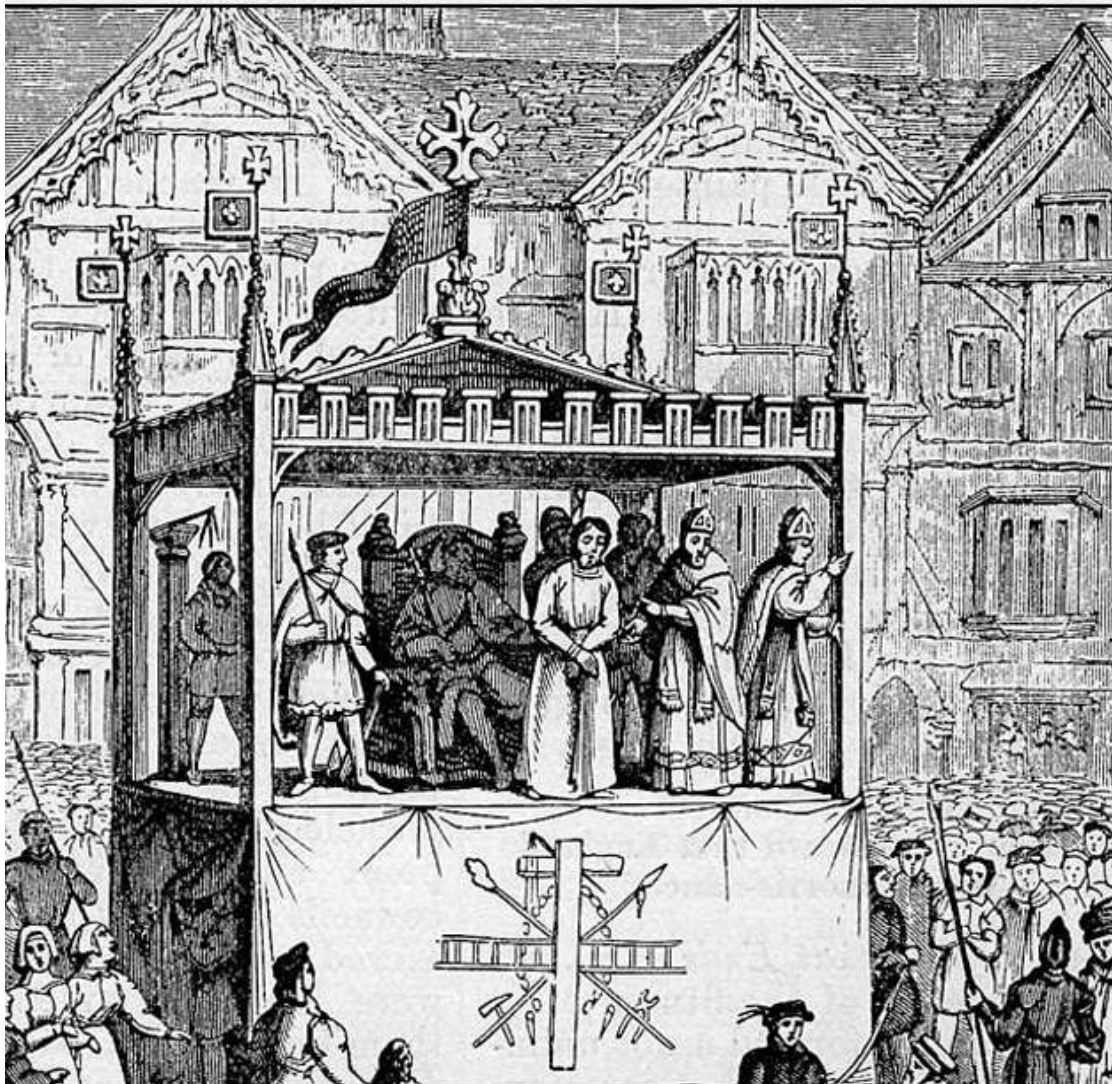




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The Delphi Edition



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The Delphi Edition of
MYSTERY AND MORALITY PLAYS

(14th-16th century)



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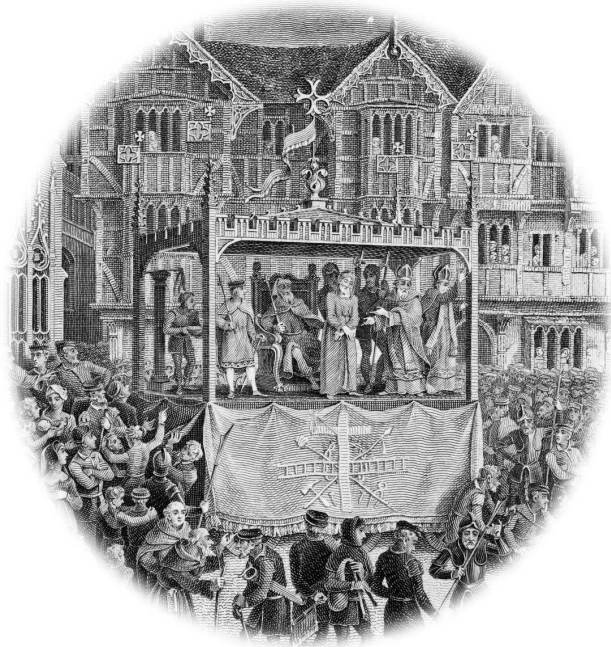
Glossary of Middle English Words

The Delphi Classics Catalogue



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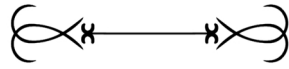
The Delphi Edition of
MYSTERY AND MORALITY PLAYS



By Delphi Classics, 2022

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Mystery and Morality Plays



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The Mystery Plays



The city of York — home to some of the earliest mystery plays of English literature

York Mystery Plays (c. mid-14th century)



What is a mystery play?

It is now taken as a given that the cycles of medieval plays, originally grounded entirely in Bible stories but presented in the vernacular, should be known as ‘Mystery Plays’. The use of this word is often misleading, however, as the stories told to generations of audiences were well known and held no element of mystery other than perhaps the eternal theological mysteries of the holy trinity. Why, then, ‘mystery’?

An article in the *Spectator* magazine (19th February 2022) describes the simplest explanation as deriving from the Latin *mysterium* (secret), which further derived from the Greek *mysterion* (mystery) — plays that describe the mysteries of faith and the Trinity. In late Medieval Latin usage, *mysterium* simply referred to a Passion play (a dramatic performance representing Christ’s Passion from the Last Supper to the Crucifixion). They aimed to show, in the course of a day, the whole history of the universe from the creation of Heaven and Earth to the Last Judgment — the end of the world, when everyone on earth will be judged by God and divided between Heaven and Hell, salvation and damnation.

As outlined below, it can also be taken to reflect the influence of the craft guilds on the play cycles, from the French word *mystere* (craft). It was no Medieval scribe who coined the phrase Mystery Play, however, but the novelist Sir Walter Scott in 1808. The term has been in popular use ever since.

Mystery plays are one of three forms of vernacular (that is, spoken in the language of the audience for purposes of accessibility) drama performed across Europe in the Middle Ages. (The other forms are miracle play and the morality play; see elsewhere in this collection). Mystery plays focus on biblical stories that were originally performed in Latin in churches by clerics; they chose subjects such as Adam and Eve and the Last Judgment. They were the perfect animated addition to the stained glass windows and wall paintings that adorned even the most modest of churches, and even though the plays were in a language inaccessible to the majority of the congregation, the narrative would still come through. Living tableaux were presented as early as the fifth century, and over time words were added and chants from the liturgy.

Medieval worship was a far cry from the hushed tones, hard pews and regimented activities of the post medieval church. They rarely had seating and the attenders had to stand, or if they felt moved to, could kneel or even prostrate themselves in prayer. Beyond the ‘front rows’ of worshippers, people felt free to come and go, talk, do business, and even relieve themselves at the back of the church (there are recorded complaints of men urinating up the stone pillars in various churches). The floor was not always scrupulously swept stone flags, but early on was of flattened earth, covered with rushes, straw or hay. Processions on the many saint and other holy days could involve the whole community and were reverential, but colourful and lively events, although to take the liveliness of one’s devotion too far was considered inappropriate — Margery Kempe, the fifteenth-century ‘mystic’, pilgrim and would-be saint, was often castigated for her exaggerated shouting, screaming, and falling to the ground at such events. Overall, this extrovert and relatively informal display of faith is now referred to as the ‘performativity of religion’ and a reconstruction of such displays was reconstructed by the University of Bangor, vividly demonstrating the uniqueness of this medieval expression.

It could therefore be suggested that mystery, morality and miracle plays are a natural extension of this performativity, taking the messages not just of Christ but of the organised church to people on the street once a year or every few years; a form of control, entertainment and propaganda disguised as three dimensional devotional works. It would feel natural for the audience, already accustomed to religious performativity and the notion of moving along the stations of the Cross in church (a set of fourteen small images or icons which the worshipper visits in turn, telling the story of Christ's last day), to transfer their attention to the mystery plays. As the crowd clustered around the wheeled pageant wagon, they were surrounded by the bustle and activity — and noise — of a town, with people chattering, moving around and boisterously interacting with the performers. Those who could not stand or preferred to watch in comfort, could pay for a seat. It is therefore reasonable to assume that the performers had to act 'big and loud' to be heard over their lively outdoor audience and everyday setting just as street performers today have to compete with traffic noise and the many distractions of urban life. In fact, the York actors were instructed to be 'well arayed and openly spekyng', and in some cases this might have been more important than facial expressions, as masks were widely used in the plays for a variety of characters. It is worth pointing out that academics such as Matthew Sergi of the University of Toronto make a strong case for the cast having been a mix of female and male actors; he explains that it was not until the sixteenth century that women were gradually excluded from theatrical performances. This would fit in with the performativity of faith up to c.1500, which does not appear to restrict women's participation in worship, although of course the priesthood was exclusively male.

Over time, the message of the mysteries of God, and the way the plays were presented, became somewhat diffused and altered by the influence of the guilds in towns such as York and Chester, who undoubtedly had their own agendas. From the thirteenth century, the guilds ('brotherhoods' of craftsmen who had organised to protect and promote their skills, businesses and products) started to take the plays on to the streets, and it is from this time that they are presented in the vernacular. This opportunity came about in 1210, when Pope Innocent III issued a papal edict forbidding clergy from acting on a public stage. Performed on pageant wagons at various places in a town, the plays retained their religious themes, but they included contemporary medieval themes and characters; references to and satires of judges, soldiers and even churchmen such as priests also emerged in the narratives, drawing closer to popular entertainment rather than instructional religion. Features reminiscent of the side show or fairground were included, such as fire breathing monsters, characters going up and down via trap doors and 'flying' angels. It was also likely that the guilds would see their input into the performances as an opportunity to display their crafts; e.g. a guild for shipbuilders would — with all reverence, no doubt — sponsor and present the story of Noah, building the Ark to show off their skills, whilst the bakers would provide their best quality bread as props for the story of the loaves and fishes. Such was the power of the guilds, who had all apprenticeships in their gift, and were groups that dined and worshipped together as a tight knit network of like-minded craftsmen, that they came to dominate the structure and content of the cycles and, it is likely, had the cycles named after them. They were even in the enviable position of having influence over the appointment of the governing councils of the towns and cities that had overall responsibility for the cycles. However, if one allows the huge influence of the guilds in most medieval play cycles, it also follows that in times of hardship from a trade point of view, less money would be available to enhance, rebuild or re-script the plays of individual guilds, and this adds to the many

changes and permutations, or even moments of stagnation, in the histories of the individual cycles.

At their high point, many towns — not just provincial ‘capitals’ like York — had their own cycles of mystery plays, but the texts are now all lost. Aberdeen, Leicester, Bristol and Canterbury are examples of towns that spent a great deal of money and time on presenting the plays — little wonder when they seemed to offer so many advantages to the sponsors, entertainment to the population and a chance at community involvement with the actors largely amateurs drawn from ordinary householders and tenants, though there is evidence of some auditions; after all, the guilds did have a reputation to maintain.

Despite all this effort, most cycles were rarely drama of the highest calibre to start with, and the plays evolved into long, rambling texts, with dozens of speaking parts. As the narratives drifted away from the devotional, the church began to distance itself from them — a factor that eventually led to their largely falling into disuse around the time of the reformation. At their height, some scholars had criticised the idea that a mere human could play Christ and by the sixteenth century, protestant scholars found their catholic heritage a cause for suspicion, whilst literary scholars found the quality of the scripts derisory. Other factors include the increasing popularity of professional performance troupes, often from Italy, who were beginning to exploit the market for tightly-structured, dramatic and also well-acted plays that did not take days to watch. English audiences did not suffer in this regard as those in Europe, however; the continental plays could last as long as a month or more, and were performed on enormous static stages. The end of these cycles came in the mid-sixteenth century, when the plays were officially banned.

The heyday of the mystery plays must have led to some spectacular theatrical and devotional moments and scenes, but as demonstrated above, a two hundred year history of these plays cannot remain static and the extant plays indicate changes of style, script, influence and possibly even funding. However, whether staged during hard times, prosperity or political turbulence, they must have provided a great treat for the local population, a chance to be involved in an activity alongside one’s betters — a relatively rare occurrence in the Middle Ages — when you could leave work aside for a short while. The same would also surely apply to the audience to a degree, which must have included people not of that city or town, where they could afford the leisure and time to travel to see the cycles. The spending money of these ‘mystery play tourists’ must also have added to the coffers of the host town.

Another form of play often confused by later editors with mystery plays is miracle plays. These presented a real or fictitious account of the life, miracles or martyrdom of a saint. The genre evolved from liturgical offices developed during the tenth and eleventh centuries to enhance calendar festivals. By the thirteenth century they had become vernacularised and filled with uneclesiastical elements. Due to the book-burning zeal of the English Reformation, no significant examples of miracle plays survive in English.

The York Mystery Plays

These started out as a set of 48 plays or cycles (also known as pageants) sponsored and performed by the medieval Guilds of York, and they are one of the four complete surviving medieval play cycles, which were performed together in a sequence to form a narrative beginning with Adam and Eve and ending with the Last Judgment. They were traditionally performed during the Feast of Corpus Christi, a movable feast held

between late May and the middle of June to celebrate the real presence of the body of Christ at mass.

One 268 page manuscript survives and is currently housed in the British Library, but it was written many years after the York cycles began — it is estimated the MS was created in a single hand in c. 1470. It was referred to as the ‘Register’, in effect, the official version of the cycle and it is thought it was even used as a form of ‘prompter’s script’ to check that the actors were speaking the correct words. The guilds, too, may have had their own copies just of their play, but only one has survived, that of *The Incredulity of Thomas*, belonging to the Scriveners; other than this, there are various notes and references within the York corporation archives, predating the extant MS (see *Beadle and King, York Mystery Plays: a selection in modern spelling*, OUP, 1995/2009).

As with many holy days at the time, Corpus Christi involved a procession in which the community, both religious and laity, followed the Sacred Host around the town, so it must have seemed an obvious extension to this existing activity to have pageant wagons with (ostensibly) a devotional purpose. The timing almost certainly was influenced by the weather, falling as it did in the early summer. In between cycles, the pageant wagons may be stored for the next year at ‘Pageant Green’, an open space where the guilds had buildings or storage for their wagons and where they could be worked on for future performances, whilst plans were made to pay for the locations of the next cycle’s ‘stations’, perhaps through fines of miscreant traders (from the doctoral thesis of L Wheatley, *The Mercers in Medieval York*, 2008, available online). The quality of the writing in the various plays varies. The one considered by modern scholars to be the best crafted is *The Passion*, whose anonymous author has been dubbed ‘The York Realist’.

The plays were written down as late as the fifteenth century, and were still being altered as late as the sixteenth century, as part of an ongoing process of change and rewriting that had been present throughout their lifetime. This was a process that was not just down to literary ‘fashions’, but was also the result of the waxing and waning of the guilds — such are the vagaries of trade and commerce. When it came to performance, the plays were spoken as they were written down, in a Yorkshire dialect. They were performed on wheeled pageant wagons in approximately 12 to 16 locations around York, depending on the date of the performance. The final performance — the *Last Judgment Pageant* — took place late at night, and was organised by the Mercer’s Guild, a powerful, rich, and influential cartel of merchants, often appointed as Mayors of the city; the guild went to enormous lengths to make their pageant wagon the most lavish and spectacular of the whole cycle, a fitting finale that everyone would want to see (Johnston and Dorrell, 1972).

Apart from the Mercers, many other guilds were involved. This included the Barkers (men who cried out the wares at shops), Shipwrights, Hosiers, Tilehatchers, Bowers and Fletchers, Tapiters and Couchers (upholsterers and soft furnishings makers), and Litsters (dyers) — in total, 22 guilds, all competing to put on the most lavish, entertaining and dramatic scenes, not just to entertain the audience, but also to promote their own businesses beneath a veneer of corporate religious devotion. These guilds had the funds to commission scripts for their own pageants from those who had the knowledge and skills to create an engaging play, but the names of these authors have not survived. All the important bible stories that the audience would have heard in church and seen depicted in wall paintings were used, and no doubt they could choose their favourites, or watch all of them, according to the demands of time and curiosity — the *Fall of Man*, the *Temptation*, the *Raising of Lazarus*, the *Last Supper*,

the *Crucifixion* and the *Resurrection*, and the *Last Judgment*. Originally, the Corpus Christi procession, the solemn progress of the host around the streets of York and overseen by local priests, was held on the same day, but by 1427 the plays were completely overshadowing the religious event, and so it was not the plays that were moved to the following day, but the Corpus Christi procession itself.

Another important reason for the huge effort put into the cycle was the dominance of York as a provincial capital, and an archbishopric, second only to Canterbury, had a reputation to maintain as a place of excellence and influence. From a political point of view, in the fifteenth century, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, brother to King Edward IV, had made his home in Yorkshire and was effectively the regent acting on behalf of the king to maintain loyalty and order; he had close connections with the city of York, which was intensely loyal to him. It is highly likely that he or certainly members of his retinue would have visited the city at the time of the plays, and this close relationship with the aristocrat that was for many 'King of the North', would also have given greater status to the city. Thus, the plays had in every way to be worthy of the city's grand view of itself.

So much is known about this cycle of plays, and yet debate abounds regarding even their most fundamental aspects. In 2000, the journal *Early Theatre* devoted a whole issue to articles about the York cycle, offering analysis around how pageant wagons were used, whether or not actors left the wagons and took their performances to the street itself, and the locations of the wagons for their performances. There has even been debate as to whether the cycle was actually toured around the city, with suggestions from various scholars that this would have been impracticable and that one venue would have been used for all, or that the wagons were taken to set locations and not moved at all, or that they processed through the city *en masse* before performing at the one designated site.

The route identified as the one used for many years, by which the pageant wagons toured the city, began at Micklegate and passed along most of the widest (for practicality) and most prestigious streets (hoping to attract a better class of audience), culminating at The Pavement, a spacious area within the city that was used for everything from markets to pageants and also a more gruesome form of entertainment, public executions.

Like all other mystery plays, the cycle fell into disuse at the end of the medieval era, and was not revived until the twentieth century. In the 1970s a 'reconstruction', as authentic as possible, was presented by the University of Leeds. In 1977, the National Theatre presented a play named *The Passion*, an amalgam of sections from the York and Towneley cycles. In the 1990s, the city's guilds took back their role as guardians of the plays, presenting the dramas on pageant wagons as before.



A pen-and-ink panorama of medieval York produced by the architect Edwin Ridsdale Tate in 1914



Micklegate Bar, the southern entrance to York, where the pageant wagons began their tour of the city

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The Pavement, York by Louise Ingram Rayner, c. 1860 — the pageant wagons finished their tour of the city here.

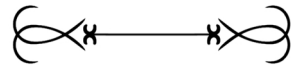


Eighteenth century depiction of a pageant wagon

A Note on the Texts

These texts include the original obsolete Old English letters *þ* (thorn) and *ȝ* (yogh), which can be read as “th” and “yo” respectively.

Play 1. The Creation of the Angels and the Fall of Lucifer



God

Ego sum Alpha et nouissimus.
I am gracyus and grete, God withoutyn begynnyng, 1
I am maker vnmade, all mighte es in me;
I am lyfe and way vnto welth-wynnyng,
I am formaste and fyrste, als I byd sall it be.
My blyssyng o ble sall be blendyng,
And heldand, fro harme to be hydande,
My body in blys ay abydande,
Vnendande, withoutyn any endyng.
Sen I am maker vnmade and most es of mighte,
And ay sall be endeles and noghte es but I,
Vnto my dygnyté dere sall diewly be dyghte
A place full of plenté to my plesyng at ply;
And therewith als wyll I haue wroght
Many dyuers doynge bedene,
Whilke warke sall mekely contene,
And all sall be made euen of noghte.
But onely the worthely warke of my wyll
In my sprete sall enspyre the mighte of me;
And in the fyrste, faythely, my thoghte to fullfyll,
Baynely in my blyssyng I byd at here be
A blys al-beledande abowte me,
In the whilke blys I byde at be here
Nyen ordres of aungels full clere,
In louyng ay-lastande at lowte me.
Here vnderne the me nowe a nexile I neuen,
Whilke ile sall be erthe. Now all be at ones
Erthe haly, and helle, this hegheste be heuen,
And that welth sall welde sall won in this wones.
This graunte I yoowe, mynysters myne,
To-whils yohe ar stabill in thoghte-
And also to thaim that ar noghte
Be put to my presone at pyne.
Of all the mightes I haue made, moste nexte after me
I make the als master and merour of my mighte;
I beelde the here baynely in blys for to be,
I name the for Lucifer, als berar of lyghte.
Nothyng here sall the be derand;
In this blis sall be yohour beeldyng,
And haue all welth in yooure weledyng,
Ay-whils yohe ar buxumly berande.

Angel 1

A, mercyfull maker, full mekill es thi mighte, 41

That all this warke at a worde worthely has wroghte.
Ay loued be that lufly lorde of his lighte,
That vs thus mighty has made that nowe was righte noghte,
In blys for to byde in his blyssyng.
Ay-lastande in luf lat vs lowte hym,
At beelde vs thus baynely abowete hym,
Of myrthe neuermore to haue myssyng.

Lucifer

All the myrth that es made es markide in me! 49
Be bemes of my brighthode ar byrnande so bryghte,
And I so semely in syghte myselfe now I se,
For lyke a lorde am I lefte to lende in this lighte.
More fayrear be far than my feres,
In me is no poynte that may payre;
I fele me fetys and fayre,
My powar es passande my peres.

Cherabyn

Lorde, wyth a lastande luf we loue the allone, 57
Pou mightefull maker that markid vs and made vs,
And wroghte us thus worthely to wone in this wone,
Ther neuer felyng of fylth may full vs nor fade vs.
All blys es here beeldande aboute vs;
To-whyls we are stabyll in thoughte
In the worschipp of hym that us wroght,
Of dere neuer thar vs more dowte vs.

Angel 2

O, what I am fetys and fayre and figured full fytt! 65
Be forme of all fayrehede apon me es feste,
All welth in my weelde es, I wote be my wytte;
Be bemes of my brighthede are bygged with the beste.
My schewyng es schemerande and schynande,
So bygly to blys am I broghte;
Me nedes for to noy me righte noghte,
Here sall neuer payne me be pynande.

Angel 1

With all the wytt at we welde we woyschipp thi wyll, 73
Pou gloryus God that es grunde of all grace;
Ay with stedefaste steuen lat vs stande styll,
Lorde, to be fede with the fode of thi fayre face.
In lyfe that es lely ay-lastande,
Thi dale, lorde, es ay daynetethly delande,
And whoso that fode may be felande-
To se thi fayre face-es nocht fastande.

Lucifer

Owe, certes, what I am worthely wroghte with wyrschipp, iwys! 81
For in a glorius gle my gleteryng it glemes;

I am so mightyly made my mirth may noghte mys-
Ay sall I byde in this blys thorowe brightnes of bemes.
Me nedes noghte of noy for to neuen,
All welth in my welde haue I weledande;
Abowne yohit sall I be beeldand,
On heghte in the hyeste of hewuen.
Ther sall I set myselfe full semely to seyghte,
To ressayue my reuerence thorowe righte o renowne;
I sall be lyke vnto hym that es hyeste on heghte.
Owe, what I am derworth and defte-Owe! Dewes! All goes downe!
My mighte and my mayne es all marrande-
Helpe, felawes! In faythe I am fallande.

Angel 2

Fra heuen are we heledande on all hande, 95
To wo are we weendande, I warande.

Lucifer

Owte! Owte! Harrowe! Helples, slyke hote at es here; 97
This es a dongon of dole that I am to dyghte.
Whare es my kynde become, so cumly and clere?
Nowe am I laytheste, allas, that are was lighte.
My bryghtnes es blakkeste and blo nowe,
My bale es ay betande and brynande-
That gares ane go gowlande and gyrnande.
Owte! Ay walaway! I well euen in wo nowe.

Diabolus

Owte! Owte! I go wode for wo, my wytte es all wente nowe, 105
All oure fode es but filth we fynde vs befor.
We that ware beelled in blys, in bale are we brent nowe-
Owte on the Lucifer, lurdan, oure lyghte has thou lorne.
Pi dedes to this dole nowe has dyghte us,
To spill vs thou was oure spedar,
For thow was oure lyghte and oure ledar,
Pe hegheste of heuen hade thou hyght vs.

Lucifer

Walaway! Wa es me now, nowe es it war thane it was. 113
Vnthryuandely threpe yohe-I sayde but a thoghte.

Diabolus

We, lurdane, thou lost vs. 115

Lucifer

3he ly! Owte, allas! 115
I wyste noghte this wo sculde be wroghte.
Owte on yohow, lurdans, yohe smore me in smoke.

Diabolus

This wo has thou wroghte vs. 118

Lucifer

3he ly, yohe ly! 118

Diabolus

Thou lyes, and that sall thou by: 119
We, lurdane, haue at yoowe, lat loke!

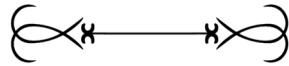
Cherabyn

A, lorde, loid be thi name that vs this lyghte lente, 121
Sen Lucifer oure ledar es lighted so lawe,
For hys vnbuxumnes in bale to be brente-
Thi rightewysnes to rewarde on rowe
Ilke warke eftyr is wroghte-
Thorowe grace of thi mercyfull myghte
The cause I se itt in syghte,
Wharefore to bale he es broghte.

God

Those foles for thaire fayrehede in fantasyes fell, 129
And hade mayne of mi mighte that marked tham and made tham.
Forthi efter thaire warkes were, in wo sall thai well,
For sum ar fallen into fylthe that euermore sall fade tham,
And neuer sall haue grace for to gyrrh tham.
So passande of power tham thocht tham,
Thai wolde noght me worschip that wroghte tham;
Forthi sall my wreth euer go with tham.
Ande all that me wurschippe sall wone here, iwys;
Forthi more forthe of my warke, wyrke nowe I will.
Syn than ther mighte es for-marryde that mente all omys,
Euen to myne awne fygyre this blys to fulfyll,
Mankynde of moulde will I make.
But fyrste wille I fourme hym before
All thyng that sall hym restore,
To whilke that his talente will take.
Ande in my fyrste makyng, to mustyr my mighte,
Sen erthe es vayne and voyde and myrknes emel,
I byd in my blyssyng yohe aungels gyf lyghte
To the erthe, for it faded when the fendes fell.
In hell sall neuer myrknes be myssande,
Be myrknes thus name I for nighte;
The day, that call I this lyghte-
My after-warkes sall thai be wyssande.
Ande nowe in my blyssyng I twyne tham in two,
The nighte euen fro the day, so that thai mete neuer,
But ather in a kynde courese thaire gates for to go.
Bothe the nighte and the day, does dewly yohour deyuier,
To all I sall wirke be yohe wysshying.
This day warke es done ilke a dele,
And all this warke lykkes me ryght wele,
And baynely I gyf it my blyssyng.

Play 2. The Creation through the Fifth Day



God

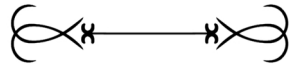
In altissimis habito, 1
In the heghest heuyn my hame haue I;
Eterne mentis et ego,
Withoutyn ende ay-lastandly.
Sen I haue wroght thire worldys wyde,
Heuyn and ayre and erthe also,
My hegh Godhede I will noght hyde
All-yf sume foles be fallyn me fro.
When thai assent with syn of pride
Vp for to trine my trone vnto,
In heuyn thai myght no lengger byde
But wyghtly went to wone in wo;
And sen thai wrange haue wroght
My lyk ys to lat tham go,
To suffir sorowe onsoght,
Syne thai haue seruid so.
Pare mys may neuer be amende
Sen thai asent me to forsake,
For all there force non sall thame fende
For to be fendys foule and blake.
And tho that lykys with me to lende,
And trewly tent to me will take,
Sall wonne in welth withoutyn ende
And allway wynly with me wake;
Pai sall haue for thare sele
Solace that neuer sall sclake.
Pis warke me thynkys full wele
And more now will I make.
Syne that this world es ordand euyn,
Furth well I publysch my power:
Noght by my strenkyth, but by my steuyn
A firmament I byd apere,
Emange the waterris, lyght so leuyn,
Pere cursis lely for to lere,
And that same sall be namyd hewuyn,
With planitys and with clowdis clere.
Be water I will be sent
To flowe bothe fare and nere,
And than the firmament
In mydis to set thame sere.
Be firmament sal nough moue,
But be a mene, thus will I mene,
Ouir all the worlde to halde and houe,
And be tho tow wateris betwyne.

Vndir the heuyn and als aboue
Be wateris serly sall be sene,
And so I wille my post proue
By creaturis of kyndis clene.
Bis warke his to my pay
Righit will, withoutyn wyne;
Bus sese the secunde day
Of my doyingys bydene.
Moo sutyll werkys assesay I sall,
For to be set in seruice sere:
All the waterris grete and smalle
Pat vndir heuyne er ordande here,
Gose togedir and holde yow all,
And be a flode festynde in fere,
So that the erthe, both downe and dale,
In drynesch playnly may apere.
Be drynes 'landé sall be
Namyd bothe ferre and nere,
And then I name the 'sé,
Geddryng of wateris clere.
Be erthe sall fostyr and furthe bryng
Buxsumly, as I wyle byde,
Erbys and also othir thyng,
Well for to wax and worthe to wede;
Treys also tharon sall spryng
With braunchis and with bowis on brede,
With flouris fayr on heght to hyng
And fruth also to fylle and fede.
And thane I will that thay
Of themselfe haue the sede
And mater, that thay may
Be lastande furth in lede.
And all ther materis es in mynde
For to be made of mekyl might,
And to be kest in dyueris kynde
So for to bere sere burgvns bright.
And when ther frutys is fully fynde
And fayrest semande vnto syght,
Pane the wedris wete and wynde
Oway I will it wende full wyght;
And of there sede full sone
New rotys sall ryse vpright.
Be third day thus is done,
Bire dedis er dewly dyght.
Now sene the erthe thus ordand es,
Mesurid and made by myn assent-
Grathely for to growe with gres
And wedis that sone away bese went-
Of my gudnes now will I ges,
So that my werkis no harmes hent,

Two lyghtis, one more and one lesse,
To be fest in the firmament.
The more light to the day
Fully suthely sall be sent,
Be lesse lyght allway
To the nyght sall take entent.
Þir figuris fayre that furth er fun
Þus on sere sydys serue thai sall:
The more lyght sall be namid the son,
Dymnes to wast be downe and be dale.
Erbis and treys that er bygune
All sall he gouerne, gret and smale;
With cald yf thai be closid or bun
Thurgh hete of the sun thai sal be hale.
Als thei haue honours
In alkyn welth to wale,
So sall my creaturis
Euir byde withoutyn bale.
Be son and the mone on fayre manere
Now grathly gange in yoor degré,
Als ye haue tane yooure curses clere
To serue furth loke ye be fre,
For ye sall set the sesons sere,
Kyndely to knowe in ilke cuntré,
Day fro day and yere fro yere
By sertayne signes suthly to se.
Be heuyn sall be ouerhyld
With sternys to stand plenté.
Be furth day his fulfillid,
Þis werke well lykys me.
Now sen thir werkis er wroght with wyne
And fundyn furth be firth and fell,
Be see now will I set within
Whallis whikly for to dewell,
And othir fysch to flet with fyne-
Sum with skale and sum with skell,
Of diueris materis more and myn-
In sere maner to make and mell;
Sum sall be milde and meke,
And sum both fers and fell.
Þis world thus will I eke,
Syn I am witt of well.
Also vp in the ayre on hyght
I byd now that thore be ordande
For to be foulis fayre and bright,
Dewly in thare degré dewlland,
With fedrys fayre to frast ther flight
For stede to stede whore thai will stande,
And also leythly for to lyght
Whoreso tham lykys in ilke a londe.

Pane fysch and foulis sere,
Kyndely I yoow commande
To meng on yooure manere,
Both be se and sande.
Pis materis more yoitt will I mende,
So for to fulfill my forthoght,
With diueris bestis in lande to lende
To brede and be with balé furth brught.
And with bestis I wille be blende
Serpentis to be sene vnsoght,
And wormis vpon thaire wombis sall wende
To won in erth and worth to noght.
And so it sall be kende
How all that eme is oght,
Begynnyng, mydes and ende
I with my worde hase wrothe.
For als I byde bus all thyng be
And dewly done als I will dresse,
Now bestys ar sett in sere degré
On molde to moue, both more and lesse;
Pane foulis in ayre and fische in see
And bestis on erthe of bone and flesch,
I byde yoe wax furth fayre plenté
And grathly growes, als I yoow gesse.
So multiply yoe sall
Ay furth in fayre processe,
My blyssyng haue yoe all;
The fift day endyd es.

Play 3A. The Creation of Adam and Eve



God

In heuyn and erthe duly bedene 1
Of v days werke, euyn onto ende,
I haue complete by curssis clene;
Methynke the space of thame well spende.
In heuyn er angels fayre and brighte,
Sternes and planetis ther curssis to ga,
Be mone seruis onto the nyght
The son to lyghte the day als wa.
In erthe is treys and gres to springe,
Bestis and foulis, bothe gret and smalle,
Fyschis in flode, all othyr thyng
Thryffe and haue my blyssyng all.
Thys werke is wrought now at my will,
But yoet can I here no best see
Pat acordys be kynde and skylly,
And for my werke myght worschippe me.
For perfytt werke ne ware it nane
But ought ware made that myght it yoeme,
For loue mad I this warlde alane,
Perfor my loffe sall in it seme.
To kepe this warlde, bothe mare and lesse,
A skylfull best thane will I make
Eftyr my schape and my lyknes,
The wilke sall worschipe to me take.
Off the symplest part of erthe that is here
I sall make man, and for this skylly:
For to abate hys hauttande chere,
Bothe his gret pride and other ille;
And also for to haue in mynde
How simpyll he is at hys making,
For als febyll I sall hym fynde
Qwen he is dede at his endyng.
For this reson and skylly alane
I sall make man lyke onto me.
Ryse vp, thou erthe, in blode and bane,
In schape of man, I commaunde the.
A female sall thou haue to fere,
Her sall I make of thi lyft rybe,
Alane so sall thou nough be here
Withoutyn faythefull frende and sybe.
Takys now here the gast of lyffe
And ressayue bothe yooure saules of me;
Dis femall take thou to thi wyffe,
Adam and Eue yoour names sall be.

Adam

A, lorde, full mekyll is thi mighte 45
And that is sene in ilke a syde,
For now his here a ioyfull syght
To se this worlde so lange and wyde.
Mony diueris thyngis now here es,
Off bestis and foulis bathe wylde and tame;
3et is nan made to thi liknes
But we alone-A, louyd by thi name.

Eue

To swylke a lorde in all degré 53
Be euirmore lastande louynge,
Bat tyll vs swylke a dyngnité
Has gyffyne before all othyr thyng;
And selcouth thyngis may we se here
Of this ilke world so lange and brade,
With bestis and fowlis so many and sere;
Blessid be he that hase us made.

Adam

A, blyssid lorde, now at thi wille 61
Syne we er wrought, wochesaff to telle
And also say vs two vntyll
Qwate we sall do and whare to dewell?

God

For this skyl made I yoow this day, 65
My name to worschip ay-whare;
Louys me, forthi, and louys me ay
For my making, I axke no mare.
Bothe wys and witty sall thou be,
Als man that I haue made of noght;
Lordschipe in erthe than graunt I the,
All thyng to serue the that I haue wrought.
In paradyse sall yoe same wone,
Of erthely thyng get yoe no nede,
Ille and gude both sall yoe kone,
I sall yoou lerne yooure lyue to lede.

Adam

A, lorde, sene we sall do no thyng 77
But louffe the for thi gret gudnesse,
We sall ay bay to thi bidyng
And fulfyll it, both more and less.

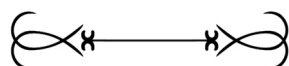
Eue

His syng sene he has on vs sett 81
Beforne all othir thyng certayne,
Hym for to loue we sall noght lett
And worschip hym with myght and mayne.

God

At heuyne and erth first I begane 85
And vj days wroght or I walde ryst;
My warke is endyde now at mane,
All lykes me will, but this is best.
My blyssyng haue thai ever and ay.
The seueynt day sall my restyng be,
Bus wille I sese, sothely to say,
Of my doying in this degré.
To blys I sall yoow bryng,
Comys forth, yoe tow, with me;
Ze sall lyffe in lykyng-
My blyssyng wyth yoow be. Amen.

Play 3B. The Creation of Adam and Eve



God

In heuyn and erthe duly bedene 1
Of v daies werke evyn vnto the ende,
I haue complete by courssis clene-
Methynketh the space of tham wele spende.
In heuen ar aungels faire and bright,
Sternes and planetis ther courses to goo,
Pe mone serues vnto the nyghte,
The sonne to lighte the day also.
In erthe is trees and gresse to springe,
Beestes and foules bothe grete and smale,
Fisshys in flode, all othir thyng,
Thryffe and haue my blissyng alle.
This werke is wrought nowe at my wille,
But yitte can I here no beste see
That accordes by kyndly skylle,
And for my werke myght worshippe me.
For parfite werke ne wer it none
But oughte wer made that myghte it yoeme,
For loue made I this worlde alone,
Therefore my loue shalle in it seme.
To kepe this worlde bothe more and lesse
A skylfull beeste than will Y make
Aftir my shappe and my liknesse,
The whilke shalle wirshippe to me take.
Of the sympylest parte of erthe that is here
I schalle make man, and for this skylle,
For to abate his hauttande cheere,
Bothe his grete pride and othir ille;
And also for to haue in mynde
Howe symple he is at his makynge,
For als febill I shalle hym fynde
Qwen he is dede at his endynge.
For this reasonne and skille allone
I schalle make man like vnto me.
Rise vppe, thou erthe, in bloode and bone,
In shappe of man, I comaunde the.
A female shalte thou haue to feere,
Here schalle Y make of thy leftte rybbe,
Allone so schalle thou nought be heere,
Withoutyn faithfull freende and sibbe.
Takis nowe here the goste of liffe,
And ressayue bothe youre soules of me,
Dis femalle take thou to thi wiffe-
Adam and Eue youre names schalle bee.

Adam

A, lord, ful mekill is thi myght, 45
And that is seene in ilke a side,
For nowe is here a joifull sighte,
To see this worlde so longe and wide.
Many dyuerse thynges nowe here is,
Of beestis and foules bothe wilde and tame,
3itte is non made to thi liknesse
But we allone-a, loued be thy name.

Eue

To swilke a lorde in alle degree 53
Be euermore lastand louynge,
Pat to vs such a dyngnyté
Has geffynne before all othir thyng.
And selcouthe thynges may we see heere
Of this ilke worlde so longe and broode,
With beestes and foules so many and seere,
Blyssed be hee that hase vs made.

Adam

A, blissed lorde, nowe at thi wille 61
Sethen we are wrought, wouchesaffe to telle
And also saie vs two vntille
Whatte we schalle do and where to dwelle.

God

For this skille made Y you this daye, 65
My name to worschippe ay-where.
Lovis me forthy, and loues me aye
For my making-I aske no more.
Bothe wyse and witty shalle thou bee
Als man, that Y haue made of nought,
Lordshippe in erthe than graunte Y the,
Alle thyng to serue the that is wrought.
In paradise shalle ye same wonne,
Of erthely thyng gete yoe no nede,
Ille and goode bothe shalle yoe konne,
I shalle you lerne youre lyffe to leede.

Adam

A, lord, sene we shalle do no thyng 77
But loue the for thy grette goodnesse,
We shalle abeye to thi bidding,
And fulfille it, bothe more and lees.

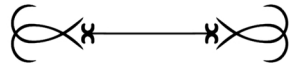
Eue

Hys syngne sen he has on vs sette 81
Before al othir thyng certayne,
Hym for to loue we schal not lette,
And worshippe hym with myghte and mayne.

God

At heuene and erthe firste I beganne, 85
And vj daies wroughte or Y wolde reste,
My werke is endid nowe at mane;
Alle likes me wele, but this the beste.
My blissyng haue they euer and ay.
Be seuynte day shal my restyng be,
Bus wille I sese, sothly to say,
Of my doying in this degree.
To blisse I schal you brynge,
Comes forthe yoe two with me.
Ze shalle lyff in likyng:
My blissyng with you be. Amen.

Play 4. The Prohibition of the Tree of Knowledge



God

Adam and Eve, this is the place ¹
That I haue graunte you of my grace
To haue your wonnyng in.
Erbes, spyce, frute on tree,
Beastes, fewles, all that ye see
Shall bowe to you, more and myn.
This place hight paradyce,
Here shall your joys begynne;
And yf that ye be wyse,
Frome thys tharr ye never twyn.
All your wyll here shall ye haue,
Lykyng for to eate or sayff
Fyshe, fewle or fee;
And for to take at your owen wyll
All other creatours also theretyll,
Your suggesttes shall they bee.
Adam, of more and lesse,
Lordeship in erthe here graunte I the;
Thys place that worthy is,
Kepe it in honestye.
Looke that ye yoem ytt wetterly;
All other creatours shall multeply,
Ylke one in tender hower.
Looke that ye bothe saue and sett
Erbes and treys; for nothyng lett,
So that ye may endower
To susteyn beast and man,
And fewll of ylke stature.
Dwell here yf that ye cann,
This shall be your endowre.

Adam

O lorde, lovyd be thy name, ³¹
For nowe is this a joyfull hame
That thowe hais brought vs to,
Full of myrthe and solys faughe,
Erbes and trees, frute on haugh,
Wyth spysys many one hoo.
Loo, Eve, nowe ar we brought
Bothe vnto rest and rowe,
We neyd to tayke no thought,
But loke ay well to doo.

Eue

Lovyng be ay to suche a lord, ⁴¹

To vs hais geven so great reward
To governe bothe great and small,
And mayd vs after his owen read,
[... ...] 44
Emonges these myrthes all.
Here is a joyfull sight
Where that wee wonn in shall;
We love the, mooste of myght,
Great God, that we on call.

God

Love my name with good entent 50
And harken to my comaundement,
And do my byddyng buxomly:
Of all the frute in parradyce,
Tayke ye therof of your best wyse
And mayke you right merry.
The tree of good and yll,
What tyme you eates of thys
Thowe speydes thyself to spyll,
And be brought owte of blysse.
All thynges is mayd, man, for thy prowte,
All creatours shall to the bowe
That here is mayd erthly;
In erthe I mayke the lord of all,
And beast vnto the shall be thrall,
Thy kynd shall multeply.
Therefore this tree alone,
Adam, this owte-take I;
The frute of it negh none,
For an ye do, then shall ye dye.

Adam

Alas lorde, that we shuld do so yll, 70
Thy blyssed byddyng we shall fulfyll
Bothe in thought and deyd;
We shall no negh thys tre nor the bugh,
Nor yit the fruyte that thereon groweth
Therewith oure fleshe to feyd.

Eue

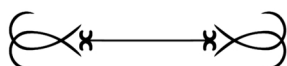
We shall do thy byddyng, 76
We haue none other neyd;
Thys frute full styll shall hyng,
Lorde, that thowe hays forbyd.

God

Looke that ye doe as ye haue sayd, 80
Of all that there is hold you apayd,
For here is welthe at wyll.
Thys tre that beres the fruyte of lyfe,

Luke nother thowe nor Eve thy wyf
Lay ye no handes theretyll.
For-why it is knowyng
Bothe of good and yll,
This frute but ye lett hyng
Ye speyd yourself to spyll.
Forthy this tree that I owt-tayke,
Nowe kepe it grathly for my sayke,
That nothyng negh it neyre;
All other at your wyll shall be,
I owte-take nothyng but this tree,
To feyd you with in feare.
Here shall ye leyd your lyffe
With dayntys that is deare;
Adam, and Eve thy wyfe,
My blyssyng haue ye here.

Play 5. The Fall



Satan

For woo my witte es in a were 1
That moffes me mykill in my mynde;
The Godhede that I sawe so cleere,
And parsayued that he shuld take kynde
Of a degree
That he had wrought, and I dedyned
Pat aungell kynde shuld it noyot be;
And we wer faire and bright,
perfore me thocht that he
The kynde of vs tane myght,
And therat dedeyned me.
The kynde of man he thocht to take
And theratt hadde I grete envye,
But he has made to hym a make,
And harde to her I wol me hye
That redy way,
That purpose proue to putte it by,
And fande to pike fro hym that pray.
My trauayle were wele sette
Myght Y hym so betraye,
His likyng for to lette,
And sone I schalle assaye.
In a worme liknes wille Y wende,
And founde to feyne a lowde lesyng.
Eue, Eue.

Eue

What es thare? 25

Satan

I, a frende. 25
And for thy gude es the comynge
I hydir sought.
Of all the fruyt that ye se hyng
In paradise, why ete yoe noght?

Eue

We may of tham ilkane 30
Take al that vs goode thought,
Save a tree outt is tane,
Wolde do harme to neyghe it ought.

Satan

And why that tree, that wolde I witte, 34
Any more than all othir by?

Eue

For oure lord God forbeedis vs itt, 36
The frute therof, Adam nor I
To neghe it nere;
And yf we dide we both shuld dye,
He saide, and sese our solace sere.

Satan

Yha, Eue, to me take tente; 41
Take hede and thou shalte here
What that the matere mente
He moved on that manere.
To ete therof he you defende
I knawe it wele, this was his skylle:
Bycause he wolde non othir kende
Thes grete vertues that longes thertill.
For will thou see,
Who etis the frute of goode and ille
Shalle haue knowyng as wele as hee.

Eue

Why, what-kynne thyng art thou 52
Pat telles this tale to me?

Satan

A worme, that wotith wele how 54
Pat yhe may wirshipped be.

Eue

What wirshippe shulde we wynne therby? 56
To ete therof vs nedith it nought,
We have lordshippe to make maistrie
Of alle thyng that in erthe is wrought.

Satan

Woman, do way! 60
To gretter state ye may be broughte
And ye will do as I schall saye.

Eue

To do is vs full lothe 63
Pat shuld oure God myspaye.

Satan

Nay, certis it is no wathe, 65
Ete it saffely ye maye.
For perille ryght ther none in lyes,
Bot worshippe and a grete wynnynge,
For right als God yhe shalle be wyse
And pere to hym in all-kyn thyng.
Ay, goddis shalle ye be,

Of ille and gode to haue knawying,
For to be als wise as he.

Eue

Is this soth that thou sais? 74

Satan

Yhe, why trowes thou noyot me? 75
I wolde be no-kynnes wayes
Telle noyot but trouthe to the.

Eue

Than wille I to thy techyng traste 78
And fange this frute vnto oure foode.

Satan

Byte on boldly, be nought abasshed, 80
And bere Adam to amende his mode
And eke his blisse.

Eue

Adam, have here of frute full goode. 83

Adam

Alas woman, why toke thou this? 84
Owre lorde comaunded vs bothe
To tente the tree of his.
Thy werke wille make hym wrothe-
Allas, thou hast don amys.

Eue

Nay Adam, greve the nought at it, 89
And I shal saie the reasonne why.
A worme has done me for to witte
We shalle be as goddis, thou and I,
Yf that we ete
Here of this tree; Adam, forthy
Lette noght that worshippe for to gete.
For we shalle be als wise
Als God that is so grete,
And als mekill of prise;
Forthy ete of this mete.

Adam

To ete it wolde Y nought eschewe 100
Myght I me sure in thy saying.

Eue

Byte on boldely, for it is trewe, 102
We shalle be goddis and knawe al thyng.

Adam

To wynne that name 104
I schalle it taste at thy techyng.
Allas, what haue I done, for shame!
Ille counsaile, woo worthe the!
A, Eue, thou art to blame,
To this entysed thou me-
Me shames with my lyghame,
For I am naked as methynke.

Eue

Allas Adam, right so am I. 112

Adam

And for sorowe sere why ne myght we synke, 113
For we haue greved God almyghty
Pat made me man-
Brokyn his bidyng bittirly.
Allas that euer we it began.
Pis werke, Eue, hast thou wrought,
And made this bad bargayne.

Eue

Nay Adam, wite me nought. 120

Adam

Do wey, lefe Eue, whame than? 121

Eue

The worme to wite wele worthy were, 122
With tales vntrewe he me betrayed.

Adam

Allas, that I lete at thy lare 124
Or trowed the trufuls that thou me saide.
So may I byde,
For I may banne that bittir brayde
And drery dede, that I it dyde.
Oure shappe for doole me defes,
Wherewith thay shalle be hydde.

Eue

Late vs take there fygge-leves, 131
Sythen it is thus betydde.

Adam

Ryght as thou sais so shalle it bee, 133
For we are naked and all bare;
Full wondyr fayne I wolde hyde me
Fro my lordis sight, and I wiste whare,
Where I ne roght.

God

Adam, Adam. 138

Adam

Lorde. 138

God

Where art thou, yhare? 138

Adam

I here the lorde and seys the noyot. 139

God

Say, wheron is it longe, 140

Pis werke why hast thou wrought?

Adam

Lorde, Eue garte me do wronge 142

And to that bryg me brought.

God

Say, Eue, why hast thou garte thy make 144

Ete frute I bad the shuld hynge stille,

And comaunded none of it to take?

Eue

A worme, lorde, entysed me thertill; 147

So welaway,

That euer I did that dede so dill.

God

A, wikkid worme, woo worthe the ay 150

For thou on this maner

Hast made tham swilke affraye;

My malysoune haue thou here

With all the myght Y may.

And on thy wombe than shall thou glyde,

And be ay full of enmyté

To al mankynde on ilke a side,

And erthe it shalle thy sustynauce be

To ete and drynke.

Adam and Eue alsoo, yhe

In erthe than shalle ye swete and swynke,

And trauallye for youre foode.

Adam

Allas, whanne myght we synke, 163

We that haues alle worldis goode

Ful derfly may vs thynke.

God

Now Cherubyn, myn aungell bryght, 166
To middilerth tyte go dryve there twoo.

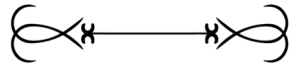
Angel

Alle redy lorde, as it is right, 168
Syn thy wille is that it be soo,
And thy lykyng.
Adam and Eue, do you to goo,
For here may yoe make no dwellyng;
Goo yhe forthe faste to fare,
Of sorowe may yhe synge.

Adam

Allas, for sorowe and care 175
Oure handis may we wryng.

Play 6. The Expulsion from the Garden



Angel

Alle creatures to me take tent, 1
Fro God of heuen now am I sent
Vnto the wrecchis that wronge has went
Thaymself to woo;
Þe joie of heuen that thaym was lent
Is lost thaym froo.
Fro thaym is loste bothe game and glee;
He badde that thei schuld maistirs be
Ouer alle-kynne thyng, oute-tane a tree
He taught them till;e;
And therto wente bothe she and he,
Agayne his wille.
Agaynst his wille thus haue they wrought,
To greeffe grete God gaffe they right nocht,
Þat wele wytt ye;
And therefore syte is to thaym sought,
As ye shalle see.
The fooles that faith is fallen fra
Take tente to me nowe, or ye ga;
Fro God of heuen vnto yow twa
Sente am I nowe,
For to warne you what-kynne wa
Is wrought for you.

Adam

For vs is wrought, so welaway, 24
Doole endurand nyghte and day;
The welthe we wende haue wonnyd in ay
Is loste vs fra.
For this myscheffe ful wele we may
euer mornyng ma.

Angel

Adam, thyselffe made al this syte, 30
For to the tree thou wente full tyte
And boldely on the frute gan byte
My lord forbed.

Adam

Yaa, allas, my wiffe that may I wite, 34
For scho me red.

Angel

Adam, for thou trowyd hir tale, 36
He sendis the worde and sais thou shale

Lyffe ay in sorowe,
Abide and be in bittir bale
Tille he the borowe.

Adam

Allas, wrecchis, what haue we wrought? 41
To byggly blys we bothe wer brought;
Whillis we wer thare
We hadde inowe, nowe haue we noghte-
Allas, for care.

Eue

Oure cares ar comen bothe kyne and colde, 46
With fele fandyngris manyfolde;
Allas, that tyraunte to me tolde,
Thurghoute his gyle,
That we shulde haue alle welthis in walde,
Wa worthe the whyle.

Angel

That while yee wrought vnwittely, 52
Soo for to greue God almyghty,
And that mon ye full dere aby
Or that ye go;
And to lyffe, as is worthy,
In were and wo.
Adam, haue this, luke howe ye thynke,
And tille withalle thi meete and drynke
For euermore.

Adam

Allas, for syte why ne myght Y synke, 61
So shames me sore.

Eue

Soore may we shame with sorowes seere, 63
And felly fare we bothe in feere;
Alas, that euyr we neghed it nere,
Bat tree vntill.
With dole now mon we bye full dere
Oure dedis ille.

Angel

Giffe for thou beswyked hym swa, 69
Trauell herto shalle thou ta,
Thy barnes to bere with mekill wa-
pis warne I the.
Buxom shalle thou and othir ma
To man ay be.

Eue

Allas for doole, what shall Y doo, 75
Now mon I neuer haue rest ne roo.

Adam

Nay, lo, swilke a tole is taken me too 77
To trauaylle tyte;
Nowe is shente both I and shoo,
Allas, for syte.
Allas, for syte and sorowe sadde,
Mournynge makis me mased and madde,
To thynke in herte what helpe Y hadde
And nowe has none.
On grounde mon I neuyr goo gladde,
My gamys ere gane.
Gone ar my games withowten glee;
Allas, in blisse kouthe we noyot bee,
For putte we were to grete plenté
At prime of the day;
Be tyme of none alle lost had wee,
Sa welawaye.
Sa welaway, for harde peyne,
Alle bestis were to my biddyng bayne,
Fisshe and fowle, they were fulle fayne
With me to founde.
And nowe is alle thyng me agayne
Pat gois on grounde.
On grounde ongaynely may Y gange,
To suffre syte and peynes strange,
Alle is for dede I haue done wrange
Thurgh wykkid wyle.
On lyve methynkith I lyffe to lange,
Allas the whille.
A, lord, I thynke what thyng is this
That me is ordayned for my mysse;
Gyffe I wirke wronge, who shulde me wys
Be any waye?
How beste wille be, so haue Y blisse,
I shalle assaye.
Allas, for bale, what may this bee?
In worlde vnwisely wrought haue wee,
This erthe it trembelys for this tree
And dyns ilke dele!
Alle this worlde is wrothe with mee,
Bis wote I wele.
Full wele Y wote my welthe is gone,
Erthe, elementis, euerilkane
For my synne has sorowe tane,
Bis wele I see.

Was neuere wrecchis so wylle of wane
As nowe ar wee.

Eue

We are fulle wele worthy iwis 123
To haue this myscheffe for oure mys,
For broght we were to byggely blys,
Euer in to be.
Now my sadde sorowe certis is this
Mysilfe to see.

Adam

To see it is a sytfull syghte, 129
We bothe that were in blis so brighte,
We mon go nakid euery ilke a nyghte
And dayes bydene,
Allas, what womans witte was light!
Pat was wele sene.

Eue

Sethyn it was so me knyth it sore, 135
Bot sethyn that woman witteles ware
Mans maistrie shulde haue bene more
Agayns the gilte.

Adam

Nay, at my speche wolde thou never spare, 139
Pat has vs spilte.

Eue

Iff I hadde spoken youe oughte to spill 141
Ye shulde haue taken gode tent theretyll,
And turnyd my thought.

Adam

Do way, woman, and neme it nocht, 144
For at my biddyng wolde thou not be
And therefore my woo wyte Y thee;
Thurgh ille counsaile thus casten ar we
In bitter bale.
Nowe God late never man aftir me
Triste woman tale.
For certis me rewes fulle sare
That euere I shulde lerne at thi lare,
Thy counsaile has casten me in care,
Pat thou me kende.

Eue

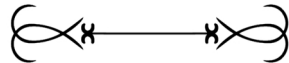
Be stille Adam, and nemen it na mare, 155
It may not mende.
For wele I wate I haue done wrange,

And therfore euere I morne emange,
Allas the while I leue so lange,
Dede wolde I be.

Adam

On grounde mon I never gladde gange, 161
Withowten glee.
Withowten glee I ga,
This sorowe wille me sla,
This tree vnto me wille I ta
pat me is sende.
He that vs wrought wisse vs fro wa,
Whare-som we wende.

Play 7. Sacrificium Cayme et Abell



Angel

That lord of lyffe lele ay-lastand 1
Whos myght vnmesured is to meyne,
He shoppe the sonne, bothe see and sande,
And wroughte this worlde with worde, I wene.
His aungell cleere as cristall clene,
Here vnto you thus am I sente
Pis tide.
Abell and Cayme, yei, both bydeyne
To me enteerly takis entent;
To meve my message haue I ment
If that ye bide.
Allemyghty God of myghtes moste,
When he had wrought this world so wide,
No thyng hym thoughte was wroughte in waste,
But in his blissyng boune to bide
Neyne ordurs for to telle, that tyde,
Of aungeles bryght he bad ther be.
For pride
And sone the tente part it was tried,
And wente awaye as was worthy;
They heild to helle alle that meyné
Perin to bide.
Panne made he manne to his liknes
That place of price for to restore,
And sithen he kyd hym such kyndnes
Somwhat wille he wirke therfore:
The tente to tyne he askis, no more,
Of alle the goodes he haues you sent.
Full trew
To offyr loke that ye be yore,
And to my tale yhe take entent,
For ilke a lede that liffe has lente
So shalle you sewe.

Abel

Gramercy God, of thy goodnes 34
That me on molde has marked thi man,
I worshippe the with worthynes,
With alle the comferte that I can.
Me for to were fro warkes wanne,
For to fulfille thy comaundement,
Be teynd
Of alle the gode sen I beganne
Thow shalle it haue, sen thou it sent.

Come, brothir Cayme, I wolde we wente
With hert ful hende.

Cain

We! Whythir now, in wilde waneand? 45
Trowes thou I thynke to trusse of towne?
Goo, jape the, robard jangillande,
Me liste noyot nowe to rouk nor rowne.

Abel

A, dere brothir, late vs be bowne 49
Goddis bidding blithe to fulfille,
I tell the.

Cain

Ya, daunce in the devil way, dresse the downe, 52
For I wille wyrke euen as I will.
What mystris the, in gode or ille,
Of me to melle the?

Abel

To melle of the myldely I may. 56
Bote goode brothir, go we in haste,
Gyffe God oure teynde dulye this day-
He byddis vs thus, be nouyot abassed.

Cain

Ya, deuell, methynketh that werke were waste, 60
That he vs gaffe geffe hym agayne
To se.
Nowe fekyll frenshippe for to fraste
Methynkith ther is in hym sarteyne.
If he be moste in myghte and mayne
What nede has he?

Abel

He has non nede vnto thi goode, 67
But it wille please hym principall
If thou, myldly in mayne and moode,
Grouche noyot geue hym tente parte of all. 70
[... ...]

Angel

It shall be done evyn as ye bydd, 71
And that anone.

Brewbarret

Lo, maister Cayme, what shaves bryng I, 73
Evyn of the best for to bere seyde,

And to the feylde I wyll me hye
To fetch you moo, if ye haue neyd.

Cain

Cume vp, sir knave, the devyll the speyd, 76
Ye will not come but ye be prayd.

Brewbarret

O, maister Caym, I haue broken my to! 79

Cain

Come vp syr, for by my thryft, 80
Ye shall drynke or ye goo.

Angel

Thowe cursyd Came, where is Abell? 82
Where hais thowe done thy broder dere?

Cain

What askes thowe me that taill to tell, 84
For yit his keper was I never?

Angel

God hais sent the his curse downe, 86
Fro hevyn to hell, maladictio dei.

Cain

Take that thyself, evyn on thy crowne, 88
Quia non sum custos fratris mei,
To tyne.

Angel

God hais sent the his malyson, 91
And inwardly I geve the myne.

Cain

The same curse light on thy crowne, 93
And right so myght it worth and be
For he that sent that gretynge downe,
The devyll myght speyd both hym and the.
Fowll myght thowe fall!
Here is a cankerd company,
Therefore Goddes curse light on you all.

Angel

What hast thou done? Beholde and heere, 100
Be voice of his bloode cryeth vengeaunce
Fro erthe to heuen, with voice entere
Bis tyde.
That God is greved with thy greuaunce
Take hede, I schalle telle the tydandis,

Perfore abide.
Pou shall be cursed vppon the grounde,
God has geffyn the his malisonne;
Yff thou wolde tyll the erthe so rounde
No frute to the ther shalle be fonne.
Of wikkidnesse sen thou arte sonne,
Thou shalle be waferyng here and there
Pis day.
In bittir bale nowe art thou boune,
Out-castyn shal thou be for care;
No man shal rewe of thy misfare
For this affraie.

