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

Medieval English Drama
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.
10 Felows, here I you forbade teeth bleed
11 To make nother nose ne cry; neither noise nor
12 Whoso is so hardy to do that dede, devil
13 The dwill hang hym vp to dry!
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 plogh 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
39 What, boy, shal I both hold and drife?
40 Heris thou not how I cry? hear
41 Say, Mall and Stott, will ye not go?
The Killing of Abel

42 Lemyng, Morell, Whitehorne, io!
43 Now will ye not se how thay hy?
   CAIN
44 Gog gif the sorow, boy!
45 Want of mete it gars.
   GARCI0
46 Thare prouand, syr, forthi,
47 I lay behynd thare ars,
48 And tyes them fast bi the nekys,
49 With many stanys in thare hekys.
   CAIN
50 That shall bi thi fals chekys.
   GARCI0
51 And haue agane as right.
   CAIN
52 I am thi master, wilt thou fight?
   GARCI0
53 Yai, with the same mesure and weght
54 That I boro will I qwite.
   CAIN
55 We! now, nothyng, bot call on tyte,
56 That we had ployde this land.
   GARCI0
57 Harrer, Morell! io furth, hyte!
58 And let the plogh stand.

ABEL
59 God, as he both may and can,
60 Spede the, brother, & thi man.
   CAIN
61 Com kis myne ars, me list not ban;
62 As welcom standys theroute.
63 Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald;
64 Com nar, & other drife or hald –
65 And kys the dwillis toute!
66 Go grese thi shepe vnder the toute,
67 For that is the moste lefe.
   ABEL
68 Broder, ther is none hereaboute
69 That wold the any grefe.
70 Bot, leif brother, here my sawe:
71 It is the custom of oure law,
72 All that wyrk as the wise
73 Shall worship God with sacrifice.
74 Oure fader vs bad, oure fader vs kend,
75 That oure tend shuld be brend.
76 Com furth, brother, and let vs gang
77 To worship God; we dwell full lang.
78 Gif we hym parte of oure fee,
79 Corne or catall wheder it be.
80 And therfor, brother, let vs weynd,
81 And first clens vs from the feynd
82 Or we make sacrifice;

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83 Then blis withouthen end
84 Get we for oure seruyce

85 Of hym that is oure sauils leche.
86 How! let furth youre geyse, the fox will preche.
87 How long wilt thou me appech
88 With thi seremonyng?
89 Hold thi tong, yit I say,
90 Euen ther the good wife strokid the hay;
91 Or sit downe in the dwill way
92 With thi vayn carpyng.

93 Shuld I leife my plogh & all thyng,
94 And go with the to make offeryng?
95 Nay, thou fyndys me not so mad!
96 Go to the dwill, and say I bade!
97 What gifys God the to rose hym so?
98 Me gifys he noght bot soro and wo.

ABEL
99 Caym, leife this vayn carpyng,
100 For God gifys the all thi lifying.

CAIN
101 Yit boroed I neuer a farthyng
102 Of hym – here my hand.
103 Brother, as elders haue vs kend,
104 First shuld we tend with our ehend,
105 And to his lofyng sithen be brend.

ABEL
106 My farthyng is in the preest hand
107 Syn last tyme I offyrd.

CAIN
108 Leif brother, let vs be walkand;
109 I wold oure tend were profyrd.

CAIN
110 We! wherof shuld I tend, leif brother?
111 For I am ich yere wars then othere –
112 Here my trouth it is none othere.
113 My wynnyngys ar bot meyn:
114 No wonder if that I be leyn.
115 Full long till hym I may me meyn,
116 For bi hym that me dere boght,
117 I traw that he will leyn me noght.

ABEL
118 Yis, all the good thou has in wone
119 Of Godys grace is bot a lone.

CAIN
120 Lenys he me? As come thrift apon the so!
121 For he has euer yit beyn my fo;
122 For had he my freynd beyn,
123 Othergatys it had beyn seyn.
124 When I should saw, and wantyd seyde,
125 Then was myne not worth a neld.

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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, torn
143 Then myght I go with a ryffen hood, what
144 And it is better hold that I haue than beg
ABEL
145 Then go from doore to doore & craue.
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 shoyn & 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? be together
CAIN
160 No, bot cry on, cry, whyls the thynk good! thee seems
161 Here my trouth, 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; go prosper
167 Now weynd before – ill myght thou sped! – since in any case
168 Syn that we shall aigitys go.
ABEL
169 Leif brother, whi sais thou so?
170 Bot go we furth both togered; fair weather
CAIN
171 Blissid be God we haue fare weder. bundle
ABEL
172 Lay downe thi trussell apon this hill.
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,  tenth
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 In worship of hym that all has wroght.  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 thiew to kun me;  thanks or courtesy show
188 For, as browke I this two shankys,  use legs
189 It is full sore, myne vnthankys,  sorely against my will
190 The teynd that I here gif to the third
191 Of corn or thyng that newys me;  grows for
192 Bot now begyn will I then,  tenth
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:  three
197 Yei, this also shall leif with me,  remain
198 For I will chose and best haue – twelve
199 This hold I thrift – of all this thrafe.  measure
200 Wemo, wemo! foure, lo, here!  four
201 Better groved me no this yere.  grew no better year
202 At yere tyme I sew fayre corn,  proper season sowed
203 Yt 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 makys 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;  seven
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;  hood
218 Bot I thynk not, bi my hode,
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 goye agans myn hart full sore.  goes heart sorely
The Killing of Abel

ABEL
224 Cam! teyn right of all bedeyn. 
tithe all together

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 thynek. 
do it seems to me

ABEL
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, 
ilies
242 Haue cost me full dere; 
before reaped stacked
243 Or it was shorne, and broght in stak, before
244 Had I many a wery bak. 

ABEL
245 Therfor aske me no more of this, 
what
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; 

ABEL
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? 
neither
254 Na, nawder of thise ii wil I leife. 
soul must
255 Bot take this. Now has he two, 

ABEL
256 And for my saull now mot it go; 

ABEL
257 Bot it gos sore agans my will, 

ABEL
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 avisid, gif hym no mo. 
determined
265 Bot chaunge thi conscience, as I do myn –
266 Yit teynd thou not thi mesel swynce?  measly

ABEL

267 If thou teynd right thou mon it fynde.  shall

CAIN

268 Ye! kys the dwills ars behynde;  devil’s arse
269 The dwill hang the bi the nek!  never mind
270 How that I teynd, neuer thou rek.  be quiet
271 Will thou not yit hold thi peasse?  tithe
272 Of this tanglelyng I reyde thou seasse;  chattering advise cease
273 And teynd I well or tend I ill,  keep calm reasonably
274 Bere the euen & speke bot skill.  since tithed
275 Bot now, syn thou has teyndid thyne.  fire
276 Now will I set fyr on myne.  blow
277 We! out! haro! help to blaw!  burn think
278 It will not bren for me, I traw.  think
279 Puf! this smoke dos me mych shame –  burn devil’s
280 Now bren, in the dwillys name!  burn devil’s
281 A! what dwill of hell is it?  been stopped
282 Almost had myne breth beyn dit;  there
283 Had I blawen oone blast more  so that
284 I had beyn choked right thore.  been stopped
285 It stank like the dwill in hell,  there
286 That longer ther myght I not dwell.  been stopped

ABEL

287 Cam, this is not worth oone leke;  leek
288 Thy tend shuld bren withouten smekke.  tenth burn smoke

CAIN

289 Com kys the dwill right in the ars!  tenth burn smoke
290 For the it brens bot the wars.  burns worse
291 I wold that it were in thi throte,  sheaf every sprout
292 Fyr, & shefe, and ich a sprote.  sheaf every sprout

DEUS

293 Cam, whi art thou so rebell  thou needst neither quarrel
294 Agans thi brother Abell?  tithe reward

ABEL

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!  go
303 Com furth, Abell, & let vs weynd.  it seems to me
304 Me thynk that God is not my freynd;  flee
305 On land then will I flyt.

ABEL

306 A, Caym, brother, that is ill done.  hence soon

CAIN

307 No, bot go we hens sone;  hence soon
308 And if I may, I shall be  where
309 Ther as God shall not me see.
The Killing of Abel

ABEL
310 Dere brother, I will fayre   go
311 On feld ther oure bestys ar, where beasts
312 To looke if thay be holgh or full. hollow (=hungry)

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

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

CAIN
319 We! theyf, whi brend thi tend so shyre, rascal burned tenth brightly
320 Ther myne did bot smoked, whereas did but smoke
321 Right as it wold vs both haue choked? repay

ABEL
322 Godys will I trow it were think
323 That myn brended so clere; burned
324 If thyne smoked am I to wite? blame

CAIN
325 We! yei! that shal thou sore abite. pay sorely for
326 With cheke-bon, or that I blyn, before I cease
327 Shal I the & thi life twyn. sever
328 So, lig down ther and take thi rest; lie
329 Thus shall shrewes be chastysed best. 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, worse than
334 I shal it amend wars then it is, worse than
335 That all men may it se:
336 Well wars then it is,
337 Right so shall it be.
338 Bot now, syn he is broght on slepe, since
339 Into som hole fayn wold I crepe.
340 For ferd I qwake and can no rede, fear know no advice
341 For be I taken, I be bot dede. if I am taken am as good as dead
342 Here will I lig thise fourty dayes, lie
343 And I shrew hym that me fyrst rayse. curse rouses

DEUS
Caym, Caym!

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

DEUS
346 Caym, where is thi brother Abell?

CAIN
347 What askis thou me? I trow at hell, think
348 At hell I trow he be –
349 Whoso were ther then myght he se – whoever is there
350 Or somwhere fallen on slepyng.
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 brought thi brother downe,
357 Here I gif the my malison. curse

CAIN
358 Ye, 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 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 hardly, 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 hardly, 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 ynder thi hode, curse head hood
391 If thou were my syre of flesh & blode! even if father
392 All the day to ryn and trott, run trot
393 And euer amang thou strykeand; continually thou art striking
394 Thus am I comen bofettys to foett.
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.   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   if the bailiffs
407 And the bayles vs take.

CAIN
408 A, syr, I cry you mercy! Seasse,   pardon
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?   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.   raves

CAIN
427 For thay ar trew, full manyfold.   honest completely

GARCIO
428 My master suppys 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 hoyse and thou go thus aboute! may it be long before if

Garcio
440 Byd euery man theym pleassee to pay. be pleased

Cain
441 Yey, gif Don, thyne hors, a wisp of hay!

Garcio
442 We! com downe in twenty dwill way! devil’s name

Cain
443 The dwill I the betake; I commend thee to

Garcio
444 For bot it were Abell, my brothere, unless

Cain
445 Yit knew I neuer thi make. equal

Garcio
446 Now old and yong, or that ye weynd, before we go

Cain
447 The same blissyng withouten end, all together

Garcio
448 All sam then shall ye haue, given

Cain
449 That God of heuen my master has giffen. use live

Garcio
450 Browke it well, whils that ye liffen; may he grant it

Cain
451 He vowche it full well safe.

Garcio
452 Com downe yit in the dwillys way, devil’s name

Cain
453 And angre me no more! anger

Garcio
454 And take yond plogh, I say, plough

Cain
455 And weynd the furth fast before; go

Garcio
456 And I shall, if I may,

Cain
457 Tech the another lore. teach lesson

Garcio
458 I warn the, lad, for ay, God’s sides

Cain
459 Fro now furth, euermore,

Garcio
460 That thou greue me noghth;

Cain
461 For, bi Codys sydys, if thou do, plough

Garcio
462 I shall hang the apon this plo redeemed

Cain
463 With this rope, lo, lad, lo,

Garcio
464 By hym that me dere boght!

Cain
465 Now fayre well, felows all,
466 For I must nedys weynd, 
467 And to the dwill be thrall, 
468 Warld withouten end; 
469 Ordand ther is my stall, 
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, 
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 withouten 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 merveles 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 proudly he flyt his des, moved dais (=seat)
26 And set hym euen hym by. seated himself by him (=God)
27 He thoght 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 gracious 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 sitten 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
time
58 Was put out in that tyde,
woe and misery
59 In wo & wandreth for to be,
very severe
60 In paynes full vnrid
61 To knowe:
than
62 Fyrst in erth, in sythen in hell
fiends
63 With feyndys for to dwell,
trust
64 Bot he his mercy mell
65 To those that will hym trawe.

66 Oyle of mercy he hus hight, oil promised us
67 As I haue hard red, heard tell
68 To every lifyng wight living being
69 That wold luf hym and dred; would love dread
70 Bot now before his sight
71 Euyry lifyng 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,
covetousness
76 Som in Couetous & glotyny,
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.
six years odd
83 Sex hundreth yeris & od undenially
84 Haue I, without distance,
like a clod
85 In erth, as any sod,
lived
86 Liffydy with grete grevance
87 Allway;
grow
88 And now I wax old,
sick
89 Seke, sory, and cold,
dung upon earth
90 As muk apon mold
91 I widder away.
wither

92 Bot yit will I cry
93 For mercy and call:
94 ‘Noe, thi servuant, am I, children
95 Lord ouer all!’
96 Therfor me, and my fry
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 warld within.
world
Comly kyng of mankind, I pray thee, here my stevyn! 

DEUS

Syn I haue maide all thyng since made 
That is liffand, living 
Duke, emperour, and Kyng, 
With myne awne hand, own 
For to haue thare likyng their pleasure 
Bi see & bi sand, by sea 
Euary man to my bydyng bidding 
Shuld be bowand obedient 
Full feruent, 
That maide man sich a creatoure, (to me) that made 
Ffarest of favoure; fairest aspect 
Man must luf me paramoure, love with devotion 
By reson, and repent. 

Me thought I shewed man luf it seems to me love 
When I made hym to be 
All angels abuf above 
Like to the Trynyte; 
And now in grete reprufe disgrace 
Full low ligys he, lies 
In erth hymself to stuf gorge 
With syn that displeasse me 
Most of all. 

Venance will I take because of sin 
In erth for syn sake; anger 
My grame thus will I wake 
Both of grete and small. concerning everyone 

I repente full sore very sorely 
That euer maide I man; 
Bi me he settys no store, has no consideration for me 
And I am his soferan. soverain 
I will distroy therfor 
Both beest, man, and woman: 
All shall perish les and more. big and small 
That bargan may thay ban, bargain curse 
That ill has done. (they) who have 
In erth I se right noght nothing at all 
Bot syn that is vnsoght; unatoned for 
Of those that well has wroght have 

I will fordo destroy 
All this medill-erd middle-earth (=world) 
With floodys that shall flo floods flow 
& ryn with hidous rerd. run roar 
I haue good cause therto; 
For me no man is ferd. of me afraid 
As I say shal I do – 
Of veniance draw my swerd sword 
And make end 
Of all that beris life, bears
154 Sayf Noe and his wife, except Noah
155 For thay wold neuer stryfe nor me
156 With me then me offend.
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 (to them) that
169 That will not repent.

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 Frendship 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 thrirte, 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; skill
198 On the syde a doore with slyght, make
199 Beneyth shal thou take. kind of injury
200 With the shal no man fyght, done
201 Nor do the no kyn wrake. mate
202 When all is doyne thus right
203 Thi wife, that is thi make,
204 Take in to the;
205 Thi sonnes of good fame,
206  Sem, Iaphet, and Came,  
207  Take in also hame,  
208  Thare wifys also thre.  
209  For all shal be fordone  
210  That life in land, bot ye,  
211  With floodys that from abone  
212  Shal fall, & that plente.  
213  It shall befgyn full sone  
214  To rayn vncessantle,  
215  After dayes seuen be done  
216  And induyr dayes fourty,  
217  Withouten 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,  
222  For thay may the avayll  
223  When al this thyng is wroght.  
224  Stuf thi ship with vitayll,  
225  For hungre that ye perish noght.  
226  Of beestys, foull, and catayll –  
227  For thaym haue thou in thoght –  
228  That som socour be soght  
229  In hast;  
230  That som socour be soght  
231  Thay must haue corn and hay  
232  And oder mete alway.  
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?  
238  Thou art full mervelus!  
239  Tell me, for charite,  
240  Thi name so gracius.  

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 Trynty,  
246  Made the and ich man to be;  
247  To luf me well thou awe.  

NOAH  
248  I thank the, Lord so dere,  
249  That wold vowchsayf  
250  Thus low to appere  
251  To a symple knafe.  
252  Blis vs, Lord, here  
253  For charite I hit crafe;  
254  The better may we stere
255  The ship that we shall have,  have
256  Certayn.
DEUS
257  Noe, to the and to thi children
258  My blyssyng graunt I;
259  Ye shall wax and multiply
260  And fill the erth agane,  again

261  When all thise 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

Tunc perget ad uxorem.

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,  loosened bands (=freed from confinement at childbirth)
303 That lowsyd me of my bandys!  is vexed wait
304 If he teyn, I must tary,  semblance
305 Howsoeuer it standys,       wringing
306 With seymland full sory,  scheming guile
307 Wryngand both my handys
308 For drede.
309 Bot yit otherwhile,  pay him his reward
310 I shall smyte and smyle,
311 And qwite hym his mede.
312 NOAH
313 WE! hold, thi tong, ram-skyt,  ram shit
314 Or I shall the still. thee silence
315 UXOR
316 By my thryft, if thou smyte,    prosperity
317 I shall turne the vntill. on thee
318 NOAH
319 We shall assay as tyte.    try at once
320 Haue at the, Gill!
321 Apon the bone shal it byte.
322 UXOR
323 A, so! Mary, thou smytys ill!
324 Bot I suppose
325 I shal not in thi det  debt
326 Take the ther a langett  thong (=kick)
327 To tye vp thi hose!
328 NOAH
329 A! wilt thou so?  mine (=blow)
330 Mary, that is myne!
331 UXOR
332 Thou shal thre for two,  shall have
333 I swere bi Godys pyne!  swear God’s pain
334 NOAH
335 And I shall qwyte the tho,  repay thee those
336 In fayth, or syne.    before long
337 UXOR
338 Out apon the, ho!  fie!
339 NOAH
340 Thou can both byte and whyne
341 With a rerd!  roar
342 For all if she stryke,  for all her striking
343 Yit fast will she skryke;  shriek
344 In fayth, I hold, none slyke  like (her)
345 In all medill-erd.  middle-earth
346 NOAH
347 Bot I will kepe charyte
348 For I haue at do.  things to do
349 UXOR
350 Here shal no man tary the;
351 I pray the go to!
343 Full well may we mys the,
344 As euer haue I ro.
345 To spyn will I dres me.
346 We! farewell, lo;
347 Bot, wife,
348 Pray for me besele,
349 To eft I com vnto the.
350 Euen as thou prays for me,
351 As euer myght I thrife.
352 I tary full lang
353 Fro my warke, I traw;
354 Now my gere will I fang,
355 And thederward draw;
356 I may full ill gang,
357 The soth for to knaw;
358 Bot if God help amang,
359 I may sit downe daw
360 To ken.
361 Now assay will I
362 How I can of wrightry,
363 In nomine patris, & filii,
364 Et spiritus sancti. Amen.
365 To begyn of this tree
366 My bonys will I bend;
367 I traw from the Trynyte
368 Socoure will be send.
369 It fayres full fayre, thynk me,
370 This wark to my hend;
371 Now blissid be he
372 That this can amend.
373 Lo, here the leght,
374 Thre hundreth cubettys euenly;
375 Of breed, lo, is it fyfty;
376 The heght is euen thyrtty
377 Cubettys full stre[n]ght.
378 Now my gowne will I cast,
379 And wyrk in my cote;
380 Make will I the mast
381 Or I flyt oone foot
382 A! my bak, I traw, will brast!
383 This is a sory note!
384 Hit is wonder that I last
385 Sich an old dote,
386 All dold,
387 To begyn sich a wark!
388 My bonys ar so stark:
389 No wonder if thy wark,
390 For I am full old.
391 The top and the sayll

gb 2005
Both will I make,  
The helme and the castell  
Also will I take;  
To drife ich a nayll  
Will I not forsake.  
This gere may neuer fayll,  
That dar I vndertake  
Onone.  
This is a nobull gyn:  
Thise nayles so thay ryn  
Thoro, more and myn,  
Thise bordys ichon.

Wyndow and doore,  
Euen as he saide,  
Thre ches chambr,  
Thay are well maide;  
Pyk & tar full sure  
Therapon laide.  
This will euer endure,  
Therof am I paide,  
Forwhy  
It is better wroght  
Then I coude haif thoght.  
Hym that maide all of noght  
I thank oonly.  
Now will I hy me,  
And no thyng be leder,  
My wife and my meneye  
To bryng euen heder.  
Tent hedir tydely,  
Wife, and consider:  
Hens must vs fle,  
All sam togeder,  
In hast.

UXOR

Whi, syr, what alis you?  
Who is that asalis you?  
To fle it avalis you  
And ye be agast.  

NOAH

Ther is garn on the reyll  
Other, my dame.

UXOR

Tell me that ich a deyll,  
Els get ye blame.

NOAH

He that cares may keill –  
Blissid be his name! –  
He has [behete] for oure seyll  
To sheld vs fro shame,  
And sayd  
All this warld aboute  
With floodys so stoute,
That shall ryn on a route, run mass
Shall be ouerlaide.
He saide all shall be slayn, except
Bot oonely we, children obedient
And thare wifys thre. wives
A ship he bad me ordayn, bade
To safe vs & oure fee; goods
Therfor with all oure mayn might
Thank we that fre, noble (lord)
Beytter of bayll. healer of sorrow
Hy vs fast, go we thedir. let’s hurry
I wote neuer whedir; know not whither
I dase and I dedir am bewildered tremble
For ferd of that tayll. fear tale
Be not aferd. Haue done; afraid
Trus sam oure gere, gather together gear
That we be ther or none, so that before noon
Without more dere. harm
It shall be done full sone. soon
Brether, help to bere. bear
Full long shall I not hoyne delay
To do my devere. duty
Brether, sam. brethren together
Without any yelp, boast
At my myght shall I help. slap
Help well thi dam! mother
Now ar we there
As we shuld be.
Do get in oure gere, gear
Oure catall and fe, cattle goods
Into this vessell here,
My chylder fre. noble
UXOR
I was neuer bard ere enclosed before
As euer myght I the, as I hope to prosper
In sich an oostre as this! hostelry
In fath, I can not fynd faith
Which is before, which is behynd. fore aft
Bot shall we here be pynd, shut up
Noe, as haue thou blis? as you hope to have bliss

Dame, as it is skill, reasonable
Here must vs abide grace;
Therfor, wife, with good will
Com into this place.
UXOR
Sir, for Iak nor for Gill
Will I turne my face
Till I haue on this hill
Spon a space
On my rok.
Well were he myght get me!
Now will I dounce set me;
Yit reede I no man let me,
For drede of a knok.

NOAH
Behold to the heuen!
The cateractes all,
Thai ar open full euen,
Grete and small,
And the planettys seuen
Left has thare stall.
Thise thoners and levyn
Downe gar fall
Full stout
Both halles and bowers,
Castels and towres.
Full sharp ar thise showers
That renys aboute.

UXOR
Yei, Noe, go cloute thi shone!
The better will thai last.
I MULIER
Good moder, com in sone,
For all is ouercast,
Both the son and the mone.
II MULIER
And many wynd-blast
Full sharp.
Thise floodys so thay ryn;
Therfor moder come in.
UXOR
In fayth, yit will I spyn;
All in vayn ye carp.

III MULIER
If ye like ye may spin,
Moder, in the ship.
NOAH
Now is this twyys com in,
Dame, on my frenship.
UXOR
Wheder I lose or I wyn,
In fayth, thi felowship
Set I not a pyn.
528  This spyndill will I slip
529  Apon this hill
530  Or I styre oone fote.

NOAH
531  Peter! I traw we dote.
532  Without any more note,
533  Come in if ye will.

UXOR
534  Yei, water nyghys so nere
535  That I sit not dry;
536  Into ship with a byr,
537  Therfor will I hy
538  For drede that I drone here.

NOAH
539  Dame, securly,
540  It bees boght full dere
541  Ye abode so long by
542  Out of ship.

UXOR
543  I will not, for thi bydyng,
544  Go from doore to mydyng.

NOAH
545  In fayth, and for youre long taryyng
546  Ye shal lik on the whyp.

UXOR
547  Spare me not, I pray the,
548  Bot euen as thou thynk;
549  Thise grete wordys shall not flay me.

NOAH
550  Abide, dame, and drynk,
551  For betyn shall thou be
552  With this staf to thou stynk.
553  Ar strokys good? say me.

UXOR
554  What say ye, Wat Wynk?
555  Speke!
556  Cry me mercy, I say!

UXOR
557  Therto say I nay.

NOAH
558  Bot thou do, bi this day,
559  Thi hede shall I breke!

UXOR
560  Lord, I were at ese
561  And hertely full hoyle, 
562  Might I onys haue a measse
563  Of wedows coyll.
564  For thi saull, without lese
565  Shuld I dele penny doyll;
566  So wold mo, no frese
567  That I se on this sole
568  Of wifys that ar here,
For the life that thay leyd,  because of lead
Wold thare husbandys were dede;  wish dead
For, as euer ete I brede,  as I hope to eat bread
So wold I oure syre were!  husband

Yee men that has wifys,
Whyls they ar yong,
If ye luf youre lifys,  lives
Chastice thare tong.  tongue
Me thynk my hert ryfys  splits
To se sich stryfys
Wedmen emong;  among married men
Bot I,
As haue I blys,  as I hope to have bliss
Shall chastysye this.

Yit may ye mys,
Nicholl Nedy!

I shall make the still as stone,  thee
Begynnmar of blunder!  confusion
I shall bete the bak and bone,  thee
And breke all in sonder.

Out, alas, I am gone!
Oute apon the, mans wonder!  monster

Se how she can grone,  groan
And I lig vnder!  lie (=have the worse)
Bot, wife,
In this hast let vs ho,  violence stop
For my bak is nere in two.  near

And I am bet so blo  beaten blue
That I may not thryfe.  prosper

A! whi fare ye thus,  behave
Fader and moder both?
Ye shuld not be so spitus  spiteful
Standynge in sich a woth.  danger
Thise [weders] are so hidus,  disease
With many a cold coth.

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

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
dread
615 We ar in grete drede;
waves mad
616 Thise wawghes ar so wode.

NOAH
617 Help, God, in this nede!
618 As thou art stereman good,
619 And best, as I rede,
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.

UXOR
629 That shall I do ful wysely
630 Now go thi way,
631 For apon this flood haue we
632 Flett many day,
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
639 The water is rysen late
640 Cubettyus xv.
cubits
641 Bot in a highter 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.
647 This water in hast,
test
648 Eft will I tast;
amazed
649 Now am I agast –

UXOR
650 It is wanyd a grete dele!

651 Now are the weders cest,
ceased
652 And cateractes knyt,
closed
653 Both the most and the leest.
big and small

UXOR
654 Methynk, bi my wit,
The son shynes in the eest sun east
Lo, is not yond it?
We shuld haue a good feest, departed
So spytus. spiteful
NOAH
We haue been here, all we, 350
CCC dayes and fyfty.
UXOR
YeI, now wanys the see; sea
Lord, well is vs!
NOAH
The thryd tyme will I prufe test
What depnes we bere. depth have
UXOR
How long shall thou hufe? wait
Lay in thy lyne there. plumb-line
NOAH
I may towch with my lufe steering oar
The grownd evyn here.
UXOR
Then begynnys to grufe grow
To vs mery chere. cheer
Bot, husband,
What grownd may this be? have
NOAH
The hyllys of Armony. Armenia
UXOR
Now blissid be he has provided
That thus for vs can ordand!
NOAH
I see toppys of hyllys he, high
Many at a syght;
No thyng to let me, hinder
The wedir is so bright.
UXOR
Thise ar of mercy
Tokyns full right.
NOAH
Dame, thi counsell me: thou (?)
What fowll best myght bird
And cowth could
With flight of wyng
Bryng, without taryying, delay
Of mercy som tokynyng
Ayther bi north or southe? either by
For this is the fyrst day tenth moon (=month)
Of the tent moyne.
UXOR
The ravyn, durst I lay, wager
Will com agane sone.
As fast as thou may,
Cast hym furth – Haue done!
He may happyn today
Com agane or none before noon
With grath. speed

I will cast out also
doves
Go youre way, go;
prey

Now ar thise fowles flone flown
Into seyr countre. various
Pray we fast ichon, each one
Kneland on oure kne, kneeling
To hym that is alone, anon
Oure fowles som fee prey
To glad vs.

Thai may not fayll of land, waning
The water is so wanand.

Thank we God all-weldand, all-ruling
That Lord that made vs!

It is a wonder thyng, truly
Me thynk, sothle, delaying
Thai ar so long taryyng, delaying
The fowles that we found
Cast out in the mornynge.

Syr, it may be
Thay tary to thay bryng. until they bring (something)

The ravyn is a-hungrye
Allway.
He is without any reson;
And he fynd any caryon, if
As peraventure may be fon, found
He will not away.

The dowfe is more gentill: dove
Her trust I vntew, unto her
Like vnto the turtill, turtle
For she is ay trew. always faithful

Hence bot a litill
She commys, lewn, lewn!
She bryngys in her bill news
Som novels new;
Behald! behold
It is of an olif-tre
A branch, thynkys me called

It is soth, perde;
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; knew that
746 Full well I it wist
747 Thou wold com to thi hall.
   UXOR
748 A trew tokyn ist is it
749 We shall be sauyd all, saved
750 Forwhi because
751 The water, syn she com, since
752 Of depnes plom depth plumb
753 Is fallen a fathom certainly
754 And more, hardly.
   I FILIUS
755 Thise floodys ar gone, certainly
756 Fader, behold!
   II FILIUS
757 Ther is left right none, certainly
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, certainly
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, saints
803  With his santis in sight,
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!  
Are ye at hom? Why speke ye noth!  

SUSANNA
Who is ther? why cry ye so?  
Telle us youre herand; wyl ye ought?  

JOSEPH
5 Undo youre dore, I sey yow to.  
For to com in is all my thought.  

MARIA
It is my spowse that spekyth us to.  
Ondo the dore, his wyl were wrought.  

Wellcome hom, myn husbond dere.  

10 How have ye ferd in fer countré? 
JOSEPH
To gete oure levynge, withowtyn dwere,  
I have sore laboryd for the and me.  

MARIA
Husbond, ryght gracyously now come be ye.  
It solacyth me sore sothly to se yow in syth.  

JOSEPH
15 Me merveylyth, wyff, surely! Youre face I cannot se,  
But as the sonne with his bemys quan he is most bryth.  

MARIA
Husbond, it is as it plesyth oure Lord, that grace of hym grew. 
Who that evyr beholdyth me, veryly  
They xal be grettly steryd to vertu.  

20 For this gyfte and many moo, good Lord gramercy. 

JOSEPH
How hast thu ferde, jentyl mayde,  
Whyl I have be out of londe?  

MARIA
Sekyr, sere, beth nowth dysmayde,  
Ryth aftyr the wyl of Goddys sonde.  

JOSEPH
25 That semyth evyl, I am afrayd.  
Thi wombe to hiye doth stonde!  
I drede me sore I am betrayd,  
Sum other man the had in honde  
Hens sythe I went!  

30 Thy wombe is gret, it gynnyth to ryse.  
Than hast thu begownne a synfull gyse.  
Telle me now in what wyse  
Thyself thu hast thus shent.  

Ow, dame, what thinge menyth this?
With childe thu gyynnyst ryth gret to gon.  begins right go
Sey me, Mary, this childys fadyr ho is?  child’s who
I pray the telle me, and that anon.  thee
MARIA
The Fadyr of Hevyn and ye it is –

Other fadyer hath he non.  none
40 I dede nevyr forfete with man, iwys.  did wrong surely
Wherefore I pray yow, amende youre mon.  complaint
This childe is Goddys and youre.  God’s your’s
JOSEPH
Goddys child! Thu lyist, in fay!  liest faith
God dede nevyr jape so with may!  did maid
45 And I cam nevyr ther, I dare wel say,
Yitt so nyh thi boure.  there
But yit I sey, Mary, whoos childe is this?  whose
MARIA
Goddys and youre, I sey, iwys.

JOSEPH
Ya, ya, all olde men to me take tent,  notice
50 And weddyth no wyff in no kynnys wyse  wed kind of
That is a yonge wench, by myn asent,
For doute and drede and swych servyce.  such
Alas, alas, my name is shent!  ruined
All men may me now dyspyse

55 And seyn, ‘Old cockwold, thi bowe is bent
Newly now aftyr the Frensche gyse.’  French manner (=lechery)
Alas and welaway!
Alas, dame, why dedyst thu so  didst
For this synne that thu hast do  done
60 I the forsake and from the go  thee
For onys, evyr, and ay.  once always

MARIA
Alas, gode spowse, why sey ye thus?  good
Alas, dere husbond, amende youre mod.  mood
It is no man but swete Jesus.

65 He wyll be clad in flesch and blood
And of youre wyff be born.  from

SEPHOR
Forsoth, the aungel, thus seyd he,  in truth
That Goddys sone in Trynité
For mannys sake a man wolde be  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  in what you two
To puttyyn an aungel in so gret blame!
Alas! alas! Let be! Do way!
75 It was sum boy began this game  boy (who)
That clothyd was clene and gay.
And ye geve him now an aungel name.  angel’s
Alas, alas, and welaway
That evyr this game betydde.

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.

MARI:
A, gracious God in hefne trone,

85 Comforte my spowse in this hard cas.
Mercyful God, amend his mone,
Since I dede nevyr so gret trespas.

JOSEPH
Lo, lo, serys, what told I yow,
That it was not for my prow
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?

95 To the busshop I wole telle
That he the lawe may here do,
With stonys here to qwelle.

Nay, nay, yet God forbede
That I xuld do that v[e]ngeabyl dede
But if I wyst qw.
I knew nevyr with here, so God me spede,
Tokyn of thynge in word nor dede
That towchyd velany.
Nevyrtheles, what forthy,

100 Thow she be meke and mylde,
She myght not be with childe!
But I ensure, myn was it nevyr!
Thow that she hath not don here devyr,
Rather than I xould pleynyn opynly,
Certeynly, yitt had I levyr
Forsake the countré forevyr
And nevyr come into here company.
For and men knew this velany,

105 In repreff thei wolde me holde.
And yett many bettyr than I,
Ya, hath ben made cockolde!
Now, alas, whedyr xal I gone?
I wot nevyr whedyr nor to what place,
For oftyntyme sorwe comyth sone,
No conforte may I have here.
Iwys, wyff, thu dedyst me wronge!
Alas, I taryed from the to longe!

110 Thow that she hath not don here devyr,
Rather than I xould pleynyn opynly,
Certeynly, yitt had I levyr
Forsake the countré forevyr
And nevyr come into here company.
For and men knew this velany,

115 In repreff thei wolde me holde.
And yett many bettyr than I,
Ya, hath ben made cockolde!
Now, alas, whedyr xal I gone?
I wot nevyr whedyr nor to what place,
For oftyntyme sorwe comyth sone,
No conforte may I have here.
Iwys, wyff, thu dedyst me wronge!
Alas, I taryed from the to longe!

