

# The Ripley Scroll

You must make Water of the Earth, and Earth of the Air, and Air of the Fire, and Fire of the Earth.

The Black Sea. The Black Luna. The Black Sol.

Here is the last of the White Stone and the begining of the Red.

Of the son take the light  
The Red gum that is so bright  
And of the Moon do also  
The which gum they both trowe  
The philosophers Sulphur vive  
This I call it without strife  
Kybright and Kebright it is called also  
And other names many more  
Of them drawe out a tincture  
And make of them a marriage pure  
Between the husband and the wife  
Espoused with the water of life  
But of this water thou must beware  
Or else thy work will be full bare  
He must be made of his own kind  
Mark thou now in thy mind  
Acetome of philosophers men call this  
A water abiding so it is  
The maidens milk of the dew  
That all the work doth renew  
The Serpent of life it is called also  
And other names many more  
The which causeth generation  
Betwixt the man and the woman  
But looke thou no division  
Be there in the conjunction  
Of the moon and of sun  
After the marriage be begun  
And all the while they be a wedding  
Give to them their drinking  
Acetome that is good and fine  
Better to them then any wine  
Now when this marriage is done  
Philosophers call it a stone  
The which hath a great nature  
To bring a stone that is so pure  
So he have kindly nourishment  
Perfect heat and decoction

But in the matrix when they be put  
Let never the glasse be unshut  
Till they have ingendred a stone  
In the world there not such a one

The Red Lune. The Spirit of Water. Red Sol. The Red Sea.

On the ground there is a hill  
Also a serpent within a well  
His tail is long with wings wide  
All ready to flee by every side  
Repair the well fast about  
That thy serpent pass not out  
For if that he be there a gone  
Thou lose the virtue of the stone  
Where is the ground you must know here  
And the well that is so clear  
And what is the dragon with the tail  
Or else the work shall little avail  
The well must run in water clear  
Take good heed for this your fire  
The fire with water bright shall be burnt  
And water with fire washed shall be  
The earth on fire shall be put  
And water with air shall be knit  
Thus ye shall go to purification  
And bring the serpent to redemption  
First he shall be black as a crow  
And down in his den shall lie full low  
Swelling as a toad that lieth on the ground  
Burst with bladders sitting so round  
They shall to burst and lie full plain  
And this with craft the serpent is slain  
He shall shine colors here many a one  
And turn as white as whale's bone  
With the water that he was in  
Wash him clear from his sin  
And let him drink a little and a light  
And that shall make him fair and white  
The which whiteness be abiding  
Lo here is a very full finishing  
Of the white stone and the red  
Lo here is the very true deed.

The Red Lion. The Green Lion. The Mouth of Choleric beware.

Here is the last of the Red, and the beginning to put away the dead. The Elixir Vitae.

Take the father that Phoebus so high  
That sit so high in majesty  
With his beams that shines so bright  
In all places wherever that he be  
For he is father to all things  
Maintainer of life to crop and root  
And causeth nature for to spring  
With the wife beginneth soothe  
For he is salve to every sore  
To bring about this prosperous work  
Take good heed unto this lore  
I say unto learned and unto clerk  
And Homogenie is my name  
Which God made with his own hand  
And Magnesia is my dame  
You shall verily understand.  
Now I shall here begin  
For to teach thee a ready way  
Or else little shall thou win  
Take good heed what I do say  
Divide thou Phoebus in many parts  
With his beams that be so bright  
And this with nature him convert  
The which is mirror of all light  
This Phoebus hath full many a name  
Which that is full hard to know  
And but thou take the very same  
The philosophers stone ye shall not know  
Therefore I counsel ere ye begin  
Know it well what it should be  
And that is thick make it thin  
For then it shall full well like thee  
Now understand what I mean  
And take good heed thereto  
Our work else shall little be seen  
And turn thee to much woe  
As I have said this our lore  
Many a name I wish he hath  
Some behind and some before  
As philosophers doth him give

In the sea without lees  
Standeth the bird of Hermes  
Eating his wings variable  
And maketh himself yet full stable  
When all his feathers be from him gone

He standeth still here as a stone  
Here is now both white and red  
And all so the stone to quicken the dead  
All and some without fable  
Both hard and soft and malleable  
Understand now well and right  
And thank you God of this sight

The bird of Hermes is my name eating my wings to make me tame.

The Red Sea. The Red Sol. The Red Elixir Vitae.  
Red Stone. White Stone. Elixir Vitae. Luna in Crescent.

I shall you tell with plain declaration  
Where, how, and what is my generation  
Omogeni is my Father  
And Magnesia is my Mother  
And Azot truly is my Sister  
And Kibrick forsooth is my Brother  
The Serpent of Arabia is my name  
The which is leader of all this game  
That sometime was both wood and wild  
And now I am both meek and mild  
The Sun and the Moon with their might  
Have chastised me that was so light  
My wings that me brought  
Hither and thither where I thought  
Now with their might they down me pull,  
And bring me where they will  
The Blood of mine heart I wish  
Now causeth both joy and blisse  
And dissolveth the very Stone  
And knitteth him ere he have done  
Now maketh hard that was lix  
And causeth him to be fix  
Of my blood and water I wish  
Plenty in all the World there is  
It runneth in every place  
Who it findeth he hath grace  
In the World it runneth over all  
And goeth round as a ball  
But thou understand well this  
Of the worke thou shalt miss  
Therefore know ere thou begin  
What he is and all his kin  
Many a name he hath full sure  
And all is but one Nature

Thou must part him in three  
And then knit him as the Trinity  
And make them all but one  
Lo here is the Philosophers Stone