Cain

Allas for syte, so may I saye, 118
My synne it passis al mercie,
For ask it the lord I ne maye,
To haue it am I nouyot worthy.
Fro the shalle I be hidde in hye,
Pou castis me, lorde, oute of my kyth
In lande.
Both here and there oute-caste am I,
For ilke a man that metis me with
They wille slee me, be fenne or frith,
With dynte of hande.

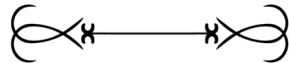
Angel

Nay Cayme, nouyot soo, haue thou no drede; 129
Who that the slees shalle ponnysshed be
Sevene sithis for doying of that dede.
Forthy a token shal thou see,
It shalle be prentyd so in the
That ilke a man shalle the knowe full wele.

Cain

Thanne wolle I fardir flee 135
For shame.
Sethen I am sette thus out of seill,
That curse that I haue for to feill,
I giffe you the same.

Play 8. The Building of Noah's Ark



God

Fyrst qwen I wrought this world so wyde, ¹
Wode and wynde and watters wane,
Heuyn and helle was noght to hyde,
Wyth herbys and gyrse thus I begane.
In endles blysse to be and byde.
And to my liknes made I man,
Lorde and syre on ilke a side
Of all medillerthe I made hym than.
A woman also with hym wrought I,
Alle in lawe to lede ther lyffe,
I badde thame waxe and multiplie,
To fulfille this worlde, withowtyn striffe.
Sythn hays men wrought so wofully
And synne is nowe reynand so ryffe,
Pat me repentys and rewys forthi
Pat ever I made outhir man or wiffe.
Bot sen they make me to repente
My werke I wrought so wele and trewe,
Wythowtyn seys will noght assente,
Bot euer is bowne more bale to brewe.
Bot for ther synnes thai shall be shente
And fordone hoyly, hyde and hewe;
Of tham shal no more be mente,
Bot wirke this werke I wille al newe.
Al newe I will this worlde be wrought
And waste away that wonnys therin,
A flowyd above thame shall be brought
To stroye medilerthe, both more and myn.
Bot Noe alon, lefe shal it noght
To all be sownkyn for ther synne;
He and his sones, thus is my thocht,
And with ther wyffes away sall wyne.
Nooe, my seruand sad an cleyn,
For thou art stabill in stede and stalle,
I wyll thou wyrke withowten weyn
A warke to saffe thiselfe wythall.

Noah

O, mercy lorde, qwat may this meyne? ³⁷

God

I am thi Gode of grete and small ³⁸
Is comyn to telle the of thy teyn,
And qwat ferly sall eftir fall.

Noah

A, lorde, I lowe the lowde and still 41
Pat vnto me-wretche vnworthye-
pus with thy worde, as is thi will,
Lykis to appere thus propyrly.

God

Nooe, as I byd the, doo fulfill: 45
A shippe I will haue wroght in hye;
All-yf thou can litill skylly,
Take it in hande, for helpe sall I.

Noah

A, worthy lorde, wolde thou take heede, 49
I am full olde and oute of qwarte,
Pat me liste do no daies dede
Bot yf gret mystir me garte.

God

Begynne my werke behoves the nede 53
And thou wyll passe from peynes smerte,
I sall the sokoure and the spede
And giffe the hele in hede and hert.
I se such ire emonge mankynde
Pat of thare werkis I will take wreke;
Pay shall be sownkyn for thare synne,
Perfore a shippe I wille thou make.
Pou and thi sonnes shall be therin,
They sall be sauwd for thy sake.
Therefore go bowdly and begynne
Thy mesures and thy markis to take.

Noah

A, lorde, thi wille sall euer be wroght 65
Os counsill gyfys of ilka clerk,
Bot first, of shippe-craft can I right noght;
Of ther makyng haue I no merke.

God

Noe, I byd the hartely haue no thought, 69
I sall the wysshe in all thi werke,
And even to itt till ende be wroght;
Therefore to me take hede and herke.
Take high trees and hewe thame cleyne,
All be sware and noght of skwyn,
Make of thame burdes and wandes betwene
pus thrivingly, and noght ouer-thyn.
Luke that thi semes be suttilylly seyn
And naylid wele that thei noght twyne;
pus I deuyse ilk dele bedeyne,
Perfore do furthe, and leue thy dyne.

ijj C cubyttis it sall be lang,
And fyfty brode, all for thy blys;
Be highte, of thyrti cubittis strang,
Lok lely that thou thynke on this.
Bus gyffe I the grathly or I gang
Pi mesures, that thou do not mysse.
Luk nowe that thou wirke nocht wrang
Bus wittely sen I the wyshe.

Noah

A, blistfull lord, that al may beylde, ⁸⁹
I thanke the hartely both euer and ay;
Fyfe hundreth wyntres I am of elde-
Methynk ther yoeris as yestirday.
Ful wayke I was and all vnwelde,
My werynes is wente away,
To wyrk this werke here in this feylde
Al be myselfe I will assaye.
To hewe this burde I wyll begynne,
But firste I wille lygge on my lyne;
Now bud it be alle inlike thynne,
So that it nowthyr twynne nor twyne.
Bus sall I june it with a gynn
And sadly sett it with symonde fyne:
Bus schall I wyrke it both more and mynne
Thurgh techyng of God, maistir myne.

[... ...] ¹⁰⁴

More suttelly kan no man sewe;
It sall be cleynghed euerilka dele
With nayles that are both noble and newe,
Bus sall I feste it fast to feele.
Take here a revette, and there a rewe,
With ther the bowe nowe wyrke I wele;
Pis werke I warand both gud and trewe.
Full trewe it is who will take tente,
Bot faste my force begynnes to fawlde.
A hundereth wyntres away is wente
Sen I began this werk, full grathely talde,
And in slyke trauayle for to be bente
Is harde to hym that is thus olde.
But he that to me this messages sent
He wille be my beylde, thus am I bowde.

God

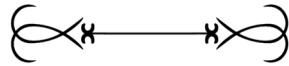
Nooe, this werke is nere an ende ¹²⁰
And wrought right as I warned the.
Bot yit in maner it must be mende,
Perfore this lessoun lerne at me:
For dyuerse beestis therin must lende,
And fewles also in there degree,

And for that thay sall not sam blende
Dyuerse stages must ther be.
And qwen that it is ordand soo
With dyuerse stawllys and stagis seere,
Of ilka kynde thou sall take twoo,
Bothe male and femalle fare in fere.
Thy wyffe, thy sonnes, with the sall goo
And thare thre wyffes, withowten were;
Pere viij bodies withowten moo
Sall thus be saued on this manere.
Therefore to my biddyng be bayne,
Tille all be herberd haste the faste;
Eftir the vij day sall it rayne
Tille fowrty dayes be fully paste.
Take with the geere sclyk os may gayne
To man and beeste thare lyffes to laste.
I sall the socoure for certeyne
Tille alle thi care away be kaste.

Noah

A, lorde, that ilka mys may mende, ¹⁴⁴
I lowe thi lare both lowde and stille,
I thanke the both with herte and hende,
That me wille helpe fro angrys hill.
Abowte this werke now bus me wende
With beestys and fewlys my shippe to fill.
He that to me this Crafte has kende,
He wysshe vs with his worthy wille.

Play 9. The Flood



Noah

That lord that leues ay-lastand lyff, 1
I loue the euer with hart and hande,
That me wolde rewle be reasoune ryffe,
Sex hundereth yere to lyffe in lande.
Thre semely sonnes and a worthy wiffe
I haue euer at my steven to stande;
Bot nowe my cares aren keene as knyffe,
Bycause I kenne what is commannde.
Thare comes to ilke contré,
3a, cares bothe kene and calde.
For God has warned me
Pis worlde wastyd shalle be,
And certis the sothe I see,
As forme-fadres has tald.
My fadir Lamech who, likes to neven,
Heere in this worlde thus lange gon lende,
Seuene hundereth yere seuenty and seuene,
In swilke a space his tyme he spende.
He prayed to god with stabill steuene
Pat he to hym a sone shuld sende,
And at the laste ther come from heuen
Slyke hettyng that hym mekill amende,
And made hym grubbe and graue
As ordand faste beforne,
For he a sone shulde haue,
As he gon aftir crave;
And as God vouchydsaue
In worlde than was I borne.
When I was borne Noye named he me,
And saide thees wordes with mekill wynne:
'Loo', he saide, 'this ilke is he
That shalle be comforte to mankynné.
Syr, by this wele witte may ye,
My fadir knewe both more and mynne
By sartheyne signes he couthe wele see,
That al this worlde shuld synke for synne;
Howe God shulde vengeaunce take,
As nowe is sene sertayne,
And hende of mankynde make
That synne wold nouyot forsake;
And howe that it shuld slake,
And a worlde waxe agayne.
I wolde God itt wasted were,
Sa that I shuld nott tente thertille.

My semely sonnes and doughteres dere,
Takis yoe entent vnto my skylle.

Filius I

Fader we are all redy heere, ⁴⁷
Youre biddying baynly to fulfille.

Noah

Goos calle youre modir, and comes nere, ⁴⁹
And spede vs faste that we nouyot spille.

Filius I

Fadir, we shal nouyot fyne ⁵¹
To youre biddying be done.

Noah

Alle that leues vndir lyne ⁵³
Sall, sone, soner passe to pyne.

Filius I

Where are ye, modir myne? ⁵⁵
Come to my fadir sone.

Uxor

What sais thou sone? ⁵⁷

Filius I

Moder, certeyne ⁵⁷
My fadir thynkis to flitte full ferre.
He biddis you haste with al youre mayne
Vnto hym, that no thyng you marre.

Uxor

3a, goode sone, hy the faste agayne ⁶¹
And telle hym I wol come no narre.

Filius I

Dame, I wolde do youre biddying fayne, ⁶³
But yow bus wende, els bese it warre.

Uxor

Werre? þat wolde I witte. ⁶⁵
We bowrde al wrange, I wene.

Filius I

Modir, I saie you yitte, ⁶⁷
My fadir is bowne to flitte.

Uxor

Now certis, I sall nouyot sitte ⁶⁹
Or I se what he mene.

Filius 1

Fadir, I haue done nowe as ye comaunde, 71
My modir comes to you this daye.

Noah

Scho is welcome, I wele warrande; 73
This worlde sall sone be waste awaye.

Uxor

Wher arte thou Noye? 75

Noah

Loo, here at hande, 75
Come hedir faste dame, I the praye.

Uxor

Trowes thou that I wol leue the harde lande 77
And tourne vp here on toure deraye?
Nay Noye, I am nouyot bowne
To fonde nowe ouer there fellis.
Doo barnes, goo we and trusse to towne.

Noah

Nay, certis, sothly than mon ye drowne. 82

Uxor

In faythe thou were als goode come downe 83
And go do somewhat ellis.

Noah

Dame, fowrty dayes are nerhand past 85
And gone sen it began to rayne,
On lyffe sall no man lenger laste
Bot we allane, is nought to layne.

Uxor

Now Noye, in faythe the fonnes full faste, 89
This fare wille I no lenger frayne;
Pou arte nere woode, I am agaste,
Farewele, I wille go home agayne.

Noah

O woman, arte thou woode? 93
Of my werkis thou not wotte;
All that has ban or bloode
Sall be ouere flowed with the floode.

Uxor

In faithe, the were als goode 97
To late me go my gatte.
We! Owte! Herrowe!

Noah

What now, what cheere? 99

Uxor

I will no nare for no-kynnes nede. 100

Noah

Helpe, my sonnes, to holde her here, 101

For tille hir harmes she takes no heede.

Filius 2

Beis mery modir, and mende youre chere; 103

This worlde beis drowned, withouten drede.

Uxor

Allas, that I this lare shuld lere. 105

Noah

Pou spilles vs alle, ill myght thou speede. 106

Filius 3

Dere modir, wonne with vs, 107

Per shal no thyng you greve.

Uxor

Nay, nedlyngis home me bus, 109

For I haue tolis to trusse.

Noah

Woman, why dois thou thus? 111

To make vs more myscheue?

Uxor

Noye, thou myght haue leteyn me wete; 113

Erly and late thou wente theroutte,

And ay at home thou lete me sytte

To loke that nowhere were wele aboutte.

Noah

Dame, thou holde me excused of itt, 117

It was Goddis wille withowten doutte.

Uxor

What, wenys thou so for to go qwitte? 119

Nay, be my trouthe, thou getis a clowte.

Noah

I pray the dame, be stille. 121

Thus God wolde haue it wrought.

Uxor

Thow shulde haue witte my wille, 123

Yf I wolde sente thertille,
And Noye, for that same skylle,
Pis bargan sall be bought.
Nowe at firste I fynde and feele
Wher thou hast to the forest soght,
Pou shuld haue tolde me for oure seele
Whan we were to slyke bargane broght.

Noah

Nowe dame, the thar noyot drede a dele, 131
For till accounte it cost the noght.
A hundereth wyntyre, I watte wele,
Is wente sen I this werke had wrought.
And when I made endyng,
God gaffe me mesore fayre
Of euery ilke a thyng;
He bad that I shuld bryng
Of beestis and foules yoyng,
Of ilke a kynde a peyre.

Uxor

Nowe certis, and we shulde skape fro skathe 141
And so be saffyde as ye saye here,
My commodrys and my cosynes bathe,
Pam wolde I wente with vs in feere.

Noah

To wende in the watir it were wathe, 145
Loke in and loke withouten were.

Uxor

Allas, my lyffe me is full lath, 147
I lyffe ouere-lange this lare to lere.

Filia 1

Dere modir, mende youre moode, 149
For we sall wende you with.

Uxor

My frendis that I fra yoode 151
Are ouere flowen with floode.

Filia 2

Nowe thanke we God al goode 153
That vs has grauntid grith.

Filia 3

Modir, of this werke nowe wolde ye noyot wene, 155
That alle shuld worthe to watres wan.

Filius 2

Fadir, what may this meruaylle mene? 157
Wherto made God medilerth and man?

Filia 1

So selcouthe sight was never non seene, 159
Sen firste that God this worlde began.

Noah

Wendes and spers youre dores bedene, 161
For bettyr counsell none I can.
Pis sorowe is sente for synne,
Therefore to God we pray
Pat he oure bale wolde blynne.

Filius 3

The kyng of al mankyne 166
Owte of this woo vs wynne,
Als thou arte lorde, that maye.

Filius 1

3a, lorde, as thou late vs be borne 169
In this grete bale, som bote vs bede.

Noah

My sonnes, se yoe mydday and morne 171
To thes catelles takes goode heede;
Keppes tham wele with haye and corne;
And women, fanges thes foules and feede,
So that they be noyot lightly lorne
Als longe as we this liffe sall lede.

Filius 2

Fadir, we ar full fayne 177
Youre biddyng to fulfille.
ix monethes paste er playne
Sen we wer putte to peyne.

Filius 3

He that is most of mayne 181
May mende it qwen he wyll.

Noah

O barnes, itt waxes clere aboute, 183
Pat may yoe see ther wher yoe sitte.

Filius 1

I, leffe fadir, ye loke thareowte, 185
Yf that the water wane ought yoitt.

Noah

That sall I do withowten dowte, 187
Porbe the wanyng may we witte.
A, lorde, to the I love and lowte.
The catteraks I trowe be knytte.
Beholde, my sonnes al three
Be clowdes are waxen clere.

Filius 2

A, lorde of mercy free, 193
Ay louyd myght thou be.

Noah

I sall assaye the see, 195
How depe that it is here.

Uxor

Loved be that lord that giffes all grace, 197
Pat kyndly thus oure care wolde kele.

Noah

I sall caste leede and loke the space, 199
Howe depe the watir is ilke a dele.
Fyftene cobittis of highte itt hase
Ouere ilke a hille fully to feylle;
Butte beese wel comforte in this casse,
It is wanand, this wate I wele.
Therefore a fowle of flight
Full sone sall I forthe sende
To seke if he haue sight,
Som lande vppon to light;
Panne may we witte full right
When oure mornyng sall mende.
Of al the fowles that men may fynde
The raven is wighte, and wyse is hee.
Pou arte full crabbed and al thy kynde,
Wende forthe thi course I comaunde the,
And werly wate, and yther the wynd
Yf thou fynde awdir lande or tree.
ix monethes here haue we bene pyned,
But when God wyll, better mon bee.

Filia 1

Pat lorde that lennes vs lyffe 219
To lere his lawes in lande,
He mayd bothe man and wyffe,
He helpe to stynte oure striffe.

Filia 3

Oure cares are kene as knyffe, 223
God graunte vs goode tydand.

Filius 1

Fadir, this foule is forthe full lange; 225
Vppon sum lande I trowe he lende,
His foode ther fore to fynde and fange-
That makis hym be a fayland frende.

Noah

Nowe sonne, and yf he so forthe gange, 229
Sen he for all oure welthe gon wende,
Then be he for his werkis wrange
Euermore weried withowten ende.
And sertis for to see
Whan oure sorowe sall sesse,
Anodyr foule full free
Owre messenger sall be;
Pou doufe, I comaunde the,
Owre comferte to encesse.
A faithfull fewle to sende art thou
Of alle within there wanys wyde;
Wende forthe I pray the, for owre prowte,
And sadly seke on ilke a side
Yf the floodes be falland nowe,
Pat thou on the erthe may belde and byde;
Bryng vs som tokenyng that we may trowe
What tydandes sall of vs betyde.

Filia 2

Goode lorde, on vs thou luke, 247
And sesse oure sorow seere,
Sen we al synne forsokte
And to thy lare vs toke.

Filia 3

A twelmothe bott xij weke 251
Have we be houerland here.

Noah

Now barnes, we may be blithe and gladde 253
And lowe oure lord of heuenes kyng;
My birde has done as I hym badde,
An olyue braunche I se hym brynge.
Blyste be thou fewle that neuere was fayd,
That in thy force makis no faylyng;
Mare joie in herte never are I hadde,
We mone be saued, now may we synge.
Come hedir my sonnes in hye,
Oure woo away is wente,
I se here certaynely
Be hillis of Hermony.

Filius 1

Lovyd be that lord forthy 265
That vs oure lyffes hase lente.

Uxor

For wrekis nowe that we may wynne 267
Oute of this woo that we in wore;
But Noye, wher are nowe all oure kynne
And companye we knwe before?

Noah

Dame, all ar drowned, late be thy dyne, 271
And sone thei boughte ther synnes sore.
Gud lewyn latte vs begynne,
So that we greue oure God no more;
He was greved in degré
And gretely moved in mynde
For synne, as men may see:
Dum dixit 'Penitet me'.
Full sore forthynkyng was he
That euere he made mankynde.
That makis vs nowe to tole and trusse;
But sonnes, he saide-I watte wele when-
'Arcum ponam in nubibus',
He sette his bowe clerly to kenne
As a tokenyng bytwene hym and vs,
In knowlage tille all cristen men
That fro this worlde were fynyd thus,
With wattir wolde he neuere wast yt then.
Pus has God most of myght
Sette his senge full clere
Vppe in the ayre of heght;
The raynebowe it is right,
As men may se in sight
In seasons of the yere.

Filius 2

Sir, nowe sen God oure souerand syre 295
Has sette his syne thus in certayne,
Than may we wytte this worldis empire
Shall euermore laste, is noyot to layne.

Noah

Nay sonne, that sall we nouyot desire, 299
For and we do we wirke in wane;
For it sall ones be waste with fyre,
And never worthe to worlde agayne.

Uxor

A, syre, owre hertis are soore 303

For thes sawes that yoe saye here,
That myscheffe mon be more.

Noah

Beis noyot aferde therfore, 306
Ze sall nocht lyffe than yore
Be many hundereth yhere.

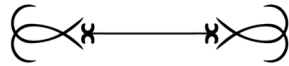
Filius 1

Fadir, howe sall this lyffe be ledde 309
Sen non are in this worlde but we?

Noah

Sones, with youre wiffes yoe sall be stedde, 311
And multyplye youre seede sall yoe.
Zoure barnes sall ilkon othir wedde
And worshippe God in gud degré;
Beestes and foules sall forthe be bredde,
And so a worlde begynne to bee.
Nowe travaylle sall yoe taste
To wynne you brede and wyne,
For alle this worlde is waste;
Thez beestes muste be vnbraste,
And wende we hense in haste,
In Goddis blissyng and myne.

Play 10. Abraham and Isaac



Abraham

Grett God that alle this world has wrought, 1
And wisely wote both gud and ille,
I thanke hym thraly in my thought
Of alle his laue he lens me tille,
That thus fro barenhede has me broghte
A hundereth wynter to fulfille,
Thou graunte me myght so that I mowght
Ordan my werkis aftir thi wille.
For in this erthely lyffe
Ar non to God more boune
Then is I and my wyffe,
For frenshippe we haue founne.
Vnto me tolde God on a tyde,
Wher I was telde vnder a tree,
He saide my seede shulde be multiplyed
Lyke to the gravell of the see,
And als the sternes wer strewed wyde,
So saide he that my seede schuld be;
And bad I shulde be circumcicyd
To fulfille the lawe-thus lernynde he me.
In worlde wherso we wonne
He sendes vs richeys ryve;
Als ferre as schynes the sonne,
He is stynter of stryve.
Abram first named was I,
And sythen he sette a sylypp ma;
And my wiffe hyght Sarae
And sythen was scho named Sara.
But Sara was vncertan thanne
That euere oure seede shulde sagates yoelde,
Because hirselle sho was barrane
And we wer bothe gone in grete eelde.
But scho wrought as a wyse woman:
To haue a barne vs for to beelde,
Hir seruand prevely sho wan
Vnto my bede my wille to welde.
Sone aftir than befelle
When God oure dede wolde dight,
Sho broght forthe Esmuell,
A sone semely to sight.
Than aftirward when we waxed alde,
My wyffe scho felle in feere for same;
Oure God nedes tythynges tyll vs talde
Wher we wer in oure house at hame,

Tille haue a sone we shulde be balde,
And Isaak shulde be his name,
And his seede shulde springe manyfalde.
Gyff I were blythe, who wolde me blame?
And for I trowed this tythyng,
That God talde to me thanne,
The grounde and the begynnyng
Of trowthe that tyme beganne.
Nowe awe I gretely God to yeelde,
That so walde telle me his entente,
And nocht gaynestandyng oure grete eelde
A semely sone he has vs sente.
Now he is wight hymselfe to welde
And fra me is all wightnes wente,
Therefore sall he be my beelde.
I lowe hym that this lane has lente,
For he may stynte oure stryve
And fende vs fro alle ill;
I love hym as my liff,
With all myn herte and will.

Angel

Abraham, Abraham. 65

Abraham

Loo, I am here. 65

Angel

Nowe bodeword vnto the I brynge: 66
God wille assaye thi wille and cheere,
Giffe thou wille bowe tylle his byddyng;
Isaak thi sone that is the dere,
Whom thou loues our alle thyng,
To the lande of vyssyon wende in feere
And there of hym thou make offering.
I sall the shewe full sone
The stede of sacrifice.
God wille this dede be done,
And therefore the avise.

Abraham

Lord God that lens ay-lastand light, 77
This is a ferly fare to feele.
Tille haue a sone semely to sight,
Isaak, that I loue full wele-
He is of eelde to reken right
Thyrty yoere and more sumdele-
And vnto dede hym buse be dight.
God has saide me so for my seele,
And biddis me wende on all wise
To the lande of vysioune,

Ther to make sacryfice
Of Isaak that is my sone.
And that is hythyn thre daies jornay
The ganeste gate that I cane goo;
And sertis, I sall nocht say hym nay
If God commaunde myself to sloo.
Bot to my sone I will nocht saye,
Bot take hym and my seruantis twoo,
And with our asse wende forthe our waye;
As God has saide, it sall be soo.
Isaak, sone, I vndirstande
To wildirnesse now wende will we,
Thare fore to make oure offerand,
For so has God comaunded me.

Isaac

Fadir, I am euere at youre wille, 101
As worthy is withowten trayne;
Goddis comaundement to fulfille
Awe all folke for to be fayne.

Abraham

Sone, thou sais me full gode skille, 105
Bott alle the soth is noyt to sayne.
Go we sen we sall thertille-
I praye God sand vs wele agayne.

Isaac

Childir, lede forthe oure asse 109
With wode that we sall bryne.
Euen as God ordand has,
To wyrke we will begynne.

Famulus 1

Att youre bidyng we wille be bowne 113
What way in worlde that yoe wille wende.

Famulus 2

Why, sall we trusse ought forthe a towne 115
In any vncouthe lande to lende?

Famulus 1

I hope tha haue in this sessoune 117
Fro God of heuyn sum solayce sende.

Famulus 2

To fulfille yt is goode reasoune, 119
And kyndely kepe that he has kende.

Famulus 1

Bott what thei mene certayne 121
Haue I na knowlage clere.

Famulus 2

It may nocht gretely gayne 123
To move of swilke matere.

Abraham

No, noye you nocht in no degré 125
So for to deme here of oure dede,
For als God comaunded so wirke will we,
Vntill his tales vs bus take hede.

Famulus 1

All thos that wille his seruandis be 129
Ful specially he wille thaym spede.

Isaac

Childir, with all the myght in me 131
I lowe that lorde of ilke a lede,
And wirshippe hym certayne
My will is euere vnto.

Famulus 2

God giffe you myght and mayne 135
Right here so for to doo.

Abraham

Sone, yf oure lord God almyghty 137
Of myselfe walde haue his offerande,
I wolde be glade for hym to dye,
For all oure heele hyngis in his hande.

Isaac

Fadir, forsuth, ryght so walde I, 141
Leuer than lange to leue in lande.

Abraham

A, sone, thu sais full wele, forthy 143
God geue the grace gratthely to stande.
Childir, bide yoe here still,
No ferther sall yoe goo,
For yoondir I se the hill
That we sall wende vntoo.

Isaac

Kepe wele oure asse and all oure gere 149
To tyme we come agayne you till.

Abraham

My sone, this wode behoues the bere 151
Till thou come high vppon yone hill.

Isaac

Fadir, that may do no dere, 153
Goddis comaundement to fullfyll,
For fra all wathes he will vs were
Wharso we wende to wirke his wille.

Abraham

A, sone, that was wele saide. 157
Lay doune that woode euen here
Tille oure auter be grathide-
And, my sone, make goode cheere.

Isaac

Fadir, I see here woode and fyre, 161
Bot wherof sall oure offerand be?

Abraham

Sertis son, gude God oure suffraynd syre 163
Sall ordayne it in goode degré.
For sone, and we do his dessyre,
Full gud rewarde tharfore gette wee.
In heuyn ther mon we haue oure hyre,
For vnto vs so hight has hee.
Therefore sone, lete vs praye
To God, bothe thou and I,
That we may make this daye
Oure offerand here dewly.
Grete God that all this worlde has wrought
And grathely gouernes goode and ill,
Thu graunte me myght so that I mowght
Thy comaundementis to fullfill.
And gyffe my flessche groche or greue oght,
Or sertis my saule assentte thertill,
To byrne all that I hydir broght
I sall nocht spare yf I shulde spille.

Isaac

Lorde God of grete pousté 181
To wham all pepull prayes,
Graunte bothe my fadir and me
To wirke thi wille allweyes.
But fadir, nowe wolde I frayne full fayne
Wharof oure offerand shulde be grathid?

Abraham

Sertis sone, I may no lengar layne: 187
Thyselpe shulde bide that bittir brayde.

Isaac

Why fadir, will God that I be slayne? 189

Abraham

3a, suthly sone, so has he saide. 190

Isaac

And I sall noght grouche theragayne, 191
To wirke his wille I am wele payed;
Sen it is his desire,
I sall be bayne to be
Brittynd and brent in fyre,
And therefore morne noght for me.

Abraham

Nay sone, this gatis most nedis be gone, 197
My lord God will I noght gaynesaye,
Nor neuer make mornys nor mone
To make offerand of the this day.

Isaac

Fadir, sen God oure lorde allane 201
Vowchesaffe to sende when yoe gon praye
A sone to you, whan ye had nane,
And nowe will that he wende his waye,
Therefore faynde me to fell
Tille offerand in this place;
But firste I sall you telle
My counsaile in this case.
I know myselfe be course of kynde,
My flessche for dede will be dredande.
I am ferde that yoe sall fynde
My force youre forward to withstande.
Therefore is beste that ye me bynde
In bandis faste, boothe fute and hande.
Nowe whillis I am in myght and mynde
So sall yoe saffely make offerrande,
For fadir, when I am boune
My myght may noght avayle.
Here sall no fawte be founne
To make youre forward faylle.
For yoe are alde and alle vnwelde,
And I am wighte and wilde of thought.

Abraham

To bynde hym that shuld be my beelde! 223
Outtane Goddis will, that wolde I noght.
Bot loo, her sall no force be felde,
So sall God haue that he has soght.
Farewele my sone, I sall the yoelde
Tylle hym that all this world has wrought.

Nowe kysse me hartely I the pray.
Isaak, I take my leue for ay-
Me bus the mys.
My blissyng haue thou enterly,
And I beseke God allmyghty
He giffe the his.
Thus aren we samyn assent
Eftir thy wordis wise.
Lorde God, to this take tente,
Ressayue thy sacrifice.
This is to me a perles pyne,
To se myn nawe dere childe thus boune.
Me had wele leuer my lyf to tyne
Than see this sight thus of my sone.
It is Goddis will, it sall be myne,
Agaynste his saande sall I neuer schone,
To Goddis cummaundement I sall enclyne,
That in me fawte non be foune.
Therefore my sone so dere,
If thou will anythyng saye,
Thy dede it drawes nere,
Farewele, for anes and ay.

Isaac

Now my dere fadir, I wolde you praye, ²⁵¹
Here me thre wordes, graunte me my bone
Sen I fro this sall passe for ay;
I see myn houre is comen full sone.
In worde, in werke, or any waye
That I haue trespassed or oght mysdone,
Forgiffe me fadir or I dye this daye,
For his luffe that made bothe sonne and mone.
Here sen we two sall twynne
Firste God I aske mercy,
And you in more and myne,
This day or euere I dy.

Abraham

Now my grete God Adonay ²⁶³
That all this worlde has worthely wroght,
Forgyffe the sone for his mercye,
In worde, in worke, in dede and thought.
Nowe sone, as we ar leryd
Our tyme may noyot myscarie.

Isaac

Nowe farewele all medilerth, ²⁶⁹
My flesshe waxis faynte for ferde;
Nowe fadir, take youre swerde,
Methynke full lange yoe tarie.

Abraham

Nay, nay sone, nay, I the behete, 273
That do I noght, withouten were.
Thy wordis makis me my wangges to wete
And chaunges, childe, ful often my cheere.
Therefore lye downe, hande and feete,
Nowe may thou witte thyn oure is nere.

Isaac

A, dere fadir, lyff is full swete, 279
The drede of dede dose all my dere.
As I am here youre sone
To God I take me till,
Nowe am I laide here bone,
Do with me what yoe will.
For fadir, I aske no more respete,
Bot here a worde what I wolde mene:
I beseke yoou or that yoe smyte
Lay doune this kyrcheffe on myn eghne,
Than may yooure offerand be parfite
If yoe wille wirke thus as I wene.
And here to God my saule I wite
And all my body to brenne bydene.
Now fadir be noght myssyng,
But smyte fast as yoe may.

Abraham

Farewele, in Goddis dere blissyng 295
And myn, for euer and ay.
That pereles prince I praye
Myn offerand heretill haue it,
My sacryfice this day
I praye the lorde ressayue it.

Angel

Abraham, Abraham. 301

Abraham

Loo, here iwys. 301

Angel

Abraham, abide, and halde the stille. 302
Sla noght thy sone, do hym no mysse,
Take here a schepe thy offerrand tyll,
Is sente the fro the kyng of blisse
That faythfull ay to the is fone;
He biddis the make offerrand of this
Here at this tyme, and saffe thy sone.

Abraham

I lowe that lord with herte entier 309

That of his luffe this lane me lente,
To saffe my sone, my darlyng dere,
And sente this schepe to this entente,
That we sall offir it to the here-
So sall it be as thou has mente.
My sone, be gladde and make goode cheere,
God has till vs goode comforte sente.
He will nocht thou be dede,
But tille his lawes take kepe;
And se son, in thy stede
God has sente vs a schepe.

Isaac

To make oure offerand at his wille 321
All for oure sake he has it sente.
To lowe that lorde I halde grete skyll
That tulle his menyoe thus has mente.
This dede I wolde haue tane me till
Full gladly lorde, to thyn entent.

Abraham

A, sone, thy bloode wolde he nocht spill, 327
Forthy this shepe thus has he sente;
And sone, I am full fayne
Of oure spede in this place-
Bot go we home agayne
And lowe God of his grace.

Angel

Abraham, Abraham. 333

Abraham

Loo, here indede. 333
Harke sone, sum saluyng of our sare.

Angel

God sais thou sall haue mekill mede 335
For thys goode will that thou in ware.
Sen thou for hym wolde do this dede-
To spille thy sone and nocht to spare-
He menes to multiplie youre seede
On sides seere, as he saide are;
And yit he hight you this,
That of youre seede sall ryse,
Thurgh helpe of hym and his,
Ouere-hande of all enmys.
Luk yoe hym loue, this is his liste,
And lelly lyff eftir his laye,
For in youre seede all mon be bliste
That ther bese borne be nyght or day.

If yoe will in hym trowe or triste
He will be with you euere and aye.

Abraham

Full wele wer vs and we it wiste, 351
Howe we shulde wirke his will alwaye.

Isaac

Fadir, that sall we frayne 353
At wyser men than wee,
And fulfille it ful fayne
Indede eftir oure degree.

Abraham

Nowe sone, sen we thus wele hase spede, 357
That God has graunted me thy liffe,
It is my wille that thou be wedde
And welde a woman to thy wyffe;
So sall thy sede springe and be spredde
In the lawez of God be reasoune ryffe.
I wate in what steede sho is stede
That thou sall wedde, withowten stryffe:
Rabek that damysell,
Hir fayrer is none fone,
The doughter of Batwell
Pat was my brothir sone.

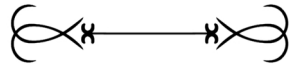
Isaac

Fadir, as you likes my lyffe to spende 369
I sall assente vnto the same.

Abraham

One of my seruandis sone sall I sende 371
Vnto that birde to brynge hir hame.
The gaynest gates now will we wende.
My barnes, yee ar nocht to blame
3eff yoe thynke lang that we her lende;
Gedir same oure gere, in Goddis name,
And go we hame agayne
Euyn vnto Barsabé.
God that is most of mayne
Vs wisse and with you be.

Play 11. Pharaoh and Moses



Rex Pharao

O pees, I bidde that no man passe, 1
But kepe the cours that I comaunde,
And takes gud heede to hym that hasse
Youre liff all haly in his hande.
Kying Pharo my fadir was,
And led the lordshippe of this lande,
I am his hayre as elde will asse,
Euere in his steede to styrre and stande.
All Egippe is myne awne
To lede aftir my lawe,
I will my myght be knawen
And honnoured as it awe.
Therefore als kying I commaunde pees
To all the pepill of this empire,
That no man putte hym fourthe in prees
But that will do als we desire.
And of youre sawes I rede you sees,
And sesse to me, youre sufferayne sire,
That most youre comforte may encrease
And at my liste lose liffe and lyre.

Consolator 1

My lorde, yf any were 21
Pat walde not wirke youre will,
And we wist whilke thay were
Ful sone we suld thaym spill.

Rex Pharao

Thurghoute my kyngdome wolde I kenn, 25
And konne tham thanke that couthe me telle,
If any wer so weryd then
That wolde aught fande owre forse to fell.

Consolator 2

My lorde, thar are a maner of men 29
That mustirs grete maistris tham emell,
The Jewes that wonnes here in Jessen
And er named the childir of Israell.
They multyplye so faste
Pat suthly we suppose
Thay are like, and they laste,
Yowre lordshippe for to lose.

Rex Pharao

Why, devill, what gawdes haue they begonne? 37
Er thai of myght to make afrayse?

Consolator 1

Tho felons folke, sir, first was fonn 39
In kyng Pharo yooure fadyr dayse.
Thay come of Joseph, Jacob sonn,
That was a prince worthy to prayse,
And sithen in ryste furthe are they run,
Now ar they like to lose our layse.
Thay sall confounde vs clene
Bot if thai sonner sese.

Rex Pharao

What devill ever may it mene 47
Pat they so fast encrease?

Consolator 2

Howe they encrease full wele we kenn, 49
Als oure elders before vs fande,
Thay were talde but sixty and ten
Whan thei enterd into this lande.
Sithen haue they soionerd here in Jessen
Foure hundereth yoere, this we warande,
Now are they noumbered of myghty men
Wele more than thre hundereth thowsande,
Withowten wiffe and childe
And herdes that kepes ther fee.

Rex Pharao

So myght we be bygillid; 59
Bot certis that sall nocht be,
For with qwantise we sall tham qwelle,
Pat thei sall no farrar sprede.

Consolator 1

Lorde, we have herde oure fadres telle 63
Howe clerkis, that ful wele couthe rede,
Saide a man shulde wax tham emell
That suld fordo vs and owre dede.

Rex Pharao

Fy on tham, to the devell of helle! 67
Swilke destanye sall we nocht drede.
We sall make mydwayes to spille tham,
Whenne oure Ebrewes are borne,
All that are mankynde to kille tham,
So sall they sone by lorne.
For of the other haue I non awe.
Swilke bondage sall we to tham bede:

To dyke and delfe, beere and drawe,
And do all swilke vnhonest dede.
Pus sall the laddis beholden lawe,
Als losellis ever thaire lyff to leede.

Consolator 2

Certis lorde, this is a sotell sawe, 79
So sall the folke no farrar sprede.

Rex Pharao

Yaa, helpes to halde tham doune, 81
Pat we no fantyse fynde.

Consolator 1

Lorde, we sall ever be bowne 83
In bondage tham to bynde.

Moyses

Grete God that all this grounde began 85
And governes euere in gud degree,
That made me Moyses vnto man
And saued me sythen out of the see-
Kyng Pharo he comaunded than
So that no sonnes shulde saued be,
Agayns his wille away I wan-
Thus has God shewed his myght in me.
Nowe am I here to kepe,
Sett vndir Synay syde,
The bisshope Jetro schepe,
So bettir bute to bide.
A, mercy God, mekill is thy myght,
What man may of thy meruayles mene!
I se yoondyr a ful selcouth syght
Wherof befor no synge was seene.
A busk I se yondir brennand bright
And the leues last ay inlike grene;
If it be werke of worldly wight
I will go witte withowten wene.

God

Moyses, come nocht to nere 105
Bot stille in that stede dwelle,
And take hede to me here,
And tente what I the telle.
I am thy lorde, withoutyn lak,
To lenth thi liffe euen as me list,
And the same God that somtyme spak
Vnto thyne elders als thei wiste;
Both Abraham and Ysaac
And Jacob, saide I, suld be bliste
And multiplyeand, tham to mak,

So that ther seede shulde nocht be myste.
And nowe kyng Pharo
Fuls thare childir ful faste.
If I suffir hym soo
Pare seede shulde sone be past.
To make the message haue I mende
To hym that tham so harmed hase,
To warne hym with wordes hende
So that he lette my pepull passe,
That they to wildirnesse may wende
And wirshippe me als whilom was.
And yf he lenger gar them lende
His sange ful sone sall be 'alas'.

Moyses

A, lord, syth, with thy leue, 129
Pat lynage loves me nocht,
Gladly they walde me greve
And I slyke boodword brought.
Therefore lord, late sum othir fraste
Pat hase more forse tham for to feere.

God

Moyses, be nocht abaste 135
My bidding baldely to bere.
If thai with wrang ought walde the wrayste,
Owte of all wothis I sall the were.

Moyses

We, lord, thai wil nocht to me trayste 139
For al the othes that I may swere.
To neven slyke note of newe
To folke of wykkyd will,
Withouten taken trewe,
They will nocht take tente thertill.

God

And if they will nocht vndirstande 145
Ne take heede how I haue the sente,
Before the kyng cast downe thy wande
And it sall seme as a serpent.
Sithen take the tayle in thy hande
And hardely vppe thou itt hente,
In the firste state als thou it fande-
So sall it turne be myn entent.
Hyde thy hande in thy barme
And as a lepre it sall be like,
Sithen hale withouten harme;
Pi syngnes sall be slyke.
And if he wil not suffre than
My pepull for to passe in pees,

I sall send vengeaunce ix or x
To sewe hym sararre, or I sesse.
Bot the Jewes that wonnes in Jessen
Sall noyot be merked with that messe,
Als lange als thai my lawes will kenne
Per comfort sal I euere encesse.

Moyses

A, lorde, lovyd be thy wille 165
Pat makes thy folke so free,
I sall tell tham vntill
Als thou telles vnto me.
But to the kyng, lorde, whan I come
And he ask me what is thy name,
And I stande stille than, defe and dum,
How sal I be withouten blame?

God

I saie thus ego sum qui sum, 173
I am he that I am the same,
And if thou myght not meve ne mum
I sall the saffe fro synne and shame.

Moyses

I vndirstande this thyng 177
With al the myght in me.

God

Be bolde in my blissyng, 179
Thy belde ay sall I be.

Moyses

A, lorde of lyffe, lere me my layre 181
Pat I there tales may trewly tell.
Vnto my frendis nowe will I fare,
Be chosen childre of Israell,
To telle tham comforte of ther care,
And of there daunger that thei in dwell.
God mayntayne you and me euermare,
And mekill myrthe be you emell.

Puer 1

A, Moyses, maistir dere, 189
Oure myrthe is al mornyng,
We are harde halden here
Als carls vndir the kyng.

Puer 2

Moyses, we may mourne and myne, 193
Per is no man vs myrthes mase;

And sen we come al of a kynne,
Ken vs som comforte in this case.

Moyses

Beith of youre mornyng blyne, 197
God wil defende you of your fays.
Oute of this woo he will you wynne
To plese hym in more plener place.
I sall carpe to the kyng
And fande to make you free.

Puer 3

God sende vs gud tythynges, 203
And allway with you be.

Moyses

Kyng Pharo, to me take tent. 205

Rex Pharao

Why, what tydyngis can thou tell? 206

Moyses

Fro God of heuen thus am I sente 207
To fecche his folke of Israell;
To wildirnesse he walde thei wente.

Rex Pharao

Zaa, wende thou to the devell of hell. 210
I make no force howe thou has mente,
For in my daunger sall thei dwelle.
And faytour, for thy sake,
Bei sall be putte to pyne.

Moyses

Panne will God vengeaunce take 215
On the and on al thyne.

Rex Pharao

Fy on the ladde, oute of my lande! 217
Wenes thou with wiles to lose oure laye?
When is this warlowe with his wande
Bat wolde thus wynne oure folke away?

Consolator 2

It is Moyses, we wele warrand, 221
Agayne al Egipte is he ay.
Youre fadir grete faute in hym fande,
Nowe will he marre you if he may.

Rex Pharao

Nay, nay, that daunce is done, 225
Pat lordan leryd ouere-late.

Moyses

God biddis the graunte my bone, 227
And late me go my gate.

Rex Pharao

Biddis God me? Fals lurdayne, thou lyes! 229
What takyn talde he, toke thou tent?

Moyses

3aa sir, he saide thou suld despise 231
Botht me and all his comaundement.
In thy presence kast on this wise
My wande he bad by his assent,
And that thou shulde the wele advise
Howe it shulde turne to a serpent.
And in his haly name
Here sal I ley it downe:
Loo ser, se her the same.

Rex Pharao

A! Dogg! Be deuyll the drowne! 240

Moyses

He saide that I shulde take the tayle 241
So for to proue his poure playne,
And sone he saide it shuld not fayle
For to turne a wande agayne.
Loo sir, behalde.

Rex Pharao

Hopp illa hayle! 245
Now certis this is a sotill swayne,
But this boyes sall byde here in oure bayle,
For al thair gaudis sall noght tham gayne;
Bot warse, both morne and none,
Sall thei fare for thy sake.

Moyses

God sende sum vengeaunce sone, 251
And on thi werke take wrake.

Egyptian I

Allas, allas, this lande is lorne, 253
On lif we may no lenger lende.

Egyptian 2

So grete myscheffe is made sen morne 255
Per may no medycyne vs amende.

Consolator 1

Sir kyng, we banne that we wer borne, 257
Oure blisse is all with bales blende.

Rex Pharao

Why crys you swa, laddis? Liste you scorne? 259

Egyptian 1

Sir kyng, slyk care was neuere kende. 260
Oure watir that was ordand
To men and beestis fudde,
Thurghoute al Egipte lande
Is turned to rede blude.
Full vgly and ful ill is it
Pat was ful faire and fresshe before.

Rex Pharao

This is grete wondir for to witt 267
Of all the werkis that ever wore.

Egyptian 2

Nay lorde, ther is anothir yoitt 269
That sodenly sewes vs ful sore,
For tadys and frosshis we may not flitte,
Thare venym loses lesse and more.

Egyptian 1

Lorde, grete myses bothe morn and none 273
Bytis vs full bittirlye,
And we hope al by done
By Moyses, oure enemye.

Consolator 1

Lorde, whills ve with this menyhe meve 277
Mon never myrthe be vs emange.

Rex Pharao

Go saie we sall no lenger greve- 279
But thai sall neuere the tytar gang.

Egyptian 2

Moyses, my lord has grauntyd leve 281
At lede thy folk to likyng lande,
So that we mende of oure myscheue.

Moyses

I wate ful wele thar wordes er wrange; 284

That sall ful sone be sene,
For hardely I hym heete,
And he of malice mene
Mo mervaylles mon he mett.

Egyptian 1

Lorde, allas, for dule we dye, 289
We dar not loke oute at no dore.

Rex Pharao

What deuyll ayles yow so to crye? 291

Egyptian 2

We fare nowe werre than euere we fure. 292
Grete loppis ouere all this lande thei flye,
That with bytyng makis mekill blure.

Egyptian 1

Lorde, oure beestis lyes dede and dry 295
Als wele on myddyng als on more-
Both oxe, horse and asse
Fallis dede doune sodanly.

Rex Pharao

Therof no man harme has 299
Halfe so mekil as I.

Consolator 2

3is lorde, poure men has mekill woo 301
To see ther catell be out cast.
The Jewes in Jessen faren noyot soo,
They haue al likyng in to last.

Rex Pharao

Go saie we giffe tham leue to goo 305
To tyme there parellis be ouer-past-
But or thay flitte over-farre vs froo
We sall garre feste tham foure so fast.

Egyptian 2

Moyses, my lord giffis leue 309
Thy men for to remewe.

Moyses

He mon haue more mischeff 311
But if his tales be trewe.

Egyptian 1

We, lorde, we may not lede this liffe. 313

Rex Pharao

Why, is ther greuaunce growen agayne? 314

Egyptian 2

Swilke poudre, lord, apon vs dryffe 315
That whare it bettis it makis a blayne.

Egyptian 1

Like mesellis makis it man and wyffe. 317
Sythen ar they hurte with hayle and rayne;
Oure wynes in mountaynes may noyot thryve,
So ar they threst and thondour-slayne.

Rex Pharao

How do thay in Jessen, 321
Be Jewes, can yoe aught say?

Egyptian 2

Pis care nothyng they ken, 323
Pay fele no such affray.

Rex Pharao

No? Devill! And sitte they so in pees 325
And we ilke day in doute and drede?

Egyptian 1

My lorde, this care will euere encrese 327
Tille Moyses have leve tham to lede.

Consolator 1

Lorde, war thay wente than walde it sese, 329
So shuld we save vs and oure seede,
Ellis be we lorne-this is no lese.

Rex Pharao

Late hym do fourth, the devill hym spede! 332
For his folke sall no ferre
Yf he go welland woode.

Consolator 2

Pan will itt sone be warre, 335
3it war bettir thai yooode.

Egyptian 2

We, lorde, new harme is comon to hande. 337

Rex Pharao

No! Devill! Will itt no bettir be? 338

Egyptian 1

Wilde wormes is laide ouere al this lande, 339
Pai leve no frute ne floure on tree;
Agayne that storme may nothyng stande.

Egyptian 2

Lord, ther is more myscheff thynke me, 342
And thre daies hase itt bene durand,
So myrke that non myght othir see.

Egyptian 1

My lorde, grete pestelence 345
Is like ful lange to last.

Rex Pharao

Owe, come that in oure presence? 347
Than is oure pride al past.

Egyptian 2

My lorde, this vengeaunce lastis lange, 349
And mon till Moyses haue his bone.

Consolator 1

Lorde, late tham wende, els wirke we wrang, 351
It may not helpe to hover na hone.

Rex Pharao

Go saie we graunte tham leue to gange 353
In the devill way, sen itt bus be done-
For so may fall we sall tham fang
And marre tham or tomorne at none.

Egyptian 1

Moyes, my lorde has saide 357
Pou sall haue passage playne.

Moyes

And to passe am I paied. 359
My frendes, bees nowe fayne,
For at oure will now sall we wende,
In lande of lykyng for to lende.

Puer 1

Kyng Pharo, that felowns fende, 363
Will haue grete care fro this be kende,
Than will he schappe hym vs to shende
And sone his ooste aftir vs sende.

Moyes

Beis noght aferde, God is youre frende, 367
Fro alle oure foes he will vs fende.
Parfore comes furthe with me,
Haves done and drede yow noght.

Puer 2

My lorde, loved mott thou bee, 371
Pat us fro bale has brought.

Puer 3

Swilke frenshippe never before we fande, 373
But in this faire defautys may fall.
Be Rede See is ryght nere at hande,
Per bus vs bide to we be thrall.

Moyses

I sall make vs way with my wande, 377
For God hase sayde he saue vs sall;
On aythir syde the see sall stande,
Tille we be wente, right as a wall.
Therefore have yoe no drede,
But faynde ay God to plese.

Puer 1

Pat lorde to lande vs lede, 383
Now wende we all at esse.

Egyptian 1

Kyng Pharro, ther folke er gane. 385

Rex Pharao

Howe nowe, es ther any noyes of newe? 386

Egyptian 2

The Ebrowes er wente ilkone. 387

Rex Pharao

How sais thou that? 388

Egyptian 1

Per talis er trewe. 388

Rex Pharao

Horse harneys tyte, that thei be tane, 389
Pis ryott radly sall tham rewe.
We sall not sese or they be slone,
For to the se we sall tham sew.
Do charge oure charyottis swithe
And frekly folowes me.

Egyptian 2

My lorde we are full blithe 395
At youre bidyng to be.

Consolator 2

Lorde, to youre bidyng we er boune 397
Owre bodies baldely for to bede,

We sall nocht byde, but dyng tham doune
Tylle all be dede, withouten drede.

Rex Pharao

Hefe vppe youre hartis ay to Mahownde, 401

He will be nere vs in oure nede.

Owte! Ay herrowe! Devill, I drowne!

Egyptian I

Allas, we dye for alle our dede. 404

Puer I

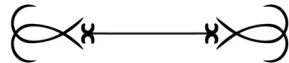
Nowe ar we wonne fra waa 405

And saued oute of the see,

Cantemus domino,

To God a sange synge wee.

Play 12. The Annunciation to Mary and the Visitation



Doctor

Lord God, grete meruell es to mene ¹
Howe man was made withouten mysse,
And sette whare he sulde euer haue bene
Withouten bale, bidand in blisse;
And howe he lost that comforth clene
And was putte oute fro paradys,
And sithen what sorouse sor warr sene
Sente vnto hym and to al his;
And howe they lay lange space
In helle, lokyn fro lyght,
Tille God graunted tham grace
Of helpe, als he hadde hyght.
Pan is it nedfull for to neven
How prophettis all Goddis counsailes kende,
Als prophet Amos in his steuen
Lered whils he in his liffe gun lende:
Deus pater disposuit salutem fieri in medio terre, etc. ¹⁶
He sais thus: God the fadir in heuen
Ordand in erthe mankynde to mende;
And to grayth it with Godhede euen,
His sone he saide that he suld sende
To take kynde of mankyn,
In a mayden full mylde;
So was many saued of syn
And the foule fende begyled.
And for the feende sulde so be fedd
Be tyne, and to no treuth take tentt,
God made that mayden to be wedde
Or he his sone vnto hir sentte.
So was the Godhede closed and cledde
In wede of weddyng whare thy wente;
And that oure blisse sulde so be bredde
Ful many materes may be mente:
Quoniam in semine tuo benedicentur omnes gentes, etc. ³²
God hymself sayde this thyng
To Abraham als hym liste:
Of thy sede sall vppe sprynge
Wharein folke sall be bliste.
To proue thes prophettes ordande er,
Als Isay, vnto olde and yenge,
He moued oure myscheues for to merr,
For thus he prayed God for this thyng:
Rorate, celi, desuper-
Lord, late thou doune at thy likyng

Be dewe to fall fro heuen so ferre,
 For than the erthe sall sprede and sprynge
 A seede that vs sall saue,
 Pat nowe in blisse are bente.
 Of clerkis whoso will craue
 Pus may ther gatis be mente:
 Be dewe to the gode haly gaste
 May be remened in mannes mynde,
 The erthe vnto the mayden chaste,
 Bycause sho comes of erthely kynde.
 Pir wise wordis ware noght wroght in waste,
 To waffe and wende away als wynde,
 For this same prophett sone in haste
 Saide forthermore, als folkes may fynde:
 Propter hoc dabit dominus ipse vobis signum, etc. 56
 Loo, he sais thus: God sall gyffe
 Hereof a syngne to see
 Tille all that lely lyffe,
 And this thare sygne sal be,
 Ecce uirgo concipiet, et pariet filium, etc. 60
 Loo, he sais a mayden mon
 Here on this molde mankynde omell,
 Full clere consayue and bere a sonne,
 And neven his name Emanuell.
 His kyngdom that euere is begonned
 Sall never sese, but dure and dwell;
 On Daudid sege thore sall he wonne,
 His domes to deme and trueth to telle.
 Zelus domini faciet hoc, etc. 68
 He says, luffe of oure lorde
 All this sall ordan thanne;
 That mennes pees and accorde
 To make with erthely manne.
 More of this maiden meves me;
 This prophett sais for oure socoure
 Egredietur virga de Jesse-
 A wande sall brede of Jesse boure,
 And of this same also sais hee:
 Vpponne that wande sall springe a floure
 Wheron the haly gast sall be,
 To governe it with grete honnoure.
 That wande meynes vntill vs
 Pis mayden, even and morne,
 And the floure is Jesus,
 Pat of that blyst bees borne.
 Be prophet Johell, a gentill Jewe,
 Somtyme has saide of the same thyng,
 He likenes Criste euen als he knewe
 Like to the dewe in doune-commyng:
 Ero quasi ros; et virgo Israell germinabit sicut liliu. 88

Be maiden of Israell al newe,
 He sais, sall bere one and forthe brynge
 Als the lilly floure, full faire of hewe.
 Pis meynes sa to olde and yoenge,
 Pat the hegh haly gaste
 Come oure myscheffe to mende
 In Marie, mayden chaste,
 When God his sone walde sende.
 Pis lady is to the lilly lyke-
 Pat is bycause of hir clene liffe,
 For in this worlde was never slyke
 One to be mayden, modir, and wyffe.
 And hir sonne, kyng in heuen-ryke,
 Als oft es red be reasoune ryfe,
 And hir husband, bath maistir and meke,
 In charité to stynte all striffe-
 Pis passed all worldly witte,
 How God had ordand thaim thanne
 In hir one to be knytte,
 Godhed, maydenhed, and manne.
 Bot of this werke grete witnes was
 With forme-faders, all folke may tell.
 Whan Jacob blyst his sone Judas
 He tolde the tale thaim two emell:
 Non auferetur septrum de Juda, ¹¹²
 donec ueniat qui mittendus est. ¹¹²
 He sais the septer sall nocht passe
 Fra Juda lande of Israell,
 Or he comme that God ordand has
 To be sente feendis force to fell.
 Et ipse erit expectacio gencium. ¹¹⁶
 Hym sall alle folke abyde,
 And stande vnto his steuen.
 Ther sawes wer signified
 To Crist, Goddis sone in heuen.
 For howe he was sente, se we more,
 And howe God wolde his place puruay;
 He saide, sonne, I sall sende byfore
 Myne aungell to rede the thy way-
 Ecce mitto aungelum meum ante faciem tuam, ¹²⁴
 qui preparabit viam tuam ante te. ¹²⁴
 Of John Baptist he menyd thore,
 For in erthe he was ordand ay
 To warne the folke that wilsom wore
 Of Cristis comyng, and thus gon say:
 Ego quidem baptizo in aqua vos, autem ¹²⁸
 baptizabimini spiritu sancto. ¹²⁸
 Eftir me sall come nowe
 A man of myghtis mast,
 And sall baptis yoowe

In the high haly gast.
Bus of Cristis commyng may we see
How sainte Luke spekis in his gospell:
Fro God in heuen es sent, sais he,
An aungell is named Gabriell,
To Nazareth in Galalé,
Where than a mayden mylde gon dwell,
Pat with Joseph suld wedded be;
Hir name is Marie-thus gan he telle.
How God his grace than grayd
To man in this manere,
And how the aungell saide,
Takes hede, all that will here.

Angel

Hayle Marie, full of grace and blysse, 145
Oure lord God is with the
And has chosen the for his,
Of all women blist mot thou be.

Mary

What maner of halsyng is this 149
Bus preuely comes to me?
For in myn herte a thoght it is,
Be tokenyng that I here see.

Angel

Ne drede the noght thou mylde Marie, 153
For nothyng that may befallé,
For thou has fun soueranly
At God a grace ouer othir all.
In chastité of thy bodye
Consayue and bere a childe thou sall;
This bodword brynge I the, forthy
His name Jesu sall thou calle.
Mekill of myght than sall he bee,
He sall be God and called God sonn.
Dauid sege, his fadir free,
Sall God hym giffe to sytte vpon;
Als kyng for euer regne sall hee,
In Jacob house ay for to wonne,
Of his kyngdome and dignité
Shall noo man erthly knaw ne con.

Mary

Pou Goddis aungell meke and mylde, 169
Howe sulde it be, I the praye,
That I sulde consayve a childe
Of any man by nyght or daye?
I knawe no man that shulde haue fyled
My maydenhode, the sothe to saye;

Withouten will of werkis wilde
In chastité I haue ben ay.

Angel

Be haly gast in the sall lighte, ¹⁷⁷
Hegh vertue sall to the holde,
The holy birthe of the so bright
God sonne he sall be calde.
Loo, Elyzabeth thi cosyne ne myght
In elde consayue a childe for alde;
Pis is the sexte moneth full ryght,
To hir that baran has ben talde.

Mary

Thou aungell, blissid messanger, ¹⁸⁵
Of Goddis will I holde me payde;
I love my lorde with herte clere,
Be grace that he has for me layde.
Goddis handmayden, lo me here
To his wille all redy grayd;
Be done to me of all manere
Thurgh thy worde als thou hast saide.
Now God that all oure hope is in,
Thur the myght of the haly gaste,
Saue the, dame, fro sak of synne,
And wisse the fro all werkis wast.
Elyzabeth myn awne cosyne,
Methoght I coveyte alway mast
To speke with the of all my kynne,
Therefore I comme thus in this hast.

Elizabeth

A, welcome mylde Marie, ²⁰¹
Myne aughen cosyne so dere,
Joifull woman am I
Pat I nowe see the here.
Blissed be thou anely
Of all women in feere,
And the frute of thy body
Be blissid ferre and nere.
Pis is joyfull tydyng
Pat I may nowe here see,
Be modyr of my lord kyng
Thus-gate come to me.
Sone als the voyce of thine haylsing
Moght myn neres entreand be,
Be childe in my wombe so yenge
Makes grete myrthe vnto the.

Mary

Nowe lorde, blist be thou ay ²¹⁷

For the grace thou has me lente;
Lorde, I lofe the, God verray,
Be sande thou hast me sente.
I thanke the nyght and day,
And prayes with goode entente
Pou make me to thy paye,
To the my wille is wentte.

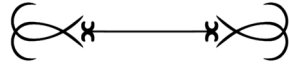
Elizabeth

Blissid be thou grathely grayed 225
To God thurgh chastité,
Pou trowed and helde the payed
Atte his wille for to bee.
All that to the is saide
Fro my lorde so free,
Swilke grace is for the layde
Sall be fulfilled in the.

Mary

To his grace I will me ta, 233
With chastité to dele,
Pat made me thus to ga
Omenge his maidens feele.
My saule sall louying ma
Vnto that lorde so lele,
And my gast make ioye alswa
In God that es my hele.

Play 13. Joseph's Troubles about Mary



Joseph

Of grete mornynge may I me mene 1
And walke full werily be this way,
For nowe than wende I best haue bene
Att ease and reste by reasoune ay.
For I am of grete elde,
Wayke and al vnwelde,
Als ilke man se it maye;
I may nowder buske ne belde
But owther in frithe or felde;
For shame what sall I saie,
That thus-gates nowe on myne alde dase
Has wedded a yonge wenche to my wiff,
And may noyot wele tryne over two strase?
Nowe lorde, how lange sall I lede this liff?
My banes er heuy als lede
And may noyot stande in stede,
Als kende it is full ryfe.
Now lorde, thou me wise and rede
Or sone me dryue to dede,
Pou may best stynte this striffe.
For bittirly than may I banne
The way I in the temple wente,
Itt was to me a bad barganne,
For reuthe I may it ay repente.
For tharein was ordande
Vnwedded men sulde stande,
Al sembled at asent,
And ilke ane a drye wande
On heght helde in his hand,
And I ne wist what it ment.
In-mange al othir ane bare I;
Itt florished faire, and floures on sprede,
And thay saide to me forthy
Pat with a wiffe I sulde be wedde.
Be bargayne I made thare,
Pat rewes me nowe full sare,
So am I straytely sted.
Now castes itt me in care,
For wele I myght eueremare
Anlepy life haue led.
Hir werkis me wyrkis my wonges to wete;
I am begiled-how, wate I noyot.
My yonge wiffe is with childe full grete,
Pat makes me nowe sorowe vnsoght.