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!

125 All men have pety [on me] amonge,
For to my sorwe is no chere.
MARIA
God, that in my body art sesyd,
Thu knowist my husbond is dyspleysyd
To se me in this plight.

130 For unknowlage he is desesyd,
And therfore, help that he were esyd,
That he myght knowe the ful perfyght.
For I have levr abyde [d]espyt
To kepe thi sone in privité

Graunytd by the Holy Spyryt
Than that it xulde be opynd by me.

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
That she is with, twys.

ANGELUS
Almyghty God of Blys,
I am redy for to wende

145 Wedyr as thi wyl is,
To go bothe fer and hynde.

Joseph, Joseph, thu wepyst shyrle.
Fro thi wyff why comyst thu owte?

JOSEPH
Good sere, lete me wepe my fylle;
Go forthe thi wey and lett me nowght.

ANGELUS
In thi wepynge thu dost ryght ylle –
Agens God thu hast myswrought!
Go chere thi wyff with herty wylle,
And chawnge thi chere, amende thi thought.

155 Sche is a ful clene may
I telle the, God wyl of here be born,
And sche clene mayd as she was beforn,
To save mankynd, that is forlorn.
Go chere hyre, therfore, I say.

JOSEPH
160 A, Lord God, benedicité.
Of thi gret conforte I thank the
That thu sent me this space.
I myght wel a wyst, pardé,
So good a creature as she

165 Wold nevyr a don trespace,
For sche is ful of grace.
I know wel I have myswrought.
I walk to my pore place
And aske forgynes, I have mysthought.

170 Now is the tyme sen at eye
That the childe is now to veryfye,
Which xal save mankende,
As it is was spoke by prophesye. spoken
I thank thee, God, that sitys on hye thee sitt on high
With hert, wyl and mende, mind
That evyr thu woldyst me bynde
To wedde Mary my wyff,
Thi blysful sone so nere to fynde, son near
And in his presens to lede my lyff. lead

Alas, for joy I qwedyr and qwake. quiver
Alas, what hap now was this?
A, mercy, mercy, my jentyl make, mate
Mercy, I have seyd al amys!
All that I have seyd, here I forsake.

Youre swete fete now lete me kys. feet
MARIA
Nay, lett be my fete, not tho ye take; feet those
My mouthe ye may kys, iwys, mouth
And welcom onto me.
JOSEPH
Gramercy, myn owyn swete wyff,
Xal I nevyrmore make suche stryff
Betwyx me and the. thee
A, Mary, Mary, wel thu be,
And blyssyd be the frewte in thee fruit in thee
Godys Sone of Myght.

Now, good wyff, ful of pyté, ill-pleased
As be not evyl payd with me
Thow that thu have good ryght.
As for my wronge in syght
To wyte the with ony synne, blame thee with any
Had thu not been a vertuous wythe,
God wold not a be the withinne. (if) person have been within thee

I knowlage I have don amys. acknowledge
I was nevyr wurthy, iwys, worthy

For to be thin husbonde. own
I xal amende atere thys,
Ryght as thin owyn wyl is,
To serve the at foot and honde, thee
And thi chylde bothe to undyrstonde, submit to
Therfore telle me, and nothynge whonde, hesitate
The holy matere of youre concepceyon.

MARIA
At youre owyn wyll as ye bydde me: called
Ther cam an aunge[ll] hyght Gabryell, greeted
And gret me fayr, and seyd, 'Ave!' began to
God xulde be borne of my bodé, from
The fendys powsté for to felle. fiend’s power fell
Thorwe the Holy Gost, as I wel se, through

gb 2005
220 Thus God in me wyl byde and dwelle.

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

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!

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.

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

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 rynge wele in youre purs,
For ellys youre cause may spede the wur.
Thow that ye slynge Goddys curs
Evyn at myn hede!

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


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,
The Trial of Mary and Joseph

But yet ther I come I do no good: 
40  To reyse slaw[n]dry is al my lay. 

Bakbytere is my brother of blood. 

Dede he ought come hedyr in al this day? 
Now woulde God that he were 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 thousands yere, 
And ellys I shrewe yow bothe up and down! 

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. 

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 spyllyth all game, 
Bothe kyd and knowyn in many a place! 
PRIMUS DETRACTOR 
Be my trowth, I seyd the same, 
And yet sum seyden thu xulde have evyl grace. 

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR 
Herk, Reysesclaundyr, canst thu owth telle 
Of any newe thynge that wrought was late? 
PRIMUS DETRACTOR 
Within a shorte while a thynge 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 seyd to sowe. 
PRIMUS DETRACTOR 
Syr, in the tempyl a mayd ther was 
Calde Mayd Mary, the trewth to tell. 
Sch sche semyd so holy withinne that plas, 
Men seyd sche was fedde with holy aungell. 
Sch 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 grete as thinne or myne!
SECUNDUS DETRACTOR
Ya, that old shrewe Joseph, my trowth I plyght,       scoundrel assure
Was so enameryd upon that mayd,             enamoured
That of hyre bewte whan he had syght,
He sesyd not tyll [he] had here asayd!       ceased tasted
PRIMUS DETRACTOR
A, nay, nay, wel wers she hath hym payd:
Sum fresch yonge gallaunt she lovyth wel more
That his leggys to here hath leyd!
And that doth greve the old man sore.

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR
90 Be my trewth, al may wel be,           by my
For fresch and fayr she is to syght.
And such a mursel, as semyth me,
Wolde cause a yonge man to have delyght.
PRIMUS DETRACTOR
Such a yonge damesel of bewte bryght,
And of schap so comely also,        shape
Of hire tayle ofte-tyme be lyght       pudendum
And rygh tekyl undyr the too.        very ticklish toe (=very easily swept off their feet)

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR
That olde colokolde was evyl begylyd       cuckold beguiled
To that fresche wench whan he was wedde.
100 Now muste he faderyn anothyr mannys chylde, act as father of man’s
And with his swynke he xal be fedde.       labour
PRIMUS DETRACTOR
A yonge man may do more chere in bedde       bring more pleasure
To a yonge wench than may an olde.
That is the cawse such lawe is ledde,      is engaged in
That many a man is a kokewolde.

Hic sedet Episcopus Abizachar inter duos legis doctores
et, audientes hanc def[am]acionem, 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
I charge yow, sese of youre fals cry,
For sche is sybbe of myn owyn blood.       cease

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR
Syb of thi kin thow she be,       though
All gret with chylde hire womb doth swelle!
Do calle her hedyr, thiself xal se
That it is trewthe that I the telle.       what thee
PRIMUS DETRACTOR
Sere, for youre sake I xal kepe cowncelle: keep the matter secret
Yow for to greve I am ryght loth.       loath
120 But lest, serys, lyst what seyth the belle:
Oure fayr mayd now gret with childe goeth!

PRIMUS DOCTOR LEGIS
Take good heed, serys, what ye doth say,
Avyse yow wel what ye present.
Yyf this be found fals anothyr day,
Ful sore ye xal youre tale repent!

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

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

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

Sym Somnore, in hast wend thu thi way;
Byd Joseph and his wyff be name
140 At the coorte to appere this day,
Here hem to pourge of here defame.
Sey that I here of hem grett schame
And that doth me gret hevynes.

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, let 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.

Do me sum wurchep befor my face,
Or be my trowth I xal yow make!
If that I rolle yow up in my race,
But yit sum mede and ye me take,
I wyld withdrawe my gret rough toth.
160 Gold and sylvyr I wyld not forsake,
But [do] evyn as all somnorys doth.

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

A cockoldeis bowe is ech nyght bent. cuckold’s bow is bent (=cuckoldry is set in motion)
He that shett the bolt is lyke to be schent. shot arrow likely punished
Fayre mayde, that tale ye kan best telle. Now be yowre trowth, telle youre entent:
Now be yowre trowth, telle youre entent:
Dede not the archere plesse yow ryght well? did

MARIA
170 Of God of hevyn I take wyttnes,
That synful werk was nevyr my thought.
I am a mayd yit of pure clennes,
Lyke as I was into this werd brought.
DEN
Othyr wytnes xal non be sought.
Thu art with childe ech man may se.
I charge yow both ye tary nought,
But to the buschop com forth with me.

JOSEPH
To the buschop with yow we wende –
Ofoure purgacyon hawe we no dowth.
MARIA
180 Almighty God xal be our frende
When the treuthe is tried owth.
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 gylty and fowndyn in blame.

Therefore, com forth, Cokewolde be name!
The buuschop xal youre lyff appose.
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!
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.
PRIMUS DETRACTOR
To here a credyl and ye wolde brynge,
Ye myght save mony in here purse.
200 Becawse she is youre cosyn yynge,
I pray yow, sere, lete here nevyr fare the wers.

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

MARIA
210  My name, I hope, is saff and sownde.
Of fleschly lust and gostly wownde spiritual injury
In deede nere thought I nevyr asayd. in deed or had experience
PRIMUS DOCTOR LEGIS
How xulde thi wombe thus be arayd, in this condition
So grettly swollyn as that it is?
But if sum man the had ovyrlaid, unless had lain upon thee
Thi wombe xulde never be so gret, iwys! indeed

SECUNDUS DOCTOR LEGIS
Herke thu, Joseph, I am afrayd
That thu hast wrought this opyn synne.
220  This woman thu hast thus betrayd trick
With gret flaterynge or sum fals gynne.
SECUNDUS DETRACTOR
Now, be myn trowth, ye hytte the pynne! by mark
With that purpose, in feith, I holde. assertion
Telle now how thu thus hire dudyst wynne, her didst
Or knowlych thiself for a cockewold! acknowledge

JOSEPH
Sche is for me a trewe clene mayde,
And I for hire am clene also.
Of fleschly synne I nevyr asayde
Sythyn that sch[e] was weddyd me to. since to me

EPISCOPUS
230  Thou xalt not schape from us yitt so. escape
Fyrst thu xalte tellyn us another lay. tale
Streyt to the awter thu xalt go, altar
The drynge of vengeawns ther to asay. drink taste

Here is a botel of Goddys vengeauns.
This drynk xal be now thi purgacyon.
This [hath] suche vertu by Goddys ordenauns
That what man drynk of this potacyon whatever man drinks
And goth serteyn in processyon
Here in this place this awter abowth, about this altar
240  If he be gylt, sum maculacion spot
Pleyne in his face xal shewe owth.
Iff thu be gylt, telle us, letse see
Ovyr Godys myght be not to bolde! too bold
If thu presume and gylt be,
God thu dost greve many a folde.
JOSEPH
I am not gylt, as I fyrst tolde,
Almyghty God I take wytnes.
EPISCOPUS
Than this drynke in hast thu holde, quickly go
And on processyon anon the dresse.

_Hic Joseph bibit et seepies circuuit altare dicens:_ seven times
JOSEPH

250 This drynk I take with meke entent.  
As I am gyltles, to God I pray:
Lord, as thu art omnypotente,
On me thu 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 thu getyst a clowte!
toes

blow

SECUNDUS DETRACTOR

Now, sere, evyl thedom com to thi snowte!
What heylght thi leggys now to be lame?
Thu dedyst hem put ryght frescly owte
Thu dedyst ple se with yon yonge dame!
bad luck

afflicts
didst them

PRIMUS DETRACTOR

I pray God gyf him myschawns!
Hese leggys 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, gracious 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 thu 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 thu synnyd ageyn thin husbonde?

thee

exculpation

kind of did thee debauch

against
The Trial of Mary and Joseph

MARIA
290  I trespayyd nevyr with erthely wyght. being
Therof I hope throuwe Goddis 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 beforne 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 Goddis vengeauns hyre xuld consume, known
Schel wyl not telle hyre fals delyght.
Theu art with chylde we se in syght;
To us thi wombe the doth accuse! thee
Ther was nevyr woman yitt in such a plyght could exonerate herself of having known a man sexually
That from mankynde hyre kowde excuse.

PRIMUS DETRACTOR
In feyth, I suppose that this woman slepte
Withowtyn all covertे 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, think
It wyl turne to watyr ageyn, as I trowe; tend to return
For snow onto watyr doth evermore reclyne.
SECUNDUS DOCTOR LEGIS
With Godys hygh myght loke thu not jape! consider
Of thi purgacyion wel the ayvse.
Yf thu be gylyt 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 wrokynd. thee avenged

330  Holde here the botel and take a large draught, entrusted
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 circuluit altare dicens:

MARIA
God, as I nevyr knew of mannys maculacion, spot
But evyr have lyved in trew virginité, purity
Send me this day thi holy consolacyion
That all this fayr peple my clennes may se.

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, shame
Which now am put at repref and skorn.

Gabryel me tolde with wordys he[re]beforn
That ye of youre goodnes wold become my chylde.
exculpation
Help now of youre highness my wurchepe 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,
Withowtyne fowle spotte or maculacion!
350 I cannat, be non ymagynacyion,
Preve hyre gylty and synful of lyff.
It shewyth opynly by here purgacyion
Sche is clene mayde, bothe modir and wyff!

PRIMUS DETRACTOR
Be my fathyr sowle, here is gret gyle! guile
Because sche is syb of youre kynreed, kinswoman kindred
The drynk is chaungyd by sum fals wyle trick
That sche no shame xulde have this steed!
time

EPISCOPUS
Becawse thu demyst that we do falshede, suspect falsehood
And for thu dedyst hem fyrst defame, didst them
360 Thu xalt ryght here, magré thin heed, willy-nilly
Beforn all these pepyl drynk of the same.

PRIMUS DETRACTOR
Syr, in good feyth oo draught I pulle, one drink
If these to drynkerys have have not all spent. two

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

Out, out! Alas, what heylith my soulle? aileth
A, myn heed with fyre methynkyht is brent! head it seems to me burned
Mercy, good Mary, I do me repent
Of my cursyd and fals langage!
MAREA
Now god Lord in hevyn omnypotent, relieve
Of his grett mercy youre seknes aswage.
EPISCOPUS
370 We all on our knees fall on ground,
Thu, God's handmaid, praying for grace.
All cursed language and shame onsworn,
Good Mary, forgive us here in this place.
MARTHA
Now God forgive you all your trespass
And also forgive you all defamation
That ye have said both more and less,
To my humbleance and maculation.

EPISCOPUS
Now, blissful virgin, we thank you all
Of your good heart and great patience.
380 We will go with you to your hall
To do your services with high reverence.
MARTHA
I thank you heartily of your benevolence.
On to your own house I pray you go,
And take this people with you hence;
I am not disposed to pass from.

EPISCOPUS
Than farewell, maiden and pure virgin,
Farewell, true handmaid of God in bliss!
390 Almighty God your ways wise,
For that high Lord is most of might.
He may you speed that you not may
In heaven of him to have a sight.

JOSEPH
Honoured in heaven be that high Lord
Whose endless grace is so abundant
That he doth shew the true record
Of each weight that is his true servant.
400 Which our purgation us dyed grant
And proved us pure by high grace.

MARTHA
Forsooth, good spouse, I thank him truly
Of his good grace for our purgation.
Our cleanness is known full openly
By virtue of his great consolation.

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, wrapped
8 For I am al lappyd w r a p p e d
9 In sorow.
10 In stormes and tempest,
11 Now in the eest, now in the west,
12 Wo is hym has neuer rest w o e
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 reprefe, 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
And all is through maintenance
Of men that are gretter.

Ther shall come a swane
As prowde as a po;
He must borow my wane,
My ploghe also;
Then I am full fane
To graunt or he go.
Thus lyf we in payne,
Anger, and wo,
By nyght and day.

He must haue if he langyd,
If I shuld forgang it;
I were better be hangyd
To graunt or he go.

Thus by myn oone,
In maner of mone.
To my shepe wyll I stalk
And herkyn anone,
Ther abyde on a balk,
Or sytt on a stone
Full soyne;
For I trowe, perde,
We gett more compane
Or it be noyne.

What may this bemeyne?
Why fares this warld thus?
Oft haue we not sene.
Lord, thyse weders ar spytus
And the wyndys full kene,
Thay water myn eeyne,
No ly.
Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snafails, now in slete,
When my shone freys to my fete
It is not all esy.

Bot as far as I ken
Or yit as I go,
We sely wedmen
Dre mekyll wo:
We haue sorow then and then
It fallys oft so.
Sely Copyle, oure hen,
Both to and fro
She kakyls;
Bot begyn she to crok,
To groyne or to clok,
woe to him (who) is our cock (=husband)
For he is in the shakyls.
shackles

These men that ar wed
married
Haue not all thare wyll;
their
When they ar full hard sted,
placed
Thay sygh full styll.
continually
God wayte thay ar led
God knows
Full hard and full yll;

In bowere nor in bed
chamber
Thay say noght thertyll
answer back
This tyde.
time
My parte haue I fun,
found
I know my lesson:

Wo is hym that is bun,
bound
For he must abyde.

Bot now late in oure lyfys –
A meruell to me,
That I thynk my hart ryfys
splits
Sich wonders to see;
What that destany dryfys
whatever destiny compels
It shuld so be –
Som men wyll have two wyfys,
And som men thre
In store;
Som ar wo that has any,
woful
Bot so far can I:
know this much
Wo is hym that has many,
feels pain
For he felys sore.

Bot, yong men, of wowyng,
as for wooing
For God that you boght,
redeemed
Be well war of wedyng,
wary
And thynk in youre thoght:
‘had-I-wyst’ is a thyng
known
That seruys of noght.
is useless
Mekyll styll mowrnyng
much continual mourning
Has wedyng home broght,
griefs
And grefys,

With many a sharp showre;
pang
For thou may cach in an owre
hour
That shall sow the full sowre
what grieve thee bitterly
As long as thou lyffys.
livet

For, as euer rede I pystyll,
read epistle
I haue oone to my fere
companion
As sharp as a thystyll,
thistle
As rugh as a brere;
rough briar
She is browyd lyke a brystyll,
browed bristle
With a sowre-loten chere;
sour-looking cheer
Had she oones wett hyr whystyll,
once whistle (=throat=drunk)
She couth syng full clere
could
Hyr Paternoster.

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 run to I had lost hir! wish run till

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

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! world
172 Therof had I nede; brittle
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 fades away
177 And brekyll as glas, fared
178 And slythys. fades away
179 This warld fowre neuer so, more
180 With meruels mo and mo: more
181 Now in weyll, now in wo, twists
182 And all thyng wrythys.

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, bear
193 Both in feyldys and in towne, bear
194 And berys all d owe;
195 And that is a wonder.

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

gb 2005
198 We se sodan syghtys
199 When othere men slepe.
200 Yit me thynk my hart lyghtys; it seems to me
201 I se shrewys pepe.
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, sweat and swink
223 That swettsys and swynkys, eat
224 Etys oure brede full dry, displeases me
225 And that me forthynkys. wet
226 We ar oft weytt and wery sleep
227 When master-men wynkys, run
228 Yit commys full lately very slowly
229 Both dyners and drynkys;
230 Bot nately thoroughly
231 Both oure dame and oure syre, run
232 When we haue ryn in the myre, reduce our wages
233 Thay can nyp at oure hyre,And pay vs full lately.
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 lyttyll, syr, play in between
240 And emang euer lake,
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
247 Letherly foryeldys.’ a cheap bargain repays badly
I PASTOR
248 Thou were an yll lad
249 To ryde on wowyng
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 thy 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 thoght, 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 off my harnes. brains
280 Now wold God I were in heuen, weep children
281 For the[r] wepe no barnes incesantly
282 So styl. 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.

III PASTOR
289 Is he commen? then ylkon
290 Take hede to his thyng.

Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.

MAK
291 What! ich be a yoman, I am a retainer
292 I tell you, of the king, same
293 The self and the some, messenger
294 Sond from a greatt lordyng, such like
295 And sich. go
296 Fy on you! Goyth hence out of my presence!
298 I must haue reuerence. am I
299 Why, who be ich?

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, be flogged
307 And make you all to thwang tell (the authorities) do
308 At a worde,
309 And tell euyn how ye doth.

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? could hurt
316 By God, I couthe teyn you.

MAK
317 God looke you all thre! fair
318 Me thoght I had sene you.
319 Ye ar a fare compane.

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?
And thou has an yll noys 
Of stelyng of shepe.

And I am trew as steyll, 
All men waytt; 
Bot a sekenes I feyll 
That haldys me full haytt: 
My belly farys not weyll; 
It is out of astate.

Seldom lyys the dewyll 
Dede by the gate. 
Therfor 
Full sore am I and yll.

How farys thi wyff? by my hoode, 
How farys she?

Lyys walteryng – by the roode – 
And the fyere, lo! 
And a howse full of brude. 
She drynkys well, to; 
Yll spede othere good 
That she wyll do!

Bot were I not more gracyus 
And rychere be far, 
I were eten outt of howse 
And of harbar. 
Yit is she a fowll dowse, 
If ye com nar; 
Ther is none that trowse 
Nor knowys a war 
Then ken I.

Now wyll ye se what I profer – 
To gyf all in my cofer 
To-morne at next to offer 
Hyr hed-maspenny.

I wote so forwakyd 
Is none in this shyre; 
I wold slepe, if I takyd 
Les to my hyere.

I wold be turned to stone (if) 
Ate needle 
Each year 
Baby 
Even if 
By 
Sweetheart (=harlot) 
Near 
Thinks 
Worse (one) 
Know 
Tomorrow 
Penny for mass of the dead

know weary with watching 
shire 
even if took 
less wages
I am cold and nakyd,
And wold haue a fyere.  fire

I PASTOR
I am wery, forrakyd,  tired from walking
And run in the myre –
Wake thou!  keep the watch

II PASTOR
Nay, I wyll lyg downe by,  lie nearby
For I must slepe, truly.

III PASTOR
As good a mans son was I
As any of you.

Bot, Mak, com heder! Betwene  hither
Shall thou lyg downe.

MAK
Then myght I lett you bedene  hinder truly
Of that ye wold rowne,  whisper
No drede.  doubt
Fro my top to my too,
‘Manus tuas commendo,
Poncio Pilato;’
Cryst-crosse me spede!  prosper me

Now were tyme for a man
That lakkys what he wold
To stalk preuely than  stealthily then
Vnto a fold,  sheepfold
And neemly to wyrk than  nimbly work
And be not to bold,  too
For he might aby the bargan,  pay dearly
If it were told  reckoned up
At the endyng.
Now were tyme for to reyll;  move quickly
Bot he nedys good counsell
That fayn wold fare weyll,  (he) who gladly
And has bot lytyll spendyng.  money

Bot abowte you a serkyll  circle
As rownde as a moyn,  moon
To I haue done that I wyll,  until what
Tyll that it be noyn,  noon
That ye lyg stone-styll  lie
To that I haue doyne;  till finished
And I shall say thertyll  thereto
Of good wordys a foyne:  a few
‘On hight,  high
Ouer youre heydys, my hand I lyft.  heads
Outt go youre een! Fordo your syght!’  eyes lose
Bot yit I must make better shyft  arrangement
And it be right.  if it is to be

Lord! what thay slepe hard!  how
That may ye all here.  hear
Was I never a shepherd,
Bot now will I learn.
If the flock be scared,
Yit shall I yep near.
How! drawes here!
Now mends our cheer.

How! I say,
A good fleece, dar I lay.
Eft-whyte when I may,
Bot this will I bow.

How, Gyll, art thou in?
Get vs some lyght.

Who makys sich dyn
This tyme of the nyght?
I am sett for to spyn;
I hope not I myght
RYse a penny to wyn,
I shrew them on hight!
So farys
A huswyff that has bene
To be rasyd thus betwene.
Here may no note be sene
For sich small charys.

Good wyff, open the hek!
Seys thou not what I bryng?
I may thole the dray the snek.
A, com in, my swetyng!
Yee, thou thar not rek
Of my long standyng.

By the nakyd nek
Art thou lyke for to hyng!
Do way!
I am worthy my mete,
For in a strate can I gett
More then thay that swynke and swette
All the long day.

Thus it fell to my lott
Gyll, I had sich grace.
It were a fowll blott
To be hanged for the case.
I haue skapyd, lelott,
Oft as hard a glase.
‘Bot so long goys the pott
459  To the water,’ men says,
460  ‘At last
461  Comys it home broken.’

MAK
462  Well knowe I the token,
463  Bot let it neuer be spoken,
464  Bot com and help fast.

465  I wold he were flayn;
466  I lyst well etc.
467  This twelmothe was I not so fayn
468  Of oone shepe-mete.

UXOR
469  Com thay or he be slayn, (if) they before
470  And here the shepe blete –

MAK
471  Then myght I be tane. taken
472  That were a cold swette!
473  Go spar
474  The gaytt-doore.

UXOR
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!

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,
482  In my credyll. Abyde!
483  Let me alone,
484  And I shall lyg besyde
485  In chylbed, and grone.

MAK
486  Thou red,
487  And I shall say thou was lyght delivered

488  Of a knaue-childe this nyght.

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;
493  Yit a woman avyse advice
494  Helpys at the last.
495  I wote neuer who spye;
496  Agane go thou fast.

MAK
497  Bot I com or thay ryse, unless before
498  Els blawes a cold blast!
499  I wyll go slepe.
500  Yit slepys all this meneye, still company
501 And I shall go stalk pruely, creep secretly
502 As it had neuer bene I as if
503 That caryed thare shepe. their sheep

I PASTOR
504 Resurrex a mortruus! 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 thought 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 thought 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 dreme 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 Streyn,
554  I was flayd with a swevyn –  terrified by a dream
555  My hart out of sloghe!  (jumped) out of my skin

556  I thoght Gyll began to crok  labour
557  And trauell full sad,  well near first cock (=midnight)
558  Wel-ner at the fyrrst cok,  baby
559  Of a yong lad  increase
560  For to mend our flek.  hemp distaff (=trouble)
561  Then be I neuer glad;  head
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 therio lytyll brede.  bread
569  I must go home, by youre lefe,  leave
570  To Gyll as I thoght.  intended
571  I pray you looke my slefe,  examine sleeve
572  That I steyll noght;  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 our store.  livestock

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

II 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 throte. 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 glose? 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? hoarse
601 Who brewys, who bakys?
602 What makys me thus hose? then
603 And than – pity
604 It is rewthe to beholde –
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, had
612 Thay wold looke that thay hade
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! ill luck
650 We haue a fowll blott – ram lost
651 A fat wedir haue we lorne.

III PASTOR
652 Mary, Godys forbott! God forbid
II PASTOR
653 Who shuld do vs that skorne? shame
654 That were a fowll spott.
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, either
662 Ayther Mak or Gyll was a participant
663 Was at that assent.
I PASTOR
664 Peasse, man, be still! saw
665 I sagh when he went. slanderest
666 Thou sklanders hym yll; ought
667 Thou aght to repent speedily
668 Goode sped. I 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 where (=in the same place)
685 Ther I do anothere.

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 felowe, 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 mayleasse; sickness
701 I had leuer be dede rather dead
702 Or she had any dyseseasse. 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
727 Nay, nawther mendys oure mode neither mends mood
728 Drynke nor mette. food
729 Why, syr, alys you oght bot goode? ails aught but
730 Yee, oure shepe that we gett wandered
731 Ar stollyn as thay yode; paid for
732 Oure los is grette.

733 Syrs, drynkys! drink
734 Had I bene thore, there
735 Som shuld haue boght it full sore. paid for
736 Mary, som men trowys that ye wore, think were
737 And that vs forthynkys. displeases us

738 Mak, som men trowys think
739 That it shuld be ye.
740 Ayther ye or youre spouse,
741 So say we.

742 Now if ye haue suspowse suspicion
743 To Gill or to me, took her
744 Com and rype oure howse, search
746 And then may ye se
747 Who had hir. fetched
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
752 As I am true and lele honest
753 To God here I pray
754 That this be the fyrst mele
755 That I shall ete this day.
756 Mak, as haue I ceyll, as I hope to have happiness
756 Avyse the, I say:
757 He lernyd tymely to steyll
758 That couth not say nay.
UXOR
759 I swelt!
760 Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
761 Ye com to rob vs for the nonys.
MAK
762 Here ye not how she grynys?
763 Youre hartys shuld melt.
UXOR
764 Outt, thefys, fro my barne!
765 Negh hym not thor!
MAK
766 Wyst ye how she had farne,
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 –
771 Bot I say no more.
UXOR
772 A, my medyll!
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.
MAK
777 Peasse, woman, for Godys payn,
778 And cry not so!
779 Thou spyllys thy brane
780 And makys me full wo.
II PASTOR
781 I trow oure shepe be slayn.
782 What finde ye two?
III PASTOR
783 All wyrk we in vayn;
784 As well may we go.
785 Bot hatters!
786 I can fynde no flesh,
787 Hard nor nesh,
788 Salt nor fresh –
789 Bot two tome platers.
UXOR
790 Whik catell bot this,
791 Tame nor wylde,
792 None, as haue I blys,
793 As lowde as he smylde.
UXOR
794 No, so God me blys
795 And gyf me ioy of my chylde!
I PASTOR
796 We haue merkyd amys;
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 foull 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  Peassee 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 ayyre!  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
878 As syttys on a wamans kne;
879 A dylydowne, perde,
880 To gar a man laghe.

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

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

I PASTOR
887 This is a fals wark;
888 I wold fayn be wrokyn.

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

II PASTOR
894 Ye two ar well feft
895 Sam in a stede.

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

MAK
898 If I trespas eft,
899 Gyrd of my heede.
900 With you will I be left.

III PASTOR
901 Syrs, do my reede:
902 For this trespass
903 We will nawther ban ne flyte,
904 Fyght nor chyte,
905 Bot haue done as tyte,
906 And cast hym in canvas.

[I PASTOR]
907 Lord, what I am sore,
908 In poynt for to bryst!
909 In fayth, I may no more;
910 Therfor wyll I ryst.

II PASTOR
911 As a shepe of vii skore
912 He weyd in my fyst.
913 For to slepe aywhere
914 Me thynk that I lyst.

III PASTOR
915 Now, I pray you,
916 Lyg downe on this grene.
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 dicit:

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 steyn 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 from on high
938 He spak vpward. wood flash of light
939 All the wod on a leuyn made
940 Me thoght that he gard
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? trilled
947 Hard ye not how he crakyd it, short notes to a long one
948 Thre brefes to a long? 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.

II PASTOR
959 To Bedlem he bad
960 That we shuld gang;
961 I am full fard
962 That we tary to lang.

III PASTOR
963 Be mery and not sad –
964 Of myrth is oure sang!
965 Euerlastyng glad
966 To mede may we fang
967 Withoutt noyse.

I PASTOR
968 Hy we theder forthy,
969 If we be wete and wery,
970 To that chyld and that lady!

II PASTOR
972 We fynde by the prophecy –
973 Let be youre dyn! –
974 Of Daviit and Isay
975 And mo then I myn –
976 Thay prophesycyd by clerky –
977 That in a vyrgyn
978 Shuld he lyght and ly,
979 To slokyn oure syn
980 And slake it,
981 Oure kynde, from wo;
982 For Isay sayd so:
983 Ecce virgo

III PASTOR
985 Full glad may we be,
986 And abyde that day
987 That lufly to se,
988 That all myghtys may.
989 Lord, well were me
990 For ones and for ay,
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.

I PASTOR
998 Patryarkes that has bene,
999 And prophetys beforne,
1000 Thay desyryd to haue sene
This chylde that is borne.
completely gone
That haue thay lorne.
lost that (chance)
We shall se hym, I weyn,
think
Or it be morne,
bef ore
To tokyn.
as a sign
When I se hym and fele,
feel
Then wote I full weyll
know very well
It is true as steyll
steel
That prophetys haue spokyn:
what
To so poore as we ar
That he wold appere,
Fyrst fynd, and declare
find (us)
By his messyngere.

II PASTOR
Go we now, let vs fare;
near us
The place is vs nere.

III PASTOR
I am redy and yare;
eager
Go we in fere
together
To that bright.
bright one
Lord, if thi wylles be –
unlearned
We ar lewde all thre –
kind of mirth
To comforth thi wight.
child

I PASTOR
Hayll, comly and clene!
pure
Hayll, yong child!

Hayll, maker, as I meyne,
believe
Of a madyn so mylde!
(born) of
Thou has waryd, I weyne,
hast cursed think
The warlo so wylde:
warlock
The fals gyler of teyn
malevolent beguiler
Now goys he begylde.
goes
Lo, he merys,
is merry
Lo, he laghys, my swetyng!
laughs
A wel fare metyng!
fair
I haue holden my hetyng;
kept my promise
Haue a bob of cherys.
cluster of cherries

II PASTOR
Hayll, sufferan sauyoure,
sovereign saviour
For thou has vs soght!
because
Hayll, frely foyle and floure,
noble child flower
That all thyng has wroght!
favour
That made all of noght!
kneel cower
Hayll! I kneyll and I cowre.

A byrd haue I broght
child
Hayll, lytyll tyne mop!
tiny baby
Of oure crede thou art crop;
creed head
I wold drynk on thy cop,
cup
Lytyll day-starme.
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 thee
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 omnipotent,
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 conceuyd hym full euen conceived indeed
1070 Thruogh 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
2 Meng you with myrth!
3 Both of burgh and of towne,
4 By fellys and by fyrth,
5 Both kyng with crowne
6 And barons of brith
7 That radly wyll rowne,
8 Many greatt grith
9 Shall behapp.
10 Take tenderly intent
11 What sondys ar sent,
12 Els harmes shall ye hent,
13 And lothes you to lap.
14 Herode, the heynd kyng –
15 By grace of Mahowne –
16 Of Iury, sourmontyng
17 Sternly with crowne
18 On lyfe that ar lyfyng
19 In towre and in towne,
20 Gracyus you gretyng,
21 Commandys you be bowne
22 At his bydyng.
23 Luf hym with lewte;
24 Drede hym, that doughty!
25 He chargys you be redy
26 Lowly at his lykyng.
27 What man apon mold,
28 Menys hym agane
29 Tytt teyn shall be told,
30 Knyght, sqwyere, or swayn;
31 Be he neuer so bold,
32 Byes he that bargan
33 Twelf thowsandfold,
34 More then I sayn,
35 May ye trast.
36 He is worthy wonderly,
37 Selcouthly sory:
38 For a boy that is borne her by
39 Standys he abast.
40 A kyng thay hym call,
41 And that we deny;
42 How shuld it so fall,
43 Greatt meruell haue I;
44 Therfor ouerall
45 Shall I make a cry
46 That ye busk not to brall
47 Nor lyke not to ly
48 This tyde.
49 Carpys of no kyng
50 Bot Herode, that lordyng,
Herod

51 Or busk to youre beyldyng, hurry home
52 Youre heedys for to hyde. heads

53 He is Kyng of Kyngys, by nature
54 Kyndly I knowe, wait under his wings
55 Chefe lord of lordyngys, (those) who boast utter
56 Chefe leder of law,
57 Ther watys on his wyngys fall down
58 That bold bost wyll blaw; 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 Turky, Sicily Syria
63 All Inde and Italy,
64 Cecyll and Surry, fear
65 Drede hym and dowtys.

