

Medieval English Drama

Contents

THE KILLING OF ABEL (WAKEFIELD)	1
NOAH (WAKEFIELD)	13
JOSEPH'S RETURN (N-TOWN)	31
THE TRIAL OF MARY AND JOSEPH (N-TOWN)	37
THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY (WAKEFIELD)	47
HEROD (WAKEFIELD)	72
THE PASSION PLAY I (N-TOWN)	88
THE PASSION PLAY II (N-TOWN)	123
THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE (YORK)	144
THE CRUCIFIXION (YORK)	159
MARY MAGDALEN	168

Editions

- R. Beadle ed., *The York Plays*, Edward Arnold, London 1982.
- M. Stevens and A. C. Cawley eds., *The Towneley Plays*, Oxford University Press 1994.
- S. Spector ed., *The N-Town Plays*, Oxford University Press 1991.
- P. Meredith ed., *The Passion Play From the N. Town Manuscript*, London and New York, Longman 1990.
- P. Meredith ed., *The Mary Play From the N. Town Manuscript*, University of Exeter Press 1997 (1987).
- M. Lumiansky and D. Mills eds., *The Chester Mystery Cycle*, Oxford University Press 1974, 1986.
- P. M. King and C. Davidson eds., *The Coventry Corpus Christi Plays*, Western Michigan University, Medieval Institute Publications 2000.
- M. Eccles ed., *The Macro Plays*, Oxford University Press 1969.
- D. C. Baker, J. L. Murphy and L. B. Hall eds., *The Late Medieval Religious Plays of Bodleian Mss Digby 133 and E. Museo 160*, Oxford University Press 1982.
- N. Davis ed., *Non-Cycle Plays and Fragments*, Oxford University Press 1970.
- D. Bevington ed., *Medieval Drama*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin 1975.



Medieval English Drama

THE KILLING OF ABEL (WAKEFIELD)

Announced by his servant Pikeharnes (=pick-gear, filcher), Cain enters with a plough and team of eight: Greynhorne, Stott and Whitehorn are oxen, Morell and Down (also called Donnyng and Don) are horses; Gryme, Lemyng and Mall are uncertain.

GARCIO

1 All hayll, all hayll, both blithe and glad,	merry (=everybody)
2 For here com I, a mery lad!	
3 Be peasse youre dyn, my master bad,	silence noise bade
4 Or els the dwill you spede.	devil prosper you
5 Wote ye not I com before?	know before (my master)
6 Bot who that ianglis any more,	but anyone who chatters
7 He must blaw my blak hoill bore,	blow hollow arse
8 Both behynd, and before,	
9 Till his tethe blede.	teeth bleed
10 Felows, here I you forbede	
11 To make nother nose ne cry;	neither noise nor
12 Whoso is so hardy to do that dede,	
13 The dwill hang hym vp to dry!	devil
14 Gedlyngys, I am a fulle grete wat.	rogues person
15 A good yoman my master hat:	yeoman is called
16 Full well ye all hym ken.	very know
17 Begyn he with you for to stryfe,	if strive
18 Certys, then mon ye neuer thryfe;	certainly shall prosper
19 Bot I trow, bi God on life,	think by God alive
20 Som of you ar his men.	
21 Bot let youre lippis couer youre ten,	teeth (=don't grin in anger)
22 Harlottys, euerichon;	rascals everyone
23 For if my master com, welcom hym then.	
24 Farewell, for I am gone!	

CAIN

25 Io furth, Greynhorne! and war oute, Gryme!	gee up wake up
26 Drawes on! god gif you ill to tyme!	draw (=pull) give
27 Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme.	as if swoon
28 What! will ye no forther, mare?	
29 War! let me se how Down will draw;	
30 Yit, shrew, yit, pull on a thraw!	rascal for a while
31 What! it semys for me ye stand none aw –	seems have no fear
32 I say, Donnyng, go fare!	
33 Aha, God gif the soro & care!	
34 Lo! now hard she what I saide;	heard
35 Now yit art thou the warst mare	
36 In plough that euer I haide.	plough
37 How! Pikeharnes, how! com heder belife!	ho quickly
GARCIO	
38 I fend, Godys forbot, that euer thou thrife!	prohibit forbid prosper
CAIN	
39 What, boy, shal I both hold and drife?	hold (the plough) drive (the animals)
40 Heris thou not how I cry?	hear
GARCIO	
41 Say, Mall and Stott, will ye not go?	

42 Lemyng, Morell, Whitehorne, io!	
43 Now will ye not se how thay hy?	hasten
CAIN	
44 Gog gif the sorow, boy!	give thee
45 Want of mete it gars.	lack of food causes it
GARCIO	
46 Thare prouand, syr, forthi,	their provender for that reason
47 I lay behynd thare ars,	their
48 And tyes them fast bi the nekys,	tie by the necks
49 With many stanys in thare hekys.	stones racks
CAIN	
50 That shall bi thi fals chekys.	your false cheeks (=impudence) shall pay for that
GARCIO	
51 And haue agane as right.	have a blow back right away
CAIN	
52 I am thi master, wilt thou fight?	
GARCIO	
53 Yai, with the same mesure and weght	weight
54 That I boro will I qwite.	borrow pay back
CAIN	
55 We! now, nothyng, bot call on tyte,	shout quickly (to the team)
56 That we had ployde this land.	ploughed
GARCIO	
57 Harrer, Morell! io furth, hyte!	go on
58 And let the plogh stand.	
ABEL	
59 God, as he both may and can,	
60 Spede the, brother, & thi man.	thee
CAIN	
61 Com kis myne ars, me list not ban;	like not to curse
62 As welcom standys theroute.	thou art as welcome away from here
63 Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald;	stayed
64 Com nar, & other drife or hald –	nearer either
65 And kys the dwillis toute!	devil's arse
66 Go grese thi shepe vnder the toute,	apply salve sheep arse
67 For that is the moste lefe.	pleasant (to you)
ABEL	
68 Broder, ther is none hereaboute	
69 That wold the any grefe.	wishes thee grief
70 Bot, leif brother, here my sawe:	dear hear speech
71 It is the custom of oure law,	
72 All that wyrk as the wise	act
73 Shall worship God with sacrifice.	
74 Oure fader vs bad, oure fader vs kend,	taught
75 That oure tend shuld be brend.	tenth (=tithing) burned
76 Com furth, brothere, and let vs gang	go
77 To worship God; we dwell full lang.	delay too long
78 Gif we hym parte of oure fee,	give possessions
79 Corne or catall wheder it be.	cattle
80 And therfor, brother, let vs weynd,	go
81 And first clens vs from the feynd	cleanse fiend
82 Or we make sacrifice;	before

- 83 Then blis withoutten end
84 Get we for oure seruyce
- 85 Of hym that is oure saulis leche. from soul's physician
CAIN
- 86 How! let furth youre geyse, the fox will preche. loose geese
87 How long wilt thou me appech delay
88 With thi sermonyng?
89 Hold thi tong, yit I say,
90 Euen ther the good wife strokid the hay; where stroked (=wiped her arse)
91 Or sit downe in the dwell way devil's name
92 With thi vayn carpyng. chattering
- 93 Shuld I leife my plogh & all thyng, leave
94 And go with the to make offeryng?
95 Nay, thou fyndys me not so mad!
96 Go to the dwell, and say I bad! bade (=told you to)
97 What gifys God the to rose hym so? praise
98 Me gifys he nocht bot soro and wo. nothing but
- ABEL
- 99 Caym, leife this vayn carpyng,
100 For God giffys the all thi lifyng.
CAIN
- 101 Yit boroed I neuer a farthyng
102 Of hym – here my hand. from hand (=oath)
ABEL
- 103 Brother, as elders haue vs kend, taught
104 First shuld we tend with oure hend, tithe
105 And to his lofyng sithen be brend. praise then burned
CAIN
- 106 My farthyng is in the preest hand priest's
107 Syn last tyme I offyrd. since
ABEL
- 108 Leif brother, let vs be walkand; dear
109 I wold oure tend were profyrd. wish tenth
- CAIN
- 110 We! wherof shuld I tend, leif brothere? why tithe dear
111 For I am ich yere wars then othere – each year worse than
112 Here my trouth it is none othere. here's my pledge
113 My wynnyngys ar bot meyn: earnings only small
114 No wonder if that I be leyn. lean
115 Full long till hym I may me meyn, to him (=God) complain
116 For bi hym that me dere boght, redeemed
117 I traw that he will leyn me nocht. think give
ABEL
- 118 Yis, all the good thou has in wone goods plenty
119 Of Godys grace is bot a lone. loan
CAIN
- 120 Lenys he me? As come thrift upon the so! lends may prosperity
121 For he has euer yit beyn my fo; foe
122 For had he my freynd beyn, if been
123 Othergatys it had beyn seyn. otherwise would have appeared
124 When I should saw, and wantyd seyde, sow seed
125 Then was myne not worth a neld. needle

126 When I shuld saw, & wantyd seyde,	sow seed
127 And of corn had full grete neyde,	need
128 Then gaf he me none of his;	gave
129 No more will I gif hym of this.	
130 Hardely hold me to blame	by all means
131 Bot if I serue hym of the same.	unless
ABEL	
132 Leif brother, say not so,	
133 Bot let vs furth togeder go;	
134 Good brother, let vs weynd sone;	go soon
135 No longer here I rede we hone.	advise delay
CAIN	
136 Yei, yei, thou iangyls waste!	chatter in vain
137 The dwill me spede if I haue hast,	devil prosper haste
138 As long as I may lif,	live
139 To dele my good or gif,	share goods
140 Ather to God or yit to man,	either
141 Of any good that euer I wan.	goods gained
142 For had I giffen away my goode,	
143 Then myght I go with a ryffen hood,	torn
144 And it is better hold that I haue	what
145 Then go from doore to doore & craue.	than beg
ABEL	
146 Brother, com furth, in godys name;	God's
147 I am full ferd that we get blame.	afraid
148 Hy we fast, that we were thore.	hurry so that there
CAIN	
149 We! ryn on, in the dwills nayme, before!	run devil's name
150 Wemay, man, I hold the mad!	thee
151 Wenys thou now that I list gad	think like to gad about
152 To gif away my warldys aght?	world's goods
153 The dwill hym spede that me so taght!	devil prosper anyone who taught
154 What nede had I my trauell to lose,	labour
155 To were my shoyne & ryfe my hose?	wear shoes tear
ABEL	
156 Dere brother, hit were grete wonder	it would be
157 That I & thou shuld go in sonder,	separately
158 Then wold oure fader haue grete ferly.	wonder
159 Ar we not brether, thou & I?	
CAIN	
160 No, bot cry on, cry, whyls the thynk good!	thee seems
161 Here my trowth, I hold the woode.	troth thee mad
162 Wheder that he be blithe or wroth,	merry or angry
163 To dele my good is me full lothe.	share goods loath
164 I haue gone oft on softer wise	gentler manner
165 Ther I trowed som prow wold rise.	where profit
166 Bot well I se, go must I nede;	
167 Now weynd before – ill myght thou spede! –	go prosper
168 Syn that we shall algatys go.	since in any case
ABEL	
169 Leif brother, whi sais thou so?	
170 Bot go we furth both togeder;	
171 Blissid be God we haue fare weder.	fair weather
CAIN	
172 Lay downe thi trussell apon this hill.	bundle
ABEL	

173	Forsoth broder, so I will;	
174	God of heuen, take it to good!	
	CAIN	
175	Thou shall tend first if thou were wood.	tithe even if mad
	ABEL	
176	God that shope both erth and heuen,	shaped
177	I pray to the thou here my steven,	hear voice
178	And take in thank, if thi will be,	
179	The tend that I offre here to the;	tenth
180	For I gif it in good entent	
181	To the, my Lord, that all has sent.	
182	I bren it now, with stedfast thocht.	burn
183	In worship of hym that all has wrought.	made
	CAIN	
184	Ryse! let me now, syn thou has done.	since
185	Lord of heuen, thou here my boyne!	hear prayer
186	And ouer Godys forbot be to the	God forbid thou shouldst
187	Thank or thew to kun me;	thanks or courtesy show
188	For, as browke I thise two shankys,	use legs
189	It is full sore, myne vnthankys,	sorely against my will
190	The teynd that I here gif to the	tenth
191	Of corn or thyng that newys me;	grows for
192	Bot now begyn will I then,	
193	Syn I must nede my tend to bren.	since tenth burn
194	Oone shefe, oone, and this makys two,	one sheaf
195	Bot nawder of thise may I forgo.	neither
196	Two, two, now this is thre:	
197	Yei, this also shall leif with me,	remain
198	For I will chose and best haue –	
199	This hold I thrift – of all this thrafe.	measure
200	Wemo, wemo! foure, lo, here!	
201	Better groved me no this yere.	grew no better year
202	At yere tyme I sew fayre corn,	proper season sowed
203	Yit was it sich when it was shorne:	reaped
204	Thystyls & brerys – yei, grete plente –	thistles briars
205	And all kyn wedis that myght be.	kinds of weeds
206	Foure shefys, foure – lo, this makis fyfe:	sheaves
207	Deyll I fast thus, long or I thrife!	if I deal out quickly thus, may it be long before
208	Fyfe and sex, now this is sevyn;	
209	Bot this gettys neuer God of heuen,	God will not get
210	Nor none of thise foure, at my myght,	if I can help it
211	Shall neuer com in Godys sight.	
212	Sevyn, sevyn, now this is aght –	eight
	ABEL	
213	Cam, brother, thou art not God betaght.	devoted to
	CAIN	
214	We! therfor is it that I say,	
215	For I will not deyle my good away.	share
216	Bot had I gyffen hym this to teynd,	tenth
217	Then wold thou say he were my freynd;	
218	Bot I thynk not, bi my hode,	hood
219	To departe so lightly fro my goode.	
220	We! aght, aght, & neyn, & ten is this:	eight nine
221	We! this may we best mys.	miss (=do without)
222	Gif hym that that ligys thore?	lies there
223	It goyse agans myn hart full sore.	goes heart sorely

- ABEL
 224 Cam! teynd right of all bedeyn. tithe all together
 CAIN
 225 We! lo! xii, xv, and xvi –
 ABEL
 226 Caym, thou tendys wrang, and of the warst. tithest wrong worst
 CAIN
 227 We! com nar, and hide myne een; nearer eyes
 228 In the wenyand wist ye now at last, bad luck to you
 229 Or els will thou that I wynk? shut my eyes
 230 Then shall I doy no wrong, me thynk. do it seems to me
- 231 Let me se now how it is – see
 232 Lo, yit I hold me paide; consider myself pleased
 233 I teyndyd wonder well bi ges, tithed by guess-work
 234 And so euen I laide.
- ABEL
 235 Came, of god me thynke thou has no drede. it seems to me
 CAIN
 236 Now and he get more, the dwill me spede! – if devil prosper
 237 As mych as oone reepe – much handful
 238 For that cam hym full light chepe; very cheaply
 239 Not as mekill, grete ne small, as much
 240 As he myght wipe his ars withall. with
 241 For that, and this that lyys here, lies
 242 Haue cost me full dere;
 243 Or it was shorne, and broght in stak, before reaped stacked
 244 Had I many a wery bak.
 245 Therfor aske me no more of this,
 246 For I haue giffen that my will is. what
- ABEL
 247 Cam, I rede thou tend right advise tithe
 248 For drede of hym that sittys on hight. high
 CAIN
 249 How that I tend, rek the neuer a deill, tithe is no concern of yours
 250 Bot tend thi skabbid shepe wele;
 251 For if thou to my teynd tent take, pay attention
 252 It bese the wars for thi sake. be the worse
 253 Thou wold I gaf hym this shefe? or this sheyfe?
 254 Na, nawder of these ii wil I leife. neither
 255 Bot take this. Now has he two,
 256 And for my saull now mot it go; soul must
 257 Bot it gos sore agans my will,
 258 And shal he like full ill.
- ABEL
 259 Cam, I reyde thou so teynd advise tithe
 260 That God of heuen be thi freynd. so that
 CAIN
 261 My freynd? – na, not bot if he will! unless
 262 I did hym neuer yit bot skill. but what is right
 263 If he be neuer so my fo, no matter what an enemy
 264 I am avised, gif hym no mo. determined
 265 Bot change thi conscience, as I do myn –

266 Yit teynd thou not thi mesel swyne?	measly
ABEL	
267 If thou teynd right thou mon it fynde.	shall
CAIN	
268 Yei, kys the dwills ars behynde;	devil's arse
269 The dwill hang the bi the nek!	
270 How that I teynd, neuer thou rek.	never mind
271 Will thou not yit hold thi peasse?	be quiet
272 Of this ianglyng I reyde thou seasse;	chattering advise cease
273 And teynd I well or tend I ill,	tithe
274 Bere the euen & speke bot skill.	keep calm reasonably
275 Bot now, syn thou has teyndid thyne,	since tithed
276 Now will I set fyr on myne.	fire
277 We! out! haro! help to blaw!	blow
278 It will not bren for me, I traw.	burn think
279 Puf! this smoke dos me mych shame –	
280 Now bren, in the dwillys name!	burn devil's
281 A! what dwill of hell is it?	
282 Almost had myne breth beyn dit;	been stopped
283 Had I blawen oone blast more	
284 I had beyn choked right thore.	there
285 It stank like the dwill in hell,	
286 That longer ther myght I not dwell.	so that
ABEL	
287 Cam, this is not worth oone leke;	leek
288 Thy tend shuld bren withoutten smeke.	tenth burn smoke
CAIN	
289 Com kys the dwill right in the ars!	
290 For the it brens bot the wars.	burns worse
291 I wold that it were in thi throte,	
292 Fyr, & shefe, and ich a sprote.	sheaf every sprout
DEUS	
293 Cam, whi art thou so rebell	
294 Agans thi brother Abell?	
295 Thar thou nowther flyte ne chyde.	thou needst neither quarrel
296 If thou tend right thou gettys thi mede;	tithe reward
297 And be thou sekir, if thou teynd fals,	certain
298 Thou bese alowed ther after als.	will be repaid accordingly
CAIN	
299 Whi, who is that hob ouer the wall?	hobgoblin
300 We! who was that that piped so small?	squeaked feebly
301 Com go we hens, for perels all –	perils
302 God is out of hys wit!	
303 Com furth, Abell, & let vs weynd.	go
304 Me thynk that God is not my freynd;	it seems to me
305 On land then will I flyt.	flee
ABEL	
306 A, Caym, brother, that is ill done.	
CAIN	
307 No, bot go we hens sone;	hence soon
308 And if I may, I shall be	
309 Ther as God shall not me see.	where

ABEL

310 Dere brother, I will fayre
 311 On feld ther oure bestys ar,
 312 To looke if thay be holgh or full.

go
 where beasts
 hollow (=hungry)

CAIN

313 Na, na, abide! we haue a crow to pull.
 314 Hark, speke with me or thou go.
 315 What, wenys thou to skape so?
 316 We, na! I aght the a fowll dispyte,
 317 And now is tyme that I hit qwite.

stay crow to pluck
 before
 thinkest escape
 owe injury
 repay

ABEL

318 Brother, whi art thou so to me in ire?

CAIN

319 We! theyf, whi brend thi tend so shyre,
 320 Ther myne did bot smoked,
 321 Right as it wold vs both haue choked?

rascal burned tenth brightly
 whereas did but smoke

ABEL

322 Godys will I trow it were
 323 That myn brend so clere;
 324 If thyne smoked am I to wite?

think
 burned
 blame

CAIN

325 We! yei! that shal thou sore abite.
 326 With cheke-bon, or that I blyn,
 327 Shal I the & thi life twyn.
 328 So, lig down ther and take thi rest;
 329 Thus shall shrewes be chastysed best.

pay sorely for
 before I cease
 sever
 lie
 rogues

ABEL

330 Veniance, veniance, Lord, I cry!
 331 For I am slayn, & not gilty.

CAIN

332 Yei, ly ther, old shrew! ly ther, ly!

rascal

333 And if any of you thynk I did amys,
 334 I shal it amend wars then it is,
 335 That all men may it se:
 336 Well wars then it is,
 337 Right so shall it be.

worse than

338 Bot now, syn he is broght on slepe,
 339 Into som hole fayn wold I crepe.
 340 For ferd I qwake and can no rede,
 341 For be I taken, I be bot dede.
 342 Here will I lig these forty dayes,
 343 And I shrew hym that me fyrst rayse.

since
 fear know no advice
 if I am taken am as good as dead
 lie
 curse rouses

DEUS

Caym, Caym!

CAIN

344 Who is that that callis me?
 345 I am yonder, may thou not se?

DEUS

346 Caym, where is thi brother Abell?

CAIN

347 What askis thou me? I trow at hell,
 348 At hell I trow he be –
 349 Whoso were ther then myght he se –
 350 Or somewhere fallen on slepyng.

think
 whoever is there

351 When was he in my kepyng?

DEUS

352 Caym, Caym, thou was wode. mad
 353 The voyce of thi brotherys blode, brother's blood
 354 That thou has slayn, on fals wise, treacherously
 355 From erth to heuen venyance cryse. cries
 356 And, for thou has broght thi brother downe,
 357 Here I gif the my malison. curse

CAIN

358 Yei, dele aboute the, for I will none, deal it out around will have none of it
 359 Or take it the when I am gone. keep it to yourself
 360 Syn I haue done so mekill syn since much
 361 That I may not thi mercy wyn, gain
 362 And thou thus dos me from thi grace, put me
 363 I shall hyde me fro thi face. from
 364 And whereso any man may fynd me,
 365 Let hym slo me hardely, slay by all means
 366 And whereso any man may me meyte, meet
 367 Ayther bi sty or yit bi strete. either path
 368 And hardely, when I am dede, certainly dead
 369 Bery me in Gudeboure at the quarell hede; bury quarry's head
 370 For, may I pas this place in quarte, if I may safe and sound
 371 Bi all men set I not a fart.

DEUS

372 Nay, Caym, it bese not so; (will) be
 373 I will that no man other slo, slay
 374 Ffor he that sloys [the], yong or old. slays thee
 375 It shall be punyshid sevenfold.

CAIN

376 No force! I wote wheder I shall: no matter know whither
 377 In hell, I wote, mon be my stall. know must place
 378 It is no boyte mercy to craue, boot (=use)
 379 For if I do I mon none haue. shall

380 Bot this cors I wold were hid, corpse
 381 For som man myght com at vngayn: of a sudden
 382 'fle, fals shrew!' wold he bid, rascal
 383 And weyn I had my brother slayn. think

384 Bot were Pikeharnes, my knafe, here, servant
 385 We shuld bery hym both in fere. bury together
 386 How, Pykeharnes, scapethryft! how, scrounger
 387 Pikeharnes, how!

GARCIO

Master, master!

CAIN

388 Harstow, boy? ther is a podyng in the pot. dost thou hear pudding
 389 Take the that, boy, tak the that!

GARCIO

390 I shrew thi ball vnder thi hode, curse head hood
 391 If thou were my syre of flesh & blode! even if father
 392 All the day to ryn and trot, run trot
 393 And euer amang thou strykeand; continually thou art striking
 394 Thus am I comen bofetty to fott. come to get buffets

CAIN

395 Peas, man! I did it bot to vse my hand.

396 Bot harke, boy, I haue a counsell to the to say – secret

397 I slogh my brother this same day. slew

398 I pray the, good boy, and thou may, if

399 To ryn away with the bayn. run bone (=body)

GARCIO

400 We! out apon the, thefe! rogue

401 Has thou thi brother slayn?

CAIN

402 Peasse, man, for Godys payn!

403 I saide it for a skaunce. joke

GARCIO

404 Yey, bot for ferde of grevance, fear of injury

405 Here I the forsake;

406 We mon haue a mekill myschaunce shall

407 And the bayles vs take. if the bailiffs

CAIN

408 A, syr, I cry you mercy! Seasse,

409 And I shall make you a releasse. pardon

GARCIO

410 What, wilt thou cry my peasse amnesty

411 Throughout this land?

CAIN

412 Yey, that I gif God avow, belife. vow to God quickly

GARCIO

413 How will thou do, long or thou thrife? before prosper

CAIN

414 Stand vp, my good boy, belife. quickly

415 And thaym peasse both man & wife; silence them

416 And whoso will do after me, as I wish

417 Ffull slape of thrift then shal he be. prosperous

418 Bot thou must be my good boy

419 And cry ‘oyes, oyes, oy!’ oyez (=hear me)

GARCIO

420 Browes, browes, to thi boy! broth

CAIN

421 I commaund you in the kyngys nayme name

GARCIO

422 And in my masteres, fals Cayme,

CAIN

423 That no man at thame fynd fawt ne blame, with them fault

GARCIO

424 Yey, cold rost is at my masteres hame. roast home

CAIN

425 Nowther with hym nor with his knafe, neither servant

GARCIO

426 What! I hope my master rafe. think raves

CAIN

427 For thay ar trew, full manyfold. honest completely

GARCIO

428 My master supps no coyle bot cold. sups only cold pottage

CAIN
 429 The kyng wrytys you vntill, to you
 GARCIO
 430 Yit ete I neuer half my fill. eat
 CAIN
 431 The kyng will that thay be safe.
 GARCIO
 432 Yey, a draught of drynke fayne wold I hayfe. draught have
 CAIN
 433 At thare awne will let tham wafe; their own wander
 GARCIO
 434 My stomak is redy to receyfe.
 CAIN
 435 Loke no man say to theym, on nor other – one
 GARCIO
 436 This same is he that slo his brother. slew
 CAIN
 437 Byd euery man thaym luf and lowt. love and revere them
 GARCIO
 438 Yey, ill-spon weft ay comes foule out. ill-spun woof always comes out badly
 CAIN
 439 Long or thou get thi hoyses and thou go thus aboute! may it be long before if

 440 Byd euery man theym please to pay. be pleased
 GARCIO
 441 Yey, gif Don, thyne hors, a wisp of hay!
 CAIN
 442 We! com downe in twenty dwill way! devil's name
 443 The dwill I the betake; I commend thee to
 444 For bot it were Abell, my brothere, unless
 445 Yit knew I neuer thi make. equal

 GARCIO
 446 Now old and yong, or that ye weynd, before you go
 447 The same blissyng withoutten end,
 448 All sam then shall ye haue, all together
 449 That God of heuen my master has giffen. given
 450 Browke it well, whils that ye liffen; use live
 451 He vowche it full well safe. may he grant it

 CAIN
 452 Com downe yit in the dwillys way, devil's name
 453 And angre me no more! anger
 454 And take yond plough, I say, plough
 455 And weynd the furth fast before; go
 456 And I shall, if I may,
 457 Tech the another lore. teach lesson
 458 I warn the, lad, for ay,
 459 Fro now furth, euermore,
 460 That thou greue me nocht;
 461 For, bi Codys sydys, if thou do, God's sides
 462 I shall hang the apon this plo plough
 463 With this rope, lo, lad, lo,
 464 By hym that me dere boght! redeemed

 465 Now fayre well, felows all,

466 For I must nedys weynd,	go
467 And to the dwill be thrall,	devil slave
468 Warld withoutten end;	world
469 Ordand ther is my stall,	ordained place
470 With Sathanas the feynd.	
471 Euer ill myght hym befall	
472 That theder me commend	
473 This tyde.	
474 Fare well les, & fare well more,	small and big (=everybody)
475 For now and euer more	
476 I will go me to hyde.	

NOAH (WAKEFIELD)

NOAH

1 Myghtfull God veray,	true
2 Maker of all that is,	
3 Thre persons withoutten nay,	undeniable
4 Oone God in endles blis,	one
5 Thou maide both nyght & day,	made
6 Beest, fowle, & fysh;	
7 All creatures that lif may	live
8 Wroght thou at thi wish,	made
9 As thou wel myght.	
10 The son, the moyne, verament,	sun moon
11 Thou maide; the firmament,	
12 The sternes also full feruent,	stars
13 To shyne thou maide ful bright.	
14 Angels thou maide ful euen	made indeed
15 All orders that is,	
16 To haue the blis in heuen:	heaven
17 This did thou more & les,	great and small
18 Full meruelus to neuen.	mention
19 Yit was ther vnkyndnes	yet their
20 More bi foldys seuen	more than seven times
21 Then I can well expres,	than
22 Forwhi	because
23 Of all angels in brightnes	
24 God gaf Lucifer most lightnes,	gave
25 Yit prowldy he flyt his des,	moved dais (=seat)
26 And set hym euen hym by.	seated himself by him (=God)
27 He thought hymself as worthi	
28 As hym that hym made,	
29 In brightnes, in bewty	
30 Therfor he hym degrade,	he (=God) threw him down
31 Put hym in a low degre	
32 Soyn after, in a brade,	soon moment
33 Hym and all his menye,	company
34 Wher he may be vnglad	
35 Foreuer.	
36 Shall thay neuer wyn away	escape
37 Hence vnto domysday,	
38 Bot burne in bayle for ay;	torment for ever
39 Shall thay neuer dysseuer.	depart
40 Soyne after that gracyous Lord	soon
41 To his liknes maide man,	
42 That place to be restord	
43 Euen as he began;	
44 Of the trinite bi accord,	
45 Adam & Eue that woman,	
46 To multiplie without discord,	
47 In Paradise put he thaym,	them
48 And sithen to both	afterwards
49 Gaf in commaundement	
50 On the tre of life to lay no hend.	hand

51 Bot yit the fals feynd	but fiend
52 Made hym with man wroth,	angry
53 Entysed man to glotony,	
54 Styrd him to syn in pride,	stirred
55 Bot in Paradise, securly,	
56 Myght no syn abide,	dwell
57 And therfor man full hastely	
58 Was put out in that tyde,	time
59 In wo & wandreth for to be,	woe and misery
60 In paynes full vnrid	very severe
61 To knowe:	
62 Fyrst in erth, in sythen in hell	then
63 With feyndys for to dwell,	fiends
64 Bot he his mercy mell	unless declare
65 To those that will hym trawe.	trust
66 Oyle of mercy he hus hight,	oil promised us
67 As I haue hard red,	heard tell
68 To eury lifyng wight	living being
69 That wold luf hym and dred;	would love dread
70 Bot now before his sight	
71 Eury liffyng leyde,	living person
72 Most party day and nyght,	most part of
73 Syn in word and dede	
74 Full bold:	
75 Som in pride, ire, and enuy,	
76 Som in Couetous & glotyny,	covetousness
77 Som in sloth and lechery,	
78 And other wise many fold.	
79 Therfor I drede lest God	dread that God
80 On vs will take veniance,	vengeance
81 For syn is now alod,	widespread
82 Without any repentance.	
83 Sex hundreth yeris & od	six years odd
84 Haue I, without distance,	undeniably
85 In erth, as any sod,	like a clod
86 Liffyd with grete grevance	lived
87 Allway;	
88 And now I wax old,	grow
89 Seke, sory, and cold,	sick
90 As muk apon mold	dung upon earth
91 I widder away.	wither
92 Bot yit will I cry	
93 For mercy and call:	
94 'Noe, thi seruant, am I,	
95 Lord ouer all!'	
96 Therfor me, and my fry	children
97 Shal with me fall,	(who) shall
98 Saue from velany,	
99 And bryng to thi hall	
100 In heuen,	
101 And kepe me from syn	
102 This world within.	world

103 Comly kyng of mankyn,	mankind
104 I pray the, here my stevyn!	thee hear my voice
DEUS	
105 Syn I haue maide all thyng	since made
106 That is liffand,	living
107 Duke, emperour, and Kyng,	
108 With myne awne hand,	own
109 For to haue thare likyng	their pleasure
110 Bi see & bi sand,	by sea
111 Euery man to my bydyng	bidding
112 Shuld be bowand	obedient
113 Full feruent,	
114 That maide man sich a creatoure,	(to me) that made
115 Ffarest of favoure;	fairest aspect
116 Man must luf me paramoure,	love with devotion
117 By reson, and repent.	
118 Me thocht I shewed man luf	it seems to me love
119 When I made hym to be	
120 All angels abuf	above
121 Like to the Trynyte;	
122 And now in grete reprufe	disgrace
123 Full low ligys he,	lies
124 In erth hymself to stuf	gorge
125 With syn that displeasse me	
126 Most of all.	
127 Veniance will I take	
128 In erth for syn sake;	because of sin
129 My grame thus will I wake	anger
130 Both of grete and small.	concerning everyone
131 I repente full sore	very sorely
132 That euer maide I man;	
133 Bi me he settys no store,	has no consideration for me
134 And I am his soferan.	soverain
135 I will distroy therfor	
136 Both beest, man, and woman:	
137 All shall perish les and more.	big and small
138 That bargan may thay ban,	bargain curse
139 That ill has done.	(they) who have
140 In erth I se right nought	nothing at all
141 Bot syn that is vnsoght;	unatoned for
142 Of those that well has wroght	have
143 Fynd I bot a fone.	only a few
144 Therfor shall I fordo	destroy
145 All this medill-erd	middle-earth (=world)
146 With floodys that shall flo	floods flow
147 & ryn with hidous rerd.	run roar
148 I haue good cause therto;	
149 For me no man is ferd.	of me afraid
150 As I say shal I do –	
151 Of veniance draw my swerd	sword
152 And make end	
153 Of all that beris life,	bears

154 Sayf Noe and his wife,	except Noah
155 For thay wold neuer stryfe	
156 With me then me offend.	nor me
157 Hym to mekill wyn,	to his great joy
158 Hastly will I go	
159 To Noe my seruand, or I blyn	before I cease
160 To warn hym of his wo.	
161 In erth I se bot syn	
162 Reynand to and fro	running
163 Emang both more & myn,	big anf small
164 Ichon other fo	everyone each other's foe
165 With all thare entent.	
166 All shall I fordo	destroy
167 With floodys that shall floo;	
168 Wirk shall I thaym wo	
169 That will not repent.	(to them) that
170 Noe, my freend, I the commaund,	thee
171 From cares the to keyle,	thee to preserve
172 A ship that thou ordand	build
173 Of nayle and bord ful wele.	nail board
174 Thou was alway well-wirkand,	doing good
175 To me trew as stele,	truthful steel
176 To my bydyng obediand;	bidding
177 Frenship shal thou fele	experience
178 To mede.	as reward
179 Of lennthe thi ship be	length
180 Thre hundreth cubettys, warn I the;	cubits
181 Of heght euen thirte,	thirty
182 Of fyfty als in brede.	breadth
183 Anoynt thi ship with pik and tar	pitch
184 Without & als within,	
185 The water out to spar:	shut
186 This is a noble gyn.	contrivance
187 Look no man the mar.	thee hinder
188 Thre chese chambres begyn;	tiers of rooms
189 Thou must spend many a spar,	use many spars
190 This wark or thou wyn	before achieve
191 To end fully.	
192 Make in thi ship also	
193 Parloures oone or two,	halls
194 And houses of offyce mo	stables
195 For beestys that ther must be.	
196 Oone cubite on hight	height
197 A wyndo shal thou make;	
198 On the syde a doore with slyght,	skill
199 Beneyth shal thou take.	make
200 With the shal no man fyght,	
201 Nor do the no kyn wrake.	kind of injury
202 When all is doyne thus right	done
203 Thi wife, that is thi make,	mate
204 Take in to the;	
205 Thi sonnes of good fame,	

206	Sem, Iaphet, and Came,	
207	Take in also hame,	home (=on board)
208	Thare wifys also thre.	their wives
209	For all shal be fordone	destroyed
210	That life in land, bot ye,	(all) that lives except
211	With floodys that from abone	above
212	Shal fall, & that plente.	
213	It shall begyn full sone	very soon
214	To rayn vncessantle,	
215	After dayes seuen be done	have passed
216	And induyr dayes fourty,	endure
217	Withoutten fayll.	
218	Take to thi ship also	
219	Of ich kynd beestis two,	
220	Mayll & femayll, bot no mo,	
221	Or thou pull vp thi sayll,	before
222	For thay may the avayll	be of use to thee
223	When al this thyng is wroght.	
224	Stuf thi ship with vitayll,	victuals
225	For hungre that ye perish noght.	because of hunger so that
226	Of beestys, foull, and catayll –	fowl cattle
227	For thaym haue thou in thocht –	keep them in mind
228	For thaym is my counsayll	
229	That som socour be soght	
230	In hast;	
231	Thay must haue corn and hay	
232	And oder mete alway.	other food
233	Do now as I the say,	
234	In the name of the Holy Gast.	

NOAH

235	A! benedicite!	
236	What art thou that thus	
237	Tellys afore that shall be?	predict what
238	Thou art full mervelus!	
239	Tell me, for charite,	
240	Thi name so gracios.	

DEUS

241	My name is of dignyte,	
242	And also full glorius	
243	To knowe:	
244	I am God most myghty,	
245	Oone God in Trynyty,	
246	Made the and ich man to be;	thee each
247	To luf me well thou awe.	love ought

NOAH

248	I thank the, Lord so dere,	
249	That wold vowchsayf	
250	Thus low to appere	
251	To a symple knafe.	man
252	Blis vs, Lord, here	
253	For charite I hit crafe;	it crave
254	The better may we stere	steer

255 The ship that we shall hafe,	have
256 Certayn.	
DEUS	
257 Noe, to the and to thi fry	children
258 My blyssyng graunt I;	
259 Ye shall wax and multiply	
260 And fill the erth agane,	again
261 When all these floodis ar past,	
262 And fully gone away.	
NOAH	
263 Lord, homward will I hast	
264 As fast as that I may;	
265 My [wife] will I frast	ask
266 What she will say,	
267 And I am agast	
268 That we get som fray	strife
269 Betwixt vs both,	
270 For she is full tethee,	peevish
271 For litill oft angre;	
272 If any thyng wrang be,	
273 Soyne is she wroth.	soon angry
<i>Tunc perget ad uxorem.</i>	Then he will go to his wife
274 God spede, dere wife!	God prosper you
275 How fayre ye?	fare
UXOR	
276 Now, as euer myght I thryfe,	as I hope to prosper
277 The wars I thee see.	the worse for seeing you
278 Do tell me belife,	quickly
279 Where has thou thus long be?	been
280 To dede may we dryfe,	death drive
281 Or lif, for the,	as far you are concerned
282 For want.	
283 When we swete or swynk,	sweat
284 Thou dos what thou thynk;	dost
285 Yit of mete and of drynk	food
286 Haue we veray skant.	true scarcity
NOAH	
287 Wife, we ar hard sted	hard pressed
288 With tythyngys new.	
UXOR	
289 Bot thou were worthi be cled	clad (=beaten black and blue)
290 In Stafford blew,	blue cloth from Stafford
291 For thou art alway adred,	
292 Be it fals or trew.	
293 Bot God knowes I am led –	treated
294 And that may I rew –	rue
295 Full ill;	
296 For I dar be thi borow,	guarantee
297 From euen vnto morow	evening
298 Thou spekys euer of sorow –	
299 God send the onys thi fill!	once

300 We women may wary	curse
301 All ill husbandys;	
302 I haue oone, bi Mary,	
303 That lowsyd me of my bandys!	loosened bands (=freed from confinement at childbirth)
304 If he teyn, I must tary,	is vexed wait
305 Howsoeuer it standys,	
306 With seymland full sory,	semblance
307 Wryngand both my handys	wringing
308 For drede.	
309 Bot yit otherwhile,	
310 What with gam & with gyle,	scheming guile
311 I shall smyte and smyle,	
312 And qwite hym his mede.	pay him his reward
NOAH	
313 We! hold, thi tong, ram-skyt,	ram shit
314 Or I shall the still.	thee silence
UXOR	
315 By my thryft, if thou smyte,	prosperity
316 I shal turne the vntill.	on thee
NOAH	
317 We shall assay as tyte.	try at once
318 Haue at the, Gill!	
319 Apon the bone shal it byte.	
UXOR	
320 A, so! Mary, thou smytys ill!	
321 Bot I suppose	
322 I shal not in thi det	debt
323 Flyt of this flett:	go from this place
324 Take the ther a langett	thong (=kick)
325 To tye vp thi hose!	
NOAH	
326 A! wilt thou so?	
327 Mary, that is myne!	mine (=blow)
UXOR	
328 Thou shal thre for two,	shalt have
329 I swere bi Godys pyne!	swear God's pain
NOAH	
330 And I shall qwyte the tho,	repay thee those
331 In fayth, or syne.	before long
UXOR	
332 Out apon the, ho!	fie!
NOAH	
333 Thou can both byte and whyne	
334 With a rerd!	roar
335 For all if she stryke,	for all her striking
336 Yit fast will she skryke;	shriek
337 In fayth, I hold, none slyke	like (her)
338 In all medill-erd.	middle-earth
339 Bot I will kepe charyte	
340 For I haue at do.	things to do
UXOR	
341 Here shal no man tary the;	
342 I pray the go to!	

343	Full well may we mys the,	
344	As euer haue I ro.	as I hope to have peace
345	To spyn will I dres me.	get ready
	NOAH	
346	We! farewell, lo;	
347	Bot, wife,	
348	Pray for me besele,	busily
349	To eft I com vnto the.	until again
	UXOR	
350	Euen as thou prays for me,	
351	As euer myght I thrife.	as I hope to prosper
	NOAH	
352	I tary full lang	delay too long
353	Fro my warke, I traw;	work think
354	Now my gere will I fang,	gear fetch
355	And thederward draw;	go thither
356	I may full ill gang,	walk
357	The soth for to knaw;	truth to know
358	Bot if God help amang,	unless meanwhile
359	I may sit downe daw	have to put up fool
360	To ken.	with being known (for a fool)
361	Now assay will I	try
362	How I can of wryghtry,	carpentry
363	In nomine patris, & filii,	
364	Et spiritus sancti. Amen.	
365	To begyn of this tree	
366	My bonys will I bend;	bones
367	I traw from the Trynyte	think
368	Socoure will be send.	sent
369	It fayres full fayre, thynk me,	fares well I think
370	This wark to my hend;	in hand
371	Now blissid be he	
372	That this can amend.	
373	Lo, here the lenght,	
374	Thre hundreth cubettys euenly;	
375	Of breed, lo, is it fyfty;	breadth
376	The heght is euen thyrtty	
377	Cubettys full stre[n]ght.	
378	Now my gowne will I cast,	put off
379	And wyrk in my cote;	coat
380	Make will I the mast	
381	Or I flyt oone foot	before I depart
382	A! my bak, I traw, will brast!	think burst
383	This is a sory note!	hard task
384	Hit is wonder that I last	it
385	Sich an old dote,	dotard
386	All dold,	stupid
387	To begyn sich a wark!	
388	My bonys ar so stark:	bones stiff
389	No wonder if thay wark,	ache
390	For I am full old.	
391	The top and the sayll	top (=platform at the head of the mast)

392 Both will I make,	
393 The helme and the castell	
394 Also will I take;	
395 To drife ich a nayll	drive each nail
396 Will I not forsake.	
397 This gere may neuer fayll,	gear
398 That dar I vndertake	dare affirm
399 Onone.	at once
400 This is a nobull gyn:	contrivance
401 Thise nayles so thay ryn	run
402 Thoro, more and myn,	through big and small
403 Thise bordys ichon.	
404 Wyndow and doore,	
405 Euen as he saide,	
406 Thre ches chambre,	tiers of
407 Thay are well maide;	
408 Pyk & tar full sure	pitch
409 Therapon laide.	
410 This will euer endure,	
411 Therof am I paide,	pleased
412 Forwhy	because
413 It is better wroght	
414 Then I coude haif thocht.	than have
415 Hym that maide all of noght	from nothing
416 I thank oonly.	only
417 Now will I hy me,	hurry
418 And no thyng be leder,	not at all sluggish
419 My wife and my meneye	family
420 To bryng euen heder.	hither
421 Tent hedir tydely,	pay attention here quickly
422 Wife, and consider:	
423 Hens must vs fle,	hence flee
424 All sam togeder,	all together
425 In hast.	
UXOR	
426 Whi, syr, what alis you?	ails
427 Who is that asalis you?	assails
428 To fle it avalis you	avails
429 And ye be agast.	afraid
NOAH	
430 Ther is garn on the reyll	yarn on the reel (=other work to do)
431 Other, my dame.	
UXOR	
432 Tell me that ich a deyll,	every bit
433 Els get ye blame.	
NOAH	
434 He that cares may keill –	he who relieves sorrows
435 Blissid be his name! –	
436 He has [behete] for oure seyll	promised happiness
437 To sheld vs fro shame,	shield
438 And sayd	
439 All this warld aboute	
440 With floodys so stoute,	fierce

441 That shall ryn on a route,	run mass
442 Shall be ouerlaide.	
443 He saide all shall be slayn,	
444 Bot oonely we,	except
445 Oure barnes that ar bayn,	children obedient
446 And thare wifys thre.	wives
447 A ship he bad me ordayn,	bade
448 To safe vs & oure fee;	goods
449 Therfor with all oure mayn	might
450 Thank we that fre,	noble (lord)
451 Beytter of bayll.	healer of sorrow
452 Hy vs fast, go we thedir.	let's hurry
UXOR	
453 I wote neuer whedir;	know not whither
454 I dase and I dedir	am bewildered tremble
455 For ferd of that tayll.	fear tale
NOAH	
456 Be not aferd. Haue done;	afraid
457 Trus sam oure gere,	gather together gear
458 That we be ther or none,	so that before noon
459 Without more dere.	harm
I FILIUS	
460 It shall be done full sone.	soon
461 Brether, help to bere.	bear
II FILIUS	
462 Full long shall I not hoyne	delay
463 To do my devere.	duty
464 Brether, sam.	brethren together
III FILIUS	
465 Without any yelp,	boast
466 At my myght shall I help.	
UXOR	
467 Yit for drede of a skelp,	slap
468 Help well thi dam!	mother
NOAH	
469 Now ar we there	
470 As we shuld be.	
471 Do get in oure gere,	gear
472 Oure catall and fe,	cattle goods
473 Into this vessell here,	
474 My chylder fre.	noble
UXOR	
475 I was neuer bard ere	enclosed before
476 As euer myght I the,	as I hope to prosper
477 In sich an oostre as this!	hostelry
478 In fath, I can not fynd	faith
479 Which is before, which is behynd.	fore aft
480 Bot shall we here be pynd,	shut up
481 Noe, as haue thou blis?	as you hope to have bliss
NOAH	
482 Dame, as it is skill,	reasonable
483 Here must vs abide grace;	

484 Therfor, wife, with good will
485 Com into this place.

UXOR

486 Sir, for Iak nor for Gill

487 Will I turne my face

488 Till I haue on this hill

489 Spon a space

spun a while

490 On my rok.

distaff

491 Well were he myght get me!

he'd be lucky who

492 Now will I downe set me;

493 Yit reede I no man let me,

advise hinder

494 For drede of a knok.

NOAH

495 Behold to the heuen!

496 The cateractes all,

497 Thai ar open full euen,

they entirely

498 Grete and small,

499 And the planettyes seuen

500 Left has thare stall.

place

501 These thoners and levyn

the thunders lightning

502 Downe gar fall

make fall

503 Full stout

fiercely

504 Both halles and bowers,

505 Castels and towres.

506 Full sharp ar these showers

507 That renys aboute.

rain all around

508 Therfor, wife, haue done;

509 Com into ship fast.

UXOR

510 Yei, Noe, go cloute thi shone!

mend shoes

511 The better will thai last.

I MULIER

512 Good moder, com in sone,

513 For all is ouercast,

514 Both the son and the mone.

II MULIER

515 And many wynd-blast

516 Full sharp.

517 These floodys so thay ryn;

run

518 Therfor moder come in.

UXOR

519 In fayth, yit will I spyn;

520 All in vayn ye carp.

babble

III MULIER

521 If ye like ye may spin,

522 Moder, in the ship.

NOAH

523 Now is this twyys com in,

twice

524 Dame, on my frenship.

for my love

UXOR

525 Wheder I lose or I wyn,

526 In fayth, thi felowship

company

527 Set I not a pyn.

I don't care

528 This spyndill will I slip	spindle empty
529 Apon this hill	
530 Or I styr oone fote.	before
NOAH	
531 Peter! I traw we dote.	think this is nonsense
532 Without any more note,	ado
533 Come in if ye will.	
UXOR	
534 Yei, water nyghys so nere	approaches near
535 That I sit not dry;	
536 Into ship with a byr,	rush
537 Therfor will I hy	hurry
538 For drede that I drone here.	drown
NOAH	
539 Dame, securly,	
540 It bees boght full dere	will be paid for very dearly
541 Ye abode so long by	remained
542 Out of ship.	
UXOR	
543 I will not, for thi bydyng,	bidding
544 Go from doore to mydyng.	dung heap
NOAH	
545 In fayth, and for youre long taryyng	delay
546 Ye shal lik on the whyp.	lick (=taste) the whip
UXOR	
547 Spare me not, I pray the,	
548 Bot euen as thou thynk;	
549 These grete wordys shall not flay me.	scare
NOAH	
550 Abide, dame, and drynk,	
551 For betyn shall thou be	beaten
552 With this staf to thou stynk.	until break wind
553 Ar strokys good? say me.	
UXOR	
554 What say ye, Wat Wynk?	
NOAH	
555 Speke!	
556 Cry me mercy, I say!	apologise to me
UXOR	
557 Therto say I nay.	
NOAH	
558 Bot thou do, bi this day,	unless
559 Thi hede shall I breke!	head break
UXOR	
560 Lord, I were at ese	would be
561 And hertely full hoylle,	sound in heart
562 Might I onys haue a measse	once dish
563 Of wedows coyll.	widow's pottage (=if I might be a widow)
564 For thi saull, without lese	soul truly
565 Shuld I dele penny doyll;	distribute mass pennies (=mass for your soul)
566 So wold mo, no frese	more no doubt
567 That I se on this sole	place
568 Of wifys that ar here,	

569 For the life that thay leyd,
 570 Wold thare husbandys were dede;
 571 For, as euer ete I brede,
 572 So wold I oure syre were!

because of lead
 wish dead
 as I hope to eat bread
 husband

NOAH

573 Yee men that has wifys,
 574 Whyls they ar yong,
 575 If ye luf youre lifys,
 576 Chastice thare tong.
 577 Me thynk my hert ryfys
 578 Both levyr and long,
 579 To se sich stryfys
 580 Wedmen emong;
 581 Bot I,
 582 As haue I blys,
 583 Shall chastyse this.

lives
 tongue
 splits
 liver lung

 among married men

 as I hope to have bliss

UXOR

584 Yit may ye mys,
 585 Nicholl Nedy!

NOAH

586 I shall make the still as stone,
 587 Begynnar of blunder!
 588 I shall bete the bak and bone,
 589 And breke all in sonder.

thee
 confusion
 thee

UXOR

590 Out, alas, I am gone!
 591 Oute apou the, mans wonder!

monster

NOAH

592 Se how she can grone,
 593 And I lig vnder!
 594 Bot, wife,
 595 In this hast let vs ho,
 596 For my bak is nere in two.

groan
 lie (=have the worse)

UXOR

597 And I am bet so blo
 598 That I may not thryfe.

beaten blue
 prosper

I FILIUS

599 A! whi fare ye thus,
 600 Fader and moder both?

behave

II FILIUS

601 Ye shuld not be so spitus
 602 Standyng in sich a woth.

spiteful
 danger

III FILIUS

603 Thise [weders] are so hidus,
 604 With many a cold coth.

disease

NOAH

605 We will do as ye bid vs;
 606 We will no more be wroth,
 607 Dere barnes.
 608 Now to the helme will I hent,
 609 And to my ship tent.

angry
 dear children
 lay hold
 tend

UXOR

610 I se on the firmament,

611	Me thynk, the seven starnes.	stars (=planets)
	NOAH	
612	This is a grete flood,	
613	Wife, take hede.	
	UXOR	
614	So me thoght, as I stode	
615	We ar in grete drede;	dread
616	Thise wawghes ar so wode.	waves mad
	NOAH	
617	Help, God, in this nede!	
618	As thou art stereman good,	
619	And best, as I rede,	think
620	Of all,	
621	Thou rewle vs in this rase,	rule rush
622	As thou me behete hase.	hast promised
	UXOR	
623	This is a parlous case;	perilous
624	Help, God, when we call!	
	NOAH	
625	Wife, tent the stere-tre,	tend the helm
626	And I shall asay	sound
627	The depnes of the see	depth
628	That we bere, if I may.	have
	UXOR	
629	That shall I do ful wysely	
630	Now go thi way,	
631	For apon this flood haue we	
632	Flett many day,	floated
633	With pyne.	pain
	NOAH	
634	Now the water will I fownd:	test
635	A! it is far to the grownd.	
636	This trauell I expownd	labour (that) I speak of
637	Had I to tyne.	in vain
638	Aboue all hillys bedeyn	together
639	The water is rysen late	lately
640	Cubettyus xv.	cubits
641	Bot in a higher state	higher level
642	It may not be, I weyn,	think
643	For this well I wate:	know
644	This forty dayes has rayn beyn;	been
645	It will therfor abate	
646	Full lele.	truly
647	This water in hast,	test
648	Eft will I tast;	
649	Now am I agast –	amazed
650	It is wanyd a grete dele!	
651	Now are the weders cest,	ceased
652	And cateractes knyht,	closed
653	Both the most and the leest.	big and small
	UXOR	
654	Methynk, bi my wit,	

655	The son shyne in the eest	sun east
656	Lo, is not yond it?	
657	We shuld haue a good feest,	
658	Were these floodys flyt	departed
659	So spytus.	spiteful
	NOAH	
660	We haue been here, all we,	
661	CCC dayes and fyfty.	350
	UXOR	
662	Yei, now wanyes the see;	sea
663	Lord, well is vs!	
	NOAH	
664	The thryd tyme will I prufe	test
665	What depnes we bere.	depth have
	UXOR	
666	How long shall thou hufe?	wait
667	Lay in thy lyne there.	plumb-line
	NOAH	
668	I may towch with my lufe	steering oar
669	The grownd evyn here.	
	UXOR	
670	Then begynnys to grufe	grow
671	To vs mery chere.	cheer
672	Bot, husband,	
673	What grownd may this be?	
	NOAH	
674	The hyllys of Armonye.	Armenia
	UXOR	
675	Now blissid be he	
676	That thus for vs can ordand!	has provided
	NOAH	
677	I see toppys of hyllys he,	high
678	Many at a syght;	
679	No thyng to let me,	hinder
680	The wedir is so bright.	
	UXOR	
681	These ar of mercy	
682	Tokyns full right.	
	NOAH	
683	Dame, thi counsell me:	thou (?)
684	What fowll best myght	bird
685	And cowth	could
686	With flight of wyng	
687	Bryng, without taryying,	delay
688	Of mercy som tokynyng	
689	Ayther bi north or southe?	either by
690	For this is the fyrst day	
691	Of the tent moyne.	tenth moon (=month)
	UXOR	
692	The ravyn, durst I lay,	wager
693	Will com agane sone.	
694	As fast as thou may,	
695	Cast hym furth – Haue done!	