Pat reproffe nere has slayne me,
 Forthy giff any man frayne me
 How this thing miyot be wroght,
 To gabbe yf I wolde payne me,
 Be lawe standis harde agayne me:
 To dede I mon be broght.
 And lathe methinketh, on the todir syde,
 My wiff with any man to defame,
 And whethir of there twa that I bide
 I mon noyot scape withouten schame.
 Be childe certis is noght myne;
 Pat reproffe dose me pyne
 And gars me fle fra hame.
 My liff gif I shuld tyne,
 Sho is a clene virgine
 For me, withouten blame.
 But wele I wate thurgh prophicie
 A maiden clene suld bere a childe,
 But it is nought sho, sekirly,
 Forthy I wate I am begiled.
 And why ne walde som yonge man ta her?
 For certis I thynke ouer-ga hir
 Into som wodes wilde,
 Thus thynke I to stele fra hir.
 God childe ther wilde bestes sla hir,
 She is so meke and mylde.
 Of my wendying wil I none warne,
 Neuere the lees it is myne entente
 To aske hir who gate hir that barne,
 3itt wolde I witte fayne or I wente.
 All hayle, God be hereinne.

Puella I

Welcome, by Goddis dere myght. 76

Joseph

Whare is that yoonge virgine 77
 Marie, my berde so bright?

Puella I

Certis Joseph, yoe sall vndirstande 79
 Pat sho is not full farre you fra,
 Sho sittis at hir boke full faste prayand
 For yoou and vs, and for all tha
 Pat oght has nede.
 But for to telle hir will I ga
 Of youre comyng, withouten drede.
 Haue done and rise vppe, dame,
 And to me take gud hede-
 Joseph, he is comen hame.

Mary

Welcome, als God me spede. 89
Dredles to me he is full dere;
Joseph my spouse, welcome er yhe.

Joseph

Gramercy Marie, saie what chere, 92
Telle me the soth, how est with the?
Wha has ben there?
Thy wombe is waxen grete, thynke me,
Pou arte with barne, allas for care.
A, maidens, wa worthe yoou,
Pat lete hir lere swilke lare.

Puella 2

Joseph, yoe sall noyot trowe 99
In hir no febill fare.

Joseph

Trowe it noght arme? Lefe wenche, do way! 101
Hir sidis shewes she is with childe.
Whose ist Marie?

Mary

Sir, Goddis and youres. 103

Joseph

Nay, nay, 103
Now wate I wele I am begiled,
And reasoune why?
With me flesshely was thou neuere fylid,
And I forsake it here forthy.
Say maidens, how es this?
Tels me the sothe, rede I;
And but yoe do, iwisse,
Be bargayne sall yoe aby.

Puella 2

If yoe threte als faste as yhe can 112
Pare is noght to saie theretill,
For trulye her come neuer no man
To waite the body with non ill
Of this swete wight,
For we haue dwelt ay with hir still
And was neuere fro hir day nor nyght.
Hir kepars haue we bene
And sho ay in oure sight,
Come here no man bytwene
To touche that berde so bright.

Puella I

Na, here come no man in there wanes 123
And that euere witnessse will we,
Saue an aungell ilke a day anes
With bodily foode hir fedde has he,
Othir come nane.
Wharfore we ne wate how it shulde be
But thurgh the haly gaste allane.
For trewly we trowe this,
Is grace with hir is gane,
For sho wroght neuere no mys,
We witnessse euere ilkane.

Joseph

Panne se I wele youre menyng is 134
Be aungell has made hir with childe.
Nay, som man in aungellis liknesse
With somkyn gawde has hir begiled,
And that trow I.
Forthy nedes noght swilke wordis wilde
At carpe to me dissayually.
We, why gab ye me swa
And feynes swilk fantassy?
Allas, me is full wa,
For dule why ne myght I dy.
To me this is a carefull cas;
Rekkeles I raffe, refte is my rede.
I dare loke no man in the face,
Derfely for dole why ne were I dede;
Me lathis my liff.
In temple and in othir stede
Ilke man till hethyng will me dryff.
Was neuer wight sa wa,
For ruthe I all to-ryff;
Allas, why wroght thou swa
Marie, my weddid wiffe?

Mary

To my witnessse grete God I call, 156
Pat in mynde wroght neuere na mysse.

Joseph

Whose is the childe thou arte withall? 158

Mary

Youres sir, and the kyngis of blisse. 159

Joseph

Ye, and hoo than? 160
Na, selcouthe tythandis than is this,
Excuse tham wele there women can.

But Marie, all that sese the
May witte thi werkis ere wan,
Thy wombe allway it wreyes the
Pat thou has mette with man.
Whose is it, als faire mot the befall?

Mary

Sir, it is youres and Goddis will. 168

Joseph

Nay, I ne haue noght ado withall- 169
Neme it na more to me, be still!
Pou wate als wele as I,
Pat we two same fleshly
Wroght neuer swilk werkis with ill.
Loke thou dide no folye
Before me preuely
Thy faire maydenhede to spill.
But who is the fader? Telle me his name.

Mary

None but youreselfe. 178

Joseph

Late be, for shame. 178
I did it neuere; thou dotist dame, by bukes and belles!
Full sakles shulde I bere this blame aftir thou telles,
For I wroght neuere in worde nor dede
Thyng that shulde marre thy maydenhede,
To touche me till.
For of slyk note war litill nede,
Yhitt for myn awne I wolde it fede,
Might all be still;
Parfore the fadir tell me, Marie.

Mary

But God and yhow, I knawe right nane. 188

Joseph

A, slike sawes mase me full sarye, 189
With grete mornyng to make my mane.
Therefore be noyot so balde,
Pat no slike tales be talde,
But halde the stille als stane.
Pou art yonge and I am alde,
Slike werkis yf I do walde,
Pase games fra me are gane.
Therefore, telle me in priuité,
Whos is the childe thou is with nowe?
Sertis, ther sall non witte but we,
I drede the law als wele as thou.

Mary

Nowe grete God of his myght 201
Pat all may dresse and dight,
Mekely to the I bowe.
Rewe on this wery wight,
Pat in his herte myght light
Be soth to ken and trowe.

Joseph

Who had thy maydenhede Marie? Has thou oght mynde? 207

Mary

Forsuth, I am a mayden clene. 208

Joseph

Nay, thou spekis now agayne kynde, 209
Slike thing myght neuere na man of mene.
A maiden to be with childe?
Pase werkis fra the ar wilde,
Sho is not borne I wene.

Mary

Joseph, yhe ar begiled, 214
With synne was I neuer filid,
Goddis sande is on me sene.

Joseph

Goddis sande? Yha Marie, God helpe! 217
Bot certis that childe was neuere oures twa.
But woman-kynde gif tham list yhelpe,
Yhitt walde thei na man wiste ther wa.

Mary

Sertis it is Goddis sande 221
[... ...] 221
Pat sall I neuer ga fra.

Joseph

Yha, Marie, drawe thyn hande, 223
For forther yoitt will I fande,
I trowe not it be swa.
Be soth fra me gif that thou layne,
Be childe-bering may thou noyot hyde;
But sitte stille here tille I come agayne,
Me bus an erand here beside.

Mary

Now grete God he you wisse, 230
And mende you of your mysse
Of me, what so betyde.
Als he is kyng of blisse,

Sende yhou som seand of this,
In truth that ye might bide.

Joseph

Nowe lord God that al thing may ²³⁶
At thyne awne will bothe do and dresse,
Wisse me now som redy way
To walke here in this wildirnesse.
Bot or I passe this hill,
Do with me what God will,
Owther more or lesse,
Here bus me bide full stille
Till I haue slepid my fille,
Myn hert so heuy it is.

Angel

Waken, Joseph, and take bettir kepe ²⁴⁶
To Marie, that is thi felawe fest.

Joseph

A, I am full werie, lefe, late me slepe, ²⁴⁸
Forwandered and walked in this forest.

Angel

Rise vppe, and slepe na mare, ²⁵⁰
Pou makist her herte full sare
Pat loues the alther best.

Joseph

We, now es this a farly fare ²⁵³
For to be cached bathe here and thare,
And nowhere may haue rest.
Say, what arte thou? Telle me this thyng.

Angel

I, Gabriell, Goddis aungell full euen ²⁵⁷
Pat has tane Marie to my kepyng,
And sente es the to say with steuen
In lele wedlak thou lede the.
Leffe hir noyot, I forbid the,
Na syn of hir thou neuen,
But tille hir fast thou spede the
And of hir noght thou drede the,
It is Goddis sande of heuen.
The childe that sall be borne of her,
Itt is consayued of the haly gast.
Alle joie and blisse than sall be aftir,
And to al mankynde nowe althir mast.
Jesus his name thou calle,
For slike happe sall hym fall
Als thou sall se in haste.

His pepull saffe he sall
Of euyllis and angris all,
Pat thei ar nowe enbraste.

Joseph

And is this soth, aungell, thou saise? 276

Angel

Yha, and this to taken right: 277
Wende forthe to Marie thy wiffe alwayse,
Brynge hir to Bedlem this ilke nyght.
Ther sall a childe borne be,
Goddis sone of heuen is hee
And man ay mast of myght.

Joseph

Now lorde God full wele is me 283
That euyr that I this sight suld see,
I was neuer ar so light.
For for I walde haue hir thus refused,
And sakles blame that ay was clere,
Me bus pray hir halde me excused,
Als som men dose with full gud chere.
Saie Marie, wiffe, how fares thou?

Mary

Be bettir sir, for yhou. 291
Why stande yhe thare? Come nere.

Joseph

My bakke fayne wolde I bowe 293
And aske forgifnesse nowe,
Wiste I thou wolde me here.

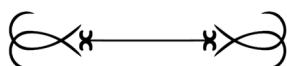
Mary

Forgifnesse sir? Late be, for shame, 296
Slike wordis suld all gud women lakke.

Joseph

Yha, Marie, I am to blame 298
For wordis lang-are I to the spak.
But gadir same nowe all oure gere,
Slike poure wede as we were,
And prike tham in a pak.
Till Bedlem bus me it bere,
For litill thyng will women dere;
Helpe vp nowe on my bak.

Play 14. The Nativity



Joseph

All-weldand God in trinité, 1
I praye the lord, for thy grete myght,
Vnto thy symple seruand see,
Here in this place wher we are pight,
Oureself allone.
Lord, graunte vs gode herberow this nyght
Within this wone.
For we haue sought bothe vppe and doune
Thurgh diuerse stretis in this cité.
So mekill pepull is comen to towne
Pat we can nowhare herbered be,
Þere is slike prees;
Forsuthe I can no socoure see,
But belde vs with there bestes.
And yf we here all nyght abide
We schall be stormed in this steede,
Þe walles are doune on ilke a side,
Þe ruffe is rayued aboven oure hede,
Als haue I roo;
Say Marie, doughtir, what is thy rede,
How sall we doo?
For in grete nede nowe are we stedde
As thou thyselffe the soth may see,
For here is nowthir cloth ne bedde,
And we are weyke and all werie
And fayne wolde rest.
Now gracious God, for thy mercie,
Wisse vs the best.

Mary

God will vs wisse, full wele witt yoe, 29
Þerfore Joseph be of gud chere,
For in this place borne will he be
Pat sall vs saue fro sorowes sere,
Bothe even and morne.
Sir, witte yoe wele the tyme is nere
He will be borne.

Joseph

Þan behoves vs bide here stille, 36
Here in this same place all this nyght.

Mary

Þa sir, forsuth it is Goddis will. 38

Joseph

Þan wolde I fayne we had sum light, 39
What so befall.
It waxis right myrke vnto my sight,
And colde withall.
I will go gete vs light forthy,
And fewell fande with me to bryng.

Mary

All-weldand God yow gouerne and gy, 45
As he is sufferayne of all thyng
For his grete myght,
And lende me grace to his louyng
Þat I me dight.
Nowe in my sawle grete joie haue I,
I am all cladde in comferte clere,
Now will be borne of my body
Both God and man togedir in feere,
Blist mott he be.
Jesu my sone that is so dere,
Nowe borne is he.
Hayle my lord God, hayle prince of pees,
Hayle my fadir, and hayle my sone;
Hayle souereyne sege all synnes to sesse,
Hayle God and man in erth to wonne.
Hayle, thurgh whos myht
All this worlde was first begonne,
Merknes and light.
Sone, as I am sympill sugett of thyne,
Vowchesaffe, swete sone I pray the,
That I myght the take in the armys of myne
And in this poure wede to arraie the.
Graunte me thi blisse,
As I am thy modir chosen to be
In sothfastnesse.

Joseph

A, lorde God what the wedir is colde, 71
Þe fellest freese that euere I felyd.
I pray God helpe tham that is alde
And namely tham that is vnwelde,
So may I saie.
Now gud God thou be my bilde
As thou best may.
A, lord God, what light is this
Þat comes shynyng thus sodenly?
I can not saie als haue I blisse.
When I come home vnto Marie
Þan sall I spirre.
A, here be God, for nowe come I.

Mary

3e ar welcum sirre. 84

Joseph

Say Marie, doghtir, what chere with the? 85

Mary

Right goode Joseph, as has ben ay. 86

Joseph

O Marie, what swete thyng is that on thy kne? 87

Mary

It is my sone, the soth to saye, 88

Pat is so gud.

Joseph

Wele is me I bade this day 90

To se this foode.

Me merueles mekill of this light

Pat thus-gates shynes in this place,

Forsuth it is a selcouth sight.

Mary

Bis hase he ordand of his grace, 95

My sone so yoing,

A starne to be schynyng a space

At his bering.

For Balam tolde ful longe beforne

How that a sterne shulde rise full hye,

And of a maiden shulde be borne

A sonne that salloure saffyng be

Fro caris kene.

Forsuth it is my sone so free

Be whame Balam gon meene.

Joseph

Nowe welcome, floure fairest of hewe, 106

I shall the menske with mayne and myght.

Hayle my maker, hayle Crist Jesu,

Hayle riall kyng, roote of all right,

Hayle saueour.

Hayle my lorde, lemer of light,

Hayle blessid floure.

Mary

Nowe lord that all this worlde schall wyne, 113

To the my sone is that I saye,

Here is no bedde to laye the inne,

Perfore my dere sone I the praye,

Sen it is soo,

Here in this cribbe I myght the lay
Betwene ther bestis two.
And I sall happe the, myn owne dere childe,
With such clothes as we haue here.

Joseph

O Marie, beholde thes beestis mylde, 122
They make louyng in ther manere
As thei wer men.
Forsothe it semes wele be ther chere
Pare lord thei ken.

Mary

Ther lorde thai kenne, that wate I wele, 127
They worshippe hym with myght and mayne;
The wedir is colde as ye may feele,
To halde hym warme thei are full fayne
With thare warme breth,
And oondis on hym, is nocht to layne,
To warme hym with.
O, nowe slepis my sone, blist mot he be,
And lyes full warme ther bestis bytwene.

Joseph

O, nowe is fulfillid, forsuth I see, 136
Pat Abacuc in mynde gon mene
And prechid by prophicie.
He saide oure sauyoure shall be sene
Betwene bestis lye,
And nowe I see the same in sight.

Mary

3a sir, forsuth the same is he. 142

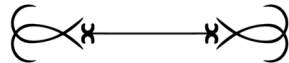
Joseph

Honnoure and worshippe both day and nyght, 143
Ay-lastand lorde, be done to the
Allway, as is worthy;
And lord, to thy seruice I oblissh me
With all myn herte, holy.

Mary

Pou mercyfull maker, most myghty, 148
My God, my lorde, my sone so free,
Thy handemayden forsoth am I,
And to thi seruice I oblissh me,
With all myn herte entere.
Thy blissing, beseke I thee,
Pou graunte vs all in feere.

Play 15. The Offering of the Shepherds



Pastor 1

Bredir, in haste takis heede and here 1
What I wille speke and specificie;
Sen we walke thus, withouten were,
What mengis my moode nowe meve yt will I.
Oure forme-fadres faythfull in fere,
Bothe Osye and Isaye,
Preued that a prins withouten pere
Shulde descende doune in a lady,
And to make mankynde clerly,
To leche tham that are lorne.
And in Bedlem hereby
Sall that same barne by borne.

Pastor 2

Or he be borne in burgh hereby, 13
Balaham, brothir, me haue herde say,
A sterne shulde schyne and signifie
With lightfull lemes like any day.
And als the texte it tellis clerly
By witty lerned men of oure lay,
With his blissid bloode he shulde vs by,
He shulde take here al of a maye.
I herde my syre saye,
When he of hir was borne,
She shulde be als clene maye
As euer she was byforne.

Pastor 3

A, mercifull maker, mekill is thy myght, 25
That thus will to thi seruauntes see,
Might we ones loke vppon that light
Gladder bretheren myght no men be.
I haue herde say, by that same light
The childre of Israell shulde be made free,
The force of the feende to felle in fighte,
And all his pouer excluded shulde be.
Wherfore, brether, I rede that wee
Flitte faste ouere thees felles,
To frayste to fynde oure fee,
And talke of sumwhat ellis.

Pastor 1

We, Hudde! 37

Pastor 2
We, howe? 37

Pastor 1
Herkyn to me. 37

Pastor 2
We, man, thou maddes all out of myght. 38

Pastor 1
We, Colle! 39

Pastor 3
What care is comen to the? 39

Pastor 1
Steppe furth and stande by me right, 40
And telle me than
Yf thou sawe euere swilke a sight.

Pastor 3
I? Nay, certis, nor neuere no man. 43

Pastor 2
Say felowes, what, fynde yhe any feest, 44
Me falles for to haue parte, pardé!

Pastor 1
Whe, Hudde, behalde into the heste, 46
A selcouthe sight than sall thou see
Vppon the skye.

Pastor 2
We, telle me men, emang vs thre, 49
Whatt garres yow stare thus sturdely?

Pastor 3
Als lange as we haue herde-men bene 51
And kepid this catell in this cloghe,
So selcouth a sight was neuere non sene.

Pastor 1
We, no Colle. Nowe comes it newe inowe, 54
Pat mon we fynde
[... ...] 55

Pastor 3
Itt menes some meruayle vs emang,
Full hardely I you behete.

Pastor 1
What it shulde mene that wate not yoe, 58

For all that yoe can gape and gone.
I can synge itt alls wele as hee, 60
And on asaie itt sall be sone
Proued or we passe.
Yf yoe will helpe, late see, halde on,
For thus it was:

Pastor 2

Ha! Ha! this was a mery note, 65
Be the dede that I sall dye,
I haue so crakid in my throte
Pat my lippis are nere drye.

Pastor 3

I trowe thou royse, 69
For what it was fayne witte walde I
That tille vs made this noble noyse.

Pastor 1

An aungell brought vs tythandes newe 72
A babe in Bedlem shulde be borne,
Of whom than spake oure prophicie trewe-
And bad us mete hym thare this morne-
pat mylde of mode.
I walde giffe hym bothe hatte and horne
And I myght fynde that frely foode.

Pastor 3

Hym for to fynde has we no drede, 79
I sall you telle achesoune why:
3one sterne to that lorde sall vs lede.

Pastor 2

3a, thou sais soth. Go we forthy 82
Hym to honnour,
And make myrthe and melody,
With sange to seke oure savyour.

Pastor 1

Breder, bees all blythe and glad, 86
Here is the burgh ther we shulde be.

Pastor 2

In that same steede now are we stadde, 88
Tharefore I will go seke and see.
Slike happe of heele neuere herde-men hadde;
Loo, here is the house, and here is hee.

Pastor 3

3a forsothe, this is the same, 92
Loo whare that lorde is layde

Betwyxe two bestis tame,
Right als the aungell saide.

Pastor 1

The aungell saide that he shulde saue 96
This worlde and all that wonnes therin,
Therefore yf I shulde oght aftir crave
To wirshippe hym I will begynne:
Sen I am but a symple knave,
Pof all I come of curtayse kynne,
Loo here slyke harnays as I haue-
A baren-broche by a belle of tynne
At youre bosom to be;
And whenne yoe shall welde all
Gud sonne, forgete noyot me
Yf any fordele falle.

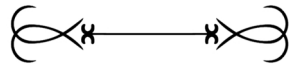
Pastor 2

Pou sonne that shall saue bothe see and sande, 108
Se to me sen I haue the soght;
I am ovir poure to make presande
Als myn harte wolde, and I had ought.
Two cobill notis vppon a bande,
Loo, litill babe, what I haue broght,
And whan yoe sall be lorde in lande
Dose goode agayne, forgete me noght,
For I haue herde declared
Of connyng clerkis and clene,
That bountith askis rewarde;
Nowe watte yoe what I mene.

Pastor 3

Nowe loke on me, my lorde dere, 120
Pof all I putte me noght in pres,
Ye are a prince withouten pere,
I haue no presentte that you may plees.
But lo, an horne sponne that haue I here-
And it will herbar fourty pese-
Pis will I giffe you with gud chere,
Slike novelté may noght disease.
Farewele thou swete swayne,
God graunte vs levyng lange,
And go we hame agayne
And make mirthe as we gange.

Play 16. Herod Questioning the Three Kings and the Offering of the Magi



Herod

The clowdes clapped in clerenes that ther clematis inclosis- 1
Jubiter and Jouis, Martis and Mercurij emyde-
Raykand ouere my rialté on rawe me reioyses,
Blonderande ther blastis to blaw when I bidde.
Saturne my subgett, that sotilly is hidde,
Listes at my likyng and laies hym full lowe.
The rakke of the rede skye full rappely I ridde,
Thondres full thrallye by thousandes I thrawe
When me likis.
Venus his voice to me awe,
Pat princes to play in hym pikis.
Be prince of planetis that proudly is pight
Sall brace furth his bemes that oure belde blithes,
Be mone at my myght he mosteres his myght,
And kayssaris in castellis grete kyndynes me kythes.
Lordis and ladis, loo, luffely me lithes,
For I am fairer of face and fressher on folde-
Be soth yf I saie sall-seuene and sexti sithis
Pan glorius gulle that gayer is than golde
In price.
How thynke yoe ther tales that I talde?
I am worthy, witty, and wyse.

Miles 1

All kynges to youre croune may clerly comende 23
Youre lawe and youre lordshippe as lodsterne on hight;
What traytoure vntrewe that will not attende,
3e sall lay thaim full lowe, fro leeme and fro light.

Miles 2

What faitoure, in faithe, that dose yoou offende, 27
We sall sette hym full sore, that sotte, in youre sight.

Herod

In welthe sall I wisse yoou to wonne or I wende, 29
For yoe are wightis ful worthy, both witty and wighte.
But yoe knawe wele, ser knyghtis in counsaill full conande,
Pat my regioun so riall is ruled her be rest,
For I wate of no wighte in this worlde that is wonnande
Pat in forges any felouné, with force sall be fest.
Arest yoe tho rebaldes that vnrewly are rownand,
Be they kyngis or knyghtis, in care yoe thaim cast,
3aa, and welde thaim in woo to wonne, in the wanyand;

What browle that is brawlyng his brayne loke yoe brest,
And dyngge yoe hym doune.

Miles 1

Sir, what foode in faith will yoou feese, 40
Pat sott full sone myselfe sall hym sesse.

Miles 2

We sall noght here doute to do hym disesse, 42
But with countenaunce full cruell we sall crake her his croune.

Herod

My sone that is semely, howe semes the ther sawes? 44
Howe comely ther knyghtis thei carpe in this case.

Filius

Fadir, if thai like noght to listyn youre lawes, 46
As traytours ontrewye ye sall teche them a trace,
For fadir, vnkyndnes yoe kythe them no cause.

Herod

Faire falle the my faire sone, so fettis of face. 49
And knyghtis, I comaunde, who to dule drawes,
Pas churles as cheueleres ye chastise and chase,
And drede yoe no doute.

Filius

Fadir, I sall fell tham in fight, 53
What renke that reves you youre right.

Miles 1

With dyntes to dede bes he dight 55
Pat liste not youre lawes for to lowte.

Rex 1

A, lorde that levis, euerelastande light, 57
I loue the evir with harte and hande,
That me has made to se this sight
Whilke my kynrede was covoytande.
Thay saide a sterne with lemys bright
Owte of the eest shulde stabely stande,
And that it shulde meffe mekill myght
Of one that shulde be lorde in lande,
That men of synne shulde saff.
And certis I sall saye,
God graunte me happe to haue
Wissyng of redy waye.

Rex 2

All-weldand God that all has wrought, 69
I worshippe the als is worthy,

That with thy brightnes has me broght
Owte of my reame, riche Arabie.
I shall nocht seys tille I haue sought
What selcouth thyng it sall syngnyfie,
God graunte me happe so that I myght
Haue grace to gete goode companye,
And my comforte encrease
With thy sterne schynyng shene;
For certis, I sall nocht cesse
Tille I witte what it mene.

Rex 3

Lorde God that all goode has bygonne 81
And all may ende, both goode and euyll,
That made for man both mone and sonne,
And stedde yone sterne to stande stone stille,
Tille I the cause may clerly conne,
God wisse me with his worthy wille.
I hope I haue her felaws fonne
My yaryng fathfully to fullfille.
Sirs, God yowe saffe ande see,
And were yoow euere fro woo.

Rex 1

Amen, so myght it bee, 91
And saffe yow sir, also.

Rex 3

Sirs, with youre wille, I wolde yow praye 93
To telle me some of youre entent,
Whedir ye wende forthe in this way,
And fro what contré yoe are wente?

Rex 2

Full gladly sir I shall yoou say. 97
A sodayne sight was till vs sente,
A royall sterne that rose or day
Before vs on the firmament,
Pat garte vs fare fro home
Som poynte therof to preffe.

Rex 3

Sertis syrs, I sawe the same 103
Pat makis vs thus to moyfe;
For sirs, I haue herde saye sertayne
Itt shulde be seyne of selcowthe seere,
And ferther therof I wolde freyne;
That makis me moffe in this manere.

Rex 1

Sir, of felashippe are we fayne, 109

Now sall we wende forth all in feere,
God graunte vs or we come agayne
Som gode hartying therof to here.
Sir, here is Jerusalem
To wisse vs als we goo,
And beyonde is Bedleem,
Per schall we seke alsoo.

Rex 3

Sirs, yoe schall wele vndirstande, 117
For to be wise nowe were it nede;
Sir Herowde is kyng of this lande
And has his lawes her for to leede.

Rex 1

Sir, sen we neghe now thus nerhand, 121
Vntill his helpe vs muste take heede,
For haue we his wille and his warande
Pan may we wende withouten drede.

Rex 2

To haue leve of the lorde, 125
Pat is resoune and skylle.

Rex 3

And therto we all accorde, 127
Wende we and witte his wille.

Nuncius

My lorde ser Herowde, kyng with crowne! 129

Herod

Pees dastarde, in the deueles dispite. 130

Nuncius

My lorde, now note is nere this towne. 131

Herod

What, false harlott, liste the flight? 132
Go betis yone boy and dyngis hym downe.

Miles 2

Lorde, messengeres shulde no man wyte, 134
It may be for youre awne renoune.

Herod

Pat wolde I here, do telle on tyte. 136

Nuncius

My lorde, I mette at morne 137
Thre kyngis carpand togedir

Of a barne that is borne,
And thei hight to come hiddir.

Herod

Thre kyngis, forsoth? 141

Nuncius

Sir, so I say, 141

For I saw thaim myselffe all fere.

Consolator 1

My lorde, appose hym I you pray. 143

Herod

Say felowe, are they ferre or nere? 144

Nuncius

Mi lorde, thei will be here this day, 145

Pat wote I wele, withouten were.

Herod

Do rewle vs than in riche array, 147

And ilke man make thaim mery chere,

Pat no sembelant be sene

But frendshippe faire and still,

Till we witte what thei mene,

Whedir it be gud or ill.

Rex 1

The lorde that lenes ay-lastand light 153

Whilke has vs ledde owte of oure lande,

Kepe the, ser kyng and comely knyght

And all thy folke that we her fynde.

Herod

Mahounde, my god and most of myght, 157

Pat has myn hele all in his hande,

He saffe you sirs, semely in sight;

And telle vs nowe som new tithand.

Rex 2

Some sall we saie yooou sir- 161

A sterne stode vs beforne,

That makis vs speke and spir

Of one that is new-borne.

Herod

New-borne? Pat burden halde I bad; 165

And certis, vnwitty men ye wore

Nuncius

Mi lorde ser Herowde, kyng with croune! 129

Herod

Pees dastard, in the deueles dispite. 130

Nuncius

Sir, new nott is full nere this towne. 131

Herod

What, false losell, liste the flighte? 132

Go bette both and dyng tham downe.

Miles 2

Lorde, messengers shulde no man wyte, 134

It may be for youre awne rennowne.

Herod

That wolde I here, telle on tyte. 136

Nuncius

Mi lorde, I mette at morne 137

Iij kyngis carpand togedir

Of one that is nowe borne,

And thai hight to come hedir.

Herod

Thre kyngis, forsothe? 141

Nuncius

Sir, so I saie, 141

For I saughe them myself all feere.

Consolator 1

My lorde, appose hym we yow praye. 143

Herod

Say felowe, ar they ferre or nere? 144

Nuncius

Mi lorde, thei will be here this day, 145

Pat wotte I wele, withouten were.

Herod

Haue done. Dresse vs in riche array, 147

And ilke man make tham mery chere,

That no sembland be seene

But frenshippe faire and stille,

Tille we wete what thei meene,

Whedir it be gud or ill.

Rex 1

The lorde that lenys this lastand light 153

Whilke has vs ledde oute ofoure lande,

Kepe the, sir kyng and comly knyght,
And all thi folke that we here fande.

Herod

Mahounde, my god and most of myght, 157
Þat has myn hele all in his hande,
He saffe you sirs, semely in sight;
And telle vs nowe som new tythande.

Rex 2

Sum shall we saie sir- 161
A sterne stud vs byforne,
That makis vs speke and spir
Of ane that is nowe-borne.

Herod

Nowe-borne? Þat birthe halde I badde; 165
And certis, vnwitty men yoe werre
To leppe ouere lande to laite a ladde.
Say, whan loste yoe hym? Ought lange before?
All wise men will wene yoe madde
And therfore moves this neuer more.

Rex 3

ʒis certis, swilke hertyng haue we hadde 171
We will not cesse or we come thore.

Herod

This were a wondir-thing. 173
Saie, what barne shulde that be?

Rex 1

Forsoth, he sall be kynge 175
Of Jewes and of Judé.

Herod

Kyng? In the deueles name, dogges, fye! 177
Nowe se I wele yoe roye and raue.
Be any skemeryng of the skye
When shulde ye knawe outhir kyng or knave?

Filius

Naye, he is kyng and non but he, 181
Þat sall yoe kenne if that yoe craue,
And he is jugge of all Jurie,
To speke or spille, to saie or saffe.

Herod

Swilke gawdes may gretely greue, 185
To wisse that nere was.

Rex 2

Nowe lorde, we axe but leve 187
Be youre poure to passe.

Herod

Whedirward, in the deuelis name? 189
To layte a ladde here in my lande?
Fals harlottis, bot yhe hye yoou hame
3e sall be bette and bune in bande.

Consolator 2

Mi lorde, to fell this foule defame, 193
Late alle there hye wordis falle on hande,
And spere thaim sadly of the same,
So sall yoe stabely vndirstande
Paire mynde and ther menyng,
And takes gud tente therto.

Herod

I thanke the of thys thing, 200
And certis so sall I doo.
Nowe kyngis, to cache all care awaye
Sen yoe are comen oute of youre kyth,
Loke noght ye legge agaynste oure laye,
Vppon payne to lose both lymme and lith.
To lepe ouere lande to late a ladde.
Say, when lost yoe hym? Ought lange before?
All wyse men will wene yoe madde
And therefore moffis it neuere more.

Rex 3

3is certis, such hartyng haue we hadde 171
We schall noyot seys or we come thore.

Herod

This were a wondir-thing. 173
Say, what barne shulde that be?

Rex 1

Sir, he shall be kyng 175
Of Jewes and of Judé.

Herod

Kyng? In the deuyl way, dogges, fy! 177
Now I se wele yoe rothe and raue.
Be ony skymeryng of the skye
When shulde yoe knawe owthir kyng or knave?
Nay, I am kyng and non but I,
That shall yoe kenne yff that yoe craue,
And I am juge of all Jury,
To speke or spille, to saie or saffe.

Swilke gawdes may gretely greue,
To wittensse that neuere was.

Rex 2

Lorde, we aske noght but leue 187
Be youre poure to passe.

Herod

Whedir, in the deuyls name? 189
To late a ladde here in my lande?
Fals harlottis, but yoe hye you hame
3e shall be bette and boune in bande.

Consolator 2

My lorde, to felle this foule deffame, 193
Lattis all such wondir falle on hande,
And speres thaim sadly of the same,
So shall yoe stabely vndirstande
Per mynde and ther menyng,
And takis gud tente tham too.

Herod

I thanke the of this thyng, 199
And certis so will I doo.
Nowe kyngis, to cache all care away
Sen yoe ar comen oute of youre kytth,
Loke noght ye legge agayne oure lay,
Uppon peyne to lose both lyme and litht.
And so that yoe the soth will saye
To come and go I graunte you grith,
And yf youre poyntes be to my paye
May fall myselfe sall wende yoou with.

Rex 1

Sir kyng, we all accorde, 209
And sais a barne is borne
Pat sall be kyng and lorde,
And leche tham that ar lorne.

Rex 2

Sir, ye thar meruaylle nothyng 213
Of this ilke noote that thusgattes newes,
For Balaham saide a starne shulde spryng
Of Jacob kynde, and that is Jewes.

Rex 3

Isaie sais a maiden yonge 217
Sall bere a barne emange Ebrewes,
Pat of all contrees sal be kyng
And gouerne all that on erthe grewes;
Emanuell beiths his name,

To say, 'Goddis sone of heuené,
And certis this is the same
Pat we here to you neuen.

Rex 1

Sir, the proued prophete Ossee 225
Full trewly tolde in towne and toure,
A maiden of Israell, forsoth saide he,
Sall bere oone like to lilly floure.
He menes a childe consayued sall be
Withouten seede of mannys socoure,
And his modir a mayden free,
And he both sonne and saueour.

Rex 2

That fadres talde me beforne 233
Has no man myght to marre.

Herod

Allas, than am I lorne, 235
Pis wax ay werre and werre.

Consolator 1

My lorde, be yoe nothyng abast, 237
Pis brigge tille ende sall wele be broght.
Byde tham go furth and frendly frayste
Pe soth of this that thei haue soght,
And telle it yoou-soo sall yoe traste
Whedir ther tales be trewe or noght.
And so that yoe the soth will saye
To come and goo I graunte yow grith,
And yf youre poynte be to my pay
May falle myselfe shall wende you with.

Rex 1

Sir kyng, we all accorde, 209
And says a barne is borne
Pat shall be kyng and lorde,
And leche tham that ar lorne.

Rex 2

Sir, the thar meruayle nothyng 213
Of this ilke nott that thus-gate newes,
For Balaham saide a starne shulde spring
Of Jacobe kynde, and that is Jewes.

Rex 3

Sir, Isaie sais a mayden yoenge 217
Shall bere a sone amonge Ebrewes,
Pat of all contrees shall be kyng
And gouerne all that on erthe grewes;

Emanuell shal be his name,
To saie, 'God sone of heuen',
And certis this is the same
Pat we now to you neven.

Rex 1

Sirs, the proved prophete Osee 225
Full trulye talde in towne and toure,
Pat a mayden of Israell, sais he,
Shall bere one like to the lely floure.
He menys a barne consayued shulde be
Withouten seede of man socour,
And is modir a mayden free,
And he both sone and saueour.

Rex 2

Pat fadirs has talde beforne 233
Has no man myght to marre.

Herod

Allas, than am I lorne, 235
Pis waxith ay werre and werre.

Consolator 1

My lorde, be yoe nothyng abast, 237
Pis bryge shall well to ende be broght.
Bidde tham go furthe and frendly frast
Be soth of this that thei haue soght,
And telle it yoou-so shall yoe trast
Whedir ther tales be trew or noght.
Pan sall yoe waite thaim with a wraste
And make all waste that thei haue wroght.

Herod

Nowe certis, this is wele saide, 245
This matere makes me fayne.
Sir kyngis, I halde me paied
Off all youre purpose playne.
Wende furth youre forward to fulfill,
To Bedlem is but here at hande;
And speris grathely both gud and ille
Of hym that shulde be lorde in lande;
And comes agayne than me vntill
And telle me trulye youre tithande-
To worshippe hym than were my will,
Pis sall ye stably vndirstande.

Rex 2

Certis ser, we sall you say 257
Be soth of that same childe,
In all the haste we may.

Consolator 2

Fares wele-ye be bygilyd. 260

Herod

Now certis, this is a sotell trayne. 261
Nowe sall thai trulye take there trace,
And telle me of that swytteron swayne,
And all thare counsaile in this case.
Giffe itt be soth thai shall be slayne,
No golde shall gete them bettir grace;
Bot go we tille they come agayne
And playe vs in som othir place.
This holde I gude counsaill,
Yitt wolde I na man wiste;
For certis, we shall nocht faile
To lose tham as vs liste.
Than shall we wayte tham with a wrest
And make all wast that thei haue wrought.

Herod

Nowe certis, this was wele saide, 245
Pis matere makes me fayne.
Sir kyngis, I halde me paide
Of all youre purpose playne.
Wendis furth youre forward to fulfill,
To Bedlem, it is but here at hande;
And speris grate bothe goode and ill
Of hym that shulde be lorde in lande;
And comes agayne than me vntill
And telle me trulye youre tythande-
To worshippe hym, that is my will,
Bus shall yoe stabely vndirstande.

Rex 2

Sertis syr, we sall you say 257
Alle the soth of that childe,
In alle the hast that we may.

Consolator 2

Fares wele-yoe be bygilid. 260

Herod

Nowe certis, this is a sotille trayne. 261
Nowe shall thei trewly take ther trace,
And telle me of that littil swayne,
And ther counsaill in this case.
If it be soth thei shall be slayne,
No golde shall gete tham bettir grace.
Go we nowe till thei come agayne
To playe vs in som othir place.
This halde I gud counsaill,

Yitt wolde I no man wist;
For sertis, we shall not fail
To loyse tham as vs list.

Rex 1

A, sirs, for sight what shall I say? 273
Whare is oure syne? I se it noth.

Rex 2

No more do I. Nowe dar I lay 275
In oure wendyng som wrange is wrought.

Rex 3

Vnto that prince I rede we praye, 277
That till vs sente his syngne vnsoght,
Pat he wysse vs in redy way
So frendly that we fynde hym moght.

Rex 1

A, sirs, I se it stande 281
Aboven where he is borne,
Lo, here is the house at hande,
We haue noyot myste this morne.

Ancilla

Whame seke yoe syrs, be wayes wilde, 285
With talkyng, trauelyng to and froo?
Her wonnes a woman with hir childe
And hir husband, her ar no moo.

Rex 2

We seke a barne that all shall bylde, 289
His sartayne syngne hath saide vs soo,
And his modir, a mayden mylde,
Her hope we to fynde tham twoo.

Ancilla

Come nere gud syirs and see, 293
Youre way to ende is broght.

Rex 3

Behalde here syirs, her and se 295
Be same that yoe haue soght.

Rex 1

Loved be that lorde that lastis aye, 297
Pat vs has kydde thus curtaysely
To wende by many a wilsom way,
And come to this clene companye.

Rex 2

Late vs make nowe no more delay, 301
But tyte take furth oure tresurry
And ordand giftis of gud aray,
To worshippe hym als is worthy.

Rex 3

He is worthy to welde 305
All worshippe, welthe, and wynne;
And for honnoure and elde
Brother, yoe shall begynne.

Rex 1

Hayle, the fairest of felde, folke for to fynde, 309
Fro the fende and his feeres faithefully vs fende;
Hayll, the best that shall be borne to vnbynde
All the barnes that are borne and in bale bende.
Hayll, thou marc us thi men and make vs in mynde,
Sen thi myght is on molde misseis to amende.
Hayll, clene that is comen of a kynges kynde,
And shall be kyng of this kyth, all clergy has kende.
And sith it shall worthe on this wise,
Thyselffe haue I soght sone, I say the,
With golde that is grettest of price;
Be paied of this present I pray the.

Rex 2

Hayll, foode that thy folke fully may fede, 321
Hayll floure fairest, that neuer shall fade,
Hayll, sone that is sente of this same sede
Pat shall saue vs of synne that oure syris had.
Hayll mylde, for thou mett to marke vs to mede,
Off a may makeles thi modir thou made;
In that gude thurgh grace of thy Godhede
Als the gleme in the glasse gladly thow glade.
And sythyn thow shall sitte to be demand,
To helle or to heuen for to haue vs,
Insens to thi seruis is semand.
Sone, se to thi suggettis and saue vs.

Rex 3

Hayll barne that is best oure balys to bete, 333
For our boote shall thou be bounden and bett;
Hayll frende faithtfull, we fall to thy feete,
Thy fadiris folke fro the fende to the fette.
Hayll, man that is made to thi men mette,
Sen thou and thy modir with mirthis ar mette;
Hayll duke that dryues dede vndir fete,
But whan thy dedys ar done to dye is thi dette.
And sen thy body beryed shal be,
This mirre will I giffe to thi grauynge.

The gifte is noght grete of degree,
Ressayue it, and se to oure sauynge.

Mary

Sir kyngis, yoe trauel not in vayne. 345
Als yoe haue ment, hyr may yoe fynde,
For I consayued my sone sartayne
Withouten misse of man in mynde,
And bare hym here withouten payne,
Where women ar wonte to be pynynd.
Goddis aungell in his gretynge playne
Saide he shulde comforte al mankynde,
Tharfore doute yow no dele
Here for to haue youre bone,
I shall witesse full wele
All that is saide and done.

Rex 1

For solas ser now may we synge, 357
All is parformed that we for prayde;
But gud barne, giffe vs thy blissing,
For faire happe is before the laide.

Rex 2

Wende we nowe to Herowde the kyng 361
For of this poynte he will be paied,
And come hymselffe and make offeryng
Vnto this same, for so he saide.

Rex 3

I rede we reste a thrawe, 365
For to maynteyne our myght,
And than do as we awe,
Both vnto kyng and knyght.

Angel

Nowe curtayse kynges, to me take tent 369
And turne betyme or yoe be tenyd,
Fro God hymselfe thus am I sent
To warne yow als youre faithfull frende.
Herowde the kyng has malise ment
And shappis with shame yow for to shende,
And for that yoe non harmes shulde hente,
Be othir waies God will ye wende
Euen to youre awne contré.
And yf yoe aske hym bone,
Your beelde ay will he be
For this that yoe haue done.

Rex 1

A, lorde, I loue the inwardly. 381

Sirs, God has gudly warned vs thre,
His aungell her now herde haue I,
And how he saide.

Rex 2

Sir, so did we. 384

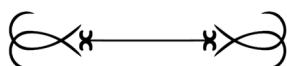
He saide Herowde is oure enmye,
And makis hym bowne oure bale to be
With feyned falsed, and forthy
Farre fro his force I rede we flee.

Rex 3

Syrs, faste I rede we flitte, 389

Ilkone till oure contré,
He that is welle of witte
Vs wisse, and with yow be.

Play 17. The Purification of the Virgin



Prisbeter

Almyghty God in heven so hy, 1
The maker of all heven and erth,
He ordenyd here all thynges evenly,
For man he ment to mend his myrth.
In nomber, weight, and mesure fyne
God creat here al thyng, I say,
His lawes he bad men shulde not tyne,
But kepe his commandmentes allway.
In the mount of Syney full fayre,
And in two tabyls to you to tell,
His lawes to Moyses tuke God there
To geve to the chylder of Israell,
That Moyses shuld theme gyde alway,
And lerne theme lely to knowe Goddes wyll,
And that he shulde not it denay,
But kepe his lawes stable and styll.
For payn that he hadd putt therefore,
To stone all theme that kepis it nott
Vtterly to death, both lesse and moore;
There shulde no marcy for them be soght.
Therefore kepe well Goddes commandment,
And leyd your lyf after his lawes,
Or ells surely ye mon be shent
Bothe lesse and moore, ylkone on rawes.
This is his wyll after Moyses lawe:
That ye shulde bryng your beistes good
And offer theme here your God to knawe,
And frome your synns to turne your moode.
Suche beestes as God hais marked here,
Vnto Moyses he spake as I yow tell,
And bad hyme boldly with good chere,
To say to the chylder of Israell
That after dyvers seknes seer
And after dyvers synes alsoo,
Go bryng your beestes to the preest even here
To offer theme vp in Goddes sight, loo.
The woman that hais borne her chylde,
She shall comme hether at the forty day
To be puryfied where she was fylde,
And bryng with her a lame, I say,
And two dove-byrdes for her offerand,
And take them to the preest of lay
To offer theme vp with his holy hand;
There shulde no man to this say nay.

The lame is offeryd for Goddes honour
In sacrefyes all onely dight,
And the preistes prayer purchace secure
For the woman that was fylyd in God sight.
And yf so be that she be power
And haue no lame to offer, than
Two tyrtle-doves to Godes honoure
To bryng with her for her offrand.
Loo, here am I preest present alway,
To resave all offerandes that hydder is broght,
And for the people to God to pray
That helth and lyfe to theme be wrought.

Anna

Here in this holy playce I say ⁵⁷
Is my full purpose to abyde,
To serve my God bothe nyght and day
With prayer and fastyng in ever-ylk a tyde.
For I haue beyn a wyddo this threscore yere
And foure yere to, the truthe to tell,
And here I haue terryed with full good chere
For the redempcyon of Israell.
And so for my holy conversacion
Grete grace to me hais nowe God sent,
To tell by profecy for mans redempcion
What shall befall by Goddes intent.
I tell you all here in this place,
By Godes vertue in prophecy,
That one is borne to oure solace,
Here to be present securely
Within short space,
Of his owen mother, a madyn free,
Of all vyrgens moost chaist suthly,
The well of mekenes, blyssed myght she be,
Moost full of grace.
And Symeon, that senyour
That is so semely in Godes sight,
He shall hyme se and do honour
And in his armes he shall hym plight,
That worthy leyd.
Of the holy goost he shall suthly
Take strength, and answeare when he shall hy
Furth to this temple and place holy
To do that deyd.

Symeon

A, blyssed God, thowe be my beylde ⁸⁷
And beat my baill bothe nyght and day,
In hevynes my hart is hylde,
Vnto myself, loo thus I say.

For I ame wayke and all vnwelde,
My welth ay wayns and passeth away,
Whereso I fayre in fyrth or feylde
I fall ay downe for febyll, in fay.
In fay I fall whereso I fayre,
In hayre and hewe and hyde I say.
Owte of this worlde I wolde I were,
Thus wax I warr and warr alway
And my myscheyf growes in all that may.
Bot thowe myghty lorde my mornynge mar;
Mar ye, for it shulde me well pay,
So happy to se hyme yf I warr.
Nowe certys then shulde my gamme begynne
And I myght se hyme, of hyme to tell,
That one is borne withouten synne
And for mankynde mans myrth to mell.
Borne of a woman and madyn fre,
As wytnesse Davyt and Danyell,
Withouten synne or velanye,
As said also Isacheell.
And Melachiell that proffett snell
Hais tolde vs of that babb so bright,
That he shulde comme with vs to dwell
In our temple as leme of light.
And other proffettes prophesieth
And of this blyssed babb dyd mell,
And of his mother, a madyn bright,
In prophecy the truth gan tell,
That he shulde comme and harro hell
As a gyant grathly to glyde,
And fersly the feyndes malles to fell
And putt there poors all on syde.
The worthyest wight in this worlde so wyde
His vertues seer no tong can tell,
He sendes all soccour in ylke tyde
As redemption of Israell.
Thus say they all,
There patryarkes and ther prophettes clere:
'A babb is borne to be oure fere,
Knytt in oure kynde for all our chere
To grete and small'.
Ay, well were me for ever and ay
If I myght se that babb so bright
Or I were buryed here in clay,
Then wolde my cors here mend in myght
Right faithfully.
Nowe lorde, thowe grant to me thy grace
To lyf here in this worlde a space,
That I myght se that babb in his face
Here or I dy.

A, lorde God, I thynke may I endure,
Trowe we that babb shall fynde me here;
Nowe certys with aige I ame so power
That ever it abaites my chere.
Yet yf kynde fale for aige in me,
God yett may length my lyfe suthly,
Tyll I that babb and foode so free
Haue seyn in sight.
For trewly, yf I wylt relesse
Thare shulde nothyng my hart dyseas;
Lorde, len me grace yf that thowe pleas
And make me light.
When wyll thowe comme babb? Let se, haue done;
Nay, comme on tyte and tarry nott,
For certys my lyf-days are nere done,
For aige to me grete wo hais wroght.
Great wo is wroght vnto mans harte
Whan he muste want that he wolde haue;
I kepe no longar to haue quarte
For I haue seen that I for crave.
A, trowes thowe these ij eyes shall see
That blyssed babb or they be owte?
Ye, I pray God so myght it be-
Then were I putt all owte of dowte.

Angel

Olde Symeon, Gods seruaunt right, ¹⁶⁵
Bodworde to the I bryng I say,
For the holy goost moost of myght,
He says thowe shall not dye away
To thowe haue seen
Jesu the babb that Mary bare,
For all mankynde to slake there care.
He shall do comforth to lesse and mayr,
Both morne and even.

Symeon

A, lorde, gramarcy nowe I say ¹⁷⁴
That thowe this grace hais to me hight,
Or I be buryed here in clay
To se that semely beam so bright.
No man of molde may haue more happ
To my solace and myrth allway,
Than for to se that Mary lapp
Jesu my joy and savyour ay,
Blyssyd be his name.
Loo, nowe mon I se, the truth to tell,
The redempcion of Israell,
Jesu my lorde Emanuell,
Withouten blame.

Mary

Joseph my husbonde and my feer, 187
Ye take to me grathely entent,
I wyll you showe in this manere
What I wyll do, thus haue I ment:
Full xl days is comme and went
Sens that my babb Jesu was borne,
Therefore I wolde he were present
As Moyses lawes sais hus beforene,
Here in this temple before Goddes sight
As other women doith in feer,
So methynke good skylle and right
The same to do nowe with good chere,
After Goddes sawe.

Joseph

Mary my spowse and madyn clene, 200
This matter that thowe moves to me
Is for all these women bedene
That hais conceyved with syn fleshely
To bere a chylde.
The lawe is ledgyd for theme right playn,
That they muste be puryfied agayne,
For in mans pleasoure for certayn
Before were they fylyd.
But Mary, byrde, thowe neyd not soo
For this cause to be puryfiede, loo,
In Goddes temple.
For certys thowe arte a clene vyrgyn
For any thought thy harte within,
Nor never wroght no flesly synne
Nor never yll.

Mary

That I my madenheade hais kept styll 216
It is onely throug Godds wyll,
That be ye bold.
Yett to fulfyll the lawe ewysse,
That God almyghty gon expresse,
And for a sample of mekenesse
Offer I wolde.

Joseph

A, Mary, blyssed be thowe ay, 223
Thowe thynkes to do after Goddes wyll,
As thowe haist said Mary, I say,
I will hartely consent theretyll
Withouten dowte.
Wherefore we dresse vs furth oure way
And make offerand to God this day,

Even lykwyse as thyself gon say
With hartes devowte.

Mary

Therto am I full redy dight, ²³²
But one thyng Joseph I wolde you meyme.

Joseph

Mary my spouse and madyn bright, ²³⁴
Tell on hartely, what is your greyf?

Mary

Both beest and fewll hus muste neydes haue, ²³⁶
As a lambe and ij dove-byrdes also.
Lame haue we none nor none we crave,
Therefore Joseph what shall we do,
What is your read?
And we do not as custome is,
We are worth to be blamyd iwysse,
I wolde we dyd nothyng amys
As God me speyd.

Joseph

A, good Mary, the lawe is this: ²⁴⁵
To riche to offer bothe the lame and the byrd,
And the poore ij tyrtles iwys.
Or two doyf-byrdes shall not be fyrd
For our offerand;
And Mary, we haue doyf-byrdes two
As falls for hus, therefore we goo-
They ar here in a panyer, loo,
Reddy at hand.
And yf we haue not both in feer,
The lame, the burd, as ryche men haue,
Thynke that vs muste present here
Oure babb Jesus, as we voutsau
Before Godes sight.
He is our lame Mary, kare the not,
For riche and power none better soght;
Full well thowe hais hym hither broght,
This our offerand right.
He is the lame of God I say,
That all our syns shall take away
Of this worlde here.
He is the lame of God verray
That muste hus fend frome all our fray,
Borne of thy wombe, all for our pay
And for our chere.

Mary

Joseph my spowse, ye say full trewe, 270
Than lett vs dresse hus furth our way.

Joseph

Go we than Mary, and do oure dewe, 272
And make meekly offerand this day.
Lo, here is the tempyll on this hyll
And also preest ordand by skylle,
Power havand.
And Mary, go we thyther forthy,
And lett vs both knele devowtly,
And offre we vp to God meekly
Our dewe offrand.

Mary

Vnto my God highest in heven 281
And to this preest ordand by skylle,
Jesu my babb I offer hyme
Here with my harte and my good wyll
Right hartely.
Thowe pray for hus to God on hyght
Thowe preest, present here in his myght,
At this deyde may be in his sight
Accept goodly.

Joseph

Loo sir, and two doyf-byrdde ar here, 290
Receyve them with your holy handes,
We ar no better of power,
For we haue neyther rentes ne landes

Trewely.

Bott good sir, pray to God of myght
To accepte this at we haue dight,
That we haue offeryd as we arr hight
Here hartely.

Prisbeter

O God and graunter of all grace, 299
Blyst be thy name both nyght and day,
Accepte there offerand in this place
That be here present to the alway.
A, blyssed lorde, say never nay,
But lett thys offerand be boot and beylde
Tyll all such folke lyvand in clay,
That thus to the mekly wyll heyld;
That this babb lord, present in thy sight,
Borne of a madyns wombe vnfylde,
Accepte for there specyall gyft
Gevyn to mankynde, both man and chylde,

So specyally.
And this babb borne and here present
May beylde vs, that we be not shent,
But ever reddy his grace to hent
Here verely.
A, blyssyd babb, welcome thowe be,
Borne of a madyn in chaistety,
Thowe art our beylde, babb, our gamme and our glee
Ever sothly.
Welcome oure wytt and our wysdome,
Welcome, our joy all and somme,
Welcomme redemptour omnium
Tyll hus hartely.

Anna

Welcome blyssed Mary and madyn ay, ³²⁴
Welcome, mooste meke in thyne array;
Welcome bright starne that shyneth bright as day,
All for our blys.
Welcome, the blyssed beam so bryght,
Welcome the leym of all oure light,
Welcome that all pleasour hais plight
To man and wyfe.
Welcome thowe blyssed babb so free,
Welcome oure welfayre wyelly
And welcome all our seall, suthly,
To grete and small.
Babb, welcome to thy beyldly boure,
Babb, welcome nowe for our soccoure,
And babb, welcomme with all honour
Here in this hall.

Angel

Olde Symeon, I say to the ³⁴⁰
Dresse the furth in thyne array,
Come to the temple, there shall thou see
Jesus that babb that Mary barre,
That be thowe bolde.

Symeon

A, lorde, I thanke the ever and ay, ³⁴⁵
Nowe am I light as leyf on tree,
My age is went, I feyll no fray,
Methynke for this that is tolde me
I ame not olde.
Nowe wyll I to yon temple goo
To se the babb that Mary bare,
He is my helth in well and woo,
And helps me ever frome great care.
Haill blyssed babb that Mary bare,

And blyssed be thy mother, Mary mylde,
Whose wombe that yeildyd fresh and fayr
And she a clean vyrgen ay vnfyld.
Haill babb, the father of heven own chylde
Chosen to chere vs for our myschance;
No erthly tong can tell vnfyld
What thy myght is in every chance.
Haill, the moost worthy to enhance,
Boldly thowe beylde frome all yll,
Withoute thy beylde we gytt grevance
And for our deydes here shulde we spyll.
Haill floscampy and flower vyrgynall,
The odour of thy goodnes reflars to vs all.
Haill, moost happy to great and to small
For our weyll.
Haill ryall roose, moost ruddy of hewe,
Haill flour vnfadyng, both freshe ay and newe,
Haill the kyndest in comforth that ever man knewe
For grete heyll.
And mekly I beseke the here where I kneyll
To suffre thy servant to take the in hand,
And in my narmes for to heue the here for my weyll,
And where I bound am in bayll to bait all my bandes.
Nowe come to me, lorde of all landes,
Comme myghtyest by see and by sandes,
Come myrth by strete and by strandes
On moolde.
Come halse me, the babb that is best born,
Come halse me, the myrth of our morne,
Come halse me, for ells I ame lorne
For olde.
I thanke the lord God of thy greet grace
That thus haith sparyd me a space,
This babb in my narmes for to inbrace
As the prophecy telles.
I thanke the that me my lyfe lent,
I thanke the that me thus seyll sent,
That this sweyt babb, that I in armes hent
With myrth my myndes alwais melles.
Mellyd are my myndes ay with myrth,
Full fresh nowe I feyll is my force,
Of thy grace thowe gave me this gyrth
Thus comly to catch here thy corse
Moost semely in sight.
Of helpe thus thy freynd never faills,
Thy marcy as every man avaylls,
Both by downes and by daylls,
Thus marvelous and mucche is thy myght.
A, babb, be thowe blyssed for ay,
For thowe art my savyour I say

And thowe here rewles me in fay,
In all my lyfe.
Nowe blist be thi name,
For thowe saves hus fro shame,
And here thou beyld vs fro blame
And frome all stryfe.
Nowe care I no moore for my lyfe
Sen I haue seen here this ryall so ryfe,
My strength and my stynter of stryfe
I you say.
In peace lorde nowe leyf thy servand
For myne eys haith seyn that is ordand,
The helth for all men that be levand
Here for ay.
That helth lorde hais thowe ordand I say
Here before the face of thy people,
And thy light hais thowe shynyd this day
To be knowe of thy folke that was febyll
For evermore.
And thy glory for the chylder of Israell,
That with the in thy kyngdome shall dwell
Whan the damnyd shall be drevyn to hell
Than with great care.

Joseph

Mary, my spowse and madyn mylde, 428
In hart I marvell here greatly
Howe these folke spekes of our chyld.
They say and tells of great maistry
That he shall doo.

Mary

Yea certes, Joseph, I marvell also, 433
But I shall bere it full styll in mynde.

Joseph

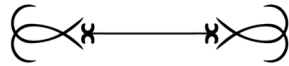
God geve hyme grace here well to do, 435
For he is comme of gentyll kynde.

Symeon

Harke Mary, I shall tell the the truth or I goo. 437
This was putt here to welde vs fro wo,
In redemption of many and recover also,
I the say.
And the sworde of sorro thy hart shal thyrl
Whan thowe shall se sothly thy son suffer yll
For the well of all wrytches, that shall be his wyll
Here in fay.
But to be comforth agayn right well thowe may,
And in harte to be fayne, the suth I the say,
For his myght is so muche thare can no tong say nay

Here to his wyll.
For this babb as a gyant full graythly shall glyde
And the myghtiest mayster shall meve on ylke syde,
To all the wightes that wons in this worlde wyde,
For good or for yll.
Tharefore babb, beylde vs that we here not spyll,
And fayrwell the former of all at thy wyll,
Fayrwell starne stabylyst by lowde and be styll,
In suthfastnes.
Fayrwell the ryolest roose that is renyng,
Fayrwell the babb best in thy beryng,
Fayrwell God son, thowe grant vs thy blyssyng
To fyne our dystresse.

Play 18. The Flight to Egypt



Joseph

Thow maker that is most of myght, 1
To thy mercy I make my mone;
Lord, se vnto this symple wight
þat hase non helpe but the allone.
For all this worlde I haue forsaken,
And to thy seruice I haue me taken
With witte and will
For to fulfill
þi commaundement.
þeron myn herte is sette
With grace thou has me lente,
þare schall no lede me lette.
For all my triste lorde is in the
That made me man, to thy liknes.
Thow myghtfull maker, haue mynde on me
And se vnto my symplenes.
I waxe wayke as any wande,
For febill me faylles both foote and hande;
Whateuere it mene,
Methynke myne eyne
Hevye as leede.
þefore I halde it best
A while her in this stede
To slepe and take my reste.

Mary

Thow luffely lord that last schall ay, 25
My God, my lorde, my sone so dere,
To thy Godhede hartely I pray
With all myn harte holy entere.
As thou me to thy modir chaas,
I beseke the of thy grace
For all mankynde
þat has in mynde
To wirshippe the.
þou se thy saules to saue,
Jesu my sone so free,
þis bone of the I crave.

Angel

Wakyn Joseph, and take entent, 37
My sawes schall seece thy sorowe sare.
Be noght heuy, thi happe is hentte,
þefore I bidde the slepe no mare.

Joseph

A, myghtfull lorde, whateuere that mente? 41
So swete a voyce herde I neuere ayre.
But what arte thou with steuen so shyll
Bus in my slepe that spekis me till?
To me appere
And late me here
What that thou was.

Angel

Joseph, haue thou no drede, 48
Pou shalte witte or I passe,
Therefore to me take hede.
For I am sente to the,
Gabriell, Goddis aungell bright,
Is comen to bidde the flee
With Marie and hir worthy wight.
For Herowde the kyng gars doo to dede
All knave-childer in ilke a stede,
Pat he may ta
With yoeris twa
Pat are of olde.
Tille he be dede, away
In Egipte shall yoe beelde
Tille I witte the for to saie.