66 From Paradysye to Padwa fear
67 To Mownt Flascon, ? Montefiascone (Italy)
68 From Egyp to Mantua
69 Vnto Kemptowne, ? Kempton (Shropshire)
70 From Sarceny to Susa above it
71 To Greece it abowne, bow
72 Both Normondy and Norwa
73 Lowtys to his crowne. bow
74 His renoune
75 Can no tong tell, speak
76 From heuen vnto hell;
77 Of hym can none spell
78 Bot his cosyn Mahowne.

79 He is the worthyst 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 Dyspleseyd he beys, (or) is
91 And byrkyn many bonys. breaks bones

92 Here he commys now, I cry,
93 That lord I of spake! hurry
94 Fast afore wyll I hy quickly at a run
95 Radly on a rake,
96 And welcom hym worshipfully, laughing glee
97 Laghynig with lake,
98 As he is most worthy, knight royal
99 And knele for his sake
100 So low;
101 Downe deruly to fall, promptly
102 As renk most ryall.
Herod

103 Hayll, the worthyest of all!
104 To the most I bow.

105 Hayll, luf lord! Lo,
106 Thi letters haue I layde;
107 I haue done I couth do
108 And peasse haue I pryd,
109 Mekyll more thereto
110 Ophynly dysplayd.
111 But romoure is rasyd so,
112 That boldly thay brade
113 Emangys thame:
114 Thay carp of a kyng,
115 Thay seasse not sich chateryng.

HERODES
116 Bot I shall tame thare talkyng
117 And let thame go hang thame.

118 Styn, brodels, youre dyn –
119 Ye, euerychon!
120 I red that ye harkyn
121 To I be gone;
122 For if I begyn,
123 I breke ilka bone,
124 And pull fro the skyn
125 The carcas anone –
126 Ye, perde!
127 Sesse all this wonder,
128 And make vs no blonder,
129 Ffor I ryfe you in sonder,
130 Be ye so hardy.

131 Peasse, both yong and old,
132 At my bydyng, I red,
133 For I haue all in wold:
134 In me standys lyfe and dede.
135 Who that is so bold,
136 I brane hym thrugh the hede!
137 Speke not or I haue told
138 What I will in this stede.
139 Ye wote nott
140 All that I will mefe;
141 Styre not bot ye haue lefe,
142 For if ye do, I clefe
143 You small as flesh to pott.

144 My myrthes ar turned to teyn,
145 My mekenes into ire,
146 And all for oone, I weyn,
147 Within I fare as fyre.
148 May I se hym with eyn,
149 I shall gyf hym his hyre;
150 Bot I do as I meyn,
151 I were a full lewde syre
152 In wonys.
153 Had I that lad in hand,
154 As I am kyng in land,
155 I shuld with this steyll brand      steel sword
156 Byrkyng all his bonys.     break bones

157 My name spryngys far and nere:      extends near
158 The doughtyest, men me call,      spear
159 That euer ran with spere,        royal
160 A lord and kyng ryall.   hear
161 What joy is me to here        seize throne
162 A lad to sesse my stall!  pay
164 That boy shall by for all.    bear
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 thysy kynys 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 offerung that thay broght;  moves heart
181 It mefys my hart right noght
182 To breke his nek in two.

183 Bot be thay past me by,      but (if)
184 By Mahowne in heuen,    hurry
185 I shall and that in hy,  at sixes and sevens
186 Set all on sex and seuen.     think
187 Trow ye a kyng as I    appoint
188 Will suffre thaym to neuen  mastery
189 Any to haue mastry      move
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,  losel know
194 Bot I gyf hym a blaw   unless blow
195 That lyfe I shall hym reyfe.  deprive him of

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

PRIMUS MILES
209 Lord, thynk not ill if I
210 Tell you how thay ar past;
211 I kepe not layn, truly.
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 gnash (your teeth)
TERCIUS MILES
228 For these maters to gnast. rascals

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

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

248 I wote not where I may sytt know
249 For anger & for teyn; rage
250 We haue not done all yit, think
251 If it be as I weyn.
252 Fy! dewill! now how is it?
As long as I haue eyn, eyes
I think not for to flytt, flee
Bot kyng I will be seyn seen
For euer.

Bot stand I to quart, if I stay in good health
I tell you my hart:
I shall gar thaym start, make them flinch
Or els trust me neuer.

PRIMUS MILES
Syr, thay went sodanly
Or any man wyst, before knew
Els had mett we – yei, perdy! – we would have met (them)
And may ye tryst. trust

SECUNDUS MILES
So bold nor so hardy,
Agans oure lyst, against pleasure
Was none of that company
Durst mete me with fyst (that) dared meet
For ferd.

TERCIUS MILES
Il durst thay abyde, they hardly dared wait
Bot ran thame to hyde; themselves
Might I thaym haue spyde, would have outwitted them
I had made thaym a berd.

What couth we more do could
To saue youre honoure?

PRIMUS MILES
We were redy therto
And shal be ilk howre. every hour

HERODES
Now syn it is so, since
Ye shall haue fauoure.
Go where ye wyll go
By towne and by towre,

Goys hens! go hence
I haue maters to mell discuss
With my preuey counsell. privy council
Clerkys, ye bere the bell; (=are the best)
Ye must me encense. enlighten

Oone spake in myne eere ear
A wonderfull talkyng,
And sayde a madyn shuld bere maid bear
Anothere to be kyng.

Syrs, I pray you inquere
In all wrytyng,
In Vyrgyll, in Homere,
And all other thyng

Bot legende. except
Sekys poece-tayllys, seek poetic tales
Lefe pystyls and grales; omit epistles and graduals
Mes, matyns, noght avalys – mass avails
All these I defende. forbid
I pray you tell heyndly quickly
Now what ye fynde.

PRIMUS CONSULTUS
Truly, syr, prophecy
It is not blynd.
We rede thus by Isay: read in Isaiah
He shalbe so kynde conceived
That a madyn, sothely, truly
Which neuer synde, sinned
Shall hym bere:
“Virgo concipiet, called
Natumque pariet,”
Emanuell is hete, teach (you)
His name for to lere:

SECUNDUS CONSULTUS
And othere says thus, trust
Of Bedlem a gracys Bethlehem
Lord shall spray, spring
That of Iury myghtyus Jewry
Kyng shalbe ay, always
Lord myghty;
And hym shall honoure
Both kyng and emperoure.

HERODES
Why, and shuld I to hym cowre? cower
Nay, ther thou lyys lyghtly! liest readily

Fy! the dewill the spede, may the devil profit thee
And me, bot I drynk onys! unless once
This has thou done indece on purpose
To anger me for the nonys;
And thou, knafe, thou thy mede reward
Shall haue, by Cokys dere bonys! God’s
Thou can not half thi crede. know not
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys! scoundrels dwellings
Fy, knafys! knaves
Fy, dottypols, with youre bookys – blockheads
Go kast thaym in the brookys!
With sich wylys and crokys tricks
My wytt away rafys. raves

Hard I neuer sich a trant heard trick
That a knafe so sleght base
Shuld com lyke a sant saint
And refe me my right. deprive
Nay, he shall on-slant; come to grief
I shall kyll hym downe stryght. straightaway
War! I say, lett me pant. beware
Now thynk I to fyght
For anger.
My guttys will outt thryng guts will burst out
Bot I this lad hyng; unless hang
Without I haue a vengyng, unless
I may lyf no langer.

Shuld a carll in a kafe churl cave
Bot of oone yere age
Thus make me to rafe? rave

PRIMUS CONSULTUS
Syr, peasse this outrage!
Away let ye wafe put away
All sich langage.
Youre worship to safe, boy
Of a yere?
We two shall hym teyn harm
Withoure wytys betweyn, combined wits
That, if ye do as I meyn, mean
He shall dy on a spere.

SECUNDUS CONSULTUS
For drede that he reyn, reign
Do as we red: advise
Thrugoutt Bedlem every place
And ilk othere stede
Make knyghtys ordeyn, prepare
And put vnto dede death
All knaue-chyldren male children
Of two yerys brede growth
And within; under
This chyld may ye spyll kill
Thus at youre awne will.

HERODES
Now thou says heretyll to the purpose
A right nobyll gyn. stratagem

If I lyf in land live on earth
Good lyfe, as I hope,
This dar I the warand – thee
To make the pope. thee
O, my hart is rysand rising
Now in a glope! palpitation
For this nobyll tythand news
Thou shall haue a drope drop
Of my good grace:
Markys, rentys, and powndys, marks revenues
Greatt castels & groundys; sands
Thruh all sees and sandys
I gyf the the chace. hunting rights

Now wyll I procede
And take veniance.
All the flowre of knyghthede knighthood
Call to legeance, allegiance
Bewshire, I the byd; beau sire thee
It may the avance.

NUNCIUS
Lord, I shall me spede
And bryng, perchaunce, bring (them) to thy syght.

Hark, knyghtys, I you bryng tiding Herode kyng.

Hast with all youre myght, haste.

In all the hast that ye may, In armowre full bright;

In youre best aray clad

PRIMUS MILES

Why shuld we fray? fight

SECUNDUS MILES

This is not all right.

TERCIUS MILES

Syrs, withouten delay

I drede that we fight.

NUNCIUS

I pray you,

As fast as ye may

Com to hym this day.

PRIMUS MILES

What, in oure best aray?

NUNCIUS

Yei, syrs, I say you.

SECUNDUS MILES

Somwhat is in hand

Whateuer it meyn.

TERCIUS MILES

Tarry not for to stand,

Ther or we haue beyn.

NUNCIUS

Kyng Herode all-weldand, all-ruling

Well be ye seyn! seen

Youre knyghtys ar comand coming

In armoure full sheyn shining

At youre wyll.

PRIMUS MILES

Hayll, dughtiest of all!

We are comen at youre call

For to do what we shall, must

Youre lust to fullfyll.

desire

HERODES

Welcom, lordyngys, iwys, indeed

Both greatt and small!

The cause now is this

That I send for you all:

A lad, a knafe, borne is

That shuld be kyng ryall; royal

Bot I kyll hym and his, unless

I wote I brast my gall. know burst

Therfor, syrs,

Veniace 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,  region
444 And all the coste aboute;  male children  slain
445 All knaue-chyldren ye slo –  fierce
446 And, lordys, ye shalbe stoute –
447 Of yeres if they be two
448 And within. Of all that rowte,  under crow
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 If women wax woode,  mad
454 If women wax woode,  mad
455 I warn you, syrs, to spedye 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.

PRIMA MULIER
480 What, thefe! agans my wyll?  scoundrel
481 Lord, kepe hym in qwarte!

PRIMUS MILES
482 Abyde now, abyde;
483 No farther thou goest.

PRIMA MULIER
484 Peasse, thefe! shall I chyde
485 And make here a nose?

PRIMUS MILES
486 I shall reyfe the thy pryde; 
487 Kyll we these boyse!

PRIMA MULIER
488 Tyd may betyde, 
489 Kepe well thy nose, 
490 Fals thefe! 
491 Haue on loft on thy hode!

PRIMUS MILES
492 What, hoore, art thou woode? 
493 Outt, alas, my chyldys bloode!
494 Outt, for reprefe!

PRIMA MULIER
495 Alas for shame and syn, 
496 Alas that I was borne!
497 Of wepyng who may blyn, 
498 To se hir chylde forlorne?
499 My comforth and my kyn, 
500 My son thus al to-torne!
501 Vениance for this syn 
502 I cry both euyn and morne.

SECUNDUS MILES
503 Well done!
504 Com hedyr, thou old stry:
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; 
509 It mendys the not, Mawd.

SECUNDA MULIER
510 Then thi skalp shall I clefe! 
511 Lyst thou be clawd? 
512 Lefe, lefe, now bylefe!

SECUNDUS MILES
513 Peasse, byd I, bawd!

SECUNDA MULIER
514 Fy, fy, for reprefe! 
515 Fy, full of frawde – 
516 No man!
517 Haue at thy tabard, 
518 Harlot and holard:
519 Thou shall not be sparde!
520 I cry and I ban!

SECUNDA MULIER
521 Outt! Morde – man, I say, 
522 Strang tratoure & thefe! 
523 Out, alas and waloway, 
524 My child that was me lefe!

SECUNDA MULIER
525 Out! Morde – man, I say, 
526 Strang tratoure & thefe! 
527 Out, alas and waloway, 
528 My child that was me lefe!
525 My luf, my blood, my play, joy
526 That neuer dyd man grefe! grief
527 Alas, alas, this day; cleave
528 I wold my hart shulde clefe cleave
529 In sonder! asunder
530 Venance I cry and call
531 On Herode and his knyghtys all: much of the world’s plagues
532 Venance, Lord, apon thaym fall,
533 And mekyll warldys wonder!

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

TERCIA MULIER
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 moyn. 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 mordere! 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 Venance for thi blod thus spent:
567 “Out!” I cry, and “horow!”

PRIMUS MILES
568 Go lightly! quickly
Herod

569 Get out of thise wonys, place
570 Ye trattys, all at onys, hags once
571 Or by cokyys 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 deyull haue my saull soul
589 Bot I be fyrst sene! unless
590 It fyttys 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 – except guessed
596 Saue myself, as I gest.

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 tythynge we bryng. tidings
602 Harkyn now to me;
603 We haue mayde rydyng Jewry
604 Throuhoutt Iure.
605 Well wyt ye oone thyng, know (=be assured of)
606 That morderd haue we
607 Many thowsandyss.

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 – thereto
628 Do somwhat 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, pleases you
635 If it lyke that ye wold
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 thoussand 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 youres,
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 beforne,
654 That had sich avalys. benefits

SECUNDUS MILES
655 We haue castels and corne,
656 Mych gold inoure malys. wallets
HERODES

TERCIUS MILES

657 It wyll neuer be wore, used up
658 Withoutt any talys. tales (=truly)
659 Hayll, heynedly! gracious (lord)
660 Hayll, lord! hayll, kyng!
661 We ar furth foundyng. hastening forth

HERODES

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

664 Now in peasse may I stand –
665 I thank the, Mahowne – thee
666 And gyf of my lande
667 That longys to my crowne. belongs
668 Draw therfor nerehande near
669 Both of burgh and of towne: (=townsfolk)
670 Markys, ilkon, a thowsande, marks (=money) each one
671 When I am bowne, ready
672 Shall ye haue.
673 Ishalbe full fayn glad
674 To gyf that I sayn; what I promised
675 Wate when I com agayn, watch
676 And then may ye craue. ask for it

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

690 I was castyn in care,
691 So frightly afrayd; fearfully
692 Bot I thar not dyspare, need not
693 For low is he layd
694 That I most dred are, whom I most dreaded before
695 So haue I hym flayd; defeated
696 And els wonder ware – it would be a wonder
697 And so many strayd with so many strewn
698 In the strete –
699 That oone shuld be harmeles unhurt
700 And skape away hafles, helpless
701 Where so many chyldes
702 Thare balys can not bete. harms amend

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

gb 2005
Herod

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 avenged myself
713 How I had me wrokyn, even after dead and rotten
714 Were I dede and rotyn, by
715 With many a tong.

716 Thus shall I tech knauys
717 Ensampyll to take, rave
718 In thare wyttys that rauys, authority claim
719 Sich mastre to make. insolence avoid
720 All wantones wafys – boast
721 No langage ye crak! after
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, brains (will) be
731 Youre branys bese brokyn; obedient
732 Therfor be ye bayn;
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: be too
739 Bese not to cruell. adieu
740 Bot adew! – to the deuyll! know
741 I can no more Franch!
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!
Wherefore my name is clepyd Sere Satan,
Whech aperyth among yow a matere to spelle.

5 I am norshere of synne to the confusyon of man,
To bryng hym to my dungeon, ther in fyre to dwelle.
Hoseovyr serve me, so reward hym I kan
That he xal syng “wellaway” evyr in peynes felle.

Lo, thus bountevous a lord than now am I
To reward so synners, as my kend is:
Of sorwe and peyne anow he xal nevyr mys.

For I began in hefne synne to the confusyon of man,
Among all the angellys that weryn there so bryth;
And theryfore was I cast out into helle ful lowe,
But the iij part come with me, this may not be seyd nay.

Yet I drowe in my tayle of tho angellys bryth
With me into helle – takyth good hed what I say –
I lefte but tweyn ayens on to abyde there in lyth;
But the iij part come with me, this may not be seyd nay.

Takyth hed to youre prince, than, my pepyl euerychon,
And seyth what maystryes in hefne I gan ther do play.
To gete a thowsand sowlys in an houre, methynkyth it but skorn a trifle
Syth I wan Adam and Eve on the fyrst day.

25 But now mervelous mendys renny in myn rememberawns
Of on Cryst, wiche is clepyd Joseph and Maryes sone.
Thryes I tempte hym be ryth sotylle instawnce,
Aftyr he fast fourty days ageyns sensual myth or reson,
For of the stonyes to a mad bred; but sone I had conclusyon;
Than upon a pynnacle, but angelys were to hym assystent –

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,
In dyverce place to make for hym puruyaus
The pepyl of hese werkys ful grettly merveyllys:
To the crokyd, blynd and dowm, his werkys provaylys;
Lazare, that fourye days lay ded, his lyff recuryd;
And where I purpose me to tempt, anon he me asaylys;

Mawdelyn playn remyssyon also he hath ensuryd.
Goddy's son he pretendyth, and to be born of a mayde, maid
die man's
And seyth he xal dey for manny's saluacyon. then truth further
Than xal the trewh be tryed, and no ferdere be delayd,
Whan the soule fro the body xal make separacyon.

And as for hem that be vndre my grett domynacyon, them
He xal fayle of hese intent and purpose also, in his
Be this tyxt of holde remembryd to myn intencyon: text of old
Quia in inferno nulla est redempcio.

But whan the tyme xal eyr of his persecucyon, draw near
I xal arere new engynes of malycyous conspiracy! raise
Plenté of reprevys I xal provide to his confusyon. plenty of reproofs
Thus xal I false the wordys that his pepyl doth testeyf. falsify
His discipulis xal forsake hym and here maystyr denye; their master
Innovmberabyl xal hese woundys be, of woful grevauns;
A tretowre xal countryle his deth to fortyfye. traitor contrive ensure
The rebukys that he gyf me xal turne to his displesauns. gave

Some of hese dyscypulys xal be chef of this ordenawns. foremost in this scheme
That xal fortefye this term, that “in trost is treson”. confirm saying trust
Thus xal I venge be sotylté al my malycyous grevauns, avenge subtlety
For nothyng may excede my prudens and dyscrecyon. surpass

Gyff me youre love, grawnt me myn affeccyon, give
And I wyl vnclose the tresour of lovys alyawns, love's alliance
And gyff yow youre desyrys afftere youre intencyon; according to
No poverté xal aproche yow fro plentevous abundauns. because of

Eche thyng sett of dewe naterall dysposycyon, due function
And eche parte acordynge to his resemblauns, its appearance
Fro the sool of the foot to the hyest asencyon: sole highest top

Off fyné cordewan a goody payr of long-pekyd schon; Cordova leather pair pointed shoes
(Thus a bey to a jentylman to make comparycyon), a boy (=servant) can pass for a gentleman
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!), fine Holland
A stomachere of clere Reynes, the best may be bowth though prevails
(Thow poverté be chef, lete pride ther be present, those reprofe thou value them as nothing
And all tho that repreff pride, thu sette hem at nowth);

A gowne of thre yerdys (loke thu make comparison yards rival
Vnto all degrees dayly that passe thin astat); classes pass you in rank
(And there repreff is of synne, loke thu make debat); wherever there is reprofe' argue back

With syde lokkys, 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 lycheerey gyf thi deylye.

To maynteyn thin astate lete brybory be present.
And yf the lawe repreve the, say thy wylt fyth
And gadere the a felachep after thin entent.

Loke thu sett not be precept nor be comawndement:
Both sevyle and canoun sett thu at nowth.

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.

A beggerys dowtere to make gret purvyauns
To cownterfete a jentylwoman, dysgesydyd as she can.
And yf mony lakke, this is the newe chevesauns:
With here prevy plesawns to gett it of sum man;

Here colere splayed and furryd 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 deney.

I haue browth yow newe namys, and wyl ye se why?
For synne is not shamfast, but boldnes hath bowth
That xal cause hem in helle to han inerytawns.

A seyn to selle lechory to hem that wyl bey;
Wreth, “manhod”, and enviye callyd “chastement”
(Seyse nere sessyon, lete perjory be chef);

Glotenye, “rest” (let abstynawnce beyn absent).
And he that wole exorte the to vertu, put hem to repreff!

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,
In evyrlastynge peyne with me dwellyn thei xal.

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 tyyme myself I devoyde.

JOHANNES BAPTISTA

I, Johan Baptyst, to yow thus prophesye:
That on xal come afthy me and not tary longe,
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
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.

The weys of oure Lord cast yow to aray,
And therin to walk, loke ye be applyande.

135  And make his pathys as ryth as ye may,  paths  right (=straight)
Kepyng ryth forth, and be not declinande
Neyther to fele on ryth nor on lefte hande,  too much on right
But in the myddys purpose yow to holde.
For that in all wyse is most plesande,

140  As ye xal here when 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  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.

150  On the mercy of God to meche ye xal not holde,  too much rely
As in this wyse, behold what I mene:  mean
For to do synne, be thu no more bolde
In trost that God wole merciful bene.  trust will be
And yf be sensualyté, as it is ofte sene,  by
Synnyst dedly, thu xalt not therfore dyspeyre;  sinnest deadly

155  But therfore do penawns and confesse the clene,  thee clean
And of hevyn thu mayst trost to ben eyre.  trust to be heir
The pathe that lyth to this blyssyd enherytawns  inheritance
Is hope and drede, copelyd be conjunccyon.  coupled
Betwyx these tweyn may be no dysseuerawns,  two separation

160  For hope withoutyn drede is maner of presumpcyon;
And drede withowtyn hope is maner of dysperacyon.
So these tweyn must be knyt 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

Here xal Annas shewyn hymself in his stage beseyn aftyr a
bushhop of the hoold lawe in a skarlet gowne, and ouyr that
a blew tabbard furryd with whyte, and a mytere on his hed
after the hoold lawe; ij doctorys stondyng by hym in furryd
hodys, and on beforn hem with his staff of astat, and eche of
hem on here hedys a furryd cappe with a gret knop in the crowne;
and on stondyng beforn as a Sarazyn, the wich xal be his
masangere, Annas thus sayng:

ANNAS

165  As a prelat am I properyd to provyde pes,  empowered to keep the peace
And of Jewys jewge, the lawe to fortefye.
I, Annas, be my powere xal comawnde, dowteles:
the lawys of Moyses no man xal denye!
Hoo excede my comawndement, anon ye certefye;

170  Yf any erytek here reyn, to me ye compleyn.  reign
For in me lyth the powere all treththis to trye,
And pryncypaly oure lawys – tho must I susteyn.

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, their who hesitate
    But aftere here trespace gef hem jugement. according to their give them
Now, serys, for a prose, herthy myn intent: sirs story hear
There is on Jesus of Nazareth that oure lawys doth excede. one trespass
Yf he procede thus, we xal us all repent, be sorry
180 For oure lawys he dystroyt dayly with his dede. deeds

Therefore be youre cowncel we must take hede by heed
What is best to provyde or do in this case.
For yf we let hym thus go and ferdere prosede, further proceed
Ageyn Sesare and oure lawe we do trespace. against Caesar

I DOCTOR
185 Serys, this is myn avyse that ye xal do: sirs advice
    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. this see

II DOCTOR
Sere, remembre the gret charge that on yow is leyd,
190 The lawe to kepe, which may not fayle. fault proved
    Yf any defawth prevyd of yow be seyd,
The Jewys with trewh ywl yow asayl.
    Tak hed whath cownsayl may best provayl.
After Rewfyn and Leyon I rede that ye sende – advise
195 They arn temperal jewgys that knowyth the perayl – are who know the peril
    With youre cosyn Cayphas this matere to amende.

ANNAS
Now surely this cowncel revyfe myn herte! revives
    Youre cowncel is best, as I can se.
Arfexe, in hast loke that thu styrte, haste go
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. known before

ARFEXE
205 My souereyn, at youre intent I xal gon
In al the hast that I kan hy hurry
Onto Cayphas, Rewfyn, and Lyon,
    And charge youre intent that thei xal ply. command carry out

Here goth the masangere forth; and in the menetyme Cayphas
shewyth himself in his skafhald arayd lych to Annas, savyn
gis 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 represent here visibly
210 Buschopys of the lawe with al the circumstawns. capable
I, Cayphas, am jewge with powerys possyble variance
To distroye all errouris that in oure lawys make varyawns.
All thyngys I convey be reson and temperawnce, express are understood
And all materis possible to me ben palpable.
215 Of the lawe of Moyses I haue a chef governawns; sever is in my power
To seuere ryth and wrong in me is termynable.
But ther is on Crist that in oure lawys is varyable; one inconstant
He perverte the pepyl with his prechyng ill.
We must seke a mene onto hym reprevable, misleads
220 For yf he procede, oure lawys he wyl spyll! means to reprove him destroy
We must take good cowncel in this case
Of the wysest of the lawe that kan the trewthe telle, from
Of the jewgys of Pharasy and of my cosyn Annas.
For yf he procede, be prosesse oure lawys he wyl felle. in time fell

I DOCTOR CAIPHAS
225 Myn lord, plesyt yow to pardon me for to say may it please you
The blame in yow is, as we fynde, from
To lete Cryst contenue thus day be day,
With his fals wichcraft the pepyl to blynde.

230 And makyth oure pepyl to leve hem in. believe in them
It is youre part to take hym and do hym bynde, make him be bound
And gyf hym jugement for his gret syn.

II DOCTOR CAIPHAS
235 That ye let Cryst from you pace pass
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 – make
240 Or into a preson lete hem be thrawe! thrown

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

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

Rwyr, and lyon schewe hem in the place in ray tabardys

MASANGERE
245 Myn reverent souereyn, and it do yow plese, if it pleases you
Sere Annas, my lord, hath to you sent.
He prayt you that ye xal not sese prays cease
Tyl that ye ben with hym present. 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, impose themselves
Thow he had notwth a sent to me. even if he had not sent

MASANGERE
I recomende me to youre hey degré. myself high rank
On more massagys I must wende. go

CAIPHAS
255 Farewel, sere, and wel ye be. greet
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! meets judges
Of my massage 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; very glad
Sere, telle hym we xal come in hast:
No delacyon therin xal be, delay
But to his presens hye us fast. hurry

MASANGERE
I xal telle my lord, seris, as ye say,
270 Ye wyl fulfylle 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, if information
Ser Cayphas comyth to you in hast.
275 Rewfyn and Lyon wyl se youre presens, before
And se yow here or this day be past.

ANNAS
Sere, I kan the thank of thi dyligens. I thank you
Now ageyn my cosyn I wolde walk. toward
Serys, folwyth me onto his presens,
280 For of these mat erys we must talk.

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 othereyss 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 meet
at the mydplace, and ther xal be a lytil oratory with stolys and middle of the platea stools
cusshonys, clenly beseyn lych as it were a cownsel hous; arrayed like
Annas thus seyng:

ANNAS

Welcome, Sere Cayphas and ye jewgys alle!

290 Now xal ye knowe all myn entent:
A wondyr case, serys, here is befalle 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.

295 He shewyth meraclys and sythe present says here
That he is prync 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 respect
That he is Kyng of Jewys in every degré.
Therfore he is fals, knowe wel the case:
Sesar is kyng, and non but he!

REWDFYN

He is an eretyk and a tretour bolde

310 To Sesare and to oure lawe, sertayn, if
Bothe in word and in werke, and ye beholde;
He is worthy to dey with mekyl peyn! die much

LEYON

The cawse that we been here present: enforce
To fortefy the lawe; and, trewth to say,

315 Jesus ful nere oure lawsys hath shent – nearly destroyed
The 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 jugement.
Let hym fyrst ben hangyn and drawe,  
320  And thanne his body in fyre be brent.

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.

II DOCTOR CAIPHAS
325  He werke with wechecrafte 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
330  And in youre jewgement be not slawe.  
Ther was nevyr man dyd so gret trespace  
As Jesu hath don ageyn oure lawe.

ANNAS
Now, bretheryn, than wyl ye here myn intent?  
These ix days let us abyde.  
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:  
The Lord of allthyng of nought mad,  
Is comynge youre comfort to be.  
All youre lanorys salvyn xal he;  
Youre helthe is more than kan wete.

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,  
345  Mannys sowle in blys now xal edyfy,  
And the Prynce of the Werd is cast owth.
Go to yon castel that standyth yow ageyn, opposite you
Sum of myn dyscyplis – go forth, ye to. two
There xul ye fyndyn bestys tweyn: two beasts
350 An asse tyed and here fole also. foal
Vnlosne that asse and brynge it to me pleyn. unloose openly
Iff any man aske why that ye do so, need of
Sey that I haue nede to this best, certeyn, hinder
And he xal not lett yow youre weys for to go.
355 That best brynge ye to me.

I APOSTOLUS
Holy prophete, we gon oure way;
We wyl not youre wourd delay. word (=command)
Also sone as that we may, as soon as we may
We xal it brynge to the.

Here thei fecch the asse with the fole, and the burgeys seyth: citizen

BURGENSIS
360 Herke, ye men, who yaff yow leve gave leave
Thus this best for to take away? for the relief of the poor
But only for pore men to releve hinder
This asse is ordayneed, as I yow say. lead
PHILIPPUS
Good sere, take this at no greff. sir grief
365 Oure maystyr us sent hedyr this day.
He hath grett nede, withowt repreff; hinder
Therfore not lett us, I the pray, lead
This best for to lede.
BURGENSIS
Sethyn that it is so that he hath yow sent, since
370 Werkyth his wyll and his intent: beast decided
Take the beste, as ye be bent, may you prosper
And evyr wel mote ye spede.

JACOBUS MINOR
This best is brought ryght now here, lo, beast
Holy prophete, at thin owyn wylle.
375 And with this cloth anon also,
This bestys bak we xal sone hylle. beast’s back soon cover

PHILIPPUS
Now mayst thu ryde whedyr thu wylt go, prepared for thee
Thyn holy purpos to fulfylle.
Thy best ful redy is dyth the to;
380 Bothe meke and tame, the best is stylle.
And we be redy also, straightaway
Iff it be plesyne to thi ssyght,
The to helpe anon forthyght,
Vpon this best that thu were dyght, prepared
385 Thi journey for to do.

Here Cryst rydyth out of the place and he wyl, if he will
and Petyr and Johan abydyn stylle; and at the last, whan thei haue remain motionless
don ther prechyng, thei mete with Jesu.

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

He xal cawse the blynde that thei xal se,
The def to here, the dome for to speke.
Thei that be crokyd, he xal cause hem to goo,
In the wey that Johan Baptyst of prophecyed.
Sweche a leche kam yow nevyr non too.
Wherfore, what he comawndyth, loke be aplyed!
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.

Of his comaundementys in yow gret neeglygens is aspyed;
Wherefore def fro gostly heryng clepe yow I howe.
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,
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.
Many of yow be dome. Why? For ye wole not redresse dumb
Be mowthe youre Dedys Mortal, but therin don perdure.
Of the uych but ye haue contrycyon and yow confesse,
Ye may not inheretye hevyyn, this I yow ensure.
And of all these maladyes ye may haue gostly cure,
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.

JOHANNES APOSTOLUS
Onto my brotherys forseyd rehersall that ye xuld yeve the more veray confydens,
I come with hym as testymonyall,
This lord xal come without resystens;
Onto the cetyward he is now comyng.
Wherefore dresse yow with all dew dylygens
To honowre hym as youre makere and kyng.

And to fullylle the prophethys prophesé,
Vpon an asse he wole hedyr ryde,
Shewyng yow exawmple of humylyté,
Devoydying the abhomynable synne of pryde,
Whech hath ny conqweryd all the werd wyde,
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.

Now, brotyhr in God, syth we have intellygens To attend upon his precyous presens It syttyth to us, as semyth me. Wherfore to mete with hym now go we. Wold fore nothyng we wherre to late. To the cetéward fast drawyth he; Mesemyth he is ny at the gate.

Here spekyth the iiij ceteseynys, the fy rst thus seyng: I CIVES JERUSALEM Neyborys, gret joye in oure herte we may make That this hefly kyng wole vycyte this cyté! II CIVES JERUSALEM Yf oure eerly kyng swech a jorné xuld take, 445 To don hym honour and worchepe besy xuld we be. III CIVES JERUSALEM Meche more, than, to the hevynly kyng bownd are we For to do that xuld be to his persone reuerens. 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.

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

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 comforte.

Here Cryst passyth forth. Ther metyth with hym a serteyn of chyllderyn with flowrys, and cast beforon hym. And they synggyn “Gloria laus”, and beforon on seyt:

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

JESUS
Frendys, beholde the tyme of mercy, The wich is come now withwytyn dowth. Mannys sowle in blysse now xal edfy, And the Prynce of the Werd is cast owth. 460 As I haue prechyd in placys abowth,
And shewyd experyence to man and wyf, by experience
Into this werd Goddys sone hath sowth world God’s son has come
465 For veray loue man to revyfe. true revive

The trewthe of trewthis xal now be tryede, proven
And a perfyth of corde betwyx God and man, perfect accord
Wich trewth xal nevyr be dyvide – divided
Confusyon onto the fynd Sathan. fiend

I PAUPER HOMO

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

II PAUPER HOMO

475 And restore to us oure bodyly syth! sight
We know thu may us wel recure restore
With the lest poynt of thi gret myth. least amount might

JESUS

480 Blyssyd be all tho that beleve on me their eyes
And delyveryd you fro all mortal peyn.

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

I PAUPER HOMO

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

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

Play 27

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

JESUS

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

Thei that han most chylderyn sonest xal wayle have children
10 And seyn, “Alas, what may this meen?” say
Both mete and drynk sodeynly xal fayle –
The vengeance of God ther xal be seen.
The tyme is comyng hes wool ben,  
The day of trobyl and gret grevauns.  
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,

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  
Serys, goth to Syon and ye xal mete  
A pore man in symypyl aray  
Beryng watyr in the strete.  
Telle hym I xal come that way.

PETRUS  
Al thi wyl, Lord, it xal be don;  
To seke that place we xal us hye,  

JOHANNES  
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 massage to the he hath sent vs:

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  
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.

---

gb 2005
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
Wecch xal conuey us wher we xal be.

55 I knowe ful redy is the purvyauce providing
Of my frendys that lovyn me. love
Contewnyng in pees, now procede we; end
For mannys love this wey I take.
With gostly ey I veryly se spiritual eye

60 That man for man an hende must make.

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

PETRUS
All redy, Lord, is oure ordenawns, preparation
As I hope to yow plesyng xal be. request
Seymon hath don at youre instawns,
He is ful glad youre presens to se.

JOHANNES
65 Allthyng we haue, Lord, atoure plesyng belongs
That longyth to youre Mawndé, with ful glad chere. that longeth to your mind, with full glad cheer.
Whan he herd telle of youre comyng, end
Gret joye in hym than dyd appere.

Here comyth Symon owt of his hous to welcome Cryst.

SIMON
Graceyous Lord, welcome thu be! poor
Reverens be to the, both God and man,
My poer hous that thu wylt se,
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;
This rewarde I xal the grawnt present.