696	He may happyn today	
697	Com agane or none	before noon
698	With grath.	speed
	NOAH	
699	I will cast out also	
700	Dowfys oone or two.	doves
701	Go youre way, go;	
702	God send you som wathe!	prey
703	Now ar thise fowles flone	flown
704	Into seyr countre.	various
705	Pray we fast ichon,	each one
706	Kneland on oure kne,	kneeling
707	To hym that is alone,	
708	Worthiest of degre,	
709	That he wold send anone	anon
710	Oure fowles som fee	prey
711	To glad vs.	
	UXOR	
712	Thai may not fayll of land,	
713	The water is so wanand.	waning
	NOAH	
714	Thank we God all-weldand,	all-ruling
715	That Lord that made vs!	
716	It is a wonder thyng,	
717	Me thynk, sothle,	truly
718	Thai ar so long taryyng,	delaying
719	The fowles that we	
720	Cast out in the mornyng.	
	UXOR	
721	Syr, it may be	
722	Thay tary to thay bryng.	until they bring (something)
	NOAH	
723	The ravyn is a-hungrye	
724	Allway.	
725	He is without any reson;	
726	And he fynd any caryon,	if
727	As peraventure may be fon,	found
728	He will not away.	
729	The dowfe is more gentill:	dove
730	Her trust I vntew,	unto her
731	Like vnto the turtill,	turtle
732	For she is ay trew.	always faithful
	UXOR	
733	Hence bot a litill	
734	She commys, lew, lew!	
735	She bryngys in her bill	
736	Som novels new;	news
737	Behald!	behold
738	It is of an olif-tre	
739	A branch, thynkys me.	
	NOAH	
740	It is soth, perde;	
741	Right so is it cald.	called

742	Doufe, byrd, full blist,	dove
743	Fayre myght the befall!	may good luck befall thee
744	Thou art trew for to trist	trust
745	As ston in the wall;	
746	Full well I it wist	knew that
747	Thou wold com to thi hall.	
	UXOR	
748	A trew tokyn ist	is it
749	We shall be sauwd all,	saved
750	Forwhi	because
751	The water, syn she com,	since
752	Of depnes plom	depth plumb
753	Is fallen a fathom	
754	And more, hardely.	certainly
	I FILIUS	
755	Thise floodys ar gone,	
756	Fader, behold!	
	II FILIUS	
757	Ther is left right none,	
758	And that be ye bold.	be sure of that
	III FILIUS	
759	As still as a stone	
760	Oure ship is stold.	fixed
	NOAH	
761	Apon land here anone	anon
762	That we were, fayn I wold.	I wish we were
763	My childer dere,	
764	Sem, Iaphet and Cam,	
765	With gle and with gam,	mirth joy
766	Com go we all sam;	together
767	We will no longer abide here.	stay
	UXOR	
768	Here haue we beyn,	
769	Noy, long enogh	
770	With tray and with teyn,	misery suffering
771	And dreed mekill wogh.	dreadfully great harm
	NOAH	
772	Behald, on this greyn!	field
773	Nowder cart ne plogh	plough
774	Is left, as I weyn	think
775	Nowder tre then bogh,	nor bough
776	Ne other thyng,	
777	Bot all is away;	
778	Many castels, I say,	
779	Grete townes of aray,	stately towns
780	Flitt has this flowyng.	removed flood
	UXOR	
781	Thise floodis not afright	undeterred
782	All this warld so wide	world
783	Has mevid with myght	shifted shore
784	On se and bi side.	

NOAH

785 To dede ar thai dyght,	death put
786 Prowdist of pryde,	(the) proudest
787 Euerich a wyght	being
788 That euer was spyde	detected
789 With syn:	
790 All ar thai slayn,	
791 And put vnto payn.	

UXOR

792 From thens agayn	thence
793 May thai neuer wyn?	escape

NOAH

794 Wyn? no, iwis,	certainly
795 Bot he that myght hase	unless has
796 Wold myn of thare mys	remember their need
797 And admytte thaym to grace.	
798 As he in bayll is blis,	misery
799 I pray hym in this space,	at this time
800 In heven hye with his	high his (saints)
801 To purvaye vs a place,	provide
802 That we,	
803 With his santis in sight,	saints
804 And his angels bright,	
805 May com to his light.	
806 Amen, for charite.	

JOSEPH'S RETURN (N-TOWN)

The play is based on the apocryphal gospel of Pseudo-Matthew.

JOSEPH	
How dame, how! undo youre dore, undo!	door
Are ye at hom? Why speke ye notht!	home not
SUSANNA	
Who is ther? why cry ye so?	
Telle us youre herand; wyl ye ought?	errand want anything
JOSEPH	
5 Undo youre dore, I sey yow to.	to you
For to com in is all my thought.	
MARIA	
It is my spowse that spekyth us to.	to us
Ondo the dore, his wyl were wrought.	his will shall be done
Wellcome hom, myn husband dere.	dear
10 How have ye ferd in fer countré?	fared far
JOSEPH	
To geteoure levynge, withowtyn dwere,	get living fear
I have sore laboryd for the and me.	thee
MARIA	
Husband, ryght gracyously now come be ye.	
It solacyth me sore sothly to se yow in syth.	truly sight
JOSEPH	
15 Me merveilyth, wyff, surely! Youre face I cannot se,	
But as the sonne with his bemys quan he is most bryth.	sun beams when bright
MARIA	
Husband, it is as it plesythoure Lord, that grace of hym grew.	from
Who that evyr beholdyth me, veryly	whoever
They xal be grettly steryd to vertu.	stirred
20 For this gyfte and many moo, good Lord gramercy.	
JOSEPH	
How hast thou ferde, jentyll mayde,	fared gentle
Whyl I have be out of londe?	been
MARIA	
Sekyr, sere, beth nowth dysmayde,	surely sir be not
Ryth aftyr the wyl of Goddys sonde.	right God's message
JOSEPH	
25 That semyth evyl, I am afrayd.	
Thi wombe to hiye doth stonde!	too high
I drede me sore I am betrayd,	dread sorely
Sum other man the had in honde	thee
Hens sythe I went!	hence since
30 Thy wombe is gret, it gynnyth to ryse.	great begins
Than hast thou begownne a synfull gyse.	then begun way of life
Telle me now in what wyse	
Thyself thou hast thus shent.	ruined
Ow, dame, what thinge menyth this?	means

35 With childe thu gynnyst ryth gret to gon. Sey me, Mary, this childys fadyr ho is? I pray the telle me, and that anon. MARIA The Fadyr of Hevyn and ye it is –	begins right go child's who thee
Other fadyer hath he non.	none
40 I dede nevyr forfeete with man, iwys. Wherefore I pray yow, amende youre mon. This childe is Goddys and youre. JOSEPH Goddys child! Thu lyst, in fay! God dede nevyr jape so with may!	did wrong surely complaint God's your's liest faith did maid
45 And I cam nevyr ther, I dare wel say, Yitt so nyh thi boure.	there yet near bower
But yit I sey, Mary, whoos childe is this? MARIA Goddys and youre, I sey, iwys.	whose
JOSEPH Ya, ya, all olde men to me take tent,	notice
50 And weddyth no wyff in no kynnys wyse That is a yonge wench, by myn asent, For doute and drede and swych servyce. Alas, alas, my name is shent! All men may me now dyspyse	wed kind of such ruined
55 And seyn, 'Old cokwold, thi bowe is bent Newly now aftyr the Frensche gyse.' Alas and welaway! Alas, dame, why dedyst thu so For this synne that thu hast do	cuckold bow is bent (=action set in motion) French manner (=lechery) didst done
60 I the forsake and from the go For onys, evyr, and ay.	thee once always
MARIA Alas, gode spowse, why sey ye thus? Alas, dere husband, amende youre mod. It is no man but swete Jesus.	good mood
65 He wyll be clad in flesch and blood And of youre wyff be born.	from
SEPHOR Forsothe, the aungel, thus seyde he, That Goddys sone in Trynit�e For mannys sake a man wolde be	in truth man's
70 To save that is forlorn.	what lost
JOSEPH An aungel! Allas, allas! Fie, for schame! Ye syn now in that ye to say To puttyn an aungel in so gret blame! Alas! alas! Let be! Do way!	in what you two
75 It was sum boy began this game That clothyd was clene and gay. And ye geve him now an aungel name.	boy (who) angel's

Alas, alas, and welaway That evyr this game betydde.	occurred
80 A, dame, what thought haddyst thu? Here may all men this proverbe trow, That many a man doth bete the bow, Another man hath the brydde.	believe beat the bough bird
MARIA A, gracious God in hefne trone,	heaven's throne
85 Comforte my spowse in this hard cas. Mercyful God, amend his mone, Since I dede nevyr so gret trespass.	moan did
JOSEPH Lo, lo, serys, what told I yow, That it was not for my prow	sirs profit
90 A wyff to take me to – An that is wel s[e]ne now! For Mary, I make God avow, Is grett with childe, lo. Alas, why is it so?	to me and seen
95 To the busshop I wole telle That he the lawe may here do, With stonys here to qwelle.	so that apply to her stones her kill
Nay, nay, yet God forbede That I xuld do that v[e]ngeabyl dede	deed full of revenge
100 But if I wyst qwy. I knew nevyr with here, so God me spede, Tokyn of thyng in word nor dede That towchyd velany. Nevyrtheles, what forthy,	unless knew why her may God prosper me sign villainy
105 Thow she be meke and mylde, Withowth mannys company She myght not be with childe!	though meek man's
But I ensure, myn was it nevyr! Thow that she hath not don here devyr,	her duty
110 Rather than I xould pleynyn opynly, Certeynly, yitt had I levyr Forsake the countré forevyr And nevyr come into here company.	complain rather
For and men knew this velany, 115 In repreff thei wolde me holde. And yett many bettyr than I, Ya, hath ben made cockolde!	her if reproof have
Now, alas, whedyr xal I gone? I wot nevyr whedyr nor to what place,	whither go know
120 For oftyntyme sorwe comyth sone, And longe it is or it pace. No comforte may I have here. Iwys, wyff, thu dedyst me wronge! Alas, I taryed from the to longe!	sorrow soon before it passes
125 All men have pety [on me] amonge, For to my sorwe is no chere.	thee too cheer

MARIA	
God, that in my body art sesyd,	placed
Thu knowist my husbond is dysplesyd	
To se me in this plight.	
130 For unknowlage he is desesyd,	ignorance diseased (=unhappy)
And therefore, help that he were esyd,	eased
That he myght knowe the ful perfyght.	thee perfectly
For I have levyr abyde [d]espyt	rather endure spite
To kepe thi sone in privité	secret
135 Grauntyd by the Holy Spyryt	
Than that it xulde be opynd by me.	revealed
DEUS	
Descende, I sey, myn aungelle,	
Onto Joseph for to telle	
Such as my wyl is.	
140 Byd hym with Mary abyde and dwelle,	
For it is my sone full snelle	alive
That she is with, iwys.	
ANGELUS	
Almyghty God of Blys,	
I am reddy for to wende	go
145 Wedyr as thi wyl is,	wherever
To go bothe fer and hynde.	far and near
Joseph, Joseph, thu wepyst shyrle.	shrill
Fro thi wyff why comyst thu owte?	
JOSEPH	
Good sere, lete me wepe my fylle;	sir
150 Go forthe thi wey and lett me nowght.	hinder
ANGELUS	
In thi wepyngge thu dost ryght ylle –	
Agens God thu hast mys wrought!	against
Go chere thi wyff with herty wylle,	
And chawnge thi chere, amende thi thought.	
155 Sche is a ful clene may	clean maid
I telle the, God wyl of here be born,	thee from her
And sche clene mayd as she was beforne,	
To save mankynd, that is forlorn.	lost
Go chere hyre, therefore, I say.	her
JOSEPH	
160 A, Lord God, benedicité.	
Of thi gret comforte I thank the	thee
That thu sent me this space.	time
I myght wel a wyst, pardé,	have known
So good a creature as she	
165 Wold nevyr a don trespace,	have done
For sche is ful of grace.	
I know wel I have mys wrought.	
I walk to my pore place	
And aske forgyfnes, I have mysthought.	
170 Now is the tyme sen at eye	seen

<p>That the childe is now to veryfye, Which xal save mankende, As it is was spoke by prophesye. I thank the, God, that sitys on hye 175 With hert, wyl and mende, That evyr thu woldyst me bynde To wedde Mary my wyff, Thi blysfyl sone so nere to fynde, And in his presens to lede my lyff.</p>	<p>spoken thee sitt on high mind son near lead</p>
<p>180 Alas, for joy I qwedyr and qwake. Alas, what hap now was this? A, mercy, mercy, my jentyl make, Mercy, I have seyde al amys! All that I have seyde, here I forsake. 185 Youre swete fete now lete me kys. MARIA Nay, lett be my fete, not tho ye take; My mowthe ye may kys, iwys, And welcom onto me. JOSEPH Gramercy, myn owyn swete wyff, 190 Gramercy, myn heart, my love, my lyff. Xal I nevyrmore make suche stryff Betwyx me and the.</p>	<p>quiver mate feet feet those mouth thee</p>
<p>A, Mary, Mary, wel thu be, And blyssyd be the frewte in the, 195 Goddys Sone of Myght. Now, good wyff, ful of pyté, As be not evyl payd with me Thow that thu have good ryght. As for my wronge in syght 200 To wyte the with ony synne, Had thu not been a vertuous wythe, God wold not a be the withinne.</p>	<p>fruit in thee ill-pleased blame thee with any (if) person have been within thee</p>
<p>I knowlage I have don amys. I was nevyr wurthy, iwys, 205 For to be thin husbonde. I xal amende aftere thys, Ryght as thin owyn wyl is, To serve the at foot and honde, And thi chylde bothe to undyrstonde, 210 To wurchep hym with good affeccyon. And therfore telle me, and nothyng whonde, The holy matere of youre concepcyon.</p>	<p>acknowledge worthy own thee submit to worship hesitate</p>
<p>MARIA At yowre owyn wyll as ye bydde me: Ther cam an aunge[l] hyght Gabryell, 215 And gret me fayr, and seyde, 'Ave!' And ferthermore to me gan tell God xulde be borne of my bodé, The fendys powsté for to felle. Thorwe the Holy Gost, as I wel se,</p>	<p>called greeted began to from fiend's power fell through</p>

220 Thus God in me wyl byde and dwelle.

JOSEPH

Now I thank God with spech and spelle
That evyr, Mary, I was weddyd to the.

words
thee

MARIA

It was the werk of God, as I yow telle.
Now blyssyd be that Lord so purveyd for me.

(who) so provided

THE TRIAL OF MARY AND JOSEPH (N-TOWN)

The play is unique to N-Town and is based on the apocryphal gospel of Pseudo-Matthew. The trial is set in a medieval ecclesiastical court, which had jurisdiction over such crimes as fornication, adultery and slander. The summoner delivered citations for people to appear before the tribunal: a corrupt and ugly summoner is described in the General Prologue of *The Canterbury Tales*.

DEN

Avoyd, serys, and lete my lorde the buschop come
 And syt in courte, the lawes for to doo.
 And I xal gon in this place, them for to somowne,
 Tho that ben in my book – the court ye must com too!

make room sirs let bishop
 go summon
 those who are to

I warne yow here all abowte
 That I somown yow, all the route!
 Loke ye fayl for no dowte
 At the court to pere.
 Both Johan Jurdon and Geffrey Gyle,
 10 Malkyn Mylkedoke and fayr Mabyle,
 Stevyn Sturdy and Jak-at-the-Style,
 And Sawdyr Sadelere.

company
 appear

Thom Tynkere and Betrys Belle,
 Peyrs Pottere and Whatt-at-theWelle,
 Symme Smalfeyth and Kate Kelle,
 And Bertylmew the bochere.
 Kytt Cakelere and Colett Crane,
 Gylle Fetyse and fayr Jane,
 Powle Pewterere and Pernel Prane,
 20 And Phelypp the good flecchere.

butcher
 maker or seller of arrows

Cok Crane and Davy Drydust,
 Luce Lyere and Letyce Lytyltrust,
 Miles the myllere and Colle Crakecrust,
 Bothe Bette the bakere and Robyn Rede.
 And loke ye ryng wele in youre purs,
 For ellys youre cawse may spede the wurs,
 Thow that ye slynge Goddys curs
 Evyn at myn hede!

make your purse ring well
 else worse
 God's curse
 head

Fast com away,
 30 Bothe Boutyng the browstere and Sybyl Slynge,
 Megge Meryweddyr and Sabyn Sprynge,
 Tyffany Twynkelere, fayle for nothyng,
 The courte xal be this day!

brewer

*Hic intrabit page[n]tum de Purgatione Marie
 et Joseph. Hic dicit Primus Detractor.*

pageant

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

A, a, serys, God save yow all!
 Here is a fayr pepyl, in good fay.
 Good serys, telle me what men me calle?
 I trowe ye kannot be this day.
 Yitt I walke wyde and many way,

sirs
 people faith
 think by
 yet

But yet ther I come I do no good: 40 To reyse slaw[n]dyr is al my lay. Bakbytere is my brother of blood.	where raise slander way of life
Dede he ought come hedyr in al this day? Now woulde God that he wore here. And be my trewth I dare wel say That yf we tweyn togedyr apere, More slawndyr we to xal arere Within an howre thorweouth this town Than evyr ther was this thowsand yere, And ellys I shrewe yow bothe up and down!	did he come at all here were by two arouse throughout else curse
50 Now be my trewth I have a syght Evyn of my brother, lo! where he is. Welcom, dere brother, my trowth I plyght! Yowre jentyl mowth let me now kys. SECUNDUS DETRACTOR Gramercy, brother, so have I blys! I am ful glad we met this day. PRIMUS DETRACTOR Ryght so am I, brother, iwys, Mech gladdere than I kan say.	assure mouth thanks indeed much
But yitt, good brother, I yow pray, Telle all these pepyl what is youre name; 60 For yf they knew it, my lyf I lay, They wole yow wurchep and speke gret fame. SECUNDUS DETRACTOR I am Bakbitere, that spylyth all game, Bothe kyd and knowyn in many a place! PRIMUS DETRACTOR Be my trowth, I seyde the same, And yet sum seyden thu xulde have evyl grace.	will honour spoils known
SECUNDUS DETRACTOR Herk, Reysesclaundyr, canst thu owth telle Of any newe thyng that wrought was late? PRIMUS DETRACTOR Within a shorte whyle a thyng befelle, I trowe thu wylt lawgh ryght wel therate. 70 For, be trowth, ryght mekyl hate, If it be wyst, therof wyl growe. SECUNDUS DETRACTOR If I may reyse therwith debate, I xal not spare the seyde to sowe.	Raise-slander anything recently think thereat (=at it) much known from it seed
PRIMUS DETRACTOR Syr, in the tempyl a mayd ther was Calde Mayd Mary, the trewth to tell. Sche semyd so holy withinne that plas, Men seyde sche was fedde with holy aungell. Sche made a vow with man nevyr to melle, But to leve chast and clene virgine. 80 Howevyr it be, her womb doth swelle And is as gret as thinne or myne!	called place fed by have sexual intercourse live

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR

Ya, that old shrewe Joseph, my trowth I plyght,
 Was so anameryd upon that mayd,
 That of hyre bewté whan he had syght,
 He sesyd not tyll [he] had here asayd!

scoundrel assure
 enamoured
 ceased tasted

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

A, nay, nay, wel wers she hath hym payd:
 Sum fresch yonge gallaunt she lovyth wel more
 That his leggy's to here hath leyd!
 And that doth greve the old man sore.

legs
 grieve

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR

90 Be my trewth, al may wel be,
 For fresch and fayr she is to syght.
 And such a mursel, as semyth me,
 Wolde cause a yonge man to have delyght.

by my
 morsel

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

Such a yonge damesel of bewté bryght,
 And of schap so comely also,
 Of hire tayle ofte-tyme be lyght
 And rygh tekyl undyr the too.

shape
 pudendum
 very ticklish toe (=very easily swept off their feet)

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR

That olde cokolde was evyl begylyd
 To that fresche wench whan he was wedde.
 100 Now muste he faderyn anothyr mannys chylde,
 And with his swynke he xal be fedde.

cuckold beguiled

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

A yonge man may do more chere in bedde
 To a yonge wench than may an olde.
 That is the cawse such lawe is ledde,
 That many a man is a kokewolde.

bring more pleasure
 is engaged in

*Hic sedet Episcopus Abizachar inter duos legis doctores
 et, audientes hanc deff[a]macionem, vocat ad se
 detractores dicens:*

EPISCOPUS

Herke, ye felawys, why speke ye such schame
 Of that good virgyn, fayr Maid Mary?
 Ye be acursyd so hire for to defame,
 She that is of lyff so good and holy.
 110 Of hire to speke suche velany
 Ye make myn hert ful hevvy of mood.
 I charge yow, sese of youre fals cry,
 For sche is sybbe of myn owyn blood.

cease
 kinswoman

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR

Syb of thi kin thow she be,
 All gret with chylde hire womb doth swelle!
 Do calle her hedyr, thiself xal se
 That it is trewth that I the telle.

though
 her
 what thee

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

Sere, for youre sake I xal kepe cowncelle:
 Yow for to greve I am ryght loth.

keep the matter secret
 loath

120 But lest, serys, lyst what seyth the belle:
Oure fayr mayd now gret with childe goeth!

listen, sirs, listen to what is spread abroad

PRIMUS DOCTOR LEGIS

Take good heed, serys, what ye doth say,
Avyse yow wele what ye present.
Yyf this be fownd fals anohtyr day,
Ful sore ye xal youre tale repent!

do say
consider well report
if

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR

Sere, the mayd forsothe is good and gent,
Bothe comely and gay and a fayr wench;
And feetly with help sche can consent
To set a cokewolde on the hye benche!

attractive

craftily
high

SECUNDUS DOCTOR LEGIS

130 Ye be to besy of youre langage!
I hope to God yow fals to preve.
It were gret rewthe she xulde so outrage,
Or with such synne to myscheve.

prove
it would be pity so sin
do wrong

EPISCOPUS

This evy talys my hert doth greve,
Of hire to here such fowle dalyawnce.
If she be fowndyn in suche repreve,
She xal sore rewe her governawns!

these heavy tales
to hear talk
shame
rue conduct

Sym Somnore, in hast wend thu thi way;
Byd Joseph and his wyff be name

Summoner go
by

140 At the coorte to appere this day,
Here hem to pouрге of here defame.
Sey that I here of hem grett schame
And that doth me gret hevynes.
If thei be clene withowtyn blame,
Byd hem come hedyr and shew wyttnes.

themselves exculpate their
them

them

DEN

All redy, sere, I xal hem calle
Here at youre courte for to appere.
And yf I may hem mete withall,
I hope ryght sone thei xal ben here.
150 Awey, serys, lete me com nere.
A man of wurchep here comyth to place.
Of curtesy, mesemyth, ye be to lere;
Do of youre hodys, with an evyl grace.

honour
it seems to me are to learn
off hoods

Do me sum wurchep befor my face,
Or be my trowth I xal yow make!
If that I rolle yow up in my race,
For fere I xal do youre arse qwake!
But yit sum mede and ye me take,
I wyl withdrawe my gret rough toth.

honour
force you to
enroll (in the citations) haste
fear make
yet reward if you give
tooth

160 Gold and sylvyr I wyl not forsake,
But [do] evyn as all somnorys doth.

do

A, Joseph, good day, with thi fayr spowse!
My lorde the buschop hath for yow sent.
It is hym tolde that in thin house

A cockoldeis bowe is ech nyght bent.
 He that shett the bolt is lyke to be schent.
 Fayre mayde, that tale ye kan best telle.
 Now be yowre trowth, telle youre entent:
 Dede not the archere plese yow ryght well?

cuckold's bow is bent (=cuckoldry is set in motion)
 shot arrow likely punished

did

MARIA

170 Of God of hevyn I take wyttnes,
 That synful werk was nevyr my thought.
 I am a mayd yit of pure clenness,
 Lyke as I was into this werd brought.
 DEN

cleanness
 world

Othyr wyttnes xal non be sought.
 Thu art with childe eche man may se.
 I charge yow both ye tary nought,
 But to the buschop com forth with me.

tarry not

JOSEPH

To the buschop with yow we wende –
 Of oure purgacyon hawe we no dowth.

go
 exculpation have fear

MARIA

180 Almighty God xal be our frende
 When the treuthe is tried owth.

out

DEN

Ya, on this wyse excusyth here every scowte
 When here owyn synne hem doth defame!
 But lowly than thei gyn to lowth
 Whan thei be gyilty and fowndyn in blame.

scoundrel
 their them
 they bow

Therefore, com forth, Cokewolde be name!
 The busschop xal youre lyff appose.

by
 examine

Com forth also, ye goodly dame,
 A clene husewyff, as I suppose!
 190 I shall yow tellyn withoutyn glose,
 And ye were myn, withoutyn lak,
 I wolde ech day beschrewe youre nose
 And ye dede brynge me such a pak!

deceit
 if fail
 curse
 If did package

My lord buschop, here have I brought
 This goodly copyl at youre byddyng:
 And as mesemyth as be here fraught,
 'Fair chylde, lullay' sone must she syng.

couple
 by her burden

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

To here a credyl and ye wolde brynge,
 Ye myght save mony in here purse.
 200 Becawse she is youre cosyn ynge,
 I pray yow, sere, lete here nevyr fare the wers.

her cradle if
 money
 young

EPISCOPUS

Alas, Mary, what hast thou wrought?
 I am aschamyd evyn for thi sake!
 How hast thou chaungyd thin holy thought?
 Dude old Joseph with strenght the take?
 Or hast thou chosyn another make?
 By whom thou art thus brought in schame?
 Telle me who hath wrought this wrake.

did thee
 mate

harm

How has thou lost thy holy name?

MARIA

210 My name, I hope, is safe and sound.

God to witness, I am a maid.

Of fleshly lust and ghostly wound

In deed here thought I never asayd.

PRIMUS DOCTOR LEGIS

How wouldst thou woman thus be arrayd,

So grievously swollen as that it is?

But if some man had overlaid,

Thou woman wouldst never be so grieved, woe!

spiritual injury

in deed or had experience

in this condition

unless had lain upon thee

indeed

SECUNDUS DOCTOR LEGIS

Herke thou, Joseph, I am afraid

That thou hast wrought this open synne.

220 This woman thou hast thus betrayed

With grievous flattery or some false synne.

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR

Now, be my truth, ye hid the synne!

With that purpose, in faith, I hold.

Tell now how thou thus hire didst winne,

Or knowlych thyself for a cuckold!

trick

by mark

assertion

her didst

acknowledge

JOSEPH

She is for me a true clear maid,

And I for hire am clear also.

Of fleshly synne I never asayde

Since that I was wedded to.

EPISCOPUS

230 Thou shalt not scape from us yet so.

First thou shalt tell us another lay.

Streit to the answer thou shalt go,

The dryng of vengeance ther to asay.

since to me

escape

tale

altar

drink taste

Here is a bottle of God's vengeance.

This drink shall be now thy purgation.

This [hath] such virtue by God's ordinaunce

That what man drink of this potation

And goth sertain in procession

Here in this place this answer abowth,

240 If he be guilty, some maculation

Plain in his face shall shew owth.

bottle God's

whatever man drinks

about this altar

spot

out

If thou be guilty, tell us, let's see.

Over God's might be not to bold!

If thou presume and guilty be,

God thou dost give many a fold.

JOSEPH

I am not guilty, as I first tolde,

Almighty God I take witness.

EPISCOPUS

Than this drink in hast thou hold,

And on procession anon the dress.

let's see

too bold

quickly go

Hic Joseph bibit et sepcies circuiuit altare dicens:

seven times

JOSEPH

250 This drynk I take with meke entent.
 As I am gyltles, to God I pray:
 Lord, as thou art omnypotente,
 On me thou shewe the trowth this day.

guiltless
 truth

Modo bibit

About this awter I take the way,
 O gracious God, help thi servaunt!
 As I am gyltles agen yon may,
 Thin hand of mercy this tyme me graunt.

towards that maid

DEN

This olde shrewe may not wel gon!
 Longe he taryeth to go abowth.
 260 Lyfte up thi feet, sett forth thi ton,
 Or be my trowth thou getyst a clowte!
 SECUNDUS DETRACTOR
 Now, sere, evyl thedom com to thi snowte!
 What heylyght thi leggyes now to be lame?
 Thou dedyst hem put ryght freschly owte
 Whan thou dedyst pley with yon yonge dame!

scoundrel go
 toes
 blow
 bad luck
 afflicts
 didst them

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

I pray God gyf him myschawns!
 Hese leggyes here do folde for age.
 But with this damysel he dede dawns,
 The old charle had ryght gret corage!

his give way
 did dance
 churl spirit

DEN

270 The shrewe was than sett in a dotage
 And had good lust that tyme to pleyn.
 Gaff sche not yow cawdel to potage
 Whan ye had don, to comfrote youre brayn?

scoundrel
 wish
 gave broth meal

JOSEPH

A, gracyous God, help me this tyde
 Ageyn the pepyl that me doth fame.
 As I nevyrmore dede towch her syde,
 This day help me fro werdly schame.
 Abowte this awtere to kepe my fame,
 Vij tymes have I gon round abowte.
 280 If I be wurthy to suffyr blame,
 O ryghtful God, my synne shewe owughte.

time
 against defame
 did
 worldly
 altar
 7
 openly

EPISCOPUS

Joseph, with hert thank God thi Lorde
 Whos heigh mercy doth the excuse.
 For thi purgacyon we xal recorde
 With hyre of synne thou dedyst nevyr muse.
 But, Mary, thiself mayst not refuse:
 All grett with chylde we se the stonde.
 What mystyr man dede the mysuse?
 Why hast thou synnyd ageyn thin husbonde?

thee
 exculpation
 thee
 kind of did thee debauch
 against

MARIA

290 I trespacyd nevyr with erthely wyght. being
 Therof I hope thurowe Goddys sonde through dispensation
 Here to be purgyd before youre syght exculpated
 From all synne clene, lyke as myn husbonde.
 Take me the botel out of youre honde, give me
 Here xal I drynke befor youre face.
 Abowth this awtere than xal I fonde try
 Vij tymes to go, by Godys grace. 7

PRIMUS DOCTOR LEGIS

Se, this bolde bysmare wolde presume wretch
 Ageyn God to preve his myght! against test
 300 Thow Goddys vengeauns hyre xuld consume,
 Sche wyl not telle hyre fals delyght.
 Thu art with chylde we se in syght;
 To us thi wombe the doth accuse! thee
 Ther was nevyr woman yitt in such a plyght
 That from mankynde hyre kowde excuse. could exonerate herself of having known a man sexually

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

In feyth, I suppose that this woman slepte
 Withowtyn all coverte whyll it dede snowe; covering did
 And a flake therof into hyre mowthe crepte,
 From therof the chylde in hyre wombe doth growe.

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR

310 Than beware, dame, for this is wel iknowe: known
 Whan it is born, yf that the sun shyne,
 It wyl turne to watyr ageyn, as I trowe; think
 For snow onto watyr doth evermore reclyne. tend to return

SECUNDUS DOCTOR LEGIS

With Goddys hygh myght loke thu not jape!
 Of thi purgacyion wel the avyse. consider
 Yf thu be gylyty thu mayst not schape; escape
 Beware evyr of God, that ryghtful jusyce!
 If God with vengeauns set on the his syse, assize
 Not only thu but all thi kyn is schamyd.
 320 Bettyr it is to telle the trewth, devyse, consider
 Than God for to greve and of hym be gramyd. by him punished

MARIA

I trostyn in his grace, I xal hym nevyr greve; trust
 His servaunt I am in worde, dede, and thought.
 A mayd undefyled I hope he xal me preve. prove
 I pray yow, lett me nought. hinder me not

EPISCOPUS

Now, be the good Lord that all the werd hath wrought, by world
 If God on the shewe ony manyr tokyn, thee any manner of token
 Purgacyion, I trowe, was nevyr so dere bowth, exculpation think bought
 If I may on the in any wyse be wrokyn. thee avenged

330 Holde here the botel and take a large draught,
 And abowth the awtere go thi processyon.

MARIA

To God in this case my cawse I have betaught; entrusted

Lord, thorwe thin helpe I drynke of this potacyion. through

Hic Beata Virgo bibit de potacione et postea circuiuit altare dicens:

MARIA

God, as I nevyr knew of mannys maculacion, spot

But evyr have lyved in trew virginité,

Send me this day thi holy consolacyion

That all this fayr peple my clenness may se. purity

O, gracyous God, as thu hast chose me chosen

For to be thi modyr, of me to be born, from me

340 Save thi tabernacle, that clene is kepte for the,

Which now am put at repref and skorn. shame

Gabryel me tolde with wordys he[re]beforn

That ye of youre goodnes wold become my chylde.

Help now of youre highness my wurchep be not lorn; honour lost

A, dere son, I pray yow, help youre modyr mylde.

EPISCOPUS

Almyghty God, what may this mene?

For all the drynke of Goddys potacyion,

This woman with chylde is fayr and clene,

Withowtyn fowle spotte or maculacion!

350 I cannat, be non ymagynacyion,

Preve hyre gyilty and synful of lyff.

It shewyth opynly by here purgacyion

Sche is clene mayde, bothe modir and wyff! exculpation

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

Be my fathyr sowle, here is gret gyle!

Because sche is syb of youre kynreed,

The drynk is chaungyd by sum fals wyle

That sche no shame xulde have this steed!

EPISCOPUS

Becawse thu demyst that we do falshede,

And for thu dedyst hem fyrst defame,

360 Thu xalt ryght here, magré thin heed,

Beforn all these pepyl drynk of the same. suspect falsehood
didst them
willy-nilly

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

Syr, in good feyth oo draught I pulle,

If these to drynkerys have have not all spent. one drink

Hic bibit, et scenciens dolorem in capite cadit, et dicit:

Out, out! Alas, what heylith my soulle?

A, myn heed with fyre methynkyht is brent!

Mercy, good Mary, I do me repent

Of my cursyd and fals langage!

MARIA

Now god Lord in hevyn omnypotent,

Of his grett mercy youre seknes aswage. relieve

EPISCOPUS

370 We all on our knes fall on grownd,
Thu, Goddys handemayd, prayng for grace.
All cursyd langage and schame onswnd,
Good Mary, forgeve us here in this place.

knees
wicked

MARIA

Now God forgeve you all yowre trespace
And also forgeve yow all defamacyion
That ye have sayd both more and lesse,
To myn hynddrawnce and maculacion.

people of all ranks

EPISCOPUS

Now, blyssyd virgyne, we thank yow alle
Of youre good hert and gret pacyens.
380 We wyll go with yow hom to youre halle
To do yow servys with high reverens.

MARIA

I thank yow hertyly of youre benevolens.
Onto youre owyn hous I pray yow ye goo,
And take this pepyl hom with yow hens;
I am not dysposyd to passyn hens froo.

hence
from

EPISCOPUS

Than farewel, mayden and pure virgyne,
Farewel, trewe handmayd of God in blys!
We all to yow lowly inclyne
And take oure leve of yow as wurthy is.

kneel
leave from

MARIA

390 Almyghty God youre weys wysse,
For that hygh Lord is most of myght.
He mote yow spede that ye not mys
In hevyn of him to have a syght.

guide
greatest
may

JOSEPH

Honouryd in hevyn be that high Lorde
Whos endles grace is so habundaunt
That he doth shewe the trewe recorde
Of iche wyhgt that is his trewe servaunt.
That Lord to wurchepe with hert pleasaunt
We bothe be bownd ryght on this place,
400 Which our purgacyon us dyde graunt
And prevyd us pure by hiegh grace.

each being
exculpation did
proved

MARIA

Forsothe, good spowse, I thank hym hyghly
Of his good grace for our purgacyon.
Oure clennes is knowyn full opynly
Be vertu of his grett consolacyon.

truly
purity
by

THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY (WAKEFIELD)

I PASTOR

1 Lord, what these weders ar cold!	how weather
2 And I am yll happyd.	clothed
3 I am nerehande dold,	nearly numb
4 So long haue I nappyd;	slept
5 My legys thay fold,	legs they give way
6 My fyngers ar chappyd.	chapped
7 It is not as I wold,	
8 For I am al lappyd	wrapped
9 In sorow.	
10 In stormes and tempest,	
11 Now in the eest, now in the west,	
12 Wo is hym has neuer rest	woe
13 Mydday nor morow!	
14 Bot we sely husbandys	wretched farm-workers
15 That walkys on the moore,	walk moor
16 In fayth we are nerehandys	nearly
17 Outt of the doore.	homeless
18 No wonder, as it standys,	
19 If we be poore,	
20 Ffor the tylthe of oure landys	tilth
21 Lyys falow as the floore,	lies
22 As ye ken.	know
23 We ar so hamyd,	hamstrung
24 Fortaxed and ramyd,	overtaxed oppressed
25 We ar mayde handtamyd,	tame
26 With thyse gentlery-men.	by landlord's officials
27 Thus thay refe vs oure rest,	rob us of
28 Oure Lady theym wary!	curse them
29 These men that ar lord-fest,	bound to a lord
30 Thay cause the ploghe tary;	plough (to) tarry
31 That, men say, is for the best –	
32 We fynde it contrary.	
33 Thus ar husbandys opprest,	farm-workers
34 In ponte to myscary	to the point of perishing
35 On lyfe.	
36 Thus hold thay vs hunder,	under
37 Thus thay bryng vs in blonder;	confusion
38 It were greatte wonder	would be
39 And euer shuld we thryfe.	if prosper
40 For may he gett a paynt slefe	(if) decorated sleeve (=livery)
41 Or a broche now-on-dayes,	brooch
42 Wo is hym that hym grefe	woe offends
43 Or onys agane-says!	once crosses
44 Dar noman hym repreffe,	no one dare reprove him
45 What mastry he mays;	force uses
46 And yit may noman lefe	believe
47 Oone word that he says –	
48 No letter.	
49 He can make purveance	provision (=requisition)
50 With boste and bragance,	boast bragging

51 And all is thugh maintenance	maintenance (=retainers)
52 Of men that are gretter.	
53 Ther shall com a swane	retainer
54 As prowde as a po;	peacock
55 He must borow my wane,	wagon
56 My ploghe also;	plough
57 Then I am full fane	glad
58 To graunt or he go.	before
59 Thus lyf we in payne,	live
60 Anger, and wo,	
61 By nyght and day.	
62 He must haue if he langyd,	have (it) longs (for it)
63 If I shuld forgang it;	(even) if forego
64 I were better be hangyd	
65 Then oones say hym nay.	once
66 It dos me good, as I walk	
67 Thus by myn oone,	by myself
68 Of this world for to talk	
69 In maner of mone.	moan
70 To my shepe wyll I stalk	sheep stride
71 And herkyn anone,	listen
72 Ther abyde on a balk,	stay strip (of grass-land between fields)
73 Or sytt on a stone	
74 Full soyne;	very soon
75 For I trowe, perde,	think by God
76 Trew men if thay be,	
77 We gett more compane	company
78 Or it be noyne.	before noon
II PASTOR	
79 Benste and Dominus,	<i>benedicite</i>
80 What may this bemeayne?	mean
81 Why fares this world thus?	world
82 Oft haue we not sene.	seen it (so bad)
83 Lord, thyse weders ar spytus	spiteful
84 And the wyndys full kene,	
85 And the frostys so hydus	
86 Thay water myn eeyne,	eyes
87 No ly.	lie
88 Now in dry, now in wete,	
89 Now in snaw, now in slete,	snow sleet
90 When my shone freys to my fete	shoes freeze
91 It is not all esy.	
92 Bot as far as I ken	but know
93 Or yit as I go,	
94 We sely wedmen	wretched married men
95 Dre mekyll wo:	suffer much woe
96 We haue sorow then and then	time and again
97 It fallys oft so.	
98 Sely Copyle, oure hen,	silly hen (=wife)
99 Both to and fro	
100 She kakyls;	cackles
101 Bot begyn she to krok,	

102 To groyne or to klok,	groan cluck
103 Wo is hym is of oure cok,	woe to him (who) is our cock (=husband)
104 For he is in the shakyls.	shackles
105 These men that ar wed	married
106 Haue not all thare wyll;	their
107 When they ar full hard sted,	placed
108 Thay sygh full styll.	continually
109 God wayte thay ar led	God knows
110 Full hard and full yll;	
111 In bowere nor in bed	chamber
112 Thay say nocht thertyll	answer back
113 This tyde.	time
114 My parte haue I fun,	found
115 I know my lesson:	
116 Wo is hym that is bun,	bound
117 For he must abyde.	
118 Bot now late in oure lyfys –	
119 A meruell to me,	
120 That I thynk my hart ryfys	splits
121 Sich wonders to see;	
122 What that destany dryfys	whatever destiny compels
123 It shuld so be –	
124 Som men wyll have two wyfys,	
125 And som men thre	
126 In store;	
127 Som ar wo that has any,	woful
128 Bot so far can I:	know this much
129 Wo is hym that has many,	
130 For he felys sore.	feels pain
131 Bot, yong men, of wowyng,	as for wooing
132 For God that you boght,	redeemed
133 Be well war of wedyng,	wary
134 And thynk in youre thocht:	
135 ‘had-I-wyst’ is a thyng	known
136 That seruys of nocht.	is useless
137 Mekyll styll mowrnyng	much continual mourning
138 Has wedyng home broght,	
139 And grefys,	griefs
140 With many a sharp showre;	pang
141 For thou may cach in an owre	hour
142 That shall sow the full sowre	what grieve thee bitterly
143 As long as thou lyffys.	livest
144 For, as euer rede I pystyll,	read epistle
145 I haue oone to my fere	companion
146 As sharp as a thystyll,	thistle
147 As rugh as a brere;	rough briar
148 She is browyd lyke a brystyll,	browed bristle
149 With a sowre-loten chere;	sour-looking cheer
150 Had she oones wett hyr whystyll,	once whistle (=throat=drunk)
151 She couth syng full clere	could
152 Hyr Paternoster.	
153 She is as greatt as a whall,	whale

154 She has a galon of gall:
 155 By hym that dyed for vs all,
 156 I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir! wish run till

I PASTOR
 157 God looke ouer the raw, God watch over this audience
 158 Full defly ye stand! deafly

II PASTOR
 159 Yee, the dewill in thi maw, devil belly
 160 So tariand! for tarrying
 161 Sagh thou awre of Daw? saw anywhere

I PASTOR
 162 Yee, on a ley-land pasture
 163 Hard I hym blaw. I heard him blow (the horn)
 164 He commys here at hand,
 165 Not far.
 166 Stand styll.

II PASTOR
 Qwhy?

I PASTOR
 167 For he commys, hope I. think

II PASTOR
 168 He wyll make vs both a ly tell a lie
 169 Bot if we be war. unless wary

III PASTOR
 170 Crystys crosse me spede, prosper me
 171 And Sant Nycholas!
 172 Therof had I nede;
 173 It is wars then it was. worse
 174 Whoso couthe take hede whoever could
 175 And lett the warld pas, world
 176 It is euer in drede
 177 And brekyll as glas, brittle
 178 And slythys. fades away
 179 This warld fowre neuer so, fared
 180 With meruels mo and mo: more
 181 Now in weyll, now in wo,
 182 And all thyng wrythys. twists

183 Was neuer syn Noe floode since Noah's
 184 Sich floodys seyn, seen
 185 Wyndys and ranys so rude, rains
 186 And stormes so keyn keen
 187 Som stamerd, som stod staggered
 188 In dowte, as I weyn. think
 189 Now God turne all to good!
 190 I say as I mene,
 191 For ponder: consider
 192 These floodys so thay drowne,
 193 Both in feyldys and in towne,
 194 And berys all downe; bear
 195 And that is a wonder.

196 We that walk on the nyghtys,
 197 Oure catell to kepe, livestock

198 We se sodan syghtys	unexpected sights
199 When othere men slepe.	
200 Yit me thynk my hart lyghtys;	it seems to me leaps up
201 I se shrewys pepe.	rascals peep
202 Ye ar two all-wyghtys –	monsters
203 I wyll gyf my shepe	
204 A turne.	
205 Bot full yll haue I ment,	intended
206 As I walk on this bent;	heath
207 I may lyghtly repent,	
208 My toes if I spurne.	strike
209 A, syr, God, you saue,	
210 And master myne!	
211 A drynk fayn wold I haue,	gladly
212 And somewhat to dyne.	
I PASTOR	
213 Crystys curs, my knaue,	
214 Thou art a ledyr hyne!	lazy servant
II PASTOR	
215 What, the boy lyst raue!	is raving
216 Abyde vnto syne;	wait until later
217 We haue mayde it.	made (=already dined)
218 Yll thryft on thy pate!	bad luck
219 Though the shrew cam late,	rascal
220 Yit is he in state	is ready
221 To dyne – if he had it.	
III PASTOR	
222 Sich seruandys as I,	
223 That swettys and swynkys,	sweat and swink
224 Etys oure brede full dry,	eat
225 And that me forthynkys.	displeases me
226 We ar oft weytt and wery	wet
227 When master-men wynkys,	sleep
228 Yit commys full lately	very slowly
229 Both dyners and drynkys;	
230 Bot natelly	thoroughly
231 Both oure dame and oure syre,	
232 When we haue ryn in the myre,	run
233 Thay can nyp at oure hyre,	reduce our wages
234 And pay vs full lately.	
235 Bot here my trouth, master:	
236 For the fayr that ye make,	food give
237 I shall do therafter –	accordingly
238 Wyrk as I take.	work as I receive
239 I shall do a lytyll, syr,	
240 And emang euer lake,	play in between
241 For yit lay my soper	
242 Neuer on my stomake	
243 In feyldys.	
244 Wherto shuld I threpe?	wrangle
245 With my staf can I lepe;	leap
246 And men say, ‘Lyght chepe	a cheap bargain
247 Letherly foryeldys.’	repays badly

I PASTOR

248 Thou were an yll lad
 249 To ryde on wowyng wooring
 250 With a man that had
 251 Bot lytyll of spendyng.

II PASTOR

252 Peasse, boy, I bad. silence ordered
 253 No more iangling,
 254 Or I shall make the full rad, thee stop
 255 By the heuens kyng!
 256 With thy gawdys – pranks
 257 Where ar oure shepe, boy? – we skorne. despise

III PASTOR

258 Sir, this same day at morne
 259 I thaym left in the corne,
 260 When thay rang lawdys. lauds

261 Thay haue pasture good,
 262 Thay can not go wrong.

I PASTOR

263 That is right. By the roode! cross
 264 Thyse nyghtys ar long!
 265 Yit I wold, or we yode, before we went
 266 Oone gaf vs a song. one gave

II PASTOR

267 So I thocht, as I stode,
 268 To myrth vs emong. amuse ourselves meanwhile

III PASTOR

269 I grauntt.

I PASTOR

270 Lett me syng the tenory. tenor

II PASTOR

271 And I the tryble so hye. treble high

III PASTOR

272 Then the meyne fallys to me. middle part
 273 Lett se how ye chauntt.

Tunc intrat Mak in clamide se super togam vestitus. cloak tunic

MAK

274 Now, Lord, for thy naymes vii, 7 names
 275 That made both moyn & starnes moon stars
 276 Well mo then I can neuen, more name
 277 Thi will, Lorde, of me tharnys. concerning me is lacking
 278 I am all vneuen; perplexed
 279 That moves oft my harnes. brains
 280 Now wold God I were in heuen,
 281 For the[r] wepe no barnes weep children
 282 So styl. incesantly

I PASTOR

283 Who is that pypys so poore? cries piteously

MAK

284 Wold God ye wyst how I foore! knew fared
 285 Lo, a man that walkys on the moore
 286 And has not all his wyll.

II PASTOR	
287 Mak, where has thou gone?	
288 Tell vs tythyng.	news
III PASTOR	
289 Is he commen? then ylkon	everyone
290 Take hede to his thyng.	
<i>Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.</i>	takes cloak from him
MAK	
291 What! ich be a yoman,	I am a retainer
292 I tell you, of the king,	
293 The self and the some,	same
294 Sond from a greatt lordyng,	messenger
295 And sich.	such like
296 Fy on you! Goyth hence	go
297 Out of my presence!	
298 I must haue reuerence.	
299 Why, who be ich?	am I
I PASTOR	
300 Why make ye it so qwaynt?	haughty
301 Mak, ye do wrang.	
II PASTOR	
302 Bot, Mak, lyst ye saynt?	do you want to play the saint?
303 I trow that ye lang.	think desire (to do so)
III PASTOR	
304 I trow the shrew can paynt,	think rascal deceive
305 The dewyll myght hym hang!	devil
MAK	
306 Ich shall make complaynt,	
307 And make you all to thwang	be flogged
308 At a worde,	
309 And tell euyng how ye doth.	tell (the authorities) do
I PASTOR	
310 Bot, Mak, is that sothe?	true
311 Now take outt that Sothren tothe,	southern speech
312 And sett in a torde!	put in a turd
II PASTOR	
313 Mak, the dewill in youre ee!	eye
314 A stroke wold I leyne you.	give
III PASTOR	
315 Mak, know ye not me?	
316 By God, I couthe teyn you.	could hurt
MAK	
317 God looke you all thre!	
318 Me thoght I had sene you.	
319 Ye ar a fare compane.	fair
I PASTOR	
320 Can ye now mene you?	remember who you are?
II PASTOR	
321 Shrew, pepe!	rascal look around you
322 Thus late as thou goys,	goest
323 What wyll men suppos?	

324 And thou has an yll noys	evil reputation
325 Of stelyng of shepe.	for stealing
MAK	
326 And I am trew as steyll,	steel
327 All men waytt;	know
328 Bot a sekenes I feyll	sickness
329 That haldys me full haytt:	seizes violently
330 My belly farys not weyll;	fares
331 It is out of astate.	condition
III PASTOR	
332 Seldom lyys the dewyll	lies devil
333 Dede by the gate.	dead road side
MAK	
334 Therfor	
335 Full sore am I and yll.	
336 If I stande stone-styll,	may I be turned to stone (if)
337 I ete not an nedyll	ate needle
338 Thys moneth and more.	month
I PASTOR	
339 How farys thi wyff? by my hoode,	fares wife hood
340 How farys she?	
MAK	
341 Lyys walteryng – by the roode –	lies sprawling cross
342 By the fyere, lo!	fire
343 And a howse full of brude.	brood
344 She drynkys well, to;	
345 Yll spede othere good	bad luck to any good (things)
346 That she wyll do!	
347 Bot s[h]o	she
348 Etys as fast as she can,	
349 And ilk yere that commys to man	each year
350 She bryngys furth a lakan –	baby
351 And, som yeres, two.	
352 Bot were I not more gracyus	(even if)
353 And rychere be far,	by
354 I were eten outt of howse	
355 And of harbar.	home
356 Yit is she a fowll dowse,	sweetheart (=harlot)
357 If ye com nar;	near
358 Ther is none that trowse	thinks
359 Nor knowys a war	worse (one)
360 Then ken I.	know
361 Now wyll ye se what I profer –	
362 To gyf all in my cofer	
363 To-morne at next to offer	tomorrow
364 Hyr hed-maspenny.	penny for mass of the dead
II PASTOR	
365 I wote so forwakyd	know weary with watching
366 Is none in this shyre;	shire
367 I wold slepe, if I takyd	even if took
368 Les to my hyere.	less wages
III PASTOR	

- 369 I am cold and nakyd,
 370 And wold haue a fyere. fire
 I PASTOR
- 371 I am wery, forrakyd, tired from walking
 372 And run in the myre –
 373 Wake thou! keep the watch
 II PASTOR
- 374 Nay, I wyll lyg downe by, lie nearby
 375 For I must slepe, truly.
 III PASTOR
- 376 As good a mans son was I
 377 As any of you.
- 378 Bot, Mak, com heder! Betwene hither
 379 Shall thou lyg downe.
 MAK
- 380 Then myght I lett you bedene hinder truly
 381 Of that ye wold rowne, whisper
 382 No drede. doubt
 383 Fro my top to my too,
 384 ‘Manus tuas commendo,
 385 Poncio Pilato;’
 386 Cryst-crosse me spede! prosper me
- Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit:* gets up
- 387 Now were tyme for a man
 388 That lakkys what he wold
 389 To stalk preuely than stealthily then
 390 Vnto a fold, sheepfold
 391 And neemly to wyrk than nimbly work
 392 And be not to bold, too
 393 For he might aby the bargan, pay dearly
 394 If it were told reckoned up
 395 At the endyng.
 396 Now were tyme for to reyll; move quickly
 397 Bot he nedys good counsell
 398 That fayn wold fare weyll, (he) who gladly
 399 And has bot lytyll spendyng. money
- 400 Bot abowte you a serkyll circle
 401 As rownde as a moyn, moon
 402 To I haue done that I wyll, until what
 403 Tyll that it be noyn, noon
 404 That ye lyg stone-styll lie
 405 To that I haue doyne; till finished
 406 And I shall say thertyll thereto
 407 Of good wordys a foyne: a few
 408 ‘On hight, high
 409 Ouer youre heydys, my hand I lyft. heads
 410 Outt go youre een! Fordo your syght!’ eyes lose
 411 Bot yit I must make better shyft arrangement
 412 And it be right. if it is to be
- 413 Lord! what thay slepe hard! how
 414 That may ye all here. hear

415	Was I neuer a shepard,	
416	Bot now wyll I lere.	learn
417	If the flok be skard,	even if scared
418	Yit shall I nyp nere.	grab (one) tightly
419	How! drawes hederward!	come here
420	Now mendys oure chere	improves mood
421	From sorow	
422	A fatt shepe, I dar say,	
423	A good flese, dar I lay.	fleece wager
424	Eft-whyte when I may,	repay
425	Bot this will I borow.	
426	How, Gyll, art thou in?	
427	Gett vs some lyght.	
	UXOR	
428	Who makys sich dyn	
429	This tyme of the nyght?	
430	I am sett for to spyn;	
431	I hope not I myght	think
432	Ryse a penny to wyn,	get up earn
433	I shrew them on hight!	curse high
434	So farys	
435	A huswyff that has bene	(whoever) has been a housewife
436	To be rasyd thus betwene.	interrupted
437	Here may no note be sene	work
438	For sich small charys.	because chores
	MAK	
439	Good wyff, open the hek!	door (=lower part of a divided door)
440	Seys thou not what I bryng?	seest
	UXOR	
441	I may thole the dray the snek.	let thee draw the latch
442	A, com in, my swetyng!	sweetheart
	MAK	
443	Yee, thou thar not rek	needn't worry
444	Of my long standyng.	
	UXOR	
445	By the nakyd nek	
446	Art thou lyke for to hyng!	likely hang
	MAK	
447	Do way!	enough
448	I am worthy my mete,	food
449	For in a strate can I gett	strait
450	More then thay that swynke and swette	
451	All the long day.	
452	Thus it fell to my lott	
453	Gyll, I had sich grace.	such luck
	UXOR	
454	It were a fowll blott	would be misfortune
455	To be hanged for the case.	
	MAK	
456	I haue skapyd, Ielott,	escaped Gill
457	Oft as hard a glase.	blow
	UXOR	
458	'Bot so long goys the pott	goes

459 To the water,' men says,	
460 'At last	
461 Comys it home broken.'	
MAK	
462 Well knowe I the token,	sign
463 Bot let it neuer be spoken,	
464 Bot com and help fast.	
465 I wold he were flayn;	skinned
466 I lyst well ete.	I like to
467 This twelmothe was I not so fayn	happy
468 Of oone shepe-mete.	
UXOR	
469 Com thay or he be slayn,	(if) they before
470 And here the shepe blete –	hear
MAK	
471 Then myght I be tane.	taken
472 That were a cold swette!	
473 Go spar	fasten
474 The gaytt-doore.	outer door
UXOR	
Yis, Mak,	
475 For and thay com at thy bak –	because if they
MAK	
476 Then myght I by, for all the pak,	receive from the pack (of them)
477 The dewill of the war!	the devil of a hard time
UXOR	
478 A good bowrde haue I spied,	trick
479 Syn thou can none:	since know
480 Here shall we hym hyde,	
481 To thay be gone,	until
482 In my credyll. Abyde!	cradle
483 Lett me alone,	
484 And I shall lyg besyde	lie
485 In chylbed, and grone.	groan
MAK	
486 Thou red,	get ready
487 And I shall say thou was lyght	delivered
488 Of a knaue-childe this nyght.	male child
UXOR	
489 Now well is me day bright	
490 That euer was I bred!	
491 This is a good gyse	device
492 And a far cast;	clever trick
493 Yit a woman avyse	advice
494 Helpys at the last.	
495 I wote neuer who spyse;	know who may be watching
496 Agane go thou fast.	go back (to them)
MAK	
497 Bot I com or thay ryse,	unless before
498 Els blowes a cold blast!	else blows
499 I wyll go slepe.	
500 Yit slepys all this meneye,	still company

501 And I shall go stalk preuely, creep secretly
 502 As it had neuer bene I as if
 503 That caryed thare shepe. their sheep

I PASTOR

504 Resurrex a mortuus! *resurrexit a mortuis*
 505 Haue hald, my hand. hold
 506 Iudas carnas dominus! *laudes canas domino*
 507 I may not well stand;
 508 My foytt slepys, by Ihesus, foot
 509 And I water fastand. stagger with hunger
 510 I thoght that we layd vs
 511 Full nere Yngland.

