Lucifer, dear lord, your  
 humiliation angers me greatly! We  
 won't rest day or night unless we  
 have fulfilled your will, and I will  
 always work to bring you many  
 souls.

**Lucifer:** Satan, Satan, my very dear  
 companion, hurry from here to  
 Apulia, so that we can fill Hell!

**Satan:** Lucifer, my very dear lord,  
 whatever you want, it shall be!

**Lucifer:** Satan, Satan, my very dear  
 companion, hurry from here to  
 Avignon, bring together for me the  
 Pope and the cardinals, patriarchs  
 and legates, who give people bad  
 advice, king and emperor, bring to  
 me here together, the counts and  
 princes, (they should not find this  
 place amusing), knights and squires  
 (to me they are equally welcome),  
 bring me the squire and the  
 councillor who have done many  
 wrongs to the people, bring me also  
 the usurer (they are absolutely  
 hated by God), the judge with their  
 judgement bring me here on your  
 rope, the priest with the papers, the  
 monks with their tonsures, bring me  
 the publican (whom I want to drown  
 in Hell), bring me the baker with the  
 roll (whom I will prepare into a tasty  
 meal), the butcher with the cow and  
 the weaver as well, bring me also  
 the carpenter, my very dear  
 companion, bring me the cobbler  
 with his awl, the leatherworker with  
 the sole,

sporer, veyler,  
 bretsnyder, deler,  
 trencker, toppler, spiler,  
 dy brenge mir also her  
 425 <tho des schier noch myner ger>,  
 brenge mir ouch den trunckenbolt  
 (got der wert em nymmer holt),  
 brenge mir den muller mit der meczen,  
 (den wil ich czu hinderst in dy helle seczen),  
 430 brenge mir ouch den beder mit der questen,  
 den salczman mit der mesten,  
 den smet mit der czangen  
 (dez hatte ich vorgeßen lange),  
 den fischer mit dem hamen,  
 435 den schiffman mit dem kanen,  
 brenge den phifer vnd den rotther,  
 den pucker vnd den fedeler,  
 vnd aller ley spilman  
 (der ich dir nicht genennen kan),  
 440 brenge mir ouch dy spinnerin  
 (mit der wil ich ouch vrouden begin),  
 ouch brenge mir den kemmer,  
 dar czu den bûrstenbinder,  
 brenge mir ouch dy klappermynnen  
 445 dy da siczen an den czynnen  
 vnd duncken sich alzo heilig syn  
 alzo dez phaffen mastswin.  
 noch weiz ich eyn geschlechte  
 <daz ist der helle nicht rechte>,  
 450 der schalt du nicht brenge her,  
 so tust du wol noch myner ger!

*Sathanas dicit:*

Lucifer, liber herre myn,  
 waz du gebutest, daz sal sin:  
 is taug nicht lenger gespart,  
 455 ich wil mich heben vff dy fart.

*Angeli cantant, Silete'*

*Tunc Sathanas veniens portans multas animas dicit:*

Herre, ich han ez wol bedacht:  
 ich han dir vil selen bracht.

*Lucifer dicit:*

Dank schaltu ymmer han,  
 460 min vil liber kumpan!

*Prima anima dicit:*

Gnade, hirre Lucifer!  
 ich waz eyn armer becker:  
 wen der teyk waz czu gruz,  
 ich brach da von eynen cloz,  
 465 vnd warf en in dy kligen,  
 dez muz ich in dy helle gedyge.

*Secunda anima dicit:*

Gnade, herre Lucifer!  
 ich waz eyn armer schuster:  
 ich saczte den lûten buße solen an,  
 470 (dar an hab ich nicht recht getan),

bring me also the beer-carriers, and the messenger, the glutton, coward, spur-maker, scold, shield-maker, joiner, drinker, gambler, game-player – all those bring me, do what I want as quickly as possible!