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

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 brooth,
For the Romaynes than wyl us myscheve,

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.
Therfore I pray yow, cosyn, say what is the best.

CAIPHAS

Attendne now, serys, to that I xal seye:
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.

Therfor, late us werk wysely that we us not repent.
We must nedys put on hym som fals dede.
95 I sey for me, I had levyr he were brent
Than he xuld us alle thus ouyrfede.
Therfore 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
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.

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

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.

He seyd also to personys that I know
That he xuld and myth, serteyn,
The gret tempyl mythtyly ovyrthrow,
120 And the thrydde day reysyn’t ageyn!

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!
REWFYN
125 And all this day we xuld contryve
    What shamefull deth Jesu xuld haue.
We may not do hym to meche myscheve to much harm
    The worchep of oure lawe to save. honour

LEYON
130 Vpon a jebet lete hym hongyn be! gallows hung
This jugement, mesemyth, it is reson
That all the countré may hym se by
And beware be his gret treson.

REWFYN
135 Be what mens ye may come hym bye,
    For he hath many folwerys at his instawns. command
Yet o thyng, serys: ye must aspye one
    And make a ryth sotyl ordenawns very subtle arrangement

ANNAS
140 Som wey we xal fynd therto.
Serys, therof we must have avysement must consider
    And ben acordyd or than we go. be agreed before
How we xal han hym at oure entent,

fol. 149r
Here Judas Caryoth comyth into the place
end of fol. 148v. The stage direction marked above is crossed out to allow the interpolation of foll. 149-151

fol. 149r
MARIA MAGDALEN
145 Alas! Alas! I xal forfare be lost
    For the grete synnys that I haue do, done
    Lesse than my Lord God sumdel spare, unless spares (me) is somewhat
    And his grett mercy receyve me to. receives me to his great mercy
As I mysylf that here now go.

150 Now wyl I go to Cryst Jesu,
    For he is lord of all vertu, sue
    And for sum grace I thynke to sew;
    For of myself I haue grett shame.

A mercy, Lord, and salve my synne! heal
Maydenys floure, thu wasch me fre. flower (=paragon of chastity)
155 Ther was nevyr woman of mannys kynne of all mankind
    So ful of synne in no countrê. been defiled by wood and fen (=everywhere)
    I haue be fowlyd be fryth and fenne
    And sowght synne in many a ceté.

160 But thu me borwe, Lord, I xal brenne, unless save burn
    With blake fendys ay bowne to be! fiends always bound
    Wherefore, Kynge of Grace,
    With this oynement that is so sote, sweet
Lete me anoynte thin holy fote,
And for my balys thus wyn sum bote
And mercy, Lord, for my trespace.

JESUS
Woman, for thi wepynge wylle,
Sum socowre God xal the sende.
The to saue I haue grett skylle,

For sorwefull hert may synne amende.
All thi prayour I xal fulfylle;
To thi good hert I wul attende
And saue the fro thi synne so hylle,
And fro vij develys I xal the fende.

Fendys, fleth youre weye!
Wyckyd spyritys, I yow conjowre,
Fleth out of hire bodyly bowre!
In my grace she xal evyr flowre
Tyl deth doth here to deye.

MARIA MAGDALEN
I thanke the, Lorde, of this grett grace.
Now these vij fendys be fro me flytt,
I xal neyvr forffett nor do trespace
In wurd, nor dede, ne wyl, nor wytt.
Now I am brought from the fendys brace,

In thi grett mercy closyd and shytt,
I xal neyvr returne to synful trace
That xulde me dampne to helle pytt.
I wurchep the on knes bare.
Blyssyd be the tyme that I hedyr sowth,
And this oynement that I hedyr brought.

JUDAS
Lord, methynkyth thu dost ryght ylle
To lete this oynement so spylle!
To selle it, yt were more skylle,
And bye mete to poer men.
The box was worth of good moné
This myght a bowht mete plenté

To fede oure power ken.

JESUS
Pore men xul abyde –
Ageyn the woman thu spekyst wronge –
And I passe forth in a tyde.
Off mercy is here mornyng songe.

Here Cryst restyth and etyth a lytyl, and seyth syttyng to
his disciplis and Mary Mawdelyn:

JESUS
Myn herte is ryght sory, and no wondyr is:
Too deth I xal go, and neyvr dyd trespas.
But yitt most grevyth myn hert evyr of this:
On of my bretheryn xal werke this manas.
On of yow here syttyng my treson xaltras –
210 On of yow is besy my deth here to dyth.
And yitt was I nevyr in no synful plas
Wherefore my deth xuld so shamfully be pyght.

PETRUS
My dere Lord, I pray the the treu th for to telle,
Whiche of vs ys he that treson xal do?
215 Whatt traytour is he that his Lord that wold selle?
Expresse his name, Lord, that xal werke this woo.
JOHANNES
If that ther be on that wolde selle so,
Good mayster, telle us now opynly his name.
What traytour is hym that from the that wolde go
220 And with fals treson fulfylle his grett shame?

ANDREAS
It is ryght dredfull such treson to thynke,
And wel more dredful to werk that bad dede!
For that fals treson to helle he xal synke,
In endles peynes grett mysc he lede.
JACOBUS MAJOR
225 It is not I, Lord! For dowte I haue drede.
This synne to fulfylle cam nevyr in my mende.
Iff that I solde the, thy blood for to blede,
In doyng that treson my sowle xulde I shende!
MATHEUS
Alas, my dere Lord, what man is so wood
230 For gold or for sylvyr hymself so to spylle?
He that the doth selle for gold or for other good,
With his grett covetyse hymself he doth kylle.
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 fulffille,
For his grett treson, his sowle stondyth in dowt.

PHILIPPUS
Golde, sylver, and tresoour sone doth passe away,
But withowyn ende evyr doth laste thi grace.
A, Lord, who is that wyll chaffare the for monay?
240 For he that sellyth his Lord, to grett is the trespace!
JACOBUS MINOR
That traytour that doth this orryble manace,
Bothe body and sowle I holde he be lorn,
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,
And for that monye he may mornyng make.
Alas, what cawsyth hym to selle the Kyng of Blys?
For his fals wynnynge the devyl hym xal take.
THOMAS
For his fals treson the fendys so blake
250 Xal bere his sowle depe down into helle pyt.
Resste xal he non haue, but evyrmore wake
Brennyng in hoot fyre, in preson eyvr shytt.

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.
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.

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?
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.

Here Judas rysyth prevely and goth in the place and seyt
“Now cownter...”

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 mens I xal asay; Myn intent I xal fulfylle.
275 No lenger I wole make delay.
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.

Heyl, prynsesse and prestys that ben present!
New tydyngys to yow I come to telle.
Yf ye wole folwe myn intent, 
My maystyr, Jesu, I wele yow selle, 
Hese intent and purpose for to felle. 
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. 

gamaliel 
Now welcome, Judas, oure owyn frende! 
Take hym in, serys, be the honde. 
295  We xal the both geve and lende, 
And in every quarel by the stonde. 

rewyn 
Judas, what xal we for thi mayster pay? 
Thi sylver is redy and we acorde. 
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”. 

rewyn 
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. 

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. 

leyon 
Now this bargany is mad ful and fast, 
Noyther part may it forsake. 
315  But, Judas, thu must telle us in hast 
Be what menys we xal hym take. 

rewyn 
Ya, ther be many that hym neyvr sowe 
Weche we yl sende to hym in fere. 
Therfor be a tokyn we must hym knowe 
320  That must be prevy betwyx us here. 

leyon 
Ya, beware of that for ony thynge. 
For o dyscypil is lyche thi maystyr in al parayl, 
And ye go lyche in all clothyng; 
So myth we of oure purpos fayl. 

judas
As for that, serys, haue ye no dowth; 
I xal ordeyn so ye xal not mysse. 
Whan that ye evm hym all abowth, 
Take the man that I xal kysse.

I must go to my maystyr ageyn.

Dowth not, serys; this matere is sure inow. 

GAMALIEL
Farewel, Judas,oure frend, sertyn. 
Thi labour we xal ryth wel alow.

JUDAS
Now wyl I sotely go seke my maystyr ageyn, 
And make good face as I nowth knew. 

I haue hym solde to wo and peyn; 
I trowe ful sore he xal it rew. 

Here Judas goth in sotylly wheras he cam fro. 

ANNAS
Lo, serys, a part we haue of oure entent 
For to take Jesu! Now we must provyde 
A sotyl meny to be present 

That dare fyth and wele abyde. 

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. 

CAIPHAS
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. 

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: 

JESUS
Brederyn, this lambe that was set us beforn 
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. 
And as we with swete bredys haue it ete, 
And also with the byttyr sokelyng, 
And as we take the hed with the fete 

And as we stodyn so dede thei stond;
And here reynes thei gyrdyn, veryly, their loins girded
With schon on here fete and stavys in here hond; shoes their staffs

360 And as we ete it, so dede thei, hastyly. interpretation cease
This fygure xal sesse; anothyr xal folwe therby which
Weche xal be of my body, that am youre hed, by
Weche xal be shewyd to you be a mystery by
Of my flesch and blood in forme of bred.

365 And with fervent desire of hertys affeccyon entirely Maundy
I have enterly desyréd to kepe my Mawndé before
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 sacrifyce, (which) in the old law
So the newe lomb that xal be sacrybd be me consecrated by
Xal be vsyd for a sacrifyce most of price. most precious

*Here xal Jesus take an oblé in his hand lokyng upward into*

wafer
*hefne, to the Fadyr thus seyng:*

heaven

Wherefore to the, Fadyr of Hefne that art eternall, yield
Thankyn and honor I yeld onto the by

375 To whom be the Godhed I am eqwall, by
But be my manhod I am of lesse degré. by
Wherefore I as man worchep the Deyté, through might
Thankyn the, fadyr, that thu wylt shew this mystery;
And thus thurwe thi myth, fadyr, and blyssyng of me, through might

380 Of this that was bred is mad my body.

*Here xal he spekyn ageyn to his dyscipulys, thus seyng:*

Bretheryn, be the vertu of these wordys that rehercyd be, by
This that shewyth as bred to youre apparens give
Is mad the very flesche and blod of me, give
To the weche thei that wole be savyd must yeve credens give

385 And as in the olde lawe it was comawndyd and precepte prescribed
To ete this lomb to the dystruccyon of Pharao vnkende, unnatural
So to dystroy youre gostly enmye this xal be kepe spiritual
For youre paschal lomb into the werdys ende. unto the world’s

For this is the very lombe withowte spot of synne

390 Of weche Johan the Baptyst dere prophesy did
When this prophesye he dede begynne, did
Seyng, “Ecce Agnus Dei”.

And how ye xal ete this lombe I xal yeve infformacyon give
In the same forme as the eld lawe doth specylye, old

395 As I shewe be gostly interpretacyon; by spiritual
Therfore to that I xal sey, youre wyttys loke ye replye. what apply
With no byttyr bred this bred ete xal be: eaten
That is to say, with no byttyrnesse of hate and envye, sweet
But with the suete bred of loue and charyté, sweet

400 Weche fortefyet the soule gretlye.
And it schuld ben etyn with the byttyr sokelyng: clover
That is to mene, yyf a man be of synful dysposysyon, if
Hath led his lyff here with myslevyng, wrong-doing
Therfore in his hert he xal haue byttyr contrycyon.

405 Also, the hed with the feet ete xal ye: eaten
Be the hed ye xal vndyrstand my Godhed, by
And be the feet ye xal take myn humanyté. by
These tweyn ye xal receyve togedyr, inde. two

This immaculat lombe that I xal yow yeve give
410  Is not only the Godhed alone, each one
    But bothe God and man, thus must ye beleve;
    Thus the hed ye xal receyve echon.
Of this lombe vnete yf owth belevyth, iwys, if anything be left uneaten
Yt xuld be cast in the clere fyre and brent; burned
415  Weche is to mene, yf thu vndyrstande nowth al this, ruined
    Put thi feyth in God and than thu xalt not be shent.

The gyrdyl that was comawndyd here reynes to sprede loins cover
Xal be the gyrdyl of clennes and chastyté. cleanness
That is to sayn, to be contynent in word, thought, and dede,
420  And all leccherous levying cast yow for to fle resolve
And the schon that xal be youre feet vpon shoes
    Is not ellys but exawnpyl of vertuis levying nothing else virtuous living
    Of youre form-faderys you befor;
With these schon my steppys ye xal be sewyng shoes following
425  And the staf that in youre handys ye xal holde staffs be
    Is not ellys but exawnmplys to other men teche;
    Hold fast youre stauys in youre handys and beth bolde
To every creature myn precepttys for to preche.

Also, ye must ete this paschall lombe hastily, nothing else
430  Of weche sentens this is the very entent:
    At every outre and tyme ye xal be redy hour
    For to fulfylle my cowmawndement.
For thow ye leve this day, ye are not sure though live
435  Whedyr ye xal leve tomorwe or nowth. not
    Therfor hastely every oure do youre besy cure hour
    To kepe my preceptys, and than thar ye not dowth.

Now haue I lernyd yow how ye xal ete taught
Youre paschal lombe, that is my precyous body. food
Now I wyl fede yow all with awngellys mete; in succession
440  Wherfore to reseyve it, come forth seryatlly.

PETRUS
Lord, for to receyve this gostly sustenawns
In dewe forme, it excedyth myn intellygens.
For no man of hymself may have substantawns
To receyve it with to meche reverens. too much
445  For with more delecious mete, Lord, thu may us not fede
   Than with thin owyn precyous body.
   Wherfore what I haue trespacyd in word, thought, or dede,
   With byttyr contracyon, Lord, I haske the mercy.  thee

*When oure Lord yvyyth his body to his dyscypulys, he xal sey to eche of hem, except to Judas:*

**JESUS**
   This is my body, flesch and blode,

450  That for the xal dey upon the rode.  thee

*And whan Judas comyth last, oure Lord xal sey to hym:*

**Judas, art thu avysyd what thu xalt take?**

**JUDAS**
   Lord, thi body I wyl not forsake.

*And sythyn oure Lord xal sey onto Judas:*

**JESUS**
   Myn body to the I wole not denye,
   Sythyn thu wylt presume therupon.

455  Yt xal be thi dampanacyon, verylye –
   I yeve the warnyng now beforne.  give thee

*And aftyr that Judas hath reseyvd, he xal syt ther he was, Cryst seyng:*

**On of yow hath betrayd me**
   That at my borde with me hath ete.  table eaten
   Bettyr it hadde hym for to a be

460  Bothe vnborn and vnbegete.  unbegotten

*Than eche dyscypyl xal loke on other, and Petyr xal sey:*

**PETRUS**
   Lord, it is not I.

*And so all xul seyn tyl thei comyn at Judas, wech xal sey:*

**JUDAS**
   Is it owth I, Lord?  in any way

465  That that hust begonne, brenge to an ende.

*Than Judas xal gon ageyn to the Jewys. And, yf men wolne, xal mete with hym and sey this spech folwyng – or levyn’t whether thei wyl – the devyl thus seyng:*

gb 2005
DEMON
A, a, Judas, derlyng myn, 
Thu art the best to me that evyr was bore! born 
Thu xalt be crownyd in helle peyn, 
And therof thu xalt be sekyr for evyymore. sure

470 Thow hast solde thi maystyr and etyn hym also! 
I wolde thu kowdyst bryngyn hym to helle every del; could bit 
But yet I fere he xuld do ther sum sorwe and wo fear 
That all helle xal crye out on me that sel. time

Sped up thi matere that thu hast begonne: 
475 I xal to helle for the to mak redy. dwell 
Anon thu xalt come wher thu xalt wonne; by me 
In fyre and stynk thu xalt sytt me by. 

JESUS
Now the Sone of God claryfyed is, manifested 
And God in hym is claryfyed also.

480 I am sory that Judas hath lost his blysse, 
Weche xal turne hym to sorwe and wo. participable reign

But now in the memory of my Passyon, 
To ben partabyl with me in my reyn above, 
Ye xal drynk myn blood with gret devocyon, 

485 Wheche xal be xad for mannys love. shed 
Takyth these chalys of the newe testament, chalice 
And kepyth this evyr in youre mende. mind 
As oftyn as ye do this with trewe intent, 
It xal defende yow fro the fende.
505  Hol God and man he xal me take.
   It xal hym defende from the deuyl wood,
   And at his deth I xal hym nowth forsake.

   And hoso not ete my body nor drynke my blood,
   Lyf in hym is nevyr a dele.
510  Kepe wele this in mende for youre good,
   And every man save hymself wele.

   Here Jesus takyth a basyn with watyr and towaly gyrt
   abowtyn hym and fallyth beforn Petyr on his o kne.

   Another exawmpyl I xal yow shewe
   How ye xal leve in charyté.
   Syt here down at wordys fewe,

   Here he takyth the basyn and the towaly and doth as
   the roberyech scyth beforne.

PETRUS

   Lord, what wylt thu with me do?
   This servyce of the I wyl forsake.
   To wassche my feet, thu xal not so –
   I am not worthy it of the to take.

JESUS

520  Petyr, and thu forsake my servyce all
   The weche to yow that I xal do,
   No part with me haue thu 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.

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.
The Passion Play I

540 The day is come, I must procede
   For to fullfylle the prophecy.
   This nyth for me ye xal han drede
   Whan novmbyr of peypyl xal on me cry.

For the prophetys spoke of me,

545 And seydyn of deth that I xuld take;
   Fro whech deth I wole not fle,
   But for mannys synne amendys make.

   This nyth fro yow be led I xal,
   And ye for fer fro me xal fle,

550 Not onys dur speke whan I yow call,
   And some of yow forsake me.

   For yow xal I dey and ryse ageyn.
   Vn the thrydde day ye xal me se
   Beforn yow all walkyng playn

555 In the lond of Galylé.

PETRUS
   Lord, I wyl the nevyr forsake,
   Nor for no perellys fro the fle!
   I wyl rather my deth take
   Than onys, Lord, forsake the.

JESUS

560 Petyr, yn ferthere than thu doyst knowe
   As for that promese loke thu not make.
   For or the cok hath twyes crowe,
   Thryes thu xal me forsake.

565 But, all my frendys that arn me dere,
   We may no lengere abydyn here,
   For I must walke to Betany.

   The tyme is come, the day drawyth nere;
   Onto my deth I must in hast.

570 Now, Petyr, make all thi felawys chere;
   My flesch for fere is qwakyng fast.

Play 28

Here Jesus goth to Betany-ward, and his dyscipulys folwyng
with sad contenawns, Jesus seyng:

JESUS

Now, my dere frendys and bretheryn echon,
Remembyr the wordys that I xal sey.
The tyme is come that I must gon
For to fulfylle the prophesey

5 That is seyd of me, that I xal dey,
   The fendys power fro yow to flem;
Weche deth I wole not deney
Mannys sowle, my spovse, for to redeyn.

The oyle of mercy is grawntyd playn
10 Be this jorné 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 vnkendenessse be no wey.
15 In peynys for hym my body schal schake,
   And for love of man, man xal dey.

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

JESUS
Petyr, with thi felawys here xalt thu abyde
And weche tyl I come ageyn.
I must make my prayere here you besyde.
20 My flesch qwakyth sore for fere and peyn.
PETRUS
Lord, thi request doth me constreyn;
In this place I xal abyde stylle,
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 ordreynd that I xal take
Yyf mannys sowle savyd may be.
And yyf it behove, fadyr, for me
30 To save mannys sowle that xuld spylle,
I am redy in eche degré
The vyl of the for to fulfylle.

Here Jesus goth to his dyiscipulis and fyndyth hem scelepyng,
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 nevr no trespace.
The watyr and blood owth of my face
Dystyllyth for peynes that I xal take
My flesche qwakyth in ferful case
As thow the joyntyss asondre xuld schake.

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

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

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 fulfylle his intent.
    As the Parlement of Hefne hath ment
    That mannys sowle xal now redemyd be,
    From hefne to herd, Lord, thu wore sent –
    That dede appendyth onto the.

Here the aungel ascendyth ayen sodeynly.

JESUS
60 Fadyr, thi wyl fulfyllyd xal be;
    It is nowth to say ayens the case.
    I xal fulfylle the prophesye
    And sofre deth for mannys trespace.

Here goth Cryst ageyn to his dyscipulis and fyndyth hem
scelepyng stytle.

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.

gb 2005
Ryse up, serys, I you pray,  
unclose youre eyne for my sake.  
75 We xal walke into the way  
And sen hem come that xul me take.  

Petyr, whan thu seyst I am forsake  
Amonge myn frendys, and stond alone,  
All the cher that thu kanst make  
Geve to thi bretheryn everychone.  

Here Jesus with his dyscipulis goth into the place; and thaw xal come in a x personys weyl beseen in white arneys and breganderys, and some dysgysed in odyr garmentys, with swerdys, gleysys, and other straunge wepoun, as cressetys, with feyr, and lanternys, and torchis lyth; and Judas formest of al, conveynghem to Jesu be contenawns; Jesu thus seyneg:  

Here all the Jewys falle sodeynly to the erde whan thei hear Cryst speke; and quan he byddyth hem rysyn, thei rysyn ayen,  

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?  

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.  

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.  

Here all the Jewys falle sodeynly to the erde whan thei hear  

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.  

RUFYNE  
Jesus of Nazareth we seke,  
And we myth hym here aspye.  

JESUS  
I told yow now with wordys meke  
100 Beforn you all that it was I.  

JUDAS  
Welcome, Jesu, my maystyr dere,  
I haue the sowth in many a place.  

I am ful glad I fynd the here,
For I wyst nevyr wher thu wace.

*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:*

PETRUS
105 I drawe my sword now this sel.
Xal I smyte, maystyr? Fayn wolde I wete.

*And forthwith he smythyth of Malchus here, and he cryeth, ‘Help! Myn here, myn here!’ And Cryst blyssyth it and ‘tys hol.*

JESUS
Put thi swerd in the sheade fayr and wel,
For he that smyth with swerd with swerd xal be smete.

A, Judas, this treson cowntyrfetyd hast thu,
And that thu xalt ful sore repent!

GAMALIEL
Lo, Jesus, thu mayst not the cace refuse:
Bothe treson and eresy in the is fownde.

115 Stody now fast on thin excuse
Whyllys that thu gost in cordys bownde.
Thu kallyst the kyng of this werd rownde;
Now lete me se thi gret powere,
And saue thi self here hool and sownde,

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.

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!

LEYON
Lete me leyn hand on hym in heye!
130 Onto his deth I xal hym bryng.

JESUS
Frendys, take hede. Ye don vnryth
So vnkendely with cordys to bynd me here
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
To hem that wele here sowlys sawe.

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

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
To hem that wele here sowlys sawe.

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

GAMALIEL

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.

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
afofte and lytys brennyng. And in the menetyme,
lights burning
Marye Magdalene xal rennyn to oure Lady and
run
telle here of oure Lordys takyng, thus seyng:

MARIA MAGDALENE

O inmaculate modyr, of all women most meke.
O devowtest, in holy medytacyon evyr abydyng.
The cawse, lady, that I to youre person seke
Is to wetyn yf ye heryn ony tydyng
Of youre swete sone and my reverence Lord, Jhesu,
That was youre dayly solas, youre gostly consolacyon.

MARIA

I wold ye xuld telle me, Mawdelyn, and ye knew;
For to here of hym, it is all myn affeccyon.
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 thyrlyd 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? did against
And dede he nevyr ayens thi precept, but evyr was obedyent; benign
And to every creature most petyful, most jentyl and benyng, iwys; harmed
And now for all these kendnessys is most shameful schent.

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

Now, dere sone, syn thu hast evyr ay against thi modyr, that hevy 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 pryncye, 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,
Contynuall y brennyng as byght as the sonnbem,  
With the chene of charyté bothe knyt in on,  
And offeryd of youre modyr to Cryst in Jherusalem.

SECUNDUS DOCTOR
Welcome, Phelypp, that couerdyd Samaryan,  
And couerdyd the tresorere of the Queene 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.

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

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

SECUNDUS DOCTOR
Heyl, Johan Baptyst, most sovereyn creature  
That evyr was born be naturall consevyng,  
And hyest of prophetys, as wytnessyth Scrypture;  
Heyl, voys that in desert was allwey cryeng.
THE PASSION PLAY II (N-TOWN)

Play 29

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

**CONTEMPLACIO**
Sofreyynes 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 soferauns of allmythty God, leave sufferance
We intendyn to procede the materere that we lefte the last yere. carry forward matter year
Wherefore we beseche yow that youre wyllys be good mind
To kepe the Passyon in youre mende, that xal be shewyd here.

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 plates night
To the Jewys for xxx platsys, to delyvyr hym that nyth.

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 brought
Beforn Annas and Cayphas, and syth beforn 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 spoke:

**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 myn hey presence high
To onlose hese lyppys ageyn myn intent! unloose his lips against

25   I am Herowde, of Jewys kyng most reverent,
The lawys of Mahownde my powere xal fortefy;
Reverens to that lord of grace moost excyllent,
For by his powere allthinge doth multyplye.

Yef ony Cristyn be so hardy his feyth to denye, if any Christian
30   Or onys to erre aegyns his lawe,
On gebetts with cheynes I xal hangyn hym heye,
And with wyld hors tho traytorys xal I drawe! gibbets high
To kytle a thowsand Cristyn I gyf not an hawe! those tear apart
To se hem hangyn or brennt to me is very plesauns;
To dryvyn hem into doongenys, dragonys to knawe,
And to rend here flesche and bonys onto here sustenauns!

gb 2005
Johan the Baptyst crystenyd Cryst, and so he dede many on;
Therfore myself dede hym brynge o dawe.
It is I that dede hym kylle, I telle you everychon,
For and he had go forth, he xuld a dystroyd our lawe.

Whereas Crystyn apperyth, to me is gret grevauns;
It peynyth myn hert of tho tretowrys to here
For the lawys of Mahownde I have in governawns,
The which I wele kepe – that lord hath no pere;

For he is god most prudent.
Now I charge you, my lordys that ben here,
Yf any Crystyn doggys here doth apere,
Bryng tho tretorys to my hey powere,
And thei xal haue sone jewgement!

PRIMUS MILES
50 My sovereyn lord, heyest of excillens,
In you all jewgement is termynabyle.
All Crystyn doggys that do not here dyligens,
Ye put hem to peynes that ben inportable.

SECUNDUS MILES
55 As to dystroye tho traytorys that erre
Ageyn oure lawys, that ben most profytable.
Be rythwysnesse that lawe ye must proferre.

REX HEROW[DE]
60 Thoo that excede his lawys be ony errour
To the most xamefullest deth I xal hem dyth!
But o thyng is sore in my gret delyte:
Of that man I desyre to han a sythte,

PRIMUS MILES
65 For with many gret wondrys oure lawe he fellyth.
The Son of God hymself he callyth,
And Kyng of Jewys he seyth is he;
My hert desyryth hym for to se.

SECUNDUS MILES
70 Serys, yf that he come in this cowntré,
With oure jurresdyccyon loke ye aspye,
And anon that he be brouth onto me;

PRIMUS MILES
75 To seke Jesus with my dew dilygens.
Yf he come youre provynce withinne,
He xal not askape youre hey presens.

SECUNDUS MILES
80 Thurwe all Galylé a serge to make
Yf Jesu be entryd youre pepyl among.
Correcte hese dedys that be do wronge, are done
For his body is vndyr youre baylé – jurisdiction
As men talkyn hem among among them

85 That he was born in Galylé.

REX
Thanne of these materys, serys, take hede. heed
For a whyle I wele me rest. will rest myself
Appetyde requyrth me so, indede, appetite
And fesyk tellyth me it is the best. medicine

Here xal a massanger com into the place rennyng and running
criyng, “Tydyngys! Tydyngys!”; and so rownd abowth
taken the place, “Jesus of Nazareth is take! Jesus of Nazareth
is take!”, and forthwith heylyng the prynces, thus seyng:
hailing

MASSANGER
90 All heyle, my lordys, princys of prestys! hail chief priests
Sere Cayphas and Sere Annas, lordys of the lawe, sir
Tydyngys I brynge you, reseyve them in youre breasts: breasts
Jesus of Nazareth is take! Therof ye may be fawe. taken glad

He xal be browth hedyr to you anon, brought hither
95 I telle you trewly, with a gret rowth. by crowd
When he was take, I was hem among, among them
And that I was ner to kachyd a clowte: nedar to have caught a blow

Malcus bar a lanterne and put hym in pres; bore throng
Anoon he had a towche, and of went his ere! touch off ear

100 Jesus had his dyscyple put up his swerd and ces, sword cease
And sett Malcus ere ageyn as hool as it was ere. whole before

So moty the, methowut it was a strawnge syth. may I prosper sight
When we cam fyrst to hym he cam vs ageyn toward us
And haskyd whom we sowth that tyme of nyth. asked sought night

105 We seyd, “Jesus of Nazareth; we wolde haue hym fayn”, gladly
And he seyd, “It is I that am here in youre syth”. sight
With that word we ovyrthrowyn bakward everychon, fell everyone
And some on here bakkys lyeng upryth; their lying face upward
But standyng upon fote manly ther was not on. boldly one

110 Cryst stod on his fete, as meke as a lom, lamb
And we loyn stytle lyche ded men tyl he bad us ryse. lay like dead
When we were up, fast handys we leyd hym upon;
But yet methought I was not plesyd with the newe gyse. way (=strange way things were going)

Therfore takyth now youre cowncel and avyse you ryth weyl, take very well
115 And beth ryth ware that he make you not amat. be very careful overwhelmed
For, be my thryfte, I dare sweryn at this seyl, prosperity swear time
Ye xal fynde hym a strawnge watt.
fellow

Here bryng thei Jesus befrom Annas and Cayphas, and on xal seyn thus:

Lo, lo, lordys, here is the man
That ye sent vs fore.

ANNAS
120 Therefore we come you thanke than, thank you
And reward ye xal have the more.

Jesus, thou are welcome hedyr to oure presens.
Ful oftyntymes we han the besyly do sowth.
We payd to thi dyscyple for the thretty pens,
125 And as an ox or an hors we trewly the bowth.

Therfore now art oure as thu standyst us before.
Sey why thu ast trobelyd us and subuertyd oure lawe.
Thu hast ofte concluyd us, and so thu hast do more;
Wherefore it were ful nedful to bryng the a dawe.

CAYPHAS
130 What arn thi dysciplys that folwyn the aboute? who are thee
And what is thi doctryne that thu dost preche?
Telle me now somewhath and bryng us out of doute
That we may to othere men thi prechyng forth teche.

JES[US]
Al tymes that I haue prechyd, opyn it was don
135 In the synagog or in the temple, where that all Jewys com.
Aske hem what I haue seyd, and also what I haue don; them
Thei con telle the my wordys, aske hem everychon. thee them everyone

PRIMUS JUDEUS
What, thu fela, to whom spekyst thu? fellow
Xalt thu so speke to a buschop?
140 Thu xalt haue on the cheke, I make avow,
And yet therto a knok! in addition
Here he xal smyte Jesus on the cheke.

JESUS
Yf I haue seyd amys,
Therof wytnesse thu mayst bere.
And yf I haue seyd but weyl in this, well
145 Thu dost amys me to dere.

ANNAS
Serys, takyth hed now to this man, sirs heed
That he dystroye not oure lawe.
And brynge ye wytnesse agens hym that ye can, against
So that he may be browt of dawe.

PRIMUS DOCTOR
150 Sere, this I herd hym with his owyn mowth seyn:
“Brekyth down this temple without delay,
And I xal setlyn’t up ageyn
As hool as it was be the thrydde day”.

SECUNDUS DOCTOR
Ya, ser, and I herd hym seyn also
155 That he was the Sone of God.
And yet many a fole wenyth so!  fool thinks
I durst leyn theron myn hod.  bet my hood (=head)

TERCIUS DOCTOR
Ya, ya! And I herd hym preche meche thing  much
And agens oure lawe every del,  against bit
160 Of wheche it were longe to make rekenyng  would be
To tellyn all at this seel.  time

CAYPHAS
What seyst now, Jesus? Whi answeryst not?  against thee
Heryst not what is seyd agens the?  fool
Spek, man, spek! Spek, thu fop!  thee
165 Hast thu scorn to speke to me?

Now I charge the and conjure be the sonne and the mone  if
That thu telle us and thu be Goddys sone.

JESUS
Goddys sone I am, I sey not nay to the;  judge living thee
170 And that ye eal xal se at Domysday,
Whan the Sone xal come in gret powere and magesté  have heard
And deme the qweke and dede, as I the say.

CAYPHAS
A! Out! Out! Allas, what is this?
Heryst ye not how he blasfemyth God?  fool
175 What nedyth us to haue more wytness?
Here ye han herd all his owyn word.
Thynk ye not he is worthy to dey?  die

Et clamabunt omnes:

[OMNES]
Yys, yys, yys! All we seye he is worthy to dey! ya, ya, ya!

ANNAS
Takyth hym to yow and betyth hym somdel  take beat somewhat
180 For hese blasfemyng at this sel!  his time

Here thei xal bete Jesus about the hed and the body,  blindfold
and spytyn in his face, and pullyn hym down, and setyn hym  xal seyn:
on a stol, and castyn a cloth owyr his face; and the fyrst  xal seyn:

PRIMUS JUDEUS
A, felawys, beware what ye do to this man,  well
For he propheeye weyl kan.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS
That xal be asayd be this batte.  yested by blow

Et percuciet super caput.
The Passion Play II

What, thu Jesus, ho yaff the that? who gave thee

TERCIUS JUDEUS
185 Whar, whar! Now wole I beware
Wetynt how he can prophecy – know
Ho was that? who

QUARTUS JUDEUS
A, and now wole I a newe game begynne may are
That we mon pley at, all that arn hereinne: wheel (=spin) and hit
190 Whyle and pylle, whyle and pylle, come whoever
Comyth to halle hoso wylle – who
Ho was that?

Here xal the woman come to the Jewys and seyn:

PRIMA ANCILLA
What, serys, how take ye on with this man? what is your affair
Se ye not on of hese dysciplys, how he beheldyth you than? one

Here xal the tother woman seyn to Petyr: other

SECUNDA ANCILLA
195 A, good man, mesemyth be the by your appearance
That thu on of hese dysciplys xulde be. one

PETRUS
A, woman, I sey nevyr er this man saw before
Syn that this werd fyrst began. since world

Et cantabit gallus.

PRIMA ANCILLA
What? Thu mayst not sey nay – thu art on of hese men! one
200 Be thi face wel we may the ken. 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, yard
Than all thi felawys hym forsoke;

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! by
210 And ye wole me beleve for an oth, if
I take record of all this compayné affirm before all this company
That I sey to yow is soth. 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, wher 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

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

Play 30

CAYPHAS
Massangere! Massangere!

CAYPHAS
Massanger, to Pylat in hast thou xalt 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 anoon, judgment-hall
For we han a gret matere that he must nedys spede. have necessarily assist

In hast now go thi way,
And loke thu tery nowth. tarry not

CAYPHAS
Massanger, to Pylat in hast thou xalt 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 anoon, judgment-hall
For we han a gret matere that he must nedys spede. have necessarily assist

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 dawe. thee judgment-hall dawn

PYLAT
15 Go thi way, praty masanger, and comawnde me also. brave
I xal be there in hast, and so thu mayst say.
Be the oure of prime I xal comyn hem to; by prime (=6 a.m.) to them
I tery no lenger, no make no delay. 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!