II PASTOR

512 A ye?
 513 Lord! what I haue slept weyll! how well
 514 As fresh as an eyll, eel
 515 As lyght I me feyll feel
 516 As leyfe on a tre. leaf

III PASTOR

517 Benste be herein! *benedicite*
 518 So me qwakys, I quake so
 519 My hart is outt of skyn,
 520 Whatso it makys. whatever causes this
 521 Who makys all this dyn?
 522 So my browes blakys, brows turn pale
 523 To the dowore wyll I wyn. door make for
 524 Harke, felows, wakys! wake up
 525 We were fowre – four
 526 Se ye awre of Mak now? saw

I PASTOR

527 We were vp or thou. before

II PASTOR

528 Man, I gyf God avowe, I vow to God
 529 Yit yede he nawre. went nowhere yet

III PASTOR

530 Me thoght he was lapt wrapped
 531 In a wolfe-skyn.

I PASTOR

532 So ar many hapt covered
 533 Now, namely within. especially

III PASTOR

534 When we had long napt,
 535 Me thoght with a gyn trap
 536 A fatt shepe he trapt;
 537 Bot he mayde no dyn.

II PASTOR

538 Be styll!
 539 Thi dreame makys the woode; thee mad
 540 It is bot fantom, by the roode. but fantasy cross

I PASTOR

541 Now God turne all to good,
 542 If it be his wyll.

II PASTOR

543 Ryse, Mak, for shame!	
544 Thou lygys right lang.	liest
MAK	
545 Now Crystys holy name	
546 Be vs emang!	among us
547 What is this? for Sant Iame	
548 I may not well gang!	go
549 I trow I be the same.	I think I am
550 A! my nek has lygen wrang	lain awry
551 Enoghe.	
552 Mekill thank! Syn yister-euen,	much since yesterday evening
553 Now by Sant Strevyn,	
554 I was flayd with a swevyn –	terrified by a dream
555 My hart out of sloghe!	(jumped) out of my skin
556 I thocht Gyll began to crok	
557 And trauell full sad,	labour
558 Wel-ner at the fyrst cok,	well near first cock (=midnight)
559 Of a yong lad	baby
560 For to mend oure flok.	increase
561 Then be I neuer glad;	
562 I haue tow on my rok	hemp distaff (=trouble)
563 More then euer I had.	
564 A, my heede!	head
565 A house full of yong tharmes,	children
566 The dewill knok outt thare harnes!	devil brains
567 Wo is hym has many barnes,	woe him (who) has children
568 And therto lytyll brede.	bread
569 I must go home, by youre lefe,	leave
570 To Gyll as I thocht.	intended
571 I pray you looke my slefe,	examine sleeve
572 That I steyll nocht;	steal
573 I am loth you to grefe,	
574 Or from you take oght.	

III PASTOR

575 Go furth, yll myght thou chefe!	prosper
576 Now wold I we soght,	we would examine
577 This morne,	
578 That we had all oure store.	livestock

I PASTOR

579 Bot I will go before;	
580 Let vs mete.	

II PASTOR

Whore?	where
--------	-------

III PASTOR

581 At the crokyd thorne.	
---------------------------	--

MAK

582 Vndo this doore! Who is here?	
583 How long shall I stand?	

UXOR

584 Who makys sich a bere?	din
585 Now walk in the wenyand!	ill luck to you

MAK

586 A, Gyll, what chere?
 587 It is I, Mak, youre husbande.

UXOR

588 Then may we se here
 589 The dewill in a bande, bound up (?)
 590 Syr Gyle!
 591 Lo, he commys with a lote, noise
 592 As he were holden in the throthe. as if held by
 593 I may not syt at my note work
 594 A handlang while. brief

MAK

595 Wyll ye here what fare she makys hear commotion
 596 To gett hir a glouse? make up an excuse
 597 And dos noght bot lakys does nothing but play
 598 And clowse hir toose. scratch toes

UXOR

599 Why, who wanders, who wakys? bustles about keeps watch
 600 Who commys, who gose?
 601 Who brewys, who bakys?
 602 What makys me thus hose? hoarse
 603 And than – then
 604 It is rewthe to beholde – pity
 605 Now in hote, now in colde,
 606 Full wofull is the householde
 607 That wantys a woman.

608 Bot what ende has thou mayde
 609 With the hyrdys, Mak? herdsmen

MAK

610 The last worde that thay sayde
 611 When I turnyd my bak,
 612 Thay wold looke that thay hade had
 613 Thare shepe, all the pak.
 614 I hope thay wyll nott be well payde think pleased
 615 When thay thare shepe lak, their
 616 Perde! by God
 617 Bot howso the gam gose, howsoever game goes
 618 To me thay wyll suppose, suspect me
 619 And make a fowll noyse,
 620 And cry outt apon me.

621 Bot thou must do as thou hyght. promised

UXOR

622 I accorde me thertyll; consent to that
 623 I shall swedyll hym right swaddle
 624 In my credyll. cradle
 625 If it were a gretter slyght, trick
 626 Yit couthe I help tyll.
 627 I wyll lyg downe stright. lie at once
 628 Com hap me. cover

MAK

I wyll.

UXOR

629 Behynde! (cover me)

630 Com Coll and his maroo,	(if) mate
631 Thay will nyp vs full naroo.	pinch hard
MAK	
632 Bot I may cry 'out, haroo!'	'help'
633 The shepe if thay fynde.	
UXOR	
634 Harken ay when thay call;	listen
635 Thay will com onone.	anon
636 Com and make redy all,	
637 And syng by thyn oone;	one (=solo)
638 Syng 'lullay' thou shall,	
639 For I must grone,	groan
640 And cry outt by the wall	
641 On Mary and Iohn,	
642 For sore.	pain
643 Syng 'lullay' on fast	
644 When thou heris at the last,	hearest (them coming)
645 And bot I play a fals cast	unless trick
646 Trust me no more.	
III PASTOR	
647 A, Coll, goode morne!	
648 Why slepys thou nott?	
I PASTOR	
649 Alas, that euer was I borne!	
650 We haue a fowll blott –	ill luck
651 A fat wedir haue we lorne.	ram lost
III PASTOR	
652 Mary, Godys forbott!	God forbid
II PASTOR	
653 Who shuld do vs that skorne?	
654 That were a fowll spott.	shame
I PASTOR	
655 Som shrewe.	rascal
656 I haue soght with my dogys	dogs
657 All Horbery shrogys,	underbush
658 And of xv hogys	young sheep
659 Fond I bot oone ewe.	found
III PASTOR	
660 Now trow me, if ye will –	believe
661 By sant Thomas of Kent,	
662 Ayther Mak or Gyll	either
663 Was at that assent.	was a participant
I PASTOR	
664 Peasse, man, be still!	
665 I sagh when he went.	saw
666 Thou sklanders hym yll;	slanderest
667 Thou aght to repent	ought
668 Goode spede.	speedily
II PASTOR	
669 Now as euer myght I the,	as I hope to prosper
670 If I shuld euyn here de,	die
671 I wold say it were he	
672 That dyd that same dede.	

III PASTOR	
673 Go we theder, I rede	thither advise
674 And ryn on oure feete;	run
675 Shall I neuer ete brede,	bread
676 The sothe to I wytt.	truth until know
I PASTOR	
677 Nor drynk in my heede,	head (=mouth)
678 With hym tyll I mete.	
II PASTOR	
679 I wyll rest in no stede	place
680 Tyll that I hym grete,	greet
681 My brothere.	
682 Oone I will hight:	one (thing) promise
683 Tyll I se hym in sight,	
684 Shall I neuer slepe one nyght	
685 Ther I do anothere.	where (=in the same place)
III PASTOR	
686 Will ye here how thay hak?	hear trill
687 Oure syre lyst croyne.	likes to croon
I PASTOR	
688 Hard I neuer none crak	heard bawl
689 So clere out of toyne.	tune
690 Call on hym.	
II PASTOR	
Mak!	
691 Vndo youre doore soyne!	soon
MAK	
692 Who is that spak,	
693 As it were noyne,	noon
694 On loft?	loudly
695 Who is that, I say?	
III PASTOR	
696 Goode felowse, were it day.	if only it were
MAK	
697 As far as ye may,	
698 Good, spekys soft,	
699 Ouer a seke womans heede	sick woman's head
700 That is at mayllesse;	sickness
701 I had leuer be dede	rather dead
702 Or she had any dyseasse.	before annoyance
UXOR	
703 Go to an othere stede!	place
704 I may not well qweasse.	breathe
705 Ich fote that ye trede	tread
706 Goys thorow my nese.	goes nose (=head)
707 So hee.	loudly
I PASTOR	
708 Tell vs, Mak, if ye may,	
709 How fare ye, I say?	
MAK	
710 Bot ar ye in this towne to-day?	
711 Now how fare ye?	

712	Ye haue ryn in the myre	run
713	And ar weytt yit;	wet
714	I shall make you a fyre,	
715	If ye will sytt.	
716	A nores wold I hyre.	nurse
717	Thynk ye on yit?	do you still remember?
718	Well qwytt is my hyre –	paid wages
719	My dreme, this is itt –	dream (come true)
720	A seson.	for a while
721	I haue barnes, if ye knew,	children
722	Well mo then enewe;	enough
723	Bot we must drynk as we brew,	
724	And that is bot reson.	
725	I wold ye dynyd or ye yode.	before went
726	Me thynk that ye swette.	sweat
	II PASTOR	
727	Nay, nawther mendys oure mode	neither mends mood
728	Drynke nor mette.	food
	MAK	
729	Why, syr, alys you oght bot goode?	ails aught but
	III PASTOR	
730	Yee, oure shepe that we gett	
731	Ar stollyn as thay yode;	wandered
732	Oure los is grette.	
	MAK	
733	Syrs, drynkys!	drink
734	Had I bene thore,	there
735	Som shuld haue boght it full sore.	paid for
	I PASTOR	
736	Mary, som men trowes that ye wore,	think were
737	And that vs forthynkys.	displeases us
	II PASTOR	
738	Mak, som men trowys	think
739	That it shuld be ye.	
	III PASTOR	
740	Ayther ye or youre spouse,	
741	So say we.	
	MAK	
742	Now if ye haue suspowse	suspicion
743	To Gill or to me,	
746	Com and rype oure howse,	search
746	And then may ye se	
747	Who had hir.	took her
748	If I any shepe fott,	fetched
749	Ayther cow or stott –	heifer
750	And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott	
751	Here syn she lade hir –	since lay down
751	As I am true and lele	honest
752	To God here I pray	
753	That this be the fyrst mele	
754	That I shall ete this day.	
	I PASTOR	
755	Mak, as haue I ceyll,	as I hope to have happiness

756	Avyse the, I say:	consider carefully
757	He lernyd tymely to steyll	steal
758	That couth not say nay.	could
	UXOR	
759	I swelt!	die
760	Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!	house
761	Ye com to rob vs for the nonys.	on purpose
	MAK	
762	Here ye not how she gronys?	groans
763	Youre hartys shuld melt.	
	UXOR	
764	Outt, thefys, fro my barne!	child
765	Negh hym not thor!	approach there
	MAK	
766	Wyst ye how she had farne,	(if) knew laboured
767	Youre hartys wold be sore.	
768	Ye do wrang, I you warne,	
769	That thus commys before	
770	To a woman that has farne –	laboured
771	Bot I say no more.	
	UXOR	
772	A, my medyll!	middle
773	I pray to God so mylde,	
774	If euer I you begyld,	
775	That I ete this chylde	
776	That lygys in this credyll.	lies cradle
	MAK	
777	Peasse, woman, for Godys payn,	
778	And cry not so!	
779	Thou spyllys thy brane	injurest brain
780	And makys me full wo.	woful
	II PASTOR	
781	I trow oure shepe be slayn.	think
782	What finde ye two?	
	III PASTOR	
783	All wyrk we in vayn;	work
784	As well may we go.	
785	Bot hatters!	damn it!
786	I can fynde no flesh,	soft
787	Hard nor nesh,	
788	Salt nor fresh –	
789	Bot two tome platers.	empty platters
790	Whik catell bot this,	living except
791	Tame nor wylde,	
792	None, as haue I blys,	as I hope to
793	As lowde as he smylde.	smelled
	UXOR	
794	No, so God me blys	
795	And gyf me ioy of my chylde!	
	I PASTOR	
796	We haue merkyd amys;	aimed
797	I hold vs begyld.	

II PASTOR

798 Syr, don.

799 Syr – oure Lady hym saue! –

800 Is youre chyld a knaue? boy

MAK

801 Any lord myght hym haue,

802 This chyld, to his son.

803 When he wakyns he kyppys, snatches

804 That ioy is to se.

III PASTOR

805 In good tyme to hys hyppys, his hips (=him)

806 And in cele. good luck

807 Bot who was his gossyppys were godparents

808 So sone rede? soon ready

MAK

809 So fare fall thare lyppys! may good luck befall their lips

I PASTOR

810 Hark now, a le. lie

MAK

811 So God thaym thank,

812 Parkyn, and Gybon Waller, I say,

813 And gentill Iohn Horne, in good fay – faith

814 He made all the garray – noise

815 With the greatt shank. long legs

II PASTOR

816 Mak, freyndys will we be,

817 For we ar all oone. in accord

MAK

818 We? now I hald for me, will look after my interests

819 For mendys gett I none. amends

820 Fare well, all thre! –

821 All glad were ye gone. (I would be) glad (if)

III PASTOR

822 Fare wordys may ther be, fair

823 Bot luf is ther none love

824 This yere.

I PASTOR

825 Gaf ye the chyld any thyng?

II PASTOR

826 I trow not oone farthyng. think

III PASTOR

827 Fast agane will I flyng; dash back

828 Abyde ye me there. wait for

829 Mak, take it to no grefe

830 If I com to thi barne. child

MAK

831 Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe, reproof

832 And fowll has thou farne. laboured

III PASTOR

833 The child will it not grefe,

834 That lytyll day-starne. day-star

835 Mak, with youre leyfe, leave

836 Let me gyf youre barne child

837 Bot vi pence.

MAK

838 Nay do way! He slepys.

III PASTOR

839 Me thynk he pepys.

peeps

MAK

840 When he wakyns he wepys.

841 I pray you go hence!

III PASTOR

842 Gyf me lefe hym to kys

leave

843 And lyft vp the clowtt.

cloth

844 What the dewill is this?

845 He has a long snowte!

I PASTOR

846 He is merkyd amys.

deformed

847 We wate ill abowte.

do ill to be prying about

II PASTOR

848 Ill-spon weft, iwys,

ill-spun woof to be sure

849 Ay commys foul owte.

always comes out badly

850 Ay, so!

851 He is lyke to oure shepe!

III PASTOR

852 How, Gyb! may I pepe?

peep

I PASTOR

853 I trow kynde will crepe

think nature creep

854 Where it may not go.

walk

II PASTOR

855 This was a qwantt gawde

cunning prank

856 And a far-cast:

clever device

857 It was a hee frawde.

high

III PASTOR

858 Yee, syrs, wast.

it was

859 Lett bren this bawde

let's burn

860 And bynd hir fast.

861 A! fals skawde!

scold

862 Hang at the last

863 So shall thou.

864 Wyll ye se how thay swedyll

swaddle

865 His foure feytt in the medyll?

866 Sagh I neuer in a credyll

saw cradle

867 A hornyd lad or now.

lad with horns before

MAK

868 Peasse byd I. What!

869 Lett be youre fare!

stop fussing

870 I am he that hym gatt,

begot

871 And yond woman hym bare.

bore

I PASTOR

872 What dewill shall he hatt? –

be called

873 Mak? Lo, God, Makys ayre!

Mak's heir

II PASTOR

874 Lett be all that!

875 Now God gyf hym care,

sorrow

876 I sagh.

saw (the sheep)

UXOR

877 A pratty child is he pretty
 878 As syttys on a wamans kne;
 879 A dyllydowne, perde, darling by God
 880 To gar a man laghe. make laugh

III PASTOR

881 I know hym by the eere-marke;
 882 That is a good tokyn. sign

MAK

883 I tell you, syrs, hark! –
 884 Hys noyse was brokyn. nose
 885 Sythen told me a clerk aftreward
 886 That he was forspokyn. bewitched

I PASTOR

887 This is a fals wark; work
 888 I wold fayn be wrokyn. gladly avenged
 889 Gett wepyn! weapon

UXOR

890 He was takyn with an elfe, by
 891 I saw it myself;
 892 When the klok stroke twelf
 893 Was he forshapyn. transformed

II PASTOR

894 Ye two ar well feft endowed
 895 Sam in a stede. together in one place (=two of a kind)

I PASTOR

896 Syn thay manteyn thare theft,
 897 Let do thaym to dede. death

MAK

898 If I trespas eft, again
 899 Gyrd of my heede. cut off my head
 900 With you will I be left. I leave myself in your hands

III PASTOR

901 Syrs, do my reede: advice
 902 For this trespas
 903 We will nawther ban ne flyte, neither curse quarrel
 904 Fyght nor chyte, chide
 905 Bot haue done as tyte, finish quickly
 906 And cast hym in canvas. toss him in a canvas

[I PASTOR]

907 Lord, what I am sore,
 908 In poynt for to bryst! on the point of burst
 909 In fayth, I may no more;
 910 Therfor wyll I ryst. rest

II PASTOR

911 As a shepe of vii skore seven score (pounds)
 912 He weyd in my fyst. weighed
 913 For to slepe aywhore anywhere
 914 Me thynk that I lyst. wish

III PASTOR

915 Now, I pray you,
 916 Lyg downe on this grene. lie green

I PASTOR

917 On these thefys yit I mene. think

III PASTOR

918 Wherto shuld ye tene? be angry

919 Do as I say you.

Angelus cantat 'Gloria in excelsis'; postea dicat:

ANGELUS

920 Ryse, hyrd-men heynd, gentle

921 For now is he borne

922 That shall take fro the feynd

923 That Adam had lorne; what lost

924 That warloo to sheynd, warlock destroy

925 This nyght is he borne.

926 God is made youre freynd

927 Now at this morne,

928 He behestys. promises

929 At Bedlem go se Bethlehem

930 Ther lygys that fre lies noble one

931 In a cryb full poorely,

932 Betwyx two bestys.

I PASTOR

933 This was a qwant stevyn exquisite voice

934 That euer yit I hard. heard

935 It is a meruell to neuyn, mention

936 Thus to be skard. scared

II PASTOR

937 Of Godys son of heuyn

938 He spak vpward. from on high

939 All the wod on a leuyn wood flash of light

940 Me thoght that he gard made

941 Appere.

III PASTOR

942 He spake of a barne child

943 In Bedlem, I you warne. tell

I PASTOR

944 That betokyns yond starne; star

945 Let vs seke hym there.

II PASTOR

946 Say, what was his song?

947 Hard ye not how he crakyd it, trilled

948 Thre brefes to a long? short notes to a long one

III PASTOR

949 Yee, Mary, he hakt it: warbled

950 Was no crochett wrong, crotchet

951 Nor no thyng that lakt it. lacked nothing

I PASTOR

952 For to syng vs emong, among us

953 Right as he knakt it, trilled

954 I can.

II PASTOR

955 Let se how ye croyne! croon

956 Can ye bark at the mone? moon

III PASTOR

957 Hold youre tonges! Haue done!

I PASTOR

958 Hark after, than. listen

II PASTOR

959 To Bedlem he bad

960 That we shuld gang; go

961 I am full fard afraid

962 That we tary to lang.

III PASTOR

963 Be mery and not sad –

964 Of myrth is oure sang!

965 Euerlastyng glad joy

966 To mede may we fang as reward get

967 Withoutt noyse. harm

I PASTOR

968 Hy we theder forthy, hurry thither therefore

969 If we be wete and wery, even if wet weary

970 To that chyld and that lady!

971 We haue it not to lose. forget it

II PASTOR

972 We fynde by the prophecy –

973 Let be youre dyn! –

974 Of Daudid and Isay Isaiah

975 And mo then I myn – more than I remember

976 Thay prophecyed by clergy – learnedly

977 That in a vyrgyn

978 Shuld he lyght and ly, alight lie

979 To slokyn oure syn quench

980 And slake it, remove

981 Oure kynde, from wo; race

982 For Isay sayd so:

983 Ecce virgo

984 Concipiet a chylde that is nakyd.

III PASTOR

985 Full glad may we be,

986 And abyde that day wait for

987 That lufly to se, lovely one

988 That all myghtys may. mighty deeds can (perform)

989 Lord, well were me I would be fortunate

990 For ones and for ay, now and forever

991 Myght I knele on my kne,

992 Som word for to say

993 To that chylde.

994 Bot the angell sayd

995 In a cryb was he layde;

996 He was poorly arayd,

997 Both mener and mylde. lowlier

I PASTOR

998 Patryarkes that has bene, have been

999 And prophetys beforene, long ago

1000 Thay desyryd to haue sene

1001	This chylde that is borne.	
1002	Thay ar gone full clene;	completely gone
1003	That haue thay lorne.	lost that (chance)
1004	We shall se hym, I weyn,	think
1005	Or it be morne,	before
1006	To tokyn.	as a sign
1007	When I se hym and fele,	feel
1008	Then wote I full weyll	know very well
1009	It is true as steyll	steel
1010	That prophetys haue spokyn:	what
1011	To so poore as we ar	
1012	That he wold appere,	
1013	Fyrst fynd, and declare	find (us)
1014	By his messyngere.	
II PASTOR		
1015	Go we now, let vs fare;	
1016	The place is vs nere.	near us
III PASTOR		
1017	I am redy and yare;	eager
1018	Go we in fere	together
1019	To that bright.	bright one
1020	Lord, if thi wylles be –	
1021	We ar lewde all thre –	unlearned
1022	Thou grauntt vs som kyns gle	kind of mirth
1023	To comforth thi wight.	child
I PASTOR		
1024	Hayll, comly and clene!	pure
1025	Hayll, yong child!	
1026	Hayll, maker, as I meyne,	believe
1027	Of a madyn so mylde!	(born) of
1028	Thou has waryd, I weyne,	hast cursed think
1029	The warlo so wylde:	warlock
1030	The fals gyler of teyn	malevolent beguiler
1031	Now goys he begylde.	goes
1032	Lo, he merys,	is merry
1033	Lo, he laghys, my swetyng!	laughs
1034	A wel fare metyng!	fair
1035	I haue holden my hetyng;	kept my promise
1036	Haue a bob of cherys.	cluster of cherries
II PASTOR		
1037	Hayll, sufferan sauyoure,	sovereign saviour
1038	For thou has vs soght!	because
1039	Hayll, frely foyde and floure,	noble child flower
1040	That all thyng has wroght!	
1041	Hayll, full of faouure,	favour
1042	That made all of noght!	
1043	Hayll! I kneyll and I cowre.	kneel cower
1044	A byrd haue I broght	
1045	To my barne.	child
1046	Hayll, lytyll tyne mop!	tiny baby
1047	Of oure crede thou art crop;	creed head
1048	I wold drynk on thy cop,	cup
1049	Lytyll day-starne.	day-star

III PASTOR

1050 Hayll, derlyng dere,
 1051 Full of Godhede!
 1052 I pray the be nere thee near
 1053 When that I haue nede.
 1054 Hayll! swete is thy chere!
 1055 My hart wold blede
 1056 To se the sytt here thee
 1057 In so poore wede, clothing
 1058 With no pennys.
 1059 Hayll! put furth thy dall! hand
 1060 I bryng the bot a ball: thee ball
 1061 Haue and play the withall, thee with it
 1062 And go to the tenys. tennis

MARIA

1063 The fader of heuen,
 1064 God omnypotent,
 1065 That sett all on seuen, made seven (days)
 1066 His son has he sent.
 1067 My name couth he neuen, could pronounce
 1068 And lyght or he went. alighted before
 1069 I conceyuyd hym full euen conceived indeed
 1070 Thruh myght, as he ment, (God's) might intended
 1071 And now is he borne.
 1072 He kepe you fro wo!
 1073 I shall pray hym so.
 1074 Tell furth as ye go, tell (the tidings)
 1075 And myn on this morne. remember

I PASTOR

1076 Fare well, lady,
 1077 So fare to beholde, fair
 1078 With thy childe on thi kne.

II PASTOR

1079 Bot he lygys full cold. lies
 1080 Lord, well is me!
 1081 Now we go, thou behold.

III PASTOR

1082 Forsothe, allredy
 1083 It semys to be told it (=tidings)
 1084 Full oft.

I PASTOR

1085 What grace we haue fun! found

II PASTOR

1086 Com furth; now ar we won! delivered (from woe)

III PASTOR

1087 To syng ar we bun – bound
 1088 Let take on loft! begin loudly

HEROD (WAKEFIELD)

NUNCIUS

1	Moste myghty Mahowne	Mohammed
2	Meng you with myrth!	make you merry
3	Both of burgh and of towne,	(=townsfolk)
4	By fellys and by fyrth,	fields forest (=country-folk)
5	Both kyng with crowne	
6	And barons of brith	(noble) birth
7	That radly wyll rowne,	quickly speak in a whisper
8	Many greatt grith	great protection
9	Shall behapp.	befall
10	Take tenderly intent	pay attention carefully
11	What sondys ar sent,	messages are
12	Els harmes shall ye hent,	else get
13	And lothes you to lap.	troubles entangle
14	Herode, the heynd kyng –	gracious
15	By grace of Mahowne –	
16	Of Iury, sourmontyng	Jewry excelling
17	Sternly with crowne	
18	On lyfe that ar lyfyng	(all those) alive
19	In towre and in towne,	tower
20	Gracyus you gretyng,	graciously greeting
21	Commaundys you be bowne	ready
22	At his bydyng.	bidding
23	Luf hym with lewte;	love loyalty
24	Drede hym, that doughty!	dread
25	He chargys you be redy	
26	Lowly at his lykyng.	humbly pleasure
27	What man apon mold,	upon earth
28	Menys hym agane	complains against him
29	Tytt teyn shall be told,	quickly will be accounted a troublemaker
30	Knyght, sqwyere, or swayn;	squire servant
31	Be he neuer so bold,	however bold he is
32	Byes he that bargan	buys (=pays for it)
33	Twelf thowsandfold,	
34	More then I sayn,	than I say
35	May ye trast.	trust
36	He is worthy wonderly,	(Herod) exceedingly noble
37	Selcouthly sory:	strangely sad
38	For a boy that is borne her by	hereby
39	Standys he abast.	abashed
40	A kyng thay hym call,	they
41	And that we deny;	
42	How shuld it so fall,	befall
43	Greatt meruell haue I;	
44	Therfor ouerall	everywhere
45	Shall I make a cry	proclamation
46	That ye busk not to brall	prepare brawl
47	Nor lyke not to ly	
48	This tyde.	time
49	Carpys of no kyng	speak
50	Bot Herode, that lordyng,	

51 Or busk to youre beyldyng,	hurry home
52 Your heedys for to hyde.	heads
53 He is Kyng of Kyngys,	
54 Kyndly I knowe,	by nature
55 Chefe lord of lordyngys,	
56 Chefe leder of law,	
57 Ther watys on his wyngys	wait under his wings
58 That bold bost wyll blow;	(those) who boast utter
59 Greatt dukys downe dyngys	fall down
60 For his greatt aw	awe
61 And hym lowtys;	bow to him
62 Tuskane and Turkey,	
63 All Inde and Italy,	
64 Cecyll and Surry,	Sicily Syria
65 Drede hym and dowlty.	fear
66 From Paradyse to Padwa	
67 To Mownt Flascon,	? Montefiascone (Italy)
68 From Egyp to Mantua	
69 Vnto Kemptowne,	? Kempton (Shropshire)
70 From Sarceny to Susa	
71 To Grece it abowne,	above it
72 Both Normondy and Norwa	
73 Lowtys to his crowne.	bow
74 His renowne	
75 Can no tong tell,	
76 From heuen vnto hell;	
77 Of hym can none spell	speak
78 Bot his cosyn Mahowne.	
79 He is the worthyest of all	
80 Barnes that are borne;	boys
81 Free men ar his thrall,	noble
82 Full teynfully torne.	grievously injured
83 Begyn he to brall,	(if) brawl
84 Many men cach skorne;	
85 Obey must we all,	
86 Or els be ye lorne	lost
87 Att onys.	once
88 Downe dyng of youre knees	thrust down
89 All that hym seys;	see
90 Dysplesyd he beys,	(or) is
91 And byrkyn many bonys.	breaks bones
92 Here he commys now, I cry,	
93 That lord I of spake!	
94 Fast afore wyll I hy	hurry
95 Radly on a rake,	quickly at a run
96 And welcom hym worshipfully,	
97 Laghyng with lake,	laughing glee
98 As he is most worthy,	
99 And knele for his sake	
100 So low;	
101 Downe deruly to fall,	promptly
102 As renk most ryall.	knight royal

103 Hayll, the worthyest of all!	
104 To the must I bow.	thee
105 Hayll, luf lord! Lo,	dear
106 Thi letters haue I layde;	delivered
107 I haue done I couth do	(what) I could
108 And peasse haue I prayd,	silence
109 Mekyll more therto	much besides
110 Opynly dysplayd.	
111 Bot romoure is rasyd so,	rumour
112 That boldly thay brade	burst into speech
113 Emangys thame:	among themselves
114 Thay carp of a kyng,	speak
115 Thay seasse not sich chateryng.	cease such
HERODES	
116 Bot I shall tame thare talkyng	their
117 And let thame go hang thame.	themselves
118 Stynt, brodels, youre dyn –	stop wretches
119 Yei, euerychon!	everyone
120 I red that ye harkyn	advise listen
121 To I be gone;	until
122 For if I begyn,	
123 I breke ilka bone,	every
124 And pull fro the skyn	
125 The carcas anone –	
126 Yei, perde!	by God
127 Sesse all this wonder,	cease
128 And make vs no blonder,	trouble
129 Ffor I ryfe you in sonder,	tear you apart
130 Be ye so hardy.	(if)
131 Peasse, both yong and old,	
132 At my bydyng, I red,	advise
133 For I haue all in wold:	in my power
134 In me standys lyfe and dede.	death
135 Who that is so bold,	whoever
136 I brane hym through the hede!	split head
137 Speke not or I haue told	before
138 What I will in this stede.	place
139 Ye wote nott	know
140 All that I will mefe;	do
141 Styr not bot ye haue lefe,	unless leave
142 For if ye do, I clefe	cut
143 You small as flesh to pott.	stew-meat for the pot
144 My myrthes ar turned to teyn,	grief
145 My mekenes into ire,	meekness
146 And all for oone, I weyn,	one think
147 Within I fare as fyre.	inside I feel as fire
148 May I se hym with eyn,	(if) eyes
149 I shall gyf hym his hyre;	give reward
150 Bot I do as I meyn,	unless mean
151 I were a full lewde syre	would be despicable lord
152 In wonys.	everywhere
153 Had I that lad in hand,	(if)

154 As I am kyng in land,	
155 I shuld with this steyll brand	steel sword
156 Byrkyn all his bonys.	break bones
157 My name spryngys far and nere:	extends near
158 The doughtyest, men me call,	
159 That euer ran with spere,	spear
160 A lord and kyng ryall.	royal
161 What joy is me to here	hear
162 A lad to sesse my stall!	seize throne
163 If I this crowne may bere,	bear
164 That boy shall by for all.	pay
165 I anger:	
166 I wote not what dewill me alys.	know what the devil ails me
167 Thay teyn me so with talys	grieve tales
168 That, by gottys dere nalys,	God's dear nails (of the cross)
169 I wyll peasse no langer.	be quiet longer
170 What dewill! me thynk I brast	burst
171 For anger and for teyn;	rage
172 I trow thyse kyngys be past	think kings (=Magi)
173 That here with me has beyn.	have been
174 Thay promysed me full fast	firmly
175 Or now here to be seyn,	before seen
176 For els I shuld haue cast	tried
177 Anothere sleght, I weyn.	trick think
178 I tell you,	
179 A boy thay sayd thay soght,	sought
180 With offeryng that thay broght;	
181 It mefys my hart right noght	moves heart
182 To breke his nek in two.	
183 Bot be thay past me by,	but (if)
184 By Mahowne in heuen,	
185 I shall and that in hy,	hurry
186 Set all on sex and seuen.	at sixes and sevens
187 Trow ye a kyng as I	think
188 Will suffre thaym to neuen	appoint
189 Any to haue mastery	mastery
190 Bot my self full euen?	
191 Nay, leyfe! –	believe
192 The dewill me hang and draw,	tear apart
193 If I that losell knaw,	loسل know
194 Bot I gyf hym a blaw	unless blow
195 That lyfe I shall hym reyfe.	deprive him of
196 For parels yit I wold	perils
197 Wyst if thay were gone;	know
198 And ye therof her told,	if
199 I pray you say anone;	
200 For and thay be so bold,	if
201 By God that syttys in trone,	
202 The payn can not be told	reckoned
203 That thay shall haue ilkon,	each one
204 For ire.	
205 Sich panys hard neuer man tell,	pains heard

206 For-vgly and for-fell, extremely unpleasant and cruel
 207 That Lucyfere in hell
 208 Thare bonys shall all to-tyre. tear to pieces

PRIMUS MILES

209 Lord, thynk not ill if I
 210 Tell you how thay ar past;
 211 I kepe not layn, truly. won't conceal it
 212 Syn thay cam by you last, since
 213 An othere way in hy another haste
 214 Thay soght, & that full fast.

HERODES

215 Why, and ar thay past me by?
 216 We! outt! for teyn I brast! rage burst
 217 We! fy!
 218 Fy on the dewill! Where may I byde, stay
 219 Bot fyght for teyn and al to-chyde! without fighting rage brawl
 220 Thefys, I say ye shuld haue spyde, rascals
 221 And told when thay went by.

222 Ye ar knyghtys to trast! trust
 223 Nay, losels ye ar, and thefys! rogues
 224 I wote I yelde my gast, know yield up my ghost
 225 So sore my hart it grefys. heart grieves

SECUNDUS MILES

226 What nede you be abast? upset
 227 Ther ar no greatt myschefys
 228 For these maters to gnast. gnash (your teeth)

TERCIUS MILES

229 Why put ye sich reprefys reproofs
 230 Withoutt cause?
 231 Thus shuld ye not thrett vs, threaten
 232 Vngaynly to bete vs; improperly
 233 Ye shuld not rehet vs rebuke
 234 Withoutt othere sawes. words (=rebuttal)

HERODES

235 Fy, losels and lyars,
 236 Lurdans ilkon! rascals everyone
 237 Tratoures and well wars! worse
 238 Knafys, bot knyghtys none!
 239 Had ye bene woth youre eres, worth ears
 240 Thus had thay not gone;
 241 Gett I those land-lepars, (if) vagabonds
 242 I breke ilka bone. every
 243 Fyrst vengeance
 244 Shall I se on thare bonys;
 245 If ye byde in these wonys, remain hereabouts
 246 I shall dyng you with stonys – hit
 247 Yei, ditizance doutance! *dites sans doutance*

248 I wote not where I may sytt know
 249 For anger & for teyn; rage
 250 We haue not done all yit,
 251 If it be as I weyn. think
 252 Fy! dewill! now how is it?

253 As long as I haue eyn,	eyes
254 I think not for to flytt,	flee
255 Bot kyng I will be seyn	seen
256 For euer.	
257 Bot stand I to quart,	if I stay in good health
258 I tell you my hart:	
259 I shall gar thaym start,	make them flinch
260 Or els trust me neuer.	
PRIMUS MILES	
261 Syr, thay went sodanly	
262 Or any man wyst,	before knew
263 Els had mett we – yei, perdy! –	we would have met (them)
264 And may ye tryst.	trust
SECUNDUS MILES	
265 So bold nor so hardy,	
266 Agans oure lyst,	against pleasure
267 Was none of that company	
268 Durst mete me with fyst	(that) dared meet
269 For ferd.	fear
TERCIUS MILES	
270 Ill durst thay abyde,	they hardly dared wait
271 Bot ran thame to hyde;	themselves
272 Might I thaym haue spyde,	
273 I had made thaym a berd.	would have outwitted them
274 What couth we more do	could
275 To saue youre honoure?	
PRIMUS MILES	
276 We were redy therto	
277 And shal be ilk howre.	every hour
HERODES	
278 Now syn it is so,	since
279 Ye shall haue faououre.	
280 Go where ye wyll go	
281 By towne and by towre,	
282 Goys hens!	go hence
283 I haue maters to mell	discuss
284 With my preuey counsell.	privy council
285 Clerkys, ye bere the bell;	(=are the best)
286 Ye must me encense.	enlighten
287 Oone spake in myne eere	ear
288 A wonderfull talkyng,	
289 And sayde a madyn shuld bere	maid bear
290 Anothere to be kyng.	
291 Syrs, I pray you inquere	
292 In all wrytyng,	
293 In Vyrgyll, in Homere,	
294 And all other thying	
295 Bot legende.	except
296 Sekys poece-tayllys,	seek poetic tales
297 Lefe pystyls and grales;	omit epistles and graduals
298 Mes, matyns, noght avalys –	mass avails
299 All these I defende.	forbid

300 I pray you tell heyndly	quickly
301 Now what ye fynde.	
PRIMUS CONSULTUS	
302 Truly, syr, prophecy	
303 It is not blynd.	
304 We rede thus by Isay:	read in Isaiah
305 He shalbe so kynde	conceived
306 That a madyn, sothely,	truly
307 Which neuer synde,	sinned
308 Shall hym bere:	
309 “Virgo concipiet,	
310 Natumque pariet,”	
311 Emanuell is hete,	called
312 His name for to lere:	teach (you)
313 “God is with vs,”	
314 That is for to say.	
SECUNDUS CONSULTUS	
315 And othere says thus,	
316 Tryst me ye may:	trust
317 Of Bedlem a gracyus	Bethlehem
318 Lord shall spray,	spring
319 That of Iury myghtyus	Jewry
320 Kyng shalbe ay,	always
321 Lord myghty;	
322 And hym shall honoure	
323 Both kyng and emperoure.	
HERODES	
324 Why, and shuld I to hym cower?	cower
325 Nay, ther thou lyys lyghtly!	liest readily
326 Fy! the dewill the spede,	may the devil profit thee
327 And me, bot I drynk onys!	unless once
328 This has thou done indede	
329 To anger me for the nonys;	on purpose
330 And thou, knafe, thou thy mede	reward
331 Shall haue, by Cokys dere bonys!	God’s
332 Thou can not half thi crede.	know not
333 Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!	scoundrels dwellings
334 Fy, knafys!	knaves
335 Fy, dottypols, with youre bookys –	blockheads
336 Go kast thaym in the brookys!	
337 With sich wyls and crokys	tricks
338 My wytt away rafys.	raves
339 Hard I neuer sich a trant	heard trick
340 That a knafe so sleght	base
341 Shuld com lyke a sant	saint
342 And refe me my right.	deprive
343 Nay, he shall on-slant;	come to grief
344 I shall kyll hym downe stryght.	straightaway
345 War! I say, lett me pant.	beware
346 Now thynk I to fyght	
347 For anger.	
348 My guttys will outt thryng	guts will burst out
349 Bot I this lad hyng;	unless hang

350	Withoutt I haue a vengyng,	unless
351	I may lyf no langer.	
352	Shuld a carll in a kafe	churl cave
353	Bot of oone yere age	
354	Thus make me to rafe?	rave
	PRIMUS CONSULTUS	
355	Syr, peasse this outrage!	
356	Away let ye wafe	put away
357	All sich langage.	
358	Youre worship to safe,	
359	Is he oght bot a page	boy
360	Of a yere?	
361	We two shall hym teyn	harm
362	With oure wyttys betweyn,	combined wits
363	That, if ye do as I meyn,	mean
364	He shall dy on a spere.	spear
	SECUNDUS CONSULTUS	
365	For drede that he reyn,	reign
366	Do as we red:	advise
367	Thrugoutt Bedlem	
368	And ilk othere stede	every place
369	Make knyghtys ordeyn,	prepare
370	And put vnto dede	death
371	All knaue-chyldren	male children
372	Of two yerys brede	growth
373	And within;	under
374	This chyld may ye spyll	kill
375	Thus at youre awne will.	
	HERODES	
376	Now thou says heretyll	to the purpose
377	A right nobyll gyn.	stratagem
378	If I lyf in land	live on earth
379	Good lyfe, as I hope,	
380	This dar I the warand –	thee
381	To make the pope.	thee
382	O, my hart is rysand	rising
383	Now in a glope!	palpitation
384	For this nobyll tythand	news
385	Thou shall haue a drope	drop
386	Of my good grace:	
387	Markys, rentys, and powndys,	marks revenues
388	Greatt castels & groundys;	
389	Through all sees and sandys	sands
390	I gyf the the chace.	hunting rights
391	Now wyll I procede	
392	And take veniance.	
393	All the flowre of knyghthede	kighthood
394	Call to legeance,	allegiance
395	Bewshere, I the byd;	beau sire thee
396	It may the avance.	thee
	NUNCIUS	
397	Lord, I shall me spede	

398 And bryng, perchaunce,	bring (them)
399 To thy syght.	
400 Hark, knyghtys, I you bryng	
401 Here new tythyng:	tidyng
402 Vnto Herode kyng	
403 Hast with all youre myght,	haste
404 In all the hast that ye may,	
405 In armowre full bright;	
406 In youre best aray	
407 Looke that ye be dight.	clad
PRIMUS MILES	
408 Why shuld we fray?	fight
SECUNDUS MILES	
409 This is not all right.	
TERCIUS MILES	
410 Syrs, withoutten delay	
411 I drede that we fight.	
NUNCIUS	
412 I pray you,	
413 As fast as ye may	
414 Com to hym this day.	
PRIMUS MILES	
415 What, in oure best aray?	
NUNCIUS	
416 Yei, syrs, I say you.	
SECUNDUS MILES	
417 Somwhat is in hand	
418 Whateuer it meyn.	means
TERCIUS MILES	
419 Tarry not for to stand,	
420 Ther or we haue beyn.	before been
NUNCIUS	
421 Kyng Herode all-weldand,	all-ruling
422 Well be ye seyn!	seen
423 Youre knyghtys ar comand	coming
424 In armoure full sheyn	shining
425 At youre wyll.	
PRIMUS MILES	
426 Hayll, dughtyest of all!	
427 We are comen at youre call	
428 For to do what we shall,	must
429 Youre lust to fullfyll.	desire
HERODES	
430 Welcom, lordyngys, iwys,	indeed
431 Both greatt and small!	
432 The cause now is this	
433 That I send for you all:	
434 A lad, a knafe, borne is	
435 That shuld be kyng ryall;	royal
436 Bot I kyll hym and his,	unless
437 I wote I brast my gall.	know burst
438 Therfor, syrs,	
439 Veniance shall ye take	

440 All for that lad sake;	lad's sake
441 And men I shall you make,	men (of importance)
442 Where ye com ay where, syrs.	wherever you go
443 To Bedlem loke ye go,	
444 And all the coste aboute;	region
445 All knaue-chyldren ye slo –	male children slay
446 And, lordys, ye shalbe stoute –	fierce
447 Of yeres if they be two	
448 And within. Of all that rowte,	under crowd
449 On lyfe lyefe none of tho	alive leave those
450 That lygys in swedyll-clowte,	lies in swaddling-clothes
451 I red you.	advise
452 Spare no kyns bloode,	kind of
453 Lett all ryn on floode;	run
454 If women wax woode,	mad
455 I warn you, syrs, to spede you.	hurry
456 Hens! now go youre way,	hence
457 That ye were thore!	there
SECUNDUS MILES	
458 I wote we make a fray,	know fight
459 Bot I wyll go before.	
TERCIUS MILES	
460 A! thynk, syrs, I say;	
461 I mon whett lyke a bore.	must whet (my tusks) like a boar
PRIMUS MILES	
462 Sett me before ay,	in front always
463 Good enogh for a skore.	(I am) score
464 Hayll, heyndly!	gracious (lord)
465 We shall for youre sake	
466 Make a dulfull lake.	doleful game
HERODES	
467 Now if ye me well wrake,	avenge
468 Ye shall fynd me freyndly.	
SECUNDUS MILES	
469 Go ye now tyll oure noytt	to work
470 And handyll thaym weyll.	
TERCIUS MILES	
471 I shall pay thaym on the cote,	thrash them
472 Begyn I to reyll.	(if) run riot
PRIMUS MILES	
473 Hark, felose! ye dote.	fellows
474 Yonder commys vnceyll;	comes (a woman marked for) misfortune
475 I hold here a grote	wager groat
476 She lykys me not weyll	
477 Be we parte.	by the time
478 Dame, thynk it not yll,	
479 Thy knafe if I kyll.	boy
PRIMA MULIER	
480 What, thefe! agans my wyll?	scoundrel
481 Lord, kepe hym in qwarte!	good health
PRIMUS MILES	
482 Abyde now, abyde;	

483 No farther thou gose.	goest
PRIMA MULIER	
484 Peasse, thefe! shall I chyde	rascal
485 And make here a nose?	noise
PRIMUS MILES	
486 I shall reyfe the thy pryde;	deprive thee of
487 Kyll we these boyse!	
PRIMA MULIER	
488 Tyd may betyde,	come what may
489 Kepe well thy nose,	guard nose
490 Fals thefe!	rascal
491 Haue on loft on thy hode!	on top of thy hood
PRIMUS MILES	
492 What, hoore, art thou woode?	whore mad
PRIMA MULIER	
493 Outt, alas, my chydys bloode!	
494 Outt, for reprefe!	shame
495 Alas for shame and syn,	
496 Alas that I was borne!	
497 Of wepyng who may blyn,	cease
498 To se hir chylde forlorne?	destroyed
499 My comforth and my kyn,	
500 My son thus al to-torne!	torn to pieces
501 Veniance for this syn	
502 I cry both eyn and morne.	evening
SECUNDUS MILES	
503 Well done!	
504 Com hedyr, thou old stry:	hither hag
505 That lad of thyne shall dy.	
SECUNDA MULIER	
506 Mercy, lord, I cry!	
507 It is myn awne dere son.	
SECUNDUS MILES	
508 No mercy thou mefe;	arouse
509 It mendys the not, Mawd.	helps
SECUNDA MULIER	
510 Then thi skalp shall I clefe!	cleave
511 Lyst thou be clawd?	do you want to be clawed?
512 Lefe, lefe, now bylefe!	stop quickly
SECUNDUS MILES	
513 Peasse, byd I, bawd!	silence
SECUNDA MULIER	
514 Fy, fy, for reprefe!	shame
515 Fy, full of frawde –	
516 No man!	no (true) man
517 Haue at thy tabard,	coat
518 Harlot and holard:	rascal and libertine
519 Thou shall not be sparde!	spared
520 I cry and I ban!	curse
521 Outt! Morde – man, I say,	murder
522 Strang tratoure & thefe!	rogue
523 Out, alas and waloway,	
524 My child that was me lefe!	dear

525 My luf, my blood, my play, joy
 526 That neuer dyd man grefe! grief
 527 Alas, alas, this day;
 528 I wold my hart shuld clefe cleave
 529 In sonder! asunder
 530 Veniance I cry and call
 531 On Herode and his knyghtys all:
 532 Veniance, Lord, apon thaym fall,
 533 And mekyll warldys wonder! much of the world's plagues

TERCIUS MILES

534 This is well-wroght gere business
 535 That euer may be.
 536 Comys hederward here! come
 537 Ye nede not to fle.

TERCIA MULIER

538 Wyll ye do any dere harm
 539 To my chyld and me?

TERCIUS MILES

540 He shall dy, I the swere; thee swear
 541 His hart-blood shall thou se.

TERCIA MULIER

542 God forbede!
 543 Thefe! thou shedys my chyldys blood!
 544 Out, I cry! I go near wood! mad
 545 Alas! my hart is all on flood,
 546 To se my chyld thus blede!

547 By God, thou shall aby pay for
 548 This dede that thou has done. hast

TERCIUS MILES

549 I red the not, stry, no, I tell thee, hag
 550 By son and by moyne. sun moon

TERCIA MULIER

551 Haue at the, say I! thee
 552 Take the ther a foyn! thee jab
 553 Out on the I cry, thee
 554 Haue at thi groyn snout
 555 Anothere!
 556 This kepe I in store.

TERCIUS MILES

557 Peasse now, no more! silence

TERCIA MULIER

558 I cry and I rore, roar
 559 Out on the, mans mordre! thee

560 Alas! my bab, myn innocent,
 561 My fleshly get! for sorow offspring
 562 That God me derly sent,
 563 Of bales who may me borow? sorrows save
 564 Thy body is all to-rent! torn to pieces
 565 I cry, both euen and morow, evening
 566 Veniance for thi blod thus spent:
 567 "Out!" I cry, and "horow!"

PRIMUS MILES

568 Go lightly! quickly

569	Gett out of thise wonys,	place
570	Ye trattys, all at onys,	hags once
571	Or by cokys dere bonys	God's
572	I make you go wyghtly!	quickly
573	Thay ar flayd now, I wote;	routed know
574	Thay will not abyde.	
	SECUNDUS MILES	
575	Lett vs ryn fote-hote –	run
576	Now wold I we hyde –	hurried
577	And tell of this lott,	fortune
578	How we haue betyde.	fared
	TERCIUS MILES	
579	Thou can do thi note;	work
580	That haue I aspyde.	
581	Go furth now,	
582	Tell thou Herode oure tayll!	tale
583	For all oure avayll,	profit
584	I tell you, saunce fayll	without fail
585	He wyll vs alow.	praise
	PRIMUS MILES	
586	I am best of you all	
587	And euer has bene;	have been
588	The deuyll haue my saull	soul
589	Bot I be fyrst sene!	unless
590	It fyttyes me to call	
591	My lord, as I wene.	think
	SECUNDUS MILES	
592	What nedys the to brall?	thee brawl
593	Be not so kene	
594	In this anger;	
595	I shall say thou dyd best –	
596	Saue myself, as I gest.	except guessed
	PRIMUS MILES	
597	We! that is most honest.	
	TERCIUS MILES	
598	Go, tary no langer.	
	PRIMUS MILES	
599	Hayll, Herode, oure kyng!	
600	Full glad may ye be;	
601	Good tythyng we bryng.	tidings
602	Harkyn now to me:	
603	We haue mayde rydyng	
604	Throughoutt Iure.	Jewry
605	Well wyt ye oone thyng,	know (=be assured of)
606	That morderd haue we	
607	Many thowsandys.	
	SECUNDUS MILES	
608	I held thaym full hote,	made it hot for them
609	I payd them on the cote;	thrashed them
610	Thare dammys, I wote,	mothers know
611	Neuer bynde them in bandys.	swaddling-clothes

TERCIUS MILES

612 Had ye sene how I fard	(if) fared
613 When I cam emang them!	
614 Ther was none that I spard,	spared
615 Bot lade on and dang them.	laid struck
616 I am worthy a rewarde.	
617 Where I was emangys them,	
618 I stud and I stard;	stood looked fiercely
619 No pyte to hang them	
620 Had I.	

HERODES

621 Now by myghty Mahowne	
622 That is good of renowne,	
623 If I bere this crowne	as sure as I bear
624 Ye shall haue a lady	

625 Ilkon to hym layd	(to) each one presented
626 And wed at his wyll.	

PRIMUS MILES

627 So haue ye lang sayde –	
628 Do somewhat thertyll!	thereto

SECUNDUS MILES

629 And I was neuer flayde,	frightened
630 For good ne for yll.	

TERCIUS MILES

631 Ye might hold you well payde	yourself pleased
632 Oure lust to fulfyll,	desire
633 Thus thynk me,	it seems to me
634 With tresure vntold,	
635 If it lyke that ye wold	pleases you
636 Both syluer and gold	
637 To gyf vs greatt plente.	

HERODES

638 As I am kyng crownde,	crowned
639 I thynk it good right;	
640 Ther goys none on grownde	goes
641 That has sich a wyght.	servant
642 A hundreth thowsand pownde	
643 Is good wage for a knyght,	
644 Of pennys good and rownde,	
645 Now may ye go light	quickly
646 With store;	plenty
647 And ye knyghtys of oures	
648 Shall haue castels and towres,	
649 Both to you and to youre,	
650 Ffor now and euermore.	

PRIMUS MILES

651 Was neuer none borne	
652 By downes ne by dalys,	downs dales (=anywhere)
653 Nor yit vs before,	
654 That had sich avalys.	benefits

SECUNDUS MILES

655 We haue castels and corne,	
656 Mych gold in oure malys.	wallets

TERCIUS MILES

657 It wyll neuer be worne,
 658 Withoutt any talys.
 659 Hayll, heyndly!
 660 Hayll, lord! hayll, kyng!
 661 We ar furth foundyng.

used up
 tales (=truly)
 gracious (lord)

HERODES

662 Now Mahowne he you bryng
 663 Where he is lord freyndly!

hastening forth
 may Mohammed bring you

664 Now in peasse may I stand –
 665 I thank the, Mahowne –
 666 And gyf of my lande
 667 That longys to my crowne.
 668 Draw therfor nerehande
 669 Both of burgh and of towne:
 670 Markys, ilkon, a thowsande,
 671 When I am bowne,
 672 Shall ye haue.
 673 I shalbe full fayn
 674 To gyf that I sayn;
 675 Wate when I com agayn,
 676 And then may ye craue.

thee
 belongs
 near
 (=townsfolk)
 marks (=money) each one
 ready
 glad
 what I promised
 watch
 ask for it

677 I sett by no good,
 678 Now my hart is at easse,
 679 That I shed so mekyll blode.
 680 Pes, all my ryches!
 681 For to se this flode
 682 From the fote to the nese
 683 Mefys nothing my mode –
 684 I lagh that I whese!
 685 A, Mahowne!
 686 So light is my saull
 687 That all of sugar is my gall!
 688 I may do what I shall,
 689 And bere vp my crowne.