Bring me also the drunkard (God may never look on their life favourably), bring me the miller with his girl (whom I will put hindmost in Hell), bring me also the bather with the sponge, den salt-seller with the measure, the smith with the tongues (about which I had forgotten for a long time), the fisherman with the nets, the sailor with the boat, bring the piper and the harpist, the drummer and the fiddler, and all types of entertainers (I cannot name all of them to you), bring me also the woman who spins (with whom I will have fun), also bring me the wool-carder, the brush-maker, bring me also the gossip-lovers who sit on their high places and think themselves to be as holy as the priest's pig. I know one group, however, which is not right for Hell, which you shall not bring here – then you do well my wishes!

**Satan:** Lucifer, my dear master, what you demand shall be fulfilled! I will delay no longer – I will set off immediately.

**Angels:** (*singing*) Silence!

*Then Satan, dragging many souls, says.*

**Satan:** Lord, I have taken care of it well and have brought you many souls.

**Lucifer:** For this I shall always be thankful, my dear friend!

**First Soul:** Have mercy, lord Lucifer! I was a poor baker; when the dough got too big, I broke a piece off and mixed it in with the bran. Because of that, I must go to Hell.

**Second Soul:** Have mercy, lord Lucifer!

vnd swur, sy wern czwer alzo gut.  
des muz ich in der helle glut.

*Tertia anima dicit:*

Ich waz eyn armer kappelan:  
da waz nicht wol an gethan,  
475 wen ich hürte der glocken klang,  
so hat ich sunderlich gedrang:  
mit czwen schonen wiben  
must ich dy czit vortriben.  
wen mir dy eyne entran,  
480 so greif ich dy andirn an.

*Quarta anima dicit:*

Gnade, herre Lucifer!  
ich waz eyn armer byrschencker:  
ich gab eyn maz daz waz czu cleyne,  
dar vm muz ich ymmir weyne.

*Quinta anima dicit:*

485 Gnade, herre Lucifer!  
ich waz eyn armer fleyschewer:  
ich wandirte an dy lant,  
da ich eyne vynnechte sw vant.  
ich nam sy vf mynen rücke  
490 vnd trug sy in dy fleißerhütte,  
ich swur vf dy trwe myn,  
ez wer eyn reynes burgelin.

*Sexta anima:*

Gnade, herre Lucifer!  
ich waz eyn armer schroter:  
495 ich stal dy schroten,  
dy grünen vnd dy roten,  
dy <swarczen> und dy wißen,  
dez muß ich dy helle beschißen.

*Septima anima dicit:*

Gnade, herre Lucifer!  
500 ich waz ein helser:  
ich helste dy mayt vm eyn lot,  
dy frawen vm eyn brot.

*Lucifer dicit:*

Sathan, lyber geselle,  
den brenge nicht in dy helle:  
505 komt her in dy helle myn,  
wir musten alle kebeskinder sin!

*Tunc Sathan ducat animas ad infernum.*

I was a poor cobbler; I put poor-quality soles on people's shoes (that wasn't right to do) and swore they were just as good. Because of that, I must be sent to the Hell fire.

**Third Soul:** I was a poor chaplain; I did not act well in that role. When I heard the bells ring, I had a special urge: to spend my time with two beautiful women. As soon as one escaped me, I grabbed the other one.

**Fourth Soul:** Have mercy, lord Lucifer! I was a poor barman: I poured out short measures, and because of that I must spend eternity in tears.

**Fifth Soul:** Have mercy, lord Lucifer! I was a poor butcher. I trawled through the countryside until I found a sick sow. I carried it on my back and took it to the butcher's shop. I swore on my honour that it was a healthy pig.

**Sixth Soul:** Have mercy, lord Lucifer! I was a poor tailor and I stole pieces of fabric: green and red ones, black and white ones. Because of this I am sent to Hell.

**Seventh Soul:** Have mercy, lord Lucifer! I was a seducer: I embraced girls for a penny, women for a bread.

**Lucifer:** Satan, dear companion, do not bring him into Hell! If he comes into my Hell, we will all be made step-children!

*Then Satan leads the souls into Hell.*