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

ANNAS
What is that to us? Avyse the now,  consider thyself
Thu dedyst with us counawnt make:  covenant
Thu seldyst hym us as hors or kow,  sold
Therfore 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 jewgement.   would be
And Pylat abydyth in the mot-halle alone  is waiting judgment-hall
Tyl we xuld this man present.
And therfore 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
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.

CAYPHAS
Sere Pylat, takyht hede to this thyng:  take heed
Jesus we han beforne 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
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
The Passion Play II

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: against Caesar noble
Kyn of Jewys he doth hym calle, himself
So oure emperourys power nowth xulde be. nought

SECUNDUS DOCTOR
Sere Pylat, we cannot telle half the blame
That Jesus in oure countré hath wrowth. wrought
55 Therfore we charge the in the emperorys name thee
That he to the deth in hast be browth. brought

PYLAT
What seyst to these compleyntys, Jesu?
These pepyl hath the sore acusyd have thee sorely
Because thu bryngyst up lawys newe
60 That inoure days were not vsyd.

JESUS
Of here acusyng me rowth nowth, their I care not
So that thei hurt not here soulys, ne non mo. provided their none others
I haue nowth yet founde that I haue sowth; what sought
For my faderys wyl, forth must I go.

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

JESUS
In hefne is knowyn my faderys intent, heaven
70 And in this werlde I was born.
Be my fadyr I was hedyr sent by hither
For to seke that was forlorn. lost
Alle that me heryn and in me belevyn
And kepyn here feyth stedfastly, their
75 Thow thei weryn dede, I xal them recuryn, though dead recover
And xal them bryng to blysse endlesly.

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

I fynde in hym non obecyon indictment
Of error nor treson, ne of no maner gylt.
The lawe wolde in no conclusyon wills that case
Withowte defawth he xulde be spylt. fault killed

PRIMUS DOCTOR
85 Sere Pylat, the lawe restyth in the, thee
And we knowe veryly his gret trespas.
To the emperour this mater told xal be,
Yf thu lete Jesus thus from the pas.

PYLAT
Serys, than telle me o thyng:
90 What xal be his acusyng?

ANNAS
Sere, we telle the al togedyr,
For his evyl werkys we browth hym hedyr;
And yf he had not an evyl-doere be,
We xuld not a browth hym to the.

PYLAT
95 Takyth hym than aftyr youre sawe,
And demyth hym aftyr youre lawe.

CAYPHAS
It is not lefful to vs, ye seyn,
No maner man for to slen.
The cawse why we bryng hym to the,
100 That he xuld not oure kyng be.
Weyl thu knowyst, kyng we have non
But oure emperour alon.

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 kyngham is not in this werld,
I telle the at o word.
Yf my kyngham here had be,
110 I xuld not a be delyveryd to the.

PYLAT
Serys, avyse yow as ye kan;
I can fynde no defawth in this man.

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 verys syn he began),
We kan telle the tyme, where and whan,
That many a thowsand turnyd hath he,
As all this pepyll record weyl kan, attest well

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 Galelye. born abroad
For we han no poer ne no jurediccyon
Of no man of that contré.

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,

To telle the trewth I haue no fer.
In Galelye I know that he was born;
I can telle in what place and where.
Agens this no man may answere,
For he was born in Bedlem Judé.

And this ye knowe now all, and haue don here,
That it stant in the lond of Galelye.

**PYLAT**
Weyl, serys, syn that I knowe that it is so, since
The trewth of this I must nedys se.
I vndyrstand ryth now what is to do:

The jugement of Jesu lyth not to me.
Herowde is kyng of that countré,
To jewge that regyon in length and in brede.
The jurysdyccyon of Jesu now han must he;
Therfore Jesu in hast to hym ye lede.

In hall the hast that ye may, spede, all
Lede hym to the Herownde anon present;
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,

Heyl, Herowde, most excyllent kyng!

Heyl, Herowde, most excyllent kyng!
We arn comawndyd to thin presens.

Pylat sendyth the be us gretyng, thee by
And chargyth us beoure obedyns by

Here thei take Jesu and lede hym in gret hast to the Herowde.
And the Herowdys scafalde xal vnelose shewyng Herowdys in astat, all the Jewys knelyng except Annas and Cayphas; state
thei xal stondyn, et cetera.
SECUNDUS DOCTOR
That we xuld do oure dylygens
To bryng Jesus of Nazareth onto the;
And chargyth us to make no resystens, opposition
160 Becawse he was born in this countré.

ANNAS
We knowe he hath wrought gret folé wrought folly
Agyeys the lawe shewyd present. against
Therfore Pylat sent hym onto the
That thu xuldyst gyf hym jugement.

HEROWDE REX
165 Now be Mahound, my god of grace, kind
Of Pylat this is a dede ful kende.
I forgfy hym now his gret trespace
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: known
The gret falsnesse of Jesu is opynly knawe.
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 poynys of nygramancye, by subtle instances
180 Many thowsandys fro oure lawe be falle. have fallen away

CAYPHAS
Most excellent kyng, ye must take hede: error
He wol dystroye all this countré, both elde and yyng, old young
Yf he ten montgis more procede, by
Be his meraclys and fals prechyng.
185 He bryngyth the pepyl in gret fonnyng, them
And seyth dayly among hem alle
That he is Lord, and of the Jewys kyng,
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 wonder thyng;
Crokyd to gon and blynd men to sen;
And thei that ben dede, gevyst hem levyng,
And makyst lepers fayre and hool to ben.

200 These arn wonder werkys wrougth of the, are by thee
Be what wey I wolde knowe the trew sentens. by meaning
Now, Jesu, I pray the, let me se
O meracle wrougth in my presens. one wrought

205 In hast now do thi dylygens,
And peraventure I wyl shew favour to the.
For now thu art in my presens,
Thyn lyf and deth here lyth in me.

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

Jesus, why spekyst not to thy kyng?

210 What is the cause thou stondyst so stytle?
Thu knowyst I may deme allthyng, judge
Thyn lyf and deth lyth at my wylle.

What! Spek, Jesus, and telle me why
This pepyl do the so here acuse.

215 Spare not, but telle me now on hey in haste
How thu canst thiself excuse.

CAYPHAS
Loo, serys, this is of hym a false sotylte.
He wyl not speke but whan he lyst! likes
Thus he dysceyvyth the pepyl in ech degré – deceiveth way

220 He is ful fals, ye veryly tryst. (may) trust

REX HEROWDE
What, thu unhangyd harlot, why wylt thu not speke? unhanged rascal
Hast thu skorne to speke onto thi kyng?
Becawse thu dost our lawys breke,
I trowe thu art aferd of our talkyng. think afraid

ANNAS
225 Nay, he is not aferde, but of a fals wyle, will
Becawse we xuld not hym acuse.
If that he answerd yow ontylle, to you
He knowyth he cannot hymself excuse.

REX HERO[XDE]
What! Spek, I say, thu foulyng! Evyl mot thu fare! wretch may
230 Loke up, the devyl mote the cheke.
Serys, bete his body with scourgys bare,
And asay to make hym for to speke. try

PRIMUS JUDE[U]
It xal be do withoutyn teryeng.
Come on, thu tretour, evyl mot thu the!
235 Whylt thu not speke onto our kyng?
A new lesson we xal lere the. 

Here thei pulle of Jesus clothis and betyn hym with whipps.

SECUNDUS JUDE[US]
Jesus, thi bonys we xal not breke,  
But we xal make the to skyppe.  
Thu hast lost thi tongue, thu mayst not speke –

240 Thu xalt asay now of this whippe!  

TERCIUS JUDEUS
Serys, take these whipps 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.  

And quan thei han betyn hym tyl he is all blody,  
than the Herownd seyth:

[REX HEROWDE]
245 Sees, serys, I comawnde you be name of the devyl of helle!  
Jesus, thynkyst this good game?  
Thu art strong to suffyr schame;  
Thu haddyst levyr be betyn lame  
Than thi defawtys for to telle.  

250 But I wyl not thi body all spyl,  
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  
And quen thei han betyn hym tyl he is all blody,  

PRIMUS DOCTOR
Sere, at youre request it xal be do;  
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 orrible 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!  
As a devyl most dowty, dred is my dynt!  
Many a thowsand develys, to me do thei lowth,  
Brennyng in flamys as fyre out of flynt!  

5 Hoso serve me, Sathan, to sorwe is he sent,
The Passion Play II

137

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!

With myschef on moode here membrys I merke

10 That japyn with Jesus, that Judas solde!
Be he nevyr so crafty nor conyng clerke,
I Harry them to helle as tretour bolde!

But ther is o thyng that grevyth me sore,
Of a prophete that Jesu men calle.

15 He peynyth me every day more and more
With his holy meraclis and werkys alle.

I had hym onys in a temptacyon
With glotenye, with covetyse, and veynglorye.
I hasayd hym be all weys that I cowde don,

20 And vttyrly he refusyd hem and gan me defye.
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!

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.
But with a sharpe spere he xal be smet to the herte!
And sythyn he xal come to helle, be he nevyr so stowte.

30 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.
Helle, helle, make redy, for here xal come a gest!
Hedyr xal come Jesus, that is clepyd Goddys sone.

35 And he xal ben here be the oure of none,
And with the here he xal won, And han ful shrewyd rest.

Here xal a devyl spekyn in helle:

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.

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!

Lo, a wyle yet haue I kast:
If I myth Jesus lyf save,
The Passion Play II

Helle gatys xal be sperd fast
And kepe stytte all tho I haue.    bolted
quiet those

To Pylats 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.

I xal asay, and this wol be,
To bryng Pylat in belef.
Withinne a whyle ye xal se
How my craft I wole go pref.

Here xal the devyl gon to Pylats 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 short and here kyrtyl in here hand. And sche
xal come befor Pylat leke a mad woman, seyng thus:

VXOR PILATY
Pylat, I charge the that thu take hede:
Deme not Jesu, but be his frende.

Yf thu jewge hym to be dede,
Thu art dampnyd withowtyn ende.

A fend aperyd me befor
As I lay in my bed slepyng fast.
Sethyn the tyme that I was born
Was I nevyr so sore agast.

As wylde fyre and thondyrblast
He cam cryeng onto me.
He seyd thei that bete Jesu or bownd hym fast,
Withowtyn ende dampnyd xal be.

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.

PYLAT
Gramercy, myn wyf, for evyr ye be trewe;
Now to youre chawmer ye do sewe,
And all xal be weyl, dame, as ye xal se.

Here the Jewys bryng Jesus agen to Pylat.

PRIMUS DOCTOR
Sere Pylat, gode tydandys thu here of me:
Of Herowd the kynyg thu hast good wyl,
And Jesus he sendyth agen to the,
And byddyth the chese hym to save or spylle.
SECUNDUS DOCTOR
Ya, sere, all the poer lyth now in the, power
And thu knowyst oure feyth he hath ner schent. nearly destroyed
Thu knowyst what myschef therof may be – harm may come from this
85 We charge the to gyf hym jwgement.

PYLAT
Serys, trewly ye be to blame
Jesus thus to bete, dyspoyle, or bynde, strip
Er put hym to so gret schame. or
For no defawth in hym I fynde. guilt
90 Ne Herowdys nother, to whom I sent yow, neither
Defawte in hym cowde fynde ryth non, could right none
But sent hym agen to me be yow, by
As ye knowe wel everychon. everyone

Therfore vndyrstande what I xal say:
95 Ye knowe the custom is in this londe near
Of youre Pasche day, that is nerhonde: near
What theff or tretore be in bonde honour
For worchep of that day xal go fre away, penalty

Without any price.
100 Now than methynkyth it were ryth right
To lete Jesus now go qwyte free
And do to hym no mo dyspyte. more insult
Serys, this is myn avyse. advice

I wolde wete what ye say. know

Here all thei xul cryen:

105 Nay! Nay! Nay!

PRIMUS DOCTOR
Delyvere us the theff Barabas, manslaughter imprisoned
That for mansclawth presonde was!

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

SECUNDUS DOCTOR
110 Jesus xal on the cros be don! put
Crucifigatur, we crye echon! 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;
I wole hym examyne betwyx us tweyn.

Here Pylat takyth Jesu and ledyth hym into
the cowncel hous and seyth:

Jesus, what seyst now, lete se.
This materie now thu vndyrstonde:

120 In pes thu myth be for me,
But for thi pepyl of thi londe.

Bussshoppys and prestys of the lawe,
Thei love the not, as thu mayst se;
And the comoun pepyl agens the drawe.

125 In pes thu myth a be for me,
This I telle the pleyn.
What seyst, Jesus? Whi spekyst not me to?
Knowyst not I haue power on the cros the to do?
And also I haue power to lete the forth go.

130 What kanst thu hereto seyn?
JESUS
On me poer thu hast ryth non
But that my fadyr hath grawntyd beforn.
I cam my faderys wyl to fullfylle,
That mankynd xuld not spylle.

135 He that hath betrayd me to the at this tyme,
His trespas is more than is thine.

PRIMUS DOCTOR
Ye pryncys and maysterys, takyth hed and se
How Pylat in this materie is favorabyl.
And thus oure lawys dystroyd myth be,

140 And to vs alle vnrecurabyl.

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 spyle his blood.

CAYPHAS
145 Pylat, methynkyth thu dost gret wrong
Agensoure lawe thus to fortefye.
And the pepyl here is so strong
Bryngyng the lawful testymonye.

ANNAS
Ya, and thu lete Jesu fro us pace –

gb 2005
150 This we welyn upholdyn alle –
    Thu xalt answere for his trespas,
    And tretour to the emperour we xal the kalle!

PYLAT
Now than, syn ye wolne non other weye
But in alwyse that Jesus must deye,

155 Artyse, bryng me watyr, I pray the,
    And what I wole do ye xal se.

Hic vnus afferet aquam.

As I wasche with watyr my handys clene,
So gyltles of hese deth I mut ben.

PRIMUS DOCTOR
The blod of hym mut ben on vs,
And onoure chyldyr aftyr vs.

160 Et clamabunt, “Ya! Ya! Ya!” Than Pylat goth agen
    to Jesu and bryngyth hym, Thus seyng:

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!

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 algatys it must be so,
We must syt andoure offyce do.

170 Brynge forth to the barre that arn to be dempt,
    And thei xal haue here jugement.

Here thei xal brynge Barabas to the barre, and Jesu, and
    two thieves their shirts
ij thewys in here shertys, bareleggyd, and Jesus standyng
    when
at the barre betwyx them, And Annas and Cayphas xal
gon into the cowncell hous quan Pylat syttyth.

PYLAT
Barabas, hold up thi hond,
For here at thi delyver, dost thu stond.

175 And he halt up his hond.

Serys, qwhat sey ye of Barabas, thef and tretour bold?
Xal he go fre or xal he be kept in holde?
PRIMUS DOCTOR
175 Sere, for the solennyté of oure Pasche day,
   Be oure lawe he xal go fre away!

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

_Et curret._

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

Sere, what sey ye of these thevys tweyn?
SECUNDUS DOCTOR
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?
SECUNDUS DOCTOR
Sere, we wyl all that he xal be put upon the crosse.

_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.

I charge you all at the begynnyng,
190 As ye wole answere me beforne,
   That ther be no man xal towch youre kyng
   But yf he be knyght or jentylman born.
Fyrst his clothis ye xal of don,
And maken hym nakyd for to be.
195 Bynde hym to a pelere as sore as ye mon,
   Than skorge hym with qwyppys that al men may se.
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:
On xal thorwe thi ryth hand go,
Anothyr thorwe thi lyfte hand also;
The thred xal be smet thour bothe thi feet,
Whech nayl therto be mad ful mete.

by
release thee
there where srand
two
want him to be put
can accuse him of crime
refuted
thee put forward
no man (who)
unless
do off
pillar may
scourge whips
fasten
nails
one through right
adequate
205 And yet thou xalt not hange alone,
But on eythyr syde of the xal be on.

Dysmas, now I deme the,
That on hese ryth hand thu xalt be.

And Jesmas on the left hand hangyd xal ben,

210 On the Mownth of Caluerye, that men may sen.

*Here Pylat xal rysyn and gon to his schaffald, and the*
*busshopps with hym; and the Jewys xul crye for joy*
*with a gret voys and arryn hym, and pullyn of his clothis,*
*and byndyn hym to a pelere and skorgyn hym, on seyng thus:*

**PRIMUS JUDEUS**
Doth gladly, oure kyng,
For this is youre fyrst begynnynge.

*And quan he is skorgyd thei put upon hym a cloth of sylk,*
*and settyn hym on a stol, and putyn a kroune of thornys*
*on hese hed with forkys; and the Jewys knelyng to Cryst,*
*takyng hym a septer, and skornyng hym; and than thei xul*
*pulllyn of the purpyle cloth and don on ageyn his owyn clothis,*
*and leyn the crosse in hese necke to beryn’t, and drawyn*
*hym forth with ropys. And than xal come to women wepyng*
*and with here handys wryngyn, seyng thus:*

Play 32

**PRIMA MULIER**
Allas, Jesus! Allas, Jesus! Wo is me!

...
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 struyuyng for strengh of my strakis;
Youre pleynteys in my presence vse pateley 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 sleyghtis noght slely hym slakis;
Latte that traytour noght triste in my trewys.

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;

This ‘Pila’ was hadde into ‘Atus’ –

Nowe renkis, rede yhe it right?

Loo, Pilate I am, proued a prince of grete pride.
I was putte into Pounce the pepill to presse,
And sithen Sesar hymselfe with exynatores be his side
Remytte me to thes remys the renkes to redresse.

And ytte 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.

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 perloyed.
Who that youre preceptis pertely perloyed,

That agaynst your wittes hase honed;
All to ragges schall ye rente hym and ryue hym.

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 countenaunce so comly and clere.
The coloure of my corse is full clere
And in richesse of robis I am rayed,
In faith, that hath a frendlyar feere
Than yhe my lorde, myselffe thof I saye itt.

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 conforte 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 kyssed 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 besoke you my souerrayne, 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 dieue 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! profits
Howe, thynke ye it prophitis wele his prechyng to prayse? knows
PILATE
71 Yha luffe, he knawis all oure custome, sun
I knawe wele...

BEDELLUS
73 My seniour, will ye see nowe the sonne in youre sight, sun
For his stately strengh he stemmys in his stremys? diminishes streams
Behalde ovir youre hede howe 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 bemyss goes beams
And the nyght is neghand anone. approaching anon
Yhe may deme aftir no dremys, deem dreams
But late my lady here with all hir light lemys let brightness
Wightely go wende till hir wonne; quickly go to her dwelling-place

For ye muste sitte sir this same nyght, of lyfe and of lyme. sit (in judgment) limb
Itt is noght leeffull for my lady by the lawe of this lande lawful
In dome for to dwelle for the day waxe ought dymme, judgment when the day somewhat dim
For scho may stakir in the strete but scho stalworthely stande. totter unless strongly

Late hir take hir leve whill that light is. let leave while

PILATE
87 Nowe wiffe, than ye blythely be buskand. then readily going on your way

DOMINA
88 I am here sir, hendely att hande. in a seemly manner

PILATE
89 Loo, this renke has vs redde als right is. man advised as

DOMINA
90 Youre comaundement to kepe to kare forthe Y caste me. go prepare myself
My lorde, with youre leue, no lenger Y lette yowe. leave hinder

PILATE
92 Itt were a repreue to my persone that preuely ye paste me, disgrace left
Or ye wente fro this wones or with wynne ye had wette yowe. this place before wine wet yourself
Ye schall wende forthe with wynne whenne that ye haue wette yowe. go with joy when you
Gete drinke! What dose thou? Haue done!
Come semely, beside me, and sette yowe. what I before promised
Loke, nowe it is even here that I are behete you, taste earnestly soon
Ya, saie it nowe sadly and sone. what I before promised

DOMINA
99 Itt wolde glad me my lorde if ye gudly begynne. in seemly manner

PILATE
100 Nowe I assente to youre counsaille so comely and clere. worthy
Nowe drynke madame – to deth all this dynne. clamour

DOMINA
102 If it like yowe, myne awne lorde, I am not to lere – pleases you own to be taught
This lare I am not to lere. lore learn

PILATE
104 Yitt efte to youre damysell madame. likewise lady-in-waiting

DOMINA
105 In thy hande, holde nowe and haue here. likewise lady-in-waiting

ANCILLA
106 Gramarcy, my lady so dere. thanks

PILATE
107 Nowe fares-wele, and walke on youre way. farewell

DOMINA
108 Nowe farewele the frendlyest, youre fomen to fende. enemies assail

PILATE
109 Nowe farewele the flyrest figure that euere did fode fede, food feed
And farewele ye damysell, indede.

ANCILLA
111 My lorde, I comande me to youre ryalté. commend myself royalty

PILATE
112 Fayre lady, here is schall you lede. is (someone who) guide you
Sir, go with this worthy in wede, worthy person
And what scho biddis you doo loke that buxsome you be. bids obedient
FILIUS
115 I am prowde and prest to passe on apasse,  prest to proceed apace
To go with this gracius hir gudly to gyde.
117 Take tente to my tale thou turne on no trayse,  command do not deviate
Come tyte and telle me yf any tythyngis betyde.
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.
PILATE
123 Nowe fares-welle, and walkes on youre way.
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 broght
127 And loke I be rychely arrayed.
BEDELLUS
129 Als youre seruaunte I haue sadly it sought,  earnestly
And this nyght, sir, newe schall ye noght,  nothing shall annoy you
I dare laye, fro ye luffely be layde.
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.
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,  lay (me) down
For I will sleye slepe vnto synne,  slyly later
Loke that no man nor no myron of myne  servant
With no noyse be neghand me nere.  approaching
BEDELLUS
140 Sir, what warlowe yow wakens with wordis full wilde,  scoundrel words
That boy for his brawlyng were bettir be vnborne.
PILATE
142 Yha, who chatteres, hym chastise, be he churle or childe,  low-born man knight
For and he skape skatheles itt were to vs a grete skorne –  if unharmed
Yf skatheles he skape it wer a skorne.
What rebalde that redely will rore,
I schall mete with that myron tomorne
And for his ledir lewdenes hym lerne to be lorne.
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 redeye and rayke to my reste.
go

ANCILLA
151  Yhe are werie madame, for-wente of youre way,
Do bouno you to bedde, for that holde I beste.
tired out by

FILUS
153  Here is a bedde arayed of the beste.
make ready

DOMINA
154  Do happe me, and faste hense ye hye.
tuck me in hence hurry

ANCILLA
155  Madame, anone all dewly is dressid.
prepared

FILUS
156  With no stalkynge 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!
misery state of affairs curse
Into bale am I brought, this bargayne may I banne,
unless work trick must dwell
But yf Y wirke some wile in wo mon I wonne.
is capable of malice

by sign
This gentilman, Jesu, of cursednesse he can,
unless slain comfort cease
And he be sloneoure solace will sese,
man’s soul charge
He will saue man saule fro oure sonde
deprive us of realms
And refve vs the remys that are rounde.
resolutely time
I will on stiffely in this stounde
Pilate’s wife skilfully make the attempt
Vnto ser Pilate wiffe pertely and putte me in prese.

O woman, be wise and ware, and wonne in thi witte
grasp in your mind
Ther schall a gentilman, Jesu, vnjustely be juged
beaten by scoundrels
Byfore thy husband in haste, and with harlottis be hytte.
if good man condemned
And that doughty today to deth thus be dyghted,
necessarily in particular afflicted
Sir Pilate, for his prechyng, and thou,
efforts destroyed
With neade schalle ye namely be noyed.
wealth taken away from great
Youre striffe and youre strenghge schal be stroyed,
promise
Youre richesse schal be refe you that is rude,

DOMINA
176  A, I am drecchid with a dreme full dredfully to dowte.
tormented by fear
Say childe, rise vppe radly and reste for no roo,
quickly peace
Thow muste launce to my lorde and lowly hym lowte,
hurry bow to
Comaunde me to his reuerence, as right weill Y doo.
commend will
FILUS
180  O, what, schall I trauayle thus tymely this tyde?
work early time
Madame, for the drecchyng of heuen,
passion
Slyke note is newsome to neven
such a business is troublesome to mention
And it neghes vnto mydnyght full even.
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:
truth
All naked this nyght as I napped
slept
With tene and with trayne was I trapped,
torment guile ensnared
With a sweuene that swiftely me swapped
dream struck
Of one Jesu, the juste man the Jewes will vndoo.
take heed torment

She prayes tente to that trewe man, with tyne be noght trapped,
But als a domesman dewly to be dressand,
And lelye delayuer that lede.
in good faith set that man free

FILIUS
193 Madame, I am dressid to that dede –
prepared
But firste will I nappe in this nede,
sleep
For he hase mystir of a morne-slep that mydnyght is myssand.
need morning-sleep misses (it at) midnight

ANNA
196 Sir Cayphas, ye kenne wele this caytiffé we haue cached
know wretch
That ofte-tymes in oure tempill hase teched vntrewly.
taught
And hase drevyn hym till his demyng for his dedis vndewly;
to his judgment wicked deeds
Wherfore I counsaile that kyndely we care
in accordance with custom go
Vnto ser Pilate oure prince, and pray hym
provide for
This faitour – for his falsed to flay hym;
impersonal falsehood
For fro we saie hym the soth he schall sitte hym full sore.
when truth it will make it worse for him

CAIPHAS
205 Sir Anna, this sporte haue ye spedely aspied,
good idea
As I am pontificall prince of all prestis.
press
We will prese to ser Pilate, and presente hym with pride
rite
With this harlott that has hewed oure hartis fro oure brestis
rogue
Thurgh talkyng of tales vntrewe.

And therfor ser knyghtis –
miles
MILITES
210 Lorde.

CAIPHAS
211 Sir knyghtis that are curtayse and kynde,
churl chained
We charge you that chorle be wele chyned.
hurry directly
Do buske you and grathely hym bynde
pull behaviour rue
And rugge hym in ropes his rase till he rewe.

MILES 1
215 Sir, youre sawes schall be serued schortely and sone.
words obeyed
Yha, do felawe, be thy feith; late vs feste this faitour full fast.
fasten impostor

MILES 2
217 I am douty to this dede, delyuer, haue done;
resolute make haste
Latte vs pulle on with pride till his poure be paste.
power past

MILES 1
219 Do haue faste and halde at his handes.

MILES 2
220 For this same is he that lightly avaunted,
boasted
And God sone he grathely hym graunted.
God’s son boldly claimed himself

MILES 1
222 He bese hurled for the highnes he haunted –
is pushed height sought
Loo, he stonyes for vs, he stares where he standis.

MILES 2
224 Nowe is the brothell boune for all the boste that he blawe,
wretch bound boast blew
And the laste day he lete no lordynges myght lawe hym.
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, gosse a-rome, giffé 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, gosse 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 frawdes. knock you down by
PILATE
242    Say childe, ill cheffe you! What churlles 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. ask them say of
Yha, spedely spir tham yf any sporte can thei spell –
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 caught wretch wicked
To sir Pilate o Pounce and prince of oure lawes;
And thei haue laughte a lorell that is lawles and liddir.
BEDELLUS
255    My lorde, my lorde! asked
PILATE
255    Howe?
BEDELLUS
256    My lorde, vnappe 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, man has cursed that rascal
They haue brought hym in a bande his balis to bye. tied to pay for his misdeeds

PILATE
261 But are theses 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. roe-deer willing to get up
Go bidde tham come in both, and the boye they haue boune. fellow bound
BEDELLUS
265 Siris, my lorde geues leue inne for to come. gives leave
CAIPHAS
266 Hayle prince that is pereles in price, peerless
Ye are leder of lawes in this lande, graciously
Youre helpe is full hendely at hande.
ANNA
269 Hayle, stronge in youre state for to stande, judgment passed lawfully
Alle this dome muste be dressed at youre dulye deuyse.

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 thanks together
Bycause of wakand you vnwarly be noght wroth with this, waking unexpectedly
For we haue brought here a lorell – he lokis like a lambe. wretch
PILATE
275 Come byn, you bothe, and to the benke brayde yowe. in bench hasten
CAIPHAS
276 Nay gud sir, laugher 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, man found
Hayle, the derrest duke and doughtiest in dede.
PILATE
282 Now bene-veneuew beuscher, what boodworde haste thou brought? welcome sir message
Hase any langour my lady newe laught in this leede? sickness caught place
FILIUS
284 Sir, that comely comaundes hir youe too, commends herself to you
And sais, al nakid this nyght as sche napped slept
With tene and with traye was sche trapped, terror affliction
With a sweuene that swiftly hir swapped dream
Of one Jesu, the juste man the Jewes will vndo. innocent
She beseches you as hir souerayyne that symple to saue, condemn
Deme hym noght to deth for drede of vengeaunce.
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 wichecrefte this wilfe 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 wroght many wondir where he walked full wyde, lawful refl
Wherefore, my lorde, it wer leeffull his liffe were hym rafte. lawful refl

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 seikirly 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 heyned, 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 solempnité 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, bowing
And yitt this boy here before yowe full boldely was bowand fellow  bowing
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. fellow bowing

CAIPHAS
323 Loo lord, such arrore 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 especiall wolde be eschewed in your sight. insults ought to

PILATE
328 Sirs, moves you noght 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

gb 2005
Such a lourdayne vnlele, dare I laye, wretch disloyal wager
Many lordis of oure landis might lede fro oure lawes. turn away from

**PILATE**

334 Saye losell, who gaue the leve so for to lowte to yone ladde knave thee leave bow fellow
And solace hym in my sight so semely that I sawe?

**BEDELLUS**

336 A, gracious lorde, greue you noght for gude case I hadde. reason
Yhe comauended me to care, als ye kenne wele and knawe, to go as know
To Jerusalem on a jornay, with seele; fittingly
And than this semely on an asse was sette worthy one
And many men myldely hym mette,
Ala God in that grounde thai hym grette, place greeted
Wele semand hym in waye with worschippe lele. singing psalms faithful

‘Osanna’ thei sange, ‘the sone of Dauid’,
Riche men with thare robes thei ranne to his fete,
And poure folke fecched floures of the frith poor flowers meadow
And made myrthe and melody this man for to mete.

**PILATE**

347 Nowe gode sir, be thi feith, what is ‘Osanna’ to saie? by mean

**BEDELLUS**

348 Sir, constrew it we may be langage of this lande as I leue, translate believe
It is als moche to me for to meue – as much move (=say)
Youre prelatis in this place can it preue – prove
Als, ‘oure sauiour and souerayne thou saue vs we praye’.

**PILATE**

352 Loo senioures, how semes yow? The sothe I you saide. sirs truth

**CAIPHAS**

353 Yha lorde, this ladde is full liddir, be this light. fellow wicked by
Yf his sawes wer serchid and sadly assaied, words examined seriously tested
Saue youre reuerence, his resoune thei rekenne noght with right. reasoning does not conform
This caytiffe thus cursedly can construe vs. misleadingly expound to

**BEDELLUS**

357 Sirs, trulye the trouthe I haue tolde
Of this wighte ye haue wrapped in wolde. man placed in (your) power

**ANNA**

359 I saie, harlott, thy tonge schulde thou holde, rogue
And noght agaynste thi maistirs to meve thus. speak

**PILATE**

361 Do sese of youre seggyng, and I schall examyne full sore. cease saying carefully

**ANNA**

362 Sir, demes hym to deth or dose hym away. condemn do

**PILATE**

363 Sir, haue ye saide?

**ANNA**

363 Yha lorde.

**PILATE**

363 Nowe go sette you with sorowe and care, sit
For I will lose no lede that is lele to oure lay. destroy man loyal law
But steppe furth and stonde vppe on hight high
And buske to my bidding, thou boy, hurry fellow
And for the nones that thou neven vs an ‘oy’. to the purpose proclaim ‘oyez’ (=hear)
The Dream of Pilate’s Wife

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 thervppon,  
peace assembly
Bidde them swage of ther sweying bothe swiftely 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 judgement 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 lessoune 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 nogth flatte here, foule falle the,  
fall bad luck to thee
For ferde of my fadir so free?  
fear noble
Thou wotte nogth his wisdome iwys,  
know indeed
All thyne helpe in his hande that it is,
Howe sone he myght saue the fro this.
Obeye hym, brothell, I bidde the.

PILATE
398 Now Jesu, thou art welcome ewys, as I wene,  
indeed think
Be noght abasshed but boldely 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 lat vs here.

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.

PILATE

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

418  Our Sabbotte he saues not, but sadly assente  
To wirke full vnwisely, this wote I right wele,  
419  
He werkis whane he will, wele I wote,  
And therfore in herte we hym hate.

CAIPHAS

431  Nay, nay sir, that dome muste vs drede,  
431  
It longes noght till vs no lede for to lose.  
PILATE

433  What wolde ye I did thanne? The deuyll motte you drawe!  
Full fewe are his frendis but fele are his foes.  
His liff for to lose thare longes no lawe,  
Nor no cause can I kyndely contruye  
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.

CAIPHAS

441  Sir, halte men and hurte he helid in haste,
The deffe and the dome he delyuered fro doole
deaf dumb released misery
By wicchecrafte, I warande – his wittis schall waste –
marvels he achieves fool
For the farles that he farith with, loo how thei folowe yone fole,
fool
Oure folke so thus he frayes in fere.

ANNA
446 The dede he rayses anone –
dead
This Lazare that lowe lay allone
He graunte hym his gates for to gone,
granted go his way
And pertely thus proued he his poure.
boldly power

PILATE
450 Now goode siris, I saie, what wolde yhe seme?
have
CAIPHAS
451 Sir, to dede for to do hym or dose hym adawe.
death or have him put to death
PILATE
452 Yha, for he dose wele his deth for to deme?
condemn
Go layke you sir, lightly; wher lermed ye such lawe?
play (the fool)
This touches no tresoune I telle you.
Yhe prelatis that proued are for price,
Yhe schulde be bothe witty and wise
And legge ourelawe wher it lyse,
expound stands
Oure materes ye meve thus emel you.
among

ANNA
459 Misplese noght youre persone, yhe prince withouten pere,
be not displeased peer
It touches to tresoune this tale I schall tell:

Yone briboure, full baynly he bed to forbere
briber readily bad to withhold
The tribute to the emperoure, thus wolde he compell
his teachings
Oure pepill thus is poynitis to applye.

CAIPHAS
464 The pepull he saies he schall saue,
makes (them) call him
And Criste garres he calle hym, yone knave,
And sais he will the high kyngdome haue –
Loke whethir he deserue to dye.

PILATE
468 To dye he deserues yf he do thus indede,
But Y will se myselffe what he saies.
Speke Jesu, and spende nowe thi space for to spede.
time profit thyself
Thez lordyngis thei legge the thou liste noght leve on oure lays,
allege care not to abide by laws
They accuse the cruelly and kene;
the
And therfore as a chiftene Y charge the,
Iff thou be Criste that thou telle me,
And God sone thou grughe not to graunte the,
God’s son grudge
For this is the matere that Y mene.