Joseph

Aye-lastand lord, loved mott thou be 63
That thy swete sande wolde to me sende.
But lorde, what ayles the kyng at me,
For vnto hym I neuere offende?
Allas, what ayles hym for to spille
Smale yoonge barnes that neuere did ille
In worde ne dede,
Vnto no lede
Be nyght nor day?
And sen he wille vs schende,
Dere lorde, I the praye,
Pou wolde be oure frende,
For be he neuere so wode or wrothe
For all his force thou may vs fende.
I praye the lorde, kepe us fro skathe,
Thy socoure sone to vs thou sende;
For vnto Egipte wende we will
Thy biddyng baynly to fulfill,
As worthy is
Pou kyng of blisse,
Bi will be wroght.
Marie my doughtir dere,
On the is all my thought.

Mary

A, leue Joseph, what chere? 86

Joseph

Be chere of me is done for ay. 87

Mary

Allas, what tythandis herde haue yoe? 88

Joseph

Now certis, full ille to the at saye, 89
Ther is noght ellis but us most flee
Owte of oure kyth where we are knowyn,
Full wightely bus vs be withdrawen,
Both thou and I.

Mary

Leue Joseph, why? 94
Layne it noght,
To doole who has vs demed,
Or what wronge haue we wrought
Wherfore we shulde be flemyd?

Joseph

Wrought we harme? Nay, nay, all wrange, 99
Wytte thou wele it is noght soo.
Pat yonge page liffe thou mon forgange
But yf thou fast flee fro his foo.

Mary

His foo? Allas, what is youre reede, 103
Wha wolde my dere barne do to dede?
I durk, I dare,
Whoo may my care
Of balis blynne?
To flee I wolde full fayne,
For all this worlde to wynne
Wolde I noght se hym slayne.

Joseph

I warne the he is thraly thrette 111
With Herowde kyng, harde harmes to haue.
With that mytyng yf that we be mette
Per is no salue that hym may saue.
I warne the wele, he sleeis all
Knaue-childir, grete and small,
In towne and felde
Within the elde
Of two yoere,
And for thy sones sake.

He will fordo that dere,
May that traytoure hym take.

Mary

Leue Joseph, who tolde yow this? 123
How hadde yoe wittering of this dede?

Joseph

An aungell bright that come fro blisse 125
This tythandis tolde withouten drede,
And wakynd me oute of my slepe
Pat comely childe fro cares to kepe,
And bad me flee
With hym and the
Onto Egipte.
And sertis I dred me sore
To make any smale trippe,
Or tyme that I come thare.

Mary

What ayles thei at my barne 135
Slike harmes hym for to hete?
Allas, why schulde I tharne
My sone his liffe so swete?
His harte aught to be ful sare,
On slike a foode hym to forfare
Pat nevir did ill,
Hym for to spill,
And he ne wate why.
I ware full wille of wane
My sone and he schulde dye,
And I haue but hym allone.

Joseph

We, leue Marie, do way, late be! 147
I pray the, leue of thy dynne,
And fande the furthe faste for to flee,
Away with hym for to wynne,
That no myscheue on hym betyde,
Nor none vnhappe in no-kyn side
Be way nor strete,
Pat we non mete
To slee hym.

Mary

Allas Joseph, for care, 156
Why shuld I forgo hym,
My dere barne that I bare?

Joseph

Pat swete swayne yf thou saue 159

Do tyte pakke same oure gere,
And such smale harnes as we haue.

Mary

A, leue Joseph, I may not bere. 162

Joseph

Bere arme? No, I trowe but small. 163
But God it wote I muste care for all,
For bed and bak
And alle the pakke
Pat nedis vnto vs.
It fortheres to fene me;
Pis pakald bere me bus,
Off of all I plege and pleyne me.
But God graunte grace I nocht forgete
No tuelles that we schulde with vs take.

Mary

Allas Joseph, for greuaunce grete, 173
Whan shall my sorowe slake,
For I wote nocht whedir to fare?

Joseph

To Egipte-talde I the lang are. 176

Mary

Whare standith itt? 177
Fayne wolde I witt.

Joseph

What wate I? 179
I wote not where it stande.

Mary

Joseph, I aske mersy, 181
Helpe me oute of this lande.

Joseph

Nowe certis Marie, I wolde full fayne 183
Helpe the al that I may,
And at my poure me peyne
To wynne with hym and the away.

Mary

Allas, what ayles that feende 187
Bus wilsom wayes make vs to wende?
He dois grete synne,
Fro kyth and kynne
He gares vs flee.

Joseph

Leue Marie, leue thy grete. 192

Mary

Joseph, full wo is me 193
For my dere sone so swete.

Joseph

I pray the Marie, happe hym warme 195
And sette hym softe that he noght syle,
And yf thou will ought ese thyn arme
Gyff me hym, late me bere hym awhile.

Mary

I thanke you of youre grete goode dede; 199
Nowe gud Joseph tille hym take hede,
Pat fode so free,
Tille hym yoe see
Now in this tyde.

Joseph

Lat me and hym allone, 204
And yf thou can ille ride
Haue and halde the faste by the mane.

Mary

Allas Joseph, for woo, 207
Was neuer wight in worde so will.

Joseph

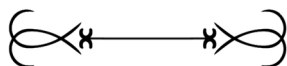
Do way Marie, and say nought soo, 209
For thou schall haue no cause thertill.
For witte thou wele, God is oure frende,
He will be with vs wherso we lende.
In all oure nede
He will vs spede,
Pis wote I wele.
I loue my lorde of all;
Such forse methynke I fele,
I may go where I schall.
Are was I wayke, nowe am I wight,
My lymes to welde ay at my wille.
I loue my maker most of myght
That such grace has graunte me tille.
Nowe schall no hatyll do vs harme,
I haue oure helpe here in myn arme.
He wille vs fende
Wherso we lende
Fro tene and tray.
Late vs goo with goode chere-

Farewele and haue gud day-
God blisse vs all in fere.

Mary

Amen as he beste may. 231

Play 19. The Massacre of the Innocents



Herod

Powre bewsheris aboute, 1
Peyne of lyme and lande,
Stente of youre steuenes stoute
And stille as stone yoe stande,
And my carping recorde.
Ȝe aught to dare and doute,
And lere you lowe to lowte
To me youre louely lord.
Ȝe awe in felde and towne
To bowe at my bidding,
With reuerence and renoune,
As fallis for swilk a kyng,
Be lordlyest on lyue.
Who herto is noght bowne,
Be allmyghty Mahounde,
To dede I schall hym dryue.
So bolde loke no man be
For to aske helpe ne helde
But of Mahounde and me,
Pat hase this worlde in welde,
To mayntayne vs emell.
For welle of welthe are we
And my cheffe helpe is he;
Herto what can yoe tell?

Consolator 1

Lord, what you likis to do 25
All folke will be full fayne
To take entente therto,
And none grucche theragayne.
Pat full wele witte shall yoe,
And yf thai wolde noyot soo
We shulde sone wirke tham woo.

Herod

Ȝa, faire sirs, so shulde it bee. 32

Consolator 2

Lorde, the soth to saie, 33
Fulle wele we vndirstande
Mahounde is God werraye,
And yoe ar lorde of ilke a lande.
Therefore, so haue I seell,
I rede we wayte allway
What myrthe most mende youu may.

Herod

Sertis, yoe saie right well. 40
But I am noyed of newe,
Pat blithe may I noyot be,
For thre kyngis as yoe knowe
That come thurgh this contré,
And saide thei sought a swayne.

Consolator 1

Pat rewllé I hope tham rewe, 46
For hadde ther tales ben trewe
They hadde comen this waye agayne.

Consolator 2

We harde how thei yooou hight, 49
Yf they myght fynde that childe
For to haue tolde yooou right,
But certis thei are begilyd.
Swilke tales ar noght to trowe,
Full wele wotte ilke a wight,
Per schalle neuere man haue myght
Ne maystrie unto yooou.

Consolator 1

Þam schamys so, for certayne, 57
That they dar mete you no more.

Herod

Wherfore schulde thei be fayne 59
To make swilke fare before,
To saie a boy was borne
That schulde be moste of mayne?
This gadlyng schall agayne
Yf that the deuyll had sworne.
For be well neuer thei wotte
Whedir thei wirke wele or wrang,
To frayne garte tham thus-gate
To seke that gedlyng gang,
And swilke carping to kith.

Consolator 2

Nay lorde, they lered ouere-latte 70
Youre blisse schal neuere abatte,
And therfore lorde, be blithe.

Nuncius

Mahounde withouten pere, 73
My lorde, yooou saue and see.

Herod

Messenger, come nere, 75

And bewcher, wele the be.
What tydyngis? Telles thou any?

Nuncius

3a lorde. Sen I was here 78
I haue sought sidis seere,
And sene merueyllis full many.

Herod

And of meruayles to mene 81
That wer most myrthe to me.

Nuncius

Lorde, euen as I haue seene 83
The soth sone schall yoe see,
Yf yoe wille, here in hye.
I mette tow townes betwene
Thre kyngis with crounes clene,
Rydand full ryally.

Herod

A, my blys, boy, thou burdis to brode. 89

Nuncius

Sir, ther may no botment be. 90

Herod

Owe, by sonne and mone, 91
Pan tydis vs talis tonyght.
Hopes thou thei will come sone
Hedir, as thei haue hight,
For to telle me tythande?

Nuncius

Nay lorde, that daunce is done. 96

Herod

Why, whedir are thei gone? 97

Nuncius

Ilkone into ther owne lande. 98

Herod

How sais thou ladde? Late be. 99

Nuncius

I saie, for they are past. 100

Herod

What, forthe away fro me? 101

Nuncius

3a lord, in faitht ful faste, 102
For I herde and toke hede
How that thei wente all thre
Into ther awne contré.

Herod

A, dogges, the deuell yoou spede. 106

Nuncius

Sir, more of ther menyng 107
3itt well I vndirstode,
How thei hadde made offering
Vnto that frely foode
Pat nowe of newe is borne.
Pai saie he schulde be kyng
And welde all erthely thyng.

Herod

Allas, than am I lorne. 114
Fy on thaym, faytours, fy!
Wille thei begylle me thus?

Nuncius

Lorde, by ther prophicy 117
Bei named his name Jesus.

Herod

Fy on the ladde, thou lyes. 119

Consolator 2

Hense tyte but thou the hye, 120
With doulle her schall thou dye,
That wreyes hym on this wise.

Nuncius

3e wyte me all with wrang, 123
Itt is thus and wele warre.

Herod

Thou lyes, false traytoure strange, 125
Loke neuere thou negh me nere.
Vppon liffe and lymme
May I that faitour fange,
Full high I schall gar hym hange,
Both the, harlott, and hym.

Nuncius

I am nott worthy to wyte, 131
Bot fareswele all the heppe.

Consolator 1

Go, in the deueles dispite, 133
Or I schall gar the leppe
And dere aby this bro.

Herod

Als for sorowe and sighte 136
My woo no wighte may wryte;
What deuell is best to do?

Consolator 2

Lorde, amende youre chere 139
And takis no nedles noy,
We schall yoou lely lere
Pat ladde for to distroye,
Be counsaile if we cane.

Herod

Pat may yoe noght come nere, 144
For it is past two yoere
Sen that this bale begane.

Consolator 1

Lorde, therfore haue no doute, 147
Yf it were foure or fyve.
Gars gadir in grete rowte
Youre knyghtis kene belyue,
And biddis tham dynge to dede
Alle knave childir kepte in clowte,
In Bedlem and all aboute,
To layte in ilke a stede.

Consolator 2

Lorde, saue none, for youre seell, 155
Pat are of ij yoere age withinne,
Pan schall that fandelyng felle
Belyue his blisse schall blynne,
With bale when he schall blede.

Herod

Sertis, yoe saie right wele, 160
And as yoe deme ilke dele
Shall I garre do indede.
Sir knyghtis, curtayse and hende,
Pow the nott bees nowe all newe,
Ze schall fynde me youre frende
And yoe this tyme be trewe.

Miles 1

What saie yoe lorde? Lette see. 167

Herod

To Bedlehem bus yoe wende, 168
That schorwe with schame to schende
Pat menes to maistir me.
And abowte Bedlehem bathe
Bus yowe wele spere and spye,
For ellis it will be wathe
Pat he losis this Jury,
And certis that were grete schame.

Miles 2

My lorde, that wer vs lathe, 176
And he escapid it wer skathe
And we welle worthy blame.

Miles 1

Full sone he schall be soughte, 179
That make I myne avowe.

Consolator 1

I bide for hym yoow loghte, 181
And latte me telle yowe howe
To werke when yoe come there:
Bycause yoe kenne hym nocht,
To dede they muste be brought,
Knaue-childre, lesse and more.

Herod

3aa, all withinne two yoere, 187
That none for speche be spared.

Miles 2

Lord, howe yoe vs lere 189
Full wele we take rewarde,
And certis we schall not rest.

Miles 1

Comes furth felowes in feere, 192
Loo, fondelyngis fynde we here
[... ...] 193

Mulier 1

Owte on yoow theves, I crye, 194
3e slee my semely sone.

Miles 2

Ther browls schall dere aby 196
This bale that is begonne,
Perfore lay fro the faste.

Mulier 2

Allas for doule, I dye, 199
To saue my sone schall I,
Aye-whils my liff may last.

Miles 1

A, dame, the deuyll the spede 202
And me, but itt be quytte.

Mulier 1

To dye I haue no drede 204
I do the wele to witte,
To saue my sone so dere.

Miles 1

Asarmes, for nowe is nede; 207
But yf we do yone dede
Ther quenys will quelle vs here.

Mulier 2

Allas, this lothly striffe, 210
No blisse may be my bette,
Be knyght vppon his knyffe
Hath slayne my sone so swette,
And I hadde but hym allone.

Mulier 1

Allas, I lose my liffe, 215
Was neuere so wofull a wyffe
Ne halffe so wille of wone;
And certis, me were full lotht
Pat thei thus harmeles yoede.

Miles 1

Be deuell myght spede you bothe, 220
False wicchis, ar yoe woode?

Mulier 2

Nay, false lurdayns, yoe lye. 222

Miles 1

Yf yoe be woode or wrothe 223
Ye schall noyot skape fro skathe;
Wende we vs hense in hye.

Mulier 1

Allas that we wer wroughte 226
In worlde women to be,
Be barne that wee dere bought
Bus in oure sighte to see
Disputuously spill.

Mulier 2

And certis, ther nott is noght, 231
The same that thei haue soughte
Schall thei neuere come till.

Miles 1

Go we to the kyng. 234
Of all this contek kene
I schall nott lette for nothyng
To saie as we haue sene.

Miles 2

And certis, no more shall I; 238
We haue done his bidding
How so they wraste or wryng,
We schall saie sothfastly.

Miles 1

Mahounde oure god of myght, 242
Saue the, sir Herowde the kyng.

Consolator 1

Lorde, take kepe to youre knyght, 244
He wille telle yooou nowe tyding
Of bordis wher they haue bene.

Herod

3aa, and thei haue gone right 247
And holde that thei vs hight,
Pan shall solace be sene.

Miles 2

Lorde, as yoe demed vs to done 250
In contrees wher we come-

Herod

Sir, by sonne and mone, 252
3e are welcome home
And worthy to haue rewarde.
Haue yoe geten vs this gome?

Miles 1

Wher we fande felle or fone 256
Wittennesse we will that ther was none.

Miles 2

Lorde, they are dede ilkone, 258
What wolde yoe we ded more?

Herod

I aske but aftir oone 260

Be kyngis tolde of before,
Pat schulde make grete maistrie;
Telle vs if he be tane.

Miles 1

Lorde, tokenyng hadde we none 264
To knawe that brothell by.

Miles 2

In bale we haue tham brought 266
Aboute all Bedleham towne.

Herod

Ze lye, yooure note is nought, 268
Be deueles of helle yoou droune.
So may that boy be fledde,
For in waste haue yoe wrought.
Or that same ladde be sought
Schalle I neuere byde in bedde.

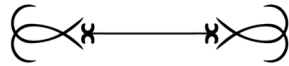
Consolator 1

We will wende with you than, 274
To dyngge that dastard doune.

Herod

Asarme euere-ilke man 276
That holdis of Mahounde.
Wer they a thousand skore
This bargayne schall thai banne.
Comes aftir as yhe canne,
For we will wende before.

Play 20. Christ and the Doctors



Joseph

Marie, of mirthis we may vs mene, 1
And trewly telle betwixte vs twoo
Of solempne sightis that we haue sene
In that cité where we come froo.

Mary

Sertis, Joseph, yoe will noyot wene 5
What myrthis within my harte I maie,
Sen that oure sone with vs has bene
And sene ther solempne sightis alswae.

Joseph

Hamward I rede we hye 9
In all the myght we maye,
Because of company
Pat will wende in oure waye,
For gode felawshippe haue we fone
And ay so forward schall we fynde.

Mary

A, sir, where is oure semely sone? 15
I trowe oure wittis be waste as wynde.
Allas, in bale thus am I boone,
What ayleth vs both to be so blynde?
To go ouere-fast we haue begonne
And late that louely leue behynde.

Joseph

Marie, mende thy chere, 21
For certis whan all is done
He comes with folke in feere,
And will oueretake vs sone.

Mary

Oueretake vs sone sir? Certis nay, 25
Such gabbyngis may me noyot begyle,
For we haue trauelde all this day
Fro Jerusalem many a myle.

Joseph

I wende he hadde bene with vs aye, 29
Awaye fro vs how schulde he wyle?

Mary

Hit helpis nought such sawes to saie, 31

My barne is lost, allas the while,
Pat euere we wente theroute
With hym in companye.
We lokid ouere-late aboute,
Full wooe is me forthy,
For he is wente som wayes wrang,
And non is worthy to wyte but wee.

Joseph

Agaynewarde rede I that we gang 39
The right way to that same citee,
To spire and spie all men emang,
For hardely homward gone is he.

Mary

Of sorowes sere schal be my sang, 43
My semely sone tille I hym see,
He is but xij yoere alde.

Joseph

What way someuere he wendis 46
Woman, we may be balde
To fynde hym with oure frendis.

Magister 1

Maistirs, takes to me intente, 49
And rede youre resouns right on rawe,
And all the pepull in this present,
Euere-ilke man late see his sawe.
But witte I wolde, or we hens wente,
Be clargy clere if we couthe knawe
Yf any lede that liffe has lente
Wolde aught allegge agaynste oure lawe,
Owthir in more or lesse.
Yf we defaute myght feele,
Dewly we schall gar dresse
Be dome euery-ilk a dele.

Magister 2

Pat was wele saide, so mot I the, 61
Swilke notis to neven methynke wer nede,
For maistirs in this lande ar we
And has the lawes lelly to lede,
And doctoures also in oure degree
Pat demyng has of ilka dede.
Laye fourthe oure bokes belyue, late see,
What mater moste were for oure mede.

Magister 3

We schall ordayne so wele, 69
Sen we all clergy knawe,

Defaute shall no man fele
Nowdir in dede ne sawe.

Jesus

Lordingis, loue be with yooou lentte 73
And mirthis be vnto this mené.

Magister 1

Sone, hense away I wolde thou wente, 75
For othir haftis in hande haue we.

Magister 2

Sone, whoso the hedir sente, 77
They were nouyot wise, that warne I the,
For we haue othir tales to tente
Pan nowe with barnes bordand to be.

Magister 3

Sone, yf the list ought to lere 81
To lyve by Moyses laye,
Come hedir and thou shalle here
Be sawes that we shall saye,
For in som mynde itt may the brynge,
To here oure reasouns redde by rawes.

Jesus

To lerne of you nedis me nothing, 87
For I knawe both youre dedys and sawes.

Magister 1

Nowe herken yoone barne with his bowrdyng, 89
He wenes he kens more than we knawes.
We, nay, certis sone, thou arte ouere-yoonge
By clergy yoitt to knowe oure lawes.

Jesus

I wote als wele as yhe 93
Howe that youre lawes wer wrought.

Magister 2

Cum sitte, sone schall we see, 95
For certis so semys it nocht.
Itt wer wondir that any wight
Vntill oure reasouns right schulde reche.
And thou sais thou hast insight
Oure lawes truly to telle and teche?

Jesus

The holy gost has on me light 101
And has anoynted me as a leche,

And geven me pleyne poure and myght
The kyngdom of heuene for to preche.

Magister 1

Whens-euere this barne may be 105
That shewes ther novellis nowe?

Jesus

Certis, I was or yoe, 107
And schall be aftir yoou.

Magister 1

Sone, of thy sawes, als haue I cele, 109
And of thy witte is wondir thyng,
But neuere the lesse fully I feele
Itt may falle wele in wirkyng.
For Daud demys of ilka dele,
And sais thus of childir yoiing:
Of ther mouthes, he wate full wele,
Oure lord has parfomed loving.
But yoitt sone, schulde thou lette
Here for to speke ouere-large,
For where maistirs are mette
Childre wordis are noyot to charge,
And if thou wolde neuere so fayne,
Yf all the liste to lere the lawe,
Pou arte nowthir of myght ne mayne
To kenne it as a clerke may knawe.

Jesus

Sirs, I saie yoou for sartayne 125
That suthfast schal be all my sawe,
And poure haue playnere and playne
To say and aunswer as me awe.

Doctor 1

Maistirs, what may this mene? 129
Meruayle methynke haue I,
Whens-euere this barne haue bene
That carpis thus conmandly?

Doctor 2

Als wyde in worlde als we haue wente 133
3itt fande we neuere swilke ferly fare,
For certis I trowe this barne be sente
Full souerandly to salue oure sare.

Jesus

Sirs, I schall proue in youre present 137
Alle the sawes that I saide are.

Doctor 3

Why, whilke callest thou the firste comaundement, 139
And the moste in Moyses lare?

Jesus

Sirs, sen yoe are sette on rows 141
And has youre bokes on brede,
Late se sirs, in youre sawes,
Howe right that yoe can rede.

Doctor 1

I rede this is the firste bidding 145
Pat Moyses taught vs here vntill:
To honnoure God ouere all thing
With all thy witte and all thi will,
And all thyn harte in hym schall hyng,
Erlye and late, both lowde and still.

Jesus

3e nedis non othir bokes to bring, 151
But fandis this for to fulfill.
The secounde may men preve
And clerly knawe, wherby
3oure neighbours shall yoe loue
Als youreselffe, sekirly.
This comaunded Moyses to all men
In his x comaundementis clere,
In ther ij biddingis, schall we kene,
Hyngis all the lawe that we shall lere.
Whoso ther two fulfills then
With mayne and myght in goode manere,
He trulye fulfillis all the ten
Pat aftir folowes in feere.
Pan schulde we God honnoure
With all oure myght and mayne,
And loue wele ilke a neghbour
Right as oureselfe, certayne.

Doctor 1

Nowe sone, sen thou haste tolde vs two, 169
Whilke ar the viij, can thou ought saye?

Jesus

The iij biddis whareso yoe goo 171
Pat yoe schall halowe the halyday;
Than is the fourthe for frende or foo
That fadir and modir honnoure ay.
The vte you biddis nocht for to sloo
No man nor woman by any way.
The vjte, suthly to see,
Comaundis both more and myne

That thei schalle fande to flee
All filthes of flesshely synne.
The vijte forbedis you to stele
Ȝoure neghboures goodes, more or lesse,
Whilke fautez nowe are founden fele
Emang ther folke, that ferly is.
The viijte lernes yoou for to be lele,
Here for to bere no false witesse.
Ȝoure neghbours house, whillis yoe haue hele,
The ixte biddis take noyot be stresse.
His wiffe nor his women
The xte biddis noyot coveyte.
Thez are the biddingis x,
Whoso will lelly layte.

Doctor 2

Behalde howe he alleggis oure layse, 193
And lered neuere on boke to rede;
Full subtill sawes methinketh he saies,
And also trewe, yf we take hede.

Doctor 3

Ȝa, late hym wende fourth on his wayes, 197
For and he dwelle, withouten drede,
The pepull schall full sone hym prayse
Wele more than vs for all oure dede.

Doctor 1

Nay, nay, than wer we wrang, 201
Such speking wille we spare.
Als he come late hym gang,
And move vs nowe no more.

Mary

A, dere Joseph, what is youre rede? 205
Of oure grete bale no bote may be,
Myne harte is heuy as any lede
My semely sone tille hym I see.
Nowe haue we sought in ilke a stede
Bothe vppe and doune ther dayes thre,
And whedir that he be quyk or dede
Ȝitt wote we noght, so wo is me.

Joseph

Mysese had neuere man more, 213
But mournyng may not mende;
I rede forther we fare
Till God som socoure sende.
Aboute yoone tempill if he be ought
I wolde we wiste this ilke nyght.

Mary

A, sir, I see that we haue sought, 219
In worlde was neuere so semely a sight.
Lo where he sittis, se yoe hym nocht
Emong yoone maistiris mekill of myght?

Joseph

Now blist be he vs hedir brought, 223
For in lande was neuere non so light.

Mary

A, dere Joseph, als we haue cele, 225
Go furthe and fette youre sone and myne.
This daye is done nere ilke a dele
And we haue nede for to gang hyne.

Joseph

With men of myght can I not mell, 229
Than all my trauayle mon I tyne;
I can noyt with them, this wate thou wele,
They are so gay in fures fyne.

Mary

To tham youre herand for to say 233
Suthly yoe thar noyt drede no dele,
They will take rewarde to you allway
Because of elde, this wate yoe wele.

Joseph

When I come there what schall I saye? 237
I wate neuere, als haue I cele.
Sertis Marie, thou will haue me schamed for ay,
For I can nowthir croke nor knele.

Mary

Go we togedir, I halde it beste, 241
Vnto yoone worthy wysse in wede;
And yf I see-als haue I reste-
Pat yoe will noyt than bus me nede.

Joseph

Gange on Marie, and telle thy tale firste, 245
Thy sone to the will take goode heede.
Wende fourth Marie, and do thy beste,
I come behynde, als God me spede.

Mary

A, dere son Jesus, 249
Sen we loue the allone,
Why dosse thou thus till vs
And gares vs make swilke mone?

Thy fadir and I betwyxte vs twa,
Son, for thy loue has likid ill.
We haue the sought both to and froo,
Wepand full sore as wightis will.

Jesus

Wherto shulde yoe seke me soo? 257
Ofte tymes it hase ben tolde you till,
My fadir werkis, for wele or woo,
Thus am I sente for to fulfyll.

Mary

There sawes, als haue I cele, 261
Can I noyot vndirstande.
I schall thynke on tham wele
To fonde what is folowand.

Joseph

Now sothely sone, the sight of the 265
Hath salued vs of all oure sore.
Come furth sone, with thi modir and me,
Att Nazareth I wolde we wore.

Jesus

Beleves wele, lordis free, 269
For with my frendis nowe will I fare.

Doctor 1

Nowe sone, wher thou schall bide or be, 271
Gode make the gode man euermore.
No wondir if yoone wiffe
Of his fynding be full fayne,
He schall, and he haue liff,
Proue till a praty swayne.
But sone, loke that thou layne for gud or ill
Pe note that we haue nemed her nowe,
And if it like the to lende her stille
And wonne with vs, welcome art thowe.

Jesus

Graunte mercy sirs, of youre gode will, 281
No lenger liste me lende with yoou,
My frendis thoughtis I wol fulfille
And to ther bidding baynely bowe.

Mary

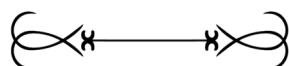
Full wele is vs this tyde, 285
Nowe maye we make goode chere.

Joseph

No lenger will we bide, ²⁸⁷

Fares wele all folke in feere.

Play 21. The Baptism of Christ



John the Baptist

Almyghty God and lord verray, 1
Full woundyrfull is mannys lesyng,
For yf I preche tham day be day
And telle tham, lorde, of thy comyng,
Pat all has wrought,
Men are so dull that my preching
Serues of noght.
When I haue, lord, in the name of the
Baptiste the folke in watir clere,
Pan haue I saide that aftir me
Shall he come that has more powere
Pan I to taste;
He schall giffe baptyme more entire
In fire and gaste.
Pus am I comen in message right
And be fore-reyner in certayne,
In wittnesse-bering of that light,
Be wiche schall light in ilka man
Pat is comand
Into this worlde; nowe whoso can
May vndirstande.
Thez folke had farly of my fare
And what I was full faste thei spied;
They askid yf I a prophette ware
And I saide nay, but sone I wreyede-
High aperte
I saide I was a voyce that cryede
Here in deserte.
Loke thou make the redy-ay saide I-
Vnto oure lord God most of myght,
Pat is that thou be clene haly
In worde, in werke ay redy dight
Agayns oure lord,
With parfite liffe that ilke a wight
Be well restored.
For if we be clene in levyng,
Oure bodis are Goddis tempyll than,
In the whilke he will make his dwellyng.
Therefore be clene, bothe wiffe and man,
Pis is my reed;
God will make in yowe haly than
His wonnyng-steed.
And if yoe sette all youre delyte
In luste and lykyng of this liff,

Than will he turne fro yow als tyte
Bycause of synne, boyth of man and wiffe,
And fro you flee,
For with whome that synne is riffe
Will God nocht be.

Angel 1

Pou John, take tente what I schall saye, 50
I brynge the tythandis wondir gode:
My lorde Jesus schall come thys day
Fro Galylee vnto this flode
3e Jourdane call,
Baptyme to take myldely with mode
Pis day he schall.
John, of his sande therefore be gladde
And thanke hym hartely, both lowde and still.
John the Baptist
I thanke hym euere, but I am radde 59
I am noyot abill to fullfill
Pis dede certayne.

Angel 2

John, the aught with harte and will 62
To be full bayne
To do his bidding, all bydene.
Bot in his baptyme John, take tente,
Be heuenes schalle be oppen sene,
The holy gost schalle doune be sente
To se in sight,
The fadirs voyce with grete talent
Be herde full riyot,
Pat schall saie thus to hym forthy
John the Baptist
[...] with wordes fewne 72
I will be subgett nyght and day
As me well awe,
To serue my lord Jesus to paye
In dede and sawe.
Bot wele I wote, baptyme is tane
To wasshe and clense man of synne,
And wele I wotte that synne is none
In hym, withoute ne withinne.
What nedis hym than
For to be baptiste more or myne
Als synfull man?

Jesus

John, kynde of man is freele 84
To the whilke that I haue me knytte,
But I shall shewe the skyllyis twa

Pat thou schallt knawe by kyndly witte
Be cause why I haue ordand swa,
And ane is this:
Mankynde may noyot vnbaptymde go
Te endles blys.
And sithen myselffe haue taken mankynde,
For men schall me ther myrroure make
And haue my doynge in ther mynde,
Also I do the baptyme take.
I will forthy
Myselfe be baptiste for ther sake
Full oppynly.
Anodir skill I schall the tell:
My will is this, that fro this day
Be vertue of my baptyme dwelle
In baptyme-watir euere and ay,
Mankynde to taste,
Thurgh my grace therto to take alway
Be haly gaste.
John the Baptist
All-myghtfull lorde, grete is thi grace, 106
I thanke the of thi grete fordede.

Jesus

Cum, baptise me John, in this place. 108
John the Baptist
Lorde, saue thy grace that I forbede 109
Pat itt soo be,
For lorde, methynketh it wer more nede
Pou baptised me.
Pat place that I yarne moste of all,
Fro thens come thou lorde, as I gesse.
How schulde I than, that is a thrall,
Giffe the baptyme, that rightwis is
And has ben euere?
For thow arte roote of rightwisenesse,
Pat forfette neuere.
What riche man gose from dore to dore
To begge at hym that has right noght?
Lorde, thou arte riche and I am full poure,
Pou may blisse all, sen thou all wrought.
Fro heuen come all
Pat helpes in erthe, yf soth be sought,
Fro erthe but small.

Jesus

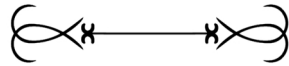
Thou sais full wele John, certaynly, 127
But suffre nowe for heuenly mede
Pat rightwisenesse be noyot oonlye
Fullfillid in worde but also in dede,

Thrughe baptyme clere.
Cum, baptise me in my manhed
Appertly here.
Fyrst schall I take, sen schall I preche,
For so behovis mankynde fulfille
All rightwisenesse, als werray leche.
John the Baptist
Lord, I am redy at thi will,
And will be ay
Thy subgett lord, both lowde and still,
In that I may.
A, lorde, I trymble ther I stande,
So am I arow to do that dede.
But saue me, lord that all ordand,
For the to touche haue I grete drede
For doyns dark.
Now helpe me lorde, thurgh thi Godhede,
To do this werk.
Jesus, my lord of myghtis most,
I baptise the here in the name
Of the fadir and of the sone and holy gost;
But in this dede lorde, right no blame
Pis day by me,
And bryngis all thase to thy home
Pat trowes in the.

Jesus

John, for mannys prophyte-wit thou wele- 155
Take I this baptyme certaynely.
The dragons poure ilk a dele
Thurgh my baptyme distroyed haue I,
Pis is certayne,
And saued mankynde, saule and body,
Fro endles payne.
What man that trowis and baptised bes
Schall saued be and come to blisse.
Whoso trowes noyot, to payne endles
He schal be dampned sone, trowe wele this.
But wende we nowe
Wher most is nede the folke to wisse,
Both I and thou.
John the Baptist
I loue the, lorde, as souereyne leche 169
That come to salue men of thare sore,
As thou comaundis I schall gar preche
And lere to euery man that lare,
That are was thrall.
Now sirs, that barne that Marie bare
Be with yoou all.

Play 22. The Temptation in the Wilderness



Diabolus

Make rome belyve, and late me gang! 1

Who makis here all this thrang?

High you hense, high myght yoou hang

Right with a roppe.

I drede me that I dwelle to lang

To do a jape.

For sithen the firste tyme that I fell

For my pride fro heuen to hell,

Euere haue I mustered me emell

Emonge mannekynde,

How I in dole myght gar tham dwell

Per to be pynde.

And certis, all that hath ben sithen borne

Has comen to me, mydday and morne,

And I haue ordayned so tham forne

None may thame fende,

Pat fro all likyng ar they lorne

Withowten ende.

And nowe sum men spekis of a swayne,

Howe he schall come and suffre payne

And with his dede to blisse agayne

Pei schulde be bought.

But certis this tale is but a trayne,

I trowe it noyot.

For I wotte ilke a dele bydene

Of the mytyng that men of mene,

How he has in grete barett bene

Sithen he was borne,

And suffered mekill traye and tene

Bothe even and morne.

And nowe it is brought so aboute

Pat lurdayne that thei loue and lowte

To wildirnesse he is wente owte,

Withowtyne moo;

To dere hym nowe haue I no doute,

Betwyxte vs two.

Before this tyme he has bene tent

Pat I myght gete hym with no glent,

But now sen he allone is wente

I schall assay,

And garre hym to sum synne assente

If that I may.

He has fastid-that marris his mode-

Ther fourty dayes withowten foode.

If he be man in bone and bloode
Hym hungriſ ill;
In glotonye than halde I gude
To witt his will.
For ſo it ſchall be knowen and kidde
If Godhed be in hym hidde,
If he will do as I hym bidde
Whanne I come nare.
Per was neuere dede that euere he dide
Pat greued hym warre.
Pou witty man and wiſe of rede,
If thou can ought of Godhede
Byd nowe that ther ſtones be brede,
Betwyxte vs two;
Pan may thei ſtande thyſelfe in ſtede,
And othir moo.
For thou haſt faſtid longe I wene,
I wolde now ſom mete wer ſene
For olde acqueyntaunce vs bytwene,
Thyſelue wote howe.
Ther ſall no man witte what I mene
But I and thou.

Jesus

My fadir, that all cytte may ſlake, ⁶⁷
Honnoure eueremore to the I make
And gladly ſuffir I for thy ſake
Swilk velany,
And thus temptacions for to take
Of myn enny.
Pou wried wight, thi wittis are wode,
For wrytyn it is, whoſo vndirſtode,
A man lyvis noght in mayne and mode
With brede allone,
But Goddis wordis are goſtly fode
To men ilkone.
Iff I haue faſtid oute of ſkill,
Wytte thou me hungriſ not ſo ill
Pat I ne will wirke my fadirs will
In all degré;
Pi biddyng will I noyot fullfill,
Pat warne I the.

Diabolus

A, ſlyke carping neuere I kende, ⁸⁵
Hym hungres noyot, as I wende.
Nowe ſen thy fadir may the fende
Be ſotell ſleghte,
Late ſe yf thou allone may lende
Per vppon heghte,

Vppon the pynakill parfityly.
Aha, nowe go we wele therby;
I schall assaye in vayne-glorie
To garre hym falle,
And if he be Goddis sone myghty,
Witte I schall.

Nowe liste to me a litill space:
If thou be Goddis sone, full of grace,
Shew som poynte here in this place
To proue thi might.
Late se, falle doune vppon thi face
Here in my sight.
For it is wretyn, as wele is kende,
How God schall aungellis to the sende,
And they schall kepe the in ther hende
Wherso thou gose,
Pat thou schall on no stonnes descende
To hurte thi tose.
And sen thou may withouten wathe
Fall and do thyselffe no skathe,
Tumbill doune to ease vs bathe
Here to my fete;
And but thou do I will be wrothe,
Pat I the hette.

Jesus

Late be, warlowe, thy wordis kene, 115
For wryten it is, withouten wene,
Thy God thou schall not tempte with tene
Nor with discorde,
Ne quarell schall thou none mayntene
Agaynste thi lorde.
And therefore trowe thou, withouten trayne,
Pat all thi gaudes schall nothyng gayne;
Be subgette to thi souereyne
Arely and late.

Diabolus

What, this trauayle is in vayne 125
Be ought I watte.
He proues that he is mekill of price,
Perfore it is goode I me advise,
And sen I may noyot on this wise
Make hym my thrall,
I will assaye in couetise
To garre hym fall,
For certis I schall noyot leue hym yoitt.
Who is my souereyne, this wolde I witte?
Myselffe ordande the thore to sitte,
Bis wote thou wele,

And right euen as I ordande itt
Is done ilke dele.
Pan may thou se sen itt is soo
Pat I am souerayne of vs two,
And yoitt I graunte the or I goo
Withouten fayle,
Pat if thou woll assente me too
It schall avayle.
For I haue all this worlde to welde,
Toure and toune, forest and felde;
If thou thyn herte will to me helde
With wordis hende,
3itt will I baynly be thy belde
And faithfull frende.
Behalde now ser, and thou schalt see
Sere kyngdomes and sere contré;
Alle this wile I giffe to the
For euermore,
And thou fall and honour me
As I saide are.

Jesus

Sees of thy sawes, thou Sathanas, ¹⁵⁷
I graunte nothyng that thou me asse,
To pyne of helle I bide the passe
And wightely wende,
And wonne in woo, as thou are was,
Withouten ende.
Non othyr myght schal be thy mede,
For wretyn it is, who right can rede,
Thy lord God the aught to drede
And honoure ay,
And serue hym in worde and dede
Both nyot and day.
And sen thou dose not as I the tell
No lenger liste me late the dwell,
I comaunde the thou hy to hell
And holde the thar,
With felawschip of fendis fell
For euermar.

Diabolus

Owte! I dar noyot loke, allas, ¹⁷⁵
Itt is warre than euere it was.
He musteres what myght he has,
Hye mote he hang.
Folowes fast, for me bus pas
To paynes strang.

Angel 1

A, mercy lorde, what may this mene? 181
Me merueyles that yoe thole this tene
Of this foule fende cant and kene
Carpand yoou till,
And yoe his wickidnesse, I wene,
May waste at will.
Methynke that yoe ware straytely stedde
Lorde, with this fende that nowe is fledde.

Jesus

Myn aungell dere, be noyot adred, 189
He may not greue;
The haly goste me has ledde,
Bus schal thow leue.
For whan the fende schall folke see
And salus tham in sere degré,
Pare myrroure may thei make of me
For to stande still,
For ouerecome schall thei noyot be
Bot yf thay will.

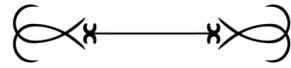
Angel 2

A, lorde, this is a grete mekenesse 199
In yow in whome al mercy is,
And at youre wille may deme or dresse
Als is worthy;
And thre temptacions takes expres,
Bus suffirantly.

Jesus

My blissing haue thei with my hande 205
Pat with swilke greffe is noyot grucchand,
And also that will stiffely stande
Agaynste the fende.
I knawe my tyme is faste comand,
Now will I wende.

Play 22A. The Marriage in Cana

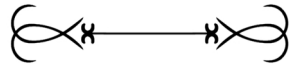


Archdeplyne

Loo this is a yoyfull day 1

For me and...

Play 23. The Transfiguration



Jesus

Petir myne awne discipill dere, 1
And James and John my cosyns two,
Takis hartely hede, for yoe schall here
þat I wille telle vnto no moo.
And als yoe schall see sightis seere
Whilke none schall see bot yoe alsoo,
Therefore comes forth with me in fere,
For to yoone mountayne will I goo.
Ther schall yoe see a sight
Whilk yoe haue yoerned lange.

Peter

My lorde, we are full light 11
And glad with the to gange.

Jesus

Longe haue yoe coveyte for to kenne 13
My fadir, for I sette hym before,
And wele yoe wote whilke tyme and when
In Galylé gangand we were.
‘Shewe vs thy fadir’-thus saide yoe then-
‘þat suffice us withouten moré.
I saide to yoou and to all men
‘Who seis me seis my fadyr thore.
Such wordis to yoou I spakke
In trewthe to make yoou bolde;
þe cowde noght vndyrtake
The talez that I yoou tolde.
Anodir tyme, for to encesse
þoure trouthe and worldly yoou to wys,
I saide ‘Quem dicunt homines
Esse filium hominis?’
I askid yoow wham the pepill chase
To be mannys sone, withouten mys.
þe answered and saide ‘Sum Moyses,’
And sum, saide than ‘Hely it is’,
And sum saide ‘John Baptist’.
þan more I enquered you yoitt,
I askid yoiff yoe ought wiste
Who I was, by youre witte.
þou answered, Petir, for thy prowé,
And saide that I was Crist, God sonne,
Bot of thyselffe that had noght thowe,
My fadir hadde that grace begonne.

Perfore bese bolde and biddis now
To tyme yoe haue my fadir fonne.

Jacobus

Lord, to thy byddyng will we bowe 43
Full buxumly, as we are bonne.

John

Lorde, we will wirke thy will 45
Allway with trewe entent,
We love God lowde and stille
Pat vs this layne has lente.

Peter

Full glad and blithe awe vs to be, 49
And thanke oure maistir mekill of mayne
Pat sais we schall the sightis see,
The whiche non othir schall see certayne.

Jacobus

He talde vs of his fadir free, 53
Of that fare wolde we be full fayne.

John

All that he hyghte vs holde will hee, 55
Therefore we will no forther frayne,
But as he fouchesaffe
So sall we vndirstande.

Peter

Beholde, her we nowe haue 59
In hast som new tythande.

Helyas

Lord God, I loue the lastandly 61
And highly, botht with harte and hande,
Pat me, thy poure prophett Hely,
Has steuened in this stede to stande.
In Paradise wonnand am I
Ay sen I lefte this erthely lande;
I come Cristis name to clarifie
As God his fadir me has ordand,
And for to bere witnessse
In worde to man and wyffe,
Pat this his owne sone is
And lord of lastand liff.

Moyses

Lord God that of all welth is wele, 73
With wille and witte we wirschippe the,
Pat vnto me, Moyses, wolde tell

Bis grete poynte of thy pryuyté,
And hendly hente me oute of hell
Bis solempne syght for I schuld see,
Whan thy dere darlynges that thore dwell
Hase nocht thy grace in swilk degree.
Oure forme-fadyrs full fayne
Wolde se this solempne sight,
Pat in this place thus pleyne
Is mustered thurgh thi myght.

Peter

Brethir, whateuere yoone brightnes be? 85
Swilk burdis beforne was neuere sene.
It marres my myght, I may not see,
So selcouth thyng was neuere sene.

Jacobus

What it will worthe that wote noyot wee; 89
How wayke I waxe yoe will not wene.
Are was ther one, now is ther thre,
Methynke oure maistir is betwene.

John

That oure maistir is thare 93
Pat may we trewly trowe,
He was full fayre before
But neuere als he is nowe.

Peter

His clothyng is as white as snowe, 97
His face schynes as the sonne;
To speke with hym I haue grete awe,
Swilk faire before was neuere fune.

Jacobus

Be tothir two fayne wolde I knawe 101
And witte what werke tham hedir has wonne.

John

I rede we aske tham all on rowe 103
And grope tham how this game is begonne.

Peter

My breidir, if that yoe come be 105
To make clere Cristis name,
Telles here till vs thre,
For we seke to the same.

Elias

Itt is Goddis will that we yoou wys 109
Of his werkis, as is worthy.

I haue my place in Paradise,
Ennok my brodyr me by.
Als messenger withouten mys
Am I called to this company,
To witnesse that Goddis sone is this,
Euyn with hym mette and allmyghty.
To dede we wer nocht dight,
But quyk schall we come
With Antecrist for to fyght,
Beffore the day of dome.

Moyses

Frendis, if that yoe frayne my name, 121
Moyses than may yoe rede by rawe.
Two thousand yoere aftir Adam
Pan gaffe God vnto me his lawe,
And sythen in helle has bene oure hame,
Allas, Adams kynne, this schall yoe knawe.
Vnto Crist come, this is the same
Pat vs schall fro that dongeoun drawe.
He schall brynge tham to blys
Pat nowe in bale are bonne.
This myrthe we may not mys,
For this same is Goddis sonne.

Jesus

My dere discipils, drede yoou noyot, 133
I am yooure souerayne certenly.
This wondir-werke that here is wrought
Is of my fadir almyghty.
Pire both are hydir brought-
Be tone Moyses, the todir Ely-
And for youre sake thus are thei sought
To saie yoou, his sone am I.
So schall bothe heuen and helle
Be demers of this dede,
And yoe in erth schall tell
My name wher itt is nede.

Peter

A, loued be thou euere my lord Jesus 145
Pat all this solempne sight has sent,
Pat fouchest saffe to schew the thus
So that thi myghtis may be kende.
Here is full faire dwellyng for vs,
A lykand place in for to lende.
A, lord, late vs no forther trus,
For we will make with herte and hende
A taburnakill vnto the
Belyue, and thou will bide;

One schall to Moyses be
And to Ely the thirde.

Jacobus

3a, wittirly, that were wele done, 157
But vs awe nocht swilk case to craue.
Pam thare but saie and haue it sone,
Such seruice and he fouchesaffe.
He hetis his men both morne and none
Pare herber high in heuen to haue,
Therefore is beste we bide hys bone;
Who othir reedis, rudely thei raue.

John

Such sonde as he will sende 165
May mende all oure mischeue,
And where hym lykis to lende,
We will lende, with his leue.

Pater

3e febill of faithe, folke affraied, 169
Beis noyot aferde for vs in feere.
I am yooure God that gudly grayde
Both erthe and eyre with clowdes clere.
Pis is my sone, as yoe haue saide,
As he has schewed by sygnes sere.
Of all his werkis I am wele paied,
Therefore till hym takis hede and here.
Where he is, thare am I,
He is myne and I am his,
Who trowis this stedfastly
Shall byde in endles blisse.

Jesus

Petir, pees be vnto the, 181
And to yoou also James and John.
Rise vppe and tellis me what yoe see,
And beis no more so wille of wone.

Peter

A, lorde, what may this meruayle be, 185
Whedir is this glorious gleme al gone?
We saugh here pleynly persones thre
And nowe is oure lorde lefte allone.
Pis meruayle movis my mynde
And makis my flessch affrayed.

Jacobus

Pis brightnes made me blynde, 191
I bode neuere swilke a brayde.

John

Lorde God oure maker almyghty, 193
Pis mater euermore be ment,
We saw two bodis stande hym by
And saide his fadir had thame sent.

Peter

There come a clowde of the skye 197
Lyght als the lemys on thame lent,
And now fares all as fantasye
For wote noyot we how thai are wente.

Jacobus

Pat clowde cloumsed vs clene 201
Pat come schynand so clere,
Such syght was never sene,
To seke all sydis seere.

John

Nay, nay, that noys noyed vs more 205
Pat here was herde so hydously.

Jesus

Frendis, be nocht afferde therfore, 207
I schall yoou saye encheson why:
My fadir wiste how that yoe were
In yooure faith fayland, and forthy
He come to witnesse ay-where,
And saide that his sone am I.
And also in this stede
To witnesse the same,
A quyk man and a dede
Come to make clere my name.

Peter

A, lord, why latest thou vs noyot see 217
Thy fadirs face in his fayrenes?

Jesus

Petir, thou askis over-grete degree, 219
That grace may noyot be graunted the, I gesse.
In his Godhed so high is he
As all yooure prophetis names expresse,
Pat langar of lyffe schall he nocht be
Pat seys his Godhede as it is.
Here haue yoe sene in sight
Poyntes of his priuité,
Als mekill als erthely wighte
May suffre in erthe to see.
And therefore wende we nowe agayne
To oure meyné, and mende ther chere.

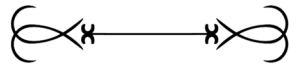
Jacobus

Oure felaws ful faste wil vs frayne 231
How we haue faren, al in feere.

Jesus

Bis visioun lely loke yoe layne, 233
Vnto no leffand lede itt lere
Tille tyme mannys sone haue suffered payne
And resen fro dede; kens it than clere.
For all that trowis that thyng
Of my fadir and me,
Thay schall haue his blessing
And myne, so motte it be.

Play 24. The Woman Taken in Adultery and the Raising of Lazarus



Judeus 1

Steppe fourth, late vs no lenger stande, 1
But smertely that oure gere wer grayde;
Pis felowe that we with folye fande,
Late haste vs fast that she wer flayed.

Judeus 2

We will bere witnessse and warande 5
How we hir raysed all vnarayed,
Agaynste the lawes here of oure lande
Wher sche was with hir leman laide.

Judeus 1

3aa, and he a wedded man, 9
Pat was a wikkid synne.

Judeus 2

Pat bargayne schall sche banne 11
With bale nowe or we blynne.

Judeus 1

A, false stodmere and stynkand stroye, 13
How durste thou stele so stille away
To do so vilauce avowtry
Pat is so grete agaynste oure lay?

Judeus 2

Hir bawdery schall sche dere aby, 17
For as we sawe so schall we saye,
And also hir wirkyng is worthy
Sho schall be demed to ded this day.

Judeus 1

The maistirs of the lawe 21
Are here even at oure hande.

Judeus 2

Go we reherse by rawe 23
Hir fawtes as we tham fande.

Judeus 1

God saue you maistirs, mekill of mayne, 25
Pat grete clergy and counsaile can.

Judeus 3

Welcome frendis, but I wolde frayne 27
How fare yoe with that faire woman?

Judeus 2

A, sirs, we schall yoou saie certayne 29
Of mekill sorowe sen sche began.
We haue hir tane with putry playne,
Hirselff may noyot gaynesaie it than.

Judeus 4

What hath sche done, folye 33
In fornicacioun and synne?

Judeus 1

Nay, nay, in avowtery 35
Full bolde, and will noyot blynne.

Judeus 3

Avowtery? Nemynt it nocht for schame! 37
It is so foule opynly I it fye.
Is it sothe that thei saie the dame?

Judeus 2

What sir, scho may it noyot denye. 40
We wer than worthy for to blame
To greve hir but sche wer gilty.

Judeus 4

Now certis, this is a foule defame 43
And mekill bale muste be tharby.

Judeus 3

3a sir, yoe saie wele thore 45
By lawe and rightwise rede,
Ther falles nocht ellis therfore
But to be stoned to dede.

Judeus 1

Sirs, sen yoe telle the lawe this tyde 49
And knawes the course in this contré,
Demes hir on heght, no lenger hyde,
And aftir yooure wordis wirke schall we.

Judeus 4

Beis nocht so bryme, bewsheris, abide, 53
A new mater nowe moues me
[... ...] 54

Judeus 3

He shewes my mysdedis more and myne, 55
I leue yoou here, late hym allone.

Judeus 4

Owe, here will new gaudes begynne- 57
Ȝa, grete all wele, saie that I am gone.

Judeus 1

And sen yoe are noght bolde, 59
No lengar bide will I.

Judeus 2

Pees, late no tales be tolde, 61
But passe fourth preuylye.

Jesus

Woman, wher are tho wighte men went 63
That kenely here accused the?
Who hase the dampned, toke thou entent?

Mulier

Lord, no man has dampned me. 66

Jesus

And for me schall thou noyot be schent. 67
Of all thy mys I make the free,
Loke thou no more to synne assentte.

Mulier

A, lord, ay loued mott thou bee. 70
All erthely folke in feere
Loves hym and his high name,
Ȓat me on this manere
Hath saued fro synne and schame.

Apostolus 1

A, lorde, we loue the inwardly 75
And all thi lore, both lowde and still,
That grauntes thy grace to the gilty
And spares tham that the folke wolde spill.

Jesus

I schall yoou saie encheson why: 79
I wote it is my fadirs will,
And for to make tham ware therby
To knawe thamselffe haue done more ill.
And euermore of this same
Ensampe schall be sene,
Whoso schall othir blame
Loke firste thamselff be clene.

Apostolus 2

A, maistir, here may men se also 87
How mekenes may full mekill amende,
To forgeue gladly where we goo
All folke that hath vs oght offende.

Jesus

He that will noyot forgiffe his foo 91
And vse mekenesse with herte and hende,
The kyngdom may he nocht come too
Pat ordande is withouten ende.
And more sone schall we see
Here or yoe forther fare,
How that my fadir free
Will mustir myghtis more.

Nuncius

Jesu that es prophett veray, 99
My ladys Martha and Marie,
If thou fouchesaffe thai wolde the pray
For to come vnto Bethany.
He whom thou loues full wele alway
Es seke, and like, lord, for to dye.
Yf thou wolde come, amende hym thou may
And comforte all that cumpany.

Jesus

I saie yoo that sekeness 107
Is noyot onto the dede,
But joie of Goddis gudnesse
Schal be schewed in that stede.
And Goddis sone schall be glorified
By that sekenesse and signes seere,
Therefore brethir no lenger bide,
Two daies fully haue we ben here.
We will go soiourne here beside
In the Jurie with frendis in feere.

Apostolus 1

A, lorde, thou wote wele ilke a tyde 117
Be Jewes thei layte the ferre and nere,
To stone the vnto dede
Or putte to pereles payne,
And thou to that same stede
Covaites to gange agayne?

Jesus

Ze wote by cours wele for to kast, 123
Be daie is now of xij oures lange,
And whilis light of the day may last
It is gode that we grathely gange.

For whan daylight is pleynty past
Full sone than may yoe wende all wrang,
Therefore takes hede and trauayle fast
Whills light of liffe is yooou emang.
And to yooou saie I more,
How that Lazar oure frende
Slepes now, and I therefore
With yooou to hym will wende.

Apostolus 2

We will be ruled aftir thi rede, 135
But and he slepe he schall be saue.

Jesus

I saie to yooou, Lazare is dede, 137
And for yooou all grete joie I haue
3e wote I was nocht in that stede
What tyme that he was graued in graue.
His sisteres praye with bowsom beede
And for comforte thei call and craue,
Therefore go we togedir
To make there myrthis more.

Apostolus 1

Sen he will nedes wende thedir, 145
Go we and dye with hym thore.

Maria

Allas, owtane Goddis will allone, 147
Pat I schulld sitte to see this sight,
For I may morne and make my mone,
So wo in worlde was neuere wight.
Pat I loued most is fro me gone,
My dere brothir that Lazar hight,
And I durst saye I wolde be slone
For nowe me fayles both mynde and myght.
My welthe is wente for euere,
No medycyne mende me may.
A, dede, thou do thy deuer
And haue me hense away.

Martha

Allas, for ruthe now may I raue 159
And febilly fare by frith and felde,
Wolde God that I wer grathed in graue,
Pat dede hadde tane me vndir telde.
For hele in harte mon I neuere haue
But if he helpe that all may welde,
Of Crist I will som comforte craue
For he may be my bote and belde.
To seke I schal noyot cesse

Tille I my souereyne see.
Hayle, pereles prince of pesse,
Jesu my maistir so free.

Jesus

Martha, what menes thou to make such chere? 171

[... ...] 171

This stone we schall full sone
Remove and sette on syde.

Jesus

Fadir, that is in heuyn on highte, 174
I thanke the euere ouere all thyng
That hendely heres me day and nyght,
And takis hede vnto myn askyng.
Wherfore fouchesaffe of thy grete myght
So that this pepull, olde and yoyng,
That standis and bidis to se that sight
May trulye trowe and haue knowyng,
This tyme here or I pas
How that thou has me sent.
Lazar, veni foras,
Come fro thy monument.

Lazarus

A, pereles prince, full of pitee, 186
Worshipped be thou in worlde alway
That thus hast schewed thi myght in me,
Both dede and doluen, this is the fourthe day.
By certayne singnes here may men see
How that thou art Goddis sone verray.
All tho that trulye trastis in the
Schall neuere dye, this dar I saye.
Therefore yoe folke in fere,
Menske hym with mayne and myght,
His lawes luke that yoe lere,
Pan will he lede yoou to his light.

Maria

Here may men fynde a faythfull frende 198
Pat thus has couered vs of oure care.

Martha

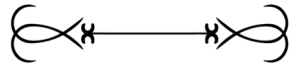
Jesu my lord and maistir hende, 200
Of this we thanke the euermore.

Jesus

Sisteres, I may no lenger lende, 202
To othir folke nowe bus me fare,
And to Jerusalem will I wende
For thyngis that muste be fulfilled there.

Therefore rede I you right,
My men, to wende with me.
Ȝe that haue sene this sight
My blissyng with yoo be.

Play 25. The Entry into Jerusalem



Jesus

To me takis tent and giffis gud hede 1
My dere discipulis that ben here,
I schall yoou telle that shal be indede:
My tyme to passe hense it drawith nere,
And by this skill,
Mannys sowle to saue fro sorowes sere
Pat loste was ill.
From heuen to erth whan I dyssende
Rawnsom to make I made promys,
The prophicie nowe drawes to ende,
My fadirs wille forsoth it is
Pat sente me hedyr.
Petir, Phelippe, I schall yoou blisse,
And go togedir
Vnto yoone castell that is yoou agayne,
Gois with gud harte and tarie noyot,
My comaundement to do be yoe bayne.
Also I yoou charge loke it be wrought
Pat schal yoe fynde
An asse this feste als yoe had soght.
3e hir vnbynde
With hir foole, and to me hem bring,
Pat I on hir may sitte a space,
So the prophicy clere menyng
May be fulfillid here in this place:
'Doghtyr Syon,
Loo, thi lorde comys rydand an asse
Be to opon'.
Yf any man will yoou gaynesaye,
Say that youre lorde has nede of tham
And schall restore thame this same day
Vnto what man will tham clayme;
Do thus this thyng.
Go furthe yoe both and be ay bayne
In my blissyng.

Peter

Jesu, maistir evyn at thy wille 36
And at thi liste vs likis to doo.
Yone beste whilke thou desires the tille
Euen at thi will schall come the too,
Vnto thin esse.
Sertis lord, we will thedyre all go
Be for to plese.

Philip

Lord, the to plese we are full bayne 43
Bothe nyght and day to do thi will.
Go we brothere, with all oure mayne
My lordis desire for to fulfill,
For prophycye
Vs bus it do to hym by skyl
parto dewly.

Peter

3a, brodir Phelipp, behalde grathely, 50
For als he saide we schulde sone fynde,
Methinke yoone bestis before myn eye
Pai are the same we schulde vnbynde.
perfore frely
Go we to hym that thame gan bynde,
And aske mekely.

Philip

The beestis are comen, wele I knawe, 57
Therefore vs nedis to aske lesse leue;
And oure maistir kepis the lawe
We may thame take tyter, I preue.
For noght we lett,
For wele I watte oure tyme is breue,
Go we tham fett.

Janitor

Saie, what are yoe that makis here maistrie, 64
To loose thes bestis withoute leverie?
Yow semes to bolde, sen noght that yoe
Hase here to do; therefore rede I
Such thingis to sesse,
Or ellis yoe may falle in folye
And grette disease.

Peter

Sir, with thi leue, hartely we praye 71
Pis beste that we myght haue.

Janitor

To what intente firste shall yoe saye, 73
And than I graunte what yoe will crave
Be gode resoune.

Philip

Oure maistir sir, that all may saue, 76
Aske by chesoune.

Janitor

What man is that yoe maistir call 78
Swilke priuelege dare to hym clayme?

Peter

Jesus, of Jewes kyng and ay be schall, 80
Of Nazareth prophete the same.
Pis same is he,
Both God and man withouten blame,
Pis trist wele we.

Janitor

Sirs, of that prophete herde I haue, 85
But telle me firste playnly, wher is hee?

Philip

He comes at hande so God me saue, 87
Pat lorde we lefte at Bepagé,
He bidis vs there.

Janitor

Sir, take this beste with herte full free, 90
And forthe yoe fare.
And if yoou thynke it be to don,
I schall declare playnly his comyng
To the chiffe of the Jewes, that thei may sone
Assemble same to his metyng;
What is your rede?

Peter

Pou sais full wele in thy menyng. 97
Do forthe thi dede,
And sone this beste we schall the bring
And it restore as resoune will.

Janitor

This tydyngis schall haue no laynyng, 101
But be the citezens declared till
Of this cyté.
I suppose fully that thei wolle
Come mete that free.
And sen I will thei warned be,
Both yoonge and olde in ilke a state,
For his comyng I will tham mete
To late tham witte, withoute debate.
Lo, wher thei stande,
The citezens cheff withoute debate
Of all this lande.
He that is reowler of all right
And freely schoppe both sande and see,
He saue yoou, lordyngis gayly dight,

And kepe yoou in yooure semelyté
And all honoure.