I think it of no importance
 so much blood
 peace
 foot nose
 moves mood
 laugh so hard that I wheeze
 cheerful soul
 maintain

690 I was castyn in care,
 691 So frightly afrayd;
 692 Bot I thar not dyspare,
 693 For low is he layd
 694 That I most dred are,
 695 So haue I hym flayd;
 696 And els wonder ware –
 697 And so many strayd
 698 In the strete –
 699 That oone shuld be harmeles
 700 And skape away hafles,
 701 Where so many chylde
 702 Thare balys can not bete.

fearfully
 need not
 whom I most dreaded before
 defeated
 it would be a wonder
 with so many strewn
 unhurt
 helpless
 harms amend

703 A hundreth thowsand, I watt,
 704 And fourty ar slayn,
 705 And four thowsand. Therat
 706 Me aght to be fayn;

know
 I ought glad

707	Sich a morder on a flat	field
708	Shall neuer be agayn.	
709	Had I had bot oone bat	blow
710	At that lurdan	lout
711	So yong,	
712	It shuld haue bene spokyn	
713	How I had me wrokyn,	avenged myself
714	Were I dede and rotyn,	even after dead and rotten
715	With many a tong.	by
716	Thus shall I tech knauys	
717	Ensampyll to take,	
718	In thare wyttys that rauys,	rave
719	Sich mastre to make.	authority claim
720	All wantones wafys –	insolence avoid
721	No langage ye crak!	boast
722	No sufferan you sauys;	sovereign saves
723	Youre nekkys shall I shak	
724	In sonder.	asunder
725	No kyng ye on call	petition no king
726	Bot on Herode the ryall,	royal
727	Or els many oone shall	
728	Apon youre bodys wonder.	marvel at your (dead) bodies
729	For if I here it spokyn	hear (=rebellious talk)
730	When I com agayn,	
731	Youre branys bese brokyn;	brains (will) be
732	Therfor be ye bayn;	obedient
733	Nothyng bese vnlokyn;	(will) be explained
734	It shalbe so playn.	
735	Begyn I to rokyn,	(if) act violently
736	I thynk all dysdayn	protest
737	For-daunche.	fastidious
738	Syrs, this is my counsell:	
739	Bese not to cruell.	be too
740	Bot adew! – to the deuyll!	adieu
741	I can no more Franch!	know

THE PASSION PLAY I (N-TOWN)

The interpolations of fol. 143 (the fetching of the ass: play 26, ll. 343-391) and foll. 149-151 (Mary Magdalen: play 27, ll. 141-268) have been marked out.

Play 26

DEMON

- I am youre lord, Lucifer, that out of helle cam,
 Prince of this Werd and gret Duke of Helle! world
 Wherefore my name is clepyd Sere Satan, called Sir
 Whech aperyth among yow a matere to spelle. who appears to preach
- 5 I am norsshere of synne to the confusyon of man, nourisher sin
 To bryng hym to my dongeon, ther in fyre to dwelle. dungeon
 Hosoevyr serve me, so reward hym I kan whosoever
 That he xal syng "wellaway" evyr in peynes felle. shall cruel
- Lo, thus bountevous a lord than now am I then
 10 To reward so synners, as my kend is: nature
 Whoso wole folwe my lore and serve me dayly, will follow
 Of sorwe and peyne anow he xal nevyr mys. enough
- For I began in hefne synne for to sowe heaven
 Among all the angellys that weryn there so bryth; were bright
 15 And therfore was I cast out into helle ful lowe, bearer of light
 Notwithstandyng I was the fayrest and berere of lyth.
- Yet I drowe in my taylor of tho angelys bryth drew retinue those bright
 With me into helle – takyth good hed what I say – take heed
 I lefte but tweyn ayens on to abyde there in lyth; two against one remain light
 20 But the iij part come with me, this may not be seyde nay. be denied
- Takyth hed to youre prince, than, my pepyl euerychon, everyone
 And seyth what maystryes in hefne I gan ther do play. see mastery brought about
 To gete a thowsand sowlys in an houre, methynkyth it but skorn a trifle
 Syth I wan Adam and Eve on the fyrst day. since won
- 25 But now mervelous mendys rennyng in myn rememberawns strange thoughts run
 Of on Cryst, wiche is clepyd Joseph and Maryes sone. one who is called son
 Thryes I tempte hym be ryth sotylle instawnce, tempted very subtle argument
 Aftyr he fast fourty days ageyns sensual myth or reson, fasted against physical strength
 For of the stonys to a mad bred; but sone I had conclusyon; stones to have made bread
 30 Than upon a pynacle, but angelys were to hym assystent – then
 His answerys were mervelous, I knew not his intencyon;
 And at the last to veynglory, but nevyr I had myn intent.
- And now hath he xij dysypulys to his attendauns.
 To eche town and cety he sendyth hem as bedellys, city them messengers
 35 In dyverce place to make for hym puruyaus provision
 The pepyl of hese werkys ful gretly mervylllys: his wonder
 To the crokyd, blynd and down, his werkys provaylys; lame dumb prevail
 Lazare, that foure days lay ded, his lyff recuryd; life recovered
 And where I purpose me to tempt, anon he me asaylys; I intend to assails
 40 Mawdelyn playn remysyon also he hath ensuryd. Magdalene ensured

- Goddys son he pretendyth, and to be born of a mayde,
And seyth he xal dey for mannys saluacyon.
Than xal the trewth be tryed, and no ferdere be delayd,
Whan the soule fro the body xal make separacyon.
- 45 And as for hem that be vndre my grett domynacyon,
He xal fayle of hese intent and purpose also,
Be this tyxt of holde remembryd to myn intencyon:
Quia in inferno nulla est redempcio.
- But whan the tyme xal neyth of his persecucyon,
50 I xal arere new engynes of malycyous conspiracy!
Plenté of reprevys I xal provide to his confusyon.
Thus xal I false the wordys that his pepyl doth testefy.
His discipulis xal forsake hym and here maystyr denye;
Innovmberabyl xal hese woundys be, of woful grevauns;
- 55 A tretowre xal countyrfe his deth to fortyfy.
The rebukys that he gyf me xal turne to his displeauns.
- Some of hese dyscupulys xal be chef of this ordenawns.
That xal fortefye this term, that “in trost is treson”.
Thus xal I venge be sotylté al my malycyous grevauns,
60 For nothyng may excede my prudens and dyscrecyon.
- Gyff me youre love, grawnt me myn affeccyon,
And I wyl vnclose the tresour of lovys alyawns,
And gyff yow youre desyrys afftere youre intencyon;
No poverté xal aproche yow fro plentevous abundauns.
- 65 Byholde the dyvercyté of my dysgysyd varyauns,
Eche thyng sett of dewe naterall dysposycyon,
And eche parte acordynge to his resemblauns,
Fro the sool of the foot to the hiest asencyon:
- Off fyne cordewan a goodly peyre of long-pekyd schon;
70 Hosyn enclosyd of the most costyous cloth of crenseyne
(Thus a bey to a jentylman to make comparycyon),
With two doseyn poyntys of cheverelle, the aglottys of syluer feyn;
dozen laces of kid-leather tags
- A shert of feyn Holond (but care not for the payment!),
A stomachere of clere Reynes, the best may be bowth
75 (Thow poverté be chef, lete pride ther be present,
And all tho that repreff pride, thu sette hem at nowth);
- Cadace, wolle, or flokkys, where it may be sowth,
To stuffe withal thi dobbelet and make the of proporcyon
Two smale legges and a gret body (thow it ryme nowth,
80 yet loke that thu desyre to an the newe faccyon);
- A gowne of thre yerdys (loke thu make comparison
Vnto all degrees dayly that passe thin astat);
A purse withoutyn mony, a daggere for devoscyon
(And there reprep is of synne, loke thu make debat);
- 85 With syde lorkys, I schrewe, thin here to thi colere hangyng down, locks swear hair
To herborwe qweke bestys that tekele men onyth; shelter live beasts tickle a-nights

An hey smal bonet for curying of the crowne. And all beggerys and pore pepyll, haue hem in dyspyte. Onto the grete othys and lycherye gyf thi delyte.	high hold them oaths lechery
90 To maynteyn thin astate lete brybory be present. And yf the lawe repreve the, say thu wylt fyth And gadere the a felachep after thin entent.	rank let bribery reproves thee fight gather to you retinue according to
Loke thu sett not be precept nor be comawndement: Both sevyle and canoun sett thu at nowth.	pay no heed to civil and canon law value as nothing
95 Lette no membre of God but with othys be rent – Lo, thus this werd at this tyme to myn intent is browth. I, Sathan, with my felawus this werd hath sowth, And now we han it at houre plesawns. For synne is not shamfast, but boldnes hath bowth	limb oaths torn world brought sought have ashamed of itself purchased
100 That xal cause hem in helle to han inerytawns.	what them have inheritance
A beggerys dowtere to make gret purvyauns To cownterfete a jentylwoman, dysgeysyd as she can. And yf mony lakke, this is the newe chevesauns: With here prevy plesawns to gett it of sum man;	beggar's daughter provision dressed up money is lacking device privy pleasure from some
105 Here colere splayed and furrzyd with ermyn, Calabere, or satan, A seyn to selle lechory to hem that wyl bey; And thei that wyl not by it, yet inow xal thei han, And telle hem it is for love – she may it not deny.	her collar open squirrel satin sign them buy buy enough have can't say no
I haue browth yow newe namys, and wyl ye se why? 110 For synne is so plesaunt to ech mannys intent. Ye xal kalle pride “onesté” and “naterall kend” lechory, And covetyse “wysdam” there tresure is present	brought names honour natural begetting where
Wrath, “manhod”, and envye callyd “chastement” (Seyse nere sessyon, lete perjory be chef); 115 Gloteny, “rest” (let abstynawnce beyn absent). And he that wole exorte the to vertu, put hem to repreff!	wrath chastisement at assize or court session prevail gratification be will reproof
To rehers al my servauntys, my matere is to breff, But all these xal eneryth the dyvicyon eternal. Thow Cryst by his sotylté many materys meef, 120 In evyrlastyng peyne with me dwellyn thei xal.	rehearse (the names of) speech too inherit separation (from grace) though move (=accomplish) dwell
Remembre, oure seruauntys whoys sowlys ben mortall, For I must remeffe for more materys to provyde, I am with yow at all tymes whan ye to councel me call; But for a short tyme myself I devoyde.	whose souls remove (=depart) withdraw
JOHANNES BAPTISTA	
125 I, Johan Baptyst, to yow thus prophesye: That on xal come aftyr me and not tary long, In many folde more strengere than I, Of whose shon I am not worthy to lose the thonge. Wherefore I councel the ye reforme all wronge	one tarry many time stronger shoes loose thong thee
130 In youre concyens of the mortall dedys sevyn. And for to do penawns loke that ye fonge; For now xal come the kyngdham of hevyn.	seven Deadly Sins undertake
The weys of oure Lord cast yow to aray,	make ready to prepare

And therin to walk, loke ye be applyande.	apply yourself
135 And make his pathys as ryth as ye may,	paths right (=straight)
Kepyng ryth forth, and be not declinande	straight swerving
Neyther to fele on ryth nor on lefte hande,	too much on right
But in the myddys purpose yow to holde.	midst try
For that in all wyse is most plesande,	
140 As ye xal here whan I have tolde.	hear
Of this wey for to make moralysacyon,	spiritual interpretation
Be the ryth syde ye xal vndyrstonde “mercy”;	by
And on the lefte syde lykkenyd “dysperacyon”;	betokened
And the patthe betwyn bothyn that may not wry	both deviate
145 Schal he “hope and drede”, to walk in perfectly,	dread
Declynyng not to fele for no maner nede.	wavering not too much for anything
Grete cawsys I xal shove yow why	reasons show
That ye xal sewe the patthe of hope and drede.	follow
On the mercy of God to meche ye xal not holde,	too much rely
150 As in this wyse, behold what I mene:	mean
For to do synne, be thou no more bolde	
In trost that God wole merciful bene.	trust will be
And yf be sensualyté, as it is ofte sene,	by seen
Synnyst dedly, thou xalt not therfore dyspeyre;	sinnest deadly
155 But therfore do penawns and confesse the clene,	thee clean
And of hevyn thou mayst trost to ben eyre.	trust to be heir
The pathe that lyth to this blyssyd enherytawns	lies inheritance
Is hope and drede, copelyd be conjuncyon.	coupled
Betwyx these tweyn may be no dysseuerawns,	two separation
160 For hope withoutyn drede is maner of presumpcyon;	
And drede withoutyn hope is maner of dysperacyon.	
So these tweyn must be knyht be on acorde.	one
How ye xal aray the wey I haue made declaracyon,	prepare
Also the ryth patthis ayens the comyng of oure Lord.	in preparation for
<i>Here xal Annas shewyn hymself in his stage beseyn aftyr a</i>	arrayed like
<i>busshop of the hoold lawe in a skarlet gowne, and ouyr that</i>	old law over
<i>a blew tabbard furryd with whyte, and a mytere on his hed</i>	blue coat furred
<i>after the hoold lawe; ij doctorys stondyng by hym in furryd</i>	
<i>hodys, and on befor hem with his staff of astat, and eche of</i>	hoods one before them rank
<i>hem on here hedys a furryd cappe with a gret knop in the crowne;</i>	them their heads tassel
<i>and on stondyng befor as a Sarazyn, the wich xal be his</i>	one in front who
<i>masangere, Annas thus seyng:</i>	
ANNAS	
165 As a prelat am I properyd to provyde pes,	empowered to keep the peace
And of Jewys jewge, the lawe to fortifye.	judge enforce
I, Annas, be my powere xal comawnde, dowteles:	by doubtless
The lawys of Moyses no man xal denye!	
Hoo excede my comawndement, anon ye certefye;	whoever trespass notify
170 Yf any ertyk here reyn, to me ye compleyn.	reign
For in me lyth the powere all trewthys to trye,	lies
And pryncypaly oure lawys – tho must I susteyn.	those
Yef I may aspey the contrary, no wheyle xal thei reyn,	if perceive
But anon to me be browth and stonde present	

- 175 Before here jewge, wich xal not feyn,
 But aftere here trespace gef hem jugement.
 Now, serys, for a prose, heryth myn intent:
 There is on Jesus of Nazareth that oure lawys doth excede.
 Yf he procede thus, we xal us all repent,
 180 For oure lawys he dystroyt dayly with his dede.
- Therefore be youre cowncel we must take hede
 What is best to provyde or do in this case.
 For yf we let hym thus go and ferdere prosede,
 Ageyn Sesare and oure lawe we do trespace.
- I DOCTOR
- 185 Serys, this is myn avyse that ye xal do:
 Send to Cayphas for cowncel, knowe his intent.
 For yf Jesu procede, and thus forth go,
 Oure lawys xal be dystroyd, thes se we present.
- II DOCTOR
- Sere, remembre the gret charge that on yow is leyd,
 190 The lawe to kepe, which may not fayle.
 Yf any defawth prevyd of yow be seyde,
 The Jewys with trewth wyl yow asayl.
 Tak hed whath cownsayl may best provayl.
 After Rewfyn and Leyon I rede that ye sende –
 195 They arn temperal jewgys that knowyth the perayl –
 With youre cosyn Cayphas this matere to amende.
- ANNAS
- Now surely this cowncel revyfe myn herte!
 Your cowncel is best, as I can se.
 Arfexe, in hast loke that thu styrte,
 200 And pray Cayphas my cosyn come speke with me.
- To Rewfyn and Leon thu go also,
 And pray hem thei speke with me in hast.
 For a pryncipal matere that haue to do,
 Wich must be knowe or this day be past.
- ARFEXE
- 205 My souereyn, at youre intent I xal gon
 In al the hast that I kan hy
 Onto Cayphas, Rewfyn, and Lyon,
 And charge youre intent that thei xal ply.
- Here goth the masangere forth; and in the menetye Cayphas
 shewyth himself in his skafhald arayd lych to Annas, savyng
 his tabbard xal be red furryd with white; ij doctorys with hym
 arayd with pellys aftyr the old gyse and furryd cappys on her
 hedys; Cayphas thus seyng:*
- CAIPHAS
- As a primat most preudent, I present here sensyble
 210 Buschopys of the lawe with al the cyrcumstawns.
 I, Cayphas, am jewge with powerys possyble
 To distroye all erroris that in oure lawys make varyawns.

their who hesitate
 according to their give them
 sirs story hear
 one trespass
 be sorry
 deeds

by heed

further proceed
 against Caesar

sirs advice

this see

fault proved

advise
 are who know the peril

revives

haste go

them

known before

hurry

command carry out

meantime
 scaffold like except
 coat
 furred cloaks their
 heads

represent here visibly

capable
 variance

All thyngys I convey be reson and temperawnce,
 And all materis possyble to me ben palpable.
 215 Of the lawe of Moyses I haue a chef governawns;
 To seure ryth and wrong in me is termynable.
 But ther is on Cryst that in oure lawys is varyable;
 He perverte the pepyl with his prechyng ill.
 We must seke a mene onto hym reprevable,
 220 For yf he procede, oure lawys he wyl spyll!

We must take good cowncel in this case
 Of the wysest of the lawe that kan the trewth telle,
 Of the jewgys of Pharasy and of my cosyn Annas.
 For yf he procede, be prossesse oure lawys he wyl felle.

express
 are understood
 sever is in my power
 one inconstant
 misleads
 means to reprove him
 destroy
 from
 in time fell

I DOCTOR CAIPHAS

225 Myn lord, plesyt yow to pardon me for to say
 The blame in yow is, as we fynde,
 To lete Cryst conteneue thus day be day,
 With his fals wichcraft the pepyl to blynde.
 He werkyth fals meraclis ageyns all kende,
 230 And makyth oure pepyl to leve hem in.
 It is youre part to take hym and do hym bynde,
 And gyf hym jugement for his gret syn.

may it please you
 nature
 believe in them
 make him be bound

II DOCTOR CAIPHAS

Forsothe, sere, of trewth this is the case:
 Onto oure lawe ye don oppressyon
 235 That ye let Cryst from you pace
 And wyl not don on hym correxion.
 Let Annas knowe youre intencyon,
 With prestys and jewgys of the lawe;
 And do Cryst forsake his fals oppynyon –
 240 Or into a preson lete hem be thrawe!

you do
 pass
 make
 thrown

CAIPHAS

Wel, serys, ye xal se withinne short whyle,
 I xal correcte hym for his trespas.
 He xal no lenger oure pepyl begyle;
 Out of myn dawngere he xal not pas!

beguile
 power

*Here comyth the masangere to Cayphas; and in the menetyme
 Rewfyn and Lyon schewyn hem in the place in ray tabardys
 furryd, and ray hodys abouth here neckys furryd;
 the masangere seyng:*

themselves striped coats
 hoods

MASANGERE

245 Myn reverent souereyn, and it do yow plese,
 Sere Annas, my lord, hath to you sent.
 He prayt you that ye xal not sese
 Tyl that ye ben with hym present.

if it pleases you
 prays cease
 be

CAIPHAS

Sere, telle myn cosyn I xal not fayl.
 250 It was my purpose hym for to se

For serteyn materys that wyl provayle,
Thow he had notwth a sent to me.

impose themselves
even if he had not sent

MASANGERE

I recomende me to youre hey degré.
On more massagys I must wende.

myself high rank
go

CAIPHAS

255 Farewel, sere, and wel ye be.
Gret wel my cosyn and my frende.

greet

Here the masager metyth with the jewgys, sayng:

meets judges

MASANGERE

Heyl, jewgys of Jewry, of reson most prudent!
Of my message to you I make relacyon:
My lord, Sere Annas, hath for you sent,
260 To se his presens withowth delacyon.

delay

REWFYN

Sere, we are redy at his comawndement
To se Sere Annas in his place.
It was oure purpose and oure intent
To a be with hym withinne short space.

have been

LEYON

265 We are ful glad his presence to se;
Sere, telle hym we xal come in hast:
No delacyon therin xal be,
But to his presens hye us fast.

very glad

delay

hurry

MASANGERE

I xal telle my lord, seris, as ye say,
270 Ye wyl fulfyller al his plesawns.

REWFYN

Sere, telle hym we xal make no delay,
But come in hast at his instawns.

entreaty

Here the masangere comyth to Annas, thus seyng:

MASANGERE

My lord, and it plese you to haue intellygens,
Ser Cayphas comyth to you in hast.
275 Rewfyn and Lyon wyl se youre presens,
And se yow here or this day be past.

if information

before

ANNAS

Sere, I kan the thank of thi dyligens.
Now ageyn my cosyn I wole walk.
Serys, folwyth me onto his presens,
280 For of these materys we must talk.

I thank you

toward

*Here Annas goth down to mete with Cayphas, and in the
menetyme [Cayphas] thus seyng:*

CAIPHAS

Now onto Annas let us wende,

go

Ech of vs to knowe otherys intent.
 Many materys I haue in mende,
 The wich to hym I xal present.

I DOCTOR CAIPHAS

285 Sere, of all othere thyng, remembre this case:

Loke that Jesus be put to schame.

II DOCTOR CAIPHAS

Whan we come present befor Annas,
 Whe xal rehers all his gret blame.

*Here the buschopys with here clerkys and the Pharaseus mett
 at the mydplace, and ther xal be a lytil oratory with stolys and
 cusshonys, clenly beseyn lych as it were a counsel hous;
 Annas thus seyng:*

meet
 middle of the *platea* stools
 arrayed like

ANNAS

Welcome, Sere Cayphas and ye jewgys alle!

290 Now xal ye knowe all myn entent:

A wondyr case, serys, here is befall

has befallen

On wich we must gyf jewgement –

Lyst that we aftere the case repent –

lest afterwards

Of on Cryst, that Goddys sone som doth hym calle.

one

295 He shewyth meraclys and sythe present

says here

That he is prynce of pryncys alle.

The pepyl so fast to hym doth falle,

Be prevy menys as we aspye,

by secret means

Yyf he procede, son sen ye xalle

soon see

300 That oure lawys he wyl dystrye.

destroy

It is oure part this to deny.

What is youre cowncell in this cas?

CAIPHAS

Be reson the trewth here may we try.

I cannot dem hym withouth trespace

doom

305 Because he seyth in every a place

That he is Kyng of Jewys in every degré.

respect

Therfore he is fals, knowe wel the case:

Sesar is kyng, and non but he!

REWFYN

He is an ertyk and a tretour bolde

310 To Sesare and to oure lawe, sertayn,

Bothe in word and in werke, and ye beholde;

if

He is worthy to dey with mekyl peyn!

die much

LEYON

The cawse that we been here present:

To fortefye the lawe; and, trewth to say,

enforce

315 Jesus ful nere oure lawys hath shent –

nearly destroyed

Therfore he is worthy for to day!

die

I DOCTOR ANNAS

Serys, ye that ben rewelerys of the lawe,

rulers

On Jesu ye must gyf jewgement.

Let hym fyrst ben hangyn and drawe,
 320 And thanne his body in fyre be brent. drawn (=disembowelled)
 burned

II DOCTOR ANNAS

Now xal ye here the intent of me:
 Take Jesu, that werke us all gret schame,
 Put hym to deth! Let hym not fle,
 For than the comownys, thei wyl yow blame. hear from
 who does
 commons

I DOCTOR CAIPHAS

325 He werke with wehecrafte in eche place,
 And drawyth the pepyl to hese intent.
 Bewhare, ye jewgys, let hym not passe;
 Than, be my trowthe, ye xal repent.

II DOCTOR CAIPHAS

Serys, takyth hede onto this case,
 330 And in youre jewgement be not slawe. slow
 Ther was nevyr man dyd so gret trespase
 As Jesu hath don ageyn oure lawe. against

ANNAS

Now, bretheryn, than wyl ye here myn intent?
 These ix days let us abyde. then hear
 wait

335 We may not gyf so hasty jugement,
 But eche man inqwere on his syde:
 Send spyes abouth the countré wyde
 To se, and recorde, and testymonye.
 And than hese werkys he xal not hyde,
 340 Nor haue no power hem to denye.

CAIPHAS

This cowncell acordyth to my reson.

ANNAS

And we all to the same.

[

*Here enteryth the apostyl Petyr, and Johan the Euangelyst
 With hym, Petyr seyng:*

O ye pepyl despeyryng, be glad!
 A gret cawse ye haue, and ye kan se: if
 The Lord of allthynge of nought mad, made from nothing
 Is comynge youre comfort to be.
 All youre langorys salvyn xal he; languors heal
 Youre helthe is more than kan wete. (you) can know

[

end of fol. 142v. The lines marked above are crossed out to allow the interpolation of fol. 143; they are repeated at the end of fol. 143v.

fol. 143r

[

JESUS

Frendys, beholde the tyme of mercy,
 The whiche is come now, withowt dowth. doubt
 345 Mannys sowle in blys now xal edyfy, prosper
 And the Prynce of the Werd is cast owth. World

Go to yon castel that standyth yow ageyn, Sum of myn dyscyplis – go forth, ye to. There xul ye fyndyn bestys tweyn:	opposite you two two beasts
350 An asse tyed and here fole also. Vnlosne that asse and brynge it to me pleyn. Iff any man aske why that ye do so, Sey that I haue nede to this best, certeyn, And he xal not lett yow youre weys for to go.	foal unloose openly need of hinder
355 That best brynge ye to me. I APOSTOLUS Holy prophete, we gon oure way; We wyl not youre wourd delay. Also sone as that we may, We xal it brynge to the.	word (=command) as soon as we may
<i>Here thei fecch the asse with the fole, and the burgeys seyth:</i>	citizen
BURGENSIS 360 Herke, ye men, who yaff yow leve Thus this best for to take away? But only for pore men to releve This asse is ordayned, as I yow say.	gave leave for the relief of the poor
PHILIPPUS Good sere, take this at no greff. 365 Oure maystyr us sent hedyr this day. He hath grett nede, withoutw reppreff; Therfore not lett us, I the pray, This best for to lede.	sir grief hinder lead
BURGENSIS Sethyn that it is so that he hath yow sent, 370 Werkyth his wyll and his intent: Take the beste, as ye be bent, And evyr wel mote ye spede.	since beast decided may you prosper
JACOBUS MINOR This best is brought ryght now here, lo, Holy prophete, at thin owyn wylle. 375 And with this cloth anon also, This bestys bak we xal sone hylle.	beast beast's back soon cover
PHILIPPUS Now mayst thu ryde whedyr thu wylt go, Thyn holy purpos to fulfyllle. Thy best ful redy is dyth the to; 380 Bothe meke and tame, the best is styлле. And we be redy also, Iff it be plesynge to thi ssyght, The to helpe anon forthryght, Vpon this best that thu were dyght, 385 Thi journey for to do.	prepared for thee straightaway prepared
<i>Here Cryst rydyth out of the place and he wyl, and Petyr and Johan abydyn styлле; and at the last, whan thei haue don ther prechyng, thei mete with Jesu.</i>	if he will remain motionless

PETRUS

O ye pepyl dyspeyryng, be glad!
 A grett cawse ye haue, and ye kan se:
 The Lord, that allthyng of nought mad,
 Is comynge youre comfort to be.
 390 All youre langoris salvyn xal he;
 Youre helthe is more than ye kan wete.

if
 made
 languors heal
 know

end of fol. 143v

fol. 144r

He xal cawse the blynde that thei xal se,
 The def to here, the dome for to speke.

hear dumb

Thei that be crokyd, he xal cause hem to goo,
 395 In the wey that Johan Baptyst of prophecyed.
 Sweche a leche kam yow nevyr non too.
 Wherefore, what he comawndyth, loke be applyed!

lame
 about
 such a healer to you

That som of yow be blynd, it may not be denyid,
 For hym that is youre makere, with youre gostly ey ye xal not knowe.
 400 Of his comaumentys in yow gret necglygens is aspyed;
 Wherefore def fro gostly heryng clepe yow I howe.

spiritual eye
 perceive

call ought

And some of yow may not go, ye be so crokyd,
 For of good werkyng in yow is lytyl habundawns.
 Tweyn fete heuery man xuld haue, and it were lokyd,
 405 Wyche xuld bere the body gostly, most of substawns:
 Fyrst is to love God above all other plesawns;
 The secunde is to love thi neybore as thin owyn persone.
 And yf these tweyn be kepte in perseverawns,
 Into the celestyal habytacyon ye arn habyl to gone.

lame
 two feet every if considered
 bear spiritual body of great worth
 are able to go

410 Many of yow be dome. Why? For ye wole not redresse
 Be mowthe youre Dedys Mortal, but therin don perdure.
 Of the uych but ye haue contrycyon and yow confesse,
 Ye may not inheryte hevyn, this I yow ensure.

dumb
 mouth Deadly Sins continue
 of which unless you

And of all these maladyes ye may haue gostly cure,
 415 For the hevynly leche is comyng yow for to vicyte.
 And as for payment, he wole shewe yow no reddure,
 For with the love of yowre hertys he wole be aqwhyte.

healer visit
 severity
 repaid

JOHANNES APOSTOLUS

Onto my brotherys forseyd rehersall
 That ye xuld yeve the more veray confydens,
 420 I come with hym as testimonyall,
 For to conferme and fortefye his sentens.
 This lord xal come without resystens;
 Onto the cetyward he is now comyng.
 Wherefore dresse yow with all dew dylygens
 425 To honowre hym as youre makere and kyng.

brother's aforesaid speech
 in order that give true
 saying
 toward the city
 prepare due

And to fulfyll the prophetys prophesé,
 Vpon an asse he wole hedyr ryde,
 Shewyng yow exawmple of humylyté,
 Devoydyng the abhominable synne of pryde,
 430 Whech hath ny conqweryd all the werd wyde,

hither
 casting out
 nearly world

Grettest cause of all youre trybulacyon.
 Vse it hoso wole, for it is the best gyde
 That ye may haue to the place of dampnacyon.

whoever guide

Now, brothyr in God, syth we have intellygens
 435 That oure Lord is ny come to this ceté,
 To attend upon his precyous presens
 It syttyth to us, as semyth me.
 Wherefore to mete with hym now go we.
 I wold fore nothyng we where to late.
 440 To the cetéward fast drawyth he;
 Mesemyth he is ny at the gate.

since
 nearly
 befits us
 too late
 approaches the city
 it seems to me nearly

Here spekyth the iiij ceteseynys, the fyrst thus seyng:

4 citizens

I CIVES JERUSALEM

Neyborys, gret joye in oure herte we may make
 That this hefly kyng wole vycyte this cyté!

neighbours
 heavenly visit

II CIVES JERUSALEM

Yf oure eerly kyng swech a jorne xuld take,
 445 To don hym honour and worchepe besy xuld we be.

earthly

III CIVES JERUSALEM

Meche more, than, to the hevynty kyng bownd are we
 For to do that xuld be to his persone reuerens.

much then
 what

IV CIVES JERUSALEM

Late vs than welcome hym with flowrys and brawnchis of the tre,
 For he wole take that to plesawns becawse of redolens.

let
 sweet smell

*Here the iiij ceteseynys makyn hem redy for to mete with
 oure Lord, goyng barfot and barelegged and in here shyrtys,
 sayyng thei xal have here gownys cast abouth them.
 And qwan thei seen oure Lord thei xal sprede ther clothis
 befor hym, and he xal lyth and go therupon. And thei xall
 falle downe upon ther knes all atonys, the fyrst thus seyng:*

citizens themselves
 barefoot their shirts
 except that their around them
 when see
 light (from the ass)
 at once

I CIVES JERUSALEM

450 Now blyssyd he be that in oure Lordys name
 To us in any wyse wole resorte.
 And we beleve veryly that thu dost the same,
 For be thi mercy xal spryng mannys comfote.

come
 believe truly do this
 by

*Here Cryst passyth forth. Ther metyth with hym a serteyn of
 chylderyn with flowrys, and cast befor hym. And they
 synggyn "Gloria laus", and befor on seyt:*

some
 children
 one says

Thow sone of Davyd, thu be oure supporte
 455 At oure last day whan we xal dye!
 Wherefore we alle atonys to the exorte,
 Cryeng mercy! Mercy! Mercy!

at once

JESUS

Frendys, beholde the tyme of mercy,
 The wich is come now withoutyn dowth.
 460 Mannys sowle in blysse now xal edyfy,
 And the Prynce of the Werd is cast owth.
 As I haue prechyd in placys abowth,

doubt
 prosper
 World

And shewyd experyence to man and wyf,
 Into this werd Goddys sone hath sowth
 465 For veray loue man to revyfe.

by experience
 world God's son has come
 true revive

The trewthe of trewthys xal now be tryede,
 And a perfyth of corde betwyx God and man,
 Wich trewth xal nevyr be dyvide –
 Confusyon onto the fynd Sathan.

proven
 perfect accord
 divided
 fiend

I PAUPER HOMO

470 Thu sone of Davyd, on vs haue mercye,
 As we must stedfast belevyn in the.
 Thi goodnesse, Lord, lete us be nye,
 Whech lyth blynd here and may not se.

near us
 (us) who lie

II PAUPER HOMO

Lord, lete thi mercy to us be sewre,
 475 And restore to us oure bodyly syth!
 We know thu may us wel recure
 With the lest poynt of thi gret myth.

sure
 sight
 restore
 least amount might

JESUS

Yowre beleve hath mad you for to se
 And delyveryd you fro all mortal peyn.
 480 Blyssyd be all tho that beleve on me
 And se me not with here bodyly eyn.

belief

 their eyes

Here Cryst blyssyth here eyn and thei may se, the fryst seyng: their eyes

I PAUPER HOMO

Gromercy, Lord, of thi gret grace!
 I that was blynd now may se.

thanks

II PAUPER HOMO

Here I forsake al my trespace
 485 And stedfastly wyl belevyn on the.

in thee

Play 27

*Here Cryst procedyth on fote with his dyscipulys aftyr hym,
 Cryst wepyng upon the cyté, sayng thus:*

JESUS

O Jherusalem, woful is the ordenawnce
 Of the day of thi gret persecucion!
 Thu xalt be dystroy with woful grevans,
 And thi ryalté browth to trew confusyon.
 5 Ye that in the ceté han habytacyon,
 Thei xal course the tyme that thei were born,
 So gret advercyté and trybulacyon
 Xal falle on hem both evyn and morwyn.

decree

 destroyed
 royalty brought
 have
 curse

 them evening and morning

Thei that han most chylderyn sonest xal wayle
 10 And seyn, "Alas, what may this meen?"
 Both mete and drynk sodeynly xal fayle –
 The vengeance of God ther xal be seen.

have children
 say

- The tyme is comyng hes woo xal ben,
The day of trobyl and gret grevauns.
15 Bothe templys and towrys, they xal down cleen.
O ceté, ful woful is thin ordenawns!
- PETRUS
Lord, where wolte thu kepe thi Maundé?
I pray the, now lete us haue knowyng,
That we may make redy for the,
20 The to serve withoute latyng;
- JOHANNES
To provyde, Lord, for thi comyng
With all the obedyens we kan atende,
And make redy for the in althyng,
Into what place thu wylt us send.
- JESUS
25 Serys, goth to Syon and ye xal mete
A pore man in sympyl aray
Beryng watyr in the strete.
Telle hym I xal come that way.
Onto hym mekely loke that ye say
30 That hese hous I wele come tylle.
He wele not onys to yow sey nay,
But sofre to haue all youre wylle.
- PETRUS
Al thi wyl, Lord, it xal be don;
To seke that place we xal us hye,
JOHANNES
35 In all the hast that we may gon,
Thin comawndement nevyr to denye.
- Here Petyr and Johan gon forth, metyng with Symon leprows
beryng a kan with watyr, Petyr thus seyng:*
- PETRUS
Good man, the prophete, oure Lord, Jesus,
This nyth wyl rest wythin thin halle.
On message to the he hath sent vs:
40 That for his sopere ordeyn thu xalle.
- JOHANNES
Ya, for hym and his dyscipulys alle
Ordeyn thu for his Maundé
A paschall lomb, whatso befalle,
For he wyl kepe his Pasch with the.
- SIMON
45 What, wyl my Lord vesyte my plase?
Blyssyd be the tyme of his comyng!
I xal ordeyn withinne short space
For my good Lordys welcomyng.
Serys, walkyth in at the begynnyng
50 And se what vetaylys that I xal take.
I am so glad of this tydyng,
I wot nevyr what joye that I may make.
- its (=Jerusalem's) be
fall down completely
decree
Maundy (=Last Supper)
delay
(to Jerusalem)
to his house
will once no
allow
hurry
the Leper
night house
supper prepare
prepare Maundy
lamb come what may
Passover
visit place
walk in to begin with
victuals
know

Here the dyscypulys gon in with Symon to se the ordenawns; preparation
And Cryst comyng thedyrward, thus seyng:

JESUS

This path is calsydon be goostly ordenawns, called Sion (?) by divine decree
 Wech xal conuey us wher we xal be.

55 I knowe ful redy is the purvyaunce providing
 Of my frendys that lovyn me. love

Contewnyng in pees, now procede we;
 For mannys love this wey I take.

With gostly ey I veryly se spiritual eye
 60 That man for man an hende must make. end

Here the dyscypulys com ageyn to Cryst, Petyr thus seyng:

PETRUS

All redy, Lord, is oure ordenawns, preparation

As I hope to yow plesyng xal be.

Seymon hath don at youre instawns, request

He is ful glad youre presens to se.

JOHANNES

65 Allthyng we haue, Lord, at oure plesyng
 That longyth to youre Mawndé, with ful glad chere. belongs

Whan he herd telle of youre comyng,
 Gret joye in hym than dyd appere.

Here comyth Symon owt of his hous to welcome Cryst.

SIMON

Gracyous Lord, welcome thu be!

70 Reverens be to the, both God and man,
 My poer hous that thu wylt se, poor
 Weche am thi servaunt as I kan.

JESUS

There joye of all joyis to the is sewre sure
 (Symon, I knowe thi trewe intent),

75 The blysse of hefne thu xalt recure; obtain
 This rewarde I xal the grawnt present.

*Here Cryst enteryth into the hous with his disciplis and ete
 the paschal lomb; and in the menetye the counsel hous
 beforneyd xal sodeynly onclose schewyng the buschopys,
 prestys and jewgys syttyng in here astat lych as it were
 a convocacyon; Annas seyng thus:* before said unclose
 their rank like

ANNAS

Behold, it is nowth, al that we do! nothing

In alle houre materys we prophete nowth. profit

Wole ye se wech peusawns of pepyl drawyth hym to crowds to him
 80 For the mervaylys that he hath wrowth? worked

Some othyr sotylté must be sowth, cunning sought

For in no wyse we may not thus hym leve.
 Than to a schrewde conclusyon we xal be browth,
 For the Romaynes than wyl us myscheve,

let him go on thus
 then evil end brought
 undo

85 And take oure astat and put us to repreve,
 And convey all the pepyl at here owyn request.
 And thus all the pepyl in hym xal beleve.
 Therefore I pray yow, cosyn, say what is the best.

authority reproof
 rule their

CAIPHAS

Attende now, serys, to that I xal seye:

pay attention what

90 Onto us all it is most expedyent
 That o man for the pepyl xuld deye
 Than all the pepyl xuld perysch and be shent.

one die
 ruined

Therefore, late us werk wysely that we us not repent.
 We must nedys put on hym som fals dede.

let so that
 accuse him with
 rather burned
 overpower

95 I sey for me, I had levyr he were brent
 Than he xuld us alle thus ouyrlede.
 Therefore every man on his party help at this nede,
 And cowntyrfete all the sotyltés that ye kan.
 Now late se ho kan yeve best rede

contrive
 let who give advice
 arrange

100 To ordeyn sum dystruccyon for this man.

GAMALIEL

Late us no lenger make delacyon,
 But do Jesu be takyn in hondys fast,
 And all here folwerys to here confusyon,
 And into a preson do hem be cast.

let delay
 make hands
 their
 make them
 lay iron
 acted against the right
 afterwards
 despite

105 Ley on hem yron that wol last,
 For he hath wrouth ayens the ryth.
 And sythyn aftyr we xal in hast
 Jewge hym to deth with gret dyspyth!

REWFYN

For he hath trespassyd ayens oure lawe,
 110 Mesemyth this were best jwegement:
 With wyld hors lete hym be drawe,
 And afftyr in fyre he xal be brent!

against
 it seems to me this would be
 pulled apart
 burned

LEYON

Serys, o thyng myself herd hym sey,
 That he was Kyng of Jewys alle.
 115 That is anow to do hym dey,
 For treson to Sezar we must it calle.

one heard
 enough make him die
 Caesar

He seyde also to personys that I know
 That he xuld and myth, serteyn,
 The gret tempyl mythyly ovrthrow,

might

120 And the thrydde day reysyn't ageyn!

raise it

Seche materys the pepyl doth constreyn
 To yeve credens to his werkys alle.
 In hefne, he seyth, xal be his reyn;
 Bothe God and man he doth hym calle!

constrain
 give
 heaven reign
 himself

- But yitt most grevyth myn hert evyr of this:
 On of my bretheryn xal werke this manas. one menace
 On of yow here syttyng my treson xal tras – trace (=contrive)
 210 On of yow is besy my deth here to dyth. bring about
 And yitt was I nevyr in no synful plas
 Wherefore my deth xuld so shamfully be pyght. arranged
- PETRUS
 My dere Lord, I pray the the trewth for to telle,
 Whiche of vs ys he that treson xal do?
 215 Whatt traytour is he that his Lord that wold selle?
 Exprese his name, Lord, that xal werke this woo. woe
 JOHANNES
 If that ther be on that wolde selle so, one
 Good mayster, telle us now opynly his name.
 What traytour is hym that from the that wolde go
 220 And with fals treson fulfille his grett shame?
- ANDREAS
 It is ryght dredfull such tresson to thynke,
 And wel more dredfful to werk that bad dede!
 For that fals treson to helle he xal synke,
 In endles peynes grett myscheff to lede.
 JACOBUS MAJOR
 225 It is not I, Lord! For dowte I haue drede. doubt
 This synne to fulfille cam nevyr in my mende. mind
 Iff that I solde the, thy blood for to blede,
 In doying that treson my sowle xulde I shende! destroy
- MATHEUS
 Alas, my dere Lord, what man is so wood mad
 230 For gold or for sylver hymself so to spylle? ruin
 He that the doth selle for gold or for other good, goods
 With his grett covetyse hymself he doth kylle. covetousness
 BARTHOLOMEUS
 What man soevyr he be of so wyckyd wylle,
 Dere Lord, among vs tell vs his name all owt.
 235 He that to hym tendyth this dede to fulfille, applies himself to
 For his grett treson, his sowle stonyth in dowt.
- PHILIPPUS
 Golde, sylver, and tresoor sone doth passe away,
 But withowtyn ende evyr doth laste thi grace.
 A, Lord, who is that wyll chaffare the for monay? trade
 240 For he that sellyth his Lord, to grett is the trespace! too
 JACOBUS MINOR
 That traytour that doth this orryble manace, menace
 Bothe body and sowle I holde he be lorn, I maintain he is lost
 Dampnyd to helle pytt fer from thi face,
 Amonge all fowle fyndys to be rent and torn.
- SIMON
 245 To bad a marchawnt, that traytour he is, too
 And for that monye he may mornyng make. mourning
 Alas, what cawsyth hym to selle the Kyng of Blys?
 For his fals wynnyng the devyl hym xal take. gain

THOMAS

For his fals treson the fendys so blake
 250 Xal bere his sowle depe down into helle pytt.
 Resste xal he non haue, but evyrmore wake
 Brennyng in hoot fyre, in preson evyr shytt.

rest
 burn shut

THADEUS

I woundyr ryght sore who that he xuld be
 Amongys vs all bretheryn that xuld do this synne.
 255 Alas, he is lorn, ther may no grace be;
 In depe helle donjeon his sowle he doth pynne.

wonder very sorely
 lost
 dungeon imprison

JESUS

In my dysche he etyht this treson xal begynne,
 Wo xal betydyn hym for his werke of dred.
 He may be ryght sory swych ryches to wynne,
 260 And whysshe hymself vnborn for that synful ded.

he that eats in my dish
 woe
 gain
 wish deed

JUDAS

The trewth wolde I knowe as leff as ye,
 And therfore, good ssere, the trewth thu me telle.
 Whiche of vs all here that traytour may be?
 Am I that person that the now xal selle?

gladly

JESUS

265 So seyst thiselff, take hed att thi spelle.
 Thu askyst me now here if thu xalt do that treson;
 Remembyr thiself, avyse the ryght welle;
 Thu art of grett age and wotysst what is reson.

heed speech
 advise thee (=consider) very well
 know

*Here Judas rysyth prevely and goth in the place and seyt
 "Now cownter..."*

rises secretly says

└
 end of fol. 151v

fol. 152r

JUDAS

Now cowntyrfetyd I haue a prevy treson,
 270 My maysterys power for to felle:
 I, Judas, xal asay be some encheson
 Onto the Jewys hym for to selle.
 Som mony for hym yet wold I telle.
 Be prevy menys I xal asay;
 275 Myn intent I xal fulfyllle.
 No lenger I wole make delay.

devised secret
 master's overthrow
 try by some expedient
 count
 secret means try

The princys of prestys now be present,
 Vnto hem now my way I take.
 I wyl go tellyn hem myn entent –
 280 I trow ful mery I xal hem make.
 Mony I wyl non forsake,
 And thei profyr to my plesyng;
 For covetyse I wyl with hem wake,
 And onto my maystyr I xal hem bryng.

them
 think them
 if proffer
 covetousness them watch
 them

285 Heyl, prynsesse and prestys that ben present!
 New tydyngys to yow I come to telle.

Yyf ye wole folwe myn intent, My maystyr, Jesu, I wele yow selle, Hese intent and purpose for to felle.	if will overthrow
290 For I wole no lenger folwyn his lawe. Lat sen what mony that I xal telle, And late Jesu my maystyr ben hangyn and drawe.	follow let count disembowelled
GAMALIEL	
Now welcome, Judas, oure owyn frende! Take hym in, serys, be the honde.	by the hand
295 We xal the both geve and lende, And in every qwarel by the stonde.	thee give thee
REWFYN	
Judas, what xal we for thi mayster pay? Thi sylver is redy and we acorde.	if we agree
The payment xal haue no delay, 300 But be leyde down here at a worde.	
JUDAS	
Late the mony here down by layde, And I xal telle yow as I kan. In old termys I haue herd seyde That "mony makyth schapman".	let sayings heard said merchant
REWFYN	
305 Here is thretty platys of sylver bryth Fast knyth withinne this glove. And we may have thi mayster this nyth, This xalt thu haue, and all oure love.	thirty pieces bright tied if night
JUDAS	
Ye are resonable chapmen to bye and selle. 310 This bargany with yow now xal I make. Smyth up! ye xal haue al youre wylle, For mony wyl I non forsake.	merchants buy strike up
LEYON	
Now this bargany is mad ful and fast, Noyther part may it forsake.	party
315 But, Judas, thu must telle us in hast Be what menys we xal hym take.	by what means
REWFYN	
Ya, ther be many that hym nevyr sowe Weche we wyl sende to hym in fere. Therfor be a tokyn we must hym knowe	saw whom in a throng by a token
320 That must be prevy betwyx us here.	secret
LEYON	
Ya, beware of that for ony thyng. For o dyscypil is lyche thi maystyr in al parayl, And ye go lyche in all clothyng; So myth we of oure purpos fayl.	any one like apparel might
JUDAS	

- 325 As for that, serys, haue ye no dowth;
I xal ordeyn so ye xal not mysse.
Whan that ye cvm hym all abowth,
Take the man that I xal kysse.
- doubt
arrange
all around him
- I must go to my maystyr ageyn.
- 330 Dowth not, serys; this matere is sure inow.
GAMALIEL
Farewel, Judas, oure frend, serteyn.
Thi labour we xal ryth wel alow.
- doubt
- JUDAS
Now wyl I sotely go seke my maystyr ageyn,
And make good face as I nowth knew.
- 335 I haue hym solde to wo and peyn;
I trowe ful sore he xal it rew.
- subtly
as if I knew nothing
- Here Judas goth in sotylly wheras he cam fro.*
- subtly
- ANNAS
Lo, serys, a part we haue of oure entent
For to take Jesu! Now we must provyde
A sotyl meny to be present
- 340 That dare fyth and wele abyde.
- subtle company
fight and stand firm
- GAMALIEL
Ordeyn eche man on his party
Cressetys, lanternys, and torchys lyth;
And this nyth to be ther redy
With exys, gleyvis, and swerdys bryth.
- for his part
lamps lighted
night
axes spears bright
- CAIPHAS
345 No lenger than make we teryeng
But eche man to his place hym dyth.
And ordeyn preuely for this thyng,
That it be don this same nyth.
- then tarrying
remove himself
secretly
night
- Here the buschopys partyn in the place, and eche of hem
takyn there leve be contenawns, resortyng eche man to
his place with here meny, to make redy to take Cryst.
And than xal the place ther Cryst is in sodeynly vnclose
rownd abowtyn shewyng Cryst syttyng at the table and
hese dyscypulis ech in ere degré; Cryst thus seyng:*
- separate them
leave by gestures
their company
where
their
- JESUS
Brederyn, this lambe that was set us beform
- 350 That we alle haue etyn in this nyth,
It was comawndyd be my fadyr to Moyses and Aaron
Whan thei weryn with the Chylderyn of Israel in Egypth.
- before us
night
by
were
- And as we with swete bredys haue it ete,
And also with the byttyr sokelyng,
- 355 And as we take the hed with the fete
So dede thei in all maner thyng.
- clover
- And as we stodyn so dede thei stond;

And here reynes thei gyrdyn, veryly, With schon on here fete and stavys in here hond; 360 And as we ete it, so dede thei, hastyly. This fygure xal sesse; anotheyr xal folwe therby Weche xal be of my body, that am youre hed, Weche xal be shewyd to you be a mystery Of my flesch and blood in forme of bred.	their loins girded shoes their staffs interpretation cease which by
365 And with fervent desyre of hertys affeccyon I have enterly desyryd to kepe my Mawndé Among you or than I suffre my Passyon. For of this no more togedyr suppe xal we. And as the paschal lomb etyn haue we 370 In the eld lawe was vsyd for a sacryfycé, So the newe lomb that xal be sacryd be me Xal be vsyd for a sacryfycé most of price.	entirely Maundy before (which) in the old law consecrated by most precious
<i>Here xal Jesus take an oblé in his hand loking vpward into hefne, to the Fadyr thus seyng:</i>	wafer heaven
Wherefore to the, Fadyr of Hefne that art eternall, Thankyng and honor I yeld onto the 375 To whom be the Godhed I am eqwall, But be my manhod I am of lesse degré. Wherefore I as man worchep the Deyté, Thankyng the, fadyr, that thu wylt shew this mystery; And thus thurwe thi myth, fadyr, and blyssyng of me, 380 Of this that was bred is mad my body.	yield by by through might
<i>Here xal he spekyn ageyn to his dyscipulys, thus seyng:</i>	
Bretheryn, be the vertu of these wordys that rehercyd be, This that shewyth as bred to youre apparens Is mad the very flesche and blod of me, To the weche thei that wole be savyd must yeve credens	by give
385 And as in the olde lawe it was comawndyd and precepte To ete this lomb to the dystruccyon of Pharao vnkende, So to dystroy youre gostly enmye this xal be kepte For youre paschal lombe into the werdys ende.	prescribed unnatural spiritual unto the world's
For this is the very lombe withowte spot of synne 390 Of weche Johan the Baptyst dede prophesy Whan this prophesye he dede begynne, Seyng, "Ecce Agnus Dei".	did did
And how ye xal ete this lombe I xal yeve infformacyon In the same forme as the eld lawe doth specyfye, 395 As I shewe be gostly interpretacyon; Therefore to that I xal sey, youre wyttys loke ye repleye.	give old by spiritual what apply
With no byttyr bred this bred ete xal be: That is to say, with no byttnesse of hate and envye, But with the suete bred of loue and charyté, 400 Weche fortefyet the soule gretlye.	eaten sweet

And it schuld ben etyn with the byttyr sokelyng: That is to mene, yf a man be of synful dysposysyon, Hath led his lyff here with myslevyng, Therefore in his hert he xal haue byttyr contrycyon.	clover if wrong-doing
405 Also, the hed with the feet ete xal ye: Be the hed ye xal vndyrstand my Godhed, And be the feet ye xal take myn humanyté. These tweyn ye xal receyve togedyr, indede.	eaten by by two
This immaculat lombe that I xal yow yeve 410 Is not only the Godhed alone, But bothe God and man, thus must ye beleve; Thus the hed with the feet ye xal receyve echon.	give each one
Of this lombe vnete yf owth belevyth, iwys, Yt xuld be cast in the clere fyre and brent; 415 Weche is to mene, yf thu vndyrstande nowth al this, Put thi feyth in God and than thu xalt not be shent.	if anything be left uneaten burned ruined
The gyrdyl that was comawndyd here reynes to sprede Xal be the gyrdyl of clenness and chastyté. That is to sayn, to be contynent in word, thought, and dede, 420 And all leccherous levyng cast yow for to fle	loins cover cleanness resolve
And the schon that xal be youre feet vpon Is not ellys but exawnpyl of vertuis levyng Of youre form-faderys you befor; With these schon my steppys ye xal be sewyng	shoes nothing else virtuous living forefathers before you shoes following
425 And the staf that in youre handys ye xal holde Is not ellys but the exawmplys to other men teche; Hold fast youre stauys in youre handys and beth bolde To every creature myn preceptys for to preche.	nothing else staffs be
Also, ye must ete this paschall lombe hastyly, 430 Of weche sentens this is the very entent: At every oure and tyme ye xal be redy For to fulfille my cowmawndement.	hour
For thow ye leve this day, ye are not sure Whedyr ye xal leve tomorwe or nowth. 435 Therfor hastyly every oure do youre besy cure To kepe my preceptys, and than thar ye not dowth.	though live not hour then you need not fear
Now haue I lernyd yow how ye xal ete Youre paschal lombe, that is my precyous body. Now I wyl fede yow all with awngellys mete; 440 Wherefore to reseyye it, come forth seryattly.	taught food in succession
PETRUS Lord, for to receyve this gostly sustenawns In dewe forme, it excedyth myn intellygens. For no man of hymself may have substawns To receyve it with to meche reverens.	too much

505	Hol God and man he xal me take. It xal hym defende from the deuyll wood, And at his deth I xal hym nowth forsake.	whole mad not
	And hoso not ete my body nor drynke my blood, Lyf in hym is nevyr a dele.	whoever a bit
510	Kepe wel this in mende for youre good, And every man save hymself wele.	mind will
	<i>Here Jesus takyth a basyn with watyr and towaly gyrt abowtyn hym and fallyth befor Petyr on his o kne.</i>	basin towel girded one
	Another exawmpyl I xal yow shewe How ye xal leve in charyté. Syt here down at wordys fewe,	without any more words
515	And qwat I do ye sofre me.	what allow me
	<i>Here he takyth the basyn and the towaly and doth as the robberych seyth befor.</i>	rubric
	PETRUS Lord, what wylt thou with me do? This servyce of the I wyl forsake. To wassche my feet, thou xal not so – I am not worthy it of the to take.	by thee refuse thee
	JESUS 520 Petyr, and thou forsake my servyce all The weche to yow that I xal do, No part with me haue thou xal, And nevyr com my blysse onto.	
	PETRUS That part, Lord, we wyl not forgo; 525 We xal abey his comawndement. Wasche hed and hond, we pray the so; We wyl don after thin entent.	obey thee according to
	<i>Here Jesus wasshyth his dyscipulys feet by and by, and whypyth hem, and kyssyth hem mekely, and sythyn settyth hym down, thus seyng:</i>	them humbly then sits
	JESUS Frendys, this wasshyng xal now prevayll. Youre lord and mayster ye do me calle, 530 And so I am, withowtyn fayl; Yet I haue wasschyd yow alle. A memory of this haue ye xall That eche of yow xal do to othyr. With vmbyl hert submyt egal, 535 As eche of yow were otherys brother.	
	Nothyng, serys, so wele plesyth me, Nor no lyf that man may lede, As thei that levyn in charyté; In efne I xal reward here mede.	heaven give their reward

Weche deth I wole not deney
Mannys sowle, my spovse, for to redem.