JESUS
477 Thou saiste so thiselue. I am sothly the same
truly
Here wonnyng in worlde to wirke al thi will.
dwelling thy (? my)
My fadir is faithfull to felle all thi fame;
terminate
Withouten trespass or tene am I taken the till.
anger to thee
PILATE
481 Loo bussshoppis, why blame ye this boye?
fellow
Me semys that it is soth that he saies.
truth what
Ye meve all the malice ye may
use
With youre wrenchis and wiles to wrythe hym away,
tricks destroy
Vnjustely to juge hym fro joie.

CAIPHAS
486 Nogh sir, his segyng is full sothly soth, (if) saying truth
It bryngis oure bernes in bale for to bynde. children misery

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

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

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

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

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

CAIPHAS
501 In faith, we can not fynde whare. marvels practised

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

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

PILATE
506 Thanne mene yhe of malice to marre hym of myght, out of malice destroy by force
Of cursidnesse convik no cause can yhe knawe. (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 hither and thither
The gretteste agayne hym ganne goo, very many people towards did go
Yone warlowe to waken of woo, scoundrel incite to evil
And of this werke beres witnesse ywis. 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 fagynge, my frendis, in faith I am fayne, deceiving glad
For now schall oure striffe full sternely be stede. firmly settled
Sir Herowde is kyng ther ye kenne, know
His poure is preued full preste power acknowledged readily
To ridde hym or reue hym of rest. free deprive peace
And therfore, to go with yone gest wicked man
Yhe marke vs oute of the manliest men. select (some) of
CAIPHAS
522 Als witte and wisdome youre will schal be wroght, as wit
Here is kempis full kene to the kyng for to care. warriors go
PILATE
524 Nowe seniours, I saie yow sen soth schall be soght, since truth
But if he schortely be sente it may sitte vs full sore. unless be the worse for us
And thercfor sir knyghtis –
MILITES
526 Lorde.
PILATE
527 Sir knyghtis that are cruell and kene, rascal bind twist
That warlowe ye warrok and wraste fiercely beaten
And loke that he brymly be braste
529 [
Do take on that traytoure you betwene. between you
Tille Herowde in haste with that harlott ye hye, to rogue hurry
Comaunde me full mekely vnto his moste myght. commend greatest
Saie the dome of this boy, to deme hym to dye, judgment fellow condemn
Is done vpponne hym dewly, to dresse or to dight is bestowed ordain undertake
Or liffe for to leue at his liste. spare liking
Say ought I may do hym indede, anything
His awne am I worthely in wede. at his disposal in everything
MILES 1
538 My lorde, we schall springe on a-spede. apace
Come thens! To me this traitoure full tryste. flagrant
PILATE
540 Bewe sirs, I bidde you ye be not to bolde, too
But takes tente for oure tribute full trulye to trete. care negotiate
MILES 2
542 Mi lorde, we schall hye this beheste for to halde hurry hol
And wirke it full wisely in wille and in witte.
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, man
And fresshely ye founde to be flittand. 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 hyd in hye, pay attention hither in haste
This dede on dergh we may noght drawe. not draw out this task too long
Ye wootte yourseles als wele as I know
Howe lordis and leders of owre lawe rulers
Has geven dome that this doote schall dye. have given judgment fool die

MILES 2
6 Sir, alle thare counsaile wele we knawe. know
Sen we are comen to Caluarie since
Latte ilke man helpe nowe as hym awe. let each as he ought

MILES 3
9 We are alle redy, loo, agreement
That forward to fulfille. 

MILES 4
11 Late here howe we schall doo, let’s hear
And go we tyte thertille. quickly to it

MILES 1
13 It may noght helpe her for to hone here delay
If we schall any worshippe wynne. 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 dynge hym doune, than is he done – let’s knock he is finished
He schall nought dere vs with his dynne. harm din

MILES 1
19 He schall be sette and lerned sone, secured taught (a lesson) soon
With care to hym and all his kynne. woe

MILES 2
21 The foulest dede of all death
Shalle he dye for his dedis. 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, pay attention
So that oure wirkyng be noght wronge.

MILES 2
27 None othir noote to neven is nede, no need to mention any other matter
But latte vs haste hym for to hange. let

MILES 3
29 And I haue gone for gere goode speede, gear speedily
Bothe hammeres and nayles large and lange. long

MILES 4
31 Thanne may we boldely do this dede. then deed
Commes on, late kille this traitoure strange. come on let’s kill strong
MILES 1
33 Faire myght ye falle in feere
That has wrought on this wise.
MILES 2
35 Vs nedis nought for to lere
Suche faitoures to chastise.
MILES 3
37 Sen ilke a thyng es right arrayed,
The wiselier nowe wirke may we.
MILES 4
39 The crosse on grounde is goodely graied
And boorede even as it awith to be.
MILES 1
41 Lokis that the ladde on lenghe be layde
And made me thane vnto this tree.
MILES 2
43 For alle his fare he schalle be flaied,
That one assaie sone schalle ye see.
MILES 3
45 Come forthe thou cursed knave,
Thy comforte sone schall kele.
MILES 4
47 Thyne hyre here schall thou haue.
MILES 1
48 Walkes oon – now wirke we wele.

JESUS
49 Almyghty God, my fadir free,
Late this materes be made in mynde:
That thou badde that I schulde buxsome be
For Adam plyght for to be pyned.
Here to dede I obblisshe me
Fro that synne for to saue mankynde,
And soueraynely beseeke 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.

MILES 1
61 We, herke sir knyghtis, for Mahoundis bloode,
Of Adam-kynde is all his thoght.
MILES 2
63 The warlowe waxis werre than woode,
This doulfull dede ne dredith he noght.
MILES 3
65 Thou schulde haue mynde, with mayne and moode,
Of wikkid werkis that thou haste wrought.
MILES 4
67 I hope that he hadde bene as goode
Haue sesed of sawes that he yppe-sought.
MILES 1
69 Thoo sawes schall rewe hym sore
For all his saunteryng sone.
MILES 2
71 Ille spedethame that hym spare
Tille he to dede be done.
bad luck to those
death

MILES 3
73 Haue done belyue, boy, and make the bounye,
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;
convicted
go fetter then
And sen he claymeth kyngdome with croune,
since crown
Even as a kyng here hange schall hee.

MILES 2
81 Nowe, certis, I schall noght fyne
Or his right hande be feste.
surely stop

MILES 3
83 The lefte 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,
since deed
Late no man spare for speciall speede
unprofitable
Tille that we haue made endyng.
 utmost

MILES 3
93 This forward may not faile;
agreement
Nowe are we right arraiede.

MILES 4
95 This boy here in oure baile
Shall bide full bittir brayde.
undergo dreadful torment

MILES 1
97 Sir knyghtis, saie, howe wirke we nowe?
MILES 2
98 Yis, certis, I hope I holde this hande,
think
And to the boore I haue it brought
obediently rope
Full boxumly withouten bande.

MILES 1
101 Strike on than harde, for hym the boght.
then for him who redeeemed thee
MILES 2
102 Yis, here is a stubbe will stiffely stande,
nail stoutly
Thurgh bones and senous it schall be soght –
through sinews applied
This werke is wele, I will warande.
guarantee

MILES 1
105 Saie sir, howe do we thore?
there
This bargayne may not blynne.
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, inaccurately drilled
    That makis it fouly for to faile.
   MILES 1
113 Why carpe ye so? Faste on a corde speak fasten
     And tugge hym to, by topppe and taile. pull him by his head and feet
   MILES 3
115 Ya, thou comaundis lightly as a lorde; effortlessly
     Come helpe to haale, with ille haile. haul curse thee
   MILES 1
117 Nowe certis that schall I doo – surely
     Full snelly as a snayle swiftly
   MILES 3
119 And I schall tacche hym too, fasten to (the cross)
     Full nemely with a nayle. nimbly

This werke will holde, that dar I heete, promise
For nowe are feste faste both his hende. fastened hands
   MILES 4
123 Go we all foure thanne to his feete, time spent
     So schall oure space be spedely spende. ill done
   MILES 2
125 Latte see what bourde his bale myght beete,jest pain relieve
     Tharto my bakke nowe wolde I bende.
   MILES 4
127 Owe, this werke is all vnmeete – amended
     This boring muste all be amende.
   MILES 1
129 A, pees man, for Mahounde, know strange thing
     Latte no man wotte that wondir, tug
     A roope schall rugge hym doune even if sinews asunder.
     Yf all his synnous go asoundre.

   MILES 2
133 That corde full kyndely can I knytte, fittingly fasten
     The comforte of this karle to kele. wretch abate
   MILES 1
135 Feste on thanne faste that all be fytte, fasten so that ready
     It is no force howe felle he feele. no matter terrible
   MILES 2
137 Lugge 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 fondé hym for to hitte. attempt
   MILES 2
140 Owe, haylle! haul

gb 2005
The Crucifixion

MILES 4
140  Hoo nowe, I halde it wele.

MILES 1
141  Haue done, dryue in that nayle, stop drive
So that no faute be foune. fault found

MILES 4
143  This wirkyng wolde noght faile
Yf foure bullis here were boun.

MILES 1
145  Ther cordis haue evill encressed his paynes, these cords sorely
Or he wer tille the booryngis brought.
before to

MILES 2
147  Yaa, assoundir are bothe synnous and veynis sinews
On ilke a side, so haue we soughte.
every as far as we can see

MILES 3
149  Nowe all his gaudis nothyng hym gaynes, tricks are of no avail
His sauntering schall with bale be bought.
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, is allotted
Thei badde we schulde hym hyng hang
On heghte that men myght see.
on high so that

MILES 2
157  We woote wele so ther wordes wore, know their were
But sir, that dede will do vs dere. harm

MILES 1
159  It may not mende for to moote more, not help to argue more
This harlotte muste be hanged here. 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 – think there
We foure rayse it noght right to-yere. upright this year

MILES 1
165  Say man, whi carpis thou soo? speakest
Thy liftyng was but light. weak

MILES 2
167  He menes ther muste be moo means more
To heve hym vppe on hight. heave on high

MILES 3
169  Now certis, I hope it schall noght nede surely
To calle to vs more companye.
Methynke we foure schulde do this dede
And bere hym to yoone hille on high.

MILES 1
173  It muste be done, withouten drede. doubt
No more, but loke ye be redy, (say) no more
And this parte schalle I lifte and leede;

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On lenghe he schalle no lenger lie.
Therfore nowe makis you bowne, ready
Late bere hym to yoone hill. yonder

MILES 2
179 Thanne will I bere here doune, this end
And tente his tase vntill. attend to his toes

MILES 2
181 We twoo schall see tille aythir side, to either
For ellis this werke wille wrie all wrang. else go all wrong

MILES 3
183 We are redy.

MILES 4
183 Gode sirs, abide, wait
And late me first his fete vp fang. 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 protect himself
And he war God. if he were

MILES 4
188 The deuill hym hang!

MILES 1
189 For-grete harme haue I hente, excessive suffered
My schuldir is in soundre. out of joint

MILES 2
191 And sertis I am nere schente, surely exhausted
So lange haue I borne vndir.

MILES 3
193 This crosse and I in twoo muste twynne, part
Ellis brekis my bakke in sondre sone. in half soon

MILES 4
195 Laye downe agayne and leue youre dynne, by
This dede for vs will neuere be done.

MILES 1
197 Assaie sirs, latte se yf any gynne try device
May helpe hym vppe withouten hone, delay
For here schulde wight men worschippe wynne, strong gain honour
And noght with gaudis al day to gone. in jests to spend

MILES 2
201 More wighter men than we stronger
Full fewe I hope ye fynde. very few

MILES 3
203 This bargayne will noght bee, job be done
For certis me wantis wynde.
surely I am out of breath

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

MILES 3
239 Where are oure hameres laide
That we schulde wirke withall?

MILES 4
241 We haue them here euen atte oure hande.

MILES 2
242 Gyffe me this wegge, I schall it in dryue.

MILES 4
243 Here is anodir yitt ordande.

MILES 3
244 Do take it me hidir belyue.

MILES 1
245 Laye on thanne faste.

MILES 3
245 Yis, I warrande.
I thryng thame same, so motte I thryve.
Nowe will this crosse full stabely stande,
All-yf he raue thei will noght ryve.

MILES 1
249 Say sir, howe likis you nowe,
This werke that we haue wrought?

MILES 4
251 We praye youe sais vs howe
Ye fele, or faynte ye ought.

JESUS
253 Al men that walkis by waye or strete,
Takes tente ye schalle no trauayle tyne.
Byholdes myn heede, myn handis, and my feete,
And fully feele nowe, or ye fyne,
Yf any mourynynge may be meeete,
Or myscheue mesured vnto myne.
My fadir, that alle bales may bete,
Forgiffis thes men that dois me pyne.
What thei wirke wotte thai noght;
Therfore, my fadir, I craue,
Latte neuere ther synnys be sought,
But see ther saules to saue.

MILES 1
265 We, harke, he jangelis like a jay.

MILES 2
266 Methynke he patris like a py.

MILES 3
267 He has ben doand all this day,
And made grete meuyng of mercy.

MILES 4
269 Es this the same that gune vs say
That he was Goddis sone almyghty?

MILES 1
271 Therfore he felis full felle affraye,
And demyd this day for to dye.
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, manifest
For all the kautelles that he couthe kaste. spells
All-yf he wer in worde so wight, even if strong
For all his force nowe he is feste.
Als Pilate demed is done and dight, as judged dealt with
Therfore I rede that we go reste. advise

MILES 2
283 This race mon be rehersed right, events must be reported
Thurgh the worlde both este and weste.
MILES 3
285 Yaa, late hym hynge here stille hang
And make mowes on the mone. 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: surely we have other business
This kirtill wolde I of you craue. garment
MILES 2
291 Nay, nay sir, we will loke be lotte draw lots
Whilke of vs foure fallis it to haue. which
MILES 3
293 I rede we drawe cutte for this coote – advise straws coat
Loo, se howe sone – alle sidis to saue. everybody shall be content
MILES 4
295 The schorte cutte schall wynne, that wele ye woote, know
Whedir itt falle to knyght or knave.
MILES 1
297 Felowes, ye thar noght flyte, need not wrangle
For this mantell is myne.
MILES 2
299 Goo we thanne hense tye, hence quickly
This trauayle here we tyne &c. labour waste
MARY MAGDALEN

[Rome]

INPERATOR
I command syllys, in the peyn of forfetur, silence on pain
To all myn avdyens present general! audience
Of my most hyest and mytiest wolunte, mightiest
I woll it be knowyn to al the word vnyversal world
5 That of heven and hell chyff rewlar am I, chief ruler
To wos magnyfycens non stondyt egall! whose standeth
For I am soveren of al soverens subjugal subject
Onto myn empere, beyng incomparable empire
Tyberyus Sesar, wos power is potencyall! Caesar whose potent
10 I am the blod ryall most of soverente – royal
Of all emperowers and kngys my byrth is best,
And all regeouns obey my myty volunte! mighty
Lyfe and lem and goodys all be at my request! limb goods
So, of all soverens, my magnyfycens most mytiest mightiest
15 May nat be agaysayd of frend nor of foo, not denied by
But all abydyn jvgment and rewle of my lyst. submit to at my pleasure
All grace vpon erth from my goodnes commyt fro, cometh from
And that bryngis all pepell in blysse so!
For the most worthyest, woll I rest in my sete! as seat

20 Syr, from your person growyt moch grace! growth
INPERATOR
Now, for thin answer, Belyall blysse thi face!
much prosperity begin
I am wonddyn in welth from all woo! wrapped

Herke thou, provost, I gyff the in commandment thee
25 All your pepull preserve in pesabyl possessyon peaceable
Yff ony ther be to my goddys [dys]obedyent, any there gods
Dyssevyr tho harlottys and make to me declaracyon. separate out those rascals
And I xall make all swych to dye, shall
Thos precharsse of Crystys incarnacyon preachers Christ’s

20 Lord of all lorddys, I xail gyff yow informacyon. shall
INPERATOR
Lo, how all the word obeyit my domynacyon! world obeyth
That person is nat born that dare me dysseobey! laws
Syrybbe, I warne yow, se that my lawys regions due
In all your partyys have dew obeysavns! regions due
35 Inquere and aske, ech day that davnnys dawns
Yf in my pepul be fovnd ony weryouns inconstancy
Contrary to me in ony chanssse, circumstance
Or wyth my goldyn goddys grocth or grone! against grumble groan
I woll marre swych harlottys wyth mordor and myschanse! such murder

30 Yff ony swyche remayn, put hem in repreffe, them in reproof
And I xall yow releff! assist

SERYBB
Yt xall be don, lord, wythowtyn ony lett or wythowt doth! hindrance doubt
INPERATOR
Lord and lad to my law doth lowte!
Is it nat so? Sey yow all wyth on showte!

Here answerryt 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.
Now have I told yow my hart, I am wyll plesyd.
Now lett vs sett don alle, and make good chyr!

[The Castle of Magdalen]

Her entry Syrus, the father of Mary Mavdleyn.

SYRUS
Emperor and ky[n]ggys and conquerors kene,
50 Er lys and borons and knytys that byn bold,
Berdysemely to senne,
I commav[n]d yow at onys my hestys to hold!
Behold my person, glysteryng in gold,

55 Semely besyn of all other men!
Cyrus is my name, be cleffys so cold!
I command yow all obedient to beyn!
Woso woll nat, in bale I hem bryng,
And knett swyche caytyfys in knottys of care!
Thys castell of Mavdleyn is at my wylddyng,

60 Wyth all the contre, bothe lesse and more,
And lord of Jherusalem! Who agens me don dare?
Alle Beteny at my beddyng be;
I am sett in solas from al syyng sore,
And so xall all my posteryte
65 Thus for to leuen in rest and ryalte.

I have her a sone that is ful trew to me –
No comlyar creatur of Goddys creacyon;
To amyabyll dovctors full bryght of ble;
Ful gloryos to my syth, an ful of delectacyon;
Lazarus my son, in my resspeccyon,

71 Here is Mary, ful fayur and ful of femynyte,
And Martha, ful [of] bevte and of delycyte,
Ful of womanly merrorys and of benygnyte.
they haue fulfyllyd my hart wyth consolacyon.

75 Here is a coleccyon of cyrcumstance –
To my cognysshon nevyr swych anothyr,
As be demonstracyon knett in contynens,
Save alone my lady that was ther mother!
Now, Lazarus my sonne, whech art ther brothyr,
80 The lordshep of Jherusalem I gyff the aftyr my dysses,
And Mary, thys castell alone, an non othyr;
And Martha xall haue Beteny, I sey exprese.
The gyftys I gravnt yow wythowtyn les,

Wyll that I am in good mynd!
LAZARUS

85 Most reuerent father, I thank yow hartely
Of yower grett kyndnes shuyd onto me! showed to
Ye haue gravntyd swych a lyfelod worthy livelihood
Me to restreyyn from all nesseseyte. relieve
Now, good Lord, and hys wyll it be, if
89 Gravnt me grace to lyue to thy plesowans, according to pleasures
And agens hem so to rewle me, according to them
Thatt we may haue joye wythowtyn weryauns. variance

MARY MAV[DLEYN

Thou God of pes and pryncypall covnsell, peace
More swetter is thi name than hony be kynd! sweeter honey by nature
95 We thank yow, fathyr, for your gyftys ryall, unbind (=free)
Owt of peynys of poverte vs to onbynd. hardship
Thys is a preseruatyff from streytnes we fynd, worldly
From wordly labors to my covmfortyng, livelihood daughter
For thys lyfflod is abyll for the dowtter of a kyng,

100 Thys place of plesavns, the soth to seye! truth
MARTHA
O, ye good fathyr of grete degre,
Thus to departe wyth your ryches, part
Consederyng ower lowlynes and humylyte,
Vs to save from wordly desiers!
105 Ye shew vs poyntys of grete jentylnes, instances
So mekly to meyntyn vs to your grace. meekly provide for
Hey in heuen awansyd mot yow be high advanced may
In blysse, to se that Lordys face hence
WHEN ye xal hens passe!

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

Here xal they be servyd wyth wyn and spycys.

[Rome]

INPERATOR
Syr provost, and skrybe, juggys of my rem, realm
115 My massengyr I woll send into ferre cuntre, far country
Onto my sete of Jherusalem city
Onto Herowdes, that regent ther ondyr me, under
And onto Pylat, juggys of the covntre – them
Myn entent I woll hem teche. them

120 Take hed, thou provost, my precept wretyn be, heed
And say, I cummavnd hem as they woll be [wyth]owt wrech, them harm
Yf ther be ony in the cuntre ageyn my law doth prech, against
Or ageyn my goddys ony trobyll tellys, speaks mischief
That thus agens my lawys rebellys,
125 As he is regent and in that reme dwellys, realm
And holdyth hys crovn of me be ryth, from by right
Yff ther be ony harlettys that agens me make replycacyon, rascals against remonstration
Or ony moteryng agens me make wyth malynacyon. muttering ill will

PROVOST
Syr, of all thys they xall have informacyon,
So to vphold yower renovn and ryte!

[INPERATOR]
Now, massengyr, wythowtyn taryyng, delay
Have here gold onto thi fe. reward
So bere thyss lettreys to Herowdes the kyng,
And byd hem make inquyrans in euery cuntre,

As he is jugge that cuntre beyng!

NVNCYUS
Soueren, your arend it xall be don ful redy errand
In alle the hast that I may.

For to fullfyll your byddnyng
I woll nat spare, nother be nyth nor be day! neither night

Here gocht the masengyr toward Herowdes.

[Jerusalem – Herod’s Palace]

HEROWDES
In the wyld, wanyng word, pes all at onys! world silence once
141 Yff yow do, I xal hovrle of yower hedys, be Mahondys bonys, hurl off heads Mohammad’s noble
As I am trew kyng to Mahond so fre!
Help! Help, that I had a swerd! sword

145 Fall don, ye faytours, flatt to the grovnd! down scoundrels
Heve of your hodys and hattys, I cummavnd yow alle! heave off hoods who
Stond bare hed, ye beggars! Wo made yow so bold?
I xal make yow know your kyng ryall!

150 And whoso wol nat, he xal be had in hold, custody
And so to be cast in carys cold, miserable sufferings
That werkyn ony wondyr agens my magnyfycens! against
Behold these rychye rubyys, red as ony fyr, rubies any fire
Wyth the goodly grene perle full sett abowght!

155 What kyng is worthy, or egall to my power?
Or in thyss word who is more had in dowt world fear
Than is the hey name of Herowdes, Kyng of Jherusalem, high
Lord of Alapye, Assy, and Tyr, Aleppo Asia Tyre
Of Abyron, Bergaby, and Bedlem? 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 phylyssoverys be my rychye reyne?

165 Am nat I the grettest governowur?
Lett me ondyrstond whatt can ye seyn!

PHELYSOFYR
Soueren, and it plece yow, I woll expresse! please
Ye be the rewlar of this regyon,
And most worthy sovereign of nobylnes

170 That euyr in Jude barre domynacyon! Judea bore
Bott, syr, skreptour gevyyt informacyon,  Scripture giveth
And doth rehersse it werely, truly
That chyld xal remayn of grete renovn,
And all the word of hem shold magnyfy:
175   ‘Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine [tuo], et reges
In splendore ortus tui.’

HEROWDES
And whatt seyst thow?
SECUNDUS PHY[LOSOFYR
The same weryfft my bok as how,

As the skryptour doth me tell
180 Of a myty duke xal rese and reyn, mighty (who) shall rise
    Whych xall reyn and rewle all Israel.
No kyng agens hys worthynes xall opteyn, prevail
The whech in profesy hath grett eloquence:
‘Non avferetur sceptrum [de] Juda, et dux de
185   Femore eius, donec veniet [qui] mitendus est.’

HEROWDES
A! Owt! Owt! Now am [I] grevyd all wyth the worst!
Ye dastardys! Ye doggys! the dylfe mote yow draw! may the devil tear you apart
Wyth fleyyng flappys I byd yow to a fest! flaying whips feast
A sword! A sword! thes lordeynnys wer slaw! sword (I wish that) louts slain
190 Ye langbaynnys! Losellys! Forsake ye that word! rogues losels word (=prophesy)
That caytyff xall be cawth, and suer I xall hem flay! caught surely him flay
For hym many mo xal be marry[d] wyth mordor! more marred murder

PRIMUS MILES
My sovereyn lord, dyssemay yow ryth nowt! dismay yourself right not
They ar but folys, ther eloquens wantyng; fools lacking (sense)
195 For in sorow and care sone they xall be cawt. caught
 Agens vs they can mak no dysstonddyng! against withstandng

SECUNDUS MILES
My lord, all swych xall be browte before your avdyens such brought audience
And leuyn ondyr your domynacyon, live under
Or ellys dammyd to deth wyth mortal sentense,
200 Yf we hem gett ondyr ower gubernacyon! them governance

HEROWDES
Now thys is to me a gracyows exsortacyon, speech
And grettly reioysyth to my spryts indede!
Thow thes sottys agens me make remonstrance, though these sots against
I woll suffer non to spryng of that kenred; kindred
205 Some wayos in my lond shall sprede, (lest) voice
 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!
brought doubt

_Her commyt the emperowers [masengyr], thus sayyng to Herowdes:_

MASENGYR
Heyll, prynse of bovntyowsnesse!
Heyll, myty lord of to magnyfy!  
Heyll, most of worchep of to expresse!  
Heyll, reytyus rewlar in thi regensy!  
My sofereyn Tyberyus, chyff of chyfalry,  
Hys soveren sond hath sent to yow here:  
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,

Wyth sharp swerdys 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!

But, masengyr, reseyve 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,  
For juge of Jherusalem, the trewth to expresse,  
Ondyr the Emperower Tyberius Cesar!  
For ye do no pregedyse agen the law!  
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!  
My serjauntys semle, qwat s[e]ye ye?  
Of this rehersyd I wyll yow natt spare!  
Of this rehersyd I wyll yow natt spare!

PRIMUS SERIUNT  
As ye haue seyd, I hold it for the best,

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!
**Her comyt the Emprorys masengyr to Pyla.**

**MASENGYR**

Heyll, ryall in rem, in robis of rychesse!  
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

250 In strentyng of hys lawys cleyr,  
As he hath set yow in the state of jugment.

**Her Pylat takyt the lettyrs wyth grete reverens.**

**PYLAT**

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,  
And for thi tydyngys I geyff the this gold today.

**MASENGYR**

A largeys, ye, lord, I crye this day,  
For this is a geft of grete degre!

**PYLAT**

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

260 And for thi tydyngys I geyff the this gold today.

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

**SYRUS**

265 A, help, help! I stond in drede!  
Syknes is sett ondyr my syde!  
A help! Deth wyll aqynte me my mede!  
A, gret God, thou be my gyde!  
How I am trobyllyd, both bak and syde!

270 Now, wythly help me to my bede.  
A! This rendyt my rybbys!I xall nevyr goo nor ryde!  
The dent of deth is hevyar than led!  
A, lord, lord, what xal I doo thi tyde?  
A, gracyows God, have ruth on me,

275 In thys word no lengar to abyde!  
I blys yow, my chyldyrn, God mot wyth vs be!

**Her avoydyt Syrus sodenly, and than sayyng Lazarus:**

**LAZARUS**

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 wyll lett me no longar dwelle,  
But God of grace sone me redresse!  
A, how my peynys don me repelle!  
Lord, wythstond this duresse!
MARY MAGLEYN

285  The inwyttyssymus God that euyr xal reyne, invincible
    Be hys help an sowlys sokor! and soul’s succour
    To whom it is most nedfull to cumplayn, that he may bring
    He to bry[n]g vs owt of ower dolor; restrain
    He is most mytyest governowre,

290  From soroyng vs to restryne.

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

295  From soroyng vs to restryne.

LAZARUS
    Now, syster, ower fatherys wyll we woll exprese; (last) will
    Thys castell is owerys wyth all the fee! property

MARTHA
300  As hed and governower, as reson is, manner
    And on this wyse abydyn wyth yow wyll wee. separate
    We wyll natt deseyvr, whattsso befalle!
    Now, brothyr and syster, I welcum ye be,
    And therof specyally I pray yow all!

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

Her xal entyr the Kyng of the Word, the Flesch, and the Dylfe, World Devil
wyth the Seuen Dedly Synnys, a Bad Angyll, an an Good
Angyl, thus seyyng the Word:

WORD
305  I am the Word, worthyest that euyr God wrowth, World wrought
    And also I am the prymatt portature chief supporter
    Next heueyn, yf the trewth be sowth, sought
    And that I jugge me to skryptur; appeal myself
    And I am he that lengest xal induere,
310  And also most of domynacyon!
    Yf I be hys foo, woo is abyll to recure? who recover
    For the whele of fortune wyth me hath sett hys sertainty. wheel centre
    In me restyt the orddy of the metellys seuyn, seven metals
    the whych to the seuen planyttys ar knett ful sure: tied
315  Gold pertynyng to the sonne, as astronemere nevyn; sun declare
    Sylvyr to the mone, whyte and pure; moon
    Iryn onto the Maris that long may endure; Mars
    the fegetyff mercury onto Mercuryus; fugitive
    Copyr onto Venus, red in hys merrour; copper appearance
    The frangabyll tyn to Jubyter, yf ye can dyscus; frangible tin
320  The frangabyll tyn to Jubyter, yf ye can dyscus;
    On this planyt Saturne, ful of rancure, lead pureness
    this soft metell led, nat of so gret puernesse;
    Lo, alle this rych tresor wyth the Word doth indure –
The seyn prynsys of hell, of gret bowntosnesse!

Now, who may presume to com to my honour? rival

Ye, worthy Word, ye be gronddar of gladnesse grounder

To them that dwellyn ondyr yower domynacyon! rival

And whoso wol nat, he is sone set asyde

Wheras I, Couetyse, take mynystracyon!

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 Kynge of Flesch, wyth Slowth, Gloteny, Lechery.

FLESCH
I, Kyng of Flesch, florychyd in my flowers, adorned with

Of deyntyys delycyows I have grett domynacyon! dainties
So ryal a kyng was neuyr borne in bowrys, bowers
Nor hath more delyth, ne more delectacyon! delight
For I haue confortatywys to my comfortacyon: cordials
Dya galonga, ambra, and also margaretton – (drug of) galingale (compound of) pearls
Alle this is at my lyst, agens alle vexacyon! pleasure against

All wykkyt thynys I woll sett asyde.
Clary, pepur long, wyth granorum paradysy, clary pepper grains of paradise
Zenzbyr and synamom at euery tyde – ginger cinnamon time
Lo, alle swych deyntyys delycyus vse I!

Wyth sych deyntyys I have my blysse!
Who woll covett more game and gle, (than) my fair spouse embrace
My fayere spowse Lechery to halse and kysse? knight
Here ys my knyth Gloteny, as good reson is, by
Wyth this plesavnt lady to rest be my syde.

Here is Slowth, anothyr goodly of to expresse!
A more plesavnt compeny doth nowher abyde!

LUXURIA
O ye prynse, how I am ful of ardent lowe, love
Wyth sparkyllys ful of amerowsnesse! gladly grant
Wyth yow to rest fayn wold I aprowe, pleasure

To shew plesavns to your jentylnesse!

THE FLESCH
O ye bewtews byrd, I must yow kysse! lust embrace time
I am ful of lost to halse yow this tyde!

Here xal entyr the prynse of dyllys in a stage, and helle devils
ondyrneth that stage, thus seeyng the Dylfe: underneath

DYLFE
Now I, prynse pyrles, prykkyd in pryde, peerless attired
Satan, [y]ower sovereyn, set wyth every circumstanse,
For I am atyred in my towyr to tempt yow this tyde!
As a kyng ryall I sette at my plesavns, sit pleasure
Wyth Wroth [and] Invy at my ryall retynawns! Wrath retinue
The boldest in bowyr I bryng to abaye, obey
Mannis sowle to besegyn and bryng to obeysavns! man’s soul besiege submission
365 Ya, [wyth] tyde and tyme I do that I may! him (=man)
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 neyvr set at Troye!
So I thynk to besegyn hem be every waye wyde –
370 I xal getyn hem from grace whersoeuyr he abyde – besiege
That body and sowle xal com to my hold, control
Hym for to take!
Now, my knythys so stowth, knights stout
Wyth me ye xall ron in rowte, run in a troop
375 My consell to take for a skowte, guide
Whytly that we were went for my sake! quickly
WRATH
Wyth wrath or wyhyllys we xal hyyre wynne! wratful force wiles her
ENVY
Or wyth sum sotyllte sett hur in synne. subtelty her
DYLFE
Com of, than, let vs begynne off
380 To werkyn hure sum wrake! injury

_Her xal the Deywl go to the Word wyth hys compeny._

SATAN
Heyle, Word, worthyst of abowndans!
In hast we must a conseyll take!
Ye must aply yow wyth all your afyavns, apply yourself loyalty
A woman of whorshep ower servant to make. honour

MUNDUS
385 Satan, wyth my consell I wyll the awansse! thee assist
I pray the, cum vp onto my tent.
Were the Kyng of Flesch her wyth hys asemlaunvs! (I wish)
Masengyr! Anon, that thou werre went go
Thys tyde!
390 Sey the Kyng of Flesch wyth grete renown, say to
Wyth hys consell that to hym be bown, bound
In alle the hast that euyr they mown, may
Com as fast as he may ryde!
MASENGYR
My lord, I am your servant, Sensvalyte!
395 Your masege to don, I am of glad chyr! cheer
Ryth sone in presens ye xal hym sc, right soon
Your wyl for to fulfylle her!

_Her he goth to the Flesch, thus seyyng:_

MASENGYR
Heyl, lord in lond, led wyth lykyng! guided by pleasure
Heyl, Flesch in lust, fayyrest to behold!
Heyl, lord and ledar of empore and kyang!
400 The worthy Word, be wey and wold, by way and forest
Hath sent for yow and your consell!
Satan is sembled wyth hys howshold, assembled
Your cov[n]seyl to haue, most fo[r] aweyle. help

FLESCH
Hens in hast, that we ther wh[e]re! hence were
406 Lett vs make no lengar delay.
SENSWALITE
Gret myrth to ther hertys shold yow arere, bring
Be my trowth I dare safly saye! in truth

Her comyt the Kyng of Flesch to the Word, thus seyyng:

FLESCH
Heyl be yow, soverens lefe and dere! beloved
410 Why so hastely do ye for me send?
MUNDUS
A! We are ryth glad we haue yow here, take
Ower covnsell togethyr to comprehend! plan
Now, Satan, sey your devyse! plan
SATAN
Serys, now ye be set, I xal yow say: sirs
415 Syrus dyd this odyr day – maid
Now Mary, hys dowctor, that may, maid
Of that castel beryt the pryse. bears the prize
MUNDUS
Sertenly, serys, I yow telle, unless
Yf she in vertu stylle may dwelle,
420 She xal byn abyll to dystroye helle, be at her service
But yf your cov[n]seyll may othyrwyse devyse! desire (to be at her)
FLESCH
Now ye, Lady Lechery, yow must don your attendans, beryl
For yow be flowyr fayrest of femynyte! are
Yow xal go desyyr servyse, and byn at hure atendavns, desire (to be at her)
425 For ye xal sonest entyr, ye beral of bewte! beryl
LECHERY
Serys, I abey your covnsell in eche degre – obey point
Stryttwaye thethyr woll I passe! straightaway
SATAN
Spiritus malyngny xal com to the, malign(us)
Hyre to tempt in euery plase. place
430 Now alle the six that here be,
Wysely to werke, hyr favor to wynne, favour
To entyr hyr person be the labor of lechery, by
that she at the last may com to helle.
How, how, spiritus malyng – thou wottyst what I mene? knowest
435 Cum owt, I sey! Heryst nat what I seye? hearest
BAD ANGYLL
Syrrys, I obey your covnsell in eche degree; point
Stryttwayne thethyr woll I passe! straightaway
Speke soft, speke soft, I trotte hyr to tene! hurry torment her
I prey the pertly, make no more noyse!