Burger 1

Welcome porter, what novelté? 118
Telle vs this owre.

Janitor

Sirs, novelté I can yoou tell 120
And triste thame fully as for trewe:
Her comes of kynde of Israell
Att hande the prophette called Jesu,
Lo, this same day,
Rydand on an asse. Þis tydandis newe
Consayue yoe may.

Burger 2

And is that prophette Jesu nere? 127
Off hym I haue herde grete ferlis tolde.
He dois grete wounderes in contrees seere,
He helys the seke, both yoonge and olde,
And the blynde giffis tham ther sight.
Both dome and deffe, as hymselffe wolde,
He cures thame right.

Burger 3

3a, v thowsand men with loves fyue 134
He fedde, and ilkone hadde inowe.
Watir to wyne he turned ryue,
He garte corne growe withouten plough
Wher are was none.
To dede men als he gaffe liffe,
Lazar was one.

Burger 4

In oure tempill if he prechid 141
Agaynste the pepull that leued wrong,
And also new lawes if he teched
Agaynste oure lawis we vsed so lang,
And saide pleynlye
The olde schall waste, the new schall gang,
Þat we schall see.

Burger 5

3a, Moyses lawe he cowde ilke dele 148
And all the prophettis on a rowe,
He telles tham so that ilke a man may fele
And what thei say interly knowe
Yf thei were dyme.
What the prophettis saide in ther sawe,
All longis to hym.

Burger 6

Emanuell also by right 155
Pai calle that prophette by this skill,
He is the same that are was hyght
Be Ysaye befor vs till,
Pus saide full clere:
Loo, a maydyn that knew neuere ille
A childe schuld bere.

Burger 7

Dauid spake of hym I wene 162
And lefte witesse yoe knowe ilkone,
He saide the frute of his corse clene
Shulde royally regne vpon his trone,
And therefore he
Of Dauid kyn and othir none
Oure kyng schal be.

Burger 8

Sirs, methynketh yoe saie right wele 169
And gud ensampelys furth yoe bryng,
And sen we thus this mater fele
Go we hym meete as oure owne kyng,
And kyng hym call.
What is youre counsaill in this thyng?
Now say yoe all.

Burger 1

Agaynste resoune I will noyot plete 176
For wele I wote oure kyng he is.
Whoso agaynst his kyng liste threte
He is noyot wise, he dose amys.
Porter, come nere.
What knowlage hast thou of his comyng?
Tels vs all here,
And than we will go mete that free,
And hym honnoure as we wele awe
Worthely tyll oure citee,
And for oure souerayne lord hym knawe,
In whome we triste.

Janitor

Sirs, I schall telle yoou all on rowe 188
And yoe will lyste.
Of his discipillis, ij this day
Where that I stode thei faire me grette,
And on ther maistir halfe gan praye
Oure comon asse that thei myght gete
Bot for a while,
Wheron ther maistir softe myght sitte
Space of a mile.

And all this mater thai me tolde
Right haly as I saie to yoou,
And the asse thei haue right as thei wolde
And sone will bringe agayne I trowe,
So thai beheste.
What yoe will doo avise yoou nowe,
Bus thinke me beste.

Burger 2

Trewlye as for me I say 204
I rede we make vs redy bowne,
Hym to mete gudly this day
And hym ressayue with grete rennowne
As worthy is.
And therefore sirs, in felde and towne
3e fulfille this.

Janitor

3a, and yooure childer with yoou take, 211
Poff all in age that thei be yoonge,
3e may fare the bettir for ther sake
Thurgh the blissing of so goode a kyng,
Pis is no dowte.

Burger 3

I kan the thanke for thy saying, 216
We will hym lowte.
And hym to mete I am right bayne
On the beste maner that I cane,
For I desire to se hym fayne
And hym honnoure as his awne man,
Sen the soth I see.
Kyng of Juuys we call hym than,
Oure kyng is he.

Burger 4

Oure kyng is he-that is no lesse- 225
Oure awne lawe to it cordis will,
Be prophettis all bare full witsesse
Qwilke of hym secrete gone telle,
And thus wolde say:
'Emang youreselff schall come grete seele
Thurgh God verray'.

Burger 5

Pis same is he, ther is non othir, 232
Was vs beheest full lange before,
For Moyses saide als oure owne brothir
A newe prophette God schulde restore.
Perfore loke yoe

What yoe will do, withouten more,
Oure kyng is he.

Burger 6

Of Juda come owre kyng so gent, 239
Of Jesse, Daud, Salamon;
Also by his modir kynne take tente,
Be genolagye beres witesse on,
This is right playne.
Hym to honnoure right as I can
I am full bayne.

Burger 7

Of youre clene witte and youre consayte 246
I am full gladde in harte and thought,
And hym to mete withouten latt
I am redy, and feyne will nocht,
Bot with yooou same
Go hym agayne vs blisse hath brought,
With myrthe and game.

Burger 8

3oure argumentis thai are so clere 253
I can noyot saie but graunte you till,
For whanne I of that counsaile here
I coveyte hym with feruent wille
Onys for to see,
I trowe fro thens I schall
Bettir man be.

Burger 1

Go we than with processiouun 260
To mete that comely as vs awe,
With braunches, floures and vnysoune.
With myghtfull songes her on a rawe
Our childir schall
Go synge before, that men may knawe.

Burger 2

To this graunte we all. 266

Peter

Jesu, lord and maistir free, 267
Als thou comaunde so haue we done.
Bis asse here we haue brought to the,
What is thi wille thou schewe vs sone
And tarie noyot,
And than schall we withouten hune
Fulfill thi thouyot.

Jesus

I thanke you brethere mylde of mode. 274
Do on this asse youre clothis yoe laye,
And lifte me vppe with hertis gud
Pat I on hir may sitte this daye
In my blissing.

Philip

Lord, thi will to do allway 279
We graunte this thing.

Jesus

Now my brethere with gud chere 281
Gyues gode entente, for ryde I will
Vnto yoone cyté yoe se so nere.
Ze shall me folowe sam and still
Als I are sayde.

Philip

Lord, as the lyst we graunte the till, 286
And halde vs payde.

Cecus

A, lorde, that all this world has made, 288
Bothe sonne and mone, nyght and day,
What noyse is this that makis me gladde?
Fro whens it schulde come I can noyt saye,
Or what it mene.
Yf any man walke in this way
Telle hym me bedene.

Pauper

Man, what ayles the to crye? 295
Where wolde thou be? Pou say me here.

Cecus

A, sir, a blynde man am I 297
And ay has bene of tendyr yoere
Sen I was borne.
I harde a voyce with nobill chere
Here me beforne.

Pauper

Man, will thou oght that I can do? 302

Cecus

Ja sir, gladly wolde I witte 303
Yf thou couthe oght declare me to
This myrthe I herde, what mene may it
Or vndirstande?

Pauper

Jesu the prophite full of grace 307
Comys here at hande,
And all the cetezens thay are bowne
Gose hym to mete with melodye,
With the fayrest processiou
That euere was sene in this Jury;
He is right nere.

Cecus

Sir, helpe me to the strete hastely, 314
Pat I may here
Pat noyse, and also that I myght thurgh grace
My syght of hym to craue I wolde.

Pauper

Loo, he is here at this same place. 318
Crye faste on hym, loke thou be bolde,
With voyce right high.

Cecus

Jesu the sone of Daudid calde, 321
Pou haue mercy.
Allas, I crye, he heris me noyot,
He has no ruthe of my mysfare.
He turnes his herre, where is his thought?

Pauper

Cry somewhat lowdar, loke thou noyot spare, 326
So may thou spye.

Cecus

Jesu the saluer of all sare, 328
To me giffis gode hye.

Philip

Cesse man and crye noyot soo, 330
The voyce of the pepill gose the by.
Be aghe sette still and tente giffe to,
Here passez the prophite of mercye-
Pou doys amys.

Cecus

A, Daudid sone, to the I crye, 335
Be kyng of blisse.

Peter

Lorde, haue mercy and late hym goo, 337
He can noyot cesse of his crying.
He folows vs both to and froo,
Graunte hym his boone and his askyng

And late hym wende.
We gette no reste or that this thyng
Be broyot to ende.

Jesus

What wolde thou man I to the dede 344
In this present? Telle oppynly.

Cecus

Lorde, my syght is fro me hydde, 346
Pou graunte me it, I crye mercy,
Pis wolde I haue.

Jesus

Loke vppe nowe with chere blythely, 349
Pi faith shall the saue.

Cecus

Wirschippe and honnoure ay to the 351
With all the seruice that can be done,
The kyng of blisse loued mote he be
Pat thus my sight hath sente so sone,
And by grete skill.
I was are blynde as any stone:
I se at wille.

Claudus

A, wele wer tham that euere had liffe, 358
Olde or yonge whedir it were,
Might welde ther lymmes withouten striffe,
Go with this mirthe that I see here
And contynewe;
For I am sette in sorowes sere
Pat ay ar newe.
Pou lord that schope both nyght and day,
For thy mercy haue mynde on me
And helpe me lorde, as thou wele may
[... ...] 367
i may noyot gang. 368
For I am lame as men may se
And has ben lang.
For wele I wote, as knowyn is ryffe,
Bothe dome and deffe thou grauntist tham grace,
And also the dede that thou hauyst geuen liff;
Therefore graunte me lord in this place
My lymbis to welde.

Jesus

My man, ryse and caste the crucchys gode space 376
Her in the felde,

And loke in trouthe thou stedfast be,
And folow me furth with gode menyng.

Claudus

Lorde, lo my crouchis whare thei flee 380
Als ferre as I may late tham flenge
With bothe my hende.
Pat euere we haue metyng
Now I defende,
For I was halte of lyme and lame
And I suffered tene and sorowes inowe.
Ay-lastand lord, loued be thi name,
I am als light as birde on bowe.
Ay be thou blist,
Such grace hast thou schewed to me
Lorde, as the list.

Zaché

Sen firste this worlde was made of noyot 392
And all thyng sette in equité,
Such ferly thyng was neuere non wroght
As men this tyme may see with eye.
What it may mene-
I can noyot saye what it may be,
Comforte or tene.
And cheffely of a prophete new
Pat mekill is profite, and that of latte
Both day and nyght thai hym assewe,
Oure pepill same thurgh strete and gatte
[... ...] 402
Oure olde lawes as nowe thei hatte
And his kepis yoare.
Men fro deth to liffe he rayse,
The blynde and dome geve speche and sight,
Gretely therfor oure folke hym prayse
And folowis hym both day and nyght
Fro towne to towne.
Thay calle hym prophite be right
As of renowne.
And yoit I meruayle of that thyng,
Of puplicans sen prince am I
Of hym I cowthe haue no knowyng,
Yf all I wolde haue comen hym neyoe,
Arly and late.
For I am lawe, and of men high
Full is the gate.
Bot sen no bettir may befalle
I thynke what beste is for to doo,
I am schorte yoe knawe wele all,
perfore yoone tre I will go too

And in it clyme.
Whedir he come or passe me fro
I schall se hym.
A, nobill tree thou secomoure,
I blisse hym that the on the erthe broght.
Now may I see both here and thore
That vndir me hid may be noyot.
Perfore in the
Wille I bidde in herte and thought
Till I hym se.
Vnto the prophete come to towne
Her will I bide what so befall.

Jesus

Do Zaché, do faste come downe. 435

Zaché

Lorde, even at thi wille hastely I schall, 436
And tarie nocht.
To the on knes lord here I fall
For synne I wrought;
And welcome, prophete trast and trewe,
With all the pepull that to the lange.

Jesus

Zaché, thi seruice new 442
Schall make the clene of all the wrong
Pat thou haste done.

Zaché

Lorde, I lette noyot for this thrang 445
Her to say sone
Me schamys with synne but ouyot to mende.
Mi synne forsake therfore I will,
Halue my gud I haue vnspende
Poure folke to geue it till,
Pis will I fayne.
Whom I begyld to hym I will
Make asith agayne.

Jesus

Thy clere confessioun schall the clense, 454
Pou may be sure of lastand lyffe.
Vnto thi house withouten offense
Is graunted pees withouten striffe.
Farewele Zaché.

Zaché

Lord, the lowte ay man and wiffe, 459
Blist myght thou be.

Jesus

My dere discipulis, beholde and see, 461
Vnto Jerusalem we schall assende,
Man sone schall ther betrayed be
And gevyn into his enmys hende
With grete dispite.
Ther spitting on hym ther schall thei spende
And smertly smyte.
Petir, take this asse me fro
And lede it where thou are it toke.
I murne, I sigh, I wepe also
Jerusalem on the to loke.
And so may thou rewe
Pat euere thou thi kyng forsuke
And was vntrewe.
For stone on stone schall none be lefte
But doune to the grounde all schal be caste,
Thy game, thi gle, al fro the refte
And all for synne that thou done hast.
Pou arte vnkynde;
Agayne thi kyng thou hast trespass,
Haue this in mynde.

Peter

Porter, take here thyn asse agayne, 482
At hande my lorde comys on his fette.

Janitor

Behalde where all the burgeis bayne 484
Comes with wirschippe hym to mete.
Perfore I will
Late hym abide here in this strete
And lowte hym till.

Burger 1

Hayll prophette preued withouten pere, 489
Hayll prince of pees schall euere endure,
Hayll kyng comely, curteyse and clere,
Hayll souerayne semely, to synfull sure;
To the all bowes.
Hayll lord louely oure cares may cure,
Hayll kyng of Jewes.

Burger 2

Hayll florisschand floure that neuere shall fade, 496
Hayll vyolett vernand with swete odoure,
Hayll marke of myrthe oure medecyne made,
Hayll blossome bright, hayll oure socoure,
Hayll kyng comely.
Hayll menskfull man, we the honnoure
With herte frely.

Burger 3

Hayll Daudid sone, doughty in dede, 503
Hayll rose ruddy, hayll birrall clere,
Hayll, welle of welthe may make vs mede,
Hayll saluer of oure sores sere,
We wirschippe the.
Hayll hendfull, with solas sere
Welcome thou be

Burger 4

Hayll blisfull babe, in Bedleme borne, 510
Hayll boote of all oure bittir balis,
Hayll, sege that schoppe bothe even and morne,
Hayll talker trystefull of trew tales,
Hayll comely knyght,
Hayll of mode that moste preuayles
To saue the tyght.

Burger 5

Hayll dyamaunde with drewry dight, 517
Hayll jasper gentill of Jury,
Hayll lylly lufsome lemyd with lyght,
Hayll balme of boote, moyste and drye
To all has nede.
Hayll barne most blist of mylde Marie,
Hayll all oure mede.

Burger 6

Hayll conquerour, hayll most of myght, 524
Hayll rawnsoner of synfull all,
Hayll pytefull, hayll louely light,
Hayll to vs welcome be schall,
Hayll kyng of Jues.
Hayll comely corse that we the call
With mirthe that newes.

Burger 7

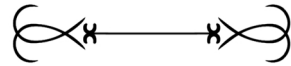
Hayll sonne ay schynand with bright bemes, 531
Hayll lampe of liff schall neuere waste,
Hayll lykand lanterne, luffely lemys,
Hayll texte of trewthe the trew to taste.
Hayll kyng and sire,
Hayll maydens chylde that menskid hir most,
We the desire.

Burger 8

Hayll domysman dredful, that all schall deme, 538
Hayll that all quyk and dede schall lowte,
Hayll whom worscheippe moste will seme,
Hayll whom all thyng schall drede and dowte.
We welcome the,

Hayll and welcome of all abowte
To owre ceté.

Play 26. The Conspiracy



Pilate

Vndir the ryallest roye of rente and renowne 1
Now am I regent of rewle this region in reste,
Obeye vnto bidding bud busshoppis me bowne
And bolde men that in batayll makis brestis to breste.
To me betaught is the tent this towre-begon towne,
For traytours tyte will I taynte the trewth for to triste.
The dubbyng of my dingnité may noyot be done downe,
Nowdir with duke nor dugeperes, my dedis are so dreste.
My desire muste dayly be done
With thame that are grettest of game,
And theragayne fynde I but fone,
Wherfore I schall bettir ther bone-
But he that me greues for a grone,
Beware, for wyscus I am.
Pounce Pilatt of thre partis than is my propir name,
I am a perelous prince to proue wher I peere.
Emange the filosofers firste ther fanged I my fame,
Wherfore I fell to affecte I fynde noyot my feere.
He schall full bittirly banne that bide schall my blame,
If all my blee be as bright as blossome on brere,
For sone his liffe shall he lose or left be for lame
Pat lowtes noyot to me lowly nor liste noyot to leere.
And thus sen we stande in oure state
Als lordis with all lykyng in lande,
Do and late vs wete if yoe wate
Owthir, sirs, of bayle or debate
Pat nedis for to be handeled full hate,
Sen all youre helpe hanges in my hande.

Caiphas

Sir, and for to certefie the soth in youre sight, 29
As to yoou for oure souerayne semely we seke.

Pilate

Why, is ther any myscheue that musteres his myyot 31
Or malice thurgh meene menn vs musters to meke?

Anna

3a sir, ther is a ranke swayne whos rule is noyot right, 33
For thurgh his romour in this reme hath raysede mekill reke.

Pilate

I here wele yoe hate hym; youre hartis are on heght, 35
And ellis if I helpe wolde his harmes for to eke.

But why are yoe barely thus brathe?
Bees rewly and ray fourth youre reasoune.

Caiphaz

Tille vs sir his lore is full lothe. 39

Pilate

Beware that we wax noyot to wrothe. 40

Anna

Why sir, to skyfte fro his skath 41
We seke for youre socoure this sesoune.

Pilate

And if that wrecche in oure warde haue wrought any wrong, 43
Sen we are warned we walde witte, and wille or we wende.
But and his sawe be lawfull, legge noyot to lange,
For we schall leue hym if us list with luffe here to lende.

Doctor I

And yf that false faytor youre fortheraunce may fang, 47
Pan fele I wele that oure folke mon fayle of a frende.
Sir, the strenghe of his steuen ay still is so strange
That but he schortely be schent he schappe vs to schende,
For he kennes folke hym for to call
Grete God son-thus greues vs that gome-
And sais that he sittande be schall
In high heuen, for there is his hall.

Pilate

And frendis, if that force to hym fall 55
It semes noyot yoe schall hym consume.
But that hymselfe is the same yoe saide schulde descende
3oure seede and yooou then all for to socoure.

Caiphaz

A, softe sir, and sese, 58
For of Criste whan he comes no kynne schall be kenned,
But of this caytiffe kynreden we knawe the encrese.
He lykens hym to be lyke God, ay-lastand to lende,
To lifte vppe the laby, to lose or relesse.

Pilate

His maistreys schulde moue yooou youre mode for to amende. 63

Anna

Nay, for swilke mys fro malice we may noyot vs meese, 64
For he sais he schall deme vs, that dote,
And that tille vs is dayne or dispite.

Pilate

To noye hym nowe is youre noote, 67
But yoitt the lawe lyes in my lotte.

Doctor 1

And yf yoe will witt sir, yoe wotte 69
Pat he is wele worthy to wyte.
For in oure temple has he taught by tymes moo than tenne
Where tabillis full of tresoure lay to telle and to trye,
Of oure cheffe mony-changers-butte, curstely to kenne,
He caste tham ouere, that caystiffe, and counted noyot therby.

Caiphaz

Loo sir, this is a periurye to prente vndir penne, 75
Wherfore make yoe that appostita, we praye yoou, to plye.

Pilate

Howe mene yoe? 77

Caiphaz

Sir, to mort hym for mouyng of men. 77

Pilate

Pan schulde we make hym to morne but thurgh yooure maistrie. 78
Latte be sirs, and move that no more;
But what in youre temple betyde?

Miles 1

We, thare sir he skelpte oute of score 81
Pat stately stode selland ther store.

Pilate

Pan felte he tham fawté before 83
And made the cause wele to be kydde.
But what taught he that tyme, swilk tales as thou telles?

Miles 1

Sir, that oure tempill is the toure of his troned sire, 86
And thus to prayse in that place oure prophettis compellis,
Tille hym that has posté of prince and of empire;
And thei make domus domini that deland thare dwellis
Be denn of the derfenes and ofte that thei desire.

Pilate

Loo, is he noght a mad man that for youre mede melles, 91
Sen yoe ymagyn amys that makeles to myre?
3oure rankoure is raykand full rawe.

Caiphaz

Nay nay sir, we rewle vs but right. 94

Pilate

Forsothe, yoe ar ouer-cruell to knawe. 95

Caiphas

Why sir? For he wolde lose oure lawe 96

Hartely we hym hate as we awe,

And therto schulde yoe mayntayne oure myght.

For why, vppon oure Sabbott day the seke makes he saffe

And will noyot sesse for oure sawes to synke so in synne.

Miles 2

Sir, he coueres all that comes recoueraunce to craue 101

But in a schorte contynuaunce, that kennes all oure kynne.

But he haldis noght oure haly dayes, harde happe myght hym haue,

And therefore hanged be he and that by the halse.

Pilate

A, hoo sir nowe, and holde in. 104

For thoff yoe gange thus gedy hym gilteles to graue,

Withouten grounde yoow gaynes noght swilke greffe to begynne;

And loke youre leggyng be lele,

Withowtyn any tryfils to telle.

Anna

For certayne owre sawes dare we seele. 109

Pilate

And than may we prophite oure pele. 110

Caiphas

Sir, bot his fawtes wer fele 111

We mente noyot of hym for to melle.

For he pervertis oure pepull that proues his prechyng,

And for that poynte yoe schulde prese his poosté to paire.

Doctor 2

3a sir, and also that caytiff he callis hym oure kyng, 115

And for that cause our comons are casten in care.

Pilate

And if so be, that borde to bayll will hym bryng 117

And make hym boldely to banne the bones that hym bare.

For-why that wrecche fro oure wretthe schal not wryng

Or ther be wrought on hym wrake.

Doctor 1

So wolde we it ware, 120

For so schulde yoe susteyne youre seele

And myldely haue mynde for to meke yoou.

Pilate

Wele witte yoe, this werke schall be wele, 123
For kende schall that knave be to knele.

Doctor 2

And so that oure force he may feele 125
All samme for the same we beseke yoo.

Judas

Ingenti pro inuria- hym Jesus, that Jewe 127
Vnjust vnto me, Judas, I juge to be lathe.
For at oure soper as we satte, the sothe to pursewe,
With Symond luprus, full sone my skiffte come to scathe.
Tille hym ther brought one a boyste my bale for to brewe
That baynly to his bare feete to bowe was full braythe,
Sho anoynte tham with an oynement that nobill was and newe,
But for that werke that sche wrought I wexe woundir wrothe.
And this-to discouer-was my skill:
For of his penys purser was I,
And what that me taught was vntill
The tente parte that stale I ay still.
But nowe for me wantis of my will
Pat bargayne with bale schall he by.
Pat same oynement, I saide, might same haue bene solde
For siluer penys in a sowme thre hundereth, and fyne
Haue ben departid to poure men as playne pité wolde;
But for the poore, ne thare parte priked me no peyne-
But me tened for the tente parte, the trewth to beholde,
That thirty pens of iij hundereth so tyte I schulde tyne.
And for I mysse this mony I morne on this molde,
Wherfore for to mischeue this maistir of myne
And therefore faste forthe will I flitte
The princes of prestis vntill,
And selle hym full sone or that I sitte
For therty pens in a knotte knytte.
bus-gatis full wele schall he witte
Pat of my wretthe wreke me I will.
Do open, porter, the porte of this prowde place
That I may passe to youre princes to proue for youre prowde.

Janitor

Go hense thou glorand gedlyng, God geue the ille grace, 157
Thy glyfftyng is so grymly thou gars my harte growe.

Judas

Goode sir, be toward this tyme and tarie nocht my trace, 159
For I haue tythandis to telle.

Janitor

3a, som tresoune I trowe, 160
For I fele by a figure in youre fals face

It is but foly to feste affeccioun in yoou.
For Mars he hath morteyseed his mark,
Eftir all lynes of my lore,
And sais yoe are wikkid of werk
And bothe a strange theffe and a stark.

Judas

Sir, thus at my berde and yoe berk 167
It semes it schall sitte yow full sore.

Janitor

Say bittilbrowed bribour, why blowes thou such boste? 169
Full false in thy face in faith can I fynde.
Pou arte combered in curstnesse and caris to this coste,
To marre men of myght haste thou marked in thy mynde.

Judas

Sir, I mene of no malice but mirthe meve I moste. 173

Janitor

Say, on-hanged harlott, I holde the vnhende, 174
Thou lokist like a lurdayne his liffelod hadde loste.
Woo schall I wirke the away but thou wende.

Judas

A, goode sir, take tente to my talkyng this tyde, 177
For tythandis full trew can I telle.

Janitor

Say brethell, I bidde the abide, 179
Pou chaterist like a churle that can chyde.

Judas

3a sir, but and the truthe schulde be tryed 181
Of myrthe are ther materes I mell,
For thurgh my dedis youre dugeperes fro dere may be drawn.

Janitor

What, demes thou tilloure dukes that doole schulde be dight? 184

Judas

Nay sir, so saide I nocht. 184
If I be callid to counsaile that cause schall be knawen
Emang that comely companye, to clerke and to knyght.

Janitor

Byde me here bewchere or more blore be blowen, 187
And I schall buske to the benke wher baneres are bright
And saie vntooure souereynes, or seede more be sawen,
Pat swilke a seege as thiselff sewes to ther sight.

My lorde nowe of witte that is well,
I come for a cas to be kydde.

Pilate

We, speke on and spare not thi spell. 193

Caiphas

3a, and if vs mystir te mell, 194
Sen yoe bere of bewté the bell,
Blythely schall we bowe as yoe bidde.

Janitor

Sir, withoute this abatyng ther houes as I hope 197
A hyne helte-full of ire, for hasty he is.

Pilate

What comes he fore? 199

Janitor

I kenne hym noght, but he is cladde in a cope, 199
He cares with a kene face vncomely to kys.

Pilate

Go gete hym that his greffe we grathely may grope, 201
So no oppen langage be goyng amys.

Janitor

Comes on bylyue to my lorde and if the liste to lepe, 203
But vttir so thy langage that thou lette noght thare blys.

Judas

That lorde, sirs, myght susteyne yooure seele 205
Pat floure is of fortune and fame.

Pilate

Welcome, thy wordis are but wele. 207

Caiphas

Say, harste thou knave, can thou not knele? 208

Pilate

Loo, here may men faute in you fele, 209
Late be sir youre scornynge, for schame.
Bot bewshere, be noyot abayst to byde at the bar.

Judas

Before you sirs to be brought abowte haue I bene, 212
And allway for youre worschippe.

Anna

Say, wotte thou any were? 213

Judas

Of werke sir that hath wretthid yoou I wotte what I meene, 214
But I wolde make a marchaundyse youre myscheffe to marre.

Pilate

And may thou soo? 216

Judas

Els madde I such maistries to mene. 216

Anna

Pan kennes thou of som comberaunce oure charge for to chere? 217
For cosyne, thou art cruell.

Judas

My cause sir is kene. 218
For if yoe will bargayne or by,
Jesus this tyme will I selle yoou.

Doctor I

My blissing sone haue thou forthy- 221
Loo, here is a sporte for to spye.

Judas

And hym dar I hete yoou in hye, 223
If yoe will be toward I telle yoou.

Pilate

What hytist thou? 225

Judas

Judas Scariott. 225

Pilate

Pou art a juste man 225
Pat will Jesus be justified by oure jugement.
But howe-gates bought schall he be? Bidde furthe thy bargayne.

Judas

But for a litill betyng to bere fro this bente. 228

Pilate

Now what schall we pay? 229

Judas

Sir, thirti pens and plete, no more than. 229

Pilate

Say, ar yoe plesid of this price he preces to present? 230

Doctor 2

Ellis contrarie we oure consciens, consayue sen we can 231
Pat Judas knawes hym culpabill.

Pilate

I call yoou consent. 232
But Judas, a knott for to knytt,
Wilt thou to this comenaunt accorde?

Judas

3a, at a worde. 235

Pilate

Welcome is it. 235

Miles 2

Take therof, a traytour tyte. 236

Miles 1

Now, leue ser, late no man wete 237
How this losell laykis with his lord.

Pilate

Why, dwellis he with that dochard whos dedis hase us drouyd? 239

Miles 1

Pat hase he done ser and dose, no dowte is this day. 240

Pilate

Than wolde we knawe why this knave thus cursidly contryued. 241

Miles 2

Enquere hym, sen yoe can best kenne if he contrarie. 242

Pilate

Say man, to selle thi maistir what mysse hath he moved? 243

Judas

For of als mekill mony he made me delay, 244
Of yoou as I resayue schall but right be reprod.

Anna

I rede noght that yoe reken vs oure rewle so to ray, 246
For that the false fende schall the fang.

Miles 1

When he schall wante of a wraste. 248

Doctor 1

To whome wirke we wittandly wrang. 249

Doctor 2

Tille hym bot yoe hastely hang. 250

Doctor 3

Ȝoure langage yoe lay oute to lang. 251
But Judas, we trewly the trast,
For truly thou moste lerne vs that losell to lache,
Or of lande thurgh a lirtē that lurdayne may lepe.

Judas

I schall yoou teche a token hym tyte for to take 255
Wher he is thryngand in the thrang, withouten any threpe.

Miles 1

We knawe hym noght. 257

Judas

Take kepe than that caytiffe to catche 257
The whilke that I kisse.

Miles 2

Pat comes wele the, corious, I cleepe! 258
But yoitt to warne vs wisely allwayes muste yoe wacche.
Whan thou schall wende forthwith we schall walke a wilde hepe,
And therefore besye loke now thou be.

Judas

Ȝis, yois, a space schall I spie vs 262
Als sone as the sonne is sette, as yoe see.

Miles 1

Go forthe, for a traytoure ar yoe. 264

Miles 2

Ȝa, and a wikkid man. 265

Doctor 1

Why, what is he? 265

Doctor 2

A losell ser, but lewtē shuld lye vs. 266
He is trappid full of trayne, the truthe for to trist,
I holde it but folye his faythe for to trowe.

Pilate

Abide in my blyssing and late youre breste, 269
For it is beste for oure bote in bayle for to bowe.
And Judas, for oure prophite we praye the be prest.

Judas

Ȝitt hadde I noght a peny to purvey for my prowē. 272

Pilate

Pou schalte haue delyueraunce belyue at thi list, 273
So that thou schall haue liking oure lordschipp to loue.
And therefore Judas mende thou thy mone
And take ther thi siluere all same.

Judas

3a, nowe is my grete greffe ouere-gone. 277

Miles 1

Be lyght than. 278

Judas

3is, latte me allone, 278
For tytte schall that taynte be tone
And therto jocounde and joly I am.

Pilate

Judas, to holde thi behest be hende for oure happe, 281
And of vs helpe and vpholde we hete the to haue.

Judas

I schall bekenne yoou his corse in care for to clappe. 283

Anna

And more comforte in this case we coveyte not to craue. 284

Miles 1

Fro we may reche that rekeles his ribbis schall we rappe, 285
And make that roy or we rest for rennyng to raffe.

Pilate

Nay sirs, all if yoe scourge hym yoe schende noyot his schappe, 287
For if the sotte be sakles vs sittis hym to saue.
Wherfore when yoe go schall to gete hym
Vnto his body brew yoe no bale.

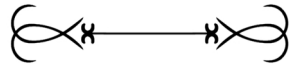
Miles 2

Our liste is fro leping to lette hym, 291
But in youre sight sownde schall ve sette hym.

Pilate

Do flitte nowe forthe till yoe fette hym 293
With solace all same to youre sale.

Play 27. The Last Supper



Jesus

Pees be both be day and nyght 1
Vntill this house and till all that is here.
Here will I holde as I haue hight
The feeste of Paas with frendis in feere.

Marcellus

Maistir, we haue arayed full right 5
Seruise that semes for youre sopere.
Oure lambe is roste and redy dight,
As Moyses lawe will lely lere.

Jesus

That is, ilke man that has 9
Pepill in his awne posté
Shall roste a lambe at Paas,
To hym and his meyné.

Andrew

Maistir, the custome wele we knawe 13
That with oure elthers euer has bene,
How ilke man with his meyné awe
To roste a lambe and ete it clene.

Jesus

I thanke yoo sothtly of youre sawe, 17
For yoe saye as youreselffe has sene.
Therefore array yoo all on rawe,
Myselfe schall parte itt yoo betwene.
Wherfore I will that yoe
Ette therof euere-ilkone,
The remelaunt parted schall be
To the poure that purueyse none.
Of Moyses lawes here make I an ende
In som party, but nocht in all.
My comaundement schall othirwise be kende
With tham that men schall craftely call.
But the lambe of Pase that here is spende,
Whilke Jewes vses grete and small,
Euere forward nowe I itt deffende
Fro Cristis folke what so befall.
In that stede schall be sette
A newe lawe vs bytwene,
But who therof schall ette
Behoues to be wasshed clene.
For that new lawe whoso schall lere,

In harte tham bus be clene and chaste.
Marcelle myn awne discipill dere,
Do vs haue watir here in hast.

Marcellus

Maistir, it is all redy here, 41
And here a towell clene to taste.

Jesus

Commes forthe with me all in feere, 43
My wordis schall nocht be wroght in waste.
Settis youre feete fourth, late see,
They schall be wasshen sone.

Peter

A, lorde, with thi leue, of thee 47
Pat dede schall noyot be done.
I schall neuere make my membres mete,
Of my souerayne seruice to see.

Jesus

Petir, bott if thou latte me wasshe thi feete 51
Pou getis no parte in blisse with me.

Peter

A, mercy lorde and maistir swete, 53
Owte of that blisse that I nocht be-
Wasshe on my lorde to all be wete,
Both hede and hande, beseke I the.

Jesus

Petir, thou wotiste noyot yoitt 57
What this werke will bemene.
Hereaftir schall thou witte,
And so schall yoe all bedene.
3oure lorde and maistir yoe me call,
And so I am, all welthe to welde.
Here haue I knelid vnto yooou all,
To wasshe youre feete as yoe haue feled.
Ensaumple of me take yoe schall
Euer for to yoeme in yooouthe and elde,
To be buxsome in boure and hall,
Ilkone for to bede othir belde.
For all-if yoe be trewe
And lele of loue ilkone,
3e schall fynde othir ay newe
To greue whan I am gone.

Jacobus

Now sen oure maistir sais he schall 73
Wende and will not telle vs whedir,

Whilke of vs schall be princepall?
Late loke now whils we dwell togedir.

Jesus

I wotte youre will both grete and small, 77
And youre high hartis I here tham hedir;
To whilke of yoou such fare schulde fall
Pat myght yoe carpe when yoe come thedir,
Where it so schulde be tyde
Of such materes to melle.
But first behoues yoou bide
Fayndyngis full ferse and felle.
Here schall I sette yoou for to see
Þis yoonge childe for insaumpills seere,
Both meke and mylde of harte is he,
And fro all malice, mery of chere;
So meke and mylde but if yoe be
[... ...] 89
[... ...] 89

Jesus

Quod facis fac cicius: 90
Pat thou schall do, do sone.

Thomas

Allas, so wilsom wightis as we 92
Was neuere in worlde walkand in wede,
Oure maistir sais his awne meyné
Has betrayed hym to synfull seede.

Jacobus

A, Jhon, sen thou sittist nexte his kne, 96
We pray the spire hym for oure spede.

John

Domine, quis est qui tradit te? 98
Lord, who schall do that doulfull dede?
Allas, oure playe is paste,
Þis false forward is feste.
I may no lenger laste,
For bale myn herte may breste.

Judas

Now is tyme to me to gang, 104
For here begynnes noye all of newe.
My fellows momellis thame emang
Pat I schulde alle this bargayne brewe-
And certis thai schall noyot wene it wrang.
To the prince of prestis I schall pursue,
And thei schall lere hym othir ought long
That all his sawes sore schall hym rewe.

I wotte whedir he remoues
With his meyné ilkone,
I schall telle to the Jewes
And tyte he schalle be tane.

Jesus

I warne yoou nowe my frendis free, 116
Sese to ther sawes that I schall say:
The fende is wrothe with yoou and me
And will yoou marre if that he may.
But Petir, I haue prayed for the,
So that thou schall noyot drede his dray;
And comforte thou this meyné
And wisse hem whan I am gone away.

Peter

A, lorde, where wylte thou lende? 124
I schall lende in that steede,
And with the schall I wende
Euermore in lyffe and dede.

Andrew

No wordely drede schall me withdrawe 128
That I schall with the leue and dye.

Thomas

Certis, so schall we all on rawe, 130
Ellis mekill woo were we worthy.

Jesus

Petir, I saie to the this sawe 132
Pat thou schalte fynde no fantasie:
Pis ilke nyght or the cokkys crowe
Shall thou thre tymes my name denye,
And saye thou knewe me neuere
Nor no meyné of myne.

Peter

Allas, lorde, me were lever 138
Be putte to endles pyne.

Jesus

As I yow saie so schall it bee, 140
Ye nedis non othir recours to craue.
All that in worlde is wretyn of me
Shall be fulfilled, for knyght or knave.
I am the herde, the schepe are yoe,
And whane the herde schall harmes haue
The flokke schall be full fayne to flee,
And socoure seke thameselffe to saue.
Ze schall whan I am slayne

In grete myslykyng lende,
But whanne I ryse agayne
Pan schall youre myrthe be mende.
3e haue bene bowne my bale to bete,
Therefore youre belde ay schall I be.
And for yoe did in drye and wete
My comaundementis in ilke contré,
The kyngdome of heuen I you behete
Euen as my fadir has highte itt me.
With gostely mete there schall yoe mete
And on twelffe seeges sitte schall yoe,
For yoe trewlye toke yoeme
In worlde with me to dwell,
There shall yoe sitte to deme
Xij kyndis of Israell.
But firste yoe schall be wille of wone,
And mo wathes then yoe of wene
Fro tyme schall come that I be tone,
Pan schall yoe turne away with tene.
And loke that yoe haue swerdis ilkone,
And whoso haues non yoou bytwene
Shall selle his cote and bye hym one,
Bus bidde I that yoe do bedene.
Satcheles I will yoe haue,
And stones to stynte all striffe,
Youreselffe for to saue
In lenghyng of youre liff.

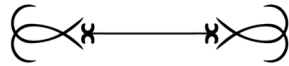
Andrew

Maistir, we haue here swerdis twoo 176
Vs with to saue on sidis seere.

Jesus

Itt is inowe, yoe nedis no moo, 178
For fro all wathis I schall yoou were.
Butt ryse now vppe, for we will goo,
By this owre enemyes ordand are;
My fadir saide it schall be soo,
His bidding will I noyot forbere.
Loke yoe lere forthe this lawe
Als yoe haue herde of me,
Alle that wele will itt knawe
Ay blessid schall thei bee.

Play 28. The Agony and Betrayal



Jesus

Beholde, my discipulis that deyne is and dere, 1
My flesshe dyderis and daris for doute of my dede.
Myne enemyes will newly be neghand full nere
With all the myght if thei may to marre my manhede.
But sen yoe are forwakid and wanderede in were,
Loke yoe sette yoou doune rathely and reste yooue, I reede.
Beis noyot heuy in yooure hertis, but holde yow even here
And bidis me a stounde stille in this same steede.
Beeis witty and wyse in yooure wandyng
So that yoe be wakand alway,
And lokis nowe prestely yoe pray
To my fadir, that yoe falle in no fandyng.

Peter

3is lorde, at thy bidding full baynly schall we abide, 13
For thou arte boote of oure bale and bidis for the best.

John

Lorde, all oure helpe and oure hele, that is noght to hyde, 15
In the-oure faythe and oure foode-all hollye is feste.

Jacobus

Qwat way is he willid in this worlde wyde, 17
Whedir is he walked, estewarde or weste?

Peter

3aa sirs, I schall saye yoou, sittis vs doune on euery ilka side, 19
And late vs nowe rathely here take oure reste;
My lymmys are heuy as any leede.

John

And I muste slepe, doune muste I lye. 22

Jacobus

In faithe felawes, right so fare I, 23
I may no lenger holde vppe my hede.

Peter

Oure liffe of his lyolty his liffe schall he lose, 25
Vnkyndely be crucified and naylyd to a tree.

Jesus

Baynly of my blissing youre eghen yoe vnclose, 27
So that yoe falle in no fandyng for noght that may be,
But prayes fast.

John

Lorde, som prayer thou kende vs, 30
That somewhat myght mirthe vs or mende vs.

Jacobus

Fro all fandyng vnfaythfull thou fende vs 32
Here in this worlde of liffe while we laste.

Jesus

I schall kenne yoou and comforte yoou and kepe yoou from care. 34
Ze schall be broughte, wete yoe wele, fro bale vnto blisse.

Peter

3aa, but lorde, and youre willis were witte wolde we more, 36
Of this prayer so precious late vs noyot mys
We beseke the.

John

For my felows and me alle in feere, 39
Some prayer that is precious to lere.

Jacobus

Vnto thy fadir that moste is of poure 41
Som solace of socoure to sende the.
[... ...] 42

Jesus

Be nowys that me neghed hase it nedis not to neuen, 43
For all wate yoe full wele what wayes I haue wente.
Instore me and strenghe with a stille steuen,
I pray the interly thou take entent
Pou menske my manhed with mode.
My flessch is full dredand for drede,
For my jorneyes of my manhed
I swete now both watir and bloode.
Bes Jewes hase mente in ther mynde full of malice
And pretende me to take withouten any trespasse.
But fadir, as thou wate wele, I mente neuere amys,
In worde nor in werk I neuer worthy was.
Als thou arte bote of all bale and belder of blisse
And all helpe and hele in thy hande hase,
Pou mensk thy manhede, thou mendar of mysse,
And if it possible be this payne myght I ouerpasse.
And fadir, if thou se it may noght,
Be it worthely wrought
Euen at thyne awne will,
Euermore both myldely and still,
With worschippe allway be it wrought.
Vnto my discipillis will I go agayne,
Kyndely to comforte tham that kacchid are in care.
What, are yoe fallen on slepe now euerilkone

And the passioun of me in mynde hase no more?
What, wille yoe leue me thus lightly and latte me allone
In sorowe and in sighyng that sattillis full sore?
To whome may I meue me and make nowe my mone?
I wolde that yoe wakened, and your will wore.
Do Petir sitte vppe nowe, late se,
Pou arte strongly stedde in this stoure.
Might thou noght the space of an owre
Haue wakid nowe mildely with me?

Peter

3is lorde, with youre leue nowe wille we lere 76
Full warely to were yoou fro alle wandynge.

Jesus

Beeis wakand and prayes faste all in fere 78
To my fadir, that yoe falle in no fanding,
For the euelle spirit is neghand full nere
That will yoou tarie at this tyme with his tentyng.
And I will wende ther I was withouten any were,
But bidis me here baynly in my blissing.
Agayne to the mounte I will gang
3itt eftesones where I was ere,
But loke that yoe cacche yoow no care,
For lely I schall noyot dwelle lange.
Pou fadir that all formed hase with fode for to fill,
I fele by my ferdnes my flessch wolde full fayne
Be torned fro this turnement and takyn the vntill,
For mased is manhed in mode and in mayne.
But if thou se sothly that thi sone sill
Withouten surffette of synne thus sakles be slayne,
Be it worthly wroght even at thyne awne will,
For fadir, att thi bidding am I buxum and bayne.
Now wightely agayne will I wende
Vnto my discipilis so dere.
What, slepe yoe so faste all in fere?
I am ferde yoe mon faile of youre frende.
But yoitt will I leue yoou and late you allone
And eftesones there I was agayne will I wende.
Vnto my fadir of myght now make I my mone,
As thou arte saluer of all sore som socoure me sende.
Be passioun they purpose to putte me vppon,
My flesshe is full ferde and fayne wolde defende.
At thi wille be itt wrought worthely in wone;
Haue mynde of my manhed my mode for to mende,
Some comferte me kythe in this case.
And fadir, I schall dede taste, I will it noyot deffende-
3itt yf thy willis be, spare me a space.
[And seis... ..yght
With rappes full rudely... ..the rode rente]

Angel

Vnto the maker vnmade that moste is of myght 113
Be louyng ay-lastand in light that is lente.
Thy fadir that in heuen is moste he vppon highte,
Thy sorowes for to sobir to the he hase me sente.
For dedis that man done has thy dede schall be dight,
And thou with turmentis be tulyd-but take nowe entente,
Thy bale schall be for the beste,
Thurgh that mannys mys schall be mende.
Pan schall thou withouten any ende
Rengne in thy rialté full of reste.

Jesus

Now if my flessch ferde be, fadir I am fayne 123
Pat myne angwisshe and my noyes are nere at an ende.
Vnto my discipilis go will I agayne,
Kyndely to comforte tham that mased is in ther mynde.
Do slepe yoe nowe sauely, and I schall yooou sayne.
Wakyns vppe wightely and late vs hens wende,
For als tyte mon I be taken with tresoune and with trayne;
My flesshe is full ferde and fayne wolde deffende.
Full derfely my dede schall be dight,
And als sone as I am tane
Pan schall yoe forsake me ilkone,
And saie neuere yoe sawe me with sight.

Peter

Nay sothely, I schall neuere my souereyne forsake, 135
If I schulde for the dede darfely here dye.

John

Nay, such mobardis schall neuere man vs make, 137
Erste schulde we dye all at onys.

Jacobus

Nowe in faith felows, so schulde I. 138

Jesus

3a, but when tyme is betydde thanne men schalle me take, 139
For all yooure hartely hetyng yoe schall hyde yooou in hy.
Lyke schepe that were scharid away schall yoe schake,
Per schall none of yooou be balde to byde me than by.

Peter

Nay sothely, whils I may vayle the 143
I schall were the and wake the,
And if all othir forsake the
I schall neuere fayntely defayle the.

Jesus

A, Petir, of swilke bostyng I rede thou late bee, 147

For all thy kene carpyng full kenely I knawe.
For ferde of myne enmyse thou schalte sone denye me
Thries yoitt full thraly or the cokkes crowe;
For ferde of my fomen full fayne be for to flee,
And for grete doute of thi dede the to withdrawe.

Anna

Sir Cayphas, of youre counsaile do sone late vs now see, 153
For lely it langes vs to luke vnto oure lawe.
And therefore sir prestely I pray yoou,
Sen that we are of counsaile ilkone,
That Jesus that traytoure wer tane;
Do sone late se sir I pray yoou.

Caiphas

In certayne sir, and sone schall I saye yoou, 159
I wolde wene by my witte this werke wolde be wele.
Late vs justely vs june tille Judas the gente,
For he kennes his dygnites full duly ilke a dele,
3a, and beste wote I warande what wayes that he is wente.

Anna

Now this was wisely saide, als euer haue I seele; 164
And sir, to youre sayng I saddely will assente,
Therefore take vs of oure knyghtis that is stedfast as stele
And late Judas go lede tham belyffe wher that he laste lente.

Caiphas

Full wele sir. 168
Nowe Judas dere neighbour, drawe nere vs.
Lo Judas, thus in mynd haue we ment:
To take Jesus is oure entent,
For thou muste lede vs and lere vs.

Judas

Sirs, I schall wisse you the way euen at youre awne will- 173
But loke that yoe haue many myghty men
That is both strang and sterand, and stedde hym stone stille.

Anna

3is Judas, but be what knowlache shall we that corse kenne? 176

Judas

Sirs, a tokenyng in this tyme I schall telle yoou vntill, 177
But lokis by youre lewty no liffe yoe hym lenne:
Qwhat man som I kys that corse schall ye kyll,
And also beis ware that he will not away-I schrew you all thenne.

Caiphas

Why nay Judas, 181

We purpose the page schall not passe.
Sir knyghtis in hy.

Miles 1

Lorde, we are here. 183

Caiphas

Calles fourth youre felaws in feere 184
And gose justely with gentill Judas.

Miles 1

Come felaws, by youre faith, come forthe all faste 186
And carpis with sir Cayphas, he comaundis me to call.

Miles 2

I schrewe hym all his liffe that loues to be last. 188

Miles 3

Go we hens than in hy and haste vs to the halle. 189

Miles 4

Lorde, of youre will worthely wolde I witte what was't? 190

Caiphas

To take Jesus that sawntrelle all same, that yoe schall. 191

Miles 1

Lorde, to that purpose I wolde that we paste. 192

Anna

3a, but loke that yoe be armed wele all, 193
The moste gentill of the Jury schalle gyde yoou.

Caiphas

3a, and euery ilke a knyght in degré 195
Both armed and harneysed yoe be,
To belde yoou, and baynely go byde yoou.

Anna

3a, and therefore sir Cayphas yoe hye yoou, 198
Youre wirschippe yoe wynne in this cas.
As yoe are a lorde most lofsom of lyre
Vndir sir Pilate that lyfis in this empire,
3one segger that callis hymselffe a sire
With tresoure and tene sall we taste hym.
Of yoone losell his bale schall he brewe,
Do trottes on for that traytoure apas
In hast.

Caiphas

Nowe sirs, sen yoe say my poure is most beste 207
And hase all this werke thus to wirke at my will,

Now certayne I thinke not to rest,
But solempnely youre will to fulfille
Riyot sone.
Full tyte the traytoure schall be tane-
Sirs, knyghtis, yoe hye yooou ilkone,
For in certayne the losell schall be slane.
Sir Anna, I praye yooou haue done.

Anna

Full redy tyte I schall be boune 216
Pis journey for to go till.
Als yoe are a lorde of grete renoune
3e spare hym not to spill,
Be devill hym spede.
Go we with oure knyghtis in fere,
Lo, thay are arrayed and armed clere.
Sir knyghtis, loke yoe be of full gud chere,
Where yoe hym see on hym take hede.

Judeus 1

Goode tente to hym lorde schall we take, 225
He schall banne the tyme that he was borne.
All his kynne schall come to late,
He schall noght skape withouten scorne
Fro vs in fere.

Judeus 2

We schall hym seke both even and morne, 230
Erly and late with full gode chere
Is oure entente.

Judeus 3

Stye nor strete we schall spare none, 233
Felde nor towne, thus haue we mente
And boune in corde.

Caiphaz

Malcus! 236

Malcus

A, ay, and I schulde be rewarde, 236
And right als wele worthy were,
Loo, for I bere light for my lorde.

Caiphaz

A, sir, of youre speche lette, and late vs spede 239
A space and of oure speche spare.
And Judas, go fande thou before
And wisely thou wisse tham the way,
For sothely sone schall we saye
To make hym to marre vs no more.

Jesus

Now will this oure be neghand full nere 245
That schall certefie all the soth that I haue saide.

Caiphaz

Go, fecche forth the freyke for his forfeite. 247

Judas

All hayll maistir, in faith, and felawes all in fere, 248
With grete gracious gretung on grounde be yoe graied.
I wolde aske you a kysse maistir, and youre willes were,
For all my loue and my likyng is holy vpon yoo layde.

Jesus

Full hartely Judas, haue it even here, 252
For with this kissing is mans sone betrayed.

Miles 1

Whe, stande traytoure, I telle the for tane. 254

Caiphaz

Whe, do knyghtis, go falle on before. 255

Miles 2

3is maistir, moue thou no more, 256
But lightly late vs allone.

Miles 3

Allas, we are loste for leme of this light. 258

Jesus

Saye yoe here, whome seke yoe? Do saye me, late see. 259

Judeus 1

One Jesu of Nazareth I hope that he hight. 260

Jesus

Beholdis all hedirward, loo here, I am hee. 261

Miles 1

Stande dastarde, so darfely thy dede schall be dight, 262
I will no more be abasshed for blenke of thy blee.

Judeus 1

We, oute, I ame mased almost in mayne and in myght. 264

Judeus 2

And I am ferde be my feyth and fayne wolde I flee, 265
For such a siyot haue I not sene.

Judeus 3

Bis leme it lemed so light, 267

I saugh neuer such a siyot,
Me meruayles what it may mene.

Jesus

Doo, whame seke yoe all same yoitt I saye? 270

Judeus 1

One Jesus of Nazareth, hym wolde we neghe nowe. 271

Jesus

And I am he sothly. 272

Malcus

And that schall I asaie, 272

For thou schalte dye, dastard, sen that it is thowe.

Peter

And I schall fande be my feythe the for to flaye, 274

Here with a lusse, lordayne, I schalle the allowe.

Malcus

We! Oute! All my deueres are done. 276

Peter

Nay 276

Traytoure, but trewly I schall trappe the I trowe.

Jesus

Pees, Petir, I bidde the, 278

Melle the nor move the no more.

For witte thou wele, and my willis were,

I myght haue poure grete plenté

Of aungellis full many to mustir my myght.

Forthy putte vppe thi swerde full goodely agayne,

For he that takis vengeaunce all rewlid schall be right

With purgens and vengeaunce that voydes in vayne.

Pou man that is thus derede and doulfully dyght,

Come hedir to me sauely and I schalle the sayne.

In the name of my fadir that in heuene is most vpon hight,

Of thy hurtis be thou hole in hyde and in hane,

Thurgh vertewe thi vaynes be at vayle.

Malcus

What, ille hayle, I hope that I be hole- 291

Nowe I schrewe hym this tyme that gyvis tale

To touche the for thi trauayle.

Judeus 1

Do felaws, be youre faithe, late vs fange on in fere, 294

For I haue on this hyne [... ...]

Miles 2

And I haue a loke on hym nowe-howe felawes, drawe nere. 296

Miles 3

3is, by the bonys that this bare, this bourde schall he banne. 297

Jesus

Euen like a theffe heneusly hurle yoe me here; 298

I taught you in youre tempill, why toke yoe me noyot thanne?

Now haues merkenes on molde all his power.

Judeus 1

Do, do, laye youre handes belyue on this lourdayne. 301

Judeus 3

We, haue holde this hauk in thi hende. 302

Malcus

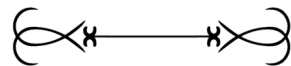
Whe, yois felawes, be my faith he is fast. 303

Judeus

Vnto sir Cayphas I wolde that he past. 304

Farewele, for, iwise, we will wende.

Play 29. The Trial before Cayphas and Anna



Caiphas

Pees bewshers, I bid no jangelyng yoe make, 1
And sese sone of youre sawes and se what I saye,
And trewe tente vnto me this tyme that yoe take,
For I am a lorde lerned lelly in youre lay.
By connyng of clergy and casting of witte
Full wisely my wordis I welde at my will,
So semely in seete me semys for to sitte
And the lawe for to lerne you and lede it by skill,
Right sone.
What wyte so will oght with me
Full frendly in feyth am I founne;
Come of, do tyte late me see
Howe graciously I shall graunte hym his bone.
Ther is nowder lorde ne lady lerned in the lawe,
Ne bisshoppe ne prelate that preued is for pris,
Nor clerke in the courte that connyng will knawe,
With wisdom may were hym in worlde is so wise.
I haue the renke and the rewle of all the ryall,
To rewle it by right als reasoune it is.
All domesmen on dese awe for to dowte me
That hase thaim in bandome in bale or in blis;
Wherefore takes tente to my tales, and lowtis vnto me.
And therefore sir knyghtis-
Tunc dicunt Lorde. 23
I charge you chalange youre rightis,
To wayte both be day and by nyghtis
Of the bringyng of a boy into bayle.

Miles 1

Yis lorde, we schall wayte if any wonderes walke, 27
And freyne howe youre folkis fare that are furth ronne.

Miles 2

We schall be bayne at youre bidding and it not to-balke 29
Yf thei presente you that boy in a bande boune.

Anna

Why syr, and is ther a boy that will noght lowte to youre biding? 31

Caiphas

Ya sir, and of the coriousenesse of that karle ther is carping, 32
But I haue sente for that segge halfe for hethyng.

Anna

What wondirfull werkis workis that wighte? 34

Caiphas

Seke men and sori he sendis siker helyng- 35
And to lame men-and blynde he sendis ther sight.
Of croked crepillis that we knawe
Itt is to here grete wondering,
How that he helis thame all on rawe,
And all thurgh his false happenyng.
I am sorie of a sight
Pat egges me to ire,
Oure lawe he brekis with all his myght,
Pat is moste his desire.
Oure Sabott day he will not safe
But is aboute to bringe it downe,
And therefore sorowe muste hym haue
May he be kacched in felde or towne,
For his false stevyn,
He defamys fowly the Godhed
And callis hymselffe God sone of hevene.

Anna

I haue goode knowlache of that knafe: 52
Marie me menys his modir highte,
And Joseph his fadir as God me safe
Was kidde and knowen wele for a wrighte.
But o thyng me mervayles mekill ouere all,
Of diuerse dedis that he has done-

Caiphas

With wicche-crafte he fares withall 58
Sir, that schall yoe se full sone.
Oure knyghtis thai are furth wente
To take hym with a traye,
By this I holde hym shente,
He can not wende away.

Anna

Wolde yoe, sir, take youre reste- 64
This day is comen on hande-
And with wyne slake youre thirste?
Pan durste I wele warande
3e schulde haue tithandis sone
Of the knyghtis that are gone,
And howe that thei haue done
To take hym by a trayne.
And putte all thought away
And late youre materes reste.

Caiphas

I will do as yoe saie, 74
Do gette vs wyne of the best.

Miles 1

My lorde, here is wyne that will make you to wynke, 76
Itt is licoure full delicious my lorde, and you like.
Wherefore I rede drely a draughte that yoe drynke,
For in this contré, that we knawe, iwisse ther is none slyke,
Wherefore we counsaile you this cuppe sauerly for to kisse.

Caiphas

Do on dayntely and dresse me on dees 81
And hendely hille on me happing,
And warne all wightis to be in pees
For I am late layde vnto napping.

Anna

My lorde, with youre leue, and it like you, I passe. 85

Caiphas

Adiew be unte, as the manere is. 86

Mulier

Sir knyghtys, do kepe this boy in bande, 87
For I will go witte what it may mene,
Why that yone wighte was hym folowand
Erly and late, morne and ene.
He will come nere, he will not lette,
He is a spie, I warand, full bolde.

Miles 3

It semes by his sembland he had leuere be sette 93
By the feruent fire to fleme hym fro colde.

Mulier

Ya, but and yoe wiste as wele as I 95
What wonders that this wight has wrought,
And thurgh his maistir sorssery,
Full derfely schulde his deth be bought.

Miles 4

Dame, we haue hym nowe at will 99
Pat we haue longe tyme soughte,
Yf othir go by vs still
Perfore we haue no thought.

Mulier

Itt were grete skorne that he schulde skape 103
Withoute he hadde resoune and skill,
He lokis lurkand like an nape,
I hope I schall haste me hym tille.
Thou caytiffe, what meves the stande
So stabill and stille in thi thocht?
Pou hast wrought mekill wronge in londe

And wondirfull werkis haste thou wroght.
A lorell, a leder of lawe,
To sette hym and suye has thou soght.
Stande furth and threste in yone thrawe,
Thy maistry thou bryng vnto nocht.
Wayte nowe, he lokis like a brokke
Were he in a bande for to bayte,
Or ellis like an nowele in a stok
Full preualy his pray for to wayte.

Peter

Woman, thy wordis and thy wynde thou not waste, 119
Of his company never are I was kende.
Pou haste the mismarkid, trewly be traste,
Wherfore of thi misse thou the amende.

Mulier

Pan gaynesaies thou here the sawes that thou saide, 123
How he schulde clayme to be callid God sonne,
And with the werkis that he wrought whils he walked
Baynly at oure bydding alway to be bonne.

Peter

I will consente to youre sawes, what schulde I saye more? 127
For women are crabbed-that comes them of kynde.
But I saye as I firste saide, I sawe hym neuere are,
But as a frende of youre felawschippe shall ye me aye fynde.

Malchus

Herke, knyghtis that are knawen in this contré as we kenne, 131
Howe yone boy with his boste has brewed mekill bale.
He has forsaken his maistir before yoone womanne,
But I schall preue to yoou pertly and telle you my tale.
I was presente with pepull whenne prese was full prest
To mete with his maistir with mayne and with myght,
And hurled hym hardely and hastely hym arreste,
And in bandis full bittirly bande hym sore all that nyght.
And of tokenyng of trouth schall I telle yowe
Howe yone boy with a brande brayede me full nere-
Do move of thez materes emelle yowe-
For swiftly he swapped of my nere.
His maistir with his myght helyd me all hole,
That by no syne I cowthe see no man cowthe it witten,
And than badde hym bere pees in euery-ilke bale,
For he that strikis with a swerd with a swerde schall be smitten.
Late se whedir grauntest thou gilte:
Do speke oon and spare not to telle vs
Or full faste I schall fonde the flitte,
The soth but thou saie here emelle vs.
Come of, do tyte late me see nowe,
In sauynge of thyselffe fro schame

[... ...] 152

3a, and also for beryng of blame.

Peter

I was neuere with hym in werke that he wrought, 154
In worde nor in werke, in will nor in dede.
I knawe no corse that yoe haue hidir brought,
In no courte of this kith, yf I schulde right rede.

Malchus

Here sirs howe he sais, and has forsaken 158
His maistir to this woman here twyes,
And newly oure lawe has he taken-
Thus hath he denyed hym thryes.

Jesus

Petir, Petir, thus saide I are 162
When thou saide thou wolde abide with me
In wele and woo, in sorowe and care,
Whillis I schulde thries forsaken be.

Peter

Alas the while that I come here, 166
That euere I denyed my lorde in quarte,
The loke of his faire face so clere
With full sadde sorrowe sheris my harte.

Miles 3

Sir knyghtis, take kepe of this karll and be konnand 170
Because of sir Cayphas, we knowe wele his thocht.
He will rewarde vs full wele, that dare I wele warand,
Whan he wete of oure werkis how wele we haue wrought.

Miles 4

Sir, this is Cayphas halle here at hande, 174
Go we boldly with this boy that we haue here broght.