The oyle of mercy is grawntyd playn
10 Be this jorne that I xal take.
Be my fadyr I am sent, sertayn,
Betwyx God and man an ende to make.

Man for my brother may I not forsake,
Nor shewe hym vnkendenesse be no wey.
15 In peynys for hym my body schal schake, pains shake
And for love of man, man xal dey.

*Here Jesus and his discipulys go toward the Mount of
Olyvet; and whan he comyth a lytyl therbesyde in a place nearby
lych to a park, he byddyt his dyscipulys abyde hym ther,
and seyth to Petyr or he goth: before*

JESUS
Petyr, with thi felawys here xalt thu abyde wait
And weche tyl I come ageyn. watch
I must make my prayere here you besyde. near you
20 My flesch qwakyth sore for fere and peyn. fear

PETRUS
Lord, thi request doth me constreyn;
In this place I xal abyde style,
Not remeve tyl that thu comyst ageyn,
In comfermyng, Lord, of thi wylle.

*Here Jesu goth to Olyvet and settyth hym down on his knes,
and prayth to his fadyr, thus seyng:*

JESUS
25 O fadyr, fadyr! For my sake
This gret Passyon thu take fro me,
Wech arn ordeyned that I xal take is decreed
Yyf mannys sowle savyd may be.
And yyf it behove, fadyr, for me is necessary by me
30 To save mannys sowle that xuld spylle, would be destroyed
I am redy in eche degré
The vyl of the for to fulfylle.

*Here Jesus goth to his dyscipulis and fyndyth hem sclepyng, sleeping
Jesus thus seyng to Petyr:*

JESUS
Petyr, Petyr, thu slepyst fast!
Awake thi felawys and sclepe no more.
35 Of my deth ye are not agast –
Ye take youre rest and I peyn sore.

*Here Cryst goth ageyn the second tyme to Olyvet, and
seyth knelyng:*

JESUS

Fadyr in hevyn, I beseche the,
 Remeve my peynes be thi gret grace,
 And lete me fro this deth fle,
 40 As I dede nevyr no trespase.
 The watyr and blood owth of my face
 Dystyllyth for peynes that I xal take
 My flesche qwakyth in ferful case
 As thow the joyntys asondre xuld schake.

*Here Jesus goth ayen to his discipulis and fyndyth hem
 asclepe; Jesus thus seyng, latyng hem lyne:*

by
 did
 out
 drips
 fearfully
 them
 letting them lie

JESUS

45 Fadyr, the thrydde tyme I come ageyn
 Fulleche myn erdon for to spede:
 Delyuere me, fadyr, fro this peyn,
 Weche is reducyd with ful gret drede.
 Onto thi sone, fadyr, take hede;
 50 Thu wotyst I dede nevyr dede but good.
 It is not for me, this peyn I lede,
 But for man I swete bothe watyr and blode.

fully errand
 brought back
 knowest I did deed
 go through
 sweat

*Here an aungel descendyth to Jesus and bryngyth to hym
 a chalys with an host therin.*

ANGELUS

Heyl, bothe God and man indede,
 The Fadyr hath sent the this present.
 55 He bad that thu xuldyst not drede,
 But fulfyllle his intent.
 As the Parlement of Hefne hath ment
 That mannys sowle xal now redemyd be,
 From hefne to herd, Lord, thu wore sent –
 60 That dede appendyth onto the.

intended
 heaven earth were
 death belongs

This chalys ys thi blood, this bred is thi body,
 For mannys synne evyr offeryd xal be.
 To the Fadyr of Heffne that is almythty
 Thi dyscipulis and all presthood xal offere fore the.

Here the aungel ascendyth ayen sodeynly.

JESUS

65 Fadyr, thi wyl fulfyllid xal be;
 It is nowth to say ayens the case.
 I xal fulfyllle the prophesye
 And sofre deth for mannys trespase.

no use to plead against

*Here goth Cryst ageyn to his dyscipulys and fyndyth hem
 sclepyng styлле.*

them

JESUS

Awake, Petyr, thi rest is ful long!
 70 Of sclep thu wylt make no delay.
 Judas is redy with pepyl strong,
 And doth his part me to betray.

Ryse up, serys, I you pray, Onclose youre eyne for my sake.	unclose eyes
75 We xal walke into the way And sen hem come that xul me take.	see them
Petyr, whan thu seyst I am forsake Amonge myn frendys, and stond alone, All the cher that thu kanst make	seest cheer
80 Geve to thi bretheryn everychone.	give everyone
<i>Here Jesus with his dyscipulis goth into the place; and ther xal come in a x personys weyl beseen in white arneys and breganderys, and some dysgysed in odyr garmentys, with swerdys, glevys, and other straunge wepoun, as cressettys, with feyr, and lanternys, and torchis lyth; and Judas formest of al, conveyng hem to Jesu be contenawns; Jesu thus seyng:</i>	arrayed harness armour spears lamps fire lighted foremost them gestures
JESUS Serys, in youre way ye haue gret hast To seke hym that wyl not fle. Of yow I am ryth nowth agast. Telle me, serys, whom seke ye?	afraid
LEYON 85 Whom we seke here I telle the now: A tretour, is worthy to suffer deth. We knowe he is here among yow; His name is Jesus of Nazareth.	thee (who) is
JESUS Serys, I am here, that wyl not fle. 90 Do to me all that ye kan. Forsothe, I telle yow I am he, Jesus of Nazareth, that same man.	
<i>Here all the Jewys falle sodeynly to the erde whan thei here Cryst speke; and quan he byddyth hem rysyn, thei rysyn ayen, Cryst thus seyng:</i>	earth hear when them again
JESUS Aryse, serys, whom seke ye? Fast haue ye gon. Is howth youre comyng hedyr for me? 95 I stond befor yow here echon That ye may me bothe knowe and se.	aught (=in any way) each one so that
RUFYNE Jesus of Nazareth we seke, And we myth hym here aspye.	if we might perceive
JESUS I told yow now with wordys meke 100 Befor you all that it was I.	meeke
JUDAS Welcome, Jesu, my maystyr dere, I haue the sowth in many a place.	thee sought

I am ful glad I fynd the here, For I wyst nevyr wher thu wace.	knew was
<i>Here Judas kyssyth Jesus; and anoon all the Jewys come abowth hym and ley handys on hym and pullyn hym as thei were wode, and makyn on hym a gret cry all atonys. And aftyr this Petyr seyth:</i>	mad once
PETRUS 105 I drawe my swerd now this sel. Xal I smyte, maystyr? Fayn wolde I wete.	sword time gladly know
<i>And forthwith he smytyth of Malchus here, and he cryeth, 'Help! Myn here, myn here!' And Cryst blyssyth it and 'tys hol.</i>	off ear ear it is whole
JESUS Put thi swerd in the shede fayr and wel, For he that smyth with swerd with swerd xal be smete.	sheath smites smitten
A, Judas, this treson cowntyrfetyd hast thu, 110 And that thu xalt ful sore repent! Thu haddyst bettyr a ben vnborn now; Thi body and sowle thu hast shent.	contrived have been ruined
GAMALIEL Lo, Jesus, thu mayst not the cace refuse: Bothe treson and eresye in the is fownde. 115 Stody now fast on thin excuse Whylys that thu gost in cordys bownde. Thu kallyst the kyng of this werd rownde; Now lete me se thi gret powere, And saue thiself here hool and sownde, 120 And brynge the out of this dawngere.	fact study thee world whole
LEYON Bryng forth this tretoure, spare hym nowth! Onto Cayphas, thi jewge, we xal the lede. In many a place we haue the sowth, And to thi werkys take good hede.	thee lead thee sought
RUFYNE 125 Come on, Jesus, and folwe me! I am ful glad that I the haue. Thu xalt ben hangyn upon a tre; A melyon of gold xal the not save!	million
LEYON Lete me leyn hand on hym in heye! 130 Onto his deth I xal hym bryng. Shewe forth thi wychehafte and nygramansye; What helpyth the now al thi fals werkyng?	lay quickly necromancy
JESUS Frendys, take hede. Ye don vnryth So vnkendely with cordys to bynd me here	unright (=wrong)

135 And thus to falle on me be nyth,
 As thow I were a thevys fere.
 Many tyme befor yow I dede apere –
 Withinne the temple sen me ye have –
 The lawys of God to teche and lere
 140 To hem that wele here sowlis sawe.

night
 though thief's companion
 did
 seen
 teach and learn
 them will souls save

Why dede ye not me dysprave,
 And herd me preche bothe lowd and lowe?
 But now as woodmen ye gynne to rave
 And do thyng that ye notwth knove.

did disprove
 loud
 madmen begin
 you know not what

GAMALIEL

145 Serys, I charge yow, not o word more this nyth,
 But onto Cayphas in hast loke ye hym lede.
 Have hym forth with gret dyspyte,
 And to his wordys take ye non hede.

one night
 lead
 lead him away

*Here the Jewys lede Cryst outh of the place with gret cry
 and noyse, some drawyng Cryst forward, and some
 bakward, and so ledyng forth with here weponys
 alofte and lytys brennyng. And in the menetyme,
 Marye Magdalene xal rennyng to oure Lady and
 telle here of oure Lordys takyng, thus seyng:*

their
 lights burning
 run
 her

MARIA MAGDALENE

O immaculate modyr, of all women most meke.
 150 O devowtest, in holy medytacyon evyr abydyng.
 The cawse, lady, that I to youre person seke
 Is to wetyn yf ye heryn ony tydyng

meek
 come
 know hear

Of youre swete sone and my reverent Lord, Jhesu,
 That was youre dayly solas, youre gostly consolacyon.

MARIA

155 I wold ye xuld telle me, Mawdelyn, and ye knew;
 For to here of hym, it is all myn affeccyon.

if
 hear

MARIA MAGDALENE

I wold fayn telle, lady, and I myth for wepyng.
 Forsothe, lady, to the Jewys he is solde!
 With cordys thei haue hym bownde, and haue hym in kepyng.
 160 Thei hym betyn spetously and haue hym fast in holde.

gladly if I might because of weeping
 beat spitefully

MARIA

A! A! A! How myn hert is colde.
 A, hert hard as ston, how mayst thou lest
 Whan these sorweful tydyngys are the told?
 So wold to God, hert, that thou mytyst brest!

heart
 last
 thee
 mightest burst

165 A, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu!

Why xuld ye sofer this trybulacyon and advercyté?
 How may thei fynd in here hertys yow to pursewe
 That nevyr trespassyd in no maner degré?

their

For nevyr thyng but that was good thowth ye;

except thought

170 Wherefore than xuld ye sofer this gret peyn?
 I suppoce veryly it is for the tresspace of me.

And I wyst that, myn hert xuld cleve on tweyn. if knew cleave in two

For these langowrys may I not susteyn, languors
The swerd of sorwe hath so thyryld my meende! pierced mind
175 Alas, what may I do? Alas, what may I seyn? say
These prongys, myn herte asondyr thei do rende.

O Fadyr of Hefne, wher ben al thi behestys promises
That thu promysyd me whan a modyr thu me made?
Thi blyssyd sone I bare betwyx tweyn bestys, son bore two beasts
180 And now the bryth colour of his face doth fade. bright

A, good Fadyr, why woldyst that thin owyn dere sone xal sofre al this?
And dede he nevyr ayens thi precept, but evyr was obedyent; did against
And to every creature most petyful, most jentyll and benyng, iwys; benign
And now for all these kendnessys is most shameful schent. harmed

185 Why wolt thu, gracyous Fadyr, that it xal be so?
May man not ellys be savyd be non other kende? else by way
Yet, Lord Fadyr, than that xal comforte myn wo
Whan man is savyd be my chylde and browth to a good ende. by brought

Now, dere sone, syn thu hast evyr be so ful of mercy since
190 That wylt not spare thiself for the love thu hast to man,
On all mankend now have thu pety –
And also thynk on thi modyr, that hevyr woman.

Play 28bis

PRIMUS DOCTOR

O thou altitude of al gostly ryches!
O thu incomperhensibele of grete excyllence!
O thu luminarye of pure lyghtnes,
Shete oute thi bemys ontyl this audyens. shoot beams

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

5 O fily altissimi clepyd by eternalyté, called
Hele this congregacyon with the salve of thi Passyon. heal
And we prey the, Spiritus Paraclyte,
With the fyre of thi love to slake all detraccyon.

PRIMUS DOCTOR

To the pepyl not lernyd I stonde as a techer,
10 Of this processyon to yeve informacyon; give
And to them that be lernyd as a gostly precher,
That in my rehersayl they may haue delectacyon. speech

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

Welcome of the apostelys the gloryous qwere: choir
Fyrst Petyr, youre prynce, and eke youre presydent; also
15 And Andrewe, youre half-brother, togedyr in fere, in company
That fyrst folwyd Cryst be on assent. by one

PRIMUS DOCTOR

O ye tweyn luminaryes, Jamys and Jhon,

Contynualy brennyng as bryght as the sonnbeem,
With the chene of charyté bothe knyght in on,
20 And offeryd of youre modyr to Cryst in Jherusalem.

burning sun-beam
chain one
by

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

Welcome, Phelypp, that conuertyd Samaryan,
And conuertyd the tresorere of the Qwene Cavdas
With Jamys the Lesser, that apud Jherosolyman
Was mad fyrst patryarke by the ordenauns of Cephas.

PRIMUS DOCTOR

25 Heyl, Mathew the Apostel and also Evangelyst,
That was clepyd to the flok of gostly conuersacyon
From thyrknes of concyens that ye were in fest,
With Bertylmew, that fled all carnall temptacyon.

called
pricking fast

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

Heyl, Symeon Zelotes, thus be youre name,
30 And Judas, that bothe wel lovyd oure Lord.
Thereffore ye haue bothe joye and game
Wher nevyr is sstryff, but good acorde.

gladness
strife

PRIMUS DOCTOR

Heyl, Poul, grett doctour of the feyth,
And vessel chosyn be trewe eleccyon.
35 Heyl, Thomas, of whom the gospel seyth
In Crystys wounde was youre refeccyon.

by

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

Heyl, Johan Baptyst, most sovereyn creature
That evyr was born be naturall consevyng,
And hyst of prophetys, as wytnessyth Scrypture;
40 Heyl, voys that in desert was allwey cryeng.

by conception
highest

THE PASSION PLAY II (N-TOWN)

Play 29

*What tyme that processyon is enteryd into the place and
the Herowdys takyn his schaffalde, and Pylat, and Annas
and Cayphas here schaffaldys also, than xal come ther
an exposytour in doctorys wede, thus seyng:*

CONTEMPLACIO

Sofreynes and frendys, ye mut alle be gret with gode! sovereigns may you greeted
Grace, love, and charyté evyr be you among. among you
The maydenys sone preserve you that for man deyd on rode; maiden's son died cross
He that is o God in personys thre defende you fro youre fon. one from foes

5 Be the leue and soferouns of allmythty God, leave sufferance
We intendyn to procede the matere that we lefte the last yere. carry forward matter year
Wherefore we beseche yow that youre wyllys be good
To kepe the Passyon in youre mende, that xal be shewyd here. mind

The last yere we shewyd here how oure Lord for love of man
10 Cam to the cety of Jherusalem mekely his deth to take; city
And how he made his Mawndé, his body yevyng than Last Supper giving then
To his apostelys, evyr with us to abydyn for mannys sake. remain

In that Mawndé he was betrayd of Judas, that hym solde by
To the Jewys for xxx platys, to delyvyr hym that nyth. plates night
15 With swerdys and gleyvys to Jesu they come with the tretour bolde, spears
And toke hym amongys his apostelys about mydnyth.

Now wold we procede how he was browth than brought
Beforn Annas and Cayphas, and syth befor Pylate, then before
And so forth in his Passyon, how mekely he toke it for man;
20 Besekyng you for mede of youre soulys to take good hede theratte. reward heed

Here the Herowndys xal shewe hymself and speke:

HEROWDYS

Now sees of youre talkyng and gevyth lordly audyence! cease give
Not o word, I charge you that ben here present; one
Noon so hardy to presume in my hey presence high
To onlose hese lypys ageyn myn intent! unloose his lips against
25 I am Herowde, of Jewys kyng most reverent,
The lawys of Mahownde my powere xal fortifye; Mohammed enforce
Reverens to that lord of grace moost excyllent,
For by his powere allthinge doth multiplye.

Yef ony Crystyn be so hardy his feyth to denye, if any Christian
30 Or onys to erre ageyns his lawe, once against
On gebettys with cheynes I xal hangyn hym heye, gibbets high
And with wylde hors tho traytorys xal I drawe! those tear apart
To kille a thowsand Crystyn I gyf not an hawe! don't care a bit
To se hem hangyn or brent to me is very plesauns; them burned
35 To dryvyn hem into doongenys, dragonys to knawe, them dungeons gnaw
And to rend here flesche and bonys onto here sustenauns! their

Johan the Baptist crystenyd Cryst, and so he dede many on; one
 Therefore myself dede hym brynge o dawe. did slay him
 It is I that dede hym kyllle, I telle you everychon, everyone
 40 For and he had go forth, he xuld a dystroyd oure lawe. If gone he should have

Whereas Crystyn apperyth, to me is gret grevauns; wherever
 It peynyth myn hert of tho tretowrys to here hear
 For the lawys of Mahownde I have in governawns,
 The which I wele kepe – that lord hath no pere; peer
 45 For he is god most prudent.
 Now I charge you, my lordys that ben here, are here
 Yf any Crystyn doggys here doth apere,
 Bryng tho tretorys to my hey powere, high
 And thei xal haue sone jewgement! soon

PRIMUS MILES

50 My sovereyn lord, heyest of excillens, highest
 In you all jewgement is termynabye. has its origin
 All Crystyn doggys that do not here dyligens, their
 Ye put hem to peynes that ben inportable. them unbearable

SECUNDUS MILES

Nothing in you may be more comendable
 55 As to dysstroye tho traytorys that erre
 Ageyn oure lawys, that ben most profytable. against
 Be rythwysnesse that lawe ye must proferre. by righteousness advance

REX HEROW[DE]

Now be glorious Mahownd, my sovereyn savyour, by
 These promessys I make as I am trewe knyth: knight
 60 Thoo that excede his lawys be ony errour those by any
 To the most xamefullest deth I xal hem dyth! them put
 But o thyng is sore in my gret delyte: one
 There is on Jesus of Nazareth, as men me tellyth. one tell
 Of that man I desyre to han a sythte, have sight
 65 For with many gret wondrys oure lawe he fellyth. miracles overthrows

The Son of God hymself he callyth,
 And Kyng of Jewys he seyth is he;
 And many woundrys of hym befallyth. bay means of him befall
 My hert desyryth hym for to se.
 70 Serys, yf that he come in this cowntré, sirs
 With oure juresdyccyon loke ye aspye, authority
 And anon that he be brouth onto me; brought
 And the trewth myself than xal trye. then determine

PRIMUS MILES

Tomorwe my jorné I xal begynne, journey
 75 To seke Jesus with my dew dilygens. due
 Yyf he come youre provynce withinne,
 He xal not askape youre hey presens.

SECUNDUS MILES

Myn sovereyn, this is my cowncel that ye xal take:
 A man that is bothe wyse and stronge
 80 Thurwe all Galylé a serge to make through search
 Yf Jesu be enteryd youre pepyl among.

Correcte hese dedys that be do wronge, For his body is vndyr youre baylé – As men talkyn hem among	are done jurisdiction among them
85 That he was born in Galylé.	
REX Thanne of these materys, serys, take hede. For a whyle I wele me rest. Appetyde requyryth me so, indede, And fesyk tellyth me it is the best.	heed will rest myself appetite medicine
<i>Here xal a massanger com into the place rennyng and cryng, “Tydyngys! Tydyngys!”, and so rownd abowth the place, “Jesus of Nazareth is take! Jesus of Nazareth is take!”, and forthwith heylyng the prynces, thus seyng:</i>	running taken hailing
MASSANGER 90 All heyle, my lordys, princys of prestys! Sere Cayphas and Sere Annas, lordys of the lawe, Tydyngys I brynge you, reseuye them in youre brestys: Jesus of Nazareth is take! Therof ye may be fawe.	hail chief priests sir breasts taken glad
He xal be browth hedyr to you anon, 95 I telle you trewly, with a gret rowth. Whan he was take, I was hem among, And that I was ner to kachyd a clowte:	brought hither by crowd among them nedar to have caught a blow
Malcus bar a lanterne and put hym in pres; Anoon he had a towche, and of went his ere! 100 Jesus had his dysciple put up his swerd and ces, And sett Malcus ere ageyn as hool as it was ere.	bore throng touch off ear sword cease whole before
So moty the, methowut it was a strawnge syth. Whan we cam fyrst to hym he cam vs ageyn And haskyd whom we sowth that tyme of nyth. 105 We seyde, “Jesus of Nazareth; we wolde haue hym fayn”,	may I prosper sight toward us asked sought night gladly
And he seyde, “It is I that am here in youre syth”. With that word we ovyrthrowyn bakward everychon, And some on here bakkys lyeng upryth; But standyng upon fote manly ther was not on.	sight fell everyone their lying face upward boldly one
110 Cryst stod on his fete, as meke as a lom, And we loyn styllle lyche ded men tyl he bad us ryse. Whan we were up, fast handys we leyde hym upon; But yet methought I was not plesyd with the newe gyse.	lamb lay like dead way (=strange way things were going)
Therefore takyth now youre cowncel and avyse you ryth weyl, 115 And beth ryth ware that he make you not amat. For, be my thryfte, I dare sweryn at this seyl, Ye xal fynde hym a strawnge watt.	take very well be very careful overwhelmed prosperity swear time fellow
<i>Here bryng thei Jesus beforn Annas and Cayphas, and on xal seyng thus:</i>	one say
Lo, lo, lordys, here is the man	

And yet many a fole wenyth so! I durst leyn theron myn hod.	fool thinks bet my hood (=head)
TERCIUS DOCTOR Ya, ya! And I herd hym preche meche thing And agens oure lawe every del, 160 Of wheche it were longe to make rekenyng To tellyn all at this seel.	much against bit would be time
CAYPHAS What seyst now, Jesus? Whi answeryst not? Heryst not what is seyde agens the? Spek, man, spek! Spek, thu fop! 165 Hast thu scorn to speke to me?	against thee fool
Heryst not in how many thyngys thei the acuse?	thee
Now I charge the and conjure be the sonne and the mone That thu telle us and thu be Goddys sone.	if
JESUS Goddys sone I am, I sey not nay to the; 170 And that ye all xal se at Domysday, Whan the Sone xal come in gret powere and magesté And deme the qweke and dede, as I the say.	judge living thee
CAYPHAS A! Out! Out! Allas, what is this? Heryth ye not how he blasfemyth God? 175 What nedyth us to haue more wytness? Here ye han herd all his owyn word.	have heard
Thynk ye not he is worthy to dey?	die
<i>Et clamabunt omnes:</i>	
[OMNES] Yys, yys, yys! All we seye he is worthy to dey! ya, ya, ya!	
ANNAS Takyth hym to yow and betyth hym somdel 180 For hese blasfemyng at this sel!	take beat somewhat his time
<i>Here thei xal bete Jesus about the hed and the body, and spyttyn in his face, and pullyn hym down, and settyn hym on a stol, and castyn a cloth ouyr his face; and the fyrst xal seyn:</i>	blindfold
PRIMUS JUDEUS A, felawys, beware what ye do to this man, For he prophecye weyl kan.	well
SECUNDUS JUDEUS That xal be asayd be this batte.	yested by blow
<i>Et percuciet super caput.</i>	

What, thu Jesus, ho yaff the that?	who gave thee
TERCIUS JUDEUS	
185 Whar, whar! Now wole I Wetyn how he can prophecy – Ho was that?	beware know who
QUARTUS JUDEUS	
A, and now wole I a newe game begynne That we mon pley at, all that arn hereinne: 190 Whele and pylle, whele and pylle, Comyth to halle hoso wylle – Ho was that?	may are wheel (=spin) and hit come whoever who
<i>Here xal the woman come to the Jewys and seyn:</i>	
PRIMA ANCILLA	
What, serys, how take ye on with this man? Se ye not on of hese dysciplys, how he beheldyth you than?	what is your affair one
<i>Here xal the tother woman seyn to Petyr:</i>	
SECUNDA ANCILLA	
195 A, good man, mesemyth be the That thu on of hese dysciplys xulde be.	by your appearance one
PETRUS	
A, woman, I sey nevyr er this man Syn that this werd fyrst began.	saw before since world
<i>Et cantabit gallus.</i>	
PRIMA ANCILLA	
What? Thu mayst not sey nay – thu art on of hese men! 200 Be thi face wel we may the ken.	one by thee know
PETRUS	
Woman, thu seyst amys of me; I knowe hym not, so mote I the.	may I prosper
PRIMUS JUDEUS	
A, fela myn, wel met, For my cosynys ere thu of smet.	kinsman's ear smote off
205 Whan we thi maystyr in the yerd toke, Than all thi felawys hym forsoke;	yard
And now thu mayst not hym forsake, For thu art of Galylé, I vndyrtake.	venture to assert
PETRUS	
Sere, I knowe hym not, be hym that made me! 210 And ye wole me beleve for an oth, I take record of all this compayné That I sey to yow is soth.	by if affirm before all this company what true

*Et cantabit gallus. And than Jesus xal lokyn on Petyr,
and Petyr xal wepyn; and than he xal gon out and seyn:*

A, weelaway! Weelaway! Fals hert, why whylt thou not brest, burst
Syn thi maystyr so cowardly thou hast forsake? since
215 Alas, qwher xal I now on erthe rest
Tyl he of his mercy to grace wole me take?

I haue forsake my maystyr and my Lord, Jesu,
Thre tymes, as he tolde me that I xuld do the same.
Wherfore I may not haue sorwe anow – enough
220 I, synful creature, am so mech to blame! much

Whan I herd the cok crowyn, he kest on me a loke cast
As who seyth, “Bethynke the what I seyde before”.
Alas the tyme that I evyr hym forsake!
And so wyl I thynkyn from hens evyrmore. hence

Play 30

CAYPHAS
Massangere! Massangere!
MASSANGERE
Here, lord, here!

CAYPHAS
Massanger, to Pylat in hast thou shalt gon, go
And sey hym we comawnde us in word and in dede; commend ourselves
5 And prey hym that he be at the mot-halle anon, judgment-hall
For we han a gret matere that he must nedys spede. have necessarily assist

In hast now go thi way,
And loke thou tery nowth. tarry not
MASSANGERE
It shall be done, lord, by this day;
10 I am as whyt as thought. done by
swift

*Here Pylat syttyth in his skaffald and the massanger
knelyth to hym thus seyng:*

Al heyl, Sere Pylat, that semly is to se, lovely
Prynce of al this Juré and kepere of the lawe! Jewry
My lord, Busshop Cayphas, comawndyd hym to the, commended thee
And prayd the to be at the mot-halle by the day dawne. thee judgment-hall dawn

PYLAT
15 Go thi way, praty massanger, and comawnde me also. brave
I shall be there in hast, and so thou mayst say.
Be the oure of prime I shall comyn hem to;
I tery no lenger, no make no delay. by prime (=6 a.m.) to them
tarry longer nor

*Here the massanger comyth agen and bryngyth an ansuere,
thus seyng:*

MASSANGER

Al heyl, myn lordys, and buschoppys, and princys of the lawe!

- 20 Ser Pylat comawndyth hym to you and bad me to you say
 He wole be at the mot-halle in hast sone after the day dawē; dawn
 He wold ye xuld be ther be prime withouth lenger delay by prime (=6 a.m.)

CAYPHAS

Now weyl mote thu fare, my good page. well may prosper
 Take thu this for thi massage.

Here enteryth Judas onto the Juwys, thus seyng:

JUDAS

- 25 I, Judas, haue synnyd, and treson haue don,
 For I haue betrayd this rythful blood. rightful
 Here is youre mony agen, all and som.
 For sorwe and thowth I am wax wood! thought grown mad

ANNAS

- What is that to us? Avyse the now, consider thysel
 30 Thu dedyst with us counawnt make: covenant
 Thu seldyst hym us as hors or kow, sold
 Therefore thin owyn dedys thu must take. deeds (=consequences)

*Than Judas castyth down the mony, and goth
 and hangyth hymself.*

CAYPHAS

- Now, serys, the nyth is passyd, the day is come; night
 It were tyme this man had his jwgement. would be
 35 And Pylat abydyth in the mot-halle alone is waiting judgment-hall
 Tyl we xuld this man present.

And therefore go we now forth with hym in hast.

PRIMUS JUDEUS

It xal be don, and that in short spas. space (=time)

SECUNDUS JUDEUS

Ya, but loke yf he be bownd ryth wel and fast. right

TERCIUS JUDEUS

- 40 He is saff anow. Go we ryth a good pas. safe enough at a very swift pace

*Here thei ledyn Jesu abowt the place tyl thei
 come to the halle.* lead

CAYPHAS

Sere Pylat, takyht hede to this thyng: take heed
 Jesus we han befor the browth, have thee brought
 Wheche oure lawe doth down bryng, who subverts our law
 And mekyl schame he hath us wrowth. much wrought

ANNAS

- 45 From this cetye into the lond of Galylé city
 He hath browth oure lawys neyr into confusyon, brought nearly
 With hese craftys wrowth be nygramancye worked by necromancy

Shewyth to the pepyl be fals symulacyon.

(which he) showeth by

PRIMUS DOCTOR

Ya! Yet, sere, another, and werst of alle,
50 Agens Sesare, oure emperour that is so fre:
Kyng of Jewys he doth hym calle,
So oure emperourys power nowth xulde be.

against Caesar noble
himself
nought

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

Sere Pylat, we kannot telle half the blame
That Jesus in oure countré hath wrowth.
55 Therfore we charge the in the emperourys name
That he to the deth in hast be browth.

wrought
thee
brought

PYLAT

What seyst to these compleyntys, Jesu?
These pepyl hath the sore acusyd
Because thu bryngyst up lawys newe
60 That in oure days were not vsyd.

have thee sorely

JESUS

Of here acusyng me rowth nowth,
So that thei hurt not here soulys, ne non mo.
I haue nowth yet founde that I haue sowth;
For my faderys wyl, forth must I go.

their I care not
provided their none others
what sought

PYLAT

65 Jesus, be this than I trowe thu art a kyng.
And the Sone of God thu art also,
Lord of erth and of allthing.
Telle me the trowth if it be so.

by think

JESUS

In hefne is knowyn my faderys intent,
70 And in this werlde I was born.
Be my fadyr I was hedyr sent
For to seke that was forlorn.

heaven

by hither
lost

Alle that me heryn and in me belevyn
And kepyn here feyth stedfastly,

75 Thow thei weryn dede, I xal them recuryn,
And xal them bryng to blysse endlesly.

their
though dead recover

PILATE

Lo, serys, now ye an erde this man, how thynk ye?
Thynke ye not all, be youre reson,
But as he seyth it may wel be,
80 And that xulde be, be this incheson?

have heard
by
exactly as
by reasoning

I fynde in hym non obecyon
Of errour nor treson, ne of no maner gylt.
The lawe wole in no conclusyon
Withowte defawth he xuld be spylt.

indictment
wills that case
fault killed

PRIMUS DOCTOR

85 Sere Pylat, the lawe restyth in the,

thee

And we knowe veryly his gret trespass. To the emperour this mater told xal be, Yf thu lete Jesus thus from the pas.	thee pass
PYLAT Serys, than telle me o thyng: 90 What xal be his acusyng?	one accusation
ANNAS Sere, we telle the al togedyr, For his evyl werkys we browth hym hedyr;	the brought
And yf he had not an evyl-doere be, We xuld not a browth hym to the.	been have brought thee
PYLAT 95 Takyth hym than aftyr youre sawe, And demyth hym aftyr youre lawe.	take according to your custom judge
CAYPHAS It is not lefful to vs, ye seyn, No maner man for to slen.	lawful see no kind of slay
The cawse why we bryng hym to the, 100 That he xuld not oure kyng be.	(is) that
Weyl thu knowyst, kyng we have non But oure emperour alon.	well
PYLAT Jesu, thu art Kyng of Juré? JESUS So thu seyst now to me.	
PYLAT 105 Tel me than, Where is thi kyngham?	
JESUS My kingham is not in this werld, I telle the at o word.	kingdom thee one
Yf my kyngham here had be, 110 I xuld not a be delyveryd to the.	been have been
PYLAT Serys, avyse yow as ye kan; I can fynde no defawth in this man.	do as you think best fault
ANNAS Sere, here is a gret record; take hed therto! And knowyng gret myschef in this man 115 (And not only in o day or to – It is many yerys syn he began), We kan telle the tyme, where and whan, That many a thowsand turnyd hath he,	heed one two since

As all this pepyll record weyl kan, attest well
 120 From hens into the lond of Galylé.

Et clamabunt, "Ya! Ya! Ya!"

PILAT

Serys, of o thyng than gyf me relacyon: one account
 If Jesus were outborn in the lond of Galeleye. born abroad
 For we han no poer ne no jurediccyon power
 Of no man of that contré.
 125 Therefore the trewth ye telle me
 And another wey I xal provyde.
 If Jesus were born in that countré,
 The jugement of Herowdys he must abyde.

CAYPHAS

Sere, as I am to the lawe trewly sworn,
 130 To telle the trewth I haue no fer. fear
 In Galeleye I know that he was born;
 I can telle in what place and where.
 Agens this no man may answere, against (=contradict)
 For he was born in Bedlem Judé. Bethlehem (in) Judaea
 135 And this ye knowe now all, and haue don here,
 That it stant in the lond of Galeleye. standeth

PYLAT

Weyl, serys, syn that I knowe that it is so, since
 The trewth of this I must nedys se. necessarily see
 I vndyrstand ryth now what is to do: right
 140 The jugement of Jesu lyth not to me.
 Herowde is kyng of that countré,
 To jewge that regyon in lenth and in brede. length breadth
 The jursydyccyon of Jesu now han must he; have
 Therfore Jesu in hast to hym ye lede.
 145 In hall the hast that ye may, spede, all
 Lede hym to the Herownde anon present; at once
 And sey I comawnde me with worde and dede, commend myself
 And Jesu to hym that I haue sent.

PRIMUS DOCTOR

This erand in hast sped xal be,
 150 In all the hast that we can do.
 We xal not tary in no degré,
 Tyl the Herowdys presens we com to.

*Here thei take Jesu and lede hym in gret hast to the Herowde.
 And the Herowdys scafald xal vnclose shewyng Herowdys
 in astat, all the Jewys knelyng except Annas and Cayphas;
 thei xal stondyn, et cetera.* state

PRIMUS DOCTOR

Heyl, Herowde, most excyllent kyng!
 We arn comawndyd to thin presens. are commended
 155 Pylat sendyth the be us gretyng, thee by
 And chargyth us be oure obedyens by

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

That we xuld do oure dylygens
 To bryng Jesus of Nazareth onto the;
 And chargyth us to make no resystens,
 160 Becawse he was born in this countré. opposition

ANNAS

We knowe he hath wrowth gret folé
 Ageyns the lawe shewyd present. wrought folly
 Therefore Pylat sent hym onto the against
 That thu xuldyst gyf hym jugement.

HEROWDE REX

165 Now be Mahound, my god of grace,
 Of Pylat this is a dede ful kende. kind
 I forgyf hym now his gret trespase
 And schal be his frend withowtyn ende,

Jesus to me that he wole sende.
 170 I desyred ful sore hym for to se. him (=Jesus)
 Gret ese in this Pylat xal fynde.
 And, Jesus, thu art welcome to me.

PRIMUS JUDEUS

My sovereyn lord, this is the case:
 The gret falsnesse of Jesu is opynly knawe. known
 175 Ther was nevyr man dede so gret trespas, (who) did
 For he hath almost dystroyd oure lawe.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS

Ya, be fals crafte of soserye by sorcery
 Wrowth opynly to the pepyll alle, wrought
 And be sotyl poyntys of nygramancye, by subtile instances
 180 Many thowsandys fro oure lawe be falle. have fallen away

CAYPHAS

Most excellent kyng, ye must take hede:
 He wol dystroye all this countré, both elde and yyng, old young
 Yf he ten monthis more procede,
 Be his meraclys and fals prechyng. by

185 He bryngyth the pepyl in gret fonnyng,
 And seyth dayly among hem alle error
 That he is Lord, and of the Jewys kyng, them
 And the Sone of God he doth hym calle. himself

REX HEROWDE

Serys, alle these materys I haue herd sayd,
 190 And meche more than ye me telle. much
 Alle togedyr thei xal be layde, considered
 And I wyl take theron cowncelle.

Jesus, thu art welcome to me!
 I kan Pylat gret thank for his sendyng.
 195 I haue desyryd ful longe the to se, thee
 And of thi meracles to haue knowyng.

It is told me thou dost many a wondrous thing;
 Crooked to good and blind men to sense;
 And they that be dead, geveyst hem living,
 200 And makyst lepers faire and whole to be.

lame see
 dead them living
 whole be

These are wondrous workys wrought of the,
 Be what way I wolde knowe the true sentences.
 Now, Jesu, I pray the, let me see
 O miracle wrought in my presens.

are by thee
 by meaning
 one wrought

205 In haste now do thy diligence,
 And peradventure I will shew favour to the.
 For now thou art in my presens,
 Thy life and death here lyth in me.

And here Jesus xal not speke no word to the Herowde.

Jesu, why spekest thou not to thy king?
 210 What is the cause thou standest so stille?
 Thou knowest I may deme all thing,
 Thy life and death lyth at my wille.

judge

What! Speke, Jesu, and telle me why
 This peple do the so here accuse.
 215 Spare not, but telle me now on hey
 How thou canst thyself excuse.

thee
 in haste

CAYPHAS

Loo, serys, this is of hym a false sotylté.
 He will not speke but when he lyst!
 Thus he dysceyvyth the peple in eche degré –
 220 He is full false, ye verily trust.

likes
 deceiveth way
 (may) trust

REX HEROWDE

What, thou onhangyd harlot, why wilt thou not speke?
 Hast thou skorne to speke onto thy king?
 Because thou dost our lawys breke,
 I trowe thou art aferd of our talkyng.

unchanged rascal

think afraid

ANNAS

225 Nay, he is not aferde, but of a false wyle,
 Because we xuld not hym accuse.
 If that he answerd yow ontylle,
 He knowyth he cannot hymself excuse.

will
 to you

REX HERO[WDE]

What! Speke, I say, thou foullyng! Evyl mot thou fare!
 230 Loke up, the devyl mote the cheke.
 Serys, bete his body with scorgys bare,
 And asay to make hym for to speke.

wretch may
 may thee choke
 scourges
 try

PRIMUS JUDE[US]

It xal be do withoutyn teryng.
 Come on, thou tretour, evyl mot thou the!
 235 Whylt thou not speke onto our kyng?

done tarrying
 may prosper

A new lesson we xal lere the.	teach thee
<i>Here thei pulle of Jesus clothis and betyn hym with whyppys.</i>	off beat
SECUNDUS JUDE[US]	
Jesus, thi bonys we xal not breke,	bones
But we xal make the to skyppe.	thee
Thu hast lost thi tonge, thu mayst not speke –	
240 Thu xalt asay now of this whippe!	taste
TERCIUS JUDEUS	
Serys, take these whyppys in youre honde,	
And spare not whyl thei last,	
And bete this tretoure that here doth stonde;	
I trowe that he wyl speke in hast.	think
<i>And quan thei han betyn hym tyl he is all bloody, than the Herownd seyth:</i>	have
[REX HEROWDE]	
245 Sees, serys, I comawnde you be name of the devyl of helle!	cease by
Jesus, thynkyst this good game?	
Thu art strong to suffyr schame;	
Thu haddyst levyr be betyn lame	rather
Than thi defawtys for to telle.	faults
250 But I wyl not thi body all spyl,	kill
Nor put it here into more peyn.	
Serys, takyth Jesus at youre owyn wyl	
And lede hym to Pylat hom ageyn.	
Grete hym weyl and telle hym serteyn	greet well
255 All my good frenchep xal he haue.	friendship
I gyf hym powere of Jesus, thus ye hym seyn,	over say
Whether he wole hym dampne or save.	
PRIMUS DOCTOR	
Sere, at youre request it xal be do;	done
We xal lede Jesus at youre demawnde,	
260 And delyver hym Pylat onto,	
And telle hym all as ye comawnde.	

Play 31

*Here enteryth Satan into the place in the most horrible wyse.
And qwyl that he pleyth, thei xal don on Jesus clothis and
ouyrest a whyte clothe, and ledyn hym abowth the place,
and than to Pylat be the tyme that hese wyf hath pleyd.*

SATHAN	
Thus I reyne as a rochand with a rynggyng rowth!	reign lord noisy retinue
As a devyl most dowty, dred is my dynt!	doughty dreadful blow
Many a thowsand develys, to me do thei lowth,	bow
Brennyng in flamys as fyre out of flynt!	burning
5 Hoso serve me, Sathan, to sorwe is he sent,	whoever

<p>With dragonys in doungenys, and develys ful derke! In bras and in bronston the brethellys be brent That wone in this werd my wyl for to werke!</p>	<p>molten copper brimstone wretches burned dwell world</p>
<p>10 With myschef on moolde here membrys I merke That japyn with Jesus, that Judas solde! Be he nevyr so crafty nor conyng clerke, I harry them to helle as tretour bolde!</p>	<p>sorrow earth their afflict (of those) who fool about with however crafty learned drag</p>
<p>15 But ther is o thyng that grevyth me sore, Of a prophete that Jesu men calle. He peynyth me every day more and more With his holy meraclis and werkys alle.</p>	<p>one</p>
<p>20 I had hym onys in a temptacyon With gloteny, with covetyse, and veynglorye. I hasayd hym be all weys that I cowde don, And vttyrly he refusyd hem and gan me defye.</p>	<p>once tried by could them and did reject me</p>
<p>That rebuke that he gaf me xal not be vnqwyt! Somwhat I haue begonne, and more xal be do. For all his barfot goyng, fro me xal he not skyp, But my derk dongeon I xal bryngyn hym to!</p>	<p>unrequited something done escape</p>
<p>25 I haue do made redy his cros that he xal dye upon, And thre nayles to takke hym with, that he xal not styrte. Be he nevyr so holy, he xal not fro me gon, But with a sharpe spere he xal be smet to the herte!</p>	<p>caused to fasten escape however holy smitten</p>
<p>30 And sythyn he xal come to helle, be he nevyr so stowte. And yet I am aferd and he come he wole do som wrake. Therfore I xal go warnyn helle that thei loke abowte, That thei make redy chenys to bynd hym with in lake.</p>	<p>afterwards strong afraid harm warn chains pit</p>
<p>35 Helle, helle, make redy, for here xal come a gest! Hedyr xal come Jesus, that is clepyd Goddys sone. And he xal ben here be the oure of none, And with the here he xal wone, And han ful shrewyd rest.</p>	<p>guest hither called by hour <i>nona</i> (=3 p.m.) thee dwell have bad</p>
<p><i>Here xal a devyl spekyn in helle:</i></p>	
<p>DEMON Out upon the! We conjure the That nevyr in helle we may hym se. 40 For and he onys in helle be, He xal oure power brest.</p>	<p>a curse on thee order thee if once break</p>
<p>SATHAN A, a, than haue I go to ferre! But som wyle help, I have a shrewde torne. My game is wers than I wend here; 45 I may seyn my game is lorne!</p>	<p>gone too far unless trick helps am in trouble thought lost</p>
<p>Lo, a wyle yet haue I kast: If I myth Jesus lyf save,</p>	<p>trick devised might Jesus'</p>

Helle gatys xal be sperd fast And kepe styлле all tho I haue.	bolted quiet those
50 To Pylatys wyff I wele now go, And sche is aslepe abed ful fast, And byd here withowtyn wordys mo To Pylat that sche send in hast.	will her more
I xal asay, and this wol be, 55 To bryng Pylat in belef. Withinne a whyle ye xal se How my craft I wole go pref.	try if convince Pilate skill make a trial of
<i>Here xal the devyl gon to Pylatys wyf, the corteyn drawyn as she lyth in bedde; and he xal no dene make, but she xal sone after that he is come in makyn a rewly noyse, comyng and rennyng of the schaffald, and here shert and here kyrtyl in here hand. And sche xal come beforn Pylat leke a mad woman, seyng thus:</i>	curtain drawn lieth din woful running off scaffold her shirt gown like
VXOR PILATY Pylat, I charge the that thu take hede: Deme not Jesu, but be his frende.	thee heed condemn if dead
60 Yyf thu jewge hym to be dede, Thu art dampnyd withowtyn ende. A fend aperyd me beforn As I lay in my bed slepyng fast. Sethyn the tyme that I was born	fiend appeared before me since
65 Was I nevyr so sore agast. As wylde fyre and thondyrblast He cam cryeng onto me. He seyde thei that bete Jesu or bownd hym fast, Withowtyn ende dampnyd xal be.	lightning thunder
70 Therfore a wey herein thu se And lete Jesu from the clere pace. The Jewys, thei wole begyle the, And put on the all the trespace.	find a way thee escape beguile thee blame thee for the offence
PYLAT Gramercy, myn wyf, for evyr ye be trewe; 75 Youre cowncel is good, and evyr hath be. Now to youre chawmer ye do sewe, And all xal be weyl, dame, as ye xal se.	thank you been chamber go
<i>Here the Jewys bryng Jesus agen to Pylat.</i>	
PRIMUS DOCTOR Sere Pylat, gode tydandys thu here of me: Of Herowd the kyng thu hast good wyl, 80 And Jesus he sendyth agen to the, And byddyth the chese hym to save or spylle.	news hear from thee choose kill

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

Ya, sere, all the poer lyth now in the,
 And thu knowyst oure feyth he hath ner schent.
 Thu knowyst what myschef therof may be –
 85 We charge the to gyf hym jwgement.

power
 nearly destroyed
 harm may come from this

PYLAT

Serys, trewly ye be to blame
 Jesus thus to bete, dyspoyle, or bynde,
 Er put hym to so gret schame.
 For no defawth in hym I fynde.
 90 Ne Herowdys nother, to whom I sent yow,
 Defawte in hym cowde fynde ryth non,
 But sent hym agen to me be yow,
 As ye knowe wel everychon.

strip
 or
 guilt
 neither
 could right none
 by
 everyone

Therefore vndyrstande what I xal say:

95 Ye knowe the custom is in this londe
 Of youre Pasche day, that is nerhonde:
 What theff or tretore be in bonde
 For worchep of that day xal go fire away,

near
 honour

Without any price.

100 Now than methynkyth it were ryth
 To lete Jesus now go qwyte
 And do to hym no mo dyspyte.
 Serys, this is myn avyse.

penalty
 right
 free
 more insult
 advice

I wolde wete what ye say.

know

Here all thei xul cryen:

105 Nay! Nay! Nay!

PRIMUS DOCTOR

Delyvere us the theff Barabas,
 That for mansclawth presonde was!

manslaughter imprisoned

PYLAT

What xal I than with Jesu do?
 Whethyr xal he abyde or go?

remain

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

110 Jesus xal on the cros be don!
 Crucifigatur, we crye echon!

put
 each one

PYLAT

Serys, what hath Jesus don amys?

Populus clamabit:

Crucifigatur, we sey atonys.

together

PYLAT

Serys, syn algatys ye wolyn so

since anyway will

- 115 Puttyn Jesu to wo and peyn,
 Jesus a wyle with me xal go; while
 I wole hym examyne betwix us tweyn. two
- Here Pylat takyth Jesu and ledyth hym into
 the cowncel hous and seyth:*
- Jesus, what seyst now, lete se.
 This matere now thu vndyrstonde:
- 120 In pes thu myth be for me, peace (=safe) might
 But for thi pepyl of thi londe. except the
- Busshoppys and prestys of the lawe,
 Thei love the not, as thu mayst se; thee
 And the comoun pepyl agens the drawe. thee (they) turn
 125 In pes thu myth a be for me, have been
- This I telle the pleyn. thee
 What seyst, Jesus? Whi spekest not me to?
 Knowyst not I haue power on the cros the to do? thee put
 And also I haue power to lete the forth go.
- 130 What kanst thu hereto seyn?
- JESUS
 On me poer thu hast ryth non power right none
 But that my fadyr hath grawntyd befor. except that which
- I cam my faderys wyl to fullfyllen,
 That mankynd xuld not spylle. so that perish
- 135 He that hath betrayd me to the at this tyme,
 His trespas is more than is thine. greater
- PRIMUS DOCTOR
 Ye pryncys and maysters, takyth hed and se heed
 How Pylat in this matere is favorabyl. partial
 And thus oure lawys dystroyd myth be, might
 140 And to vs alle vnrecurabyl. irremediable
- Here Pylat letyth Jesus alone and goth into the Jewys
 and seyth:*
- PYLAT
 Serys, what wole ye now with Jesu do?
 I can fynde in hym but good
 It is my cowncell ye lete hym go –
 It is rewthe to spylle his blood. shame
- CAYPHAS
 145 Pylat, methynkyth thu dost gret wrong
 Agens oure lawe thus to fortifye. go against
 And the pepyl here is so strong
 Bryngyng the lawful testimoney. evidence
- ANNAS
 Ya, and thu lete Jesu fro us pace – if escape

150 This we welyn upholdyn alle – Thu xalt answere for his trespas, And tretour to the emperour we xal the kalle!	will maintain
 PYLAT Now than, syn ye wolne non other weye But in alwyse that Jesus must deye,	since will no at all costs
155 Artyse, bryng me watyr, I pray the, And what I wole do ye xal se.	(servant's name)
 <i>Hic vnus afferet aquam.</i>	
As I wasche with watyr my handys clene, So gyltles of hese deth I mut ben.	guiltless his be
 PRIMUS DOCTOR The blod of hym mut ben on vs, 160 And on oure chyldyr aftyr vs.	may children
 <i>Et clamabunt, "Ya! Ya! Ya!" Than Pylat goth agen to Jesu and bryngyth hym, Thus seyng:</i>	
 PYLAT Lo, serys, I bryng hym here to youre presens, That ye may knowe I fynde in hym non offens.	
 SECUNDUS DOCTOR Dylyuere hym, delyvere hym, and lete us go, On the crosse that he were do!	put
 PILAT 165 Serys, wolde ye youre kyng I xulde on the cros don?	want me to put
TERCIUS DOCTOR Sere, we seyn that we haue no kyng but the emperour alon.	
 PILAT Serys, syn alगतys it must be so, We must syt and oure offyce do.	since anyway
 Brynge forth to the barre that arn to be dempt, 170 And thei xal haue here jugement.	(those) that are to be judged
 <i>Here thei xal brynge Barabas to the barre, and Jesu, and ij thewys in here shertys, bareleggyd, and Jesus standyng at the barre betwyx them. And Annas and Cayphas xal gon into the cowncell hous quan Pylat syttyth.</i>	two thieves their shirts when
 PYLAT Barabas, hold up thi hond, For here at thi delyver, dost thou stond.	hand release
 <i>And he halt up his hond.</i>	holdeth
 Serys, qwhat sey ye of Barabas, thef and tretour bold? Xal he go fre or xal he be kept in holde?	what prison

PRIMUS DOCTOR

175 Sere, for the solennyté of oure Pasche day,
Be oure lawe he xal go fre away! by

PYLAT

Barabas, than I dymysse the,
And geve the lycens to go fre. release thee

Et curret.

Dysmas and Jesmas, theras ye stondys,
180 The lawe comawndyth you to hald up youre hondys. there where stand

Sere, what sey ye of these thevys tweyn?
SECUNDUS DOCTOR two
Sere, thei ben both gylty, we seyn.

PYLAT

And what sey ye of Jesu of Nazareth?

PRIMUS DOCTOR

Sere, we sey he xal be put to deth.

PYLAT

185 And kone ye put agens hym no trespas? can accuse him of crime

SECUNDUS DOCTOR

Sere, we wyl all that he xal be put upon the crosse. want him to be put

Et clamabunt omnes voce magna, dicentes, "Ya! Ya! Ya!"

PYLAT

Jesu, thin owyn pepyl han dysprevyd
Al that I haue for the seyd or mevyd. refuted
thee put forward

I charge you all at the begynnyng,
190 As ye wole answe me befor,
That ther be no man xal towch youre kyng
But yf he be knyght or jentylman born. no man (who)
unless

Fyrst his clothis ye xal of don,
And maken hym nakyd for to be. do off
195 Bynde hym to a pelere as sore as ye mon,
Than skorge hym with qwypys that al men may se. pillar may
scourge whips

Whan he is betyn, crowne hym for youre kyng;
And than to the cros ye xal hym bryng.

And to the crosse thu xalt be fest,
200 And on thre naylys thi body xal rest: fasten
nails

On xal thorwe thi ryth hand go,
Anothyr thorwe thi lyfte hand also; one through right

The thred xal be smet thour bothe thi feet,
Wech nayl therto be mad ful mete. third struck through
adequate

THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE (YORK)

The play was staged by the Tapiters and Couchers (manufacturers of figured clothes, and of bedding and hangings for beds). Several lines are missing, while others are obscure.

PILATE

1 Yhe cursed creatures that cruelly are cryand,
Restreyne you for stryuyng for strengh of my strakis;
Youre pleyntes in my presence vse plately applyand,
Or ellis this brande in youre braynes sone brestis and brekis.
This brande in his bones brekis,
What brawle that with brawlyng me brewis,
That wrecche may not wrye fro my wrekis,
Nor his sleightis noght slely hym slakis;
Latte that traytour noght triste in my trewys.

you crying
from striving (fear of the) strength strokes
plaints put forward orderly
else sword brains soon bursts breaks

whatever bully make trouble for me
avoid my vengeance
by cunning slyly set himelf free
let not trust truce

For sir Sesar was my sier and I sothely his sonne,
That exelent emperoure exaltid in hight
Whylk all this wilde worlde with wytes had wone,
And my modir hight Pila that proude was o plight;
O Pila that prowde, Atus hir fadir he hight.
This 'Pila' was hadde into 'Atus' –
Nowe renkis, rede yhe it right?
For thus schortely I haue schewid you in sight
Howe I am prowdeley preued 'Pilatus'.

Caesar father truly sun
height
who men won
was called of bearing
was called

men read

acknowledged

Loo, Pilate I am, proued a prince of grete pride.
I was putte into Pounce the pepill to presse,
And sithen Sesar hymselffe with exynatores be his side
Remytte me to thes remys the renkes to redresse.
And yitte am Y graunted on grounde as I gesse
To justifie and juge all the Jewes.
A, luffe, here lady? No lesse?
Lo sirs, my worthely wiffe, that sche is,
So semely, loo, certayne scho schewys.

Pontus repress
after Caesar senators by
Sent these realms people reform
guess
bring to justice
love
wife
beautiful she appears

UXOR

28 Was nevir juge in this Jurie of so jocounde generacion,
Nor of so joifull genologie to gentrys enioyned
As yhe, my duke doughty, demar of dampnacion
To princes and prelatis that youre preceptis perloyned.
Who that youre preceptis pertely perloyned,
With drede into dede schall ye dryffe hym;
By my trouthe, he vntrewly is troned
That agaynste youre behestis hase honed;
All to ragges schall ye rente hym and ryue hym.