[The Castle of Magdalen]

Her xal alle the Seuyn Dedly Synnys besiege the castell
tyll [Mary] agre to go to Jherusalem. Lechery xall entryr
the castell wyth the Bad Angyl, thus seyng Lechery:

LECHERY
440   Heyl, lady most lavdabyll of alyauvns!   family connection
Heyl, oryent as the sonne in hys reflexite!   shining
Myche pepul be comfortyd be your benyng afyavuns.   trust
Bryter than the bornyd is your bemyis of bewte,   brighter (what is) burnished beams
Most debonarius wyth your aungelly delycyte!   gracious angelic attractiveness
MARYA
445   Qwat personne be ye, that thus me comende ?   intend
LUXURYA
Your servant to be, I wold comprehende!
MARY
Your debonarius obedyauns ravyssyt me to trankquelyte!
Now, syth ye desyre in eche degree,   since
To receyve yow I have grett delectacyon!
450   Ye be hartely welcum onto me –   arranged
Your tong is so amyabyll, devydyd wyth reson.
LUXURYA
Now, good lady, wyll ye me expresse
Why may ther no gladdnes to yow resort?   return
MARY
For my father I haue had grett heuynesse –   dead
455   Whan I remembyr, my mynd waxit mort.   deceptions
LUXURYA
Ya, lady, for all that, be of good comfort,
For swych obusyouns may brede myche dysese.
Swyxh desepcyouns poty poty peynys to exsport;   take pains to dismiss such disappointments
Prynt yow in sportys whych best doth yow plese!   express yourself in pleasurable pursuits
MARY
460   Forsothe, ye be welcum to myn hawdyens!   audience
Ye be my harys leche!   healer
Brother Lazarus, and it be yower plesauns,   if
And ye, systyr Martha, also, in substawns   truly
Thys place I commend onto your governons,
465   And onto God I yow beteche!   entrust
Lazarus
Now, systyr, we xal do your intente,
In thys place to be resydent,
Whyle that ye be absent,
To kepe this place from wreche!

[Jerusalem – a Tavern]

Here takyt Mary hur wey to Jherusalem wyth Luxsurya,
and they xal resort to a tavernere. thus seyy[n]g the tavernere:
TAVERNER

470 I am a taverner, wytty and wyse,
That wynys haue to sell gret plente!
Of all the taverners, I bere the pryse, prize
That be dwellyng wythinne the cete! city
Of wynys I haue grete plente,

475 Both whyte wynne and red that [is] so cleyre.

Here ys wynne of Mawt and malmseyn,
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!

LUXSU[R]YA

Lo, lady, the comfort and the sokower soccouir
Go we ner and take a tast – near taste
Thys xal bryng your sprytys to favor! comfort
Tavernere, bryng vs of the fynnest thou hast!

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!

MARY

Ywys, ye seye soth, ye grom of blysse!

490 To me ye be covrtes and kynde.

Her xal entyr a galavnt, thus seyyng:

GALAVNT

Hof, hof, hof! A frysche new galavnt!

496 I haue a shert of reynnys wyth slevys peneawnt,
A lase of sylke for my lady constant!

500 I wol awye sovereyns, and soiettys 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!

505 That makyt me ilegant and lusty in lykyng.
Thus I lefe in this world, I do it for no pryde!

LUXSURYA

Lady, this man is for yow, as I se can,
To sett yow if[n] sporttys and talkyng this tyde!

MARY

Cal hym in, tavernere, as ye my loue wyll han,
510  And we xall make ful mery yf he wolle abyde!

TAVERNERE
  How, how, my mastyre Coryossyte!
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.

CORYOSTE
515  A, dere dewchesse, my daysyys iee!
  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!

MARI
520  Why, syr, wene ye that I were a kelle?
CORYOSTE
  Nay, prensses, parde, ye be my hertys hele,
  So wold to God ye wold my loue fele!

MARI
  Qwat cavse that ye love me so sodenly?
CORYOSTE
  O nedys I mvst, myn own lady!
  Your person, itt is so womanly,
  I can not refreyn me, swete lelly!

MARI
  Syr, curtesy doth it yow lere!
CORYOSTE
  Now, gracyus gost wythowtyn pere,
  Mych nortur is that ye conn.

MARY
525  But wol yow dawns, my own dere?
CORYOSTE
  Now, be my trowth, ye be wyth other ten.

CORYOSTE
  Now, be my trowth, ye be wyth other ten.

MARI
530  Go ye before, I sue yow nere,
  For a man at alle tymys beryt reverens.

CORYOSTE
  Now, derlyng dere, wol yow do be my rede?

CORYOSTE
  We haue dronkyn and ete lytyl brede –
  Wyll we walk to another stede?

gb 2005
MARI
Ewyn at your wyl, my dere derlyng!
Thow ye wyl go to the wordys eynd, though world’s
go
To dye for your sake!

Here xal Mary and the galont awoyd, and the Bad Angyll
leaves to the Word, the Flych, and the Dylfe, thus sayyng
the Bad Angyl:

BAD ANGYL
A lorges, a lorges, lorddys alle at onys!
Ye haue a servant fayur and afyabylle,
For she is fallyn in ower grogly gromys!

Ya, Pryde, callyd Corioste, to hure is ful lavdabyll,
And to hure he is most preysseabylle,
For she hath gravnttyd hym all hys bonys!
She thynktyt hys person so amyabyll,
To here syte, he is semelyare than ony kyng in tronys!

YA, 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!

Here xal the bad angyl to Mari agayn.

REX DIABOLUS
Farewell, farewell, ye to nobyl kyngys this tyde,
For hom in hast I wol me dresse!
MUNDUS
Farewell, Satan, prynsse of pryde!
FLESCH
Farewell, sem[l]jest alle sorowys to sesse!

Here xal Satan go hom to hys stage, and Mari xal entyr into
the place alone, save the Bad Angyl, and at the Seuen Dedly
Synnys xal be conveyyd into the howse of Symont Leprovs,
they xal be arayyd lyke seuen dylf, thus kept closse; Mari
xal be in an erbyr, thus seyyng:

MARY
A, God be wyth my valentynys,

My byrd swetyng, my lovys so dere!
For they be bote for a blossum of blisse!
Me mervellyt sore they be nat here,
But I woll restyn in this erbyre,
Amons thes bamys precyus of prysse,

Tyll som loyvr wol apere
That me is wont to halse and kysse.

Her xal Mary lye doun and slepe in the erbyre.

gb 2005
Mary Magdalen

SYMOND LEPRUS
Thys day holly I pot in rememberowns,
To solas my gestys to my power;
I haue ordeynyd 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 offcyrs be redy wyth ther ordynowns.

580 So wold to God I myte have aqueyntowns
Of the Profyth of trew perflytnesse,
To com to my place and porvyowns;
It wold rejoysye my hert in gret gladnesse,
For the report of hys hye nobyllnesse
585 Rennyt in contreyes fer and nere –
Hys precheyng is of gret perflythnes,
Of rythewysnesse, and mercy cleyre.

Here entyr Symont into the place, the Good Angyll
thus seyyng to Mary:

GOOD ANGYLL
Woman, woman, why art thou so onstabyll?
Ful bytterly thys blysse it wol be bowth!
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,

590 And leve thi werkys wayn and veryabyll!
Remembyr, Woman, for thi pore pryde,
How thi sowle xal lyyn in helle fyre!
A, remembyr how sorrowful itt is to abyde,
Wythowtyn eynd in angure 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 promtys me this tyde,
And temtys me wyth trytlyll of trew perflythnesse!
Alas, how betternesse in my hert doth abyde!
I am wonnddyd wyth werkys of gret dystresse.

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 perflyth 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 desylys, thus seyyng
Symont Leprus:

[SYMONT LEPRUS]

615  Now ye be welcom, mastyr, most of magnyfycens!
I beseche yow benyngly ye wol be so gracyows
Yf that it be lekyng onto yower hye presens,
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 gylnyt grow.
For wythinne thi hows xal rest charyte,
And the bemys of grace xal byn illumynows. beams
But syth thou wytstsaff a dynere on me,
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,
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 favour
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, whypyn hem wyth hur herre, and than anoynt
hym wyth a precyus noyttment. Jhesus dicit: tears

[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 factually,
I have thynys to seyn to the. earnestly
SYMOND

645  Mastyr, qwat your wyll be, what
And it plesse yow, I well yow here; hear
Seyth your lykyng onto me, pleasure
And al the plesawnt of your mynd and desyyr.

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 stytle 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 chanse;
   And becawse he cowd nat hys mony recure,
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 resoyn yef can.   owed give
JHESUS
Recte ivdicasti! thou art a wyse man,
And this quessyon hast dempte trewly.   judged
Yff thou in thi concyens remembyr can,   reflect
Ye to be the dectours that I of specefy.   you two debtors

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,
   And anoyttyt hem wyth onymentys, lowly knelyng
   And wyth hur her, fayur and bryght shynnyng,
   She wypeth hem agayn wyth good entent.
   them
   But, Symont, syth that I entyrd thi hows,   since
670   To wasshe my fete thou dedyst nat aplye,
   Nor to wype my fete thou were nat so faworus;  obliging
   Wherfor, in thi conscyens, thou owttyst nat to replye!
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,
680   And blyssyd be thi berth of that puer vergynne!   birth pure
   Blyssyd be thou, repast contemplatyf,   food for the spirit
   Agens my seknes, helth and medsyn!   against
   And for that I haue synnyd in the synne of pryde,
   I wol enabyte me wyth humelyte.
   Agens wrath and envy, I wyll devyde
   Thes fayur vertuys, pacyens and charyte.
   because
   Agens wrath and envy, I wyll devyde
   Thes fayur vertuys, pacyens and charyte.
JHESUS
Woman, in contryssyon thou art expert,
And in thi sowle hast inward mythe,
   (soul) that before were in the desert
   Thes fayur vertuys, pacyens and charyte.
690   Thy feyth hath savyt the, and made the bryth!
   Wherfor I sey to the, ‘Vade in pace’.
Wyth this word seyn dyllys xall dewoyde from the woman, and the Bad Angyll entyr into hell wyth thondyr.

MARIA
O thou, gloryus Lord, this rehersyd for my sped, performed profit
Sowle helth atys 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 techeuyng of Isaye in scriptur, 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. thee
Beware, and kepe the from alle neclygens, partner
And aftyr, thou xal be partenyr of my blysse! partner

Jhesus wyth hys desipyllys, the Good Angyll leaves
reioysyn of Mawdleyn:

BONUS ANGELUS
705 Holy God, hyest of omnipotency. highest
The astat of good governouns to the I recummend, state thee entrust
Humbylly bescheeyng thyn inperall glorye include
In thi devyn vertu vs to comprehend.

And, delectabyll Jhesu, soverreyn sapyens, pity
710 Ower feyth we recummend onto your pur pete
Most mekely prayyng to your holy aparens,
Illumyn ower ygnorans wyth your devynyte!

Ye be clepyd Redempcyon of sowlys defens, called souls
Whych 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 beny, one
Thre persons in Trenyte, and on God eterne,
Most lowly ower feyth we consyngne,

720 That we may com to your blysse gloryfied 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! beetle-browed bitches
725 Wyth thes betyll-browyd bycheys I am at debate!
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?

REX DIABOLUS
The judgment of harloppy here to see,
Setting in judicious-like a state.

How, thou, bad anger! Apere before my grace!

SPIRITUS MALIGNI
730 As flat as fox, I fall before your face!

REX DIABOLUS
Thou there! Whast thou done all this trespass,
To let thy woman thy bonds be broken?

MALIGNUS SPIRITUS
The spirit of grace sore smote her, and
And tempted so sore that hypocrite!

REX DIABOLUS
735 Why! Thou hast done all this injury!
In hast, on the I will be avenged!

Cum vp, ye horsons, and scour away the yche,
And with thy panne, thou dost smear him with pitch!

Cum of, ye harlots that it were done!
Here all they serve all the seven as they do the first.

REX DIABOLUS
740 Now have I a part of my desire!
Go into this house, ye lords here,
And look ye set it on fire –
And that all them awake!

Here all the other devils set the house on fire, and
make a sowth, and Mari all go to Lazar and to Martha.

REX DIABOLUS
745 They be blased, both body and hals!
Now to hell let vs synkyn also,
To ower felows blake!

The Castle of Magdalen

MARI MAVGLEYN
O brother, my heart's consolation!
O blessed in life, and solitary!

750 The blissed Prophet, my comfortacyon,
He hath made me clean and delectable,
The yche was to synne a subjecter,
Thys Kyng, Cryste, consedaryd his creacyon;
I was drynchyn in synne deversarye

755 Thyll that Lord relevyd me be his domacyon.
Grace to me he wold nevr denye;
Thowe I were nevr so synful, he seyd, 'Revertere'!
O, I, synful creature, to grace I wold applye;
The oyle of mercy hath helyd myn infirmyte.
MARTHA
760  Now worchepyd be that hey name Jhesu, high
    The wyche in Latyn is callyd Savyower!
Fulfyllyng that word ewyn of dewe, word (=prophecy) just as deserved
To alle synfull and seke, he is sokour. sick
LAZARE
Systyr, ye be welcum onto yower towyre! inconstancy
765  Glad in hart of yower obessyawnse, while
    Wheyl that I leffe, I wyl serve hym wyth honour, inconstancy
That ye have forsakyn synne and varyawns.

MARY MAGDALEN
Cryst, that is the lyth and the cler daye, light
He hath oncuryd the therknesse of the clowdy nyth, uncovered darkness night
770  Of lyth the lucens and lyth veray, light brightness
    Wos prechyyng to vs is a gracyows lyth, whose
    Lord, we beseche the, as thou art most of myth, might
    Owt of the ded slep of therknesse, defend vs aye! always
    Gyff vs grace ewyr to rest in lyth, ever
    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! buzz (in the head) black
Alas! Dethe is sett at my hart! guide
A! Ley on handys! Wher are ye? remain
A, I faltyr and falle! I wax alle onquarte! yield spirit
A, I bome above, I wax alle swertt! buzz (in the head) black
A, good Jhesu, thow be my gyde! guide
A, no lengar now I reverte! remain
I yeld vp the gost, I may natt abyde! yield spirit

MARY MAGDALEN
O, good brother! Take covmforth and myth, heaviness
785  And lett non heuynes in yower hart abyde! let pass fretting
    Lett away alle this feyntnesse and fretth, physicians drive away
    And we xal gete yow leches, yower peynys to devyde.

MARTHA
A, I syth and sorow, and sey, ‘Alas’! sigh
Thys sorow ys apoynt to be my confusyon! appointed undoing
Jentyl systyr, hye we from this place, hurry
790  For the Prophe[t] to hym hatt grett delectacyon. in him has great delight
    Good brothere, take somme comfortacyon

For we woll go to seke yow[er] cure. seek

Here goth Mary and Martha, and mett wyth Jhesus, thus seyyng:

[MARY AND MARTHA]
O, Lord Jhesu, ower mellefleuus swettnesse, our
795  Thowe art grettest Lord in glorie! thee humility
    Lovyr to the, Lord, in all lowlynesse,
Comfort thi creatur that to the crye! thee
Behold yowre loyrr, good Lord, specyally, speeckly
How Lazare lyth seke in grett dystressse. lieth sick
800 He ys thi loyrr, Lord, suerly!
Onbynd hym, good Lord, of hys heuynnesse! from his sorrow

JHESUS
Of all infyrmyte, ther is non to deth. (compared with) death
For of all peynnys, that is impossyble

To vndyrestand be reson; to know the werke, by
805 The joye that is in Jherusallem heuenly,
Can nevyr be compylyd 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 awysement. 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!

[Castle of Magdalen]

LAZARUS
A! In woo I waltyr as wawys in the wynd! am tossed waves
820 Awey 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!

Morteus est.

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

gb 2005
We must nedys ower devyrs doo,
To the erth to bryng hym wythout 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 ladysys 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 knygth make redy the ston, and other bryng
in the wepars, arayyd in blak.

PRIMUS MILES
Now, good fryndys that here be,
Take vp thy 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
seyng Jhesus [in the place]:

[JHESUS]
Tyme ys comyn of very cognyssyon.
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 volunt.
Thow he slepe, he may be savyd be skyll.
JHESUS
That is trew, and be possybilyte;
Therfor, of my deth shew yow I wyll.
860   And so in my mother had cler incarnacyon;
And therfore must I suffyre grevos 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]f I am joyfull, I sey onto yow,
That I knowlege yow therwyth, that ye may it beleve.
Here xal Jhesus com wyth hys dissipyls, and on Jew
tellyt Martha:

[JEW]
A, Martha, Martha! Be full of gladnesse!
870 For the Prophett ys comyng, I sey trewly,
Wyth hys dyssypyllys in grett lowlynesse;
He shall yow comfortt wyth hys mercy.

Here Martha xall ronne agen Jheszts, thus seyyng:

[MARTHA]
A, Lord! Me, sympl creatur, nat denye,
Thow I be wrappyd in wrecchydnesse!
875 Lord, and thou haddyst byn here, werely,
My brother had natt a byn ded – I know well thysse.

JHESUS DICIT
Martha, docctor, onto the I sey,    daughter thee
Thy brother xall reyse agayn!
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 euyrlastynge, the soth to seyn.    truth
Martha, belevyst thow this?
MARTHA
885 Ye, forsoth, the Prynssse of blysch!
I beleve in Cryst the Son of Sapyens,
Whycy wythowt eynd ryngne xall he,    end reign
To redemyn vs frell 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 gracysw Lord, thou swete Jhesus!
And thou haddyst byn here, my brothyr alyfe had be!
Good Lord, myn hertt doth this dyscus!

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,
Thatt grave I desyre to se.

Take of the ston of this monvment!

The agrement of grace here shewyn I wyll.
MARTHA
A, Lord, yower preseptt fulfyllyd xall be.

900  Thys ston I remeve wyth glad chyr.
Gracyows Lord, I aske the mercy!
Thy wyll mott be fullfyllyd here!

Here xall Martha put of the grave ston.

JHESUS
Now, Father, I beseche thyn hey paternyte,
That my prayour be resoundable to thi Fathyrod in glory,

905  To opyn theyn erys to thi Son in humaneyte.
Nat only for me, but for thi pepyll, verely,
That they may beleue, and betake to thi mercy.
Fathyr, fore them I make supplycacyon!
Gracyows Father, gravnt me my bone!

Lazer, Lazer! Com hethyr to me!

Here xall Lazar aryse, trossyd wyth towellys, in a shete.

LAZAR
911  A, my Makar, my Savyowr! Blyssyd mott thou be!
Here men may know thi werkys of wondyre!
Lord, nothy[n]g ys onpossybyll to the,
For my body and my sowle was departyd asondyr!

915  I xuld a rottytt, as doth the tondyre,
Fleysch from the bonys a-consumyd away!
Now is aloft that late was ondyr!

The goodnesse of God hath don for me here,
That blyssyd Lord that here ded apere!

Here all the pepull and the Jewys, Mari and Martha, wyth on wyss sey thes wordys: ‘We beleve in yow, Savvyowr, Jhesus, Jhesus, Jhesus!’

JHESUS
Of yower good hertys I have advertacyounys,
Wherethorow in sowle, holl made ye be.
Betwyx yow and me be nevr varyacyounys,

920  Wherfor I sey, ‘Vade in pace’.

Here devoydyt Jhesus wyth hys desypylls; Mary and Martha and Lazare gon hom to the castell, and here begynn yt [the Kyng of Marcylle] hys bost:

[Marclyle]

[KYNG OF MARCYLLE]
Awannt! Awannt the, onworthy wrecchesse!

926  Why lowtt ye nat low to my lawdabyll presens,
Ye brawlyng breellys and blabyr-lyppyd bycchys,
Obedyenly to obby me wythout offense?
I am a sofereyn semely that ye se butt scyld!

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 onored ay,

Wanne baner gyn to blasse and bemmys gyn to blow!

935 Hed am I heystest of all hethennesse hold!
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 Marcylle, 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 delycye most delycyows,
Of felachyp most feleyows,
Of alle fodys most favarows –
O, my blysse in bevteus bryght!

REGINA
O of condycyons, and most onorabyll!

951 Lowly I thank yow for this recommendacon –
The bovnteest and the boldest ondyr baner bryth,
No creatur so coroscant to my consolacyon!
Whan the regent be resydent, itt is my refecyon.

955 Yower dilectabyll dedys devydytt me from dyversyte.
In my person I privyde to put me from polucyon –
To be plesant to yower person, itt is my prosperyte!

REX
Now, Godamercy, berel brytest of bewte!
Godamercy, ruby rody as the rose!

960 Ye be so ple[sv]avnt to my pay, ye put me from peyn.
Now, comly knygthys, loke that ye forth dresse
Both spycys and wyn here in hast!

Here xall the knygts gete spycys and wynne, and here xall
entyr a dylle in orebyll aray, thus seyyng: 

[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 holldys that eyvr hort, non so as hell!
Owur barrys of iron ar all to-brost, stronge gatys of brasse!
The Kyng of Joy entryd 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!
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 dysstroyd ower labor and alle ower dede!  
975 He hath lytynnyd lymbo, and to paradyse yede!  
That wondyrfull worke werkyyt vs wrake!  
Adam and Abram and alle hyre kynred,  
Owt of ower preson to joy were they take!  

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 temtacyon we tochyd hym to atrey,  
To know whether he was God ore non.  
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,  
That wondyrfull worke werkytt vs wrake!   

990 And weyyd be rythfull balans,  
But at hys deleverans,  
And gowyn be rythfull domme.  
I telle yow alle in sum, to helle wyll I gonne!  

Here xall entry the thre Mariis arayyd as chast women,  
wyth sygnis of the passyon pryntyd ypon ther brest, thus seyyng  
Mawdleyn:

[Place of Cruxifixion, and the Sepulchre.]

[MAWDLEYN]  
Alas, alas, for that ryall bem!  
A, this percytt my hartt worst of all!  
995 For here he turnyd agen to the woman of Jerusalem,  
And for wherynesse lett the crosse falle!  
MARY JACOBE  
Thys sorow is beytterare than ony galle,  
For here the Jevys spornyd hym to make hym goo,  
And they dysspyttyd ther Kyng ryall.  
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!  
1000 That clyvytt myn hart, and makett me woo.  

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!  
1000 That clyvytt myn hart, and makett me woo.  

THE THRE MARYYS  
1005 Heylle, gloryows crosse! thou baryst that Lord on hye,  
by thy might didst  
Mannys solwe from all thraldam to bye,  
redeem  
That euyrmore in peyne shold a [boun],  
have been bound  
1010 Be record of Davyt, wyth myld steyvn:  
by voice  
‘Domine inclina celos tuos, et dessende!’
MARY MAGDLEYN
Now to the monument lett vs gon,
Whereas ower Lord and Savyower layd was,
To anoynyt hym, body and bone,
To make amendys for ower trespas.

[MARY JACOBE]
1015  Ho xall putt doun the led of the monvment, who lid
Thatt we may anoynyt hys gracysus wovndys,
Wyth hart and my[n]d to do ower intentt,
Wyth precyus bamys, this same stovnddys? balms times

MARY SALOME
That blyssyd body wythin this bovndys. area

1020  Here was layd wyth rvfull monys. moans
Nevyr creature was borne vpon gronddys
That mygth sofere 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

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 gretyly I dysmay!
thither hurry might
I woll me thethere hye wyth all my myth!
Now, Lord defend vs as he best may!
these visible 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 techéyng and exortacyon!
Here Petyr and Jhon go to the sepulcur and the Maryys folowyng.

[PETYR]
A, now I se and know the sothe!
But, gracysus Lord, be ower protexcyon! –
Here is noothyng left butt a sudare cloth,
That of thi beryyng xuld make mencyon!

JHON
I am aferd of wykkytt opressyon!
Where he is becum, it can natt be devysyd,
But he seyd aftyr the thrid day he xuld have resurrexyon.
Long befor, thys was promysyd.

MARY MAGDLEYN
Alas, I may no lengar abyde,
For dolour and dysesse that in my hartt doth dwell.

[Mary goes aside.]

PRIMUS ANGELUS
Woman, woman, wy wepest thou?
Wom sekest thou wyth dolare thus?

MARY MAGDLEYN
A, Fayn wold I wete, and I wysst how,
Wo hath born away my Lord Jhesus!

Hic aparuit Jhesus.

JHESUS
Woman, woman, wy syest thow?

MARY MAGDLEYN
A, good syr, tell me now
Yf thou have born awey my Lord Jhesus,

For I have porposyd in eche degre
To have hym wyth me, werely,
The wyche my specyall Lord hath be,
And I hys lovyr and cavse wyll phy.

JHESUS
O, O, Mari!

MARY MAGDLEYN
A! Gracyus Mastyr and Lord, yow it is that I seke!
Lett me anoynt yow wyth this bamys sote!
Lord, long hast thou hyd the from my spece,
Butt now wyll I kesse thou for my hartys bote!

JHESUS
Towche me natt, Mary! I ded natt asend
To my Father in Deyyte, and onto yowers!
Butt go sey to my brotheyn I wyll pretende
To stey to my Father in heunly towyrs.
MARY MAGDLEYN
Whan I sye yow fyrst, Lord, verely saw
I went ye had byn Symov[n]d the gardener. I thought

JHESUS

1080 So I am, forsothe, Mary!
Mannys hartt is my gardyn here.
Therin I sow sedys of vertu all the yere.
The fowle wedys and wycys I reynd vp be the rote! weeds vices tear root
Whan that gardyn is watteryd wyth terys clere,

1085 Than spryng vertuus, and smelle full sote. very sweet

MARY MAGDLEYN
O, thou dereworthy Emperowere, thou hye devyne! precious
To me this is a joyfull tydyng,
And onto all pepull that aftyr vs xall reyngne,
Thys knowlege of thi deyyte,

JHESUS
I woll shew to synnars as I do to the,
Yf they woll wyth veruens of love me seke. fervency
Be stedfast, and I xall evyr wyth the be,

1095 And wyth all tho that to me byn meke!

Here avoydyt Jhesus sodenly, thus seyyng Mary Magdleyn: leaves

MARY MAGDLEYN
O, systyrs, thus the hey and nobyll inflventt grace flowing
Of my most blessyd Lord Jhesus, Jhesus, Jhesus! where
He aperyd onto me at the sepulcur ther I was! increased bliss
That hath relevyed my woo, and moryd my blysche!

1100 Itt is innvmerabyll to expresse, much
Or for ony tong for to tell,
Of my joye how myche itt is, So myche my peynnys itt doth excelle!

MARY SALOME
Now lett vs go to the sette, to ower Lady dere, city

1105 Hyr to shew of hys wellfare, seen
And also to dyssypyllys, that we have syn here – The more yt xall rejoyse them from care!

MARY JACOB
Now, systyr Magdleyn, wyth glad chyr! cheer
So wold that good Lord we myth wyth hym mete! might

[Jhesus appears again.]

JHESUS

1110 To shew desyrows hartys I am full nere, near
Women, I apere to yow and sey, ‘Awete!’ ‘Avete’

SALOMЕ
Now, gracyus Lord, of yowur nymyos charyte – exceeding
Wyth hombyll hartys to thi presens complayne –
Gravnitt vs thi blyssyng of thi hye deyte,
1115  Costly ower sowlys for to sosteyne.

JHESUS
Alle tho byn blyssyd that sore refreynnne.
We blysch yow – Father, and Son, and Holy Gost –
All sorow and care to constryne,
Be ower powyr of mytys most,

1120  In nomine Patrys ett Feli et Spiritus Sancti, amen!

JHESUS
Goo ye to my brethryn, and sey to hem ther,
That they procede and go into Gallelye,
And ther xall they se me, as I seyd before,
Bodly, wyth here carnall yye.

Here Jhesus devoydytt agen.

MAGDLEYN
1125  O thou gloryus Lord of heuen regyon,
Now blyssyd be thi hye devynyte,
Thatt evyr thow tokest incarnacyon,
Thus for to vestye thi pore servanyts thre.
Thi wyll, gracyous Lord, fulfyllyd xall be

1130  As thou commavndyst vs in all thyng.
Ower gracyous brethryn we woll go se,
Wyth hem to seyn all ower lekeyng.

Here devoyd all the thre Maryys, and the Kyng of Marcyll xall begynne a sacryfyce.

REX MARCYLL
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,

1140  Mahond, that is so mykyll of myth,
Wyth mynstrelly and myrth in mynd,
Lett vs gon ofer in that hye kyngis syth.

PRYSBYTYR
Now, my clerke Hawkyn, for loue of me,
Loke fast myn awter were arayd!

1145  Goo rying a bell, to or thre!
Lythly, chyld, it be natt delayd,
For here xal be a grett solemnyte.
Loke, boy, thou do it wyth a brayd!

CLERICUS
Whatt, mastyr! Woldyst thou have thi lemman to thi beddys syde?

1150  Thow xall abyde tyll my servyse is sayd!
PRYSBYTYR
Boy! I sey, be Sentt Coppyn,
No swyche wordys to the I spake!

BOY
Wether thou ded or natt, the fryst jorny xall be myn,
For, be my feyth, thou beryst Wattys pakke!

1155 But syr, my mastyr, grett Morell,
Ye have so fellyd yower bylly wyth growell,
That it growit grett as the dywll of hell!
Onshaply thou art to see!

1160 Pratyly wyth hem I can houkkyn,
Wyth Kyrchon and fayer Maryon –
They love me bettyr than the!

I dare sey, and thou xulddys ryde,
Thi body is so grett and wyde.

1165 That nevyr horse may the abyde,
Exseptt thou breke hys bakk asovndyre!

PRYSBYTYR
A, thou lyyst, boy, be the dyvll of hell!
I pray God, Mahond mott the quell!
I xall whyp the tyll thi ars xall belle!

1170 On thi ars com mych wondyre!

BOY
A fartt, mastyr, and kysse my grenne!
The dyvll of hell was thi emme!
Loo, mastyrs, of swyche a stokke he cam!
This kenred is asprongyn late!

PRYSBYTYR
Mahovndys blod, precyows knave!
Stryppys on thi ars thou xall have,
And rappys on thi pate!

Bete hym

REX dicitt
Now, prystys and clerkys, of this tempyll cler,
Yower servyse to sey, lett me se.

PRYSBYTYR
A, soveryn lord, we shall don ower devyr.
Boy, a boke anon thou bryng me!

1180 Now, boy, to my awter I wyll me dresse –
On xall my westment and myn aray.

BOY
Now than, the lesson I woll espresse,

1185 Lyke as longytt for the servyse of this day:
Leccyo mahowndys, viri fortissimi sarasenorum
Glabriosum ad glvmandum glvmar dinorum,
Gormondorum alocorum, stampatinantum cursorum,
Cownthys fulcatum, congrvryandum tersorum,

1190 Mursum malgorum, mararagorum,
Skartum sialporum, fartum cardiculorum,
Slavndri strovmmppum, corbolcorum,
Snyguer snagoer werwolfforum,
Standgardum lamba beffettorum,

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,
Gravnt yow grace to dye on the galows!

PRYSBYTYR
Now, lordys and ladyys, lesse and more,
Knele all don wyth good devocyon.
Yonge and old, rych and pore,

1205 Do yower oferyng to Sentt Mahownde,
And ye xall have grett pardon,
That longytty to this holy place,
And receyve ye xall my benesown,
And stond in Mahowndys grace.

REX dicitt
1210 Mahownd, thou art of mytys most,
In my syth a gloryus gost –
Thou comfortyst me both in contre and cost,
Wyth thi wesdom and thi wytt,
For truly, lord, in the is my trost.

1215 Good lord, lett natt my sowle be lost!
All my cownsell well thou wotst,
Here in thi presens as I sett.

Thys besawnt of gold, rych and rownd,
I ofer ytt for my lady and me,

1220 That thou mayst be ower covnfortys in this stownd.
Sweth Mahovnd, remembyr me!

PRYSBYTYR
Now, boy, I pray the, lett vs have a song!
Ower servyse be note, lett vs syng, I say!
Cowff vp thi brest, stond natt to long,

1225 Begynne the offfyse of this day.
BOY
I home and I hast, I do that I may,
Wyth mery tvne the trebyll to syng.

Syng both.

PRYSBYTYR
Hold vp! The dyvll mote the afray,
For all owt of rule thou dost me bryng!

1230 Butt now, syr kyng, quene, and knyth,
Be mery in hartt everychon!
For here may ye se relykys brygth –
Mahowndys own nekke bon!
And ye xall se or ever ye gon, before you go
1235 Whattsomewer yow betyde, whatever happens to you
And ye xall kesse all this holy bon, if
Mahowndys own yeelyd! eye lid
Ye may have of this grett store; from benefit
And ye knew the cauve wherfor,
1240 Ytt woll make yow blynd for eywyrmore, if
This same holy bed!

Lorddys and ladyys, old and ynge, young
Golyas so good, to blysse may yow bryng, Goliath
Mahownd the [holy] and Dragon the dere,
1245 Wyth Belyall in blysse eywyrlastyng,
That ye may ther in joy syng
Before that comly kyng
That is ower god in fere.
in common

[Jerusalem – Pilate’s Stage]

PYLATT
Now, ye Serjauntys semly, qwat sey ye?
1250 Ye be full wetty men in the law. intelligent
Of the dethe of Jhesu I woll awysyd be – advised
Ower soferyn Sesar the soth mvst nedys know. Caesar truth needingly
Thys Jhesu was a man of grett vertu,
And many wondyrs in hys tyme he wrowth; worked
1255 He was put to dethe be cawsys ontru, untrue
Wheche matyr stekytt in my thowth; sticks thought
And ye know well how he was to the erth browth, (=buried)
Wacchyd wyth knygths of grett aray.
He is resyn agayn, as before he tawth,
1260 And Joseph of Baramathye he hath takyn awey Arimathea

PRIMUS SERJANTT
Soferyn juge, all this is soth that ye sey, true
But all this mvst be curyd be sotylte,
And sey how hys dyspyllys stollyn hym away – by
And this xall be the answer, be the asentt of me!

SECUNDUS SERJANTT
1265 So it is most lylly for to be! likely
Yower covncell is good and commendabyll;
So wryte hym a pystyll of specyallte,
And that for vs xall be most prophytabyl.