Miles 3

Nay sirs, vs muste stalke to that stede and full still stande, 176
For itt is nowe of the nyght, yf thei nappe oght.
Say, who is here?

Miles 1

Say who is here? 178

Miles 3

I, a frende, 178
Well knawyn in this contré for a knyght.

Miles 2

Gose furthe, on youre wayes may yee wende, 180
For we haue herbered enowe for tonyght.

Miles 1

Gose abakke bewscheres, yoe bothe are to blame 182
To bourde whenne oure busshopp is boune to his bedde.

Miles 4

Why sir, it were worthy to welcome vs home, 184
We haue gone for this warlowe and we haue wele spedde.

Miles 2

Why, who is that? 186

Miles 3

The Jewes kyng, Jesus by name. 186

Miles 1

A, yee be welcome, that dare I wele wedde, 187
My lorde has sente for to seke hym.

Miles 4

Loo, se here the same. 188

Miles 2

Abidde as I bidde and be noght adreed. 189
My lorde, my lorde, my lorde, here is layke and yoou list.

Caiphaz

Pees, loselles. Leste yoe be nyse? 191

Miles 1

My lorde, it is wele and ye wiste. 192

Caiphaz

What, nemen vs no more, for it is twyes. 193
Pou takist non hede to the haste that we haue here on honde,
Go frayne howe oure folke faris that are furth ronne.

Miles 2

My lorde, youre knyghtis has kared as ye thame commaunde 196
And thei haue fallen full faire.

Caiphaz

Why, and is the foole fonne? 197

Miles 1

Ya lorde, thei haue brought a boy in a bande boune. 198

Caiphaz

Where nowe sir Anna, that is one and able to be nere? 199

Anna

My lorde, with youre leue me behoues to be here. 200

Caiphas

A, sir, come nere and sitte we both in fere. 201

Anna

Do sir bidde tham bring in that boy that is bune. 202

Caiphas

Pese now sir Anna, be stille and late hym stande, 203
And late vs grope yf this gome be grathly begune.

Anna

Sir, this game is begune of the best, 205
Nowe hadde he no force for to flee thame.

Caiphas

Nowe in faithe I am fayne he is fast, 207
Do lede in that ladde, late me se than.

Miles 2

Lo sir, we haue saide to oure souereyne, 209
Gose nowe and suye to hymselfe for the same thyng.

Miles 3

Mi lorde, to youre bidding we haue ben buxom and bayne, 211
Lo, here is the belschere broght that ye bad bring.

Miles 4

My lorde, fandis now to fere hym. 213

Caiphas

Nowe I am fayne, 213
And felawes, faire mott ye fall for youre fynding.

Anna

Sir, and ye trowe thei be trewe withowten any trayne, 215
Bidde thayme telle you the tyme of the takyng.

Caiphas

Say felawes, howe wente ye so nemely by nyyot? 217

Miles 3

My lorde, was there no man to marre vs ne mende vs. 218

Miles 4

My lorde, we had lanternes and light 219
And some of his company kende vs.

Anna

But saie, howe did he, Judas? 221

Miles 3

A, sir, full wisely and wele, 221
He markid vs his maistir emang all his men
And kyssid hym full kyndely his comforte to kele,
By cause of a countenance that karll for to kenne.

Caiphaz

And thus did he his deuere? 225

Miles 4

Ya lorde, euere-ilke a dele, 225
He taughte vs to take hym the tyme aftir tenne.

Anna

Nowe be my feith a faynte frende myght he ther fele. 227

Miles 3

Sire, ye myght so haue saide hadde ye hym sene thenne. 228

Miles 4

He sette vs to the same that he solde vs 229
And feyned to be his frende as a faytour,
This was the tokenyng before that he tolde vs.

Caiphaz

Nowe trewly, this was a trante of a traytour. 232

Anna

3a, be he traytour or trewe geue we neuer tale, 233
But takes tente at this tyme and here what he telles.

Caiphaz

Now sees that oure howsolde be holden here hole, 235
So that none carpe in case but that in court dwellis.

Miles 3

A, lorde, this brethell hath brewed moche bale. 237

Caiphaz

Therefore schall we spede vs to spere of his spellis. 238
Sir Anna, takis hede nowe and here hym.

Anna

Say ladde, liste the noght lowte to a lorde? 240

Miles 4

No sir, with youre leue we schall lere hym. 241

Caiphaz

Nay sir, noght so, no haste, 242
Itt is no burde to bete bestis that are bune.
And therefore with fayrenes firste we vill hym fraste

And sithen forther hym furth as we haue fune.
And telle vs som tales truly to traste.

Anna

Sir, we myght als wele talke tille a tome tonne. 247
I warande hym witteles, or ellis he is wrang wrayste,
Or ellis he waitis to wirke als he was are wonne.

Miles 3

His wonne was to wirke mekill woo 250
And make many maystries emelle vs.

Caiphas

And some schall he graunte or he goo, 252
Or muste yowe tente hym and telle vs.

Miles 4

Mi lorde, to witte the wonderes that he has wrought, 254
For to telle you the tente it wolde oure tonges tere.

Caiphas

Sen the boy for his boste is into bale broght 256
We will witte or he wende how his werkis were.

Miles 3

Oure Sabott day we saye saves he right nocht, 258
That he schulde halowe and holde full dingne and full dere.

Miles 4

No sir, in the same feste als we the sotte sougte 260
He salued thame of sikenesse on many sidis seere.

Caiphas

What than, makes he thame grathely to gange? 262

Miles 3

3a lorde, even forthe in euery-ilke a toune 263
He thame lechis to liffe aftir lange.

Caiphas

A, this makes he by the myghtis of Mahounde. 265

Miles 4

Sir, oure stiffe tempill that made is of stone, 266
That passes any paleys of price for to preyse,
And it were doune to the erth and to the gronde gone
This rebalde he rowses hym it rathely to rayse.

Miles 3

3a lorde, and othir wonderis he workis grete wone, 270
And with his lowde lesyngis he losis oure layes.

Caiphas

Go lowse hym, and levis than and late me allone, 272
For myselfe schall serche hym and here what he saies.

Anna

Herke, Jesus of Jewes, we will haue joie 274
To spille all thy sporte for thy spellis.

Caiphas

Do meve, felawe, of thy frendis that fedde the beforne, 276
And sithen, felowe, of thi fare forther will I freyne;
Do neven vs lightly. His langage is lorne!

Miles 3

My lorde, with youre leve, hym likis for to layne, 279
But and he schulde scape skatheles it wer a full skorne,
For he has mustered emonge vs full mekil of his mayne.

Miles 4

Malkus youre man, lord, that had his ere schorne, 282
This harlotte full hastely helid it agayne.

Caiphas

What, and liste hym be nyse for the nonys, 284
And heres howe we haste to rehetete hym.

Anna

Nowe by Beliall bloode and his bonys, 286
I holde it beste to go bete hym.

Caiphas

Nay sir, none haste, we schall haue game or we goo. 288
Boy, be not agaste if we seme gaye.
I coniure the kyndely and comaunde the also,
By grete God that is liffand and laste schall ay,
Yf thou be Criste, Goddis sonne, telle till vs two.

Jesus

Sir, thou says it thiselffe, and sothly I saye 293
Pat I schall go to my fadir that I come froo
And dwelle with hym wynly in welthe allway.

Caiphas

Why, fie on the faitoure vntrewe, 296
Thy fadir haste thou fowly defamed.
Now nedis vs no notes of newe,
Hymselfe with his sawes has he schamed.

Anna

Nowe nedis nowdir wittnesse ne counsaile to call, 300
But take his sawes as he saieth in the same stede.

He sclauderes the Godhed and greues vs all,
Wherfore he is wele worthy to be dede-
And therfore sir, saies hym the sothe.

Caiphas

Sertis so I schall. 304
Heres thou not, harlott? Ille happe on thy hede!
Aunswere here grathely to grete and to small
And reche vs oute rathely som resoune, I rede.

Jesus

My reasouns are not to reherse, 308
Nor they that myght helpe me are noyot here nowe.

Anna

Say ladde, liste the make verse? 310
Do telle on belyffe, late vs here nowe.

Jesus

Sir, if I saie the sothe thou schall not assente, 312
But hyndir, or haste me to hynge.
I prechid wher pepull was moste in present,
And no poynte in priuite to olde ne yoonge.
And also in youre tempill I tolde myne entente;
Ye myght haue tane me that tyme for my tellyng
Wele bettir than bringe me with brondis vnbrente,
And thus to noye me be nyght, and also for nothyng.

Caiphas

For nothyng, losell? Pou lies! 320
Thy wordis and werkis will haue a wrekyng.

Jesus

Sire, sen thou with wrong so me wreyes, 322
Go spere thame that herde of my spekyng.

Caiphas

A, this traitoure has tened me with tales that he has tolde, 324
3itt hadde I neuere such hething of a harlott as hee.

Miles I

What, fye on the, beggar, who made the so bolde 326
To bourde with oure busshoppe? Thy bane schalle I bee.

Jesus

Sir, if my wordis be wrange or werse than thou wolde, 328
A wronge wittenesse I wotte nowe ar yoe;
And if my sawes be soth thei mon be sore solde,
Wherfore thou bourdes to brode for to bete me.

Miles 2

My lorde, will yoe here? For Mahounde, 332
No more now for to neven that it nedis.

Caiphas

Gose dresse you and dyng yoe hym doune, 334
And deffe vs no more with his dedis.

Anna

Nay sir, than blemysse yee prelatis estate, 336
ʒe awe to deme no man to dede for to dyng.

Caiphas

Why sir? So were bettir than be in debate, 338
Ye see the boy will noyot bowe for oure bidding.

Anna

Nowe sir, ye muste presente this boy vnto sir Pilate 340
For he is domysman nere and nexte to the king,
And late hym here alle the hole, how ye hym hate,
And whedir he will helpe hym or haste hym to hyng.

Miles 1

My lorde, late men lede hym by nyght, 344
So schall ye beste skape oute o skornyng.

Miles 2

My lorde, it is nowe in the nyght, 346
I rede yoe abide tille the mornyng.

Caiphas

Bewschere, thou sais the beste and so schall it be- 348
But lerne yone boy bettir to bende and bowe.

Miles 1

We schall lerne yone ladde, be my lewté, 350
For to loute vnto ilke lorde like vnto yowe.

Caiphas

ʒa, and felawes, wayte that he be ay wakand. 352

Miles 2

ʒis lorde, that warant will wee, 352
Itt were a full nedles note to bidde vs nappe nowe.

Miles 3

Sertis, will ye sitte and sone schall ye see 354
Howe we schall play popse for the pages prow.

Miles 4

Late see, who stertis for a stole? 356
For I haue here a hatir to hyde hym.

Miles 1

Lo, here is one full fitte for a foole, 358
Go gete it and sette the beside hym.

Miles 2

Nay, I schall sette it myselffe and frusshe hym also. 360
Lo here a shrowde for a shrewe, and of shene shappe.

Miles 3

Playes faire in feere, and ther is one and ther is-ij; 362
I schall fande to feste it with a faire flappe-
And ther is-iiij; and there is-iiiiij.
Say nowe with an nevill happe,
Who negheth the nowe? Not o worde, no!

Miles 4

Dose noddill on hym with neffes that he nocht nappe. 367

Miles 1

Nay, nowe to nappe is no nede, 368
Wassaille! Wassaylle! I warande hym wakande.

Miles 2

3a, and bot he bettir bourdis can byde 370
Such buffettis schall he be takande.

Miles 3

Prophete, Y saie, to be oute of debate, 372
Quis te percussit, man? Rede, giffe thou may.

Miles 4

Those wordes are in waste, what wenes thou he wate? 374
It semys be his wirkyng his wittes were awaye.

Miles 1

Now late hym stande as he stode in a foles state, 376
For he likis noyot this layke my liffe dare I laye.

Miles 2

Sirs, vs muste presente this page to ser Pilate, 378
But go we firste to oure souerayne and see what he saie.

Miles 3

My lorde, we haue bourded with this boy 380
And holden hym full hote emelle vs.

Caiphaz

Thanne herde ye some japes of joye? 382

Miles 4

The devell haue the worde, lorde, he wolde telle vs. 383

Anna

Sir, bidde belyue thei goo and bynde hym agayne, 384
So that he skape noght, for that were a skorne.

Caiphas

Do telle to sir Pilate oure pleyntes all pleyne, 386
And saie this ladde with his lesyngis has oure lawes lorne.
And saie this same day muste he be slayne
Because of Sabott day that schal be tomorne,
And saie that we come ourselffe for certayne,
And for to fortheren this fare, fare yee beforne.

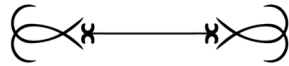
Miles 1

Mi lorde, with youre leve, vs muste wende, 392
Oure message to make as we maye.

Caiphas

Sir, youre faire felawschippe we betake to the fende, 394
Goose onne nowe, and daunce forth in the deuyll way.

Play 30. The First Trial before Pilate



Pilate

Yhe cursed creatures that cruelly are cryand, 1
Restreyne you for stryuyng for strength of my strakis;
Youre pleyntes in my presence vse plately applyand,
Or ellis this brande in youre braynes sone brestis and brekis.
Pis brande in his bones brekis,
What brawle that with brawlyng me brewis,
That wrecche may not wrye fro my wrekis,
Nor his sleyghtis noyot slely hym slakis;
Latte that traytour noyot 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;
O Pila that prowde, Atus hir fadir he hight.
This 'Pila' was hadde into 'Atus'-
Nowe renkis, rede yhe it right?
For thus schortely I haue schewid you in sight
Howe I am prowdeley preued 'Pilatus'.
Loo, Pilate I am, proued a prince of grete pride.
I was putte into Pounce the pepill to presse,
And sithen Sesar hymselffe with exynatores be his side
Remytte me to ther remys the renkes to redresse.
And yitte am Y graunted on grounde as I gesse
To justifie and juge all the Jewes.
A, luffe, here lady? No lesse?
Lo sirs, my worthely wiffe, that sche is,
So semely, loo, certayne scho schewys.

Uxor

Was nevir juge in this Jurie of so jocounde generacion, 28
Nor of so joifull genologie to gentrys enioyned
As yhe, my duke doughty, demar of dampnacion
To princes and prelatys that youre preceptis perloyned.
Who that youre preceptis pertely perloyned,
With drede into dede schall ye dryffe hym;
By my trouthe, he vntrewly is troned
Pat agaynste youre behestis 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 countenance so comly and clere.
The coloure of my corse is full clere
And in richesse of robis I am rayed,

Ther is no lorde in this londe as I lere,
In faith, that hath a frendlyar feere
Than yhe my lorde, myselffe thof I saye itt.

Pilate

Nowe saye itt may ye saffely, for I will certefie the same. 46

Uxor

Gracious lorde, gramercye, youre gode worde is gayne. 47

Pilate

Yhitt for to comforte my corse me muste kisse you madame. 48

Uxor

To fulfille youre forward my fayre lorde I am fayne. 49

Pilate

Howe, howe, felawys! Nowe in faith I am fayne 50
Of theis lippis so loffely are lappid
In bedde is full buxhome and bayne.

Domina

Yha sir, it nedith not to layne, 53
All ladise we coveyte than bothe to be kyssid and clappid.

Bedellus

My liberall lorde, o leder of lawis, 55
O schynyng schawe that all schames escheues,
I beseke you my souerayne, assente to my sawes,
As ye are gentill juger and justice of Jewes.

Domina

Do herke howe yon, javell, jangill of Jewes. 59
Why, go bette horosonne boy, when I bidde the.

Bedellus

Madame, I do but that diewe is. 61

Domina

But yf thou reste of thy resoune thou rewis, 62
For all is acursed, carle-hase in, kydde the!

Pilate

Do mende you madame, and youre mode be amendand, 64
For me semys it wer sittand to se what he sais.

Domina

Mi lorde, he tolde nevir tale that to me was tendand, 66
But with wrynkis and with wiles to wend me my weys.

Bedellus

Gwisse, of youre wayes to be wendand itt langis to oure lawes. 68

Domina

Loo lorde, this ladde with his lawes! 69
Howe, thynke ye it prophis wele his prechyng to prayse?

Pilate

Yha luffe, he knawis all oure custome, 71
I knawe wele...

Bedellus

My seniour, will ye see nowe the sonne in youre sight, 73
For his stately strenghe he stemmys in his stremys?
Behalde ovir youre hede how he heldis fro hight
And glydis to the grounde with his glitterand glemys.
To the grounde he gois with his bemys
And the nyght is neghand anone.
Yhe may deme aftir no dremys,
But late my lady here with all hir light lemys
Wightely go wende till hir wone;
For ye muste sitte sir this same nyght, of lyfe and of lyme.
Itt is noyot leeffull for my lady by the lawe of this lande
In dome for to dwelle for the day waxe ought dymme,
For scho may stakir in the strete but scho stalworthely stande.
[.... ...] 85
Late hir take hir leve whill that light is.

Pilate

Nowe wiffe, than ye blythely be buskand. 87

Domina

I am here sir, hendely att hande. 88

Pilate

Loo, this renke has vs redde als right is. 89

Domina

Youre comaundement to kepe to kare forthe Y caste me. 90
My lorde, with youre leue, no lenger Y lette yowe.

Pilate

Itt were a repreue to my persone that preuely yoe paste me, 92
Or ye wente fro this wones or with wynne yoe had wette yowe.
Ye schall wende forthe with wynne whenne that yoe haue wette yowe.
Gete drinke! What dose thou? Haue done!
Come semely, beside me, and sette yowe.
Loke, nowe it is even here that I are behete you,
Ya, saie it nowe sadly and sone.

Domina

Itt wolde glad me my lorde if yoe gudly begynne. 99

Pilate

Nowe I assente to youre counsaile so comely and clere. 100
Nowe drynke madame-to deth all this dynne.

Domina

Iff it like yowe, myne awne lorde, I am not to lere- 102
This lare I am not to lere.

Pilate

Yitt efte to youre damysell madame. 104

Domina

In thy hande, holde nowe and haue here. 105

Ancilla

Gramarcy, my lady so dere. 106

Pilate

Nowe fares-wele, and walke on youre way. 107
[... ...] 107

Domina

Now farewele the frendlyest, youre fomen to fende. 108

Pilate

Nowe farewele the fayrest figure that euere did fode fede, 109
And farewele ye damysell, indede.

Ancilla

My lorde, I comande me to youre ryalté. 111

Pilate

Fayre lady, here is schall you lede. 112
Sir, go with this worthy in wede,
And what scho biddis you doo loke that buxsome you be.

Filius

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

Pilate

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

Filius

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

Pilate

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

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

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

Pilate

I comaunde the to come nere, for I will kare to my couche. 132
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

A, sir, yhe whe wele. 135

Pilate

Yha, I haue wette me with wyne 135
[... ...] 135
Yhit helde doune and lappe me even here,
For I will slelye slepe vnto synne.
Loke that no man nor no myron of myne
With no noyse be neghand me nere.

Bedellus

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

Pilate

Yha, who chatteres, hym chastise, be he churle or childe, 142
For and he skape skatheles itt were to vs a grete skorne-
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

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

Domina

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

Ancilla

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

Filius

Here is a bedde arayed of the beste. 153

Domina

Do happe me, and faste hense ye hye. 154

Ancilla

Madame, anone all dewly is dressid. 155

Filius

With no stalkyng nor no striffe be ye stressed. 156

Domina

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

Diabolus

Owte! Owte! Harrowe! 157

Into bale am I brought, this bargayne may I banne,
But yf Y wirke some wile in wo mon I wonne.
This gentilman, Jesu, of cursednesse he can,
Be any syngne that I see this same is Goddis sonne.
And he be slone oure solace will sese,
He will saue man saule fro oure sonde
And refe vs the remys that are rounde.
I will on stiffely in this stounde
Vnto ser Pilate wiffe pertely and putte me in prese.
O woman, be wise and ware, and wonne in thi witte
Ther schall a gentilman, Jesu, vnjustely be juged
Byfore thy husband in haste, and with harlottis be hytte.
And that doughty today to deth thus be dyghted,
Sir Pilate, for his prechyng, and thou,
With nede schalle ye namely be noyed.
Youre striffe and youre strenghe schal be stroyed,
Youre richesse schal be refte you that is rude,
With vengeaunce, and that dare I auowe.

Domina

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

Filius

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

Domina

Go bette boy, I bidde no lenger thou byde, 184
And saie to my souereyne this same is soth that I send hym:

All naked this nyght as I napped
With tene and with trayne was I trapped,
With a sweuene that swiftly me swapped
Of one Jesu, the juste man the Jewes will vndoo.
She prayes tente to that trewe man, with tyne be noyot trapped,
But als a domesman dewly to be dressand,
And lelye delyuere that lede.

Filius

Madame, I am dressid to that dede- 193
But firste will I nappe in this nede,
For he hase mystir of a morne-slepe that mydnyght is myssand.

Anna

Sir Cayphas, ye kenne wele this caytiffe we haue cached 196
That ofte-tymes in oure tempill hase teched vntrewly.
Oure meyné with myght at mydnyght hym mached
And hase drevyn hym till his demyng for his dedis vndewly;
Wherfore I counsaile that kyndely we care
Vnto ser Pilate oure prince, and pray hym
That he for oure right will arraye hym-
This faitour-for his falsed to flay hym;
For fro we saie hym the soth he schall sitte hym full sore.

Caiphas

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

Milites

Lorde. 210

Caiphas

Sir knyghtis that are curtayse and kynde, 211
We charge you that chorle be wele chyned.
Do buske you and grathely hym bynde
And rugge hym in ropes his rase till he rewe.

Miles 1

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

Miles 2

I am douty to this dede, delyuer, haue done; 217
Latte vs pulle on with pride till his poure be paste.

Miles 1

Do haue faste and halde at his handes. 219

Miles 2

For this same is he that lightly auaunted, 220
And God sone he grathely hym graunted.

Miles 1

He bese hurled for the highnes he haunted- 222
Loo, he stonyes for vs, he stares where he standis.

Miles 2

Nowe is the brothell boune for all the boste that he blawe, 224
And the laste day he lete no lordynges myyot lawe hym.

Anna

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

Miles 1

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

Miles 2

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

Miles 1

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

Bedellus

O, what javellis are ye that jappis with gollyng? 235

Miles 1

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

Bedellus

I saye, gedlynges, gose bakke with youre gawdes. 237

Miles 2

Be sufferand I beseke you, 238
And more of this matere yhe meke yowe.

Bedellus

Why, vnconand knaves, an I cleke yowe, 240
I schall felle yowe, be my faith, for all youre false frawdres.

Pilate

Say childe, ill cheffe you! What churlls are so claterand? 242

Bedellus

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

Pilate

Gose baldely beliffe and thos brethellis be batterand, 244
And putte tham in prisoune vppon peyne that may fall.
Yha, spedely spir tham yf any sporte can thei spell-
Yha, and loke what lordingis thei be.

Bedellus

My lorde that luffull in lee, 248
I am boxesom and blithe to your blee.

Pilate

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

Bedellus

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

Miles 1

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

Bedellus

My lorde, my lorde! 255

Pilate

Howe? 255

Bedellus

My lorde, vnlappe yow belyve where ye lye. 256
Sir Cayphas to youre courte is caried,
And sir Anna, but a traytour hem taried.
Many wight of that warlowe has waried,
They haue brought hym in a bande his balis to bye.

Pilate

But are thes sawes certayne in soth that thou saies? 261

Bedellus

Yha lorde, the states yondir standis, for striffe are they stonde. 262
stond.

Pilate

Now than am I light as a roo, and ethe for to rayse. 263
Go bidde tham come in both, and the boye they haue ne.

Bedellus

Siris, my lorde geues leue inne for to come. 265

Caiphas

Hayle prince that is pereles in price, 266
Ye are leder of lawes in this lande,
Youre helpe is full hendely at hande.

Anna

Hayle, stronge in youre state for to stande, 269
Alle this dome muste be dressed at youre dulye deuyse.

Pilate

Who is there, my prelates? 271

Caiphas

Yha lorde. 271

Pilate

Nowe be yoe welcome iwisse. 271

Caiphas

Gramercy my souerayne. But we beseke you all same 272
Bycause of wakand you vnwarly be noght wroth with this,
For we haue brought here a lorell-he lokis like a lambe.

Pilate

Come byn, you bothe, and to the benke brayde yowe. 275

Caiphas

Nay gud sir, laughter is leffull for vs. 276

Pilate

A, sir Cayphas, be curtayse yhe bus. 277

Anna

Nay goode lorde, it may not be thus. 278

Pilate

Sais no more, but come sitte you beside me in sorowe as I saide youe. 279

Filius

Hayle, the semelieste seeg vndir sonne sought, 280
Hayle, the derrest duke and doughtiest in dede.

Pilate

Now bene-veneuew beuscher, what boodworde haste thou brought? 282
Hase any langour my lady newe laught in this leede?

Filius

Sir, that comely comaundes hir youe too, 284
And sais, al nakid this nyght as sche napped
With tene and with traye was sche trapped,
With a sweuene that swiftly hir swapped
Of one Jesu, the juste man the Jewes will vndo.

She beseches you as hir souerayne that symple to saue,
Deme hym noght to deth for drede of vengeaunce.

Pilate

What, I hope this be he that hyder harlid yoe haue. 291

Caiphaz

Ya sir, the same and the selffe-but this is but a skaunce, 292
He with wicchecraft this wile has he wrought.
Some feende of his sand has he sente
And warned youre wiffe or he wente.

Pilate

Yowe! Pat schalke shuld not shamely be shente, 296
Pis is sikir in certayne, and soth schulde be sought.

Anna

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

Pilate

Be ye neuere so bryme ye bothe bus abide 301
But if the traytoure be taught for vntrewthe,
And therfore sermones you no more.
I will sekirly sende hymselffe fore,
And se what he sais to the sore.
Bedell, go brynge hyme, for of that renke haue I rewthe.

Bedellus

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

Miles 1

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

Miles 2

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

Caiphas

Loo lord, such arrote amange them thei haue 323
It is grete sorowe to see, no seeg may it sese.
It is no menske to youre manhed that mekill is of myght
To forbere such forfeitis that falsely are feyned,
Such spites in especiall wolde be eschewed in your sight.

Pilate

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

Anna

In youre sight sir the soth schall I saye, 330
As ye are prince take hede I you praye,
Such a lourdayne vnlele, dare I laye,
Many lordis of oure landis might lede fro oure lawes.

Pilate

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

Bedellus

A, gracious lorde, greue you noght for gude case I hadde. 336
Yhe comaunded me to care, als ye kenne wele and knawe,
To Jerusalem on a journey, with seele;
And than this semely on an asse was sette
And many men myldely hym mette,
Als a God in that grounde thai hym grette,
Wele semand hym in waye with worschippe lele.
'Osanna' thei sange, 'the sone of Daud',
Riche men with thare robes thei ranne to his fete,
And poure folke fecched floures of the frith
And made myrthe and melody this man for to mete.

Pilate

Nowe gode sir, be thi feith, what is 'Osanna' to saie? 347

Bedellus

Sir, constrew it we may be langage of this lande as I leue, 348
It is als moche to me for to meue-
Youre prelatis in this place can it preue-
Als, 'oure sauour and souerayne thou saue vs we prayé.

Pilate

Loo senioures, how semes yow? Be sothe I you saide. 352

Caiphas

Yha lorde, this ladde is full liddir, be this light. 353
Yf his sawes wer serchid and sadly assaied,
Saue youre reuerence, his resoune thei rekenne noyot with right.
This caytiffe thus cursedly can construe vs.

Bedellus

Sirs, trulye the trouthe I haue tolde 357
Of this wighte yoe haue wrapped in wolde.

Anna

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

Pilate

Do sese of youre seggyng, and I schall examyne full sore. 361

Anna

Sir, demes hym to deth or dose hym away. 362

Pilate

Sir, haue ye saide? 363

Anna

Yha lorde. 363

Pilate

Nowe go sette you with sorowe and care, 363
For I will lose no lede that is lele to oure lay.
But steppe furth and stonde vppe on hight
And buske to my bidding, thou boy,
And for the nones that thou neven vs a noy.

Bedellus

I am here at youre hande to halow a hoy, 368
Do move of youre maistir for I shall melle it with myyot.

Pilate

Cry 'Oyas'. 370

Bedellus

Oyas. 370

Pilate

Yit efte, be thi feithe. 370

Bedellus

Oyas! 370

Pilate

Yit lowdar, that ilke lede may lithe- 371
Crye pece in this prese, vppon payne thervppon,
Bidde them swage of ther sweying bothe swiftely and swithe
And stynte of ther stryuyng and stande still as a stone.
Calle Jesu the gentill of Jacob, the Jewe.
Come preste and appere,
To the barre drawe the nere,

To thi jugement here,
To be demed for his dedis vndewe.

Miles 1

Whe, harke how this harlott he heldis oute of harre, 380
This lotterelle liste nocht my lorde to lowte.

Miles 2

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

Miles 1

Steppe on thy standyng so sterne and so stoute. 383

Miles 2

Steppe on thys standyng so still. 384

Miles 1

Sir cowarde, to courte muste yhe care- 385

Miles 2

A lessoune to lerne of oure lare. 386

Miles 1

Flitte fourthe, foule myght thou fare. 387

Miles 2

Say warlowe, thou wantist of thi will. 388

Filius

O Jesu vngentill, thi joie is in japes, 389
Pou can not be curtayse, thou caytiffe I calle the,
No ruthe were it to rug the and ryue the in ropes.
Why falles thou noyot flatte here, foule falle the,
For ferde of my fadir so free?
Pou wotte nocht his wisdomes iwys,
All thyne helpe in his hande that it is,
Howe sone he myght saue the fro this.
Obeye hym, brothell, I bidde the.

Pilate

Now Jesu, thou art welcome ewys, as I wene, 398
Be noyot abashed but boldely boune the to the barre;
What seyniour will sewe for the sore I haue sene.
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?
Pis mater ye marke to be meving,
And hendly in haste late vs here.

Caiphaz

Sir Pilate o Pounce and prince of grete price, 407

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

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

Anna

Our Sabbotte he saues not, but sadly assente 418
To wirke full vnwisely, this wote I riyot wele,
[... ...] 419
He werkis whane he will, wele I wote,
And therefore in herte we hym hate.
Itt sittis you to strenghe youre estate
Yone losell to louse for his lay.

Pilate

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

Caiphas

Nay, nay sir, that dome muste vs drede, 431
[... ...] 431
It longes noyot till vs no lede for to lose.

Pilate

What wolde ye I did thanne? Þe deuyll motte you drawe! 433
Full fewe are his frendis but fele are his fooes.
His liff for to lose thare longes no lawe,
Nor no cause can I kyndely contryue
Þat why he schulde lose thus his liffe.

Anna

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

Caiphas

Sir, hatle men and hurte he helid in haste, 441
The deffe and the dome he delyuered fro doole

By wicchecraft, I warande-his wittis schall waste-
For the farles that he farith with loo how thei folowe yone fole,
Oure folke so thus he frayes in fere.

Anna

The dede he rayses anone- 446
Pis Lazare that lowe lay allone
He graunte hym his gates for to gone,
And pertely thus proued he his poure.

Pilate

Now goode siris, I saie, what wolde yhe seme? 450

Caiphas

Sir, to dede for to do hym or dose hym adawe. 451

Pilate

Yha, for he dose wele his deth for to deme? 452
Go layke you sir, lightly; wher lerned ye such lawe?
This touches no tresoune I telle you.
Yhe prelatis that proued are for price,
Yhe schulde be bothe witty and wise
And legge oure lawe wher it lyse,
Oure materes ye meve thus emel you.

Anna

Misplese noyot youre persone, yhe prince withouten pere, 459
It touches to tresoune this tale I schall tell:
Yone briboure, full baynly he bed to forbere
The tribute to the emperoure, thus wolde he compell
Oure pepill thus is poyntis to applye.

Caiphas

The pepull he saies he schall saue, 464
And Criste garres he calle hym, yone knave,
And sais he will the high kyngdome haue-
Loke whethir he deserue to dye.

Pilate

To dye he deserues yf he do thus indede, 468
But Y will se myselffe what he sais.
Speke Jesu, and spende nowe thi space for to spede.
Bez lordyngis thei legge the thou liste noyot leve on oure lays,
They accuse the cruelly and kene;
And therefore as a chiftene Y charge the,
Iff thou be Criste that thou telle me,
And God sone thou grughe not to graunte the,
For this is the matere that Y mene.

Jesus

Pou saiste so thiselue. I am sothly the same 477

Here wonnyng in worlde to wirke al thi will.
My fadir is faithfull to felle all thi fame;
Withouten trespas or tene am I taken the till.

Pilate

Loo busshoppis, why blame ye this boye? 481
Me semys that it is soth that he saies.
Ye meve all the malice ye may
With youre wrenchis and wiles to wrythe hym away,
Vnjustely to juge hym fro joie.

Caiphas

Noght so sir, his seggyng is full sothly soth, 486
It byngis oure bernis in bale for to bynde.

Anna

Sir, douteles we deme als dewe of the deth 488
Pis foole that ye fauour-grete fautes can we fynde
This daye for to deme hym to dye.

Pilate

Saie losell, thou lies be this light! 491
Naie, thou rebalde, thou rekens vnright.

Caiphas

Awise you sir, with mayne and with myght, 493
And wreke not youre wrethe nowe forthy.

Pilate

Me likes noyot his langage so largely for to lythe. 495

Caiphas

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

Pilate

Noo done is it douteles, balde be and blithe, 497
Talke on that traytoure and telle youre entente.
Yone segge is sotell ye saie;
Gud sirs, wer lerned he such lare?

Caiphas

In faith, we can not fynde whare. 501

Pilate

Yhis, his fadir with som farlis gan fare 502
And has lered this ladde of his laie.

Anna

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

Pilate

Thanne mene yhe of malice to marre hym of myght, 506
Of cursidnesse convik no cause can yhe knawe.
Me meruellis ye malyngne o mys.

Caiphaz

Sir, for Galely hidir and hoo 509
The grettete agayne hym ganne goo,
Yone warlowe to waken of woo,
And of this werke beres witness ywis.

Pilate

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

Anna

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

Pilate

Nowe withouten fagyng, my frendis, in faith I am fayne, 515
For now schall oure striffe full sternely be stede.
Sir Herowde is kyng ther ye kenne,
His poure is preued full preste
To ridde hym or reue hym of rest.
And therefore, to go with yone gest
Yhe marke vs oute of the manliest men.

Caiphaz

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

Pilate

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

Milites

Lorde. 526

Pilate

Sir knyghtis that are cruell and kene, 527
That warlowe ye warrok and wraste,
And loke that he brymly be braste
[... ...] 529
Do take on that traytoure you betwene.
Tille Herowde in haste with that harlott ye hye,
Comaunde me full mekely vnto his moste myght.
Saie the dome of this boy, to deme hym to dye,
Is done vpponne hym dewly, to dresse or to dight
Or liffe for to leue at his liste.

Say ought I may do hym indede,
His awne am I worthely in wede.

Miles 1

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

Pilate

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

Miles 2

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

Pilate

So sirs me semys itt is sittand. 544

Miles 1

Mahounde, sirs, he menske you with myght- 545

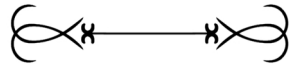
Miles 2

And saue you sir, semely in sight. 546

Pilate

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

Play 31. The Trial before Herod



Rex

Pes, ye brothellis and browlys in this broydenesse inbrased, 1
And freykis that are frendely your freykenesse to frayne,
Youre tounge fro tretimng of truffillis be trased,
Or this brande that is bright schall breste in youre brayne.
Plextis for no plasis but platte you to this playne,
And drawe to no drofyng but dresse you to drede,
With dasshis.
Traueylis noyot as traytours that tristis in trayne,
Or by the bloode that Mahounde bledde with this blad schal ye blede.
Pus schall I brittyn all youre bones on brede,
Zae, and lusshe all youre lymmys with lasschis.
Dragons that are dredfull schall derke in ther dennes
In wrathe when we writhe, or in wrathenesse ar wapped.
Agaynste jeauntis ongentill haue we joined with ingendis,
And swannys that are swymmyng to oure swetnes schall be suapped,
And joged doune ther jolynes oure gentries engenderand.
Whoso repreue oure estate we schall choppe tham in cheynes,
All renkkis that are renand to vs schall be reuerande.
Therefore I bidde you sese or any bale be,
Pat no brothell be so bolde boste for to blowes.
And yoe that luffis youre liffis, listen to me
As a lorde that is lerned to lede you be lawes.
And ye that are of my men and of my menyoe,
Sen we are comen fro oure kyth as yoe wele knawes,
And semlys all here same in this cyté,
It sittis vs in sadnesse to sette all oure sawes.

Dux 1

My lorde, we schall take kepe to youre call 27
And stirre to no stede but yoe steuen vs,
No greuaunce to grete ne to small.

Rex

Ya, but loke that no fawtes befall. 30

Dux 2

Lely my lord so we shall, 31
Ye nede not no more for to nevyn vs.

Dux 1

Mounseniour, demene you to menske in mynde what I mene 33
And boune to youre bedward, for so holde I best,
For all the comons of this courte bene avoyde clene,
And ilke a renke, as resoune as, are gone to ther reste-
Wherfore I counsaile, my lorde, yoe comaunde you a drynke.

Rex

Nowe certis, I assente as thou sais. 38
Se ych a qwy is wente on his ways
Lightly withouten any delayes.
Giffe vs wyne wynly and late vs go wynke,
And se that no durdan be done.

Dux 1

My lorde, vnlase you to lye, 43
Here schall none come for to crye.

Rex

Nowe spedely loke that thou spie 45
Pat no noyse be neghand this none.

Dux 1

My lorde, youre bedde is new made, you nedis noyot for to bide it. 47

Rex

Ya, but as thou luffes me hartely, laye me doune softely, 48
For thou wotte full wele that I am full tendirly hydidi.

Dux 1

Howe lye yoe my goode lorde? 50

Rex

Right wele, be this light, 50
All hole at my desire.
Wherfore I praye ser Satan oure sire,
And Lucifer moste luffely of lyre,
He sauffe you all sirs, and giffe you goode nyght.

Miles 1

Sir knyght, ye wote we ar warned to wende 55
To witte of this warlowe what is the kyngis will.

Miles 2

Sir, here is Herowde all even here at oure hende, 57
And all oure entente tyte schall we tell hym vntill.

Miles 1

Who is here? 59

Dux 1

Who is there? 59

Miles 1

Sir, we are knyghtis kende 59
Is comen to youre counsail this carle for to kill.

Dux 1

Sirs, but youre message may myrthis amende, 61
Stalkis furthe be yone stretis or stande stone still.

Miles 2

Yis certis ser, of myrthis we mene, 63
The kyng schall haue matteres to melle hym.
The kyng schall haue matteres to melle hym.
We brynge here a boy vs betwene,
Wherefore to haue worschippe we wene.

Dux 1

Wele sirs, so that it turne to no tene, 67
Tentis hym and we schall go telle hym.
My lorde, yondir is a boy boune that brought is in blame,
Haste you in hye, thei houe at youre yoate.

Rex

What, and schall I rise nowe, in the deuyllis name, 71
To stighill amang straungeres in stales of astate?
But haue here my hande, halde nowe,
And se that my sloppe be wele sittande.

Dux 1

My lorde, with a goode will Y wolde youe, 75
No wrange will I witte at my wittande.
But my lorde, we can tell you of vncouthe tythande.

Rex

3a, but loke ye telle vs no tales but trewe. 78

Dux 2

My lorde, thei bryng you yondir a boy boune in a bande 79
Pat bodus outhir bourdyng or bales to brewe.

Rex

Panne gete we some harrowe full hastely at hande. 81

Dux 1

My lorde, ther is some note that is nedfull to neven you of new. 82

Rex

Why, hoppis thou thei haste hym to hyng? 83

Dux 2

We wotte nocht ther will nor ther wenyng, 84
But boodword full blithely thei bryng.

Rex

Nowe do than and late vs se of there sayng. 86

Dux 2

Lo sirs, ye schall carpe with the kyng, 87
And telles to hym manly youre menyng.

Miles 1

Lorde, welthis and worschippis be with you alway. 89

Rex

What wolde you? 90

Miles 2

A worde, lorde, and youre willes were. 90

Rex

Well, saye on than. 91

Miles 1

My lorde, we fare foolys to flay 91
pat to you wolde forfeite.

Rex

We, faire falle you therfore. 92

Miles 1

My lorde, fro yoe here what we saie 93
Itt will heffe vppe youre hertis.

Rex

3a, but saie what heynde haue yoe thore? 94

Miles 2

A presente fro Pilate, lorde, the prince of oure lay. 95

Rex

Pese in my presence, and nemys hym no more. 96

Miles 1

My lorde, he woll worschippe you faine. 97

Rex

I consayue yoe are ful foes of hym. 98

Miles 2

My lorde, he wolde menske you with mayne, 99
And therfore he sendis you this swayne.

Rex

Gose tyte with that gedlyng agayne, 101
And saie hym a borrowed bene sette I noight be hym.

Dux 1

A, my lorde, with youre leve, thei haue faren ferre, 103
And for to fraiste of youre fare was no folye.

Dux 2

My lorde, and this gedlyng go thus it will greue werre, 105
For he gares growe on this grounde grete velanye.

Rex

Why, menys thou that that myghtyng schulde my myghtes marre? 107

Dux 1

Nay lorde, but he makis on this molde mekill maystrie. 108

Rex

Go ynne, and late vs see of the sawes ere, 109
And but yf thei be to oure bordyng, thai both schalle aby.

Miles 2

My lorde, we were worthy to blame 111
To brynge you any message of mysse.

Rex

Why than, can ye nemyn vs his name? 113

Miles 1

Sir, Criste haue we called hym at hame. 114

Rex

O, this is the ilke selue and the same- 115
Nowe sirs, ye be welcome ywisse.
And in faith I am fayne he is fonne,
His farles to frayne and to fele;
Nowe thes games was grathely begonne.

Miles 2

Lorde, lely that likis vs wele. 120

Rex

Ya, but dar yoe hete hartely that harlott is he? 121

Miles 1

My lorde, takis hede and in haste ye schall here howe. 122

Rex

Ya, but what menys that this message was made vnto me? 123

Miles 2

My lorde, for it touches to tresoune I trowe. 124

Miles 1

My lorde, he is culpabill kende in oure contré 125
Of many perillus poyntis, as Pilate preves nowe.

Miles 2

My lorde, when Pilate herde he had gone thurgh Galylé 127
He lerned vs that that lordschippe longed to youu,
And or he wiste what youre willis were,
No ferther wolde he speke for to spille hym.

Rex

Panne knawes he that oure myghtis are the more? 131

Miles 1

3a, certis sir, so saie we thore. 132

Rex

Nowe sertis, and oure frenschippe therfore 133
We graunte hym, and no greuaunce we will hym.
And sirs, ye are welcome ywisse as ye wele awe,
And for to wende at youre wille Y you warande,
For I haue coveite kyndely that comely to knawe,
For men carpis that the carle schulde be konnand.

Miles 2

My lorde, wolde he saie you soth of his sawe, 139
3e saugh nevir slik selcouth, be see nor be sande.

Rex

Nowe gois abakke both and late the boy blowe, 141
For I hope we gete some harre hastely at hande.

Miles 1

Jerusalem and the Jewes may haue joie 143
And hele in ther herte for to here hym.

Rex

Saie, beene-venew in bone fay, 145
Ne plesew a parle remoy?

Miles 2

Nay my lorde, he can of no bourdyng, this boy. 147

Rex

No sir? With thi leue we schall lere hym. 148

Filius 1

Mi lorde, se ther knyghtis that knawe and are kene, 149
How thai come to youre courte withoutyn any call.

Rex

3a sone, and mustervis grete maistries, what may this bymene? 151

Dux 1

My lorde, for youre myghtis are more than thei all 152
They seke you as souerayne, and sertis that is sene.

Rex

Nowe certis, sen yoe saie so, assaie hym I schall, 154
For I am fayner of that freyke then othir fiftene,
3ae, and hym that firste fande, faire myght hym fall.

Miles 1

Lorde, lely we lereth you no legh, 157
Bis liffe that he ledis will lose hym.

Rex

Wele sirs, drawes you adrygh, 159
And bewscheris, bryngis yoe hym nygh,
For yif all that his sleghtis be slye
3itte or he passe we schalle appose hym.
O, my harte hoppis for joie
To se nowe this prophette appere.
We schall haue goode game with this boy-
Takis hede, for in haste yoe schall here.
I leve we schall laugh and haue likyng
To se nowe this lidderon her he leggis oure lawis.

Dux 2

Harke cosyne, thou comys to karpe with a kyng, 169
Take tente and be conande, and carpe as thou knowis.

Dux 1

Ya, and loke that thou be not a sotte of thy saying, 171
But sadly and sone thou sette all thi sawes.

Rex

Hym semys full boudisch, that boy that thei bryng. 173

Dux 2

Mi lorde, and of his bordyng grete bostyng men blowes. 174

Rex

Whi, therefore haue I soughte hym to see. 175
Loke, bewsheris, ye be to oure bodis boune.

Dux 1

Knele doune here to the kyng on thy knee. 177

Dux 2

Naye, nedelyngis yt will not be. 178

Rex

Loo sirs, he mekis hym no more vnto me 179
Panne it were to a man of ther awne toune.

Dux 1

Whe! Go, lawmere, and lerne the to lowte 181
Or thai more blame the to-bring.

Rex

Nay, dredeles withouten any doute 183
He knawes noyot the course of a kyng.
And her beeis in oure bale, bourde or we blynne-
Saie firste at the begynnyng withall, where was thou borne?
Do felawe, for thy faith, latte vs falle ynne.
Firste of thi ferleis, who fedde the beforne?
What, deynes thou not? Lo sirs, he deffis vs with dynne.
Say, whare ledde yoe this lidrone? His langage is lorne.

Miles 1

My lorde, his mervaylis to more and to myne 191
Or musteres emange vs both mydday and morne.

Miles 2

Mi lorde, it were to fele 193
Of wonderes, he workith tham so wightely.

Miles 1

Whe man, momelyng may nothyng avayle, 195
Go to the kyng and tell hyme fro toppe vnto tayle.

Rex

Do bringe vs that boy vnto bale, 197
For lely we leffe hym noyot lightly.

Dux 1

This mop mennes that he may marke men to ther mede; 199
He makes many maistries and mervayles emange.

Dux 2

V ml. folke faire gon he feede 201
With fyve looffis and two fisshis to fange.

Rex

Howe fele folke sais thou he fedde? 203

Dux 2

V ml. lorde, that come to his call. 204

Rex

3a boye? Howe mekill brede he them bedde? 205

Dux 1

But v looffis dare I wele wedde. 206

Rex

Nowe be the bloode that Mahounde bledde, 207
What, this was a wondir at all.

Dux 2

Nowe lorde, ij fisshis blissid he efte 209
And gaffe thame, and ther none was forgetyn.

Dux 1

3a lorde, and xij lepfull ther lefte 211
Of releue whan all men had eten.

Rex

Of such anodir mangery no man mene may. 213

Dux 2

Mi lorde, but his maistries that musteris his myght. 214

Rex

But saie sirs, ar ther sawis soth that thei saie? 215

Miles 2

3a lorde, and more selcouth were schewed to oure sight. 216
One Lazar, a ladde that in oure lande lay,
Lay loken vndir layre fro lymme and fro light,
And his sistir come rakand in rewoffull arraye.
And lorde, for ther raryng he raysed hym full right,
And fro his grath garte hym gang
Euere forthe, withouten any evill.

Rex

We, such lesyngis lastis to lange. 223

Miles 1

Why lorde, wene yoe that wordis be wronge? 224
Pis same ladde leuys vs emang.

Rex

Why, there hope Y be dedis of the deuyll. 226
Why schulde yoe haste hym to hyng
That sought not newly youre newys?

Miles 2

My lorde, for he callis hym a kyng 229
And claymes to be a kyng of Jewis.

Rex

But saie, is he kyng in his kyth wher he come froo? 231

Miles 1

Nay lorde, but he callis hym a kyng his caris to kele. 232

Rex

Thanne is it litill wondir yf that he be woo, 233
For to be weried with wrang sen he wirkis wele;
But he schalle sitte be myselfe sen yoe saie soo.
Comes nerre, kyng, into courte. Saie, can yoe not knele?
We schalle haue gaudis full goode and games or we goo.
Howe likis tha, wele lorde? Saie. What, deuyll, neuere a dele?
I faute in my reuerant in otill moy,
I am of fauour, loo, fairer be ferre.
Kyte oute yugilment. Vta! Oy! Oy!
Be any witte that Y watte it will waxe werre.
Seruicia primet,
Such losellis and lurdaynes as thou, loo,
Respicias timet.
What the deuyll and his dame schall Y now doo?
Do carpe on, carle, for Y can the cure.
Say, may thou not here me? Oy man, arte thou woode?
Nowe telle me faithfully before howe thou fore.
Forthe, frende. Be my faith, thou arte a fonde foode.

Dux 1

My lorde, it astonys hym, youre steuen is so store 251
Hym had leuere haue stande stone still ther he stode.

Rex

And whedir the boy be abasshid of Herrowde byg blure 253
That were a bourde of the beste, be Mahoundes bloode.

Dux 2

My lorde, Y trowe youre fauchone hym flaies 255
And lettis hym.

Rex

Nowe lely I leue the, 256
And therefore schall Y waffe it away
And softly with a septoure assaie.
Nowe sir, be perte Y the pray,
For none of my gromys schall greue the.
Si loqueris tibi laus,
Pariter quoque prospera dantur;
Si loqueris tibi fraus,
Fell fex et bella parantur.
Mi menne, yoe go menske hym with mayne,
And loke yhow that it wolde seme.

Dux 1

Dewcus fayff ser and sofferayne. 267

Dux 2

Sir vdins amangidre demayne. 268

Rex

Go aunswer thaim grathely agayne. 269
What, deuyll, whedir dote we or dreme?

Miles 1

Naye we gete noyot o worde, dare Y wele wedde, 271
For he is wraiste of his witte or will of his wone.

Rex

3e saie he lakkid youre lawis as yoe that ladde ledde? 273

Miles 2

3a lorde, and made many gaudis as we haue gone. 274

Rex

Nowe sen he comes as a knave and as a knave cledde, 275
Wherto calle ye hym a kyng?

Dux 1

Nay lorde, he is none, 276
But an harlotte is hee.

Rex

What, deuyll, Y ame harde stedde, 277
A man myght as wele stere a stokke as a stone.

Filius 1

My lorde, this faitour so fouly is affrayde, 279
He loked neuere of lorde so langly allone.

Rex

No sone, the rebalde seis vs so richely arayed 281
He wenys we be aungelis euere-ilkone.

Dux 2

My lorde, Y holde hym agaste of youre gaye gere. 283

Rex

Grete lordis augh to be gay. 284
Here schall no man do to the dere,
And therefore yit nemyne in my nere-
For by the grete god, and thou garre me swere
Pou had neuere dole or this day.
Do carpe on tyte, karle, of thy kynne.

Dux 1

Nay, nedelyngis he neuyns you with none. 290

Rex

Pat schalle he bye or he blynne- 291

Dux 2

A, leues lorde. 292

Rex

Lattis me allone. 292

Dux 1

Nowe goode lorde, and ye may, meue you no more, 293
Itt is not faire to feght with a fonned foode,
But gose to youre counsaill and comforte you there.

Rex

Thou sais soth. We schall see yf so will be goode, 296
For certis oure sorowes are sadde.

Filius 2

What a deuyll ayles hym? 298
Mi lorde, I can garre you be gladde,
For in tyme oure maistir is madde.
He lurkis, loo, and lokis like a ladde,
He is wode lorde, or ellis his witte faylis hym.

Filius 3

Mi lorde, yoe haue mefte you as mekill as yoe may, 303
For yhe myght menske hym no more were he Mahounde;
And sen it semys to be soo, latte vs nowe assaie.

Rex

Loke, bewscheris, yoe be to oure bodis boune. 306

Dux.1

Mi lorde, howe schulde he dowte vs? He dredis not youre dray. 307

Rex

Nowe do fourthe, the deuyll myght hym droune! 308
And sen he freyms falsed and makis foule fraye,
Raris on hym rudely, and loke yoe not rounne.

Filius 1

Mi lorde, I schall enforce myselffe sen yoe saie soo. 311
Felawe, be noyot afferde nor feyne not therfore,
But telle vs nowe some truffillis betwene vs twoo,
And none of oure men schall medill tham more.
And therfore by resoune array the,
Do telle vs some poynte for thy prowte.
Heris thou not what Y saie the?
Pou mummeland myghtyng, I may the
Helpe, and turne the fro tene as Y trowe.

Filius 2

Loke vppe ladde, lightly, and loute to my lorde here, 320

For fro bale vnto blisse he may nowe the borowe.
Carpe on, knave, kantely, and caste the to corde here,
And saie me nowe somewhat, thou sauterell, with sorowe.
Why standis thou as stille as a stone here?
Spare not, but speke in this place here
Pou gedlyng, it may gayne the some grace here.

Filius 3

My lorde, this faitour is so ferde in youre face here 327
None aunswere in this nede he nevyngs you with none here.
Do bewsher, for Beliall bloode and his bonys,
Say somewhat-or it will waxe werre.

Filius 1

Nay, we gete nouyot one worde in this wonys. 331

Filius 2

Do crie we all on hym at onys. 332

All Chylde

Oyoez! Oyoez! Oyoez! 333

Rex

O, yoe make a foule noyse for the nonys. 333

Filius 3

Nedlyng my lorde, it is neuere the nerre. 334

Filius 1

Mi lorde, all youre mutyng amendis not a myte, 335
To medill with a madman is meruaille to me.
Comaunde youre knyghtis to clothe hym in white
And late hym carre as he come to youre contré.

Rex

Lo sirs, we lede you no lenger a lite, 339
Mi sone has saide sadly how that it schuld be-
But such a poynte for a page is to parfite.

Dux 1

Mi lorde, fooles that are fonde thei falle such a fee. 342

Rex

What, in a white garmente to goo, 343
Bus gayly girde in a gowne?

Dux 2

Nay lorde, but as a foole forcid hym froo. 345

Rex

How saie yoe sirs, schulde it be soo? 346

All Chylder

3a lord. 347

Rex

We, than is ther no more, 347

But boldely bidde tham be boune.

Sir knyghtis, we caste to garre you be gladde,
Oure counsaile has warned vs wisely and wele.
White clothis we saie fallis for a fonned ladde,
And all his foly in faith fully we feele.

Dux 1

We will with a goode will for his wedis wende, 353
For we wotte wele anowe what wedis he schall were.

Dux 2

Loo, here is an haterell here at youre hende 355
Alle faciound therfore foolis to feere.

Miles 1

Loo here a joppon of joie, 357
All such schulde be gode for a boy.

Dux 1

He schalle be rayed like a roye, 359
And schall be fonne in his folie.

Dux 2

We, thanke tham, euyll motte thou the. 361

Miles 1

Nay, we gete noyot a worde wele Y warand. 362

Miles 2

Man, mustir some meruaile to me. 363

Dux 1

What, wene yoe he be wiser than we? 364
Leffe we and late the kyng see
Howe it is forcyd and farand.
Mi lorde, loke yf yoe be paied,
For we haue getyn hym his gere.

Rex

Why, and is this rebalde arayed? 369
My blissing, bewscheris, yoe bere.
Gose, garre crye in my courte and grathely garre write
All the dedis that we haue done in this same degré.
And who fyndis hym greued late hym telle tyte,
And yf we fynde no defaute hym fallis to go free.

Dux 1

Oyoes! Yf any wight with this wriche any werse wate 375
Werkis beris wittensse who so wirkis wrang,
Buske boldely to the barre his balis to abate,
For my lorde, be my lewté, will not be deland lang.
My lorde, here apperes none to appeyre his estate.

Rex

Wele thanne, fallis hym goo free. 380
Sir knyghtis, thanne grathis you goodly to gange,
And repaire with youre present and saie to Pilate
We graunte hym oure frenschippe all fully to fang.

Miles 1

My lorde, with youre leue this way schall we lere, 384
Vs likis no lenger here to abide.

Miles 2

Mi lorde, and he worthe ought in were, 386
We come agayne with goode chere.

Rex

Nay bewscheris, yoe fynde vs not here, 388
Oure leue will we take at this tyde
And rathely araye vs to reste,
For such notis has noyed vs or nowe.

Dux 1

3a, certis lorde, so holde Y beste, 392
For this gedlyng vngoodly has greued you.

Dux 2

Loke yoe bere worde as ye wotte, 394
Howe wele we haue quitte vs this while.

Miles 1

We, wise men will deme it we dote 396
But if we make ende of oure note.

Rex

Wendis fourth, the deuyll in thi throte, 398
We fynde no defaute hym to file.
Wherfore schulde we flaye hym or fleme hym
We fynde noyot in rollis of recorde;
And sen that he is dome, for to deme hym,
Ware this a goode lawe for a lorde?
Nay losellis, vnlely yoe lerned all to late,
Go lere thus lordingis of youre londe such lessons to lere.
Repaire with youre present and saie to Pilate
We graunte hym oure poure all playne to appere,
And also oure greuance forgeue we algate

And we graunte hym oure grace with a goode chere.
As touchyng this brothell that brawlis or debate,
Bidde hym wirke as he will, and wirke nocht in were.
Go telle hym this message fro me,
And lede fourth that mytyng, euyll motte he the.

Miles 1

Mi lorde, with youre leue, late hym be, 414
For all to longe ledde hym haue we.

Miles 2

What, yoe sirs, my lorde, will yoe see? 416

Rex

What, felawes? Take yoe no tente what I telle you 417
And bid you? Pat yoman ye yoeme.

Miles 2

Mi lorde, we schall wage hym an ill way. 419

Rex

Nay bewscheris, be not so bryme. 420
Fare softely, for so will it seme.

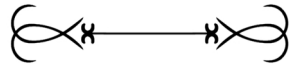
Miles 1

Nowe sen we schall do as ye deme, 422
Adewe sir.

Rex

Daunce on, in the deuyll way. 423

Play 32. The Remorse of Judas



Pilate

Pees, bewscheres, I bidde you, that beldis here aboute me, 1
And loke that yoe stirre with no striffe but stande stone still,
Or by the lorde that me liffe lente I schall garre you lowte me,
And all schall byde in my bale that wirkis noyot my will.
Ye rebaldis that regnys in this rowte,
3e stynte of youre steuenyng so stowte,
Or with this brande that dere is to doute
All to dede I schall dryue you this day.
For sir Pilate of Pounce as prince am Y preued,
As renke moste royall in richeste array,
Per is no berne in this burgh has me aboute heuyd,
But he sekis me for souereyne, in certayne Y saie,
To knawe.
Therefore take hede to youre lordis estate,
Pat none jangill nor jolle at my yoate,
Nor no man to grath hym no gate
Tille I haue seggid and saide all my sawe.
For I ame the luffeliest lappid and laide,
With feetour full faire in my face,
My forhed both brente is and brade
And myne eyne thei glittir like the gleme in the glasse.
And the hore that hillis my heed
Is even like to the golde wyre,
My chekis are bothe ruddy and reede
And my coloure as cristall is cleere.
Ther is no prince preuyd vndir palle
But I ame moste myghty of all to behold,
Nor no kyng but he schall come to my call,
Nor grome that dare greue me for golde.
Sir Kayphas, thurgh counsaill thi clergy is kid,
For thy counsaill is knowyn for connand and clere;
And sir Anna, thyn aunswer aught not to be hidde,
For thou is one and is abill and aught to be nere
In parlament playne.
And I am prince pereles youre poyntis to enquere:
How saie yoe Jues of Jesus, that swayne?
Haue done sirs, sais on youre sawis,
What tytill nowe haue yoe vntill hym
And lely yoe loke vpon youre lawes?
Saye, why sente yoe so sone for to spille hym?

Anna

Sir, that is prince and lorde of oure laye, 41
That traitour vntrewe that ye of telle vs,

Nowe certayne and sone the soth schall I saie
It is Jesus that japer that Judas ganne selle vs.
He marres oure men in all that he may,
His merueylis full mekill is mustered emelle vs,
That faitoure so false.
He dois many derffe dedis on oure Sabotte day,
Pat vnconnand conjeon he castis hym to quelle vs,
Fro man onto man he will compelle vs
And vndo you and ourselffe als.
Youreselffe he will fordo
And he halde furth this space,
And all this Jurie to
Yf that ye graunte hym grace.

Pilate

Sir Anna, this aunswere allow I no thyng, ⁵⁶
I halde it but hatereden, this artikill hale;
And therefore ser busshoppe, at my bidyng,
Do telle me nowe trewly the texte of this tale.
Do termyne it trewly and tyte
And lely yoe lede it by the lawe;
Felonye or falsed euyn here I defie it-
Saie me sadly the soth, for loue or for awe.

Caiphaz

Sir Pilate, the talis the traitoure has tolde, ⁶⁴
It heuys vs in harte full haly to here tham.
Be warlowe with his wilis he wenys tham to wolde,
Be ladde with his lesyngis full lightly gan lere tham.
Full tyte will he take tham vntill hym
And he thus forth go with his gaudis,
Or speche ouersprede-yoa, bettir is to spille hym,
The faitoure is so felle with his false fraudis.

Pilate

Youre aunsweres is hedouse and hatefull to here. ⁷²
Hadde I not herde hym and myselfe had hym sene
Yitt yoe myght haue made me to trowe you intere;
But faute in hym I fynde none, but conande and clene.
For conande and clene can I clere hym,
No faute can I fynde to reffuse hym,
I hope yitt in haste yoe schall here hym
Whanne he comys to racleyme-than may yoe cuse hym.