Jewry fortunate lineage
descent nobility connected
resolute judge
commands put aside
boldly
death drive
troth falsely throned
commands has delayed
rags pull asunder tear

I am dame precious Percula, of prynces the prise,
Wiffe to ser Pilate here, prince withouten pere.
All welle of all womanhede I am, wittie and wise,
Consayue nowe my countenance so comly and clere.
The coloure of my corse is full clere
And in richesse of robis I am rayed,
Ther is no lorde in this londe as I lere,
In faith, that hath a frendlyar feere

Procula prize
peer
source womanhood
perceive
complexion
wealth robes arrayed
learn
companion

Than yhe my lorde, myselffe thof I saye itt.	though
PILATE	
46 Nowe saye itt may ye saffely, for I will certefie the same.	confirm
UXOR	
47 Gracious lorde, gramercye, youre gode worde is gayne.	thanks pleasing
PILATE	
48 Yhitt for to comforte my corse me muste kisse you madame.	yet body
UXOR	
49 To fulfille youre forward my fayre lorde I am fayne.	promise glad
PILATE	
50 Howe, howe, felawys! Nowe in faith I am fayne	eager
Of theis lippis so loffely are lappid	by these lips to be kissed
In bedde is full buxhome and bayne.	willing eager
DOMINA	
53 Yha sir, it nedith not to layne,	to be concealed
All ladise we coveyte than bothe to be kyssid and clappid.	ladies covet then embraced
BEDELLUS	
55 My liberall lorde, o leder of lawis,	expounder
O schynyng schawe that all schames escheues,	spectacle shuns
I beseke you my souerayne, assente to my sawes,	beseech hear me speak
As ye are gentill juger and justice of Jewes.	
DOMINA	
59 Do herke howe yon javell jangill of Jewes.	hark worthless fellow chatters
Why, go bette, horosonne boy, when I bidde the.	go away whoreson tell thee
BEDELLUS	
61 Madame, I do but that diewe is.	what is appropriate
DOMINA	
62 But yf thou reste of thy resoune thou rewis,	unless stop talking will be sorry
For all is acursed carle hase in kydde the!	(?) thou hast shown thyself to be a worthless wretch
PILATE	
64 Do mende you madame, and youre mode be amendand,	cheer mood
For me semys it wer sittand to se what he sais.	seems would be proper
DOMINA	
66 Mi lorde, he tolde nevir tale that to me was tendand,	complimentary
But with wrynkis and with wiles to wend me my weys.	tricks get me to go my way
BEDELLUS	
68 Gwisse, of youre wayes to be wendand itt langis to oure lawes.	certainly going accords with
DOMINA	
69 Loo lorde, this ladde with his lawes!	
Howe, thynke ye it prophitis wele his prechyng to prayse?	profits
PILATE	
71 Yha luffe, he knawis all oure custome,	knows
I knawe wele...	
BEDELLUS	
73 My seniour, will ye see nowe the sonne in youre sight,	sun
For his stately strenghe he stemmys in his stremys?	diminishes streams
Behalde ovir youre hede how he heldis fro hight	behold head descends
And glydis to the grounde with his glitterand glemys.	glittering gleams
To the grounde he gois with his bemys	goes beams
And the nyght is neghand anone.	approaching anon
Yhe may deme afir no dremys,	deem dreams
But late my lady here with all hir light lemys	let brightness

Wightely go wende till hir wone;	quickly go to her dwelling-place
For ye muste sitte sir this same nyght, of lyfe and of lyme. Itt is noght leeffull for my lady by the lawe of this lande In dome for to dwelle for the day waxe ought dymme, For scho may stakir in the strete but scho stalworthely stande. 85 [.... ...] Late hir take hir leve whill that light is. PILATE	sit (in judgment) limb lawful judgment when the day somewhat dim totter unless strongly let leave while
87 Nowe wiffe, than ye blythely be buskand. DOMINA	then readily going on your way
88 I am here sir, hendely att hande. PILATE	in a seemly manner
89 Loo, this renke has vs redde als right is. DOMINA	man advised as
90 Youre comaundement to kepe to kare forthe Y caste me. My lorde, with youre leue, no lenger Y lette yowe. PILATE	go prepare myself leave hinder
92 Itt were a repreue to my persone that preuely ye paste me, Or ye wente fro this wones or with wyne ye had wette yowe. Ye schall wende forthe with wyne whenne that ye haue wette yowe. Gete drinke! What dose thou? Haue done! Come semely, beside me, and sette yowe. Loke, nowe it is even here that I are behete you, Ya, saie it nowe sadly and sone.	disgrace left this place before wine wet yourself go with joy when you what I before promised taste earnestly soon
DOMINA	
99 Itt wolde glad me my lorde if ye gudly begynne. PILATE	in seemly manner
100 Nowe I assente to youre counsaile so comely and clere. Nowe drynke madame – to deth all this dynne. DOMINA	worthy clamour
102 Iff it like yowe, myne awne lorde, I am not to lere – This lare I am not to lere. PILATE	pleases you own to be taught lore learn
104 Yitt efte to youre damysell madame. DOMINA	likewise lady-in-waiting
105 In thy hande, holde nowe and haue here. ANCILLA	
106 Gramarcy, my lady so dere. PILATE	thanks
107 Nowe fares-wele, and walke on youre way. 107 [... ...]	farewell
DOMINA	
108 Now farewele the frendlyest, youre fomen to fende. PILATE	enemies assail
109 Nowe farewele the fayrest figure that euere did fode fede, And farewele ye damysell, indede. ANCILLA	food feed
111 My lorde, I comande me to youre ryalté. PILATE	commend myself royalty
112 Fayre lady, here is schall you lede. Sir, go with this worthy in wede, And what scho biddis you doo loke that buxsome you be.	is (someone who) guide you worthy person bids obedient

FILIUS

115 I am prowde and preste to passe on apasse,
To go with this gracious hir gudly to gyde.

rteady proceed apace
this fair one her goodly guide

PILATE

117 Take tente to my tale thou turne on no trayse,
Come tyte and telle me yf any tythyngis betyde.

attention command do not deviate

FILIUS

119 Yf any tythyngis my lady betyde,
I schall full sone, sir, witte you to say.
This semely schall I schewe by hir side
Belyffe sir, no lenger we byde.

anything happens
inform you

PILATE

123 Nowe fares-wele, and walkes on youre way.

walk

Nowe wente is my wiffe, yf it wer not hir will,
And scho rakis tille hir reste as of nothyng scho rought.
Tyme is, I telle the, thou tente me vntill;
And buske the belyue, belamy, to bedde that Y wer brought

gone (even) if will
proceeds to cared
paid attention to me
hasten thyself quickly friend

127 [... ...]

And loke I be rychely arrayed.

BEDELLUS

129 Als youre seruaunte I haue sadly it sought,
And this nyght, sir, newe schall ye noght,
I dare laye, fro ye luffely be layde.

earnestly
nothing shall annoy you
wager when in a seemly manner

PILATE

132 I comaunde the to come nere, for I will kare to my couche.
Haue in thy handes hendely and heue me fro hyne,
But loke that thou tene me not with thi tastyng, but tendirly me touche.

go
heave hence
anger handling

BEDELLUS

135 A, sir, yhe whe wele.

are heavy

PILATE

135 Yha, I haue wette me with wyne

wetted myself

135 [... ...]

Yhit helde doune and lappe me even here,
For I will slelye slepe vnto synne.
Loke that no man nor no myron of myne
With no noyse be neghand me nere.

lay (me) down cover
slyly later
servant
approaching

BEDELLUS

140 Sir, what warlowe yow wakens with wordis full wilde,
That boy for his brawlyng were bettir be vnborne.

scoundrel words
that lout

PILATE

142 Yha, who chatteres, hym chastise, be he churle or childe,
For and he skape skatheles itt were to vs a grete skorne –
Yf skatheles he skape it wer a skorne.

low-born man knight
if unharmed

What rebalde that redely will rore,

rascal

I schall mete with that myron tomorne

servant tomorrow

And for his ledir lewdenes hym lerne to be lorne.

wicked misconduct teach lost

BEDELLUS

148 Whe! So sir, slepe ye, and saies no more.

say

DOMINA

149 Nowe are we at home. Do helpe yf ye may,
For I will make me redye and rayke to my reste.

go

ANCILLA

151 Yhe are werie madame, for-wente of youre way,
Do boune you to bedde, for that holde I beste.

tired out by
make ready

FILIUS

153 Here is a bedde arayed of the beste.

DOMINA

154 Do happe me, and faste hense ye hye.

tuck me in hence hurry

ANCILLA

155 Madame, anone all dewly is dressid.

prepared

FILIUS

156 With no stalkyng nor no striffe be ye stressed.

creeping commotion disturbed

DOMINA

157 Nowe be yhe in pese, both youre carpyng and crye.

quiet talking shouting

DIABOLUS

157 Owte! Owte! Harrowe!

Into bale am I brought, this bargayne may I banne,
But yf Y wirke some wile in wo mon I wonne.
This gentilman, Jesu, of cursednesse he can,
Be any syngne that I see this same is Goddis sonne.
And he be slone oure solace will sese,
He will saue man saule fro oure sonde
And refe vs the remys that are rounde.
I will on stiffely in this stounde
Vnto ser Pilate wiffe pertely and putte me in prese.

misery state of affairs curse
unless work trick must dwell
is capable of malice
by sign
unless slain comfort cease
man's soul charge
deprive us of realms
resolutely time
Pilate's wife skilfully make the attempt

O woman, be wise and ware, and wonne in thi witte
Ther schall a gentilman, Jesu, vnjustely be juged
Byfore thy husband in haste, and with harlottis be hytte.
And that doughty today to deth thus be dyghted,
Sir Pilate, for his prechyng, and thou,
With nede schalle ye namely be noyed.
Youre striffe and youre strenghe schal be stroyed,
Youre richesse schal be refte you that is rude,
With vengeaunce, and that dare I auowe.

grasp in your mind
beaten by scoundrels
if good man condemned
necessarily in particular afflicted
efforts destroyed
wealth taken away from great
promise

DOMINA

176 A, I am drecchid with a dreme full dredfully to dowte.
Say childe, rise vppe radly and reste for no roo,
Thow muste launce to my lorde and lowly hym lowte,
Comaunde me to his reuerence, as right weill Y doo.

tormented by fear
quickly peace
hurry bow to
commend will

FILIUS

180 O, what, schall I trauayle thus tymely this tyde?
Madame, for the drecchyng of heuen,
Slyke note is newsome to neven
And it neghes vnto mydnyght full even.

work early time
passion
such a business is troublesome to mention
approaches almost

DOMINA

184 Go bette boy, I bidde no lenger thou byde,

quickly

And saie to my souereyne this same is soth that I send hym:
All naked this nyght as I napped
With tene and with trayne was I trapped,

truth
slept
torment guile ensnared

With a sweuene that swiftly me swapped Of one Jesu, the juste man the Jewes will vndoo.	dream struck
She prayes tente to that trewe man, with tyne be noght trapped, But als a domesman dewly to be dressand, And lelye delyuere that lede. FILIUS 193 Madame, I am dressid to that dede – But firste will I nappe in this nede, For he hase mystir of a morne-slepe that mydnyght is myssand.	take heed torment as a righteous judge in good faith set that man free prepared sleep need morning-sleep misses (it at) midnight
ANNA 196 Sir Cayphas, ye kenne wele this caytiffe we haue cached That ofte-tymes in oure tempill hase teched vntrewly. Oure meyné with myght at mydnyght hym mached And hase drevyn hym till his demyng for his dedis vndewly; Wherfore I counsaile that kyndely we care Vnto ser Pilate oure prince, and pray hym That he for oure right will arraye hym – This faitour – for his falsed to flay hym; For fro we saie hym the soth he schall sitte hym full sore.	know wretch taught men set upon to his judgment wicked deeds in accordance with custom go provide for impostor falsehood when truth it will make it worse for him
CAIPHAS 205 Sir Anna, this sporte haue ye spedely aspied, As I am pontificall prince of all prestis. We will prese to ser Pilate, and presente hym with pride With this harlott that has hewed oure hartis fro oure brestis Thurgh talkyng of tales vntrewe. And therfor ser knyghtis – MILITES 210 Lorde.	good idea press rogue
CAIPHAS 211 Sir knyghtis that are curtayse and kynde, We charge you that chorle be wele chyned. Do buske you and grathely hym bynde And rugge hym in ropes his rase till he rewe.	churl chained hurry directly pull behaviour rue
MILES 1 215 Sir, youre sawes schall be serued schortely and sone. Yha, do felawe, be thy feith; late vs feste this faitour full fast. MILES 2 217 I am douty to this dede, delyuer, haue done; Latte vs pulle on with pride till his poure be paste. MILES 1 219 Do haue faste and halde at his handes. MILES 2 220 For this same is he that lightly avauted, And God sone he grathely hym graunted. MILES 1 222 He bese hurled for the highnes he haunted – Loo, he stonyes for vs, he stares where he standis.	words obeyed fasten impostor resolute make haste power past boasted God's son boldly claimed himself is pushed height sought stupified because of
MILES 2 224 Nowe is the brothell bounne for all the boste that he blawe, And the laste day he lete no lordynges myght lawe hym.	wretch bound boast blew day (of Judgment) believed overthrow

ANNA

226 Ya, he wende this worlde had bene haly his awne. thought wholly own
 Als ye are dowtiest today tille his demyng ye drawe hym, as to his judgment
 And than schall we kenne how that he canne excuse hym. know

MILES 1

229 Here, ye gomes, gose a-rome, giffe vs gate, men stand aside way
 We muste steppe to yone sterne of astate. star

MILES 2

231 We muste yappely wende in at this yate, nimbly go gate
 For he that comes to courte, to curtesye muste vse hym. accustom himself

MILES 1

233 Do rappe on the renkis that we may rayse with oure rolyng. push men ascend prisoner (?)
 Come forthe sir coward, why cowre ye behynde?

BEDELLUS

235 O, what javellis are ye that jappis with gollyng? rogues play tricks and make such a noise

MILES 1

236 A, goode sir, be noght wroth, for wordis are as the wynde.

BEDELLUS

237 I saye, gedlynges, gose bakke with youre gawdes. knaves go jests

MILES 2

238 Be sufferand I beseke you, patient beseech
 And more of this matere yhe meke yowe. pay attention to

BEDELLUS

240 Why, vnconand knaves, an I cleke yowe, ignorant if catch
 I schall felle yowe, be my faith, for all youre false frawdres. knock you down by

PILATE

242 Say childe, ill cheffe you! What churles are so claterand? fellow bad luck to you clattering

BEDELLUS

243 My lorde, vnconand knaves thei crye and thei call. ignorant

PILATE

244 Gose baldely beliffe and thos brethellis be batterand, go quickly rascals beating

And putte tham in prisoune vppon peyne that may fall.

Yha, spedely spir tham yf any sporte can thei spell – ask them say of

Yha, and loke what lordingis thei be.

BEDELLUS

248 My lorde that luffull in lee, loves tranquillity
 I am boxsom and blithe to your blee. obedient countenance

PILATE

250 And if they talke any tythyngis come tyte and me tell. quickly

BEDELLUS

251 Can ye talke any tythandis, by youre faith, my felawes? news

MILES 1

252 Yha sir, sir Cayphas and Anna ar come both togedir
 To sir Pilate o Pounce and prince of oure lawes;
 And thei haue laughte a lorell that is lawles and liddir. caught wretch wicked

BEDELLUS

255 My lorde, my lorde!

PILATE

255 Howe?

BEDELLUS

256 My lorde, vnlappe yow belyve where ye lye. arise quickly
 Sir Cayphas to youre courte is caried, has come
 And sir Anna, but a traytour hem taried. them delayed

Many a wight of that warlowe has waried, They haue brought hym in a bande his balis to bye.	man has cursed that rascal tied to pay for his misdeeds
PILATE	
261 But are thes sawes certayne in soth that thou saies?	words
BEDELLUS	
262 Yha lorde, the states yondir standis, for striffe are they stonde.	magnates stunned
PILATE	
263 Now than am I light as a roo, and ethe for to rayse. Go bidde tham come in both, and the boye they haue boune.	roe-deer willing to get up fellow bound
BEDELLUS	
265 Siris, my lorde geues leue inne for to come.	gives leave
CAIPHAS	
266 Hayle prince that is pereles in price, Ye are leder of lawes in this lande, Youre helpe is full hendely at hande.	peerless graciously
ANNA	
269 Hayle, stronge in youre state for to stande, Alle this dome muste be dressed at youre dulye deuyse.	judgment passed lawfully
PILATE	
271 Who is there, my prelates?	
CAIPHAS	
271 Yha lorde.	
PILATE	
271 Nowe be ye welcome iwisse.	indeed
CAIPHAS	
272 Gramercy my souerayne. But we beseke you all same Bycause of wakand you vnwarly be noight wroth with this, For we haue brought here a lorell – he lokis like a lambe.	thanks together waking unexpectedly wretch
PILATE	
275 Come byn, you bothe, and to the benke brayde yowe.	in bench hasten
CAIPHAS	
276 Nay gud sir, laughter is leffull for vs.	lower appropriate
PILATE	
277 A, sir Cayphas, be curtayse yhe bus.	must
ANNA	
278 Nay goode lorde, it may not be thus.	
PILATE	
279 Sais no more, but come sitte you beside me in sorowe as I saide youe.	humbly
FILIUS	
280 Hayle, the semelieste seeg vndir sonne sought, Hayle, the derrest duke and doughtiest in dede.	man found
PILATE	
282 Now bene-veneuew beuscher, what boodworde haste thou brought? Hase any langour my lady newe laught in this leede?	welcome sir message sickness caught place
FILIUS	
284 Sir, that comely comaundes hir youe too, And sais, al nakid this nyght as sche napped With tene and with traye was sche trapped, With a sweuene that swiftly hir swapped	commends herself to you slept terror affliction dream
Of one Jesu, the juste man the Jewes will vndo. She beseches you as hir souerayne that symple to saue, Deme hym noight to deth for drede of vengeaunce.	innocent condemn

PILATE

291 What, I hope this be he that hyder harlid ye haue. think dragged

CAIPHAS

292 Ya sir, the same and the selffe – but this is but a skaunce, jest
He with wicchecrafte this wile has he wrought. trick
Some feende of his sand has he sente fiend as his messenger
And warned youre wiffe or he wente. before

PILATE

296 Yowe! That schalke shuld not shamely be shente, man unjustly destroyed
This is sikir in certayne, and soth schulde be sought. if truth known

ANNA

298 Yha, thurgh his fantome and falshed and fendes-craft guile
He has wrought many wondir where he walked full wyde, He has wrought many wondir where he walked full wyde,
Wherefore, my lorde, it wer leeffull his liffe were hym rafte. lawful reft

PILATE

301 Be ye neuere so bryme ye bothe bus abide however angry must wait
But if the traytoure be taught for vntrewthe, unless exposed
And therfore sermones you no more. speak
I will sekirly sende hymselffe fore, for him
And se what he sais to the sore. (in answer) to thee urgently
Bedell, go brynge hyme, for of that renke haue I rewthe. man pity

BEDELLUS

307 This forward to fulfille am I fayne moued in myn herte. task gladly
Say, Jesu, the juges and the Jewes hase me enioyned have
To bringe the before tham even bounden as thou arte. thee
Yone lordyngis to lose the full longe haue thei heynd, destroy thee waited
But firste schall I wirschippe the with witte and with will. thee mind
This reuerence I do the forthy, thee therefore
For wytes that wer wiser than I, men
They worshipped the full holy on hy thee
And with solempnit  sang Osanna till. to (you)

MILES 1

316 My lorde that is leder of lawes in this lande, obedient
All bedilis to your biding schulde be boxsome and bayne, fellow bowing
And yitt this boy here before yowe full boldely was bowand
To worschippe this warlowe – methynke we wirke all in vayne. scoundrel

MILES 2

320 Yha, and in youre presence he prayed hym of pees, for
In knelyng on knes to this knave
He besoughte hym his seruaunte to saue.

CAIPHAS

323 Loo lord, such arrote amange them thei haue error
It is grete sorowe to see, no seeg may it sese. man cease

It is no menske to youre manhed that mekill is of myght honour manhood great
To forbere such forfettis that falsely are feyned, tolerate offences fabricated
Such spites in especial wolde be eschewed in your sight. insults ought to

PILATE

328 Sirs, moves you noight in this matere but bese myldely demeaned, be mannered
For yone curtasie I kenne had som cause. know

ANNA

330 In youre sight sir the soth schall I saye, truth
As ye are prince take hede I you praye, heed

BEDELLUS

368 I am here at youre hande to halow a hoy, cry out a shout
Do move of youre maistir for I shall melle it with myght. tell me your wish do

PILATE

370 Cry 'Oyas'. 'oyez' (=hear)

BEDELLUS

370 Oyas.

PILATE

370 Yit efte, be thi feithe. again by

BEDELLUS

370 Oyas!

PILATE

371 Yit lowdar, that ilke lede may lithe – each man hear
Crye pece in this prese, vppon payne thervvpon, peace assembly
Bidde them swage of ther sweying bothe swiftly and swithe abate noise quickly
And stynte of ther stryuyng and stande still as a stone. cease commotion
Calle Jesu the gentill of Jacob, the Jewe.
Come preste and appere, quickly
To the barre drawe the nere, thee near
To thi jugement here,
To be demed for his dedis vndewe. judged illegal

MILES 1

380 Whe, harke how this harlott he heldis oute of harre, rogue acts out of order
This lotterelle liste noght my lorde to lowte. scoundrel wants bow

MILES 2

382 Say beggar, why brawlest thou? Go boune the to the barre. betake thyself

MILES 1

383 Steppe on thy standyng so sterne and so stoute. place (in court)

MILES 2

384 Steppe on thys standyng so still.

MILES 1

385 Sir cowarde, to courte muste yhe care – go

MILES 2

386 A lessoun to lerne of oure lare. lore

MILES 1

387 Flitte fourthe, foule myght thou fare. move forward

MILES 2

388 Say warlowe, thou wantist of thi will. rogue hast lost your wits

FILIUS

389 O Jesu vngentill, thi joie is in japes, unmannerly
Thou can not be curtayse, thou caytiffe I calle the, thee
No ruthe were it to rug the and ryue the in ropes. pity gnash thee
Why falles thou noght flatte here, foule falle the, fall bad luck to thee
For ferde of my fadir so free? fear noble
Thou wotte noght his wisdoms iwys, know indeed
All thyne helpe in his hande that it is,
Howe sone he myght saue the fro this. thee
Obeye hym, brothell, I bidde the. wretch

PILATE

398 Now Jesu, thou art welcome ewys, as I wene, indeed think
Be noght abashed but boldly boune the to the barre; afraid betake thyself
What seyniour will sewe for the sore I haue sene. seen the elders who prosecute you

To wirke on this warlowe, his witte is in warre.
 Come preste, of a payne, and appere,
 And sir prelatis, youre pontes bes prevyng.
 What cause can ye caste of accusyng?
 This mater ye marke to be meving,
 And hendly in haste late vs here.

rogue wits confused
 quickly under pain of punishment
 points be proving
 put forward
 undertake debating
 orderly let us hear

CAIPHAS

407 Sir Pilate o Pounce and prince of grete price,
 We triste ye will trowe oure tales thei be trewe,
 To deth for to deme hym with dewly device.
 For cursidnesse yone knave hase in case, if ye knew,
 In harte wolde ye hate hym in hye.
 For if it wer so
 We mente not to misdo;
 Triste, ser, schall ye therto,
 We hadde not hym taken to the.

believe
 condemn lawfully
 evil is devising
 heart swiftly

 offend
 trust
 would not have brought

PILATE

416 Sir, youre tales wolde I trowe but thei touche none entente.
 What cause can ye fynde now this freke for to felle?

believe are not to the point
 man destroy

ANNA

418 Our Sabbotte he saues not, but sadly assente
 To wirke full vnwisely, this wote I right wele,

Sabbath observes earnestly
 know

419 [... ...]

He werkis whane he will, wele I wote,
 And therfore in herte we hym hate.
 Itt sittis you to strenghe youre estate
 Yone losell to louse for his lay.

befits you to strengthen state
 rascal destroy way of life

PILATE

424 Ilke a lede for to louse for his lay is not lele.
 Youre lawes is leffull, but to youre lawis longis it
 This faitoure to feese wele with flappes full fele,
 And woo may ye wirke hym be lawe, for he wranges it.
 Therfore takes vnto you full tyte,
 And like as youre lawes will you lede
 Ye deme hym to deth for his dede.

each man lawful
 are legitimate belongs
 impostor punish many blows
 by wrongs
 take (him) quickly
 and if demand it
 condemn

CAIPHAS

431 Nay, nay sir, that dome muste vs drede,

judgment

431 [... ...]

It longes noght till vs no lede for to lose.

belongs to us man destroy

PILATE

433 What wolde ye I did thanne? The deuyll motte you drawe!

may fetch

Full fewe are his frendis but fele are his fooes.

many

His liff for to lose thare longes no lawe,

is appropriate

Nor no cause can I kyndely contryue

naturally

That why he schulde lose thus his liffe.

ANNA

438 A, gude sir, it raykes full ryffe
 In steedis wher he has stirrid mekill striffe
 Of ledis that is lele to youre liffe.

(trouble) goes rife
 places much
 men loyal

CAIPHAS

441 Sir, halte men and hurte he helid in haste,

lame healed

Vnjustely to juge hym fro joie.

CAIPHAS

486 Noght so sir, his seggyng is full sothly soth,
It bryngis oure bernis in bale for to bynde. (if) saying truth
children misery

ANNA

488 Sir, douteles we deme als dewe of the deth
This foole that ye fauour – grete fautes can we fynde
This daye for to deme hym to dye. judge as deserving death
faults
condemn

PILATE

491 Saie losell, thou lies be this light!
Naie, thou rebalde, thou rekens vnright. rascal by
advisest wrongly

CAIPHAS

493 Advise you sir, with mayne and with myght,
And wreke not youre wrethe nowe forthy. consider will all your powers
avenge wrath therefore

PILATE

495 Me likes noght his langage so largely for to lythe. unrestrainedly hear

CAIPHAS

496 A, mercy lorde, mekely, no malice we mente.

PILATE

497 Noo done is it douteles, balde be and blithe, now bold

Talke on that traytoure and telle youre entente.

Yone segge is sotell ye saie;

Gud sirs, wer lerned he such lare? man subtle
where lore

CAIPHAS

501 In faith, we can not fynde whare.

PILATE

502 Yhis, his fadir with som farlis gan fare
And has lered this ladde of his laie. marvels practised
taught fellow art

ANNA

504 Nay, nay sir, we wiste that he was but a write,
No sotelté he schewed that any segge saw. knew carpenter
subtlely man

PILATE

506 Thanne mene yhe of malice to marre hym of myght,
Of cursidnesse convik no cause can yhe knawe. out of malice destroy by force
(to find him) guilty of evil reason know
Me meruellis ye malyngne o mys. am surprised you make false accusations

CAIPHAS

509 Sir, for Galely hidir and hoo
The gretteste agayne hym ganne goo, hither and thither
Yone warlowe to waken of woo, very many people towards did go
And of this werke beres witnesse ywis. scoundrel incite to evil
bear

PILATE

513 Why, and has he gone in Galely, yone gedlyng ongayne? troublesome rogue

ANNA

514 Yha lorde, ther was he borne, yone brethelle, and bredde. wretch bred

PILATE

515 Nowe withouten fagyng, my frendis, in faith I am fayne,
For now schall oure striffe full sternely be stede. deceiving glad
firmly settled

Sir Herowde is kyng ther ye kenne,

His poure is preued full preste know
power acknowledged readily

To ridde hym or reue hym of rest.

And therfore, to go with yone gest free deprive peace

Yhe marke vs oute of the manliest men. wicked man
select (some) of

CAIPHAS

522 Als witte and wisdome youre will schal be wroght,
Here is kempis full kene to the kyng for to care.

as wit
warriors go

PILATE

524 Nowe seniours, I saie yow sen soth schall be soght,
But if he schortely be sente it may sitte vs full sore.
And therefore sir knyghtis –

since truth
unless be the worse for us

MILITES

526 Lorde.

PILATE

527 Sir knyghtis that are cruell and kene,
That warlowe ye warrok and wraste,
And loke that he brymly be braste

rascal bind twist
fiercely beaten

529 [... ...]

Do take on that traytoure you betwene.

between you

Tille Herowde in haste with that harlott ye hye,
Comaunde me full mekely vnto his moste myght.
Saie the dome of this boy, to deme hym to dye,
Is done vpponne hym dewly, to dresse or to dight
Or liffe for to leue at his liste.
Say ought I may do hym indede,
His awne am I worthely in wede.

to rogue hurry
commend greatest
judgment fellow condemn
is bestowed ordain undertake
spare liking
anything
at his disposal in everything

MILES 1

538 My lorde, we schall springe on a-spede.
Come thens! To me this traitoure full tryste.

apace
flagrant

PILATE

540 Bewe sirs, I bidde you ye be not to bolde,
But takes tente for oure tribute full trulye to trete.

too
care negotiate

MILES 2

542 Mi lorde, we schall hye this beheste for to halde
And wirke it full wisely in wille and in witte.

hurry hol

PILATE

544 So sirs me semys itt is sittand.

fitting

MILES 1

545 Mahounde, sirs, he menske you with myght –

honour

MILES 2

546 And saue you sir, semely in sight.

PILATE

547 Now in the wilde vengeaunce ye walke with that wight,
And fresshely ye founde to be flittand.

man
briskly hasten running

THE CRUCIFIXION (YORK)

The play was staged by the Pinners (manufacturers of pins and nails).

MILES 1	
1 Sir knyghtis, take heede hydir in hye, This dede on dergh we may nocht drawe. Ye wootte youreselffe als wele as I Howe lordis and leders of owre lawe Has geven dome that this doote schall dye.	pay attention hither in haste not draw out this task too long know rulers have given judgment fool die
MILES 2	
6 Sir, alle thare counsaile wele we knawe. Sen we are comen to Caluarie Latte ilke man helpe nowe as hym awe.	know since let each as he ought
MILES 3	
9 We are alle redy, loo, That forward to fulfille.	agreement
MILES 4	
11 Late here howe we schall doo, And go we tyte thertille.	let's hear quickly to it
MILES 1	
13 It may nocht helpe her for to hone If we schall any worshippe wynne.	here delay honour gain
MILES 2	
15 He muste be dede nedelyngis by none.	dead necessarily noon
MILES 3	
16 Thanne is goode tyme that we begynne.	then
MILES 4	
17 Late dyngge hym doune, than is he done – He schall nought dere vs with his dynne.	let's knock he is finished harm din
MILES 1	
19 He schall be sette and lerned sone, With care to hym and all his kynne.	secured taught (a lesson) soon woe
MILES 2	
21 The foulest dede of all Shalle he dye for his dedis.	death deeds
MILES 3	
23 That menes crosse hym we schall.	means crucify
MILES 4	
24 Behalde, so right he redis.	behold he advises rightly
MILES 1	
25 Thanne to this werke vs muste take heede, So that oure wirkyng be nocht wronge.	pay attention
MILES 2	
27 None othir noote to neven is nede, But latte vs haste hym for to hange.	no need to mention any other matter let
MILES 3	
29 And I haue gone for gere goode speede, Bothe hammeres and nayles large and lange.	gear speedily long
MILES 4	
31 Thanne may we boldely do this dede. Commes on, late kille this traitoure strange.	then deed come on let's kill strong

MILES 1

33 Faire myght ye falle in feere
That has wrought on this wise.

may good luck come to all of you
have acted in this way

MILES 2

35 Vs nedis nought for to lere
Suche faitoures to chastise.

do not need to learn
deceivers

MILES 3

37 Sen ilke a thyng es right arrayed,
The wiselier nowe wirke may we.

since every thing prepared
work

MILES 4

39 The crosse on grounde is goodely graied
And boorede even as it awith to be.

well prepared
bored (with holes) ought

MILES 1

41 Lokis that the ladde on lenghe be layde
And made me thane vnto this tree.

look wretch length laid
fastened then cross

MILES 2

43 For alle his fare he schalle be flaied,
That one assaie sone schalle ye see.

boast tortured
by trial

MILES 3

45 Come forthe thou cursed knave,
Thy comferte sone schall kele.

cool (=abate)

MILES 4

47 Thyne hyre here schall thou haue.

payment

MILES 1

48 Walkes oon – nowe wirke we wele.

walk on

JESUS

49 Almyghty God, my fadir free,
Late this materes be made in mynde:
Thou badde that I schulde buxsome be
For Adam plyght for to be pyned.
Here to dede I obblishe me
Fro that synne for to saue mankynde,
And soueraynely beseke I the
That thai for me may fauoure fynde.
And fro the fende thame fende,
So that ther saules be saffe
In welthe withouten ende –
I kepe nought ellis to craue.

noble
let these considered
commanded willing
Adam's tormented
death pledge myself

principally beseech thee
favour
fiend them defend
their souls safe
bliss
I desire nothing else

MILES 1

61 We, herke sir knyghtis, for Mahoundis bloode,
Of Adam-kynde is all his thoght.

listen Mohammed's
-offspring

MILES 2

63 The warlowe waxis werre than woode,
This doulfull dede ne dredith he noght.

sorcerer grows worse mad
painful death

MILES 3

65 Thou schulde haue mynde, with mayne and moode,
Of wikkid werkis that thou haste wrought.

think with all your might

MILES 4

67 I hope that he hadde bene as goode
Haue sesed of sawes that he vppe-sought.

think he would have done well
to have stopped the sayings he thought up

MILES 1

69 Thoo sawes schall rewe hym sore
For all his saunteryng sone.

he'll greatly regret those words
despite babbling soon

MILES 2	
71 Ille spede thame that hym spare Tille he to dede be done.	bad luck to those death
MILES 3	
73 Haue done belyue, boy, and make the boune, And bende thi bakke vnto this tree.	quickly wretch thee ready
MILES 4	
75 Byhalde, hymselffe has laide hym doune In lenghe and breede as he schulde bee.	length breadth
MILES 1	
77 This traitoure here teynted of treasoune, Gose faste and fetter hym than ye thre; And sen he claymeth kyngdome with croune, Even as a kyng here hange schall hee.	convicted go fetter then since crown
MILES 2	
81 Nowe, certis, I schall nocht fyne Or his right hande be feste.	surely stop before fast
MILES 3	
83 The left hande thanne is myne – Late see who beres hym beste.	acquits himself
MILES 4	
85 Hys lymmys on lenghe than schalle I lede, And even vnto the bore thame bringe.	limbs
MILES 1	
87 Vnto his heede I schall take hede, And with myne hande helpe hym to hyng	hang
MILES 2	
89 Nowe sen we foure schall do this dede And medill with this vnthrifty thyng, Late no man spare for speciall speede Tille that we haue made endyng.	since deed unprofitable utmost
MILES 3	
93 This forward may not faile; Nowe are we right arraiede.	agreement
MILES 4	
95 This boy here in oure baile Shall bide full bittir brayde.	wretch custody undergo dreaful torment
MILES 1	
97 Sir knyghtis, saie, howe wirke we nowe?	
MILES 2	
98 Yis, certis, I hope I holde this hande, And to the boore I haue it brought Full boxumly withouten bande.	think obediently rope
MILES 1	
101 Strike on than harde, for hym the boght.	then for him who redeemed thee
MILES 2	
102 Yis, here is a stubbe will stiffely stande, Thurgh bones and senous it schall be soght – This werke is wele, I will warande.	nail stoutly through sinews applied guarantee
MILES 1	
105 Saie sir, howe do we thore? This bargayne may not blynne.	there business is not at an end

MILES 3

107 It failis a foote and more,
The senous are so gone ynne.

sinews shrunken

MILES 4

109 I hope that marke amisse be bored.

think wrongly

MILES 2

110 Than muste he bide in bittir bale.

endure pain

MILES 3

111 In faith, it was ouere-skantely scored,
That makis it fouly for to faile.

inaccurately drilled

MILES 1

113 Why carpe ye so? Faste on a corde
And tugge hym to, by toppe and taile.

speake fasten
pull him by his head and feet

MILES 3

115 Ya, thou comaundis lightly as a lorde;
Come helpe to haale, with ille haile.

effortlessly
haul curse thee

MILES 1

117 Nowe certis that schall I doo –
Full snelly as a snayle

surely
swiftly

MILES 3

119 And I schall tacche hym too,
Full nemely with a nayle.

fasten to (the cross)
nimibly

This werke will holde, that dar I heete,
For nowe are feste faste both his hende.

promise
fastened hands

MILES 4

123 Go we all foure thanne to his feete,
So schall oure space be spedely spende.

time spent

MILES 2

125 Latte see what bourde his bale myght beete,
Tharto my bakke nowe wolde I bende.

jest pain relieve

MILES 4

127 Owe, this werke is all vnmeete –
This boring muste all be amende.

ill done
amended

MILES 1

129 A, pees man, for Mahounde,
Latte no man wotte that wondir,
A roope schall rugge hym doune
Yf all his synnous go asoundre.

know strange thing
tug
even if sinews asunder

MILES 2

133 That corde full kyndely can I knytte,
The comforte of this karle to kele.

fittingly fasten
wretch abate

MILES 1

135 Feste on thanne faste that all be fytted,
It is no force howe felle he feeled.

fasten so that ready
no matter terrible

MILES 2

137 Luge on ye both a litill yitt.

pull

MILES 3

138 I schalle nought sese, as I haue seele.

cease as I hope to have joy

MILES 4

139 And I schall fonde hym for to hitte.

attempt

MILES 2

140 Owe, haylle!

haul

MILES 4		
140	Hoo nowe, I halde it wele.	
MILES 1		
141	Haue done, dryue in that nayle, So that no faute be foune.	stop drive fault found
MILES 4		
143	This wirkyng wolde noght faile Yf foure bullis here were boune.	bulls bound
MILES 1		
145	Ther cordis haue evill encressed his paynes, Or he wer tille the booryngis brought.	these cords sorely before to
MILES 2		
147	Yaa, assoundir are bothe synnous and veynis On ilke a side, so haue we soughte.	sinews every as far as we can see
MILES 3		
149	Nowe all his gaudis nothyng hym gaynes, His sauntering schall with bale be bought.	tricks are of no avail babbling pain
MILES 4		
151	I wille goo saie to oure soueraynes Of all this werkis howe we haue wrought.	
MILES 1		
153	Nay sirs, anothir thyng Fallis firste to youe and me, Thei badde we schulde hym hyng On heghte that men myght see.	is allotted hang on high so that
MILES 2		
157	We woote wele so ther wordes wore, But sir, that dede will do vs dere.	know their were harm
MILES 1		
159	It may not mende for to moote more, This harlotte muste be hanged here.	not help to argue more scoundrel
MILES 2		
161	The mortaise is made fitte therfore.	mortice
MILES 3		
162	Feste on youre fyngeres than, in feere.	fast all together
MILES 4		
163	I wene it wolle neuere come thore – We foure rayse it noght right to-yere.	think there upright this year
MILES 1		
165	Say man, whi carpis thou soo? Thy lifyng was but light.	speakest weak
MILES 2		
167	He menes ther muste be moo To heve hym vppe on hight.	means more heave on high
MILES 3		
169	Now certis, I hope it schall noght nede To calle to vs more companye. Methynke we foure schulde do this dede And bere hym to yoone hille on high.	surely yonder
MILES 1		
173	It muste be done, withouten drede. No more, but loke ye be redy, And this parte schalle I lifte and leede;	doubt (say) no more

On lenghe he schalle no lenger lie. Therefore nowe makis you boune, Late bere hym to yoone hill.	ready yonder
MILES 4 179 Thanne will I bere here doune, And tente his tase vntill.	this end attend to his toes
MILES 2 181 We twoo schall see tille aythir side, For ellis this werke wille wrie all wrang.	to either else go all wrong
MILES 3 183 We are redy.	
MILES 4 183 Gode sirs, abide, And late me first his fete vp fang.	wait catch
MILES 2 185 Why tente ye so to tales this tyde?	pay attention to talk just now
MILES 1 186 Lifte vppe!	
MILES 4 186 Latte see!	
MILES 2 186 Owe, lifte alang.	from end to end
MILES 3 187 Fro all this harme he schulde hym hyde And he war God.	protect himself if he were
MILES 4 188 The deuill hym hang!	
MILES 1 189 For-grete harme haue I hente, My schuldir is in soundre.	excessive suffered out of joint
MILES 2 191 And sertis I am nere schente, So lange haue I borne vndir.	surely exhausted
MILES 3 193 This crosse and I in twoo muste twynne, Ellis brekis my bakke in sondre sone.	part in half soon
MILES 4 195 Laye downe agayne and leue youre dynne, This dede for vs will neuere be done.	by
MILES 1 197 Assaie sirs, latte se yf any gynne May helpe hym vppe withouten hone, For here schulde wight men worschippe wynne, And noght with gaudis al day to gone.	try device delay strong gain honour in jests to spend
MILES 2 201 More wighter men than we Full fewe I hope ye fynde.	stronger very few
MILES 3 203 This bargayne will noght bee, For certis me wantis wynde.	job be done surely I am out of breath
MILES 4 205 So wille of werke neuere we wore – I hope this carle some cautellis caste.	so at a loss in were think wretch spells

MILES 2		
207	My bourdeyne satte me wondir soore, Vnto the hill I myght noght laste.	burden afflicted me sorely
MILES 1		
209	Lifte vppe, and sone he schall be thore, Therefore feste on youre fyngeres faste.	there
MILES 3		
211	Owe, lifte!	
MILES 1		
211	We, loo!	
MILES 4		
211	A litill more.	
MILES 2		
212	Holde thanne!	
MILES 1		
212	Howe nowe?	
MILES 2		
212	The werste is paste.	
MILES 3		
213	He weyes a wikkid weght.	weighs
MILES 2		
214	So may we all foure saie, Or he was heued on heght And raysed in this array.	before heaved fashion
MILES 4		
217	He made vs stande as any stones, So boustous was he for to bere.	brought us to a standstill awkward
MILES 1		
219	Nowe raise hym nemely for the nonys And sette hym be this mortas heere, And latte hym falle in alle at ones, For certis that payne schall haue no pere.	nimbly now mortice once surely equal
MILES 3		
223	Heue vppe!	heave
MILES 4		
223	Latte doune, so all his bones Are asoundre nowe on sides seere.	in many places
MILES 1		
225	This fallyng was more felle Than all the harmes he hadde. Nowe may a man wele telle The leste lith of this ladde.	terrible count smallest part (of the body) wretch
MILES 3		
229	Methynkith this crosse will noght abide Ne stande stille in this morteyse yitt.	remain firm nor
MILES 4		
231	Att the firste tyme was it made ouere-wyde; That makis it wave, thou may wele witte.	it (=cross) know
MILES 1		
233	Itt schall be sette on ilke a side So that it schall no forther flitte. Goode wegges schall we take this tyde And feste the foote, thanne is all fitte.	each move wedges time base (of the cross)

MILES 2	
273 Vath, qui destruis templum!	
MILES 3	
274 His sawes wer so, certayne.	words
MILES 4	
275 And sirs, he saide to some He myght rayse it agayne.	
MILES 1	
277 To mustir that he hadde no myght, For all the kautelles that he couthe kaste. All-yf he wer in worde so wight, For all his force nowe he is feste. Als Pilate demed is done and dight, Therefore I rede that we go reste.	manifest spells even if strong as judged dealt with advise
MILES 2	
283 This race mon be rehersed right, Thurgh the worlde both este and weste.	events must be reported
MILES 3	
285 Yaa, late hym hynge here stille And make mowes on the mone.	hang pull faces at the moon
MILES 4	
287 Thanne may we wende at wille.	go
MILES 1	
288 Nay goode sirs, noght so sone, For certis vs nedis anodir note: This kirtill wolde I of you craue.	surely we have other business garment
MILES 2	
291 Nay, nay sir, we will loke be lotte Whilke of vs foure fallis it to haue.	draw lots which
MILES 3	
293 I rede we drawe cutte for this coote – Loo, se howe sone – alle sidis to saue.	advise straws coat everybody shall be content
MILES 4	
295 The schorte cutte schall wynne, that wele ye woote, Whedir itt falle to knyght or knave.	know
MILES 1	
297 Felowes, ye thar noght flyte, For this mantell is myne.	need not wrangle
MILES 2	
299 Goo we thanne hense tyte, This trauayle here we tyne &c.	hence quickly labour waste

MARY MAGDALEN

[Rome]

INPERATOR

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>I command sylyns, in the peyn of forfeitur,
 To all myn avdyeans present general!
 Of my most hiest and mytyest wolunte,
 I woll it be knowyn to al the word vnyversal
 5 That of heven and hell chyff rewlar am I,
 To wos magnyfycens non stondyt egall!
 For I am soveren of al soverens subjugal
 Onto myn empere, beyng incomparable
 Tyberyus Sesar, wos power is potencyall!
 10 I am the blod ryall most of soverente –
 Of all emperowers and kyngys my byrth is best,
 And all regeouns obey my myty volunte!
 Lyfe and lem and goodys all be at my request!
 So, of all soverens, my magnyfycens most mytyest
 15 May nat be agaynsayd of frend nor of foo,
 But all abydyn jvgment and rewle of my lyst.
 All grace vpon erth from my goodnes commyt fro,
 And that bryngis all pepell in blysse so!
 For the most worthyest, woll I rest in my sete!</p> | <p>silence on pain
 audience
 mightiest
 world
 chief ruler
 whose standeth
 subject
 empire
 Caesar whose potent
 royal

 mighty
 limb goods
 mightiest
 not denied by
 submit to at my pleasure
 cometh from

 as seat</p> |
|--|--|

SERYBYL

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| <p>20 Syr, from your person growyt moch grace!</p> | <p>SCRIBE
 groweth</p> |
|--|------------------------------------|

INPERATOR

Now, for thin answer, Belyall blysse thi face!
 Mykyl presporyte I gyn to purchase –
 I am wonddyn in welth from all woo!

much prosperity begin
 wrapped

Herke thou, provost, I gyff the in commandment

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>25 All your pepull preserve in pesabyl possessyon.
 Yff ony ther be to my goddys [dys]obedyent,
 Dyssevyr tho harlottys and make to me declaracyon.
 And I xall make all swych to dye,
 Thos precharsse of Crystys incarnacyon</p> | <p>thee
 peaceable
 any there gods
 separate out those rascals
 shall
 preachers Christ's</p> |
|---|---|

PROVOST

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>30 Lord of all lorddys, I xail gyff yow informacyon.
 INPERATOR
 Lo, how all the word obeyit my domynacyon!
 That person is nat born that dare me dysseobey!
 Syrybbe, I warne yow, se that my lawys
 In all your partyys have dew obeysavns!
 35 Inquere and aske, eche day that davnnys
 Yf in my pepul be fovnd ony weryouns
 Contrary to me in ony chansse,
 Or wyth my goldyn goddys grocth or grone!
 I woll marre swych harlottys wyth mordor and myschansse!</p> | <p>shall

 world obeyth

 laws
 regions due
 dawns
 inconstancy
 circumstance
 against grumble groan
 such murder</p> |
|---|---|

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>40 Yff ony swyche remayn, put hem in repreffe,
 And I xall yow releff!</p> | <p>them in reproof
 assist</p> |
|---|--|

SERYBB

<p>Yt xall be don, lord, wythowtyn ony lett or wythowt doth!</p>	<p>hindrance doubt</p>
--	------------------------

INPERATOR

Lord and lad to my law doth lowte! bow
Is it nat so? Sey yow all wyth on showte!

Here answeyryt all the pepul at onys: "Ya, my lord, Ya!" once

INPERATOR

45 So ye froward folkys, now am [I] plesyd!
Sett wyn and spycys to my consell full cler. for my council
Now have I told yow my hart, I am wyll plesyd. heart well
Now lett vs sett don alle, and make good chyr! cheer

[The Castle of Magdalen]

Her entyr Syrus, the fader of Mary Mavdley.

SYRUS

Emperor and ky[n]ggys and conquerors kene, keen
50 Erlys and borons and knyts that byn bold, barons knights be
Berdys in my bower so semely to senne, maidens see
I commav[n]d yow at onys my hestys to hold! once commands
Behold my person, glysteryng in gold,
55 Semely besyn of all other men! seen by
Cyrus is my name, be cleffys so cold! cliffs
I command yow all obeyent to beyn! be
Woso woll nat, in bale I hem bryng, whoever harm them
And knett swyche caytyfys in knottys of care! bind caitiffs
Thys castell of Mavdley is at my wylddyng, rule
60 Wyth all the contre, bothe lesse and more, small and big
And lord of Jherusalem! Who agens me don dare? against
Alle Beteny at my beddyng be; Bethany bidding
I am sett in solas from al syngng sore, sighing
And so xall all my posteryte
65 Thus for to leuen in rest and ryalte. live royalty

I have her a sone that is ful trew to me – son

No comlyar creatur of Goddys creacyon; two bright of aspect
To amyabyll dovctors full brygth of ble; sight and
Ful gloryos to my syth, an ful of delectacyon; regard
Lazarus my son, in my resspeccyon, fair
71 Here is Mary, ful fayur and ful of femynyte, beauty delight
And Martha, ful [of] bevte and of delycyte, graces
Ful of womanly merrorys and of benygnyte. filled
they haue fulfyllid my hart wyth consolacyon.

75 Here is a coleccyon of cyrcumstance – set of circumstances
To my cognysshon nevr swych anothis, knowledge
As be demonstracyon knett in contynens, by united in modest behaviour
Save alonly my lady that was ther mother! their
Now, Lazarus my sonne, wech art ther brothis, who their
80 The lordshap of Jherusalem I gyff the aftyr my dysses, give thee decease
And Mary, thys castell alonly, an non othis; alone and
And Martha xall haue Beteny, I sey exprese. expressly
Thes gyftys I gravnt yow wythowtyn les, grant without lie

Whyll that I am in good mynd! sound mind

LAZARUS

- 85 Most reuerent father, I thank yow hartely
 Of yower grett kyndnes shuyd onto me!
 Ye haue gravntyd swych a lyfelod worthy
 Me to restreyn from all nessesyte.
 Now, good Lord, and hys wyll it be,
 90 Gravnt me grace to lyue to thy plesowans,
 And agens hem so to rewle me,
 Thatt we may haue joye wythowtyn weryauns.

showed to
 livelihood
 relieve
 if
 according to pleasures
 according to them
 variance

MARY MAV[DLEYN

- Thou God of pes and pryncypall covnsell,
 More swetter is thi name than hony be kynd!
 95 We thank yow, fathyr, for your gyftys ryall,
 Owt of peynys of poverté vs to onbynd.
 Thys is a preseruatyff from streytnes we fynd,
 From wordly labors to my covmfortyng,
 For thys lyfflod is abyll for the dowtter of a kyng,

peace
 sweeter honey by nature

 unbind (=free)
 hardship
 worldly
 livelihood daughter

- 100 Thys place of plesavns, the soth to seye!

MARTHA

- O, ye good fathyr of grete degre,
 Thus to departe wyth your ryches,
 Consederyng ower lowlynes and humylyte,
 Vs to save from wordly dessetres!
 105 Ye shew vs poyntys of grete jentylnes,
 So mekly to meyntyn vs to your grace.
 Hey in heuen awansyd mot yow be
 In blysse, to se that Lordys face
 Whan ye xal hens passe!

truth

part

worldly distress
 instances
 meekly provide for
 high advanced may

hence

CYRUS

- 110 Now I reioyse wyth all my mygthys!
 To enhance rny chyldryn, it was my delyte!
 Now, wyn and spycys, ye jentyll knyttys,
 Onto thes ladys of jentylnes.

advance
 spices knights

Here xal they be servyd wyth wyn and spycys.

[Rome]

INPERATOR

- Syr provost, and skrybe, juggys of my rem,
 115 My massengyr I woll send into ferre cuntre,
 Onto my sete of Jherusalem
 Onto Herowdes, that regent ther ondyr me,
 And onto Pylat, juggys of the covntre –
 Myn entent I woll hem teche.
 120 Take hed, thou provost, my precept wretyn be,
 And sey, I cummavnd hem as they woll be [wyth]owt wrech,
 Yf ther be ony in the cuntre ageyn my law doth prech,

 Or ageyn my goddys ony trobyll tellys,
 That thus agens my lawys rebellys,
 125 As he is regent and in that reme dwellys,
 And holdyth hys crown of me be ryth,

realm
 far country
 city
 under

them

heed
 them harm
 against

speaks mischief

realm
 from by right

Yff ther be ony harlettys that agens me make replycacyon, Or ony moteryng agens me make wyth malynacyon. PROVOST Syr, of all thys they xall have informacyon, 130 So to vphold yower renovn and ryte!	rascals against remonstracion muttering ill will right
[INPERATOR] Now, massengyr, wythowtyn taryyng, Have here gold onto thi fe. So bere thes lettys to Herowdes the kyng, And byd hem make inquiryrans in euery cuntre, 135 As he is jugge that cuntre beyng!	delay reward
NVNCYUS Soueren, your arend it xall be don ful redy In alle the hast that I may. For to fullfyll your byddyng I woll nat spare, nother be nyth nor be day!	errand neither night
<i>Here goth the masengyr toward Herowdes.</i>	
[Jerusalem – Herod’s Palace]	
HEROWDES In the wyld, wanyng word, pes all at onys! 141 No noyse, I warne yow, for greveyng of me! Yff yow do, I xal hovrle of yower hedys, be Mahondys bonys, As I am trew kyng to Mahond so fre! Help! Help, that I had a swerd!	world silence once lest you grieve me hurl off heads Mohammad’s noble sword
145 Fall don, ye faytours, flatt to the grovnd! Heve of your hodys and hattys, I cummavnd yow alle! Stond bare hed, ye beggars! Wo made yow so bold? I xal make yow know your kyng ryall! Thus woll I be obeyyd thorow al the word, 150 And whoso wol nat, he xal be had in hold, And so to be cast in carys cold, That werkyn ony wondyr agens my magnyfycens! Behold these ryche rubyys, red as ony fyr, Wyth the goodly grene perle full sett abowgth!	down scoundrels heave off hoods who royal through world custody miserable sufferings against rubies any fire about
155 What kyng is worthy, or egall to my power? Or in thys word who is more had in dowt Than is the hey name of Herowdes, Kyng of Jherusalem, Lord of Alapye, Assye, and Tyr, Of Abyron, Bergaby, and Bedlem?	world fear high Aleppo Asia Tyre Hebron Beersheba Bethlehem
160 All thes byn ondyr my governouns! Lo, all thes I hold wythowtyn reprobacyon! No man is to me egall, save alonly the emperower Tyberyus, as I have in provostycacyon! How sey the phylissoverys be my ryche reyne?	are reproof regency philosophers reign
165 Am nat I the grettest governowur? Lett me ondyrstond whatt can ye seyn!	
PHELYSOFYR Soueren, and it plece yow, I woll expresse! Ye be the rewarlar of this regyon, And most worthy sovereyn of nobylnes 170 That euyr in Jude barre domynacyon!	please ruler Judea bore

Bott, syr, skreptour gevytt informacyon,
 And doth reherse it werely,
 That chyld xal remayn of grete renovn,
 And all the word of hem shold magnify:
 175 'Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine [tuo], et reges
 In splendore ortus tui.'