PYLATT
Now, masengyr, in hast hether thou com!
On masage thou mvst, wyth ower wrytyng, one
1270 To the soferyn emperower of Rome. knowledge
But fryst thou xall go to Herodes the kyng, wrought
And sey how that I send hym knowyng
Of Crystys deth, how it hath byn wrowth.
1275 I charge the make no lettyng, thee delay
Tyll this lettyr to the emperower be browth!
NVNCYUS PYLATUS
My lord, in hast yower masage to spede
Onto tho lordys of ryall renown,
Dowth ye nat, my lord, it xall be don indede!
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 tydvingys 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, settyng in solas! sitting
Heyll, worthy wythoutyn pere! peer
Heyll, goodly to gravntt all grace!
Heyll, emperower of the word, ferr and nere! world
Soferyn, and it plese yower hye empyre,
I have browth yow wrytyng of grett aprise, if high imperial majesty
Wyche xall be pleseyng to yower desyre,
1300 From Pylatt, yower hye 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 gyffie atendans,
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 hye exeleyns; if
The intentt of this pystyll is thus: epistle
Pylatt recommendytt to yower presens, 

1315 And of a prophett is the sentens, subject-matter
Whos name was callyd Jhesus.
He is putt to dethe wyth vyolens, claimed
For he chalyngyd to be kyng of Jewys.

Therfor he was crucyfyed to ded, death
1320 And syn was beryyd, as they thowth reson. since thought reasonable
Also, he cleymyd hymyslf Son of the Godhed! by
The therd nyght he was stollyn away wyth treson, went
Wyth hys desypyllys that to hym had dyleccyon, 
So wyth hym away they yode.

1325 I merveyll how they ded wyth the bodyys corupeyon – 
I trow they wer fed wyth a froward fode! think magical food

IMPATER
Crafty was ther connyng, the soth for to seyn! skill truth say
Thys pystyll I wyll kepe wyth me yff I can, epistle
Also I wyll have cronekyllyd the yere and the reynne, reign
1330 That nevyr xall be forgott, whoso loke theron. whoever

Masengyre, owt of this town wyth a rage! haste
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 Mawdleyn wyth hyr dysypyll, thus seyyng:

[Jerusalem]

MAVDLYN
death
A, now I remembyr my Lord that put was to ded
Wyth the Jewys, wythowtyn gyltt or treson! by
The therd nyght he ros be the myth of hys Godhed; by the might
Vpon the Sunday had hys gloryus resurrexcyon,

1340 And now is the tyme past of hys gloryus asencyon; ascended
He steyyd to hevyn, and ther he is kyng.
A! Hys grett kendnesse may natt fro my mencyon! leave my memory
Of alle maner tonggys he gaf vs knowyng, knowledge

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 – (=Passion)
Full ferr ar my brothyrn departyd asondyr.

Her xall hevyn opyn, and Jhesus xall shew [hymself].

[Heaven Stage]

JHESYS
Unecletedsun
O, the onclypsyd sonne, tempyll of Salamon!
1350 In the mone I restyd, that nevyr chonggyd goodnesse!
moon changed
In the shep of Noee, fles of Judeon,  
She was my tapynakyll of grett nobyllnesse,  
She was the paleys of Phebus bryghnesse,  
She was the wessell of puere clennesse,  
1355 Wher my Godhed gaff my manhod myth;  
My bllysyd mother, of demvre femynyte,  
For mankynd, the feyndys defens,  
Quewne of Jherusalem, that heuenyly cete,  
Empresse of hell, to make resyustens.  
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.  
1365 Nere no clerke of hyre, hyre joyys can wryth.  
Butt now of my servaunt I remembyr the kendnesse;  
Wyth heuenyly masage I cast me to vesyte;  
To Mary Mavdleyn decende in a whyle,  
1370 Byd here passe the se be my myth,  
The goodnesse of my mothere no tong can espresse,  
Of her, her joyys write  
of her, her joys write  
But now of my servaunt I remembere the kendnesse;  
intend to visit (her)  
Raphaell, myn angell in my syte,  
1375 From heuynessthe them to porchassee.  
ANGELUS  
O gloryus Lord, I woll resortt  
To shew your servant of yower grace.  
She xall labor for that londys comfortt,  
From heuynesse them to porchasse.  
1380 Kyng and quene converte xall ye,  
And byn amytyd as an holy apostylesse.  
Alle the lond xall be techyd alone by the,  
Godlys lawys onto hem ye xall expresse.  
1385 Godlys commav[n]ddement for to fullfylle.  
MARI MAWDLEYN  
He that from my person seuen dewllys mad to fle,  
Be vertu of hym alle thyng was wrotch;  
To seke thyos pepyll I woll rydy be.  
As thou hast commavnddytt, in vertv they xall be browth.  
1390 Wyth thi grace, good Lord in Deite,  
Now to the see I wyll me hy,  
Sum sheppyng to asspy.  
Now sped me, Lord in eternall glory!  
Now be my sped, allmyty Trenite!  
Tunc decendet angelus.  
[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.  
1395 Kyng and quene converte xall ye,  
And byn amytyd as an holy apostylesse.  
Alle the lond xall be techyd alone by the,  
Godlys lawys onto hem ye xall expresse.  
1400 Therfore hast yow forth wyth gladnesse,  
Godlys commav[n]ddement for to fullfylle.  
MARI MAWDLEYN  
He that from my person seuen dewllys mad to fle,  
Be vertu of hym alle thyng was wrotch;  
To seke thyos pepyll I woll rydy be.  
As thou hast commavnddytt, in vertv they xall be browth.  
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And byn amytyd as an holy apostylesse.  
Alle the lond xall be techyd alone by the,  
Godlys lawys onto hem ye xall expresse.  
1415 Therfore hast yow forth wyth gladnesse,  
Godlys commav[n]ddement for to fullfylle.  
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Be vertu of hym alle thyng was wrotch;  
To seke thyos pepyll I woll rydy be.  
As thou hast commavnddytt, in vertv they xall be browth.  
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Sum sheppyng to asspy.  
Now sped me, Lord in eternall glory!  
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Tunc decendet angelus.  
[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.  
1425 Kyng and quene converte xall ye,  
And byn amytyd as an holy apostylesse.  
Alle the lond xall be techyd alone by the,  
Godlys lawys onto hem ye xall expresse.  
1430 Therfore hast yow forth wyth gladnesse,  
Godlys commav[n]ddement for to fullfylle.
Here xall entyre a shyp wyth a mery song.

[The Place – near the ‘Coast’]

SHEPMAN
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 plenly beforn! such come
For swyche a cramp on me sett is, about to
I am a poynyt to fare the worse. twist
I ly and wryng tyll I pysse,
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! helped
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!
I wyll hyr bryng onto yower bed!
Now xall thou lern a damsell to wed – she (=whip) thee in mockery
She wyll nat kysse the on skorn!
Bete hym.

THE BOY
A skorn! No, no, I fynd it hernest! 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
MARY
Syr, may I natt wyth yow sayle?
And ye xall have for yower awayle.

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
I wher full loth for to lye!
Yendyr is the lond of Satyllye –
Of this cors we thar nat abaffe.

Now xall the shepmen syng.

SHEPMEN
Stryk! Beware of sond!
1440 Cast a led and in vs gyde!
Of Marcyll this is the kynggys lond.
Go a lond, thow fayer woman, this tyde,
To the kynggys place. Yondyr may ye se.

[Mary goes ashore.]

THE BOY
1444 Sett of! Sett of from lond!
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!
Lord, gravnt me vyctore agens the fyndys flame,
And yn thi lawys gyf this peyyl credens!
1450 I wyll resortt be grett conveyens;
On hys presens I wyll draw nere,
Of my Lordys lawys to she[w] the sentens,
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,
And mote gydde yow the [way] toward sauasyon.
Jhesu, the Son of the myghty Trenite,
That was, and is, and evyr xall be,
For mannys sowle the reformacyon,
Mary Magdalen

1460  In hys name, lord, I beseche the,  
Wythin thi lond to have my mancyon.  
dwelling

REX
Jhesu? Jhesu? Qwat deylle is hym that?  
I defye the and thyn apenyon!  
Thow false lordeyn, I xal fell the flatt!  
devel

1465  Who made the so hardy to make swych rebon?  
MARY  
Syr, I com natt to the for no decepcyon,  
But that good Lord Crist hether me compassyd.  
To recyve hys name, itt is yower refeccyon,  
And thi forme of mysbele[f] be hym may be losyd!  
thee  by  loosed

REX
1470  And whatt is that lord that thow speke of her?  
MARY  
Id est Salvator, yf thow wyll lere,  
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?  
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 begynnyng?  
Theys 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.  
He seyd, ‘In principio erat verbum’,  
And wyth that he provyd hys grett Godhed!  
first did

1485  He mad heuen for ower spede,  
Wheras he sytth in tronys hyee;  
Hys mynystyrs next, as he save nede,  
Hys angelus and archangyllys all the compeny.  
profit

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 fyrmament,  
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 incresse.  
That day he satt vpon watyris,  
As was lykyng to hys goodnesse,  
1500  As holy wrytt berytt wettnesse.
That tyme he made both see and lond,
All that werke of grett nobyllnesse,
As it was plesyng to hys gracyus sond.

On the Weddysday, ower Lord of mythe
1505 Made more at hys plesyng:
Fysche in flod, and fowle in flyth –
And all this was for ower hellpyng.
On the Thursday, that nobyll Kyng
Mad dyverse bestys, grett and smale.
1510 He yaff hem erth to ther fedynge,
And bad hem cressyn be hylle and dale.

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 incresse than,
As it was plesyng to hys worthynesse.

1520 And on the Sunday, he gan rest take,
As skryptur declarytt pleyn,
That al shold reverens make
To hyr Makar that hem doth susteyn
Vpon the Sunday to leuen in hys servyse,
1521 And hym alonly to serve, I tell yow pleyn.

REX
Herke, woman, thow hast many resonnys 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!

MARY
Syr, yf I seyd amys, I woll retur[n] agayn.
1531 Leve yower encomberowns of perturbacyon,
And lett me know what yower goddys byn,
And how they may save vs from trevbelacyon.

REX
Hens to the tempyll that we ware,
1535 And ther xall thow se a solom syth.
Com on all, both lesse and more,
Thys day to se my goddys myth!

Here goth the kyng wyth all hys atendavnt to the tempyll.

REX
Loke now, qwatt seyyst thow be this syth?
How pleseavnttly they stond, se thow how?
1540 Lord, I besech thi grett myth,
Speke to this Chrisetyn that here sestt thou!
Mary Magdalen

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? aileth
1545 Speke, as thow artt bote of all blysse! remedy
PRYSBITYR
Lord, he woll natt speke whyle Christeten here is!
MARY
Syr kyng, and it plese yower gentyllnesse,
Gyff me lycens my prayors to make
Onto my God in heven blysch,
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, protector vite mee, a quo trypedabo?

Here xal the mament tremyll and quake. idol tremble

MARY
Now, Lord of lordys, to thi blyssyd name sanctificatt,
1555 Most mekely my feyth I recommend.
pot down idols impure
Pott don the pryd of mamentys violatt!
Lord, to thi loyvr thi goodnesse descend!
Lett natt ther pryd to thi poste pretend,
Wheras is rehersyd thi hye name Jhesus!
1560 Good Lord, my preor I fethfully send!
Lord, thi rythwysnesse here dyscus!
righteousness reveal

Here xall comme a clowd from heven, and sett the tempyl on fire
on afer, and the pryst and the cler[k] xall synke, and
the kyng gothe hom, thus seyyng:

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 concevyd wyth chyld;
means
Yf thou for this canst fynd a mene,
obey
I wyll abey thi God, and to hym be meke and myld.
MARY
1570 Now, syr, syn thou seyst so, since
To my Lord I prye wyth reythfull bone.
pray rightfull request
Believe in hym, and in no mo,
more (=others)
And I hope she xall be concevyd sone.
REX
Awoyd, awoyd! I wax all seke! leave sick
1575 I wyll to bed this same tye!
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 wythout the gate, thus seyyng:

MARY
Now, Cryst, my creatur, me conserve and kepe, creator
That I be natt confundyd wyth this redure! harshness
1580 For hungore and thurst, to the I wepe! thee
Lord, demene me wyth mesuer! treat moderation
As thou savydyst Daniell from the lyounys rigur, lions’
Be Abacuk thi masengyre, relevyd wyth sustynovns, by relieved
Good Lord, so hellepe me and sokore,
1585 Lord, as itt is thi hye pleseawns!

[Heaven Stage]

JHESUS
My grace xall grow, and don decend down
To Mary my lovyr, that to me doth call, state
Hyr ass[t]att for to amend.
She xall be relevyd wyth sustinons corporall.
1590 Now, awngelys, dyssend to hyr in especyall, prince’s right
And lede hyr to the prynssys chambyr ryth. prince’s right
Bed hyre axke of hys good be weyys pacyfical. bid goods by
And goo yow before hyr wyth reverent lyth! light

PRIMUS ANGELUS
Blyssyd Lord, in thi syth sight
1595 We dyssend onto Mary. descend
SECUNDUS ANGELUS
We dyssend from yower blysse bryth – bright
Onto yower cummavndement we aplye. 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, test
1600 Hym to asay, yf he woll condесend, him test
As he is slepyng, hem to asaye.
SECUNDUS ANGELUS
Byd hym releve yow, to Goddys pay, relieve liking
And we xal go before yow wyth solem lyth; light
In a mentyll of whyte xall be ower araye. mantle
1605 The dorys xall opyn agens vs be ryth. doors before by

MARY
O gracyus God, now I vndyrstond!
Thys clotlyng of whyte is tokenyng of mekenesse.
Now, gracyus Lord, I woll natt wond, hesitate
Yower preseptt to obbey wyth lowlynesse.
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 troubous mad
That hast at thi wyll all wordys wele, wealth
Departe wyth me wyth sum of thi good, give me goods
That am in hongor, thirst, and chelle; hunger thirst cold
God hath the sent warnyngys felle! thee cruel
I rede the, torne, and amend thi mood! advise thee change
Beware of thi lewdnesse, for thi own hele! ignorance health
And thow, qwen, tvrne from thi good! goods

Here Mari woydyt, and the angyll and Mary chongg leaves
hyr clotheyng, thus seyyng the kyng:

[REX]
A, this day is com! I am mery and glad! sun bright
The son is vp and shynyth bryth!
1620 A mervelows shewynge in my slep I had, apparition
That sore me trobelyd this same nyth – troubled night
A fayer woman I saw in my syth, sight
All in whyte was she cladd;
Led she was wyth an angyll bryth,
1625 To me she spake wyth wordys sad. serious

REGINA
I trow from Good that they were sentt! think
In ower harty s we may have dowte. fear
I wentt ower chambyr sholld a brentt, thought have burned
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, goods did bid
I tell yow wythowtyn dowthe.

REX
Now, semely wyff, ye sey ryth well. right
1635 A knyth, anon, wythowtyn delay!
Now, as thou hast byn trew as stylle, knight
Goo fett that woman before me this daye!
fetch
MILES
My sovereyn lord, I take the waye!
She xall com at [y]ower pleseawns.
1640 Yower soveryn 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, prosper thee
Yow for to speke wyth the kyng.

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, might
The wysdom of the Son, mott governe yow in ryth! may right
The Holy Gost mott wyth yow be! may
What is yowre wyll? Sey me in sythe! quickly

1650 Thow fayer woman, itt is my delyth, thee
    The to refresch is myn intentt, night
    Wyth mete and mony, and clothys for the nyth, food
    And wyth swych grace as God hathe me lentt. such

MARIA
Than fullfylle ye Goddys cummavndement, misfortune

1655 Pore folk in mysch[ef] them to susteyn! misfortune
    REX
    Now, blyssyd woman, reherse here presentt, night
    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 yoverselfe ye make a glad pryme beginning
    Agens the fenddys malycyows violens! against
    From God above comit the influens,
    Be the Holy Gost into thi brest sentt down, atone for
    For to restore thi offens,

1665 Thiowel to bryng to ewyrlastying salvacyon.

Thy wyffe, she is grett wyth chylde!
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 Mavdleyn, 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

gb 2005
REX
1685 Now, suerly ye answer me to my pay. satisfaction
I am ryth glad of this tyddyngys! endow
Butt, Mary, in all my goodys I sese yow this day, guiding
For to byn at yower gydyng, rule
And them to rewlyn at yower pleseyng
1690 Tyll that I come hom agayn! reckoning
I wyll axke of yow neythyr lond nore rekynyng, full power
But I here delevyr yow powere pleyn!

REGINA
Now, worshepfull lord, of a bone I yow pray, request
And it be pleseyng to yower hye dygnite. if

REX
1695 Madam, yower dysyere onto me say. desire
What bone is that ye desyere of me? request
REGINA
Now, worshepfull sovereyn, in eche degre, in all points
That I may wyth yow goo,
A Crestyn womman made to be. Christian

1700 Gracyus lord, it may be soo.

REX
Alas! the wyttys of wommen, how they byn wylld! from that many mishaps befall
And therof falltyt many a chanse!
A! Why desyer it yow, and ar wyth chyld?

REGINA
A, my sovereyn, I am knett in care, tied
1705 But ye consedyr now that I crave, unless what
For all the lowys that ever ware, loves were
Behynd yow that ye me nat leve! leave

REX
Wyff, syn that ye woll take this wey of pryse, since choice
Therto can I no more seyn.

1710 Now Jhesu be ower gyd, that is hye justyce, guide
And this blyssyd womman, Mary Mavgleyn!

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!

_Ett tunc navis venit in placeam, et navta dicit:_ platea

_[The ‘Coast’]_

NAVTA
Loke forth, Grobbe, my knave, rigging
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,
And as I ondyrstond!
NAVTA
Sett therwyth, yf we mown,
For I wott itt is a havyn town
that stondyt vpon a strand.

Ett tuncc transitt rex ad navem, et dicit rex:

REX
How, good man, of whens is that shep?
1726 I pray the, syr, tell thou me.
NAVTA
Syr, as for that, I take no kepe!
For qwat cavse enquire ye?
REX
For cavsys of nede, seyle wold we,
1730 Ryth fayn we wold owyr byn!
NAVTA
Yee, butt me thynkytt, so mote I the,
So hastely to passe, yower spendyng is thyn!
I trow, be my lyfe,
Thou hast stollyn sum mannys wyffe!
1735 Thou woldyst lede hyr owt of lond!
Neveretheles, so Go me save,
Lett se whatt I xall have,
Or ellys I woll nat wend!
REX
Ten marke I wyll the gyff,
1740 Yf thou wylt set me vp at the cleyff
In the Holy Lond!
NAVTA
Set of, boy, into the flod!
BOY
I xall, mastyr! the wynd is good –
Hens that we were!

Lamentando regina.

REGINA
1745 A, lady, hellp in this nede,
That in this flod we drench natt!
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 Mavdleyn,
And she from perellys xall vs save!
To God for vs she woll prayyn.
REGINA
A, dere hosbond, thynk on me,
And save yowersylyfe as long as ye may,
1755 For trewly itt wyll no otherwyse be!
Full sor my hart it makytt this day.

gb 2005
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 departying 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 Mavdleyn, 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! offspring
A chyld betwen vs of increse,
An it is motherles!
Help me, my sorow for to relesse,
Yf thi wyl it be!

1775 Benedicite, benedicite!
Qwat wethyr may this be?
Ower mast woll all asondyr! break

BOY
Mastyr, I therto ley myn ere, bet my ear
It is for this ded body that we bere!

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 – yonder rock
Yendyr is a roch in the west –

1785 As ley hyr theron all above, lay
And my chyld hyr by. by her

NAVTA
As ther to 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 Mavdleyn 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 ondyrstond; Jaffa
Ley down my pay in my hond,
1800 And belyve go me fro! quickly

REX
I gravnt the, syr, so God me save!
Lo, here is all thi connownt, thee
All redy thou xall it have,
And a marke more than thi gravnt!
1805 And thou, page, for thi good obedeyntt, agreed sum
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
Thatbyn of Crystys creacyon, beholden
To worchep Jhesu they are behold, against be inconstant
Nore nevyr agens hym to make waryacyon.

REX
1815 Syr, feythfully I beseche yow this daye: know
Wher Petyr the apostull is, wete wold I!
PETYR
Itt is I, syr, wythowt delay!
Of yower askyng, tell me qwy.

REX
Syr, the soth I xall yow seyn, if
And tell yow myn intentt wythin a whyle.
1821 Ther is a woman, hyth Mary Mavdleyn, 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 stylle, story
For to crestyn me from wo and wrake.

PETYR
O, blyssyd be the tyme that ye are falle to grace, if belief according to
And ye wyll kepe yower beleve afyr my techeyng, completely fiend
And alle-only forsake the fynd Saternas, completely fiend
1830 The comnavndme[n]tys 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!
Mary Magdalen

PETYR
1835  Syr, than whatt axke ye?

REX
Holy father, baptym, for charyte,
Me to save in ech dege
From the fyndys bond!
PETYR
In the name of the Trenite,

1840  Wyth this watyr I baptysse the,
That thou mayst strong be,
Agen the fynd to stond.

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!
PETYR
1845  Syr, dayly ye xall lobor more and more,
Tyll that ye have very experyens.
Wyth me xall ye wall to have more eloquens,
And goo vesyte the stacyons, by and by;
To Nazareth and Bedlem, goo wyth delygens,
1850  And be yower own inspeccyon, yower feyth to edyfy.

REX
Now, holy father, derevorthy and dere,
Myn intent now know ye.
It is gon full to yere
That I cam to yow owere the se,
1855  Crystys servont, and yower to be,
And the lave of hym evyr to fulfyll.
Now woll I hom into my contre.
Yower pvere blyssynd gravnt vs tylle –
That, feythfully, I crave!
PETRUS
1860  Now in the name of Jhesu,
Cum Patre et Sancto Speritu,
He kepe the and save!

Et tunc rex transit ad navem, et dicit rex:

[REX]
Hold ner, shepman, hold, hold!
BOY
Syr, yendyr is on callyd aftyr cold!
NAVTA
1865  A, syr! I ken yow of old!
Be my trowth, ye be welcum to me!

REX
Now, gentyll marranere, I the pray,
Whatsoever that I pay,
In all the hast that ye may,
1870  Help me owyr the se!
NAVTA
In good soth we byn atenddawntt!
Gladly ye xall have yower gravnt,
Wythowtyn ony connownt.
Comme in, in Goddys name!

1875 Grobbe, boy! the wynd is nor-west!
Fast abowth the seyle cast!
Rere vp the seyll in all the hast,
As well as thou can!

Et tunc navis venit adcircia placeam. Rex dicit: round about the platea

1880 Me thynkyt the rokke I gyn to aspye!
Gentyll mastyr thether vs gye –
I xall qwyt yower mede.

1885 Ye xall be ther even anon, Werely, indeđe!

1890 Blyssyd be that Lord that the dothe socure, And my wyff lyeth here, fayer and puer!
Fayere and clere is hur colour to se!
A, good Lord, yower grace wyth vs indure,

1895 A, blyssyd be that puer vergyn!
From grevos slepe she gynnyt revyve!
A, the sonne of grace on vs doth shynne!
Now blyssyd be God, I se my wyff alyve!

1900 O pulcra et casta, cum of nobyll alyavns!
O almyty Maydyn, ower sowlys confortacyon!
O demvr Mavdlyn, my bodyyys sustynavns!
Thou hast wr[a]ppyd vs in wele from all waryawns,
And led me wyth my lord [n]to the Holy Lond!

1905 I am baptysyd, 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.
Whe[r]for, good hosbond, be mery in mode,
For I have gon the stacyounys, by and by!

REX
I thanke it Jhesu, wyth hart on hye!
Now have I my wyf and my chyld both!
I thank ytt Mavdleyn and Ower Lady,  
And evyr shall do, wythowtyn othe. oath

Et tunc remigant a monte, et navta dicit:

[NAVTA]  
Now ar ye past all perelle – peril
1916 Her is the lond of Marcylel!  
Now goo a lond, syr, whan ye wyll, on land  
I prye yow for my sake! pray
REX  
Godamercy, jentyll marraner! mariner
1920 Here is ten poundys of nobyllys cler, nobles (=gold coins)  
And euer the frynd both ferre and nere, thy friend  
Cryst save the from wo and wrake! thee harm

Here goth the shep owt of the place, and Mavd[leyn] seyth:

[Marcyle.]  

MARY MAVDLEYN  
O dere fryndys, be in hart stabyll! stable  
And [thynk] how dere Cryst hathe yow bowth! redeemed
1925 Agens God, be nothyng vereabyll – against inconstant  
Thynk how he mad all thyng of nowth! from nothing  
Thow yow in povertie sumtyme be browth, brought  
[Y]itte be in charyte both nyth and day, yet night  
For they byn blyssyd that so byn sowth, they…who so are sought (=chosen)
1930 For ‘pavpertas est donum Dei’.  
God blyssyt alle tho that byn meke and good, those  
And he blyssyd all tho that wepe for synne.  
They be blyssyd that the hungor and the thorsty gyff fode; the hungry give food  
They be blyssyd that byn mercyfull agen wrecched men; toward  
1935 They byn blyssyd that byn dysstroccyon of synne – destruction  
Thes byn callyd the chyldyren of lyfe,  
Onto the wyche blysse bryng both yow and me  
That for vs dyyd on the rode tre! Amen. (he) who died

Here xall the kyng and the quvene knele doun. Rex dicit:

[REX]  
Heyll be thou, Mary! Ower Lord is wyth the!  
1940 The helth of ower sowllys, and repast contemplatyff! succour  
Heyll, tabynmakyll of the blyssyd Trenite!  
Heyll, covnfortabyll sokore for man and wyff!  
REGINA  
Heyll, thou chosyn and chast of wommen alon! exceeds my wit  
It passyt my wett to tell thi nobyllnesse! by
1945 Thou relevyst me and my chyld on the rokke of ston,  
And also sayyd vs be thi hye holynesse.  
MARY  
Welcum hom, prynse and prynsses bothe! princess  
Welcum hom, yong prynsse of dew and ryth! due right
Welcum hom to your own erytage wythowt othe, by natural right
1950 And to alle yower pepyll present in syth!
    Now ar ye becum Goddys own knygth, knight
    For sowle helth salve ded ye seche, soul’s health
    In hom the Holy Gost hath take resedens, taken
    And drevyn asyde all the desepecyon 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.
    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, prayer (=woman who prays for someone)
    And dayly [y]ower bede woman for to be, live
    That alle wyckydneses from yow may have deleverans,
    In quiet and rest that leve may ye!
    REX
    Now thanne, yower puere blyssyng gravnt vs tylle. to us
    MARI
1970 The blyssyn of God mott yow fulfyll. may
    Ille vos benedicatt, qui sene fine vivit et regnat! sine

Her goth Mary into the wyldyrnesse, thus seyyng Rex:
    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 whech ower gydde and governor shovld a be! have been
    REGINA
    That doth perswade all my ble, change countenance
    That swete syppresse, 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, cities
    Chyrchys in cetyys I woll edyfye; against dcomplain
    And whoso agens ower feyth woll replye,
1985 I woll ponysch [s]wych personyns 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
Mary Magdalen

Mari in herimo.

[MARI]
In this deserte abydyn wyll wee,
1990 My sowle from synne for to save;
I wyll euyr abyte me wyth humelyte,
And put me in pacyens, my Lord for to love.
In charyte my werkys I woll grave,
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,
At the reverens of Ower Blyssyd Lady,
In goodnesse to be lyberall, my sowle to edyfye.

2000 Of worldly fodys I wyll leve all refeccyon;
Be the fode that commyt from heven on hye,
Thatt God wyll me send, be contemplatyff.

[Heaven Stage]

JHESUS
O, the swettnesse of prayors sent onto me
Fro my wel-belovyd fynd wythout waryovns!

2005 Wyth gostly fode relevyd xall she be.
Angellys! Into the clowdys ye do hyr havns,
ther fede wyth manna to hyr systynovns.
Wyth joy of angyllys, this lett hur receyve.
Byd hur injoye wyth all hur afyawns,

2010 For fynddys frawd xall hur non deseyve.

PRIMUS ANGELUS
O thou redulent rose, that of a vergyn sprong!
O thou precyus palme of wytory!
O thou osanna, angellys song!
O precyus gemme, born of Ower Lady!

2015 Lord, thi commav[n]ddement we obbey lowly!
To thi servant that thou hast gravntyd blysse,
We angellys all obeyyyn devowtly.
We woll desend to yen wyldyrnesse.

SECUNDUS ANGELUS
Mari, God gretyt the wyth hevenly influens!
He hath sent the grace wyth hevenly synys.
Thou xall byn onoryd wyth joye and reverens,
Inhansyd in heven above wergynyns!
Thou hast byggyd the here among spynys –
God woll send the fode be revelacyon.

2020 He hath sent the grace wyth hevenly synys.
Thou xall byn onoryd wyth joye and reverens,
Inhansyd in heven above wergynyns!
Thou hast byggyd the here among spynys –
God woll send the fode be revelacyon.

2025 Thou xall be receyyvd into the clowddys,
Gostly fode to reseyve to thi savaeyon.
MARI
Fiat voluntas tua in heven and erth!
Now am I full of joye and blysse!
Ladv and preyse to that blyssyd byrth!
2030 I am redy, as his blyssyd wyll isse.

Her xall she be halsyd wyth angellys wyth reverent song.
Asumpta est Maria in nubibus. Celi gavdent, angeli lavdantes
felium Dei, et dicit Mari:

[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 bravddys nor no defame!
2035 But I xuld serve my Lord, I were to blame,
Wych fullfyllyt me wyth so gret felicete,
Wyth melody of angyllys shewit me gle and game,
And have fed me wyth fode of most delcyte!

[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!
How thou devydyst me from hovngure and wexacyon!
O gloryus Lord, in the is no bravddys nor no defame!
2035 But I xuld serve my Lord, I were to blame,
Wych fullfyllyt me wyth so gret felicete,
Wyth melody of angyllys shewit me gle and game,
And have fed me wyth fode of most delcyte!

Her xall speke an holy prest in the same wyldyrnesse, thus
seyng the prest:

[PREST]
O Lord of lorddys! What may this be?
2040 So gret mesteryys shewyd from heven,
Wyth grett myrth and melody
Wyth angyllys brygth as the lewyn!
Lord Jhesu, for thi namys sewynne,
As gravnt me grace that person to se!

[PREST]
O Lord of lorddys! What may this be?
2040 So gret mesteryys shewyd from heven,
Wyth grett myrth and melody
Wyth angyllys brygth as the lewyn!
Lord Jhesu, for thi namys sewynne,
As gravnt me grace that person to se!

Her he xal go in the wyldyrnesse and spye Mari in hyr
devocyon, thus seyng the prest:

[PREST]
hey! creature, Crystys delecceon!
Heyl, swetter than sugur or cypresse!
Mary is thi name be angyllys relacyon;
Grett art thou wyth God for thi perfythnesse!
The joye of Jherusallem shewyd the expresse,
2050 The wych I nevyr save this thirty wyntyr and more!
Wherfor I know well thou art of gret perfy[1]nesse,
I woll pray yow hartely to she[w] me of yower Lord!

MARI
Be the grace of my Lord Jhesus
This thirty wyntyr this hath byn my selle,
2055 And thrlys on the day enhansyd thus
Wyth more joy than ony tong can telle
Nevyr creature cam ther I dwelle,
Tyme nor tyde, day nore nyth,
That I can wyth spece telle,
2060 But alonly wyth Goddys angyllys brygth.
But thou art wolcum onto my syth,
Yf thou be of good conversacyon.
As I thynk in my delyth,
Mary Magdalen

Thow sholddyst be a man of devocyon.

PREST

2065 In Cristys lav I am sacryed a pryst, law consecrated
Mynstryyd be angelys at my masse, assisted by
I sakor the body of ower Lord Jhesu Cryst, congregate
And be that holy manna I leve in sowthfastnesse.

MARI

Now I rejoysye of yower goodnesse,

2070 But tyme is comme that I xall asende.
PRYST

ascend
I recomend me wyth all vmbylnesse;
cell intend (to go)
Onto my sell I woll pretend.

Her xall the prest go to hys selle, thus seyyng Jhesus:

[Heaven Stage]

JHESUS

Now xall Mary have possessyon,
Be ryth enirytawns a crown to bere. by right inheritance

2075 She xall be fett to evyrlastyng savacyon, fetched
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,

2080 Hur for to hossell, byd hym provyde. her housel

PRIMUS ANGELUS

O blyssyd Lord, we be redy,
Yower massage to do wythowtyn treson!
SECUNDUS ANGELUS

To hyr I wyll goo and make reportur, report
How she xall com to yower habytacyon.

Here xall to angellys go to Mary and to the prest, thus seyyng the angellys to the prest:

ANGELLYS

2085 Syr pryst, God cummav[n]dytt from heven region
Ye xall go hosyll hys servont expresse, housel with speed
And we wyth yow xall take mynystracyon
To bere lyth before hys body of worthynesse.
PRYST

Angyllys, wyth all vmbyllnesse,
humbleness

2090 In a westment I wyll me aray,
To mynystyr my Lord of gret hynesse; administer
Straytt therto I take the way!

In herimo.

SECUNDUS ANGELUS

Mary, be glad, and in hart strong
To reseyve the palme of grett wytory!

2095 This day ye xall be reseyvyd wyth angellys song!
Yower sowle xall departe from yower body.
MARI
A, good Lord, I thank the wythowt weryawns!
This day I am grovndyd all in goodnesse,
Wyth hart and body conclvdyd in substawns.
I thanke the, Lord, wyth speryt of perfythnesse!

Hic aparuit angelus et presbiter cum corpus domenicum.

PRESBITER
Thou blyssyd woman, invre in mekenesse, 
I have browth the the bred of lyf to thi syth, 
To make the suere from all dystressse, 
To thine the bryng to euyrlyng lyth.

MARI
O thou mythty Lord of hye mageste, 
This celestyall bred for to determyn, 
Thys tyme to reseyve it in me, 
My sowle therwyth to illumyn.

Her she reseyvyt it.

I thank the, Lord of ardent love!
Now I know well I xall nat opprese.
Lord, lett me se thi ioyys above!
Thys erth at thy tyme fervenly I kysse!

PRIMUS ANGELUS
Now reseyve we this sowle, as reson is,

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!
A, Mary, Mary! Mych is thi solas, 
In heven blysse wyth gle and game!
Thi body wyl I cure from alle manyr blame, 
And I wyll passe to the bosshop of the sete 
Thys body of Mary to berye be name, 

Sufferens of this processe, thus enddyt the sentens 
That we have playyd in yower syth. 
Allemyhty God, most of magnyfycens,
Mote bryng yow to hys blysse so brygth, may

2135  In presens of that Kyng!
     Now, frendys, thus endyt thys matere –
     To blysse bryng tho that byn here! those
     Now, clerkys, wyth woycys cler,
    ‘Te Deum lavdamus’ lett vs syng!

*Expliciit orginale de Sancta Maria Magdalena.*

2140  Yff ony thyng amysse be,
     Blame connyng, and nat me! (lack of) skill
     I desyer the redars to be my frynd,
     Yff ther be ony amysse, that to amend.

readers (=patrons)