Miles 1

Lorde, fele of his ferles in faith haue we fonne, ⁸⁰
Yone harlotte heuys oure hartis full of hate ire.
He sais hymselffe that he is Goddis sone
And schall sitte on the right hande beside his awne sire.

Miles 2

Per talis is full trewe that we telle. 84
On the raynebowe the rebalde it redis,
He sais he schall haue vs to heuene or to hell
To deme vs aday aftir oure dedis.

Pilate

To deme vs, in the deuyll name? Say whedir? Saie whedir, to the deuyll? 88
What, dastardis, wene ye be wiser than we?

Miles 1

Mi lorde, with youre leue, we neuen it for non ill, 90
He has mustered his mervayles to mo than to me.
Mi souerayne lorde, yone sauterell he sais
He schall caste doune oure tempill, noyot for to layne,
And dresse it vppe dewly within thre daies
Als wele as it was, full goodely agayne.

Anna

3a sir, and on oure awne Sabott day 96
Panne werkis he werkis full wele.

Pilate

We, fye on hym, faitour, for ay, 98
For thei are darke dedis of the deuyll.

Caiphaz

Sir, a noysomemare note newly is noysed 100
Pat greuis me more than any kynne thyng,
He claymes hym clerly till a kyngdome of Jewes
And callis hymselffe oure comeliest kyng.

Pilate

Kyng, in the deuillis name? We, fye on hym, dastard. 104
What, wenys that woode warlowe ouere-wyn vs thus wightly?
A begger of Bedlem, borne as a bastard?
Nowe by Lucifer, lach I that ladde I leue hym not lightly.

Anna

Sir, the harlotte is at Heroudes hall euyne her at your hande. 108

Pilate

I sente to hym that warlowe, the deuyll myght hym wery. 109

Caiphaz

It langis to youre lordschippe be lawe of this land 110
As souerayne youreselffe to sitte of enquiry.

Anna

Sir, the traitoure has tolde vs mo truffullis truly 112
Wolde tene you full tyte and we you tham tolde.

Pilate

Nowe be Beliall bonis that boy schall abie 114
And bring on his bak a burdeyne of golde.

Filius I

Mi lorde that is ledar of lawis of this lande, 116
Ȝe sente hym yourselfe to Herowde the kyng
And sais, 'Ȓe dome of that doge lies holy in your hande,
To deme hym or lose hym at youre likyng'.
And thus yoe comaunded youre knyghtis for to saie;
For sir Heroude will serche hym full sore,
So that he wende with no wilis away-
And therefore, my goode lorde, moue you no more.

Caiphias

Nowe certis this was wele saide. 124
But sir, wille yoe sese nowe and we schall se syne?

Pilate

Sir Kayphas and Anna, right so nowe I thynke. 126
Sittis, in Mahoundis blissing, and aske vs the wyne-
Ȝe knyghtis of my courte, comaundis vs to drynke.

Judas

Allas for woo that I was wrought 129
Or euere I come be kynde or kynne,
I banne the bonys that me furth brought,
Woo worthe the wombe that I bredde ynne.
So may I bidde,
For I so falsely did to hym
Ȓat vnto me grete kyndnesse kidde.
Ȓe purse with his spens aboute I bare,
Ȓer was none trowed so wele as I.
Of me he triste, no man mare,
And I betrayed hym traytourly
With a false trayne.
Sakles I solde his blessid body
Vnto Jues for to be slayne.
To slaa my souereyne assente I
And tolde them the tyme of his takyng,
Shamously myselfe thus schente I
So sone for to sente to his slayng.
Nowe wiste I howe he myght passe that payne;
To loke that howe beste bote myght be
Vnto the Jues I will agayne
To saue hym-he myght passe free,
Ȓis ware my will.
Lorde, welthe and worschippe mot with yow be.

Pilate

What thyhandis, Judas, tellis thou vs till? 153

Judas

My tydyngis are tenefull, I telle yoou 154
Sir Pilate, therfore I you praye,
My maistir that I gune selle yoou,
Gode lorde, late hym wende on his way.

Caiphas

Nay, nedelyngis Judas, that we denye. 158
What mynde or mater has moued the thus?

Judas

Sir, I haue synned full greuouly, 160
Betraied that rightwisse bloode, Jesus
And maistir myne.

Caiphas

Bewscher, what is that till vs? 163
Be perill and the plight is thyne.
Thyne is the wronge, thou wroughte it.
Pou hight vs full trulye to take hym,
And oures is the bargayne, we boughte it-
Loo, we are alle sente for to slee hym.

Judas

Allas, that may me rewe full ill 169
Giffe yoe assente hym for to slaa.

Pilate

Why, what wolde thou that we did thertill? 171

Judas

I prairie you goode lorde, late hym gaa, 172
And here is of me youre paymente playne.

Caiphas

Naie, we will noght so, 174
We bought hym for he schulde be slayne.
To slee hym thiselffe thou assentit,
Pis wate thou wondirly wele.
What right is nowe to repente it?
Pou schapist thiselffe vnseele.

Anna

Do waie Judas, thou dose for noght, 180
Thy wordis I warne the are in waste.
Thyselffe to selle hym whanne thou vs sought,
Pou was agaynste hym thanne the moste
Of vs ilkan.

Caiphas

We schall be venged on hym in haste, 185
Whedir that euere he wille or none.

Pilate

Per wordis that thou nenys noght nedis it, 187
Pou onhanged harlott, harke what I saie;
Spare of thy spekyng, noght spedis it,
Or walke oute at the dore in the deuill way.

Judas

Why will ye thanne noyot latte hym passe 191
And haue of me agayne youre paie?

Pilate

I telle the traytoure, I wille it noght. 193

Judas

Allas, thanne am I lorne 194
Bothe bone and bloode.
Allas the while so may I saie,
That euere I sente to spille his bloode.
To saue his bloode sirs, I saie youe,
And takes you thare youre payment hole.
Spare for to spille hym I praye youe,
Ellis brewe yoe me full mekill bale.

Pilate

Nay, heriste thou Judas, thou schall agayne, 202
We will it nouyot. What deuyll art thou?
When thou vs sought thou was full fayne
Of this money. What aylis the nowe
For to repente?

Judas

Agayne sirs here I giffe it you, 207
And saue hym that he be noyot schent.

Pilate

To schende hym thyselve has the schamed, 209
Pou may lathe with thi liffe that thou ledis,
Fondely as a false foole thiselffe has famed,
Therefore the deuyll the droune for thy darfe dedis.

Judas

I knawe my trespasse and my gilte, 213
It is so grete it garres me grise;
Me is full woo he schulde be spilte,
Might I hym saue of any wise
Wele were me than.
Saue hym sirs-to youre seruise

I will me bynde to be your man.
Youre bondeman, lorde, to be
Nowe euere will I bynde me.
Sir Pilate, ye may trowe me,
Full faithfull schall yoe fynde me.

Pilate

Fynde the faithfull? A, foule mot the falle 224
Or thou come in oure companye,
For by Mahoundes bloode thou wolde selle vs all.
Thi seruice will we nocht, forthy
Pou art vnknowen.
Fals tiraunte, for thi traitoury
Pou art worthi to be hanged and drawen.
Hanged and drawen schulde thou be, knave,
And thou had right, by all goode reasoune.
Thi maistirs bloode thou biddist vs saue
And thou was firste that did hym treasoune.

Judas

I cry yoou mercy lorde, on me rewe, 235
Bis werryd wight that wronge has wrought.
Haue mercy on my maistir trewe
Pat I haue in youre bandome brought
[... ...] 238

Pilate

Goo jape the Judas, and neuen it nocht, 239
Nor move vs of this matere more.

Anna

No more of this matere thou move the, 241
Pou momeland mytyng emell,
Oure poynte expresse her reproues the
Of felonye falsely and felle.

Caiphas

He grucchis noyot to graunte his gilte, 245
Why schonnys thou noyot to shewe thi schame?
We bought hym for he schulde be spilte,
All same we were consente to the same
And thiselffe als.
Pou feyned noyot for to defame,
Pou saide he was a traytoure fals.

Pilate

3aa, and for a false faitoure 252
Thyselffe full fully gon file hym-
O that was a trante of a traytour,
So sone thou schulde goo to begile hym.

Miles 1

What, wolde thou that we lete hym ga, 256
Yone weried wight that wrought such wronge?
We will noght lose oure bargayne swaa,
So lightely for to late hym gang.
And reson why?
Latte we that lotterell liffe ought long
It will be fonde, in faith, foly.

Miles 2

Yone folte, for no fooles schall he fynde vs. 263
We wotte all full wele howe it was
His maistir whanne he gune bringe vs,
He praied yow my goode lord late hym not passe.

Pilate

Nay, sertis, he schalle noyot passe free 267
Pat we for oure mony has paied.

Judas

Take it agayne that yoe toke me 269
And saue hym fro that bittir braide,
Pan were I fayne.

Anna

Itt serues of noght that thou has saide, 272
And therfore takis it tyte agayne.

Pilate

Tyte agayne, traytoure, thou take it, 274
We wille it noght welde within oure wolde.
3itt schalte thou noyot, sawterell, thus sune forsake it,
For I schall sers hym myselffe sen thou has hym solde.

Caiphas

Forsake it in faith, that he ne schall, 278
For we will halde hym that we haue.
The payment chenys the withall,
The thar no nodir comenaunte craue
[... ...] 281

Judas

Sen yoe assente hym for to slaa, 282
Vengeaunce I crie on you ilkone.
Ilkane I crie, the deuill fordo youe,
And that myghte I both here and see.
Herde heuenyng here I wnto youe,
For sorowe onsought ye on me se.

Caiphas

Whe, fye on the, traytoure attaynte, at this tyde, 288

Of treasoure thou tyxste hym that triste the for trewe.
Do buske the henne, brothell, no lenger thou abide,
For if thou do, all thi respouns sare schall the rewe.
Say, wote thou noght who is I?
Nowe be my nociens, myght I negh nere the,
In certayne, ladde, yitt schulde I lere the
To lordis to speke curtaisely.

Pilate

Go thy gatis, geddlyng, and greue vs no more. 296
Leffe of thi talke, the deuill mot the hange.

Judas

Pat att yoe toke me, take it you there, 298
Ther with youre maistrie make yowe emange
And clayme it you clene,
Me lathes with my liff, so liffe I to lang,
My traitourfull torne he turment my tene.
Sen for my treasoure haue I tane vnto me,
Me thare aske no mercy, for none mon Y gete.
Therefore in haste myselffe schall fordo me,
Allas the harde while that euere ete I meete.
Thus schall I marke my mytyng meede
And wirke me wreke with harte and will,
To spille myselffe nowe wille I spede,
For sadly haue I seruyd thertill.
So walaway
Pat euere I was in witte or wille
Pat trusty trewe for to betraye.
Allas, who may I meue to,
Shall I me take non othir reede?
Miselffe in haste I schall fordoo
And take me nowe vnto my dede.

Caiphas

Haue done nowe sir Pilate, late se what yoe saie 318
As touchyng this money that we here haue,
Pat Judas in a wreth has wauyd away
And keste vs crabbidly, that cursed knave.
How saie yoe therby?

Anna

Sir, sen he it slang we schall it saue. 323

Caiphas

Tite truste it tille oure tresorie. 324

Pilate

Nay sir, noght soo. 325

Caiphaz

Why sir, how than? 325

Pilate

Sir, it schall nouyot combre vs nor come in oure corbonan. 326

Caiphaz

No, tille oure tresory certayne farther schall it nought. 327

Pilate

And se youreselffe soth certayne and skill 328

It is price of the bloode that we with it boght,

Therefore some othir poynte I purpose it till,

And thus I deuyse:

A spotte of erthe for to by wayte nowe I will,

To berie in pilgrimes that by the wey dies.

Pilgrimes and palmeres to putte there-

Sir Kaiphaz and Anna, assente yoe therto?-

And othere false felons that we forfare.

Anna

As yoe deme lorde, so wille we doo. 337

Armiger

Hayle sir Pilate perles, and prince of this empire, 338

Haile the gaiest on grounde in golde ther yoe glide,

Haile the louffeliest lorde of lyme and of lyre,

And all the soferans semely that sittith the beside.

Pilate

What wolde thou? 342

Armiger

A worde lorde, and wende. 342

Pilate

Nowe thou arte welcome iwisse. 343

But delyuere the lightly withouten any lette,

We haue no tome all day to tente onto the.

Armiger

A place here-beside lorde wolde I wedde-sette. 346

Pilate

What title has thou therto? Is it thyne awne free? 347

Armiger

Lorde, fre be my fredome me fallis it, 348

Bis tale is full trewe that I telle yoo,

And Caluary-locus men callis it.

I wolle it wedde-sette, but not for to selle yoo.

Pilate

What wolde thou borowe, bewshire? Belyve late me se. 352

Armiger

If it ware youre lekyng, my lorde, for to lene it, 353
xxxxti pens I wolde yoe lente onto me.

Caiphaz

Yis bewshire, that schall thou haue. 355

Pilate

Shewe vs thi dedis and haue here thi mony. 356

Armiger

Haue her gode lord, but loke yoe thame saue. 357

Pilate

3is certis, we schall saue thame full soundely, 358
And ellis do we nocht dewly oure deuere.
Faste, freke, for thy faith, on thy fote fonde the,
For fro this place, bewschere, I soile the foreuere.

Armiger

Now sorowe on such socoure as I haue soght, 362
For all my tresoure thurgh tresoune I tyne.
I tyne it vntrewly by tresoune,
Perfore nowe my way will I wende,
For yoe do me no right nor no resoune
I betake you all to the fende.

Pilate

Nowe certis we are serued att all, 368
Dis place is purchesed full propirly.
The Felde of Bloode loke yoe it call,
I you comaunde ilkone forthy.

Caiphaz

Sir, as yoe comaunde vs call it schall we soo. 372
But my lorde, with youre leue, we may lende her no lengar,
But faste late vs founde to fang on oure foo,
3one gedlyng ongodly has brewed vs grete angir.

Anna

Do way sir busshoppe, and be not abaste, 376
For loste is all oure lekyng, lepe he so light.

Caiphaz

Nay sir, he schall not trusse so tite, and that be yoe traste, 378
For it wynnes vs no worschippe the werkis of yone wight,
But grete angir.

Forthy late vs dresse vs his deth for to dite,
And late we this lotterell leue her no lengar.

Pilate

Sir Kayphas, thurgh counsaile comaunde we our knyghtis 383
To wacche on yone warlowe what way that he wendis.
Do dresse yoou nowe dewly, to yone doderon yooou dightis
And lette noyot to laite hym in lande where he lendis,
Nor leuys hym noyot lightly.

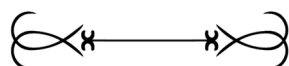
Miles 2

In faith we schall fette hym full farre fro his frendis. 388

Pilate

Nowe walkis on in the wanyand and wende youre way wightely. 389

Play 33. The Second Trial before Pilate



Pilate

Lordyngis that are lymett to the lare of my liaunce, 1
Ȝe schappely schalkes and schene for to schawe,
I charge yoo as yooour chiftan that yoe chatt for no chaunce,
But loke to youre lord here and lere at my lawe-
As a duke I may dampne yoo and drawe.
Many bernys bolde are aboute me,
And what knyght or knave I may knawe
Ȝat list noyot as a lord for to lowte me,
I sall lere hym
In the deueles name, that dastard, to dowte me-
Ȝa, who werkis any werkes withoute me,
I sall charge hym in chynes to chere hym.
Tharfore yoe lusty ledes within this lenght lapped,
Do stynte of yooour stalkyng and of stoutnes be stalland.
What traytoure his tong with tales has trapped,
That fende for his flateryng full foull sall be falland.
What broll ouere-brathely is bralland
Or vnsoftely will sege in ther sales,
Ȝat caysteffe thus carpand and calland
As a boy sall be broght vnto bales.
Perfore
Talkes not nor trete not of tales,
For that gome that gyrnes or gales,
I myself sall hym hurte full sore.

Anna

Ȝe sall sytt hym full sore, what sege will assay yoo; 25
If he like not youre lordshippe, that ladde, sall yoe lere hym
As a pereles prince full prestly to pay yoo,
Or as a derworth duke with dyntes sall yoe dere hym.

Caiphas

Ȝaa, in faythe yoe haue force for to fere hym, 29
Thurgh youre manhede and myght bes he marred.
No chyualrus chiftan may chere hym
Fro that churll with charge yoe haue charred
[... ...] 32
In pynyng payne bees he parred.

Anna

Ȝaa, and with schath of skelpys yll scarred 34
Fro tyme that youre tene he haue tasted.

Pilate

Now certes, as me semes, whoso sadly has soght yoo, 36

3oure praysyng is prophetable yoe prelates of pees.
Gramercy yooure goode worde, and vngayne sall it noyot you
That yoe will say the sothe and for no sege cese.

Caiphas

Elles were it pité we appered in this prees- 40
But consayue how yooure knyghtes ere command.

Anna

3a my lord, that leve yoe no lese, 42
I can telle you yoou tydes sum tythand
Ful sadde.

Pilate

Se, they bring yooone brolle in a bande. 45
We sall here nowe hastely at hand
What vnhappe before Herowde he had.

Miles 1

Hayll louelyest lorde that euere lawe led yoitt, 48
Hayll semelyest vndre sylke on euere ilka syde,
Hayll stateliest on stede in strenghe that is sted yoitt,
Hayll liberall, hayll lusty to lordes allied.

Pilate

Welcome, what tydandis this tyde? 52
Late no langgage lightly nowe lette yoou.

Miles 2

Sir Herowde ser, it is noght to hyde, 54
As his gud frende grathely he grete yowe

Foreuere.

In what manere that euere he mete yoou,
By hymselfe full sone wille he sette yoou
And sais that yoe sall not disseuer.

Pilate

I thanke hym full thraly; and ser, I saie hym the same- 60
But what meruelous materes dyd this myron ther mell?

Miles 1

For all the lordis langage his lipps, ser, wer lame; 62
For any spirringes in that space no speche walde he spell,
Bot domme as a dore gon he dwell.
Bus no faute in hym gon he fynde,
For his dedis to deme hym to qwell,
Nor in bandis hym brathely to bynde;
And thus
He sente hym to youreself, and assynde

Pat we, youre knyghtis, suld be clenly enclyned
And tye with hym to you to trus.

Pilate

Syrs, herkens, here yoe not what we haue oppon hand? 72
Loo howe there knyghtes carpe that to the kyng cared.
Syr Herowde, thai say, no faute in me fand,
He fest me to his frenschippe, so frendly he fared,
Moreover sirs, he spake-and noght spared-
Full gentilly to Jesu, this Jewe,
And sithen to ther knyghtis declared
How fawtes in hym fande he but fewe
To dye.
He taste hym, I telle yoou for trewe,
For to dere hym he demed vndewe,
And sirs, ye sothly saie I.

Caiphas

Sir Pilate oure prince, we prelatis nowe pray yoou 84
Sen Herowde fraysted no ferther this faitour to flaye,
Resayue in yoour sall ther sawes that I saie yoou.
Late bryng hym to barre and at his berde sall we baye.

Anna

3a, for and he wende thus by wiles away 88
I wate wele he wirke will vs wondre.
Oure menyoé he marres that he may,
With his seggynges he settes tham in sondre,
With synne;
With his blure he breidis mekill blondre.
Whills yoe haue hym nowe haldes hym vndir-
We sall wery hym away yf he wynne.

Caiphas

Sir, no tyme is to tarie this traytour to taste. 96
Agayne ser Cesar hymselfe he segges, and saies
All the wightis in this world wirkis in waste
Pat takis hym any tribute-thus his teching outrayes.
3itt forther he feynes slik affraies,
And sais that hymself is God son.
And ser, oure lawe leggis and layes
In what faytour falsed is fon
Suld be slayne.

Pilate

For no schame hym to shende will we shon. 105

Anna

Sir, witnesse of this wanes may be wonne, 106
Pat will telle this withowten any trayne.

Caiphas

I can reken a rable of renkes full right, 108
Of perte men in prese fro this place ar I pas,
Pat will witesse, I warande, the wordis of this wight,
How wikkidly wrought that this wrecche has:
Simon, Zarus and Judas,
Datan and Gamaliell,
Neptalim, Leui and Lucas,
And Amys this maters can mell

Togithere.

Per tales for trewe can they telle
Of this faytour that false is and felle,
And in legyng of lawes ful lithre.

Pilate

3a, tussch for youre tales, thai touche not entente. 120
Per witesse I warande that to witesse yoe wage,
Some hatred in ther hartis agaynes hym haue hent
And purpose be this processe to putt down this page.

Caiphas

Sir, in faith vs fallith not to fage, 124
Pai are trist men and true that we telle yoo.

Pilate

Youre swering, seris, swiftly yoe swage, 126
And no more in this maters ye mell yoo
I charge.

Anna

Sir, dispise not this speche that we spell you. 129

Pilate

If yoe feyne slike frawdys I sall felle yoo, 130
For me likis nocht youre langage so large.

Caiphas

Oure langage is to large, but yououre lordshipp releue vs. 132
3itt we both beseke you late brynge hym to barre;
What poyntes that we putte forth latt your presence appreue vs-
3e sall here how this harlott heldes out of herre.

Pilate

3a, butt be wise, witty, and warre. 136

Anna

3is sir, drede yoo noyot for nothyng we doute hym. 137

Pilate

Fecche hym, he is noght right ferre- 138
Do bedell, buske the abowte hym.

Preco

I am fayne 140
My lorde for to lede hym or lowte hym.
Vncleth hym, clappe hym and clowte hym
If yoe bid me I am buxhome and bayne.
Knyghtis, yoe er commaundid with this caityf to care,
And bryng hym to barre, and so my lord badd.

Miles 1

Is this thy messege? 146

Preco

3a sir. 146

Miles 1

Pan moue the no mare, 146
For we ar light for to leppe and lede forthe this ladd.

Miles 2

Do steppe furth; in striffe ert thou stadde, 148
I vphalde full euyll has the happed.

Miles 1

O man, thy mynde is full madde, 150
In oure clukis to be clowted and clapped
And closed.

Miles 2

Pou bes lassched, lusschyd and lapped. 153

Miles 1

3a, rowted, russhed and rapped, 154
Bus thy name with noye sall be noysed.

Miles 2

Loo this sege her, my souerayne, that yoe for sente. 156

Pilate

Wele, stirre noyot fro that stede, but stande stille thare. 157
Bot he schappe som shrewdnesse with shame bese he shente,
And I will frayst in faith to frayne of his fare.

Caiphaz

We! Outte! Stande may I noyot, so I stare. 160

Anna

3a, harrowe of this traytour with tene. 161

Pilate

Say renkes, what rewth gars you rare? 162
Er ye woode or wittles I wene?
What eyles yoou?

Caiphaz

Out, slike a sight suld be sene. 165

Anna

3a, allas, conquered ar we clene. 166

Pilate

We, ere yoe fonde, or youre force fayles yoou? 167

Caiphaz

A, ser, saugh yoe noyot this sight, how that ther schaftes schuke, 168
And thez baneres to this brothel thai bowde all on brede?

Anna

3a, ther cursed knyghtes by crafte lete them croke 170
To worshippe this warlowe vnworthy in wede.

Pilate

Was it dewly done thus indede? 172

Caiphaz

3a, yoa sir, oureselfe we it sawe. 173

Pilate

We, spitte on them, ill mott thai spede- 174
Say dastardes, the deuyll mote yoou drawe,
How dar yoe
Per baners on brede that her blawe
Lat lowte to this lurdan so lawe?
O faytouris, with falshed how fare yoe?

Miles 3

We beseke you and tho seniouris beside yoou sir sitte, 180
With none of oure gouernaunce to be greuous and gryll,
For it lay not in oure lott ther launces to lett,
And this werke that we haue wrought it was not oure will.

Pilate

Pou lise-harstow lurdan?-full ille. 184
Wele thou watte if thou witnes it walde.

Miles 4

Sir, oure strenght myght noyot stabill tham stille, 186
They hilded for ought we couthe halde,
Oure vnwittyng.

Miles

For all oure fors in faith did thai folde 189
As this warlowe worschippe thai wolde-
And vs semid, forsoth, it vnsittyng.

Caiphaz

A, vnfrendly faytours, full fals is youre fable, 192
Bis segge with his suttelté to his seett hath you sesid.

Miles 6

3e may say what you semes ser, bot ther standerdes to stabill 194
What freyke hym enforces full foull sall he be fesid.

Anna

Be the deuyllis nese, yoe ar doggydly diseasid- 196
A, henne-harte, ill happe mot yooou hente.

Pilate

For a whapp so he whyned and whesid, 198
And yoitt no lasshe to the lurdan was lente.
Foul fall yooou.

Miles 3

Sir, iwisse no wiles we haue wente. 201

Pilate

Shamefully yooou satt to be shente, 202
Here combred caystiffes I call yooou.

Miles 4

Sen yooou lykis not, my lord, oure langage to leve, 204
Latte bryng the biggest men that abides in this land
Propirly in youre presence ther pousté to preve;
Beholde that they helde nott fro thei haue thaim in hand.

Pilate

Now yoe er ferdest that euere I fand, 208
Fy on youre faynte hertis in feere.
Stir the, no langer thou stande
Pou bedell, this bodworde thou bere
Thurgh this towne,
Be wyghtest men vnto were
And the strangest ther standerdis to stere,
Hider blithely bid tham be bowne.

Preco

My souerayne, full sone sall be serued youre sawe, 216
I sall bryng to ther baneres right bigg men and strange.
A company of keuellis in this contré I knawe
That grete ere and grill, to the gomes will I gange.

Say, ye ledis botht lusty and lange,
3e most passe to ser Pilate apace.

Miles 1

If we wirke not his wille it wer wrang, 222
We ar redy to renne on a race
And rayke.

Preco

Then tarie not, but tryne on a trace 225
And folow me fast to his face.

Miles 2

Do lede vs, vs lykes wele this lake. 227

Preco

Lorde, here are the biggest bernes that bildis in this burgh, 228
Most stately and strange if with strenght thai be streyned.
Leve me ser, I lie not, to loke this lande thurgh,
Pai er myghtiest men with manhode demened.

Pilate

Wate thou wele, or ellis has thou wenyd? 232

Preco

Sir, I wate wele withoute wordis moo. 233

Caiphias

In thy tale be not taynted nor tenyd. 234

Preco

We, nay ser, why shuld I be soo? 235

Pilate

Wele than, 236
We sall frayst or they founde vs fer fro
To what game thai begynne for to go.
Sir Cayphas, declare tham yoe can.

Caiphias

3e lusty ledis, nowe lith to my lare, 240
Schappe yoo to ther schaftis that so schenely her schyne.
If yoon baners bowe the brede of an hare
Platly yoe be putte to perpetuell pyne.

Miles 1

I sall holde this as even as a lyne. 244

Anna

Whoso schakis with schames he shendes. 245

Miles 2

I, certayne I saie as for myne, 246
Whan it sattles or sadly discendis
Whare I stande-
When it wryngis or wronge it wendis,
Outher bristis, barkis, or bendes-
Hardly lat hakke of myn hande.

Pilate

Sirs, waites to ther wightis that no wiles be wrought, 252
Pai are burely and brode, thare bost haue thai blowen.

Anna

To neven of that nowe ser it nedis right nocht, 254
For who curstely hym quytes he sone sall be knawen.

Caiphias

3a, that dastard to dede sall be drawen, 256
Whoso fautis he fouly sall falle.

Pilate

Nowe knyghtis, sen the cokkis has crowen, 258
Haue hym hense with hast fra this halle
His wayes.
Do stiffely steppe on this stalle,
Make a crye, and cantely thou call
Euene like as ser Annay the sais.

Anna

Oyes. Jesu, thou Jewe of gentill Jacob kynne, 264
Pou nerthrist of Nazareth, now neuend is thi name.
Alle creatures the accuses. We commaunde the comme in
And aunswer to thin enemys; deffende now thy fame.

Caiphias

We! Out! We are shente alle for shame, 268
Pis is wrasted all wrange as I wene.

Anna

For all ther boste yoone boyes are to blame. 270

Pilate

Slike a sight was neuere yoit sene. 271
Come sytt,
My comforth was caught fro me clene-
I vpstritt, I me myght noyot abstene
To wirschip hym in wark and in witte.

Caiphas

Perof meruayled we mekill what moued yoou in mynde 276
In reuerence of this ribald so rudely to ryse.

Pilate

I was past all my powre thogh I payned me and pynd, 278
I wrought not as I wolde in no maner of wise.
Bot syrs, my spech wele aspise:
Wightly his wayes late hym wende,
Pus my dome will dewly deuyse,
For I am ferde hym in faith to offende
In sightes.

Anna

Pan oure lawe were laght till an ende 285
To his tales if yoe treuly attende-
He enchaunted and charmed oure knyghtis.

Caiphas

Be his sorcery, ser-youreselffe the soth sawe- 288
He charmed oure chyualers and with myscheffe enchaunted.
To reuerence hym ryally we rase all on rowe;
Doutles we endure not of this dastard be daunted.

Pilate

Why, what harmes has this hatell here haunted? 292
I kenne to convyk hym no cause.

Anna

To all gomes he God son hym graunted 294
And liste not to leve on oure lawes.

Pilate

Say man, 296
Consayues thou noyot what comberous clause
Pat this clargye accusyng the knowse?
Speke, and excuse the if thou can.

Jesus

Euery man has a mouthe that made is on molde 300
In wele and in woo to welde at his will,
If he gouerne it gudly like as God wolde
For his spirituale speche hym thar not to spill.
And what come so gouerne it ill,
Full vnhendly and ill sall he happe;
Of ilk tale thou talkis vs vntill
Pou accounte sall, thou can not escape.

Pilate

Sirs myne, 308
Ze fonne in faithe, all the frappe,

For in this lede no lese can I lappe
Nor no poynte to putt hym to pyne.

Caiphas

Withoute cause ser we come not this carle to accuse hym, 312
And that will we yoe witt as wele is worthy.

Pilate

Now I recorde wele the right yoe will no rathere refuse hym 314
To he be dreuen to his dede and demed to dye;
But takes hym vnto you forthé,
And like as youre lawe will you lere,
Deme yoe his body to aby.

Anna

O, sir Pilate withouten any pere, 319
Do way,
3e wate wele withouten any were
Vs falles not, nor oure felowes in feere,
To slo no man-youreself the soth say..

Pilate

Why suld I deme to dede than withoute deseruyng in dede? 324
But I haue herde al haly why in hertes yoe hym hate.
He is fautles, in faith, and so God mote me spede
I graunte hym my gud will to gang on his gate.

Caiphas

Nought so ser, for wele yoe it wate, 328
To be kyng he claymeth, with croune,
And whoso stoutely will steppe to that state
3e suld deme ser, to be dong doune
And dede.

Pilate

Sir, trulye that touched to treasoune, 333
And or I remewe he rewe sall that reasoune,
And or I stalke or stirre fro this stede.
Sir knyghtis that ar comly, take this caystiff in keping,
Skelpe hym with scourges and with skathes hym scorne.
Wrayste and wrynge hym to, for wo to he be wepyng,
And than bryng hym before vs as he was beforne.

Miles 1

He may banne the tyme he was borne, 340
Some sall he be serued as yoe saide vs.

Anna

Do wappe of his wedis that are worne. 342

Miles 2

All redy ser, we haue arayde vs. 343
Haue done,
To this broll late vs buske vs and brayde vs
As ser Pilate has propirly prayde vs.

Miles 3

We sall sette to hym sadly sone. 347

Miles 4

Late vs gete of his gere, God giffe hym ille grace. 348

Miles 1

Pai ere tytt of tite lo, take ther his trasshes. 349

Miles 3

Nowe knytte hym in this corde. 350

Miles 2

I am cant in this case. 350

Miles 4

He is bun faste-nowe bete on with bittir brasshis. 351

Miles 1

Go on, lepis, haryoé lordingis, with lasshes, 352
And enforce we, this faitour, to flay hym.

Miles 2

Late vs driffe to hym derfly with dasshes, 354
Alle rede with oure rowtes we aray hym
And rente hym.

Miles 3

For my parte I am prest for to pay hym. 357

Miles 4

3a, sende hym sorow, assaye hym. 358

Miles 1

Take hym that I haue tome for to tente hym. 359

Miles 2

Swyng to this swyre to swiftly he swete. 360

Miles 3

Swete may this swayne for sweght of our swappes. 361

Miles 4

Russhe on this rebald and hym rathely rehetete. 362

Miles 1

Rehete hym I rede you with rowtes and rappes. 363

Miles 2

For all oure noy this nygard he nappes. 364

Miles 3

We sall wakken hym with wynde of oure whippes. 365

Miles 4

Nowe flynge to this flaterer with flappes. 366

Miles 1

I sall hertely hitte on his hippes 367

And haunch.

Miles 2

Fra oure skelpes not scatheles he skyppes. 369

Miles 3

3itt hym list not lyft vp his lippis 370

And pray vs to haue pety on his paunch.

Miles 4

To haue petie of his paunche he propheres no prayere. 372

Miles 1

Lorde, how likes you this lake and this lare that we lere yoo? 373

Miles 2

Lo, I pull at his pilche, I am prowde payere. 374

Miles 3

Thus youre cloke sall we cloute to clence you and clere yoo. 375

Miles 4

I am straunge in striffe for to stere yoo. 376

Miles 1

Bus with choppes this churll sall we chastye. 377

Miles 2

I trowe with this trace we sall tere you. 378

Miles 3

All thin vntrew techyngis thus taste I, 379

Pou tarand.

Miles 4

I hope I be hardy and hasty. 381

Miles 1

I wate wele my wepon not wast I. 382

Miles 2

He swounes or sweltes I swarand. 383

Miles 3

Late vs louse hym lightly, do lay on your handes. 384

Miles 4

3a, for and he dye for this dede vndone ere we all. 385

Miles 1

Nowe vnbounde is this broll and vnbraced his bandes. 386

Miles 2

O fule, how faris thou now? Foull mott the fall! 387

Miles 3

Nowe because he oure kyng gon hym call 388
We will kyndely hym croune with a brere.

Miles 4

3a, but first this purpure and palle 390
And this worthy wede sall he were,
For scorne.

Miles 1

I am proude at this poynte to apper. 393

Miles 2

Latte vs clethe hym in ther clothes full clere, 394
As a lorde that his lordshippe has lorne.

Miles 3

Lange or thou mete slike a menyoé as thou mett with this morne. 396

Miles 4

Do sette hym in this sete as a semely in sales. 397

Miles 1

Now thryng to hym thrally with this thikk thorne. 398

Miles 2

Lo, it heldes to his hede that the harnes out hales. 399

Miles 3

Thus we teche hym to tempre his tales- 400
His brayne begynnes for to blede.

Miles 4

3a, his blondre has hym broght to ther bales. 402

Now reche hym and raught hym in a rede
So rounde,
For his septure it serues indede.

Miles 1

3a, it is gode inowe in this nede, 406
Late vs gudly hym grete on this grounde.
Aue, riall roy and rex judeorum,
Hayle, comely kyng that no kyngdom has kende.
Hayll vndughty duke, thi dedis ere dom,
Hayll, man vnmyghty thi menyoé to mende.

Miles 3

Hayll, lord without lande for to lende, 412
Hayll kyng, hayll knave vnconand.

Miles 4

Hayll, freyke without forse the to fende, 414
Hayll strang, that may not wele stand
To stryve.

Miles 1

We, harlott, heve vp thy hande, 417
And vs all that the wirschip are wirkand
Thanke vs, ther ill mot thou thryve.

Miles 2

So late lede hym belyve and lenge her no lenger, 420
To ser Pilate oure prince oure pride will we prayse.

Miles 3

3a, he may synge or he slepe of sorowe and angir, 422
For many derfe dedes he has done in his dayes.

Miles 4

Now wightly late wende on oure wayes, 424
Late vs trusse vs, no tyme is to tarie.

Miles 1

My lorde, will yoe listen oure layes? 426
Here this boy is yoe bade vs go bary
With battis.

Miles 2

We ar combered his corpus for to cary, 429
Many wightis on hym wondres and wary-
Lo, his flessch al beflapped that fat is.

Pilate

Wele, bringe hym before vs as he blisshes all bloo; 432
I suppose of his seggyng he will cese euermore.

Sirs, beholde vpon hight and ecce homoo
Bus bounden and bette and broght you before.
Me semes that it sewes hym full sore,
For his gilte on this grounde is he greuyd;
If you like for to listen my lore
[...] 438
In race
[... ...] 439

Pilate

For properly by this processe will I preve 440
I had no force fro this felawshippe this freke for to fende.

Preco

Here is al, ser that yoe for sende. 442
Wille yoe wasshe whill the watir is hote?

Pilate

Nowe this Barabas bandes yoe vnbende, 444
With grace late hym gange on his gate
Where yoe will.

Barabas

Ze worthy men that I here wate, 447
God encrece all youre comely estate
For the grace yoe haue graunt me vntill.

Pilate

Here the jugement of Jesu, all Jewes in this stede: 450
Crucifie hym on a crosse and on Caluerye hym kill.
I dampne hym today to dy this same dede,
Perfore hyngis hym on hight vppon that high hill.
And on aythir side hym I will
Pat a harlott yoe hyng in this hast-
Methynkith it both reasoune and skill
Eymyddis, sen his malice is mast,
Ze hyng hym;
Pen hym turmente, som tene for to tast.
Mo wordis I will not nowe wast,
But blynne not to dede to yoe bryng hym.

Caiphas

Sir, vs semys in oure sight that yoe sadly has saide. 462
Now knyghtis that are conant with this catyf yoe care,
The liffe of this losell in youre list is it laide.

Miles 1

Late vs one my lorde, and lere vs na lare. 465
Siris, sette to hym sadly and sare,
All in cordis his coorse vmbycast.

Miles 2

Late vs bynde hym in bandis all bare. 468

Miles 3

Here is one, full lange will it laste. 469

Miles 4

Lay on hande here. 470

Miles

I powll to my poure is past. 471
Nowe feste is he felawes, ful fast;
Late vs stere vs, we may not long stand here.

Anna

Drawe hym faste hense, delyuere yoou, haue done. 474
Go, do se hym to dede withoute lenger delay,
For dede bus hym be nedlyng be none.
All myrthe bus vs move tomorne that we may,
Itt is sothly oure grette Sabott day-
No dede bodis vnberid sall be.

Miles 6

We see wele the soth yoe vs say. 480
We sall traylle hym tyte to his tree,
bus talkand.

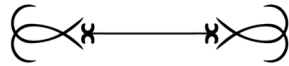
Miles 4

Farewele, now wightely wende we. 483

Pilate

Nowe certis yoe are a manly menyoe, 484
Furth in the wylde wanyand be walkand.

Play 34. The Road to Calvary



Miles 1

Pees, barnes and bachillers that beldis here aboute, 1
Stirre noyot ones in this stede but stonde stone stille,
Or be the lorde that I leue on I schall gar you lowte.
But yoe spare when I speke youre speche schall I spille
Smertely and sone,
For I am sente fro sir Pilate with pride
To lede this ladde oure lawes to abide,
He getis no bettir bone.
Therefore I comaunde you on euere ilke a side,
Vppon payne of enprisonment that no man appere
To suppowle this traytoure, be tyme ne be tyde,
[... ...] 11
Noght one of this prees,
Nor noght ones so hardy for to enquere,
But helpe me holly alle that are here
Pis kaitiffe care to encrees.
Therefore make rome and rewle you nowe right,
That we may with this weried wight
Wightely wende on oure waye.
He napped noght of all this nyght,
And this daye schall his deth be dight-
Latte see who dare saie naye?
Because tomorne is prouyde
For oure dere Sabbott day,
We wille no mysse be moued,
But mirthe in all that euere men may.
We haue bene besie all this morne
To clothe hym and to croune with thorne,
As falles for a fole kyng,
And nowe methynkith oure felawes skorne,
They highte to haue ben here this morne
Pis faitour forthe to bring.
To nappe nowe is noyot goode-
We, howe! High myght he hyng!

Miles 2

Pees man, for Mahoundes bloode, 34
Why make yoe such crying?

Miles 1

Why, wotte thou noght als wele as I, 36
Pis carle burde vnto Caluery
And there on crosse be done?

Miles 2

Sen dome is geuen that he schall dy 39
Late calle to vs more companye,
And ellis we erre oure-fone.

Miles 1

Oure gere behoues to be grayde 42
And felawes sammed sone,
For sir Pilate has saide
Hym bus be dede be none.
Where is sir Wymond, wotte thou oght?

Miles 2

He wente to garre a crosse be wrought 47
To bere this cursed knave.

Miles 1

That wolde I sone wer hyder broght, 49
For sithen schall othir gere be soght
That vs behoues to haffe.

Miles 2

Vs bus haue sties and ropes 52
To rugge hym tille he raue,
And nayles and othir japes
If we oureselue wille saue.

Miles 1

To tarie longe vs were full lathe, 56
But Wymond come it is in wathe
But we be blamed all three.
We, howe, sir Wymond wayteskathe.

Miles 2

We, howe, sir Wymond, howe. 60

Miles 3

I am here-what saie yoe bathe? 60
Why crye yoe so on me?
I haue bene garre make
Dis crosse, as yhe may see,
Of that laye ouere the lake-
Men called it the kyngis tree.

Miles 1

Nowe sekirly I thought the same, 66
For that balke will no man vs blame
To cutte it for the kyng.

Miles 2

This karle has called hym kyng at hame, 69

And sen this tre has such a name
It is accordyng thyng
Pat his rigge on it may reste,
For skorne and for hethyng.

Miles 3

Methoughte it semyd beste 74
Tille this bargayne to bryng.

Miles 1

It is wele warred, so motte I spede, 76
And it be lele in lenghe and brede
Pan is this space wele spende.

Miles 3

To loke theraftir it is no nede, 79
I toke the mesure or I yode,
Bothe for the fette and hende.

Miles 2

Beholde howe it is boorede 82
Full euen at ilke an ende.
This werke will wele accorde,
It may not be amende.

Miles 3

Nay, I haue ordande mekill more, 86
3aa, thes theues are sente before
Pat beside hym schall hyng.
And sties also are ordande thore
With stalworthe steeles as mystir wore,
Bothe some schorte and some lang.

Miles 1

For hameres and nayles 92
Latte see sone who schall gang.

Miles 2

Here are bragges that will noght faile, 94
Of irnne and stele full strange.

Miles 3

Panne is it as it aweth to bee- 96
But whiche of yowe schall beere this tree,
Sen I haue broughte it hedir?

Miles 1

Be my feithe, bere it schall hee 99
Pat theron hanged sone schall bee,
And we schall teeche hym whedir.

Miles 2

Vppon his bakke it schalle be laide, 102
For sone we schall come thedir.

Miles 3

Loke that oure gere be grayede 104
And go we all togedir.

John

Allas for my maistir that moste is of myght, 106
That yoister-even late, with lanternes light,
Before the busshoppe was brought.
Bothe Petir and I we saugh that sight
And sithen we wente oure wayes full wight,
When the Jewes wondirly wrought.
At morne thei toke to rede
And soteltes vpsoght,
And demed hym to be dede
Pat to tham trespassed noght.
Allas for syte what schall I saie?
My worldly welthe is wente for ay,
In woo euere may I wende.
My maistir that neuere lakke in lay
Is demed to be dede this day,
Ewen in hys elmys hende.
Allas for my maistir mylde
That all mennys mysse may mende,
Shulde so falsely be filed
And no frendis hym to fende.
Allas for his modir and othir moo,
Mi modir and hir sisteres alsoo,
Sittes samen with sighyngis sore.
Pai wate nothyng of all this woo,
Forthy to warne tham will I goo
Sen I may mende no more.
Sen he schall dye as tyte
And thei vnwarned wore,
I ware worthy to wite-
I will go faste therfore.
But in myn herte grete drede haue I
Pat his modir for dole schall dye,
When she see ones that sight.
But certis I schal not wande forthy
To warne that carefull company
Or he to dede be dight.
[... ...] 141
Sen he fro vs will twynne
I schall the neuere forsake.
Allas the tyme and tyde,
I watte wele the day is come

Pat are was specified
Of prophete Symeoun in prophicie:
The swerde of sorowe schulde renne
Thurghoute the herte, sotelly.

Maria 2

Allas this is a sithfull sight, 150
He that was euere luffely and light
And lorde of high and lawe,
Oo, doulfully nowe is he dight.
In worlde is none so wofull a wighte
Ne so carefull to knawe.
Pei that he mended moste
In dede and als in sawe,
Now haue they full grete haste
To dede hym for to drawe.

Jesus

Doughteres of Jerusalem cytté, 160
Sees, and mournes no more for me,
But thynkes vppon this thyng:
For youreselfe mourne schall yoe,
And for the sonnes that borne schal be
Of yowe, bothe olde and yonge.
For such fare schall befalle,
That yoe schall giffe blissyng
To barayne bodies all,
That no barnes forthe may brynge.
For certis yoe schall see suche a day,
That with sore sighyng schall yoe saye
Vnto the hillis on highte,
'Falle on vs mountaynes, and yoe may,
And couere vs fro that felle affraye
That on vs sone schall light'.
Turnes home the toune vntill,
Sen yoe haue seen this sight.
It is my fadirs will,
Alle that is done and dighte.

Maria 3

Allas, this is a cursed cas. 180
He that alle hele in his hande has
Shall here be sakles slayne.
A, lorde, beleue lete clense thy face-
Behalde howe he hath schewed his grace,
Howe he is moste of mayne!
This signe schalle bere witnessse
Vnto all pepull playne,
Howe Goddes sone here gilteles
Is putte to pereles payne.

Miles 1

Saie, wherto bide yoe here aboute? 190
Thare quenys with ther skymeryng and ther schoute
Wille nocht ther stevenis steere.

Miles 2

Go home casbalde, with thi clowte, 193
Or be that lorde we loue and loute,
Pou schall abyte full dere.

Maria 3

This signe schall vengeaunce calle 196
On yowe holly in feere.

Miles 3

Go, hye the hense withalle, 198
Or ille hayle come thou here.

John

Lady, youre gretynge greues me sore. 200

Mary

John, helpe me nowe and eueremore, 201
That I myght come hym tille.

John

My lady, wende we forthe before, 203
To Caluery when yoe come thore
Pan schall yoe saie what yoe will.

Miles 1

What a deuyll is this to saye, 206
How longe schall we stande stille?
Go, hye you hens awaye,
In the deuylls name, doune the hill.

Miles 2

Ther quenys vs comeres with ther clakke. 210
He schall be serued for ther sake,
With sorowe and with sore.

Miles 3

And thei come more such noyse to make, 213
We schall garre lygge thame in the lake
Yf thei were halfe a skore.

Miles 1

Latis nowe such bourdyng be. 216
Sen oure tooles are before,
Pis traitoure and this tree
Wolde I full fayne were thore.

Miles 2

We schall no more so stille be stedde, 220
For nowe ther quenes are fro vs fledde
Pat falsely wolde vs feere.

Miles 3

Methynkith this boy is so forbledde 223
With this ladde may he nocht be ledde;
He swounes, that dare I swere.

Miles 1

It nedis noyot harde to harle 226
Sen it dose hym slike dere.

Miles 2

I se here comes a karle 228
Shall helpe hym for to bere.

Miles 3

Pat schall yoe see sone one assaye. 230
Goode man, whedir is thou away?
Pou walkis as thou were wrothe.

Simon

Sir, I haue a grete journay 233
Pat bus be done this same day,
Or ellis it may do skathe.

Miles 1

Pou may with litill payne 236
Eease thyselffe and vs bathe.

Simon

Goode sirs, that wolde I fayne, 238
But to dwelle were me lathe.

Miles 2

Nay beuscher, thou schall sone be spedde, 240
Loo here a ladde that muste be ledde
For his ille dedis to dye.

Miles 3

And he is brosid and all forbledde, 243
That makis vs here thus stille be stedde.
We pray the sir, forthy,
That thou wilte take this tree
And bere it to Caluerye.

Simon

Goode sirs, that may nouyot be, 248
For full grete haste haue I.

My wayes are lang and wyde,
And I may nocht abide
For drede I come to late,
For sureté haue I hight
Muste be fulfillid this nyght,
Or it will paire my state.
Therefore sirs, by youre leue,
Methynkith I dwelle full lang.
Me were loth you for to greue-
Goode sirs, yoe late me gang,
No lenger here now may I wone.

Miles 1

Nay, certis, thou schalte noyot go so sone 261
For ought that thou can saye.
Bis dede is moste haste to be done,
For this boy muste be dede by none
And nowe is nere myddaye.
Go helpe hym in this nede
And make no more delaye.

Simon

I praye yowe dose youre dede 268
And latis me wende my waye,
And sirs, I schall come sone agayne
To helpe this man with all my mayne,
And even at youre awne will.

Miles 2

What, wolde thou trusse with such a trayne? 273
Nay faitour, thou schalte be fayne
Bis forwarde to fullfille,
Or be myghty Mahounde
Pou schalte rewe it full ille.

Miles 3

Late dyng this dastarde doune 278
But he goo tyte thertill.

Simon

Sertis sir, that wer nought wisely wrought 280
To bete me but I trespassid ought,
Outhir in worde or dede.

Miles 1

Vppon his bakke it schall be brought 283
To bere it, whedir he wille or nocht-
What, deuyll, whome schulde we drede?
Go, take it vppe belyve
And bere it forthe goode spede.

Simon

It helpis noyot here to striue, 288
Bere it behoues me nede,
And therefore sirs, as yoe haue saide,
To bere this crosse I holde me paied
Right as yoe wolde it wore.

Miles 2

3aa, nowe are we right arraied. 293
Loke that oure gere be redy grayed
To wirke whanne we come thore.

Miles 3

I warand all redy, 296
Oure tooles bothe lesse and more.
Late hym goo hardely
Forth with the crosse before.

Miles 1

Sen he has his lade nowe late hym gang, 300
For with this warlowe wirke we wrang
And we thus with hym yode.

Miles 2

And nowe is noght goode to tarie lang, 303
What schulde we done more vs emang?
Say sone, so motte thou spede.

Miles 3

Neuen vs no nodir noote 306
Tille we haue done this dede.

Miles 1

Weme, methynke we doote, 308
He muste be naked, nede.
All yf he called hymselffe a kyng
In his clothis he schall noyot hyng,
But naked as a stone be stedde.

Miles 2

That calle I accordand thyng- 313
But tille his sidis I trowe thei clyng
For bloode that he has bledde.

Miles 3

Wheder thei clynge or cleue 316
Naked he schalle be ledde,
And for the more myscheue
Buffettis hym schall be bedde.

Miles 1

Take of his clothis beliffe, latte see- 320
A ha, this garment will falle wele for mee
And so I hope it schall.

Miles 2

Nay sir, so may it nocht be, 323
Pame muste be parte amonge vs thre,
Take euen as will fall.

Miles 3

3aa, and sir Pilate melle hym 326
Youre parte woll be but small.

Miles 1

Sir, and yoe liste go telle hym, 328
3itt schall he nocht haue all,
Butte even his awne parte and no more.

Miles 2

3aa, late thame ligge stille here in stoore 331
Vntill this dede be done.

Miles 3

Latte bynde hym as he was before 333
And harle on harde that he wer thore,
And hanged or it be none.

Miles 1

He schall be feste as fee, 336
And that right sore and sone.

Miles 2

So fallis hym for to be, 338
He gettis no bettir bone.

Miles 3

Pis werke is wele nowe I warand, 340
For he is boune as beeste in bande
That is demed for to dye.

Miles 1

Panne rede I that we no lenger stande, 343
But ilke man feste on hym a hande
And harle hym hense in hye.

Miles 2

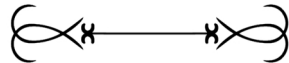
3aa, nowe is tyme to trusse 346
To alle oure companye.

Miles 3

If anye aske aftir vs, 348

Kenne thame to Caluarie.

Play 35. Crucifixio Christi



Miles 1

Sir knyghtis, take heede hydir in hye, 1
This dede on dergh we may nocht drawe.
Zee wootte youreselffe als wele as I
Howe lordis and leders of owre lawe
Has geven dome that this doote schall dye.

Miles 2

Sir, alle thare counsaile wele we knawe. 6
Sen we are comen to Caluarie
Latte ilke man helpe nowe as hym awe.

Miles 3

We are alle redy, loo, 9
Pat forward to fulfille.

Miles 4

Late here howe we schall doo, 11
And go we tyte thertille.

Miles 1

It may noyot helpe her for to hone 13
If we schall any worshippe wynne.

Miles 2

He muste be dede nedelyngis by none. 15

Miles 3

Panne is goode tyme that we begynne. 16

Miles 4

Late dyngge hym doune, than is he done- 17
He schall nought dere vs with his dynne.

Miles 1

He schall be sette and lerned sone, 19
With care to hym and all his kynne.

Miles 2

Be foulest dede of all 21
Shalle he dye for his dedis.

Miles 3

That menes crosse hym we schall. 23

Miles 4

Behalde, so right he redis. 24

Miles 1

Thanne to this werke vs muste take heede, 25
So that oure wirkyng be nocht wronge.

Miles 2

None othir noote to neven is nede, 27
But latte vs haste hym for to hange.

Miles 3

And I haue gone for gere goode speede, 29
Bothe hammeres and nayles large and lange.

Miles 4

Panne may we boldely do this dede. 31
Commes on, late kille this traitoure strange.

Miles 1

Faire myght yoe falle in feere 33
Pat has wrought on this wise.

Miles 2

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

Miles 3

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

Miles 4

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

Miles 1

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

Miles 2

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

Miles 3

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

Miles 4

Thyne hyre here schall thou haue. 47

Miles 1

Walkes oon-now wirke we wele. 48

Jesus

Almyghty God, my fadir free, 49

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

Miles 1

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

Miles 2

Pe warlowe waxis werre than woode, 63
Bis doulfull dede ne dredith he nocht.

Miles 3

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

Miles 4

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

Miles 1

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

Miles 2

Ille spede thame that hym spare 71
Tille he to dede be done.

Miles 3

Haue done belyue boy, and make the boune, 73
And bende thi bakke vnto this tree.

Miles 4

Byhalde, hymselffe has laide hym doune 75
In lenghe and breede as he schulde bee.

Miles 1

This traitoure here teynted of treasoune, 77
Gose faste and fetter hym than yoe thre;
And sen he claymeth kyngdome with croune,
Even as a kyng here hange schall hee.

Miles 2

Nowe, certis, I schall noyot fyne 81
Or his right hande be feste.

Miles 3

Be lefte hande thanne is myne- 83
Late see who beres hym beste.

Miles 4

Hys lymmys on lenghe than schalle I lede, 85
And even vnto the bore thame bringe.

Miles 1

Vnto his heede I schall take hede, 87
And with myne hande helpe hym to hyng.

Miles 2

Nowe sen we foure schall do this dede 89
And medill with this vnthrifty thyng,
Late no man spare for speciall speede
Tille that we haue made endyng.

Miles 3

Bis forward may not faile; 93
Nowe are we right arraiede.

Miles 4

This boy here in oure baile 95
Shall bide full bittir brayde.

Miles 1

Sir knyghtis, saie, howe wirke we nowe? 97

Miles 2

3is, certis, I hope I holde this hande, 98
And to the boore I haue it brought
Full boxumly withouten bande.

Miles 1

Strike on than harde, for hym the boght. 101

Miles 2

3is, here is a stubbe will stiffely stande, 102
Thurgh bones and senous it schall be soght-
This werke is wele, I will warande.

Miles 1

Saie sir, howe do we thore? 105
Bis bargayne may not blynne.

Miles 3

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

Miles 4

I hope that marke amisse be bored. 109

Miles 2

Pan muste he bide in bittir bale. 110

Miles 3

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

Miles 1

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

Miles 3

3a, thou comaundis lightly as a lorde; 115
Come helpe to haale, with ille haile.

Miles 1

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

Miles 3

And I schall tacche hym too, 119
Full nemely with a nayle.
Pis werke will holde, that dar I heete,
For nowe are feste faste both his hende.

Miles 4

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

Miles 2

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

Miles 4

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

Miles 1

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

Miles 2

Pat corde full kyndely can I knytte, 133
Be comforte of this karle to kele.

Miles 1

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

Miles 2

Lugge on yoe both a litill yoitt. 137

Miles 3

I schalle nought sese, as I haue seele. 138

Miles 4

And I schall fonde hym for to hitte. 139

Miles 2

Owe, haylle! 140

Miles 4

Hoo nowe, I halde it wele. 140

Miles 1

Haue done, dryue in that nayle, 141
So that no faute be foune.

Miles 4

Pis wirkyng wolde noyot faile 143
Yf foure bullis here were boune.

Miles 1

Ther cordis haue evill encressed his paynes, 145
Or he wer tille the booryngis brought.

Miles 2

3aa, assoundir are bothe synnous and veynis 147
On ilke a side, so haue we soughte.

Miles 3

Nowe all his gaudis nothyng hym gaynes, 149
His sauntering schall with bale be bought.

Miles 4

I wille goo saie to oure soueraynes 151
Of all this werkis howe we haue wrought.

Miles 1

Nay sirs, anothir thyng 153
Fallis firste to youe and me,
Bei badde we schulde hym hyng
On heghte that men myght see.

Miles 2

We woote wele so ther wordes wore, 157
But sir, that dede will do vs dere.

Miles 1

It may not mende for to moote more, 159
Pis harlotte muste be hanged here.

Miles 2

The mortaise is made fitte therfore. 161

Miles 3

Feste on youre fyngeres than, in feere. 162

Miles 4

I wene it wolle neuere come thore- 163
We foure rayse it noyot right to-yere.

Miles 1

Say man, whi carpis thou soo? 165
Thy lifyng was but light.

Miles 2

He menes ther muste be moo 167
To heve hym vppe on hight.

Miles 3

Now certis, I hope it schall nocht nede 169
To calle to vs more companye.
Methynke we foure schulde do this dede
And bere hym to yoone hille on high.

Miles 1

It muste be done, withouten drede. 173
No more, but loke yoe be redy,
And this parte schalle I lifte and leede;
On lenghe he schalle no lenger lie.
Therefore nowe makis you boune,
Late bere hym to yoone hill.

Miles 4

Thanne will I bere here doune, 179
And tente his tase vntill.

Miles 2

We twoo schall see tille aythir side, 181
For ellis this werke wille wrie all wrang.

Miles 3

We are redy. 183

Miles 4

Gode sirs, abide, 183
And late me first his fete vp fang.

Miles 2

Why tente yoe so to tales this tyde? 185

Miles 1

Lifte vppe! 186

Miles 4

Latte see! 186

Miles 2

Owe, lifte alang. 186

Miles 3

Fro all this harme he schulde hym hyde 187
And he war God.

Miles 4

Þe deuill hym hang! 188

Miles 1

For-grete harme haue I hente, 189
My schuldir is in soundre.

Miles 2

And sertis I am nere schente, 191
So lange haue I borne vndir.

Miles 3

This crosse and I in twoo muste twynne, 193
Ellis brekis my bakke in sondre sone.

Miles 4

Laye downe agayne and leue youre dynne, 195
Þis dede for vs will neuere be done.

Miles 1

Assaie sirs, latte se yf any gynne 197
May helpe hym vppe withouten hone,
For here schulde wight men worschippe wynne,
And nocht with gaudis al day to gone.

Miles 2

More wighter men than we 201
Full fewe I hope yoe fynde.

Miles 3

Þis bargayne will nocht bee, 203
For certis me wantis wynde.

Miles 4

So wille of werke neuere we wore- 205
I hope this carle some cautellis caste.

Miles 2

My bourdeyne satte me wondir soore, 207
Vnto the hill I myght noght laste.

Miles 1

Lifte vppe, and sone he schall be thore, 209
Therefore feste on youre fyngeres faste.

Miles 3

Owe, lifte! 211

Miles 1

We, loo! 211

Miles 4

A litill more. 211

Miles 2

Holde thanne! 212

Miles 1

Howe nowe? 212

Miles 2

Be werste is paste. 212

Miles 3

He weyes a wikkid weght. 213

Miles 2

So may we all foure saie, 214
Or he was heued on heght
And raysed in this array.

Miles 4

He made vs stande as any stonnes, 217
So boustous was he for to bere.

Miles 1

Nowe raise hym nemely for the nonys 219
And sette hym be this mortas heere,
And latte hym falle in alle at ones,
For certis that payne schall haue no pere.

Miles 3

Heue vppe! 223

Miles 4

Latte doune, so all his bones 223
Are asoundre nowe on sides seere.

Miles 1

Bis fallyng was more felle 225
Pan all the harmes he hadde.
Nowe may a man wele telle
Be leste lith of this ladde.

Miles 3

Methynkith this crosse will nocht abide 229
Ne stande stille in this morteyse yoitt.

Miles 4

Att the firste tyme was it made ouere-wyde; 231
Pat makis it wave, thou may wele witte.

Miles 1

Itt schall be sette on ilke a side 233
So that it schall no forther flitte.
Goode wegges schall we take this tyde
And feste the foote, thanne is all fitte.

Miles 2

Here are wegges arraied 237
For that, both grete and smale.

Miles 3

Where are oure hameres laide 239
Pat we schulde wirke withall?

Miles 4

We haue them here euen atte oure hande. 241

Miles 2

Gyffe me this wegge, I schall it in dryue. 242

Miles 4

Here is anodir yoitt ordande. 243

Miles 3

Do take it me hidir belyue. 244

Miles 1

Laye on thanne faste. 245

Miles 3

3is, I warrande. 245
I thryng thame same, so motte I thryve.
Nowe will this crosse full stabely stande,
All-yf he raue thei will nocht ryve.

Miles 1

Say sir, howe likis you nowe, 249
Pis werke that we haue wrought?

Miles 4

We praye youe sais vs howe 251
Ze fele, or faynte yoe ought.