Scripture giveth
 truly
 world will extol him

HEROWDES

And whatt seyst thou?
 SECUNDUS PHY[LOSOFYR
 The same weryfytt my bok as how,

As the skryptour doth me tell
 180 Of a myty duke xal rese and reyn,
 Whych xall reyn and rewle all Israell.
 No kyng agens hys worthynes xall opteyn,
 The whech in profesy hath grett eloquence:
 'Non avferetur s[c]eptrum [de] Juda, et dux de
 185 Femore eius, donec veniet [qui] mitendus est.'

mighty (who) shall rise
 prevail

HEROWDES

A! Owt! Owt! Now am [I] grevyd all wyth the worst!
 Ye dastardys! Ye doggys! the dylfe mote yow draw!
 Wyth fleyyng flappys I byd yow to a fest!
 A swerd! A swerd! thes lordeynnys wer slaw!
 190 Ye langbaynnys! Losellys! Forsake ye that word!
 That caytyff xall be cawth, and suer I xaII hem flaw!
 For hym many mo xal be marry[d] wyth morder!

may the devil tear you apart
 flaying whips feast
 sword (I wish that) louts slain
 rogues losels word (=prophesy)
 caught surely him flay
 more marred murder

PRIMUS MILES

My sovereyn lord, dyssemay yow ryth nowt!
 They ar but folys, ther eloquens wantyng;
 195 For in sorow and care sone they xall be cawt.
 Agens vs they can mak no dysstonddyng!

dismay yourself right not
 fools lacking (sense)
 caught
 against withstanding

SECUNDUS MILES

My lord, all swych xall be browte before your avdyens
 And leuyn ondyr your domynacyon,
 Or ellys dammyd to deth wyth mortal sentense,
 200 Yf we hem gett ondyr ower gubernacyon!

such brought audience
 live under
 them governance

HEROWDES

Now thys is to me a gracyows exsortacyon,
 And grettly reioysyth to my sprytys indede!
 Thow thes sottys agens me make replycacyon,
 I woll suffer non to spryng of that kenred;
 205 Some woys in my lond shall sprede,
 Prevely or pertely in my lond abowth.
 Whyle I haue swych men, I nede nat to drede
 But that he xal be browt ondyr, wythowtyn doth!

speech
 though these sots against remonstrance
 kindred
 (lest) voice
 secretly or openly
 brought doubt

*Her commyt the emperowers [masengyr], thus sayyng to
 Herowdes:*

MASENGYR

Heyll, prynse of bovntyowsnesse!

- 210 Heyll, myty lord of to magnyfy!
 Heyll, most of worchep of to expresse!
 Heyll, reytyus reular in thi regensy!
 My sofereyn Tyberyus, chyff of chyfalry,
 Hys soveren sond hath sent to yow here:
 215 He desyrth yow and preyyt on eche party
 To fulfyll hys commavndment and desyre.
- Here he xall take the lettyrs onto the kyng.*
- HERAWDES
 Be he sekyr I woll natt spare
 For [to] complyshe hys cummavnddment,
 220 Wyth sharp swerddys to perce the[m] bare
 In all covntres wythin thys regent,
 For hys love to fulfyll hys intentt.
 Non swych xall from ower handys stertt,
 For we woll fulfyll hys ryall juggement
 Wyth swerd and spere to perce [them] thorow the hartt!
- 225 But, masengyr, reseyyve thys lettyr wyth,
 And ber ytt onto Pylattys syth!
 MESENGYR
 My lord, it xall be don ful wygth.
 In hast I woll me spede!
- [Jerusalem – Pilate’s palace]
- PYLATT
 Now ryally I reyne in robys of rych[e]sse,
 230 Kyd and knowyn both ny and ferre
 For juge of Jherusalem, the trewth to expresse,
 Ondyr the Emperower Tyberius Cesar!
 therfor I rede yow all bewarre
 Ye do no pregedyse agen the law!
 235 For and ye do, I wyll yow natt spare
 Tyl ye haue jugment to be hangyd and draw!
- For I am Pylat, pr[o]mmyssary and pres[e]dent!
 Alle renogat robber inperrowpent,
 To put hem to peyn, I spare for no pete!
 240 My serjauntys semle, qwat s[e]ye ye?
 Of this rehersyd I wyll natt spare!
 Plesauntly, syrrys, avnswer to me,
 For in my herte I xall haue the lesse care.
- PRIMUS SERIUNT
 As ye haue seyde, I hold it for the best,
 245 Yf ony swych among vs may we know!
 SECUNDUS SERJAWNT
 For to gyff hem jugment I holdd yt best,
 And so xall ye be dred of hye and low!
- PYLAT
 A, now I am restoryd to felycyte!
- mighty worthy of praise
 honour worthy to be expressed
 righteous ruler
 message
 every particular
 deliver
 sure
 region
 such break away
 quickly
 sight
 quickly
 royally reign robes
 known near
 as judge
 advise
 injury
 if
 torn to pieces
 procurator ruler
 renegade impenitent (?)
 them pity
 say
 aforesaid
 such
 them
 dreaded by high

Her comyt the Emprorys masengyr to Pylat.

MASENGYR

<p>Heyll, ryall in rem, in robis of rychesse! 250 Heyl, present thou prynsys pere! Heyl, jugge of Jherusalem, the trewth to expresse! Tyberyus the Emprower sendyt wrytyng herre, And prayyt yow, as yow be hys lovyr dere, Of this wrytyng to take avysement 255 In strenthyng of hys lawys cleyr, As he hath set yow in the state of jugment.</p>	<p>royal realm here princes' peer here dear friend placed</p>
--	---

Her Pylat takyt the lettyrs wyth grete reverens.

PYLAT

<p>Now, be Martys so mythy, I xal sett many a snare, Hys lawys to strenth in al that I may. I rejoyse of hys renown and of hys wylfare, 260 And for thi tydynggys I geyff the this gold today.</p>	<p>Mars mighty strengthen rejoice in give thee</p>
---	---

MASENGYR

<p>A largeys, ye, lord, I crye this day, For this is a gefit of grete degre!</p>	<p>largess large amount</p>
---	--

PYLAT

Masengyr, onto my sovereyn thou sey,
 On the most specyall wyse recummend me!

Her avoydyt the masengyr, and Syrus takyt hys deth. leaves

[The Castle of Magdalen]

SYRUS

<p>265 A, help, help! I stond in drede! Syknes is sett ondyr my syde! A help! Deth wyll aquyte me my mede! A, gret God, thou be my gyde! How I am trobyllyd, both bak and syde!</p>	<p>pay reward guide</p>
<p>270 Now, wythly help me to my bede. A! This rendyt my rybbys! I xall nevyr goo nor ryde! The dent of deth is hevvar than led! A, lord, lord, what xal I doo this tyde? A, gracyows God, have ruth on me,</p>	<p>quickly tears apart ribs blow lead time pity</p>
<p>275 In thys word no lengar to abyde! I blys yow, my chyldyrn, God mot wyth vs be!</p>	<p>world may</p>

Her avoydyt Syrus sodenly, and than sayyng Lazarus: leaves

LAZARUS

<p>Alas! I am sett in grete hevynesse! Ther is no tong my sorow may tell, So sore I am browth in dystresse! 280 In feyntnes I falter for [th]is fray fell! Thys dewresse wyl lett me no longar dwelle, But God of grace sone me redresse! A, how my peynys don me repelle! Lord, wythstond this duresse!</p>	<p>brought cruel attack duress live unless aids attack repel</p>
---	---

MARY MAGLEYN

- 285 The inwytyssymus God that euyr xal reyne,
 Be hys help an sowlys sokor!
 To whom it is most nedfull to cumplayn,
 He to bry[n]g vs owt of ower dolor;
 He is most mytyest governowre,
 290 From soroyng vs to restryne.

invincible
 and soul's succour
 that he may bring
 restrain

MARTHA

- A, how I am sett in sorowys sad,
 That long my lyf Y may nat indevre!
 Thes grawous peynys make me ner mad!
 Vnder clowyr is now my fathyris cure,
 295 that sumtyme was here ful mery and glad.
 Ower Lordys mercy be hys mesure,
 And defeynd hym from peynys sad.

last
 grievous nearly
 clover father's cover
 measure

LAZARUS

Now, systyrs, ower fatherys wyll we woll exprese;
 Thys castell is owerys wyth all the fee!

(last) will
 property

MARTHA

- 300 As hed and governower, as reson is,
 And on this wyse abydyn wyth yow wyll wee.
 We wyll natt desevyr, whattso befall!

manner
 separate

MARIA

Now, brothyre and systyr, I welcum ye be,
 And therof specyally I pray yow all!

[Stages of the World, Flesh and Devil, consecutively]

*Her xal entyr the Kyng of the Word, the Flesch, and the Dylfe,
 wyth the Seuene Dedly Synnys, a Bad Angyll, an an Good
 Angyl, thus seyng the Word:*

World Devil
 and

WORD

- 305 I am the Word, worthyest that euyr God wrowth,
 And also I am the prymatt portature
 Next heueyn, yf the trewth be sowth,
 And that I jugge me to skryptur;
 And I am he that lengest xal induere,
 310 And also most of domynacyon!
 Yf I be hys foo, woo is abyll to recure?
 For the whele of fortune wyth me hath sett hys senture.

World wrought
 chief supporter
 sought
 appeal myself

who recover
 wheel centre

In me restyt the ordor of the metellys seuyn,
 the whych to the seuene planyttys ar knett ful sure:

- 315 Gold perteynyng to the sonne, as astronemere nevyng;
 Sylvyr to the mone, whyte and pure;
 Iryn onto the Maris that long may endure;
 the fegetyff mercury onto Mercuryus;
 Copyr onto Venus, red in hys merroure;
 320 The frangabyll tyn to Jubyter, yf ye can dyscus;

seven metals
 tied
 sun declare
 moon
 Mars
 fugitive
 copper appearance
 frangible tin

On this planyt Saturne, ful of rancure,
 this soft metell led, nat of so gret puernesse;
 Lo, alle this ryche tresor wyth the Word doth indure –

lead pureness

- The seuyn prynsys of hell, of gret bowntosnesse!
 325 Now, who may presume to com to my honour?
 PRYDE rival
 Ye, worthy Word, ye be gronddar of gladnesse
 grounder
- To them that dwellyn ondyr yower domynacyon!
 COVETYSE
 And whoso wol nat, he is sone set asyde
 Wheras I, Couetyse, take mynystracyon!
 MUNDUS
- 330 Of that I pray yow, make no declareracyon!
 Make swych to know my soverreynte, (any) such
 And than they xal be fayn to make supplycacyon, glad
 Yf that they stond in ony nesessyte.
- Her xal entyr the Kyng of Flesch, wyth Slowth, Gloteny,
 Lechery.* Sloth
- FLESCHE
 I, Kyng of Flesch, florychyd in my flowers,
 335 Of deyntys delycyows I have grett domynacyon!
 So ryal a kyng was neuyr borne in bowrys,
 Nor hath more delyth, ne more delectacyon!
 For I haue comfortatywys to my comfortacyon:
 Dya galonga, ambra, and also margareton –
 340 Alle this is at my lyst, agens alle vexacyon!
 adorned with
 dainties
 bowers
 delight
 cordials
 (drug of) galingale (compound of) pearls
 pleasure against
- All wykkyt thyngys I woll sett asyde.
 Clary, pepur long, wyth granorum paradysy,
 Zenzybyr and synamom at euery tyde –
 Lo, alle swych deyntyys delycyus vse I!
 noxious
 clary pepper grains of paradise
 ginger cinnamon time
- 345 Wyth swyche deyntyys I have my blysse!
 Who woll covett more game and gle,
 My fayere spowse Lechery to halse and kysse?
 Here ys my knyth Gloteny, as good reson is,
 Wyth this plesavnt lady to rest be my syde.
 350 Here is Slowth, anohtyr goodly of to expresse!
 A more plesavnt compeny doth nowher abyde!
 (than) my fair spouse embrace
 knight
 by
 Sloth goodly (companion) to speak of
- LUXURIA
 O ye prynse, how I am ful of ardent lowe,
 Wyth sparkyllys ful of amerowsnesse!
 Wyth yow to rest fayn wold I aprowe,
 355 To shew plesavns to your jentylnesse!
 THE FLESCHE
 O ye bewtews byrd, I must yow kysse!
 I am ful of lost to halse yow this tyde!
 lust embrace time
- Here xal entyr the prynse of dyllys in a stage, and helle
 ondyrneth that stage, thus seyng the Dylfe:* devils
 underneath
- DYLFE
 Now I, prynse pyrles, prykyd in pryde,
 Satan, [y]ower sovereyn, set wyth euery cyrcumstanse,
 360 For I am atyred in my towyr to tempt yow this tyde!
 peerless attired

As a kyng ryall I sette at my plesavns, Wyth Wroth [and] Invy at my ryall retynawns! The boldest in bowyr I bryng to abaye, Mannis sowle to besegyn and bryng to obeysavns!	sit pleasure Wrath retinue obey man's soul besiege submission
365 Ya, [wyth] tyde and tyme I do that I may! For at hem I haue dysspyte that he xold haue the joye That Lycyfer with many a legyown lost for ther pryde. The snarys that I xal set wher nevyr set at Troye! So I thynk to besegyn hem be every waye wyde –	him (=man) snares were besiege
370 I xal getyn hem from grace whersoeyr he abyde – That body and sowle xal com to my hold, Hym for to take! Now, my knyghtys so stowth, Wyth me ye xall ron in rowte,	control knights stout run in a troop
375 My consell to take for a skowte, Whytly that we were went for my sake! WRATH Wyth wrath or wyhyllys we xal hyrre wynne! ENVY Or wyth sum sotyllte sett hur in synne. DYLFE Com of, than, let vs begynne	guide quickly wratful force wiles her subtelty her
380 To werkyn hure sum wrake!	off injury

Her xal the Deywl go to the Word wyth hys compeny.

SATAN Heyle, Word, worthyest of abowndans! In hast we must a conseyll take! Ye must aply yow wyth all your afyavns, A woman of whorshep ower servant to make.	apply yourself loyalty honour
MUNDUS 385 Satan, wyth my consell I wyll the awansse! I pray the, cum vp onto my tent. Were the Kyng of Flesch her wyth hys asemleunvs! Masengyr! Anon, that thou werre went Thys tyde!	thee assist (I wish) go now
390 Sey the Kyng of Flesch wyth grete renown, Wyth hys consell that to hym be bown, In alle the hast that eyr they mown, Com as fast as he may ryde! MASENGYR My lord, I am your servant, Sensvalyte!	say to bound may
395 Your masege to don, I am of glad chyr! Ryth sone in presens ye xal hym se, Your wyl for to fulfyller her!	cheer right soon

Her he goth to the Flesch, thus seyng:

MASENGYR Heyl, lord in lond, led wyth lykyng! Heyl, Flesch in lust, fayyrest to behold! Heyl, lord and ledar of empreore and kyng!	guided by pleasure
400 The worthy Word, be wey and wold, Hath sent for yow and your consell!	by way and forest

Satan is sembled wyth hys howshold, Your cov[n]seyl to haue, most fo[r] aweyle.	assembled help
FLESCH Hens in hast, that we ther wh[e]re! 406 Lett vs make no lengar delay.	hence were
SENSWALITE Gret myrth to ther hertys shold yow arere, Be my trowth I dare safly saye!	bring in truth
<i>Her comyt the Kyng of Flesch to the Word, thus seyyng:</i>	
FLESCH Heyl be yow, soverens lefe and dere! 410 Why so hastely do ye for me send?	beloved
MUNDUS A! We are ryth glad we haue yow here, Ower covnsell togethyr to comprehend! Now, Satan, sey your devyse!	take plan
SATAN Serys, now ye be set, I xal yow say: 415 Syrus dyyd this odyr day – Now Mary, hys dowctor, that may, Of that castel beryt the pryse.	sirs maid bears the prize
MUNDUS Sertenly, serys, I yow telle, Yf she in vertu styлле may dwelle, 420 She xal byn abyll to dystroye helle, But yf your cov[n]seyll may othyrwyse devyse!	unless
FLESCH Now ye, Lady Lechery, yow must don your attendans, For yow be flowyr fayrest of femynyte! Yow xal go desyyr seryse, and byn at hure atendavns, 425 For ye xal sonest entyr, ye beral of bewte!	be at her service are desire (to be at her) beryl
LECHERY Serys, I abey your covnsell in eche degre – Stryttwaye thethyr woll I passe! SATAN Spiritus malyngny xal com to the, Hyre to tempt in euery plase. 430 Now alle the six that here be,	obey point straightaway malign(us) place
Wysely to werke, hyr fawor to wynne, To entyr hyr person be the labor of lechery, that she at the last may com to helle.	favour by
How, how, spiritus malyng – thou wottyst what I mene? 435 Cum owt, I sey! Heryst nat what I seye?	knowest hearest
BAD ANGYLL Syrrys, I obey your covnsell in eche degre; Stryttwaye thethyr woll I passe! Speke soft, speke soft, I trotte hyr to tene!	point straightaway hurry torment her

TAVERNER

470 I am a taverner, wytty and wyse,
 That wynys haue to sell gret plente!
 Of all the taverners, I bere the pryse,
 That be dwellyng wythinne the cete!
 Of wynys I haue grete plente,
 475 Both whyte wynne and red that [is] so cleyre.

wines
 prize
 city

wine

Here ys wynne of Mawt and malmeseyn,
 Clary wynne, and claret, and other moo;
 Wyn of Gyldyr, and of Gallys, that made at the Groine,
 Wyn of Wyan and Vernage, I seye also –
 480 Ther be no bettyr as ferre as ye can goo!

wine Malta malmsey
 spiced wine more
 Guelderland Galicia Coruña
 Guienne *vernaccia*

LUXSU[R]YA

Lo, lady, the comfort and the sokower
 Go we ner and take a tast –
 Thys xal bryng your sprytys to fawor!
 Tavernere, bryng vs of the fynnest thou hast!

socour
 near taste
 comfort
 finest

TAVERNERE

485 Here, lady, is wyn, a repast,
 To man and woman a good restoratyff.
 Ye xall nat thynk your mony spent in wast –
 From stodyys and hevynes it woll yow relyff!

meditations relieve

MARY

Ywys, ye seye soth, ye grom of blysse!
 490 To me ye be covrtes and kynde.

truth man
 courteous

Her xal entyr a galavnt, thus seyyng:

GALAVNT

Hof, hof, hof! A frysche new galavnt!
 Ware of thyrst, ley that adoune!
 What? Wene ye, syrrys, that I were a marchant,
 Becavse that I am new com to town?
 Wyth sum praty tasppysstere wold I fayne rownd!
 496 I haue a shert of reynnys wyth slevys peneawnt,
 A lase of sylke for my lady constant!
 A, how she is bewtefull and ressplendant!

fresh
 beware of thirst
 think

pretty barmaid gladly whisper
 Rennes sleeves pendant
 lace

Whan I am from hyre presens, Lord, how I syhe!
 500 I wol awye sovereyns, and soiettyts I dysdeyne!
 In wyntyr a stomachyr, in somyr non att al;
 My dobelet and my hossys euyr together abyde.
 I woll, or euen, be shavyn for to seme yyng!
 Wyth here agen the her I love mych pleyyng –
 505 That makyt me ilegant and lusty in lykyng.
 Thus I lefe in this word, I do it for no pryde!

sigh
 vie with subjects
 waistcoat
 doublet hoses match
 before evening young
 hair against hair
 pleasure
 live world

LUXSURYA

Lady, this man is for yow, as I se can,
 To sett yow i[n] sporttys and talkyng this tyde!
 MARY
 Cal hym in, tavernere, as ye my loue wyll han,

time
 have

510 And we xall make ful mery yf he wolle abyde!

TAVERNERE

How, how, my mastyre Coryossyte!

Idle Interest (=Vanity)

CORYOSTE

What is your wyll, syr? What wyl ye wyth me?

TAVERNERE

Here ar jentyll women dysyore your presens to se,
And for to drynk wyth yow thys tyde.

(who) desire

CORYOSTE

515 A, dere dewchesse, my daysys iewe!
Splendavnt of colour, most of femynyte,
Your sofreyn colourrys set wyth synseryte!
Consedere my loue into yower alye,
Or ellys I am smet wyth peynnys of perplexite!

duchess daisy's eye

excelling arranged
alliance
smitten pains

MARI

520 Why, syr, wene ye that I were a kelle?

think whore

CORIOSTE

Nay, prenses, parde, ye be my hertys hele,
So wold to God ye wold my loue fele!

princess heal
feel

MARI

Qwat cavse that ye love me so sodenly?

CORIOSTE

O nedys I mvst, myn own lady!

needingly

525 Your person, itt is so womanly,
I can not refreyn me, swete lelly!

myself lily

MARI

Syr, curtesy doth it yow lere!

teach

CORIOSTE

Now, gracyus gost wythowtyn pere,
Mych nortur is that ye conne.

spirit peer
good breeding know
dance

530 But wol yow dawns, my own dere?

MARY

Syr, I asent in good maner.

Go ye before, I sue yow nere,

For a man at alle tymys beryt reverens.

follow
beareth

CORIOSTE

Now, be my trowth, ye be wyth other ten.

535 Felle a pese, tavernere, let vs sen –
Soppys in wynne, how love ye [thos]?

other (things) grieved
fill a cup see
bread in wine

MARI

As ye don, so doth me.

I am ryth glad that met be we –

My loue in yow gynnyt to close!

right
begins to be full

CORYOSTE

Now, derlyng dere, wol yow do be my rede?

by my advice

541 We haue dronkyn and ete lytyl brede –
Wyll we walk to another stede?

place

MARI

Ewyn at your wyl, my dere derlyng!
 Thowe ye wyl go to the wordys eynd,
 545 I wol neuyr from yow wynd,
 To dye for your sake!

though world's
go

*Here xal Mary and the galont awoyd, and the Bad Angyll
 goth to the Word, the Flych, and the Dylfe, thus sayyng
 the Bad Angyl:*

leave

BAD ANGYL

A lorges, a lorges, lorddys alle at onys!
 Ye haue a servant fayur and afyabyll,
 For she is fallyn in ower grogly gromys!
 550 Ya, Pryde, callyd Corioste, to hure is ful lavdabyll,
 And to hure he is most preysseabyll,
 For she hath gravnttyd hym all hys bonys!
 She thynkyt hys person so amyabyll,
 To here syte, he is semelyare than ony kyng in tronys!

largess once
fair affable
grisly clutches (?)
her laudable
worthy of praise
requests
sight seemlier thrones

DIAB[O]LUS

555 A, how I tremyl and trott for these tydyngys!
 She is a soveryn servant that hath hure fet in synne!
 Go thow agayn and ewyr be hur gyde!
 The lavdabyll lyfe of lecherry let hur neuyr lynne,
 For of hure al helle xall make reioysseyng!

shake and jump (for joy)
she=(Lechery) her (=Mary) tempted
cease

Here goth the bad angyl to Mari agayn.

REX DIABOLUS

560 Farewell, farewell, ye to nobyl kyngys this tyde,
 For hom in hast I wol me dresse!

time
direct y way

MUNDUS

Farewell, Satan, prynsse of pryde!

FLESCHE

Farewell, sem[^l]yest alle sorowys to sesse!

most appropriate to end all sorrows

*Here xal Satan go hom to hys stage, and Mari xal entyr into
 the place alone, save the Bad Angyl, and al the Seuen Dedly
 Synnys xal be conveyyd into the howse of Symont Leprovs,
 they xal be arayyd lyke seuen dylf, thus kept crosse; Mari
 xal be in an erbyr, thus seyng:*

conducted
devils hid
arbour

MARI

A, God be wyth my valentyns,
 565 My byrd swetyng, my lovys so dere!
 For they be bote for a blossom of blysse!
 Me mervellyt sore they be nat here,
 But I woll restyn in this erbyre,
 Amons thes bamys precyus of prysse,
 570 Tyll som lovyr wol apere
 That me is wont to halse and kysse.

lovers
reward
it astonishes me
arbour
among balms price
appear
embrace

Her xal Mary lye down and slepe in the erbyre.

SYMOND LEPRUS

- Thys day holly I pot in rememberowns,
 To solas my gestys to my power;
 I haue ordeynnyd a dynere of substawns,
 575 My chyff freyndys therwyth to chyre.
 Into the sete I woll apere,
 For my gestys to make porvyawns,
 For tyme drayt ny to go to dyner,
 And my offycyrs be redy wyth ther ordynowns.
- 580 So wold to God I myte have aqueyntowns
 Of the Profyth of trew perfytnesse,
 To com to my place and porvyowns;
 It wold rejoyse my hert in gret gladnesse,
 For the report of hys hye nobyllnesse
 585 Rennyt in contreys fer and nere –
 Hys precheyng is of gret perfythnes,
 Of rythwysnesse, and mercy cleyre.

*Here entyr Symont into the place, the Good Angyll
 thus seyng to Mary:*

GOOD ANGYLL

- Woman, woman, why art thou so onstabyll?
 Ful bytterly thys blysse it wol be bowth!
 590 Why art thou agens God so veryabyll?
 Wy, thynkys thou nat God made the of nowth?
 In syn and sorow thou art browth,
 Fleschly lust is to the full delectabyll;
 Salue for thi sowle must be sowth,
 595 And leve thi werkys wayn and veryabyll!

- Remembyr, Woman, for thi pore pryde,
 How thi sowle xal lynn in helle fyre!
 A, remembyr how sorowful itt is to abyde,
 Wythowtyn eynd in agure and ir!
 600 Remembyr the on mercy, make thi sowle clyre!
 I am the gost of goodnesse that so wold the gydde.

MARY

- A, how the speryt of goodnesse hat promtyt me this tyde,
 And temtyd me wyth tytyll of trew perfythnesse!
 Alas, how betternesse in my hert doth abyde!
 605 I am wonddyd wyth werkys of gret dystresse.
 A, how pynsynesse potyt me to oppresse,
 That I haue synnyd on euery syde!
 O Lord, wo xall put me from this peynfulnesse?
 A, woo xal to mercy be my gostly gyde?
- 610 I xal porsue the Prophett wherso he be,
 For he is the welle of perfyth charyte.
 Be the oyle of mercy he xal me relyff.
 Wyth swete bawmys, I wyl sekyn hym this syth,
 And sadly folow hys lordshep in eche degre.

*Here xal entyr the Prophet wyth hys desyphys, thus seyng
Symont Leprus:*

[SYMONT LEPRUS]

615 Now ye be welcom, mastyr, most of magnyfydens!
I beseche yow benyngly ye wol be so gracyows
Yf that it be lekyng onto yower hye presens, if it pleases high
Thys daye to com dyne at my hows!

JHESUS

Godamercy, Symont, that thou wylt me knowe!
620 I woll entyr thi hows wyth pes and vnyte. peace
I am glad for to rest ther grace gynnyt grow. where beginneth
For wythinne thi hows xal rest charyte,
And the bemys of grace xal byn illumynows. beams
But syth thou wytystsaff a dynere on me, since vouchsafe
625 Wyth pes and grace I entyr thi hows.

SYMOND

I thank yow, mastyr most benyng and gracyus,
That yow wol, of your hye soverente.
To me itt is a joye most speceows, pleasing
Wythinne my hows that I may yow se.
630 Now syt to the bord, mastyrs alle! sit board

Her xal Mary folow alonge, wyth this lamentacyon:

MARY

O I, cursyd cayftyff, that myche wo hath wrowth much woe
Agens my makar, of mytys most! against maker powers
I have offendyd hym wyth dede and thowth, thought
But in hys grace is all my trost, trust
635 Or ellys I know well I am but lost, else

Body and sowle damdpnyd perpetuall!

Yet, good Lord of lorddys, my hope [is] perhenuall perennial
Wyth the to stond in grace and fawour to se; thee fawour
Thow knowyst my hart and thowt in especyal –
640 Therfor, good Lord, aftyr my hart reward me!

*Her xal Mary wasche the fett of the prophet wyth the terrys
of hur yys, whypyng hem wyth hur herre, and than anoynt
hym wyth a precyus noyttment. Jhesus dicit:*

tears
eyes them her hair
ointment

[Symond looks on, doubtfully.]

JHESUS

Symond, I thank the speceally
For this grett r[e]past that here hath be. been
But Symond, I telle the fectually, earnestly
I have thyngys to seyn to the. say to thee

SYMOND

645 Mastyr, qwat your wyll be, what
And it plese yow, I well yow here; hear
Seyth your lykyng onto me, pleasure

And al the plesawnt of your mynd and desyyr. pleasure

JHESUS

Symond, ther was a man in this present lyf,
 650 The wyche had to dectours well suere, who two debtors surely
 the whych wher pore, and myth make no restoratyf, might repayment
 But styлле in ther dett ded induour. did endure
 The on owt hym an hondyrd pense ful suere, one owed
 And the other, fefty, so befell the chause;
 And because he coud nat hys mony recure, recover
 They askyd hym foryewnesse, and he forgaf in substans.

But, Symont, I pray the, answer me to this sentens:

Whych of thes to personnys was most beholddyn to that man? two

SYMOND

Mastyr, and it plese your hey presens, if high
 660 He that most owt hym, as my reson yef can. owed give

JHESUS

Recte iudicasti! thou art a wyse man, judged
 And this quessyon hast dempte trewly. reflect
 Yff thou in thi concyens remembyr can, you two debtors
 Ye to be the dectours that I of specefy.

But, Symond, behold this woman in all wyse,

666 How she wyth terys of hyr bettyr wepyng every way
 She wassheth my fete and dothe me servyse, tears
 And anoytyt hem wyth onymentys, lowly knelyng them humbly keeling
 And wyth hur her, fayur and brygth shynnyng, her hair fair bright
 670 She wypeth hem agayn wyth good entent. them

But, Symont, syth that I entyrd thi hows,

To wasshe my fete thou dedyst nat aplye, since
 Nor to wype my fete thou were nat so faworus; obliging
 Wherfor, in thi conscyens, thou owttyst nat to replye! ought
 675 But, woman, I sey to the, werely, thee verily
 I forgeyffe the thi wrecchednesse, thee
 And hol in sowle be thou made therby! whole soul

MARIA

O, blessyd be thou, Lord of euyrlastyng lyfe,
 And blyssyd be thi berth of that puer vergynne! birth pure
 Blyssyd be thou, repast contemplatyf, food for the spirit
 680 Agens my seknes, helth and medsyn! against

And for that I haue synnyd in the synne of pryde,

I wol enabyte me wyth humelyte. because
 Agens wrath and envy, I wyll devyde clothe myself
 Thes fayur vertuys, pacyens and charyte. against set
 fair

JHESUS

Woman, in contryssyon thou art expert, might
 And in thi sowle hast inward mythe, (soul) that before were in the desert
 That sumtyme were in desert, darkness light
 And from therknesse hast purchasyd lyth. saved thee thee bright
 690 Thy feyth hath savyt the, and made the bryth! thee
 Wherfor I sey to the, 'Vade in pace'.

*Wyth this word sewyn dyllys xall dewoyde from the woman,
and the Bad Angyll entyr into hell wyth thondyr.* devils go out
thunder

MARIA

O thou, gloryus Lord, this rehersyd for my sped, performed profit
Sowle helth attys tyme for to recure. soul's health at this recover
Lord, for that I was in whanhope, now stond I in dred, because despair
695 But that thi gret mercy wyth me may endure. unless
My thowth thou knewyst wythowttyn ony dowth. thought doubt
Now may I trost the techeyng of Isaye in scryptur, trust Isaiah
Was report of thi nobyllnesse rennyt fere abowt! whose runneth far

JHESUS

Blyssyd be they at alle tyme
700 That sen me nat, and have me in credens. see
Wyth contryssyon thou hast mad a recumpens recompense
Thi sowle to save from all dystresse.
Beware, and kepe the from alle neclygens, thee
And aftyr, thou xal be partenyr of my blysse! partner

*Here devodyt Jhesus wyth hys desipyllys, the Good Angyll
reioysyng of Mawdleyne:* leaves

BONUS ANGELUS

705 Holy God, hyst of omnipotency, highest
The estat of good governouns to the I recummend, state thee entrust
Humbylly besecheyng thyn inperall glorye
In thi devyn vertu vs to comprehend. include

And, delectabyll Jhesu, soverreyn sapyens,
710 Ower feyth we recummend onto your pur pete pity
Most mekely prayyng to your holy aparens,
Illumyn ower ygnorans wyth your devynyte!

Ye be clepyd Redempcyon of sowlys defens,
Whyche shal ben obscuryd be thi blessyd mortalyte.
715 O Lux Vera, gravnt vs yower lucense, light
That wyth the spryte of errour I nat seduet be! spirit led astray

And, Sperytus Alme, to yow most benyne,
Thre persons in Treenyte, and on God eterne, one
Most lowly ower feyth we consyngne,
720 That we may com to your blysse gloryfyed from malyngne, malice
And wyth your gostely bred to fede vs, we desyern. bread desire

[Hell Stage]

REX DEABOLUS

A! Owt, owt, and harrow! I am hampord wyth hate! maddened
In hast wyl I set our jugment to se!
Wyth thes betyll-browyd bycheys I am at debate! beetle-browed bitches
725 How, Belfagour and Belzabub! Com vp here to me!

Here aperytt to dyvllys before the mastyr. two

SECUNDUS DIABOLUS

Here, lord, here! Qwat wol ye?

what

REX DIABOLUS

The jugment of harlottys here to se,
Settyng in judycyal-lyke astate.

rascals
sitting

How, thow bad angyll! Apere before my grace!

SIPIRITUS MALIGNI

730 As flat as fox, I falle before your face!

REX DIABOLUS

Thow theffe! Wy hast thou don all this trespas,
To lett yen woman thi bondys breke?

rogue
yonder

MALINUS SPIRITUS

The speryt of grace sore ded hyr smyth,
And temptyd so sore that ipocryte!

did her smite

REX DIABOLUS

735 Ya, thys hard balys on thi bottokkys xall byte!
In hast, on the I wol be wreke!

scourges
thee avenged

Cum vp, ye horsons, and skore away the yche,
And wyth thys panne, ye do hym pycche!
Cum of, ye harlottys, that yt wer don!

whip itch
pan smear him with pitch
off rascals

Here xall they serva all the seuyn as they do the frest.

serve first

REX DIABOLUS

740 Now have I a part of my desyere!
Goo into this howsse, ye lordeynmys here,
And loke ye set yt on afeyere –
And that xall hem awake!

louts
on fire
them

*Here xall the tother deyllys sett the howse on afyere, and
make a sowth, and Mari xall go to Lazar and to Martha.*

other on fire
soot (=smoke)

REX DIABOLUS

So! Now have we well afrayyd these felons fals!
745 They be blasyd, both body and hals!
Now to hell lett vs synkyn als,
To ower felaws blake!

tormented
burned neck
also

[The Castle of Magdalen]

MARI MAVGLEYN

O brother, my hartys consolacyown!
O blessyd in lyff, and solytary!

750 The blyssyd Prophet, my comfortacyown,
He hathe made me clene and delectary,
The wyche was to synne a subiectary.
Thys Kyng, Cryste, consedyryd hys creacyown;
I was drynchyn in synne deversarye
755 Tyll that Lord relevyd me be hys domynacyon.

delectable
(I) who subject
drowned divers
by his power

Grace to me he wold nevyr denye;
Thowe I were nevyr so synful, he seyde, 'Revertere'!
O, I, synful creature, to grace I woll aplye;
The oyle of mercy hath helyd myn infyrmyte.

healed

MARTHA

760 Now worchepyd be that hey name Jhesu,
The wyche in Latyn is callyd Savyower!
Fulfullyng that word ewyn of dewe,
To alle synfull and seke, he is sokour.

LAZARE

Systyr, ye be welcum onto yower towyre!
765 Glad in hart of yower obessyawNSE,
Wheyl that I leffe, I wyl serve hym wyth honour,
That ye have forsakyn synne and varyawns.

MARY MAGDALEN

Cryst, that is the lyth and the cler daye,
He hath oncuryd the therknesse of the cloudy nyth,
770 Of lyth the lucens and lyth veray,
Wos prechyng to vs is a gracyows lyth,
Lord, we beseche the, as thou art most of myth,
Owt of the ded slep of therknesse, defend vs aye!
Gyff vs grace ewyr to rest in lyth,
775 In quyet and in pes to serve the, nyth and day.

Here xall Lazar take hys deth, thus seyyng:

LAZAR

A! Help, help, systyrs, for charyte!
Alas! Dethe is sett at my hart!
A! Ley on handys! Wher are ye?
A, I faltyr and falle! I wax alle onquarte!
780 A, I bome above, I wax alle swertt!
A, good Jhesu, thow be my gyde!
A, no lengar now I revert!
I yeld vp the gost, I may natt abyde!

MARY MAGDALEN

O, good brother! Take covmforth and myth,
785 And lett non heuynes in yower hart abyde!
Lett away alle this feyntnesse and fretth,
And we xal gete yow leches, yower peynys to devyde.

MARTHA

A, I syth and sorow, and sey, 'Alas'!
Thys sorow ys apoynt to be my confusyon!
Jentyl systyr, hye we from this place,
790 For the Prophe[t] to hym hatt grett delectacyon.
Good brothere, take somme comfortacyon

For we woll go to seke yow[er] cure.

Here goth Mary and Martha, and mett wyth Jhesus, thus seyyng:

[MARY AND MARTHA]

O, Lord Jhesu, ower melleflueus swettnesse,
795 Thowe art grettest Lord in glorie!
Lovyr to the, Lord, in all lowlynesse,

Comfort thi creatur that to the crye!	thee
Behold yower lovyr, good Lord, specyally,	
How Lazare lyth seke in grett dystresse.	lieth sick
800 He ys thi lovyr, Lord, suerly!	
Onbynd hym, good Lord, of hys heuynesse!	from his sorrow
JHESUS	
Of all infyrmyte, ther is non to deth.	(compared with) death
For of all peynnys, that is impossyble	
To vndyrestond be reson; to know the werke,	by
805 The joye that is in Jherusallem heuenly,	
Can nevyr be compyld be covnnyng of clerke –	described skill
To se the joyys of the Fathyr in glory,	
The joyys of the Sonne whych owth to be magnyfyed,	ought praised
And of the Therd Person, the Holy Gost, truly,	
810 And alle thre but on in heuen gloryfyed!	one
Now, Women that arn in my presens here,	are
Of my wordys take awyusement.	heed
Go hom agen to yower brothyr Lazere –	
My grace to hym xall be sent.	
MARY MAGDALEN	
815 O, thow gloryus Lord here present,	
We yeld to the salutacyon!	yield to thee
In ower weyys we be expedyent.	speedy
Now, Lord, vs defend from trybulacyon!	
<i>Here goth Mary and Martha homvard, and Jhesus devodyt.</i>	leaves
[Castle of Magdalen]	
LAZARUS	
A! In woo I waltyr as wawys in the wynd!	am tossed waves
820 Away ys went all my sokour!	gone
A, Deth, Deth, thou art onkynd!	
A! A, now brystyt myn hartt! this is a sharp showyr!	bursteth attack
Farewell, my systyrs, my bodely helth!	
<i>Mortuus est.</i>	
MARY MAGDALEN	
Jhesu, my Lord, be yower sokowre,	
And he mott be yower gostys welth!	may
PRIMUS MILES	
Goddys grace mott be hys governour,	may
In joy euyrlastyng fore to be!	
SECUNDUS MILES	
Amonge alle good sowlys, send hym favour,	
As thi powere ys most of dygnyte!	
MARTHA	
830 Now, syn the chans is fallyn soo,	chance
That deth hath drewyn hym don this day,	driven him down

- We must nedys ower devyrs doo,
To the erth to bryng hym wythowt delay.
MARY MAGDALEN
As the vse is now, and hath byn aye,
835 Wyth wepers to the erth yow hym bryng.
Alle this must be donne as I yow saye,
Clad in blake, wythowtyn lesyng.
- PRIMUS MILES
Gracyows ladyys of grett honour,
Thys pepull is com here in yower syth,
840 Wepyng and weylyng wyth gret dolour,
Becavse of my lordys dethe.
- Here the on knyght make redy the ston, and other bryng
in the wepars, arayyd in blak.*
- PRIMUS MILES
Now, good fryndys that here be,
Take vp thys body wyth good wyll,
And ley it in hys sepoltur, semely to se;
845 Good Lord hym save from alle manyr ille!
- Lay hym in. Here al the pepyll resort to the castell, thus
seyyng Jhesus [in the place]:*
- [JHESUS]
Tyme ys comyn of very cognysyon.
My dyssyplys, goth wyth me
For to fulfyll possybyll peticion;
Go we together into Jude,
There Lazar, my frynd, is he.
851 Gow we together as chyldyurn of lyth,
And, from grevos slepe, sawen heym wyll we!
- DISSIPULYS
Lord, it plese yower myty volunte,
Thow he slepe, he may be savyd be skyll.
JHESUS
That is trew, and be possybilyte;
Therfor, of my deth shew yow I wyll.
- My Fathyr, of nemyows charyte,
Sent me, hys Son, to make redemcyon,
Wyche was conseyyvd be puer verginyte,
860 And so in my mother had cler incarnacyon;
And therefore must I suffyre grewos passyon
Ondyre Povnse Pylat, wyth grett perplexite,
Betyn, bobbyd, skoernyd, crownnyd wyth thorne –
Alle this xall be the soferons of my deite.
- 865 Therfor, hastely folow me now,
For Lazar is ded, verely to preve;
Whe[r]for I am joyfull, I sey onto yow,
That I knowlege yow therwyth, that ye may it beleve.
- needingly duties
been always
weepers
lie
people sight
one
handsome
manner of
true knowledge
go
Judaea
children of light
save him
by
exceeding
who
grievous
distress
mocked
sufferance
acquaint

Here xal Jhesus com wyth hys dissipulys, and on Jew tellyt Martha: one

[JEW]

A, Martha, Martha! Be full of gladnesse!
 870 For the Prophett ys comyng, I sey trewly,
 Wyth hys dyssypyllys in grett lowlynesse; humility
 He shall yow comfortt wyth hys mercy.

Here Martha xall ronne agen Jheszts, thus seyyng: run

[MARTHA]

A, Lord! Me, sympyl creatur, nat denye,
 Thow I be wrappyd in wrecchydnesse!
 875 Lord, and thou haddyst byn here, werely, if verily
 My brother had natt a byn ded – I know well thysse. wouldn't have been

JHESUS DICIT

Martha, docctor, onto the I sey, daughter thee
 Thy brother xall reyse agayn! rise

MARTHA

Yee, Lord, ar the last day, before
 880 That I beleve ful pleyn.

JHESUS

I am the resurreccyon of lyfe, that euyr xall reynne, reign

And whoso belevyt verely in me

Xall have lyfe euyrlastyng, the soth to seyn. truth

Martha, belevyst thow this?

MARTHA

885 Ye, forsoth, the Prynse of blysch! bliss

I beleve in Cryst the Son of Sapyens,

Whyche wythowt eynd ryngne xall he, end reign

To redemyn vs freell from ower iniquite! frail

Here Mary xall falle to Jhesus, thus seyyng Mary:

MARY MAGDALEN

O, thou rythewys regent, reynyng in equite, righteous

890 Thou gracyows Lord, thou swete Jhesus!

And thou haddyst byn here, my brothyr alyfe had be! if

Good Lord, myn hertt doth this dyscus! ponder

JHESUS

Wher have ye put hym? Sey me thys.

MARY MAGDALEN

In hys mo[nv]ment, Lord, is he.

JHESUS

895 To that place ye me wys, guide
 Thatt grave I desyre to se.

Take of the ston of this monvment! off

The agrement of grace here shewyn I wyll. covenant

MARTHA

A, Lord, yower preseptt fulfyllyd xall be.

900 Thys ston I remeve wyth glad chyr. cheer
 Gracyows Lord, I aske the mercy! thee
 Thy wyll mott be fullfyllyd here! may

Here xall Martha put of the grave ston. off

JHESUS

Now, Father, I beseche thyn hey paternyte, high

That my prayour be resowndable to thi Fathyrod in glory,

905 To opyn theyn erys to thi Son in humanyte. ears
 Nat only for me, but for thi pepyll, verely,
 That they may beleue, and betake to thi mercy. entrust
 Fathyr, fore them I make supplycacyon!
 Gracyows Father, gravnt me my bone! prayer

Lazer, Lazer! Com hethyr to me!

Here xall Lazar aryse, trossyd wyth towellys, in a shete. wrapped

LAZAR

911 A, my Makar, my Savyowr! Blyssyd mott thou be! may
 Here men may know thi werkys of wondyre!
 Lord, nothy[n]g ys onpossybyll to the, impossible
 For my body and my sowle was departyd asondyr! parted
 915 I kuld a rotyytt, as doth the tondyre, have rotted tinder
 Fleysch from the bonys a-consumyd away! consumed
 Now is aloft that late was ondyr! above lately under(ground)

The goodnesse of God hath don for me here,

920 For he is bote of all balys to onbynd, remedy from griefs
 That blyssyd Lord that here ded apere! did appear

*Here all the pepull and the Jewys, Mari and Martha, wyth
 on woys sey thes wordys: 'We beleve in yow, Savyowr,
 Jhesus, Jhesus, Jhesus!'* one

JHESUS

Of yower good hertys I have advertacyounys, evidence
 Wherethorow in sowle, holl made ye be. wherby soul whole
 Betwyx yow and me be nevyr varyacyounys, divergence
 Wherfor I sey, 'Vade in pace'.

*Here devoydyt Jhesus wyth hys desypyllys; Mary and
 Martha and Lazare gon hom to the castell, and here
 begynnyt [the Kyng of Marcyll] hys bost:* leaves
 boast

[Marcylle]

[KYNG OF MARCYLLE]

Awantt! Awant the, onworthy wrecchesse!

926 Why lowtt ye nat low to my lawdabyll presens, away thee wretches
 Ye brawlyng breellys and blabyr-lyppyd bychys, bow
 Obedyenly to obbey me wythowt offense? rascals blabber-lipped bitches

- I am a sofereyn semely that ye se butt seyld!
 930 Non swyche ondyr sonne, the sothe for to say!
 Whanne I fare fresly and fers to the feld,
 My fomen fle for fer of my fray!
 Ewen as an enperower I am onored ay,
- Wanne baner gyn to blasse and bemyss gyn to blow!
 935 Hed am I heyest of all hethennesse holdd!
 Both kynggys and cayserys I woll they xall me know,
 Or ellys they bey the bargayn, that ewyr they were so bold
 I am Kyng of Marcyll, talys to be told –
 Thus I wold it were knowyn ferre and nere!
 940 Ho sey contraly, I cast heym in carys cold,
 And he xall bey the bargayn wondyr dere!
- I have a favorows fode and fresse as the fakown,
 She is full fayur in hyr femynyte;
 Whan I loke on this lady, I am losty as the lyon
 945 In my syth;
 Of delycyte most delycyows,
 Of felachyp most felecyows,
 Of alle fodys most favarows –
 O, my blysse in bevteus brygth!
- REGINA
 O of condycyon, and most onorabyll!
 951 Lowly I thank yow for this recummendacyon –
 The bovnteest and the boldest ondyr baner bryth,
 No creatur so coroscant to my consolacyon!
 Whan the regent be resydent, itt is my refeccyon.
 955 Yower dilectabyll dedys devydytt me from dyversyte.
 In my person I pryvde to put me from polucyon –
 To be plesant to yower person, itt is my prosperyte!
- REX
 Now, Godamercy, berel bryttest of bewte!
 Godamercy, ruby rody as the rose!
 960 Ye be so ple[s]avnt to my pay, ye put me from peyn.
 Now, comly knyghths, loke that ye forth dresse
 Both spycys and wyn here in hast!
- Here xall the knygtys gete spycys and wynne, and here xall
 entyr a dylle in orebyll aray, thus seyng:*
- [Hell Stage]
- [DYLLE]
 Owt, owt, harrow! I may crye and yelle,
 For lost is all ower labor, wherfor I sey alas!
 965 For of all holddys that evyr hort, non so as hell!
 Owur barrys of iron ar all to-brost, stronge gatys of brasse!
 The Kyng of Joy entyryd in therat, as bryth as fyrys blase!
 For fray of hys ferfull banere, ower felashep fled asondyr!
 Whan he towcheyd it wyth hys toukkyng, they brast as ony glase,
 970 And rofe asondyr, as it byn wyth thondore!

see only seldom

eagerly fierce
enemies attack
honoured alwaysbanners begin wave trumpets
highest head heathendom held
emperors
else pay for
(true) taleswho
pay forpleasing young woman fresh falcon
fair
lusty
sight

young woman pleasing

most bountiful banner bright
gleamingdeeds adversity
provideberyl brightest
ruddy
liking
prepare

devil horrible

prisons hurt
burst asunder
bright fire's blaze
fear
touching burst glass
split as if it had been

Now ar we thrall that frest wher fre, Be the passyon of hys manhede. O[n] a crosce on hye hangyd was he, Whych hath dystroyd ower labor and alle ower dede!	first by manhood deed
975 He hath lytynnyd lymbo, and to paradyse yede! That wondyrfull worke werkytt vs wrake! Adam and Abram and alle hyre kynred, Owt of ower preson to joy were they take!	emptied gone does us injury their kindred taken
All this hath byn wrowth syn Freyday at none! 980 Brostyn don ower gatys that hangyd were full hye! Now is he resyn, hys resurreccyon is don, And is procedyd into Galelye! Wyth many a temptacyon we tochyd hym to atrey, To know whether he was God ore non.	done since burst down gates risen tried to test or
985 Ye[t] for all ower besynes, bleryd is ower eye, For wyth hys wyld werke he hath wonne hem everychon! Now for the tyme to come, ther xall non falle to ower chause, But at hys deleverans,	effort bleared them everyone lot except
990 And weyyd be rythfull balans, And gowyn be rythfull domme. I telle yow alle in sum, to helle wyll I gonne!	weighed given by judgment

*Here xall entyr the thre Mariis arayyd as chast women,
wyth signis of the passyon pryntyd ypon ther brest, thus seyyng
Mawdleyne:*

[Place of Cruxifixion, and the Sepulchre.]

[MAWDLEYNE] Alas, alas, for that ryall bem! A, this Percytt my hartt worst of all!	royal beam pierceth
995 For here he turnyd agen to the woman of Jerusalem, And for wherynesse lett the crosse falle! MARY JACOB Thys sorow is beytterare than ony galle, For here the Jevys spornyd hym to make hym goo, And they dysspytyd ther Kyng ryall.	weariness bitterer
1000 That clyvytt myn hart, and makett me woo.	showed despite to cleaveth woful

MARY SALOME

Yt ys intollerabyll to se or to tell, For ony creature, that stronkg tormentry! O Lord, thou haddyst a mervelows mell! Yt is to hedyows to dyscry!	trouble too hideous to tell
---	--------------------------------

Al the Maryys wyth on voyce sey this folowyng:

THE THRE MARYYS

1005 Heylle, gloryows crosse! thou baryst that Lord on hye, whych be thi mygth deddyst lowly bowe down, Mannys sowle from all thraldam to bye, That euyrmore in peyne shold a be [boun],	by thy might didst redeem have been bound
1010 Be record of Davyt, wyth myld stevyn: 'Domine inclina celos tuos, et dessende!'	by voice

MARY MAGDLEYN

Now to the monument lett vs gon,
 Wheras ower Lord and Savyower layd was,
 To anynt hym, body and bone,
 To make amendys for ower trespas.

[MARY JACOB]

1015 Ho xall putt down the led of the monvment, who lid
 Thatt we may anytt hys gracyus wovndys,
 Wyth hart and my[n]d to do ower intentt,
 Wyth precyus bamys, this same stovnddys? balms times

MARY SALOME

Thatt blyssyd body wythin this bovdys. area
 1020 Here was layd wyth rvfull monys. moans
 Nevyr creature was borne vpon gronddys
 That mygth soferre so hediows a peyne at onys! once

Here xall apere to angelys in whyte at the grave. two

[PRIMUS] ANGELUS

Ye women presentt, dredytt yow ryth nowth! dread not
 Jhesus is resun, and is natt here! risen
 1025 Loo, here is the place that he was in browth!
 Go, sey to hys dysypyllys and to Petur he xall apere.

SECUNDUS ANGELUS

In Galelye, wythowtyn ony wyre, dispute
 Ther xall ye se hym, lyke as he sayd.
 Goo yower way, and take comfortt and chyr, cheer
 1030 For that he sayd xall natt be delayyd. what

Here xall the Maryys mete wyth Petyr and Jhon.

MARY MAVDLEYN

O, Petyr and Jhon! We be begylyd!
 Ower Lordys body is borne away!
 I am aferd itt is dyffylyd! desecrated
 I am so carefull, I wott natt whatt to saye. sorrowful know

PETYR

1035 Of thes tydynggys gretly I dysmay!
 I woll me thethere hye wyth all my myth! thither hurry might
 Now, Lord defend vs as he best may!
 Of the sepulture we woll have a syth. sight

JHON

A, myn invard sowle stondyng in dystresse –
 1040 The weche of my body xuld have a gyde – which by guidance
 For my Lord stondyng in hevynesse,
 Whan I remembyr hys wovndys wyde!

PETYR

The sorow and peyne that he ded drye did suffer
 For ower offens and abomynacyon!
 1045 And also I forsoke hym in hys turmentry –
 I toke no hede to hys techeyng and exortacyon!

Here Petyr and Jhon go to the sepulcur and the Maryys folowyng.

[PETYR]

A, now I se and know the sothe!

truth

But, gracyus Lord, be ower protexcyon! –

Here is nothyng left butt a sudare cloth,

shroud

1050 That of thi beryyng xuld make mencyon!

burying

JHON

I am aferd of wykkytt oppressyon!

Where he is becum, it can natt be devysyd,

explained

But he seyde aftyr the thrid day he xuld have resurrexyon.

Long beform, thys was promysyd.

MARY MAGDLEYN

1055 Alas, I may no lengar abyde,

For dolour and dyssece that in my hartt doth dwell.

[Mary goes aside.]

PRIMUS ANGELUS

Woman, woman, wy wepest thou?

Wom sekest thou wyth dolare thus?

sorrow

MARY MAGDLEYN

A, Fayn wold I wete, and I wyst how,

gladly know if knew

1060 Wo hath born away my Lord Jhesus!

Hic aparuit Jhesus.

JHESUS

Woman, woman, wy syest thou?

sighest

Wom sekest thou? Tell me this.

whom

MARY MAGDLEYN

A, good syr, tell me now

Yf thou have born away my Lord Jhesus,

1065 For I have porposyd in eche degre

intended way

To have hym wyth me, werely,

truly

The wyche my specyall Lord hath be,

who been

And I hys lovyr and cavse wyll phy.

trust

JHESUS

O, O, Mari!

MARY MAGDLEYN

1070 A! Gracyus Mastyr and Lord, yow it is that I seke!

Lett me anynt yow wyth this bamys sote!

balms sweet

Lord, long hast thou hyd the from my spece,

thee speech

Butt now wyll I kesse thou for my hartys bote!

remedy

JHESUS

Towche me natt, Mary! I ded natt asend

did

1075 To my Father in Deyyte, and onto yowers!

Butt go sey to my brotheryn I wyll pretende

intend

To stey to my Father in heunly towyrs.

ascend

1115 Gostly ower sowlys for to sosteynne.

JHESUS

Alle tho byn blyssyd that sore refreyinne.

