

Task 02: Sir David Lindsay's *A Satire of the Three Estates* (or *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*)

- Have a look at the website '[Staging the Scottish Court](#)' (also on moodle).
- Watch the video clips that talk about the play.
- A film of the play is due to be uploaded on the same site early in August 2013. Watch part of that if you can.
- Read the short passages below. (It's more fun if you read them aloud...) The text of the full play (all 5-9 hours of it!) is available to download on moodle.

Write a short description (around 200 words) explaining how you would stage the scene below.

You might discuss:

- **Where you would stage the play (In the open air? In a theatre? What kind of stage?)**
- **The characters' dress (check out the website and also Google Images)**
- **How each character enters the scene**
- **Advice you would give to the actors on what to emphasize, and how to perform particular lines.**

From *A Satire of the Three Estates* by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount

GOOD COUNSEL:

Immortall God, maist of magnificence,
Quhais Maiestie na Clark can comprehend,
Must saue jow all that giuis sic audience,
And grant jow grace him never till offend,
Quhilk on the Croce did willinglie ascend,
And sched his pretious blude on everie side ;
Quhais pitious passioun from danger jow defend,
And be jour gracious governour and gyde !
Now, my gude freinds, consider, I jow beseik,
The caus maist principall of my cumming :
Princis or Potestatis ar nocht worth ane leik,
Be thay not gydit be my gude gouerning.
Thair was never Empriour, Conquerour, nor King,
Without my wisdome that nicht thair wil avance.
My name is Gude Counsall, without fenyeing ;
Lords, for lack of my lair, ar brocht to mischance.
Finallie, for conclusioun,
Quha halds me at delusioun
Sall be brocht to confusioun :
And this I vnderstand ;
For I haue maid my residence
With hie Princes of greit puissance,
In Ingland, Italie, and France,
And monie vther Land.
Bot out of Scotland — wa ! alace ! —
I haif bene fleimit lang tyme space :
That garris our gyders all want grace,
And die befor thair day.
Beclus thay lychtlyit Gude Counsall,
Fortune turnit on thame hir saill,

Quhilk brocht this Realme to meikill baill.
 Quha can the contrair say
 My Lords, I came nocht heir to lie.
 Wa is me ; for King Humanitie
 Overset with Sensualitie,
 In th' entrie of his ring,
 Throw vicious counsell insolent.
 Sa thay may get riches or rent,
 To his weilfair thay tak na tent,
 Nor quhat sal be th' ending.
 Jit in this Realme I wald mak sum repair,
 Gif I beleifit my name suld nocht forfair ;
 For, wald this King be gydit jit with resioun,
 And on misdoars mak punitioun,
 Howbeit I haif lang tyme bene exyllit,
 I traist in God my name suld jit be styilit:
 Sa, till I se God send mair of his grace,
 I purposis till repois me in this place.

FLATTERIE:

Mak roume, sirs, hoaw ! that I may rin !
 Lo, se quhair I am new cum,
 Begaryit all with sindrie hewis !
 Let be jour din, till I begin,
 And I sall schaw jow of my newis.
 Throuhout all Christindome I haue past,
 And am cum heir now, at the last,
 Tostit on sea ay sen Juill day,
 That wee war faine to hew our Mast,
 Nocht half ane myle bejond the May.
 Bot now amang jow I will remaine :
 I purposis never to sail againe,
 To put my lyfe in chance of watter.
 Was never sene sic wind and raine,
 Nor of Schipmen sic clitter clatter.
 Sum bade haill ! and sum bade standby !
 On steirbuid ! hoaw ! aluiff ! fy ! fy !
 Quhill all the raipis beguith to rattill
 Was never Roy sa fleyd as I,
 Quhen all the sails playd brittill brattill.
 To se the waws, it was ane wonder,
 And wind, that raif the sails in sunder.
 Bot I lay braikand like ane Brok,
 And shot sa fast, aboue and vnder,
 The Deuill durst not cum neir my dok.
 Now am I scapit fra that effray :
 Quhat say je, sirs? am I nocht gay ?
 Se je not Flatterie, jour awin fuill,
 That jeid to mak this new array
 Was I not heir with jow at 3uill?
 3es, be my faith, I think on weill.

Quhair ar my fallows that wald nocht fail ?
We suld haue cum heir for ane cast.