We blysch yow – Father, and Son, and Holy Gost –

All sorow and care to constryne,

control

Be ower powyr of mytys most,

mights

1120 In nomine Patrys ett Felii et Spiritus Sancti, amen!

Goo ye to my brethryn, and sey to hem ther,

them

That they procede and go into Gallelye,

And ther xall they se me, as I seyde before,

Bodyly, wyth here carnall yye.

eye

Here Jhesus devoydytt agen.

leaves

MAGDLEYN

1125 O thou gloryus Lord of heuen regyon,

Now blyssyd be thi hye devynyte,

Thatt evyr thow tokest incarnacyon,

Thus for to vesyte thi pore servantys thre.

Thi wyll, gracyows Lord, fulfyllid xall be

1130 As thou commavndyst vs in all thyng.

Ower gracyows brethryn we woll go se,

Wyth hem to seyn all ower lekeyng.

them see pleasure

*Here devoyd all the thre Maryys, and the Kyng of Marcyll
xall begynne a sacryfyce.*

leave

REX MARCYLL

Now, lorddys and ladyys of grett aprise,

worth

A mater to meve yow is in my memoryall,

affect

1135 This day to do a sacryfyce

Wyth multetude of myrth before ower goddys all,

Wyth preors in aspecyall before hys presens,

Eche creature wyth hartt demvre.

REGINA

To that lord curteys and keynd,

kind

1140 Mahond, that is so mykyll of myth,

might

Wyth mynstrelly and myrth in mynd,

music

Lett vs gon ofer in that hye kyngis syth.

sight

PRYSBYTYR

Now, my clerke Hawkyng, for loue of me,

Loke fast myn awter were arayd!

altar

1145 Goo ryng a bell, to or thre!

Lythly, chyld, it be natt delayd,

quickly

For here xal be a grett solemnyte.

Loke, boy, thou do it wyth a brayd!

in a hurry

CLERICUS

Whatt, mastyr! Woldyst thou have thi lemman to thi beddys syde?

lover

1150 Thow xall abyde tyll my servyse is sayd!

wait

PRYSBYTYR	
Boy! I sey, be Sentt Coppyn,	
No swyche wordys to the I spake!	such thee
BOY	
Wether thou ded or natt, the fryst jorny xall be myn,	journey (=with the lover)
For, be my feyth, thou beryst Wattys pakke!	(=you are fat and gullible)
1155 But syr, my mastyr, grett Morell,	
Ye have so fellyd yower bylly wyth growell,	filled belly gruel
That it growit grett as the dyvll of hell!	devil
Onshaply thou art to see!	
Whan woman comme to here thi sermon,	hear
1160 Pratyly wyth hem I can houkkyn,	prettily them fornicate
Wyth Kyrchon and fayer Maryon –	
They love me bettyr than the!	
I dare sey, and thou xulddys ryde,	if
Thi body is so grett and wyde,	
1165 That nevyr horse may the abyde,	thee
Exseptt thou breke hys bakk asovndyre!	
PRYSBYTYR	
A, thou llyst, boy, be the dyvll of hell!	liest by
I pray God, Mahond mott the quell!	may kill thee
I xall whyp the tyll thi ars xall belle!	thee swell
1170 On thi ars com mych wondyre!	
BOY	
A fartt, mastyr, and kysse my grenne!	groin
The dyvll of hell was thi emme!	uncle
Loo, mastyrs, of swyche a stokke he cam!	from such
This kenred is asprongyn late!	kindred sprung
PRYSBYTYR	
1175 Mahovndys blod, precyows knave!	arrant
Stryppys on thi ars thou xall have,	stripes
And rappys on thi pate!	
<i>Bete hym</i>	
REX dicitt	
Now, prystys and clerkys, of this tempyll cler,	
Yower servyse to sey, lett me se.	
PRYSBYTYR	
1180 A, soveryn lord, we shall don ower devyr.	duty
Boy, a boke anon thou bryng me!	
Now, boy, to my awter I wyll me dresse –	altar go
On xall my westment and myn aray.	
BOY	
Now than, the lesson I woll espresse,	read
1185 Lyke as longytt for the servyse of this day:	such as is appropriate
Leccyo mahowndys, viri fortissimi sarasenorum	
Glabriosum ad glvmandum glvmar dinorum,	
Gormondorum alocorum, stampatinantum cursorum,	
Cownthtys fulcatum, congrvryandum tersorum,	
1190 Mursum malgorum, mararagorum,	

- Skartum sialporum, fartum cardicorum,
 Slavndri strovmppum, corbolcorum,
 Snyguer snagoer werwolfforum,
 Standgardum lamba beffetorum,
 1195 Strowtum stardy strangolcorum,
 Rygour dagour flapporum,
 Castratum raty rybaldorum,
 Howndys and hoggys, in heggys and hellys,
 Snakys and toddys mott be yower bellys!
- 1200 Ragnell and Roffyn, and other in the wavys, waves
 Gravntt yow grace to dye on the galows!
- PRYSBYTYR
 Now, lordys and ladyys, lesse and more, great and small
 Knele all don wyth good devocyon. down
 Yonge and old, rych and pore,
 1205 Do yower oferyng to Sentt Mahownde,
 And ye xall have grett pardon,
 That longytt to this holy place, belongeth
 And receyve ye xall my benesown,
 And stond in Mahowndys grace.
- REX dicitt
 1210 Mahownd, thou art of mytys most, mights
 In my syth a gloryus gost – sight spirit
 Thou comforyst me both in contre and cost, coast
 Wyth thi wesdom and thi wytt,
 For trully, lord, in the is my trost. trust
 1215 Good lord, lett natt my sowle be lost!
 All my cownsell well thou wotst, knowest
 Here in thi presens as I sett.
- Thys besawnt of gold, rych and rownd, besant (=gold coin)
 I ofer ytt for my lady and me,
 1220 That thou mayst be ower covnfortys in this stownd. time
 Sweth Mahovnd, remembyr me! sweet
- PRYSBYTYR
 Now, boy, I pray the, lett vs have a song!
 Ower servyse be note, lett vs syng, I say! by
 Cowff vp thi brest, stond natt to long, clear your throat too
 1225 Begynne the offyse of this day.
- BOY
 I home and I hast, I do that I may, hum
 Wyth mery tvne the trebyll to syng. treble
- Syng both.*
- PRYSBYTYR
 Hold vp! The dyvll mote the afray, may thee harry
 For all owt of rule thou dost me bryng! out of tune
- 1230 Butt now, syr kyng, quene, and knyth, knight
 Be mery in hartt everychon! everyone
 For here may ye se relykys bryngth – bright relics
 Mahowndys own nekke bon!

And ye xall se or ewer ye gon, 1235 Whattsomewer yow betyde, And ye xall kesse all this holy bon, Mahowndys own yeelyd! Ye may have of this grett store; And ye knew the cavse wherfor, 1240 Ytt woll make yow blynd for ewyrmore, This same holy bedede!	before you go whatever happens to you if eye lid from benefit if bead
Lorddys and ladyys, old and ynge, Golyas so good, to blysse may yow bryng, Mahownd the [holy] and Dragon the dere, 1245 Wyth Belyall in blysse ewyrlastyng, That ye may ther in joy syng Before that comly kyng That is ower god in fere.	young Goliath in common
[Jerusalem – Pilate’s Stage]	
PYLATT Now, ye Serjauntys semly, qwat sey ye? 1250 Ye be full wetty men in the law. Of the dethe of Jhesu I woll awysyd be – Ower soferyn Sesar the soth mvst nedys know.	intelligent advised Caesar truth needingly
Thys Jhesu was a man of grett vertu, And many wondyrs in hys tyme he wrowth; 1255 He was put to dethe be cawsys ontru, Wheche matyr stekytt in my thowth; And ye know well how he was to the erth browth, Wacchyd wyth knyngths of grett aray. He is resyn agayn, as before he tawth, 1260 And Joseph of Baramathye he hath takyn away	worked untrue sticks thought (=buried) taught Arimathea
PRIMUS SERJANTT Soferyn juge, all this is soth that ye sey, But all this mvst be curyd be sotylte, And sey how hys dysypyllys stollyn hym away – And this xall be the answer, be the asentt of me! SECUNDUS SERJANTT 1265 So it is most lylly for to be! Yower covncell is good and commendabyll; So wryte hym a pystyll of specyallte, And that for vs xall be most prophytabyll.	true by likely
PYLATT Now, masengyr, in hast hether thou com! On masage thou mvst, wyth ower wrytyng, 1270 To the soferyn emperower of Rome. But fryst thou xall go to Herodes the kyng, And sey how that I send hym knowyng Of Crystys deth, how it hath byn wrowth. 1275 I charge the make no lettyng, Tyll this lettyr to the emperower be browth!	one knowledge wrought thee delay brought

NVNCYUS PYLATUS

My lord, in hast yower masage to spede
 Onto tho lordys of ryall renown, those royal
 Dowth ye nat, my lord, it xall be don indede! doubt
 1280 Now hens woll I fast owt of this town! hence

Her goth the masengyr to Herodes.

[Jerusalem – Herod’s Palace]

NVNCYUS

Heyll, soferyn kyng ondyr crown!
 The prynsys of the law recummende to yower heynesse, highness
 And sendytt yow tydyngys of Crystys passyon,
 As in this wrytyng doth expresse.

HERODES

1285 A, be my trowth, now am I full of blys! in good faith
 Thes be mery tydvngys that they have thus don!
 Now certys I am glad of this,
 For now ar we frendys that afore wher fon. foes
 Hold a reward, masengyr, that thow were gon,
 1290 And recummend me to my soferens grace.
 Shew hym I woll be as stedfast as ston,
 Ferr and nere, and in every place!

Here goth the masengyr to the emperower.

[Rome]

NVNCYUS

Heyll be yow, sofereyn, setting in solas! sitting
 Heyll, worthy wythowtyn pere! peer
 1295 Heyll, goodly to gravntt all grace!
 Heyll, emperower of the word, ferr and nere! world

Soferyn, and it plese yower hie empyre, if high imperial majesty
 I have browth yow wrytyng of grett aprise, brought worth
 Wyche xall be pleseyng to yower desyre,
 1300 From Pylatt, yower hie justyce.
 He sentt yow word wyth lowly intentt;
 In ewery place he kepytt yower cummavndement,
 As he is bovnd be hys ofyce. by

EMPEROWER

A, welcum, masengyr of grett pleseavns!
 1305 Thi wrytyng anon lett me se!
 My juggys, anon gyffe atendants,
 To ondyrstond whatt this wrytyng may be,
 Wethyr it be good, are ony deversyte, or any advesity
 Or ellys natt for myn awayll –
 1310 Declare me this in all the hast!

PROVOST

Syr, the sentens we woll dyscus,
 And it plese yower hie exseleyns; if

- The intentt of this pystull is thus:
 Pylatt recummendytt to yower presens,
 1315 And of a prophett is the sentens,
 Whos name was callyd Jhesus.
 He is putt to dethe wyth vyolens,
 For he chalyngyd to be kyng of Jewys.
- Therfor he was crucyfied to ded,
 1320 And syn was beryyd, as they thowth reson.
 Also, he cleymyd hymself Son of the Godhed!
 The therd nygth he was stollyn away wyth treson,
 Wyth hys desypyllys that to hym had dyleccyon,
 So wyth hym away they yode.
- 1325 I merveyll how they ded wyth the bodyys corrupcyon –
 I trow they wer fed wyth a froward fode!
- IMPERATOR
 Crafty was ther connyng, the soth for to seyn!
 Thys pystyll I wyll kepe wyth me yff I can,
 Also I wyll have cronekyllid the yere and the reynne,
 1330 That nevyr xall be forgott, whoso loke theron.
- Masengyre, owt of this town wyth a rage!
 Hold this gold to thi wage,
 Mery for to make!
 NVNCYUS
 Farewell, my lord of grett renown,
 1335 For owt of town my way I take.

Her entyr Mawdleyne wyth hyr dysypyll, thus seyyng:

[Jerusalem]

- MAVDLYN
 A, now I remembyr my Lord that put was to ded
 Wyth the Jewys, wythowttyn gyltt or treson!
 The therd nygth he ros be the myth of hys Godhed;
 Vpon the Sondag had hys gloryus resurrexcyon,
 1340 And now is the tyme past of hys gloryus asencyon;
 He steyyd to hevyn, and ther he is kyng.
 A! Hys grett kendnesse may natt fro my mencyon!
 Of alle maner tonggys he gaf vs knowyng,
- For to vndyrstond every langwage.
 Now have the dysypyllys take ther passage
 To dyvers contreys her and yondyr,
 1346 To prech and teche of hys hye damage –
 Full ferr ar my brothyren departyd asondyr.

Her xall hevyn opyn, and Jhesus xall shew [hymself].

[Heaven Stage]

- JHESUS
 O, the onclypsyd sonne, tempyll of Salamon!
 1350 In the mone I restyd, that nevyr chonggyd goodnesse!

In the shep of Noee, fles of Judeon, She was my tapyrnakyll of grett nobyllnesse, She was the paleys of Phebus brygthnesse, She was the wessell of puere clennesses, 1355 Wher my Godhed gaff my manhod myth;	ship fleece Gideon tabernacle palace vessel might
My blyssyd mother, of demvre femynyte, For mankynd, the feynddys defens, Quewne of Jherusalem, that heuenly cete, Empresse of hell, to make resystens. 1360 She is the precyus pyn, full of ensens, The precyus synamvyr, the body thorow to seche. She is the mvske agens the hertys of vyolens, The jentyll jelopher agens the cardyakyllys wrech.	defence against the fiend city resistence against hell pine tree incense cinnabar cleanse gillyflower against heart pain
The goodnesse of my mothere no tong can esprese, 1365 Nere no clerke of hyre, hyre joyys can wryth. Butt now of my servantt I remembyr the kendnesse; Wyth heuenly masage I cast me to vesyte; Raphaell, myn angell in my syte, To Mary Mavdleyne decende in a whyle, 1370 Byd here passe the se be my myth, And sey she xall converte the land of Marcyll.	of her, her joys write intend to visit (her) sight by my might Marseilles
ANGELUS O gloryus Lord, I woll resortt To shew your servant of yower grace. She xall labor for that londys comfortt, 1375 From heuynesse them to porchasse.	go land's redeem
<i>Tunc decendet angelus.</i>	
[ANGELUS] Abasse the novtt, Mary, in this place! Ower Lordys preceptt thou must fullfyll. To passe the see in shortt space, Onto the lond of Marcyll.	abash thee not
1380 Kyng and quene converte xall ye, And byn amyttid as an holy apostylesse. Alle the lond xall be techyd alonly be the, Goddys lawys onto hem ye xall expresse. Therefore hast yow forth wyth gladnesse, 1385 Goddys commav[n]ddement for to fullfyll.	be admitted by thee them haste
MARI MAWDLEYNE He that from my person seuen dewllyls mad to fle, Be vertu of hym alle thyng was wrowth; To seke thoys pepyll I woll rydy be. As thou hast commavnddytt, in vertv they xall be browth.	by wrought those ready brought
1390 Wyth thi grace, good Lord in Deite, Now to the see I wyll me hy, Sum sheppyng to asspy. Now spede me, Lord in eternall glory! Now be my spede, allmyty Trenite!	hurry shipping help

Here xall entyre a shyp wyth a mery song.

[The Place – near the ‘Coast’]

SHEPMAN	SHIPMAN
1395 Stryke! Stryke! I Lett fall an ankyr to grownd!	lower the sails
Her is a fayer haven to se!	see
Connyngly in, loke that ye sownd!	skilfully sound (the depth)
I hope good harbarow have xal wee!	harbour
Loke that we have drynke, boy thou!	
BOY	
1400 I may natt, for slep, I make God a wow!	sleep
Thou xall abyde ytte, and thou were my syere!	wait even if father
SHEPMAN	
Why, boy, we are rydy to go to dynere!	ready
Xall we no mete have?	food
BOY	
Natt for me, be of good chyr,	cheer
1405 Thowe ye be forhongord tyll ye rave,	very hungry
I tell yow plenyly befor!	
For swyche a cramp on me sett is,	such come
I am a poynt to fare the worse.	about to
I ly and wryng tyll I pysse,	twist
1410 And am a poyntt to be forlorn!	
THE MASTYR.	
Now, boy, whatt woll the this seyll?	do you want now
BOY	
Nothyng butt a fayer damsell!	
She shold help me, I know it well,	
Ar ellys I may rue the tyme that I was born!	or else
THE MASTYR	
1415 Be my trowth, syr boye, ye xal be sped!	helped
I wyl1 hyr bryng onto yower bed!	
Now xall thou lern a damsell to wed –	
She wyll nat kysse the on skorn!	she (=whip) thee in mockery
<i>Bete hym.</i>	
THE BOY	
A skorn! No, no, I fynd it herness!	earnest
1420 The dewlle of hell motte the brest,	thee burst
For all my corage is now cast!	overthrown
Alasse! I am forlorn!	
MAv[D]LEYN	
Mastyr of the shepe, a word wyth the!	
MASTYR	
All redy, fayer woman! Whatt wol ye?	
MARY	
1425 Of whense is thys shep? Tell ye me,	from whence
And yf ye seyle vythin a whyle.	sail

MASTYR

We woll seyle this same day,
 Yf the wynd be to ower pay. liking
 This shep that I of sey,
 1430 Is of the lond of Marcyll.

MARY

Syr, may I natt wyth yow sayle?
 And ye xall have for yower awayle. profit

MASTYR

Of sheppyng ye xall natt faylle,
 For vs the wynd is good and saffe.

[Ship sails.]

1435 Yond ther is the lond of Tork[y]e Turkey
 I wher full loth for to lye! would be
 Yendyr is the lond of Satyllye – yonder Satalia
 Of this cors we thar nat abaffe. from course need not turn back

Now xall the shepmen syng.

SHEPMEN

Stryk! Beware of sond! lower the sails
 1440 Cast a led and in vs gyde! take a sounding
 Of Marcyll this is the kynggys lond.
 Go a lond, thow fayer woman, this tyde, to land time
 To the kynggys place. Yondyr may ye se.

[Mary goes ashore.]

THE BOY

1444 Sett of! Sett of from lond! off
 All redy, mastyr, at thyn hand!

Her goth the shep owt of the place.

MARY

O Jhesu, thi mellyfluos name
 Mott be worcheppyd wyth reverens! may
 Lord, gravnt me vycitore agens the fyndys flame, against
 And yn thi lawys gyf this pepyll credens!
 1450 I wyll resortt be grett convenyens; go expeditiously
 On hys presens I wyll draw nere,
 Of my Lordys lawys to she[w] the sentens, meaning
 Bothe of hys Godhed and of hys powere.

Here xall Mary entyr before the kyng.

MARY

Now, the hye Kyng Crist, mannys redempcyon,
 1455 Mote save yow, syr kyng, regnyng in equite, may
 And mote gydde yow the [way] toward sauasyon.
 Jhesu, the Son of the mythty Trenite,
 That was, and is, and evyr xall be,
 For mannys sowle the reformacyon,

- 1460 In hys name, lord, I beseche the,
Wythin thi lond to have my mancyon. dwelling
- REX
Jhesu? Jhesu? Qwat deyll is hym that? devil
I defye the and thyn apenyon! opinion
Thow false lordeyn, I xal fell the flatt! rascal
- 1465 Who made the so hardy to make swych rebon? thee such answer
MARY
Syr, I com natt to the for no decepcyon, thee
But that good Lord Crist hether me compassyd. directed
To receyve hys name, itt is yower refeccyon,
And thi forme of mysbele[f] be hym may be losyd! by loosed
- REX
1470 And whatt is that lord that thow speke of her? here
MARY
Id est Salvator, yf thow wyll lere, learn
The Secunde Person, that hell ded conquare, did conquer hell
- And the Son of the Father in Trenyte!
REX
And of whatt powyr is that God that ye reherse to me? relate
MARY
- 1475 He mad hevyn and erth, lond and see,
And all this he mad of nowthe!
- REX
Woman, I pray the, answer me!
Whatt mad God at the fyrst begynnynge?
Thys processe ondyrstond wol we, design
- 1480 That wold I lerne; itt is my plesyng!
- MARY
I Syr, I wyll declare al and sum,
What from God fryst ded procede. first did
He seyde, 'In principio erat verbum',
And wyth that he provyd hys grett Godhed!
- 1485 He mad heuen for ower spede, profit
Wheras he syth in tronys hyee; where thones
Hys mynystyrs next, as he save nede,
Hys angelus and archangyllys all the compeny.
- Vpon the fryst day God mad all this,
1490 As it was plesyng to hys intent.
On the Munday, he wold natt mys
To make sonne, mone, and sterrys, and the fymament,
The sonne to begynne hys cors in the oryent,
And evyr labor wythowtyn werynesse, weariness
- 1495 And kepytt hys covrs into the occedentt.
- The Twysday, as I ondyrstond this,
Grett grace for vs he gan to increse. began
That day he satt vpon watyris,
As was lykyng to hys goodnesse, pleasing
- 1500 As holy wrytt berytt wetnesse. beareth witness

That tyme he made both see and lond, All that werke of grett nobyllnesse, As it was plesyng to hys gracyus sond.	intention
On the Weddysday, ower Lord of mythe	might
1505 Made more at hys plesyng: Fysche in flod, and fowle in flyth – And all this was for ower hellpyng.	flight
On the Thorsday, that nobyll Kyng Mad dyverse bestys, grett and smale.	
1510 He yaff hem erth to ther fedyng, And bad hem cressyn be hylle and dale.	gave them them increase
And on the Fryday God mad man, As it plesett hys hynesse most, Aftyr hys own semelytude than,	
1515 And gaf hem lyfe of the Holy Gost.	
O[n] the Satyrday, as I tell can,	
All hys werkys he gan to blysse. He bad them multyply and incesse than, As it was plesyng to hys worthynesse.	
1520 And on the Sonday, he gan rest take, As skryptur declarytt pleyn, That al shold reverens make To hyr Makar that hem doth susteyn	began them
Vpon the Sonday to leuen in hys servyse, 1521 And hym alonly to serve, I tell yow pleyn.	live
REX Herke, woman, thow hast many resonnyys grett! I thyngk, onto my goddys aperteynyng they beth! But thou make me answer son, I xall the frett, And cut the tong owt of thi hed!	be relevant unless thee hurt
MARY Syr, yf I seyde amys, I woll retur[n] agayn.	
1531 Leve yower encomberowyns of perturbacyon, And lett me know what yower goddys byn, And how they may save vs from trevbelacyon.	burden be
REX Hens to the tempyll that we ware,	hence were (=let's go)
1535 And ther xall thow se a solom syth. Com on all, both lesse and more, Thys day to se my goddys myth!	sight might
<i>Here goth the kyng wyth all hys atendant to the tempyll.</i>	
REX Loke now, qwatt seyyst thow be this syth? How pleseavnttly they stond, se thow how?	what by sight
1540 Lord, I besech thi grett myth, Speke to this Christeyn that here sestt thou!	might

Speke, god lord, speke! Se how I do bow!	
Herke, thou pryst! Qwat menytt all this?	
What? Speke, good lord, speke! What eylytt the now?	ailleth
1545 Speke, as thow artt bote of all blysse!	remedy
PRYSBITYR	
Lord, he woll natt speke whyle Chriseten here is!	
MARY	
Syr kyng, and it plese yower gentyllnesse,	if
Gyff me lycens my prayors to make	
Onto my God in heven blysch,	heaven's bliss
1550 Sum merakyll to shewyn for yower sake!	miracle
REX	
Pray thi fylle tyll then knees ake!	thine
MARY	
Dominus, illuminacio mea, quem timebo?	
Dominus, protecctor vite mee, a quo trepedabo?	
<i>Here xal the mament tremyll and quake.</i>	idol tremble
MARY	
Now, Lord of lordys, to thi blyssyd name sanctificatt,	
1555 Most mekely my feyth I recummend.	
Pott don the pryd of mamentys violatt!	put down idols impure
Lord, to thi lovyr thi goodnesse descend!	
Lett natt ther pryd to thi poste pretend,	power
Wheras is rehersyd thi hye name Jhesus!	where pronounced
1560 Good Lord, my preor I feythfully send!	
Lord, thi rythwysnesse here dycsus!	righteousness reveal
<i>Here xall comme a clowd from heven, and sett the tempyl on afyer, and the pryst and the cler[k] xall synke, and the kyng gothe hom, thus seyyng:</i>	on fire
REX	
A! Owt! For angur I am thus deludyd!	anger
I wyll bewreke my cruell tene!	avenge harm
Alas, wythin mysylfe I am concludytt!	brought to confusion
1565 Thou woman, comme hether and wete whatt I mene!	know
My wyff and I together many yerys have byn,	
And nevyr myth be conceyvyd wyth chyld;	might
Yf thou for this canst fynd a mene,	means
I wyll abey thi God, and to hym be meke and myld.	obey
MARY	
1570 Now, syr, syn thou seyst so,	since
To my Lord I pryve wyth reythfull bone.	pray rightfull request
Beleve in hym, and in no mo,	more (=others)
And I hope she xall be conceyvyd sone.	
REX	
Awoyd, awoyd! I wax all seke!	leave sick
1575 I wyll to bed this same tyde!	time
I am so wexyd wyth yen sueke,	that illness (?)
That heth nere to deth me dyth!	hath brought

*Here the kyng goth to bed in hast, and Mary goth into
an old logge wythowt the gate, thus seyyng:*

small house

MARY

Now, Cryst, my creatur, me conserve and kepe,
That I be natt confunddyd wyth this reddure!
1580 For hungore and thurst, to the I wepe!
Lord, demene me wyth mesuer!
As thou savydyst Daniell from the lyounys rigur,
Be Abacuk thi masengyre, relevyd wyth sustynovns,
Good Lord, so hellpe me and sokore,
1585 Lord, as itt is thi hye pleseawns!

creator
harshness
thee
treat moderation
lions'
by relieved

[Heaven Stage]

JHESUS

My grace xall grow, and don decend
To Mary my lovyr, that to me doth call,
Hyr ass[t]att for to amend.
She xall be relevyd wyth sustinons corporall.
1590 Now, awngelys, dyssend to hyr in especyall,
And lede hyr to the prynssys chambyr ryth.
Bed hyre axke of hys good be weyys pacyfycal.
And goo yow before hyr wyth reverent lyth!

down

state

prince's right
bid goods by
light

PRIMUS ANGELUS

Blyssyd Lord, in thi syth
1595 We dyssend onto Mary.

sight
descend

SECUNDUS ANGELUS

We dyssend from yower blysse bryth –
Onto yower cummavndement we aplye.

bright
comply

Tunc dissenditt angelus. Primus dyxit.

[PRIMUS ANGELUS]

Mary, ower Lord wyll comfortt yow send!
He bad, to the kyng ye xuld take the waye,
1600 Hym to asay, yf he woll condesend,
As he is slepyng, hem to asaye.

test
him test

SECUNDUS ANGELUS

Byd hym releve yow, to Goddys pay,
And we xal go before yow wyth solem lyth;
In a mentyll of whyte xall be ower araye.
1605 The dorys xall opyn agens vs be ryth.

relieve liking
light
mantle
doors before by

MARY

O gracyus God, now I vndyrstond!
Thys clothyng of whyte is tokenyng of mekenesse.
Now, gracyus Lord, I woll natt wond,
Yower preseptt to obbey wyth lowlynesse.

hesitate

*Here goth Mary, wyth the angelys before hyre, to the kynggys
bed, wyth lythys beryng, thus seyyng Mary:*

bearing lights

[MARY]

1610 Thow froward kyng, trobelows and wood

perverse troublous mad

That hast at thi wyll all worddys wele,
 Departe wyth me wyth sum of thi good,
 That am in hongor, threst, and chelle;
 God hath the sent warnyngys felle!
 I rede the, torne, and amend thi mood!
 Beware of thi lewdnesse, for thi own hele!
 And thow, qwen, tvrne from thi good!

wealth
 give me goods
 hunger thirst cold
 thee cruel
 advise thee change
 ignorance health
 goods

*Here Mari woydyt, and the angyll and Mary chongg
 hyr clotheyng, thus seyng the kyng:*

leaves

[REX]

A, this day is com! I am mery and glad!
 The son is vp and shynyth bryth!
 1620 A merelows shewyng in my slep I had,
 That sore me trobelyd this same nyth –
 A fayer woman I saw in my syth,
 All in whyte was she cladd;
 Led she was wyth an angyll bryth,
 1625 To me she spake wyth wordys sad.

sun bright
 apparition
 troubled night
 sight

bright
 serious

REGINA

I trow from Good that they were sentt!
 In ower hartys we may have dowte.
 I wentt ower chambyr sholld a brentt,
 For the lyth that ther was all abowth!
 1630 To vs she spake wordys of dred,
 That we xuld help them that haue nede,
 Wyth ower godys, so God ded byd,
 I tell yow wythowtyn dowthe.

think
 fear
 thought have burned
 light

goods did bid

REX

Now, semely wyff, ye sey ryth well.
 1635 A knyth, anon, wythowtyn delay!
 Now, as thou hast byn trew as styll,
 Goo fett that woman before me this daye!

right
 knight
 steel
 fetch

MILES

My sovereyn lord, I take the waye!
 She xall com at [y]ower pleseawns.
 1640 Yower sovereyn wyll I wyll goo saye –
 Itt is almesse hyr to awawns!

charity assist

Thunc transit miles ad Mariam.

MILES

Sped well, good woman! I am to the sentt,
 Yow for to speke wyth the kyng.

prosper thee

MARIA

Gladly, syr, at hys intentt,
 1645 I comme at hys own pleseyng!

pleasure

Tunc transytt Maria ad regem.

MARY

The mythe and the powyre of the heye Trenyte,
 The wysdom of the Son, mott governe yow in ryth!

might
 may right

The Holy Gost mott wyth yow be!	may
What is yowre wyll? Sey me in sythe!	quickly
REX	
1650 Thow fayer woman, itt is my delyth,	
The to refresch is myn intentt,	thee
Wyth mete and mony, and clothys for the nyth,	food night
And wyth swych grace as God hathe me lentt.	such
MARIA	
Than fullfyller ye Goddys cummavndement,	
1655 Pore folk in mysch[ef] them to susteyn!	misfortune
REX	
Now, blyssyd woman, rehearse here presentt,	
The joyys of yower Lord in heven.	
MARY	
A, blyssyd the ower, and blyssyd be the tyme,	hour
That to Goddys lawys ye wyll gyff credens!	
1660 To yowerselfe ye make a glad prymer	beginning
Agens the fenddys malycyows violens!	against
From God above comit the influens,	
Be the Holy Gost into thi brest sentt down,	
For to restore thi offens,	atone for
1665 Thi sowle to bryng to ewyrlastyng salvacyon.	
Thy wyffe, she is grett wyth chyld!	
Lyke as thou desyerst, thou hast thi bone!	desirest request
REGINA	
A, ye! I fel ytt ster in my wombe vp and down!	stir
I am glad I have the in presens!	thee
1670 O blyssyd womman, rote of ower savacyon,	root
Thi God woll I worshep wyth dew reverens!	
REX	
Now, fayer womman, sey me the sentens,	substance
I beseche the, whatt is thi name?	thee
MARY	
Syr, agens that I make no resystens!	against
1675 Mary Mavdleyne, wythowtyn blame.	
REX	
O blyssyd Mary, ryth well is me,	right
That ewer I have abedyn this daye!	lived until
Now thanke I thi God, and specyally the,	thee
And so xall I do whyle I leve may.	live
MARY	
1680 Ye xall thankytt Petyr, my mastyr, wythowt delay!	
He is thi frend, stedfast and cler.	
To allmythy God he halp me pray,	helped
And he xall crestyn yow from the fynddys powyr,	christen
In the syth of God an hye!	sight on high

REX	
1685 Now, suerly ye answer me to my pay. I am ryth glad of this tyddyngys! Butt, Mary, in all my goodys I sese yow this day, For to byn at yower gydyng, And them to rewlyn at yower pleseyng	satisfaction endow guiding rule
1690 Tyll that I comme hom agayn! I wyll axke of yow neythyr lond nore rekynyng, But I here delevyr yow powere pleyn!	reckoning full power
REGINA	
Now, worshepfull lord, of a bone I yow pray, And it be pleseyng to yower hye dygnite.	request if
REX	
1695 Madam, yower dysyere onto me say. What bone is that ye desyere of me?	desire request
REGINA	
Now, worshepfull sovereyn, in eche degre, That I may wyth yow goo, A Crestyn womman made to be.	in all points Christian
1700 Gracyus lord, it may be soo.	
REX	
Alas! the wyttys of wommen, how they byn wylld! And therof fallytt many a chanse! A! Why desyer it yow, and ar wyth chyld?	from that many mishaps befall
REGINA	
A, my sovereyn, I am knett in care, 1705 But ye consedyr now that I crave, For all the lowys that ever ware, Behynd yow that ye me nat leve!	tied unless what loves were leave
REX	
Wyff, syn that ye woll take this wey of pryse, Therto can I no more seyn. 1710 Now Jhesu be ower gyd, that is hye justyce, And this blyssyd womman, Mary Mavgleyn!	since choice guide
MARY	
Syth ye ar consentyd to that dede, The blyssyng of God gyff to yow wyll I. He xall save yow from all dred, 1715 In nomine Patrys, et Filij, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen!	
<i>Ett tunc navis venit in placeam, et navta dicit:</i>	<i>platea</i>
[The 'Coast']	
NAVTA	
Loke forth, Grobbe, my knave, And tell me qwat tydyngys thou have, And yf thou aspye ony lond.	
BOY	
Into the shrowdys I woll me hye! 1720 Be my fythe, a castell I aspye,	rigging faith

And as I ondyrstonde!

NAVTA

Sett therwyth, yf we mown,
For I wott itt is a havyn town
that stondyt vpon a strond.

set our course thereto may
know haven
strand

Ett tuncc transitt rex ad navem, et dicit rex:

REX

How, good man, of whens is that shep?

whence ship

1726 I pray the, syr, tell thou me.

NAVTA

Syr, as for that, I take no kepe!
For qwat cavse enquire ye?

care

REX

For cavsys of nede, seyle wold we,

sail

1730 Ryth fayn we wold owyr byn!

NAVTA

Yee, butt me thynkytt, so mote I the,
So hastely to passe, yower spendyng is thyn!

may I prosper

I trow, be my lyfe,

think

Thou hast stollyn sum mannys wyffe!

stolen man's

1735 Thou woldyst lede hyr owt of lond!

lead

Neveretheles, so Go me save,

Lett se whatt I xall have,

Or ellys I woll nat wend!

else go

REX

Ten marke I wyll the gyff,

thee

1740 Yf thou wylt set me vp at the cleyff

land cliff

In the Holy Lond!

NAVTA

Set of, boy, into the flod!

off

BOY

I xall, mastyr! the wynd is good –

Hens that we were!

hence

Lamentando regina.

REGINA

1745 A, lady, hellp in this nede,

That in this flod we drench natt!

drown

A, Mary, Mary, flowyr of wommanned!

O blyssyd lady, forgete me nowth!

REX

A, my dere wyffe, no dred ye have,

1750 Butt trost in Mary Mavdleyne,

trust

And she from perellys xall vs save!

perils

To God for vs she woll prayyn.

pray

REGINA

A, dere hosbond, thynk on me,

And save yowersylfe as long as ye may,

1755 For trewly itt wyll no otherwyse be!

Full sor my hart it makytt this day.

A, the chyld that betwyx my sydys lay,
 The wyche was conseyyd on me be ryth – by right
 Alas, that wommannys help is away!
 1760 An hevy departyng is betwyx vs in syth, sight
 Fore now departe wee!
 For defawte of wommen here in my nede,
 Deth my body makyth to sprede. lie down
 Now, Mary Mavdleyne, my sowle lede! lead
 1765 In manus tuas, Domine!

REX
 Alas, my wyff is ded!
 Alas, this is a carefull chans! sorrowful accident
 So xall my chyld, I am adred,
 And for defawth of sustynons.
 1770 Good Lord, thi grace gravnte to me!
 A chyld betwen vs of increse, offspring
 An it is motherles!
 Help me, my sorow for to relese,
 Yf thi wyl it be!

NAVTA
 1775 Benedicite, benedicite!
 Qwat wethyr may this be?
 Ower mast woll all asondyr! break
 BOY
 Mastyr, I therto ley myn ere,
 It is for this ded body that we bere! bet my ear
 1780 Cast hyr owt, or ellys we synke ond[yr]! else

Make redy for to cast hyr owt.

REX
 Nay, for Goddys sake, do natt so!
 And ye wyll hyr into the se cast, if
 Gyntyll serys, for my love, do –
 Yendyr is a roch in the west – yonder rock
 1785 As ley hyr theron all above, lay
 And my chyld hyr by. by her
 NAVTA
 As therto I asent well.
 And she were owt of the wessell, if vessel
 All we xuld stond the more in hele, health
 1790 I sey yow, werely! truly

Tunc remiga[n]t ad montem et dicit rex:

REX
 Ly here, wyff, and chyld the by. by thee
 Blyssyd Mavdleyne be hyr rede! adviser
 Wyth terys wepyng, and grett cavse why,
 I kysse yow both in this sted. place
 1795 Now woll I pray to Mary myld
 To be ther gyde here.

Tunc remiga[n]t a monte, et navta dicit:

NAVTA	
Pay now, syr, and goo to lond,	
For here is the portt Yaf, I ondyrstonnd;	Jaffa
Ley down my pay in my hond,	
1800 And belyve go me fro!	quickly
REX	
I gravnt the, syr, so God me save!	thee
Lo, here is all thi connownt,	agreed sum
All redy thou xall it have,	
And a marke more than thi gravnt!	due
1805 And thou, page, for thi good obedyentt,	obedience
I gyff yow, besyde yower styntt,	covenant
Eche of yow a marke for yower wage!	
NAWTA	
Now he that mad bothe day and nyth,	night
Me sped yow in yower ryth,	prosper right
1810 Well to go on yower passage!	
[Jerusalem. The ship stays at the 'coast'.]	
PETYR	
Now all creaturs vpon mold,	earth
That byn of Crystys creacyon,	
To worchep Jhesu they are behold,	beholden
Nore nevyr agens hym to make waryacyon.	against be inconstant
REX	
1815 Syr, feythfully I beseche yow this daye:	
Wher Petyr the apostull is, wete wold I!	know
PETYR	
Itt is I, syr, wythowt delay!	
Of yower askyng, tell me qwy.	
REX	
Syr, the soth I xall yow seyn,	
And tell yow myn intentt wythin a whyle.	
1821 Ther is a woman, hyth Mary Mavdleyne,	called
That hether hath laberyd me owt of Marcyll –	brought
Onto the wyche woman I thynk no gyle –	guile
And this pylgramage cavsyd me to take.	
1825 I woll tell yow more of the styлле,	story
For to crestyn me from wo and wrake.	christen
PETYR	
O, blyssyd be the tyme that ye are falle to grace,	
And ye wyll kepe yower beleve aftyr my techeyng,	if belief according to
And alle-only forsake the fynd Saternas,	completely fiend
1830 The commavndme[n]ttys of God to have in kepyng!	
REX	
Forsoth, I beleve in the Father, that is of all wyldyng,	ruler of all
And in the Son, Jhesu Cryst,	
Also in the Holy Gost, hys grace to vs spredyng!	
I beleve in Crystys deth, and hys vprysyng!	

- PETYR
1835 Syr, than whatt axke ye?
REX
Holy father, baptyr, for charyte,
Me to save in eche degre in all points
From the fyndys bond! fiend's bondage
PETYR
In the name of the Trenite,
1840 Wyth this watyr I baptyssse the,
That thou mayst strong be,
Agen the fynd to stond. against
- Tunc aspargit illum cum aqua.*
- REX
A, holy fathyr, how my hart wyll be sor
Of cummav[n]ddementt, and ye declare nat the sentens! if meaning of commandments
PETYR
1845 Syr, dayly ye xall lobar more and more,
Tyll that ye have very experyens. tangible proof
Wyth me xall ye wall to have more eloquens, go on a pilgrimage
And goo vesyte the stacyons, by and by; holy places one by one
To Nazareth and Bedlem, goo wyth delygens, Bethlehem
1850 And be yower own inspeccyon, yower feyth to edyfy. by
- REX
Now, holy father, derevorthy and dere, precious
Myn intent now know ye.
Itt is gon full to yere two years
That I cam to yow owere the se, over the sea
1855 Crystys servont, and yower to be,
And the lave of hym evyr to fulfyll. law
Now woll I hom into my contre.
Yower pvere blyssynd gravnt vs tylle – pure blessing
That, feythfully, I crave!
PETRUS
1860 Now in the name of Jhesu,
Cum Patre et Sancto Speritu,
He kepe the and save! thee
- Et tunc rex transit ad navem, et dicit rex:*
- [REX]
Hold ner, shepman, hold, hold! come near shipman
BOY
Syr, yendyr is on callyd aftyr cold! yonder one (who) called sorrowfully
NAVTA
1865 A, syr! I ken yow of old! know
Be my trowth, ye be welcum to me!
- REX
Now, gentyll marranere, I the pray, thee
Whatsoewer that I pay,
In all the hast that ye may,
1870 Help me owyr the se! over the sea

NAVTA	
In good soth we byn atenddawntt!	truth be on duty
Gladly ye xall have yower gravnt,	request
Wythowtyn ony connownt.	agreed sum
Comme in, in Goddys name!	
1875 Grobbe, boy! the wynd is nor-west!	north-west
Fast abowth the seyle cast!	turn the sail about
Rere vp the seyll in all the hast,	rear up haste
As well as thou can!	
<i>Et tunc navis venit adcirca placeam. Rex dicit:</i>	
round about the <i>platea</i>	
REX	
Mastyr of the shyp, cast forth yower yee!	eye
1880 Me thynkyt the rokke I gyn to aspye!	begin
Gentyll mastyr thether vs gye –	guide
I xall qwyt yower mede.	pay reward
NAVTA	
I[n] feyth, it is the same ston	
That yower wyff lyeth vpon!	
1885 Ye xall be ther even anon,	
Werely, indede!	truly
REX	
O thou myty Lord of heven region,	mighty
Yendyr is my babe of myn own nature,	yonder blood
Preservyd and keptt from all corrupcyon!	
1890 Blyssyd be that Lord that the dothe socure,	thee
And my wyff lyeth here, fayer and puer!	fair and pure
Fayere and clere is hur colour to se!	
A, good Lord, yower grace wyth vs indure,	
My wvys lyfe for to illumyn.	
1895 A, blyssyd be that puer vergyn!	
From grevos slepe she gynnyt revyve!	beginneth
A, the sonne of grace on vs doth shynne!	
Now blyssyd be God, I se my wyff alyve!	
REGINA	
O virgo salutata, for ower savacyon!	
1900 O pulcra et casta, cum of nobyll alyavns!	from family
O almyty Maydyn, ower sowlys confortacyon!	
O demvr Mavdlyn, my bodyys sustynavns!	
Thou hast wr[a]ppyd vs in wele from all waryawns,	well-being mutability
And led me wyth my lord i[n]to the Holy Lond!	
1905 I am baptyssyd, as ye are, be Maryvs gyddavns,	
Of Sent Petyrys holy hand.	
I sye the blyssyd crosse that Cryst shed on hys precyvs blod;	
Hys blyssyd sepulcur also se I.	saw cross on which
Whe[r]for, good hosbond, be mery in mode,	saw
1910 For I have gon the stacyounys, by and by!	mood
REX	stations (of the Cross) one by one
I thanke it Jhesu, wyth hart on hye!	(for) it
Now have I my wyf and my chyld both!	

Welcum hom to your own erytage wythowt othe,	by natural right
1950 And to alle yower pepyll present in syth!	sight
Now ar ye becum Goddys own knyght,	knight
For sowle helth salve ded ye seche,	soul's health salvation did seek
In hom the Holy Gost hath take resedens,	taken
And drevyn asyde all the deseptyon of wrech.	harm
1955 And now have ye a knowle[ge] of the sentens,	meaning
How ye xall com onto grace!	
But now in yower godys agen I do yow sese.	goods endow
I trost I have governyd them to yower hertys ese.	
Now woll I labor forth, God to plese,	
1960 More gostly strenkth me to purchase!	spiritual strength
REX	
O blyssyd Mary, to comprehend	accomplish
Ower swete sokor, on vs have pete!	succour pity
REGINA	
To departe from vs, why shovld ye pretende?	venture
O blyssyd lady, putt vs nat to that poverte!	
MARY	
1965 Of yow and yowers I wyll have rememberavns,	
And dayly [y]ower bede woman for to be,	prayer (=woman who prays for someone)
That alle wyckydnese from yow may have deleverans,	
In quiet and rest that leve may ye!	live
REX	
Now thanne, yower puere blyssyng gravnt vs tulle.	to us
MARI	
1970 The blyssyn of God mott yow fulfyll.	may
Ille vos benedicatt, qui sene fine vivit et regnat!	sine
<i>Her goth Mary into the wyldyrnesse, thus seyyng Rex:</i>	wilderness
REX	
A! We may syyn and wepyn also,	sigh
That we have forgon this lady fre –	lost noble
It brynggytt my hart in care and woo –	
1975 The which ower gydde and governor shovld a be!	have been
REGINA	
That doth perswade all my ble,	change countenance
That swete sypresse, that she wold so.	galingale
In me restytt neyther game nor gle	joy delight
That she wold from owere presens goo.	
REX	
1980 Now of hyr goyng I am nothyng glad!	
But my londdys to gyddyn I mvst aplye,	rule
Lyke as Sancte Peter me badde,	
Chyrchys in cetyys I woll edyfye;	cities
And whoso agens ower feyth woll replye,	against dcomplain
1985 I woll ponysch [s]wych personnys wyth perplyxcyon!	distress
Mahond and hys lawys I defye!	Mohammed
A, hys pryde owt of my love xall have polucyon,	defilement
And holle onto Jhesu I me betake!	wholly entrust myself

Mari in herimo.

[MARI]

In this deserte abydyn wyll wee,
 1990 My sowle from synne for to save;
 I wyll evyr abyte me wyth humelyte, clothe
 And put me in pacyens, my Lord for to love.
 In charyte my werkys I woll grave, engrave
 And in abstynens, all dayys of my lyfe.
 1995 Thus my concyens of me doth crave;
 Than why shold I wyth my consyens st[r]yffe?
 And ferdarmore, I wyll leven in charyte, furthermore
 At the reverens of Ower Blyssyd Lady,
 In goodnesse to be lyberall, my sowle to edyfy.
 2000 Of wordly fodys I wyll leve all refeccyon; worldly cease
 Be the fode that commyt from heven on hye, by
 Thatt God wyll me send, be contemplatyff.

[Heaven Stage]

JHESUS

O, the swettnesse of prayors sent onto me
 Fro my wel-belovyd frynd wythowt waryovns! inconstancy
 2005 Wyth gostly fode relevyd xall she be.
 Angellys! Into the clowdys ye do hyr havns, raise up
 ther fede wyth manna to hyr systynovns.
 Wyth joy of angyllys, this lett hur receyve.
 Byd hur injoye wyth all hur afyawns, faith
 2010 For fynddys frawd xall hur non deseyve. fiend's fraud

PRIMUS ANGELUS

O thou redulent rose, that of a vergyn sprong! from a virgin sprang
 O thou precyus palme of wytory! victory
 O thou osanna, angellys song!
 O precyus gemme, born of Ower Lady! from
 2015 Lord, thi commav[n]ddement we obbey lowly! humbly
 To thi servant that thou hast gravntyd blysse,
 We angellys all obeyyn devowtly.
 We woll desend to yen wyldyrnesse. descend yon

*Here xall to angyllys desend into wyldyrnesse, and other to two
 xall bryng an oble, opynly aperyng aloft in the clowddys; the wafer appearing
 to benethyn xall bryng Mari, and she xall receyve the bred, two
 and than go agen into wyldyrnesse.*

SECUNDUS ANGELUS

Mari, God gretyt the wyth heavenly influens! greeted thee
 2020 He hath sent the grace wyth heavenly synys. thee signs
 Thou xall byn onoryd wyth joye and reverens,
 Inhansyd in heven above wergynnys! raised virgins
 Thou hast byggyd the here among spynys – settled thyself thorns
 God woll send the fode be revelacyon. thee by
 2025 Thou xall be receyvyd into the clowddys,
 Gostly fode to reseyyve to thi savacyon.

MARI

Fiat voluntas tua in heven and erth!
 Now am I full of joye and blysse!
 Lavd and preyse to that blyssyd byrth!

2030 I am redy, as hys blyssyd wyll isse. is

Her xall she be halsyd wyth angellys wyth reverent song. greeted by
Asumpta est Maria in nubibus. Celi gavdent, angeli lavdantes
felium Dei, et dicit Mari: filium

[MARI]

O thou Lord of lorddys, of hye domenacyon!
 In hewen and erth worsheppyd be thi name.
 How thou devydyst me from hovngure and wexacyon!
 O gloryus Lord, in the is no fravddys nor no defame!
 2035 But I kuld serve my Lord, I were to blame,
 Wych fullfyllt me wyth so gret felicete,
 Wyth melody of angyllys shewit me gle and game,
 And have fed me wyth fode of most delycyte!

hunger vexation
 villainy
 unless
 fills
 delight joy

*Her xall speke an holy prest in the same wyldyrnesse, thus
 seyyng the prest:*

[PREST]

O Lord of lorddys! What may this be?

2040 So gret mesteryys shewyd from heven, mysteries
 Wyth grett myrth and melody
 Wyth angyllys brygth as the lewyn!
 Lord Jhesu, for thi namys sewynne, bright lightning
 As gravnt me grace that person to se! seven

*Her he xal go in the wyldyrnesse and spye Mari in hyr
 devocyon, thus seyyng the prest:*

[PREST]

2045 Heyl, creature, Crystys delececon!
 Heyl, swetter than sugur or cypresse! galingale
 Mary is thi name be angyllys relacyon; by account
 Grett art thou wyth God for thi perfythnesse! perfection
 The joye of Jherusallem shewyd the expresse, plainly
 2050 The wych I nevyr save this thirty wyntyre and more! saw
 Wherfor I know well thou art of gret perfy[t]nesse,
 I woll pray yow hartely to she[w] me of yower Lord!

MARI

Be the grace of my Lord Jhesus
 This thirty wyntyre this hath byn my selle,

2055 And thryys on the day enhansyd thus thrice raised up
 Wyth more joy than any tong can telle
 Nevyr creature cam ther I dwelle, where
 Tyme nor tyde, day nore nyth, night
 That I can wyth spece telle, speech

2060 But alonly wyth Goddys angyllys brygth.
 But thou art wolcum onto my syth, sight
 Yf thou be of good conversacyon.
 As I thynk in my delyth, delight

Thow sholddyst be a man of devocyon.

PREST

2065	In Crystys lav I am sacryed a pryst, Mynstryyd be angelys at my masse. I sakor the body of ower Lord Jhesu Cryst, And be that holy manna I leve in sowthfastnesse.	law consecrated assisted by consecrate by live truthfulness
------	---	--

MARI

2070	Now I rejoyse of yower goodnesse, But tyme is comme that I xall asende.	ascend
------	--	--------

PRYST

2075	I recummend me wyth all vmbylnesse; Onto my sell I woll pretend.	humbleness cell intend (to go)
------	---	-----------------------------------

Her xall the prest go to hys selle, thus seyng Jhesus:

[Heaven Stage]

JHESUS

2075	Now xall Mary have possessyon, Be ryth enirytauns a crown to bere. She xall be fett to evyrlastyng savacyon, In joye to dwell wythowtyn fere. Now, angelys, lythly that ye were ther! Onto the prystys sell apere this tyde. My body in forme of bred that he bere, Hur for to hossell, byd hym provyde.	by right inheritance fetched quickly her house
------	---	---

PRIMUS ANGELUS

O blyssyd Lord, we be redy,
Yower massage to do wythowtyn treson!

SECUNDUS ANGELUS

2080	To hyr I wyll goo and make reportur, How she xall com to yower habytacyon.	report
------	---	--------

*Here xall to angellys go to Mary and to the prest, thus seyng
the angellys to the prest:*

ANGELLYS

2085	Syr pryst, God cummav[n]dytt from heven region Ye xall go hosyll hys servont expresse, And we wyth yow xall take mynystracyon To bere lyth before hys body of worthynesse.	house
------	---	-------

PRYST

2090	Angyllys, wyth all vmbyllnesse, In a westment I wyll me aray, To mynystyr my Lord of gret hynesse; Straytt therto I take the way!	humbleness administer
------	--	--------------------------

In herimo.

SECUNDUS ANGELUS

2095	Mary, be glad, and in hart strong To reseve the palme of grett wytory! This day ye xall be resevyd wyth angellys song! Yower sowle xall departe from yower body.	victory
------	---	---------

MARI

A, good Lord, I thank the wythowt weryawns! thee wavering
 This day I am grovndyd all in goodnesse,
 Wyth hart and body conclvdyd in substawns. brought to an end
 2100 I thanke the, Lord, wyth speryt of perfythnesse! thee

Hic aparuit angelus et presbiter cum corpus domenicum.

PRESBI[TYR

Thou blyssyd woman, invre in mekenesse, practised
 I have browth the the bred of lyf to thi syth, brought thee sight
 To make the suere from all dystresse,
 thi sowle to bryng to euyrlastyng lyth. light

MARI

2105 O thou mythty Lord of hye mageste,
 This celestyall bred for to determyne,
 Thys tyme to reseyyve it in me,
 My sowle therwyth to illumyn.

Her she reseyyvt it.

I thank the, Lord of ardent love!
 2110 Now I know well I xall nat opprese. be overwhelmed
 Lord, lett me se thi ioys above!
 I recumend my sowle onto thi blysse!
 Lord, opyn thi blyssyd gatys!
 Thys erth at thys tyme fervently I kysse!
 2115 In manus tuas, Domine!
 Lord, wyth thi grace me wysse! guide me
 Commendo spiritum meum! Redemisti me,
 Domine Deus veritatis!

PRIMUS ANGELUS

Now reseyyve we this sowle, as reson is,
 2120 In heven to dwelle vs among.

SECUNDUS ANGELUS

Wythowtyn end to be in blysse!
 Now lett vs syng a mery song!

Gavdent in celis.

PRYST

O good God, grett is thi grace!
 O Jhesu, Jhesu! Blessyd be thi name!
 2125 A, Mary, Mary! Mych is thi solas,
 In heven blysse wyth gle and game! joy delight
 Thi body wyl I cure from alle manyr blame,
 And I wyll passe to the bosshop of the sete city
 Thys body of Mary to berye be name, bury by
 2130 Wyth alle reverens and solemnyte.

Sufferens of this processe, thus enddyt the sentens sirs play
 That we have playyd in yower syth. sight
 Allemythty God, most of magnyfycens,

Mote bryng yow to hys blysse so brygth, 2135 In presens of that Kyng!	may
Now, frendys, thus endyt thys matere – To blysse bryng tho that byn here!	those
Now, clerkys, wyth woycys cler, 'Te Deum laudamus' lett vs syng!	
<i>Explicite oreginale de Sancta Maria Magdalena.</i>	
2140 Yff ony thyng amysse be, Blame connyng, and nat me! I desyer the redars to be my frynd, Yff ther be ony amysse, that to amend.	(lack of) skill readers (=patrons)