Jesus

Al men that walkis by waye or strete, 253
Takes tente yoe schalle no trauayle tyne.
Byholdes myn heede, myn handis, and my feete,
And fully feele nowe, or yoe fyne,
Yf any mournyng may be meete,
Or myscheue mesured vnto myne.
My fadir, that alle bales may bete,
Forgiffis thes men that dois me pyne.
What thei wirke wotte thai nocht;
Therefore, my fadir, I craue,
Latte neuere ther synnys be sought,
But see ther saules to saue.

Miles 1

We, harke, he jangelis like a jay. 265

Miles 2

Methynke he patris like a py. 266

Miles 3

He has ben doand all this day, 267
And made grete meuyng of mercy.

Miles 4

Es this the same that gune vs say 269
That he was Goddis sone almyghty?

Miles 1

Therefore he felis full felle affraye, 271
And demyd this day for to dye.

Miles 2

Vath, qui destruis templum! 273

Miles 3

His sawes wer so, certayne. 274

Miles 4

And sirs, he saide to some 275
He myght rayse it agayne.

Miles 1

To mustir that he hadde no myght, 277

For all the kautelles that he couthe kaste.
All-yf he wer in worde so wight,
For all his force nowe he is feste.
Als Pilate demed is done and dight,
Therefore I rede that we go reste.

Miles 2

Bis race mon be rehersed right, 283
Thurgh the worlde both este and weste.

Miles 3

3aa, late hym hynge here stille 285
And make mowes on the mone.

Miles 4

Panne may we wende at wille. 287

Miles 1

Nay goode sirs, noght so sone, 288
For certis vs nedis anodir note:
Bis kirtill wolde I of you craue.

Miles 2

Nay, nay sir, we will loke be lotte 291
Whilke of vs foure fallis it to haue.

Miles 3

I rede we drawe cutte for this coote- 293
Loo, se howe sone-alle sidis to saue.

Miles 4

The schorte cutte schall wynne, that wele yoe woote, 295
Whedir itt falle to knyght or knave.

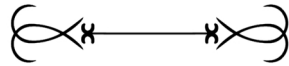
Miles 1

Felowes, yoe thar noght flyte, 297
For this mantell is myne.

Miles 2

Goo we thanne hense tyte, 299
Bis trauallye here we tyne &c.

Play 36. Mortificacio Christi



Pilate

Sees, seniours, and see what I saie, 1
Takis tente to my talkyng enteere.
Devoyde all this dynne here this day,
And fallis to my frenschippe in feere.
Sir Pilate, a prince withowten pere,
My name is full neuently to neuen,
And domisman full derworth in dere
Of gentildest Jewry full euen
Am I.
Who makis oppressioun
Or dose transgressioun,
Be my discessioun
Shall be demed dewly to dy.
To dye schall I deme thame, to dede,
Bo rebelles that rewles thame vnright.
Who that to yoone hill wille take heede
May se ther the soth in his sight,
Howe doulfull to dede thei are dight
That liste noyot owre lawes for to lere.
Lo, thus be my mayne and my myght
Tho churles schalle I chasteise and cheere,
Be lawe.
Ilke feloune false
Shall hynge be the halse.
Transgressours als
On the crosse schalle be knytte for to knawe.
To knawe schall I knytte thame on crosse,
To schende thame with schame schall I shappe.
Ther liffis for to leese is no losse,
Suche tirrauntis with teene for to trappe.
Bus leelly the lawe I vnlappe
And punyssh thame pitously.
Of Jesu I holde it vnhappe
Pat he on yone hill hyng so hye
For gilte.
His bloode to spille
Toke ye you tille,
Bus was youre wille
Full spitously to spede he were spilte.

Caiphas

To spille hym we spake in a speede, 40
For falsed he folowde in faie.

With fraudes oure folke gan he feede
And laboured to lere thame his laye.

Anna

Sir Pilate, of pees we youe praye- 44
Oure lawe was full lyke to be lorne.
He saued noyot oure dere Sabott daye,
And that-for to scape it-were a scorne,
By lawe.

Pilate

Sirs, before youre sight, 49
With all my myght
I examynde hym right,
And cause non in hym cowthe I knawe.

Caiphas

Ze knawe wele the cause sir, in cace; 53
It touched treasoune vntrewe.
Be tribute to take or to trace
Forbadde he, oure bale for to brewe.

Anna

Of japes yoitt jangelid yone Jewe, 57
And cursedly he called hym a kyng.
To deme hym to dede it is diewe,
For treasoune it touches, that thyng,

Indede.

Caiphas

3itt principall, 62
And worste of all,
He garte hym call
Goddessonne-that foulle motte hyme speede.

Pilate

He spedis for to spille in space, 66
So wondirly wrought is youre will.
His bloode schall youre bodis enbrace,
For that haue yoe taken you till.

Anna

Pat forwarde ful fayne to fulfille 70
Indede schall we dresse vs bedene.
3one losell hym likis full ille,
For turned is his trantis all to teene,
I trowe.

Caiphas

He called hym kyng, 75

Ille joie hym wring.
Ȝa, late hym hyng
Full madly on the mone for to mowe.

Anna

To mowe on the moone has he mente. 79
We, fye on the, faitour, in faye!
Who, trowes thou, to thi tales toke tente?
Pou saggard, thiselffe gan thou saie,
Be tempill distroie the todaye,
Be the thirde day ware done ilka dele
To rayse it thou schulde the arraye.
Loo, howe was thi falsed to feele,
Foule falle the.
For thy presumpcyoun
Pou haste thy warisoun.
Do faste come doune,
And a comely kyng schalle I calle thee.

Caiphaz

I calle the a coward to kenne, 92
Ȝat meruaylles and mirakills made.
Pou mustered emange many menne;
But, brothell, thou bourded to brade.
Pou saued thame fro sorowes, thai saide-
To saue nowe thiselffe late vs see.
God sonne if thou grathely be grayde,
Delyuere the doune of that tree

Anone.

If thou be funne
To be Goddis sonne,
We schalle be bonne
To trowe on the trewlye ilkone.

Anna

Sir Pilate, youre pleasaunce we praye, 105
Takis tente to oure talkyng this tide,
And wipe yoe yone wrytyng away,
It is not beste it abide.
It sittis youe to sette it aside
And sette that he saide in his sawe,
As he that was prente full of pride:
'Jewes kyng am I', comely to knawe,
Full playne.

Pilate

Quod scripci, scripci. 114
Ȝone same wrotte I;
I bide therby,
What gedlyng will grucche thereagayne.

Jesus

Pou man that of mys here has mente, 118
To me tente enterly thou take.
On roode am I ragged and rente,
Pou synfull sawle, for thy sake;
For thy misse amendis wille I make.
My bakke for to bende here I bide,
Pis teene for thi trespass I take.
Who couthe the more kyndynes haue kydde
Than I?
Pus for thy goode
I schedde my bloode.
Manne, mende thy moode,
For full bittir thi blisse mon I by.

Mary

Allas for my swete sonne I saie, 131
Pat doulfully to dede thus is diyot.
Allas, for full louely he laye
In my wombe, this worthely wight.
Allas that I schulde see this sight
Of my sone so semely to see.
Allas, that this blossome so bright
Vntrewly is tugged to this tree.
Allas,
My lorde, my leyffe,
With full grete greffe
Hyingis as a theffe.
Allas, he did neuer trespasse.

Jesus

Pou woman, do way of thy wepyng, 144
For me may thou nothyng amende.
My fadirs wille to be wirkyng,
For mankynde my body I bende.

Mary

Allas, that thou likes noght to lende, 148
Howe schulde I but wepe for thy woo?
To care nowe my comforte is kende.
Allas, why schulde we twynne thus in twoo
Foreuere?

Jesus

Womanne, instede of me, 153
Loo, John thi sone schall bee.
John, see to thi modir free,
For my sake do thou thi deuere.

Mary

Allas sone, sorowe and siyote, 157

Pat me were closed in clay.
A swerde of sorowe me smyte,
To dede I were done this day.

John

A, modir, so schall yoe nocht saie. 161
I praye youe be pees in this presse,
For with all the myght that I maye
Youre comforte I caste to encesse,

Indede.

Youre sone am I,
Loo, here redy;
And nowe forthy
I praye yowe hense for to speede.

Mary

My steuen for to stede or to steere, 170
Howe schulde I, such sorowe to see,
My sone that is dereworthy and dere
Thus doulfull a dede for to dye?

John

A, dere modir, blynne of this blee, 174
Youre mournyng it may not amende.

Mary Cleophas

A, Marie, take triste vnto the, 176
For socoure to the will he sende
Bis tyde.

John

Fayre modir, faste 179
Hense latte vs caste.

Mary

To he be paste 181
Wille I buske here baynly to bide.

Jesus

With bittirfull bale haue I bought, 183
Bus, man, all thi misse for te mende.
On me for to looke lette thou noyot,
Howe baynly my body I bende.
No wighte in this worlde wolde haue wende
What sorowe I suffre for thy sake.
Manne, kaste the thy kyndynesse be kende,
Trewre tente vnto me that thou take,
And treste.
For foxis ther dennys haue thei,
Birdis hase ther nestis to paye,

But the sone of man this daye
Hase noyot on his heed for to reste.

Latro Sinister

If thou be Goddis sone so free, 196
Why hynge thou thus on this hille?
To saffe nowe thyselffe late vs see,
And vs now, that spedis for to spille.

Latro Dexter

Manne, stynte of thy steuen and be stille, 200
For douteles thy God dredis thou noyot.
Full wele are we worthy thertill,
Vnwisely wrange haue we wrought,

Iwisse.

Noon ille did hee
Þus for to dye.
Lord, haue mynde of me
Whan thou art come to thi blisse.

Jesus

Forsothe sonne, to the schall I saie, 209
Sen thou fro thy foly will falle,
Sen thou fro thy foly will falle,
With me schall dwelle nowe this daye,
In paradise place principall.
Heloy, heloy!
My God, my God full free,
Lama zabatanye,
Wharto forsoke thou me
In care?
And I did neuere ille
Þis dede for to go tille,
But be it at thi wille.
A, me thristis sare.

Garcio

A drinke schalle I dresse the, indede, 222
A draughte that is full dayntely dight.
Full faste schall I springe for to spede,
I hope I schall holde that I haue hight.

Caiphas

Sir Pilate that moste is of myght, 226
Harke, 'Heely' now harde I hym crye.
He wenys that that worthely wight
In haste for to helpe hym in hye
In his nede.

Pilate

If he do soo 231
He schall haue woo.

Anna

He wer oure foo 233
If he dresse hym to do vs that dede.

Garcio

Pat dede for to dresse yf he doo, 235
In sertis he schall rewe it full sore.
Neueretheles, if he like it noght, loo,
Full sone may he couere that care.
Now swete sir, youre wille yf it ware,
A draughte here of drinke haue I dreste,
To spede for no spence that yoe spare,
But baldely ye bib it for the beste.
For-why
Aysell and galle
Is menged withalle;
Drynke it yoe schalle-
Youre lippis I halde thame fulle drye.

Jesus

Bi drinke it schalle do me no deere, 248
Wete thou wele, therof will I none.
Nowe fadir, that formed alle in fere,
To thy moste myght make I my mone:
Bi wille haue I wrought in this wone,
Bus ragged and rente on this roode,
Bus doulffully to dede haue thei done.
Forgiffe thame be grace that is goode,
Pai ne wote noyot what it was.
My fadir, here my bone,
For nowe all thyng is done.
My spirite to thee right sone
Comende I, in manus tuas.

Mary

Now dere sone, Jesus so jente, 261
Sen my harte is heuy as leede,
O worde wolde I witte or thou wente.
Allas, nowe my dere sone is dede,
Full rewwfully refte is my rede.
Allas for my darlyng so dere.

John

A, modir, yoe halde vppe youre heede, 267
And sigh noyot with sorowes so seere
I praye.

Mary Cleophas

It dose hir pyne 270
To see hym tyne.
Lede we her heyne,
Bis mornyng helpe hir ne maye.

Caiphaz

Sir Pilate, parceyue I you praye, 274
Oure costemes to kepe wele yoe canne.
Tomorne is oure dere Sabott daye,
Of mirthe muste vs meve ilke a man.
3one warlous nowe waxis full wan
And nedis muste thei beried be.
Delyuer ther dede sir, and thane
Shall we sewe to oure saide solempnit 

Indede.

Pilate

It schalle be done 283
In wordis fone.
Sir knyghtis, go sone,
To yoone harlottis you hendely take heede.
Bo caytiffis thou kille with thi knyffe-
Delyuere, haue done thei were dede.

Miles

Mi lorde, I schall lenghe so ther liffe 289
Pat tho brothelles schall neuere bite brede.

Pilate

Ser Longeus, steppe forthe in this steede; 291
Bis spere, loo, haue halde in thy hande.
To Jesus thou rake fourthe I rede,
And sted nouyot, but stiffely thou stande
A stounde.
In Jesu side
Schoffe it this tyde.
No lenger bide,
But grathely thou go to the grounde.

Longeus Latus

O maker vnmade, full of myght, 300
O Jesu so jentill and jente
Pat sodenly has sente me my sight,
Lorde, louyng to the be it lente.
On rode arte thou ragged and rente,
Mankynde for to mende of his mys.
Full spitously spilte is and spente
Thi bloode, lorde, to bringe vs to blis
Full free.

A, mercy my socoure,
Mercy, my treasoure,
Mercy, my sauioure,
Pi mercy be markid in me.

Centurio

O wondirfull werkar iwis, ³¹³
Pis weedir is waxen full wan.
Trewen token I trowe that it is
Pat mercy is mente vnto man.
Full clerly consayue thus I can
No cause in this corse couthe thei knowe,
3itt doulfull thei demyd hym than
To lose thus his liffe be ther lawe,
No riyote.
Trewly I saie,
Goddis sone verraye
Was he this daye,
Pat doulfully to dede thus is diyot.

Joseph

Pat lorde lele ay-lastyng in lande, ³²⁶
Sir Pilate, full preste in this presse,
He saue the be see and be sande,
And all that is derworth on deesse.

Pilate

Joseph, this is lely, no lesse, ³³⁰
To me arte thou welcome iwisse.
Do saie me the soth or thou sesse,
Thy worthyly wille what it is

Anone.

Joseph

To the I praye, ³³⁵
Giffe me in hye
Jesu bodye,
In gree it for to graue al alone.

Pilate

Joseph sir, I graunte the that geste, ³³⁹
I grucche noyot to grath hym in grave.
Delyuer, haue done he were dreste,
And sewe, sir, oure Sabott to saffe.

Joseph

With handis and harte that I haue ³⁴³
I thanke the in faith for my frende.
God kepe the thi comforte to craue,
For wightely my way will I wende

In hye.
To do that dede
He be my speede
Pat armys gun sprede,
Mannekynde be his bloode for to bye.

Nicodemus

Weill mette, ser. In mynde gune I meffe 352
For Jesu that juged was vnjente.
Ye laboured for license and leve
To berye his body on bente?

Joseph

Full myldely that matere I mente, 356
And that for to do will I dresse.

Nicodemus

Both same I wolde that we wente 358
And lette not for more ne for lesse,
For-why
Oure frende was he,
Faithfull and free.

Joseph

Perfore go we 363
To berie that body in hye.
All mankynde may marke in his mynde
To see here this sorowfull sight.
No falsnesse in hym couthe thei fynde
Pat doulfully to dede thus is dight.

Nicodemus

He was a full worthy wight, 369
Nowe blemysght and bolned with bloode.

Joseph

3a, for that he mustered his myght, 371
Full falsely thei fellid that foode
I wyne.
Bothe bakke and side
Has woundes wide,
Forthi this tyde
Take we hym doune vs betwene.

Nicodemus

Betwene vs take we hym doune 378
And laie hym on lenthe on this lande.

Joseph

Bis reuerent and riche of rennounge, 380
Late vs halde hym and halse hym with hande.

A graue haue I garte here be ordande
Pat neuer was in noote, it is newe.

Nicodemus

To this corse it is comely accordande, 384
To dresse hym with dedis full dewe
Pis stounde.

Joseph

A sudarye, 387
Loo here, haue I.
Wynde hym forthy,
And sone schalle we graue hym in grounde.

Nicodemus

In grounde late vs graue hym and goo; 391
Do liffely latte vs laie hym allone.
Nowe sauour be see and be sande,
Pou kepe vs in clennesses ilkone.

Joseph

To thy mercy nowe make I my moone: 395
As sauour be see and be sande,
Pou gyde me that my griffe be al gone,
With lele liffe to lenge in this lande,
And esse.

Nicodemus

Seere oynementis here haue I 400
Brought for this faire body.
I anoynte the forthy
With myrre and aloes.

Joseph

Pis dede it is done ilke a dele, 404
And wroughte is this werke wele iwis.
To the, kyng, on knes here I knele,
Pat baynly thou belde me in blisse.

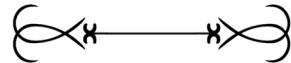
Nicodemus

He highte me full hendely to be his 408
A nyght whan I neghed hym full nere.
Haue mynde lorde, and mende me of mys,
For done is oure dedis full dere
Pis tyde.

Joseph

Pis lorde so goode 413
Pat schedde his bloode,
He mende youre moode,
And buske on this blis for to bide.

Play 37. The Harrowing of Hell



Jesus

Manne on molde, be meke to me, 1
And haue thy maker in thi mynde,
And thynke howe I haue tholid for the
With pereles paynes for to be pyned.
The forward of my fadir free
Haue I fulfillid, as folke may fynde,
Perfore aboute nowe woll I bee
Pat I haue bought for to vnbynde.
Be feende thame wanne with trayne
Thurgh frewte of erthely foode;
I haue thame getyn agayne
Thurgh bying with my bloode.
And so I schall that steede restore
For wilke the feende fell for synne,
Pare schalle mankynde wonne euermore
In blisse that schall neuere blynne.
All that in werke my werkemen were,
Owte of thare woo I wol thame wynne,
And some signe schall I sende before
Of grace, to garre ther gamys begynne.
A light I woll thei haue
To schewe thame I schall come sone.
My bodie bidis in graue
Tille alle thes dedis be done.
My fadir ordand on this wise
Aftir his will that I schulde wende,
For to fulfille the prophicyes,
And als I spake my solace to spende.
My frendis that in me faith affies,
Nowe fro ther fois I schall thame fende,
And on the thirde day ryght vprise,
And so tille heuen I schall assende.
Sithen schall I come agayne
To deme bothe goode and ill
Tille endles joie or peyne;
Bus is my fadris will.

Adam

Mi bretheren, harkens to me here, 37
Swilke hope of heele neuere are we hadde;
Foure thowsande and sex hundereth yoere
Haue we bene heere in this stedde.
Nowe see I signe of solace seere,
A glorious gleme to make vs gladde,

Wherfore I hope oure helpe is nere
And sone schall sesse oure sorowes sadde.

Eue

Adame, my husband hende, 45
Bis menys solas certayne.
Such light gune on vs lende
In paradise full playne.

Isaiah

Adame, we schall wele vndirstande- 49
I, Ysaïas, as God me kende,
I prechid in Neptalym, that lande,
And Zabulon, even vntill ende.
I spake of folke in mirke walkand
And saide a light schulde on thame lende.
This lered I whils I was leuand,
Nowe se I God this same hath sende.
Bis light comes all of Criste,
Pat seede to saue vs nowe.
Bus is my poynte puplisshid-
But Symeon, what sais thou?

Symeon

Phis, my tale of farleis feele, 61
For in the temple his frendis me fande.
I hadde delite with hym to dele
And halsed homely with my hande.
I saide, 'Lorde, late thy seruaunt lele
Passe nowe in pesse to liffe lastand,
For nowe myselfe has sene thy hele
Me liste no lengar to liffe in landé.
Bis light thou hast purueyed
To folkes that liffis in leede,
Be same that I thame saide
I see fulfillid in dede.
John the Baptist
Als voyce criand to folke I kende 73
Be weyes of Criste als I wele kanne.
I baptiste hym with bothe my hende
Euen in the floode of flume Jordanne.
Be holy goste fro heuene discende
Als a white dowue doune on hym thanne;
The fadir voice, my mirthe to mende,
Was made to me euen als manne:
'This is my soné, he saide,
'In whome me paies full welé.
His light is on vs laide,
He comes oure cares to kele.

Moyses

Of that same light lernyng haue I: 85
To me, Moyses, he mustered his myght,
And also vnto anodir, Hely,
Wher we were on an hille on hight.
Whyte as snowe was his body,
And his face like to the sonne to sight;
No man on molde was so myghty
Grathely to loke agaynste that light.
Pat same light se I nowe
Shynyng on vs sarteayne,
Wherfore trewly I trowe
We schalle sone passe fro payne.

Diabolus 1

Helpe, Belsabub, to bynde ther boyes- 97
Such harrowe was neuer are herde in helle.

Diabolus 2

Why rooris thou soo, Rebalde? þou royis- 99
What is betidde, canne thou ought telle?

Diabolus 1

What, heris thou noyot this vggely noyse? 101
þes lurdans that in Lymbo dwelle,
þei make menyng of many joies
And musteres grete mirthe thame emell.

Diabolus 2

Mirthe? Nay, nay, that poynte is paste, 105
More hele schall thei neuer haue.

Diabolus 1

þei crie on Criste full faste 107
And sais he schal thame saue.

Belsabub

ʒa, if he saue thame noght, we schall, 109
For they are sperde in speciall space.
Whils I am prince and principall
Schall thei neuer passe oute of this place.
Calle vppe Astrotte and Anaball
To giffe ther counsaile in this case,
Bele-Berit and Belial,
To marre thame that swilke maistries mase.
Say to Satan oure sire,
And bidde thame bringe also
Lucifer, louely of lyre.

Diabolus 1

Al redy, lorde, I goo. 120

Jesus

Attollite portas, principes, 121
Oppen vppe, yoe princes of paynes sere,
Et eleuamini eternaes,
Youre yendles yoatis that yoe haue here.

Satan

What page is there that makes prees 125
And callis hym kyng of vs in fere?

David

I lered leuand, withouten lees, 127
He is a kyng of vertues clere,
A lorde mekill of myght
And stronge in ilke a stoure,
In batailes ferse to fight
And worthy to wynne honnoure.

Satan

Honnoure? In the deuel way! For what dede? 133
All erthely men to me are thrall.
Be lady that calles hym lorde in leede
Hadde neuer yoitt herberowe, house, ne halle.

Diabolus I

Harke Belsabub, I haue grete drede, 137
For hydously I herde hym calle.

Belial

We, spere oure yoates, all ill mot thou spede, 139
And sette furthe watches on the wall-
And if he calle or crie
To make vs more debate,
Lay on hym than hardely
And garre hym gange his gate.

Satan

Telle me what boyes dare be so bolde 145
For drede to make so mekill draye.

Diabolus I

Itt is the Jewe that Judas solde 147
For to be dede this othir daye.

Satan

Owe, this tale in tyme is tolde, 149
Bis traytoure traueses vs alway.
He schall be here full harde in holde,
Loke that he passe nocht, I the praye.

Diabolus 2

Nay, nay, he will noyot wende 153
Away or I be ware,
He shappis hym for to schende
Alle helle or he go ferre.

Satan

Nay faitour, therof schall he faile, 157
For alle his fare I hym deffie.
I knowe his trantis fro toppe to taile,
He leuys with gaudis and with gilery.
Perby he brought oute of oure bale
Nowe late Lazar of Betannye;
Perfore I gaffe to the Jewes counsaile
Pat thei schulde alway garre hym dye.
I entered in Judas
Pat forwarde to fulfille,
Perfore his hire he has
Allway to wonne here stille.

Belsabub

Sir Sattanne, sen we here the saie 169
Pat thou and the Jewes wer same assente,
And wotte he wanne Lazar awaye
Pat tille vs was tane for to tente,
Trowe thou that thou marre hym maye,
To mustir mightis what he has mente?
If he nowe depriue vs of oure praye,
We will yoe witte whanne thei are wente.

Satan

I bidde yoou be noyot abasshed, 177
But boldely make youe boune
With toles that yoe on traste,
And dyngge that dastard doune.

Jesus

Principes, portas tollite, 181
Vndo youre yoatis, yoe princis of pryde,
Et introibit rex glorie,
Be kyng of blisse comes in this tyde.

Satan

Owte, harrowe! What harlot is hee 185
Pat sais his kyngdome schall be cryed?

David

Pat may thou in my Sawter see, 187
For that poynte I prophicied.
I saide that he schuld breke

Youre barres and bandis by name,
And on youre werkis take wreke-
Nowe schalle yoe see the same.

Jesus

Bis steede schall stonde no lenger stoken: 193
Opyne vppe, and latte my pepul passe.

Diabolus I

Owte! Beholdes, oure baill is brokynne, 195
And brosten are alle oure bandis of bras-
Telle Lucifer alle is vnlokynne.

Belsabub

What thanne, is Lymbus lorne? Allas, 198
Garre Satan helpe that we wer wroken;
Bis werke is werse thanne euere it was.

Satan

I badde yoe schulde be boune 201
If he made maistries more.
Do dyngge that dastard doune
And sette hym sadde and sore.

Belsabub

3a, sette hym sore-that is sone saide, 205
But come thiselffe and serue hym soo.
We may not bide his bittir braide,
He wille vs marre and we wer moo.

Satan

What, faitours, wherfore are yoe flayd? 209
Haue yoe no force to flitte hym froo?
Belyue loke that my gere be grathed,
Miselffe schall to that gedlyng goo.
Howe, belamy, abide,
With al thy booste and bere,
And telle to me this tyde
What maistries makes thou here?

Jesus

I make no maistries but for myne, 217
Pame wolle I saue I telle the nowe.
Pou hadde no poure thame to pyne,
But as my prisounes for ther prowe
Here haue thei soiornd, noight as thyne,
But in thy warde-thou wote wele howe.

Satan

And what deuel haste thou done ay syne 223
Pat neuer wolde negh thame nere or nowe?

Jesus

Nowe is the tyme certayne 225
Mi fadir ordand before,
Pat they schulde passe fro payne
And wonne in mirthe euer more.

Satan

Thy fadir knewe I wele be sight, 229
He was a write his mette to wynne,
And Marie me menys thi modir hight-
be vttiremeste ende of all thi kynne.
Who made the be so mekill of myght?

Jesus

Pou wikid feende, latte be thy dynne. 234
Mi fadir wonnys in heuen on hight,
With blisse that schall neuere blynne.
I am his awne sone,
His forward to fulfille,
And same ay schall we wonne
And sundir whan we wolle.

Satan

God sonne? Panne schulde thou be ful gladde, 241
Aftir no catel neyd thowe crave!
But thou has leued ay like a ladde,
And in sorowe as a symple knave.

Jesus

Pat was for hartely loue I hadde 245
Vnto mannis soule, it for to saue;
And for to make the mased and madde,
And by that resoune thus dewly to haue
Mi Godhede here, I hidde
In Marie modir myne,
For it schulde noyot be kidde
To the nor to none of thyne.

Satan

A, this wolde I were tolde in ilke a toune. 253
So, sen thou sais God is thy sire,
I schall the proue be right resoune
Pou motes his men into the myre.
To breke his bidding were thei boune,
And, for they did at my desire,
Fro paradise he putte thame doune
In helle here to haue ther hyre.
And thyselve, day and nyght,
Has taught al men emang
To do resoune and right,
And here werkis thou all wrang.

Jesus

I wirke nocht wrang, that schal thow witte, 265
If I my men fro woo will wynne.
Mi prophetis playnly prechid it,
All this note that nowe begynne.
Pai saide that I schulde be obitte,
To helle that I schulde entre in,
And saue my seruauntis fro that pitte
Wher dampned saulis schall sitte for synne.
And ilke trewe phrettis tale
Muste be fulfillid in mee;
I haue thame boughte with bale,
And in blisse schal thei be.

Satan

Nowe sen the liste allegge the lawes, 277
Pou schalte be atteynted or we twynne,
For tho that thou to wittensse drawes
Full even agaynste the will begynne.
Salamon saide in his sawes
Pat whoso enteres helle withynne
Shall neuer come oute, thus clerkis knawes-
And therfore felowe, leue thi dynne.
Job, thi seruaunte, also
Pus in his tyme gune telle
Pat nowthir frende nor foo
Shulde fynde reles in helle.

Jesus

He saide full soth, that schall thou see, 289
Pat in helle may be no reles,
But of that place than preched he
Where synffull care schall euere encrees.
And in that bale ay schall thou be
Whare sorowes sere schall neuer sesse,
And for my folke therfro wer free,
Nowe schall thei passe to the place of pees.
Pai were here with my wille,
And so schall thei fourthe wende,
And thiselue schall fulfillle
Per woove withouten ende.

Satan

Owe, thanne se I howe thou menys emang 301
Some mesure with malice to melle,
Sen thou sais all schall noyot gang,
But some schalle alway with vs dwelle.

Jesus

3aa, witte thou wele, ellis were it wrang, 305
Als cursed Cayme that slewe Abell,

And all that hastis hemselue to hange,
Als Judas and Archedefell,
Datan and Abiron,
And alle of thare assente,
Als tyrantis euerilkone
Pat me and myne turmente.
And all that liste noght to lere my lawe
Pat I haue lefte in lande nowe newe-
Pat is my comyng for to knawe,
And to my sacramente pursewe,
Mi dede, my rying, rede be rawe-
Who will noght trowe, thei are noght trewe.
Vnto my dome I schall thame drawe,
And juge thame worse thanne any Jewe.
And all that likis to leere
My lawe and leue therbye,
Shall neuere haue harmes heere,
But welthe, as is worthy.

Satan

Nowe here my hande, I halde me paied, 325
Pis poynte is playnly for oure prowte.
If this be soth that thou hast saide
We schall haue moo thanne we haue nowe.
Pis lawe that thou nowe late has laide
I schall lere men noyot to allowe;
Iff thei it take thei be betrayed,
For I schall turne thame tyte, I trowe.
I schall walke este and weste,
And garre thame werke wele werre.

Jesus

Naye, feende, thou schall be feste, 335
Pat thou schalte flitte not ferre.

Satan

Feste? Pat were a foule reasoune- 337
Nay bellamy, thou bus be smytte.

Jesus

Mighill myne aungell, make the boune 339
And feste yone fende that he noght flitte.
And, Deuyll, I comaunde the go doune
Into thy selle where thou schalte sitte.

Satan

Owt! Ay herrowe! Helpe, Mahounde! 343
Nowe wex I woode oute of my witte.

Belsabub

Sattan, this saide we are, 345
Nowe schall thou fele thi fitte.

Satan

Allas for dole and care, 347
I synke into helle pitte.

Adam

A, Jesu, lorde, mekill is thi myght, 349
That mekis thiselffe in this manere,
Vs for to helpe as thou has hight,
Whanne both forfette, I and my feere.
Here haue we leuyd withouten light
Four thousand and vi c yoere;
Now se I be this solempne sight
Howe thy mercy hath made vs clere.

Eue

A, lorde, we were worthy 357
Mo turmentis for to taste,
But mende vs with mercye
Als thou of myght is moste.

John the Baptist

A, lorde, I loue the inwardly, 361
That me wolde make thi messengere
Thy comyng in erth for to crye,
And teche thi faith to folke in feere;
And sithen before the for to dye
And bringe boodworde to thame here,
How thai schulde haue thyne helpe in hye.
Nowe se I all thi poyntis appere
Als Daud, prophete trewe,
Ofte tymes tolde vntill vs;
Of this comyng he knewe,
And saide it schulde be thus.

David

Als I haue saide, yoitt saie I soo, 373
Ne derelinquas, domine,
Animam meam in inferno,
Leffe noght my saule, lorde, aftir the
In depe helle where dampned schall goo;
Ne suffre neuere saules fro the be,
The sorowe of thame that wonnes in woo
Ay full of filthe, that may repleye.

Adam

We thanke his grete goodnesse 381

He fette vs fro this place.
Makes joie nowe, more and lesse.

Omnis

We laude God of his grace. 384

Jesus

Adame, and my frendis in feere, 385
Fro all youre foes come fourth with me.
3e schalle be sette in solas seere
Wher yoe schall neuere of sorowes see.
And Mighill, myn aungell clere,
Ressayue thes saules all vnto the
And lede thame als I schall the lere,
To paradise with playe and plenté.
Mi graue I woll go till,
Redy to rise vpperight,
And so I schall fulfille
That I before haue highte.

Michill

Lorde, wende we schall aftir thi sawe, 397
To solace sere thai schall be sende.
But that ther deuelis no draught vs drawe
Lorde, blisse vs with thi holy hende.

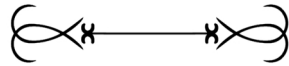
Jesus

Mi blissing haue yoe all on rawe, 401
I schall be with youe wher yoe wende,
And all that lelly luffes my lawe,
3ai schall be blissid withowten ende.

Adam

To the, lorde, be louyng, 405
3at vs has wonne fro waa.
For solas will we syng
Laus tibi cum gloria etc.

Play 38. The Resurrection



Pilate

Lordingis, listenys nowe vnto me: 1
I comaunde yoou in ilke degré
Als domesman chiffe in this contré,
For counsaill kende,
Atte my bidding yoou awe to be
And baynly bende.
And sir Cayphas, chiffe of clergye,
Of youre counsaill late here in hye.
By youre assente sen we dyd dye
Jhesus this day,
Pat yoe mayntayne, and stande therby
Pat werke allway.

Caiphas

3is sir, that dede schall we mayntayne, 13
By lawe it was done all bedene,
3e wotte youreselue withouten wene
Als wele as we.
His sawes are nowe vppon hym sene
And ay schall be.

Anna

Be pepull, sir, in this same steede, 19
Before yoou saide with a hole-hede
Pat he was worthy to be dede,
And therto sware.
Sen all was rewlid by rightis rede
Nevyn it no more.

Pilate

To neuyn methinketh it nedfull thyng. 25
Sen he was hadde to beriyng
Herde we nowthir of olde ne yoyng
Thithynges betwene.

Caiphas

Centurio, sir, will bringe thiding 29
Of all bedene.
We lefte hym there for man moste wise,
If any rebelles wolde ought rise
Oure rightwise dome for to dispise
Or it offende,
To sese thame till the nexte assise
And than make ende.

Centurio

A, blissid lorde Adonay, 37
What may thes meruayles signifie
Pat her was schewed so oppinly
Vnto oure sight,
Pis day whanne that the man gune dye
Pat Jesus highte?
Itt is a misty thyng to mene,
So selcouth a sight was neuere sene,
Pat oure princes and prestis bedene
Of this affray
I woll go weten withouten wene,
What thei can saye.
God saue yoou sirs on ilke a side,
Worschippe and welthe in worldis wide;
With mekill mirthe myght yoe abide
Both day and nyght.

Pilate

Centurio, welcome this tide, 53
Oure comely knyght.
3e haue bene miste vs here among.

Centurio

God giffe you grace grathely to gang. 56

Pilate

Centurio, oure frende full lang, 57
What is your will?

Centurio

I drede me that yoe haue done wrang 59
And wondir ill.

Caiphaz

Wondir ill? I pray the, why? 61
Declare it to this company.

Centurio

So schall I sirs telle yoou trewly 63
Withowten trayne:
Be rightwise mane thanne mene I by
Pat yoe haue slayne.

Pilate

Centurio, sesse of such sawe, 67
Pou arte a lered man in the lawe,
And if we schulde any witnes drawe
Vs to excuse,
To mayntayne vs euermore the awe,
And noyot reffuse.

Centurio

To mayntayne trouthe is wele worthi. 73
I saide yoou whanne I sawe hym dy
Pat he was Goddis sone almyghty
Pat hangeth thore;
3itt saie I soo, and stande therby
For euermore.

Caiphas

3a sir, such reasouns may yoe rewe. 79
3e schulde nocht neuelyn such note enewe
But yoe couthe any tokenyngis trewe
Vnto vs tell.

Centurio

Such woundirfull cas neuere yoitt yoe knewe 83
As now befell.

Anna

We praye the telle vs of what thyng. 85

Centurio

All elementis, both olde and yoyng, 86
In ther maneres thai made mornyng
In ilke a stede,
And knewe be countenance that ther kyng
Was done to dede.
Be sonne for woo he waxed all wanne,
Be mone and sterres of schynyng blanne,
Be erthe tremeled and also manne
Began to speke;
Be stones that neuer was stered or thanne
Gune asondir breke,
And dede men rose, both grete and small.

Pilate

Centurio, beware withall, 98
3e wote oure clerkis the clipsis thei call
Such sodayne sight.
Both sonne and mone that sesoune schall
Lak of ther light.

Caiphas

3a, and if dede men rose bodily 103
Pat myght be done thurgh socery,
Perfore we sette nothyng therby
To be abaiste.

Centurio

All that I tell for trewth the schall I 107
Euermore traste.

In this ilke werke that yoe did wirke
Nought allone the sonne was mirke,
But howe youre vaile raffe in youre kirke,
That witte I wolde.

Pilate

Swilke tales full sone will make vs irke 113
And thei be talde.

Anna

Centurio, such speche withdrawe, 115
Of all thes wordes we haue none awe.

Centurio

Nowe sen yoe sette nocht be my sawe 117
Sirs, haue gode day.
God graunte you grace that yoe may knawe
Be soth alway.

Anna

Withdrawe the faste sen thou the dredis, 121
For we schall wele mayntayne oure dedis.

Pilate

Such wondir reasouns as he redis 123
Was neuere beforne.

Caiphaz

To neven this noote no more vs nedis, 125
Nowthere even ne morne.
Perfore loke no manne make ille chere,
All this doying may do no dere.
But to beware yoitt of more were
Pat folke may fele,
We praye you sirs, of thes sawes sere
Avisse you wele.
And to this tale takes hede in hye,
For Jesu saide even opynly
A thyng that greues all this Jury,
And riyot so may:
Pat he schulde rise vppe bodily
Within the thirde day.
And be it so, als motte I spede,
His lattar deede is more to drede
Pan is the firste if we take hede
Or tente therto.
To neyn this noote methynke moste nede
And beste to do.

Anna

3a sir, if all that he saide soo, 145

He has no myght to rise and goo
But if his menne stele hym vs froo
And bere away.
Pat were tille us and other moo
A foule fraye,
For thanne wolde thei saie euere-ilkone
Pat he roose by hymselffe allone.
Therefore latte hym be kepte anone
With knyghtes hende,
Vnto thre daies be comen and gone
And broght till ende.

Pilate

In certayne sirs right wele yoe saie, 157
For this ilke poynte nowe to purvaye
I schall ordayne if I may.
He schall not ryse,
Nor none schalle wynne hym thens away
On nokyns wise.
Sir knyghtis, that are in dedis dowty,
Chosen for chiffe of cheualrye,
As we ay in youre force affie
Bothe day and nyght,
Wendis and kepis Jesu body
With all youre myghte.
And for thyng that euere be maye
Kepis hym wele to the thirde day,
And latis no man take hym away
Oute of that stede-
For and thei do, suthly I saie
3e schall be dede.

Miles 1

Lordingis, we saie yoou for certayne, 175
We schall kepe hym with myghtis and mayne.
Per schall no traitoures with no trayne
Stele hym vs froo.
Sir knyghtis, takis gere that moste may gayne
And lates vs goo.

Miles 2

3is, certis, we are all redy bowne, 181
We schall hym kepe till oure rennowne,
On ilke a side latte vs sitte doune
Nowe all in fere,
And sone we schall crake his croune
Whoso comes here.

Maria 1

Allas, to dede I wolde be dight, 187
So woo in werke was neuere wight,

Mi sorowe is all for that sight
Pat I gune see,
Howe Criste my maistir moste of myght
Is dede fro me.
Allas that I schulde se his pyne
Or yit that I his liffe schulde tyne,
Of ilke a myscheue he was medicyne
And bote of all,
Helpe and halde to ilke a hyne
Pat on hym wolde call.

Maria 2

Allas, who schall my balis bete 199
Whanne I thynke on his woundes wete.
Jesu, that was of loue so swete
And neuere did ill,
Es dede and grauen vnder the grete,
Withouten skill.

Maria 3

Withowten skill the Jewes ilkone 205
Pat louely lorde has newly slayne,
And trespasse did he neuere none
In nokyn steede.
To whome nowe schall I make my mone
Sen he is dede?

Maria 1

Sen he is dede my sisteres dere, 211
Wende we will on mylde manere
With oure anoynementis faire and clere
Pat we haue broght,
To noynte his wondis on sides sere
Pat Jewes hym wroght.

Maria 2

Goo we same my sisteres free, 217
Full faire vs longis his corse to see.
But I wotte noght howe beste may be,
Helpe haue we none.
And who schall nowe here of vs thre
Remove the stone?

Maria 3

Pat do we noght but we wer moo, 223
For it is huge and heuy also.

Maria 1

Sisteris, a yoonge childe, as we goo 225
Makand mornyng,

I see it sitte wher we wende to,
In white clothyng.

Maria 2

Sistirs, sertis it is nocht to hide, 229
Be heuy stone is putte beside.

Maria 3

Sertis, for thyng that may betyde 231
Nere will we wende,
To layte that luffely and with hym bide
Pat was oure frende.

Angel

3e mournand women in youre thought, 235
Here in this place whome haue yoe sought?

Maria 1

Jesu, that to dede is brought, 237
Oure lorde so free.

Angel

Women, certayne here is he nocht, 239
Come nere and see.
He is nocht here the soth to saie,
Be place is voide that he in laye,
Be sudary here se yoe may
Was on hym laide.
He is resen and wente his way,
As he yoo saide.
Euen as he saide so done has hee,
He is resen thurgh grete poostee,
He schall be foune in Galilé
In flesshe and fell.
To his discipilis nowe wende yoe
And thus thame tell.

Maria 1

Mi sisteres dere, sen it is soo 253
Pat he is resen dede thus froo,
As the aungell tolde me and yow too-
Oure lorde so fre-
Hens will I neuer goo
Or I hym see.

Maria 2

Marie, vs thare no lenger lende, 259
To Galilé nowe late vs wende.

Maria 1

Nought tille I see that faithfull frende 261

Mi lorde and leche,
Perfore all this my sisteres hende,
Pat yoe forth preche.

Maria 3

As we haue herde so schall we saie. 265
Marie oure sistir, haue goode daye.

Maria 1

Nowe verray God as he wele maye- 267
Man most of myght-
He wisse you, sisteres, wele in youre waye
And rewle yoou right.
Allas, what schall nowe worthe on me.
Mi kaytiffe herte will breke in three
Whenne I thynke on that body free,
How it was spilte.
Both feete and handes nayled tille a tre,
Withouten gilte.
Withouten gilte the trewe was tane,
For trespas did he neuere none,
Be woundes he suffered many one
Was for my misse.
It was my dede he was for slayne
And nothyng his.
How might I, but I loued that swete,
Pat for my loue tholed woundes wete
And sithen be grauen vndir the grete,
Such kyndnes kithe?
Per is nothing to that we mete
May make me blithe.

Miles 1

What, oute allas, what schall I saie? 288
Where is the corse that herein laye?

Miles 2

What ayles the man? Is he awaye 290
Pat we schulde tent?

Miles 1

Rise vppe and see. 292

Miles 2

Harrowe, for ay 292
I telle vs schente.

Miles 3

What deuill is this, what aylis yoou twoo, 294
Such noyse and crye thus for to make too?

Miles 1

Why is he gone? 296

Miles 3

Allas, whare is he that here laye? 297

Miles 4

Whe, harrowe! Deuill, whare is he away? 298

Miles 3

What, is he thus-gatis fro vs wente, 299

Pat fals traitour that here was lente,

And we trewly here for to tente

Had vndirtane?

Sekirlye, I telle vs schente

Holy ilkane.

Miles 1

Allas, what schall we do this day, 305

Pat thus this warlowe is wente his waye?

And sauely sirs I dare wele saie

He rose allone.

Miles 2

Witte sir Pilate of this affraye 309

We mon be slone.

Miles 3

Why, canne none of vs no bettir rede? 311

Miles 4

Per is not ellis but we be dede. 312

Miles 2

Whanne that he stered oute of this steede 313

None couthe it kenne.

Miles 1

Allas, harde happe was on my hede 315

Amonge all menne.

Fro sir Pilate witte of this dede,

Pat we were slepande whanne he yoede,

He will forfette withouten drede

All that we haue.

Miles 2

Vs muste make lies, for that is nede, 321

Oureselue to saue.

Miles 3

3a, that rede I wele, also motte I goo. 323

Miles 4

And I assente therto alsoo. 324

Miles 2

An hundereth schall I saie, and moo, 325
Armed ilkone,
Come and toke his corse vs froo
And vs nere slayne.

Miles 1

Nay; certis I halde there none so goode 329
As saie the soth even as it stoode,
Howe that he rose with mayne and mode
And wente his way.
To sir Pilate if he be wode
Bis dar I saie.

Miles 2

Why, dare thou to sir Pilate goo 335
With thes tydingis and saie hym soo?

Miles 1

So rede I; if he vs sloo 337
We dye but onys.

Miles 3

Nowe he that wrought vs all this woo 339
Woo worthe his bonys.

Miles 4

Go we thanne, sir knyghtis hende, 341
Sen that we schall to sir Pilate wende.
I trowe that we schall parte no frende
Or that we passe.

Miles 1

And I schall hym saie ilke worde tille ende, 345
Even as it was.
Sir Pilate, prince withouten pere,
Sir Cayphas and Anna in fere,
And all yoe lordyngis that are here
To neven by name,
God saue yoo all on sidis sere
Fro synne and schame.

Pilate

3e are welcome, oure knyghtis kene, 353
Of mekill mirthe nowe may yoe mene,
Therefore some tales telle vs betwene
Howe yoe haue wrought.

Miles 1

Oure wakyng, lorde, withouten wene, 357
Is worthed to noyot.

Caiphas

To nocht? Allas, sesse of such sawe. 359

Miles 2

Be prophete Jesu that yoe wele knawe 360
Is resen and gone for all oure awe,
With mayne and myght.

Pilate

Perfore the deuill hymselffe the drawe, 363
Fals recrayed knyght.
Combered cowardis I you call,
Haue yoe latten hym goo fro you all?

Miles 3

Sir, ther was none that did but small 367
When that he yoede.

Miles 4

We wer so ferde downe ganne we falle 369
And dared for drede.

Anna

Hadde yoe no strenghe hym to gaynstande? 371
Traitous, yoe myght haue boune in bande
Bothe hym and thame that yoe ther fande,
And sessid thame sone.

Miles 1

Pat dede all erthely men leuand 375
Myght noyot haue done.

Miles 2

We wer so radde euerilkone 377
Whanne that he putte beside the stone,
We wer so stonyed we durste stirre none,
And so abashed.

Pilate

What, rose he by hymselfe allone? 381

Miles 1

3a sir, that be yoe traste. 382

Miles 4

We herde never sen we were borne, 383
Nor all oure faderes vs before,

Suche melodie mydday ne morne
As was made there.

Caiphas

Allas, thanne is oure lawes lorne 387
For eueremare.

Miles 2

What tyme he rose goode tente I toke, 389
Be erthe that tyme tremyllled and quoke,
All kyndely force than me forsoke
Tille he was gone.

Miles 3

I was aferde, I durste not loke 393
Ne myght had none,
I myght not stande, so was I starke.

Pilate

Sir Cayphas, yoe are a connyng clerke: 396
If we amysse haue tane oure merke,
I trowe same faile-
Perfore what schalle worthe nowe of this werke?
Sais your counsaile.

Caiphas

To saie the beste forsothe I schall 401
That schall be prophete to vs all.
3one knyghtis behoues there wordis agayne-call,
Howe he is miste.
We nolde for thyng that myght befall
Bat no man wiste.

Anna

Now sir Pilate, sen that it is soo 407
Bat he is resynne dede vs froo,
Comaundis youre knyghtis to saie wher thei goo
Bat he was tane
With xxii ml. men and mo,
And thame nere slayne,
And therto of oure tresorie
Giffe to thame a rewarde forthy.

Pilate

Nowe of this purpose wele plesed am I, 415
And forther thus:
Sir knyghtis that are in dedis dowty,
Takes tente to vs,
And herkenes what that yoe schall saie
To ilke a man both nyot and daye,
That ten ml. men in goode araye

Come yoou vntill,
With forse of armys bare hym awaye
Agaynst your will.
Thus schall yoe saie in ilke a lande,
And therto on that same comenaunde
A thousande pounce haue in youre hande
To your rewarde-
And frenschippe sirs, yoe vndirstande,
Schall not be spared.

Caiphas

Ilkone youre state we schall amende, 431
And loke yoe saie as we yoou kende.

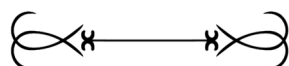
Miles 1

In what contré so yoe vs sende 433
Be nyght or daye,
Wherso we come wherso we wende
So schall we saie.

Pilate

3a, and whereso yoe tarie in ilke contré, 437
Of oure doying in no degré
Dois that no manne the wiser be
Ne freyne before,
Ne of the sight that yoe gonne see
Nevynnes it nowthere even ne morne.
For we schall mayntayne yoou alwaye,
And to the pepull schall we saie
It is gretely agaynste oure lay
To trowe such thing.
So schall thei deme both nyght and day
All is lesyng.
Thus schall the sothe be bought and solde
And treasoune schall for trewth be tolde,
Perfore ay in youre hartis yoe holde
Bis counsaile clene.
And fares nowe wele both yonge and olde,
Haly bedene.

Play 39. The Appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalen



Mary Magdalene

Allas, in this worlde was neuere no wight 1
Walkand with so mekill woo.
Thou dredfull dede, drawe hythir and dight
And marre me as thou haste done moo.
In lame is it loken, all my light,
Forthy on grounde onglad I goo;
Jesus of Nazareth he hight,
The false Jewes slewe hym me froo.
Mi witte is waste nowe in wede.
I walowe, I walke, nowe woo is me,
For laide nowe is that lufsome in lede,
The Jewes hym nayled vntill a tree.
My doulfull herte is euere in drede,
To grounde nowe gone is all my glee.
I sporne ther I was wonte to spede,
Nowe helpe me God in persones three.
Thou lufsome lede in ilke a lande,
As thou schope both day and nyght,
Sonne and mone both bright schynand,
Pou graunte me grace to haue a sight
Of my lorde, or ellis his sande.

Jesus

Thou wilfull woman in this waye, 22
Why wepis thou soo als thou wolde wede,
Als thou on felde wolde falle doune faie?
Do way, and do no more that dede.
Whome sekist thou this longe daye?
Say me the sothe, als Criste the rede.

Mary Magdalene

Mi lorde Jesu and God verray, 28
Pat suffered for synnes his sides bleede.

Jesus

I schall the saie, will thou me here, 30
Be soth of hym that thou hast sought:
Withowten drede, thou faithfull fere,
He is full nere that mankynde bought.

Mary Magdalene

Sir, I wolde loke both ferre and nere 34
To fynde my lorde-I se hym noght.

Jesus

Womane, wepe noght, but mende thy chere, 36
I wotte wele whedir that he was brought.

Mary Magdalene

Swete sir, yf thou hym bare awaye, 38
Saie me the sothe and thedir me leede
Where thou hym didde, withouten delay
I schall hym seke agayne goode speede.
Therefore, goode gardener, saie thou me,
I praye the for the prophetis sake,
Of thez tythyngis that I aske the.
For it wolde do my sorowe to slake
When Goddis body founden myght be,
Pat Joseph of the crosse gonne take.
Might I hym fange vnto my fee,
Of all my woo he wolde me wrake.

Jesus

What wolde thou doo with that body bare 50
Pat beried was with balefull chere?
Pou may noght salue hym of his sare,
His peynes were so sadde and seere.
But he schall cover mankynde of care,
Pat clouded was he schall make clere,
And the folke wele for to fare
Pat fyled were all in feere.

Mary Magdalene

A, myght I euere with that man mete, 58
Pe whiche that is so mekill of myght,
Drye schulde I wype that nowe is wete;
I am but sorowe of worldly sight.

Jesus

Marie, of mournyng amende thy moode, 62
And beholde my woundes wyde.
Pus for mannys synnes I schedde my bloode
And all this bittir bale gonne bide.
Pus was I rased on the roode
With spere and nayles that were vnride.
Trowe it wele, it turnes to goode
Whanne men in erthe ther flessch schall hyde.

Mary Magdalene

A, Rabony, I haue the sought, 70
Mi maistir dere, full faste this day.

Jesus

Goo awaye Marie, and touche me noyot, 72
But take goode kepe what I schall saie:

I ame hee that all thyng wrought,
Pat thou callis thi lorde and God verraye.
With bittir dede I mankynde boght,
And I am resen as thou se may.
And therfore, Marie, speke nowe with me,
And latte thou nowe be thy grette.

Mary Magdalene

Mi lorde Jesu, I knowe nowe the, 80
Pi woundes thai are nowe wette.

Jesus

Negh me nocht, my loue, latte be 82
Marie my doughtir swete.
To my fadir in Trinité
Forthe I stigh noyot yette.

Mary Magdalene

A, mercy, comely conquerour, 86
Thurgh thi myght thou haste ouercome dede.
Mercy, Jesu, man and saueour,
Thi loue is swetter thanne the mede.
Mercy, myghty confortour,
For are I was full wille of rede.
Welcome lorde, all myn honnoure,
Mi joie, my luffe, in ilke a stede.

Jesus

Marie, in thyne harte thou write 94
Myne armoure riche and goode:
Myne actone couered all with white
Als cors of man behewede,
With stuffe goode and parfite
Of maydenes flessch and bloode;
Whan thei ganne thirle and smyte
Mi heede for hawberke stoode.
Mi plates wer spredde all on brede,
Pat was my body vppon a tree;
Myne helme couered all with manhede,
Be strenght therof may no man see;
Be croune of thorne that garte me blede,
Itt bemenes my dignité.
Mi diademe sais, withouten drede,
Pat dede schall I neuere be.

Mary Magdalene

A, blessid body that bale wolde beete, 110
Dere haste thou bought mankyne.
Thy woundes hath made thi body wete
With bloode that was the withinne.
Nayled thou was thurgh hande and feete,

And all was for oure synne.
Full grissely muste we caitiffis grete-
Of bale howe schulde I blynne?
To se this ferly foode
Bus ruffully dight,
Rugged and rente on a roode,
Dis is a rewoffull sight;
And all is for oure goode,
And nothyng for his plight.
Spilte thus is his bloode,
For ilke a synfull wight.

Jesus

To my God and my fadir dere, ¹²⁶
To hym als-swithe I schall assende,
For I schall nowe noyot longe dwelle here,
I haue done als my fadir me kende;
And therefore loke that ilke man lere
Howe that in erthe ther liffe may mende.
All that me loues I schall drawe nere
Mi fadirs blisse that neuere schall ende.

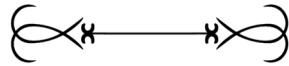
Mary Magdalene

Alle for joie me likes to synge, ¹³⁴
Myne herte is gladder thanne the glee,
And all for joie of thy risyng
That suffered dede vpponne a tree.
Of luffe nowe is thou crowned kyng,
Is none so trewe levand more free.
Thy loue passis all erthely thyng,
Lorde, blissed motte thou euere bee.

Jesus

To Galilé schall thou wende ¹⁴²
Marie, my doghtir dere,
Vnto my brethir hende,
Per thei are all in fere.
Telle thame ilke worde to ende
Pat thou spake with me here.
Mi blissing on the lende,
And all that we leffe here.

Play 40. The Travelers to Emmaus



Pilgrim 1

That lorde that me lente this liffe for to lede, 1
In my wayes thou me wisse thus will of wone.
Qwen othir men halfe moste mirthe to ther mede,
Panne als a mornand manne make I my mone.
For douteles nowe may we drede vs-
Allas, thei haue refte vs oure rede,
With doole haue thei dight hym to dede,
Pat lorde that was leeffe for to lede vs.

Pilgrim 2

He ledde vs full lelly that lorde, nowe allas, 9
Mi lorde for his lewté his liffe has he lorne.

Pilgrim 1

Saye, who comes there claterand? 11

Pilgrim 2

Sir, I Cleophas; 11
Abide, my leffe brothere, to bale am I borne.
But telle me whedir thou bounes?

Pilgrim 1

To Emax, this castell beside vs. 14
Ther may we bothe herber and hyde vs,
Perfore late vs tarie at no townes.

Pilgrim 2

Atte townes for to tarie take we no tent, 17
But take vs tome at this tyme to talke of sume tales,
And jangle of the Jewes and of Jesu so gente,
Howe thei bette that body was bote of all bales.
With buffettis thei bete hym full barely,
In sir Cayphas hall garte thei hym call;
And hym before sir Pilate in his hall
On the morne than aftir, full arely.

Pilgrim 1

Full arely the juggemen demed hym to dye; 25
Both prestis and prelatis to Pilate made preysing,
And alls cursid caytiffis and kene on Criste gan thei crie,
And on that lele lorde made many a lesyng.
Bei spitte in his face to dispise hym,
To spoile hym nothyng thei spared hym,
But natheles baynly thei bared hym,
With scourges smertly goyng thei smote hym.

Pilgrim 2

Bei smotte hym full smertely that the bloode oute braste, 33
Pat all his hyde in hurth was hastely hidde.
A croune of thorne on his heede full thraly thei thraste,
Itt is grete dole for to deme the dedis thei hym dide.
With byndyng vnbaynly and betyng,
Pane on his bakke bare he thame by
A crosse vnto Caluery;
Pat swettyng was swemyed for swetyng.

Pilgrim 1

For all the swette that he swete with swyngis thei hym swang, 41
And raffe hym full rewfully with rapes on a rode.
Pan heuyd thei hym highly on hight for to hang,
Withouten misse of this man, thus mensked thai his mode
Pat euere has bene trewest in trastyng.
Methynkith myn herte is boune for to breke,
Of his pitefull paynes when we here speke,
So frendfull we fonde hym in fraistyng.

Pilgrim 2

In frasting we fonde hym full faithfull and free, 49
In his mynde mente he neuere mysse to no man.
Itt was a sorowe, forsoth, in sight for to see
Whanne that a spetyffull spere vnto his harte ranne.
In baill thus his body was beltid,
Into his harte thraly thei thraste;
Whan his piteffull paynes were paste,
Pat swet thyng full swiftly he sweltid.

Pilgrim 1

He sweltid full swithe in swonyng, that swette. 57
Allas for that luffely that laide is so lowe,
With granyng full grissely on grounde may we grette,
For so comely a corse canne I none knowe.
With dole vnto dede thei did hym
For his wise werkis that he wroght thame,
Des false folke, whan thei bethoughte thame,
Pat grette vnkyndynesse thei kidde hym.

Pilgrim 2

Vnkyndynesse thei kidde hym, tho caitiffis so kene, 65
And als vnwitty wightis wrought thei hym wrake.

Jesus

What are thes meruailes that yoe of mene 67
And thus mekill mournyng in mynde that yoe make,
Walkyng thus wille by thes wayes?

Pilgrim 2

Why, arte thou a pilgryme and haste bene 70

At Jerusalem, and haste thou nocht sene
What dole has ben done in thes daies?

Jesus

In ther daies, dere sir, what dole was ther done? 73
Of that werke wolde I witte, and youre will were,
And therfore I pray you telle me now sone,
Was ther any hurlyng in hande? Nowe late me here.

Pilgrim 1

Why, herde thou no carpyng nor crying 77
Att Jerusalem ther thou haste bene,
Whenne Jesu the Nazarene
Was doulfully dight to the dying?

Pilgrim 2

To the dying thei dight hym that defte was and dere, 81
Thurgh prokering of princes that were ther in prees.
Forthy as wightis that are will thus walke we in were,
For-pechyng als pilgrymes that putte are to pees.
For mornyng of oure maistir thus morne wee,
As wightis that are wilsome thus walke we,
Of Jesus in telling thus talke we,
Fro townes for takyng thus turne we.

Pilgrim 1

Bus turne we fro townes, but take we entent 89
How thei mourthered that man that we of mene.
Full rewfully with ropis on rode thei hym rente
And takkid hym thertill full tyte in a tene.
Vpperightis full rudely thei raised hym,
Panne myghtely to noye hym withall,
In a mortaise faste lete hym fall-
To pynne hym thei putte hym and peysed hym.

Pilgrim 2

Thei peysed hym to pynne hym, that pereles of pese; 97
Bus on that wight that was wise wroyot thei grete wondir,
3itt with that sorowe wolde thei noyot sesse-
They schogged hym and schotte hym his lymes all in sondir,
His braynes thus brake thei and braste hym.
A blynde knyght, such was his happe,
Inne with a spere-poynte atte the pappe
To the harte full thraly he thraste hym.

Pilgrim 1

Thei thraste hym full thraly, than was ther no threpyng, 105
Bus with dole was that dere vnto dede dight.
His bak and his body was bolned for betyng-
Itt was, I saie the forsoth, a sorowfull sight.
But ofte-sithes haue we herde saie,

And we trowe as we herde telle,
That he was to rawsounne Israell;
But nowe is this the thirde daye.

Pilgrim 2

Bes dayes newe owre wittis are waxen in were, 113
For some of oure women for certayne thei saide
That thai sawe in ther sightis solas full seere,
Howe all was lemand light wher he was laide.
Bei called vs, as euer myght thei thriffe,
For certayne thei saugh it in sight,
A visioune of aungellis bright,
And tolde thame ther lorde was alyue.

Pilgrim 1

On lyue tolde thei that lorde leued hir in lande; 121
Bez women come lightly to warne, I wene.
Some of oure folke hyed forthe, and faste thei it fande
Pat all was soth that thei saide that sight had thei sene.
For lely thei loked ther he laye
Bei wende ther that foode to haue fonne;
Panne was his toumbe tome as a tonne-
Panne wiste thei that wight was away.

Pilgrim 2

Awaye is that wight that wonte was vs for to wisse. 129

Jesus

A, fooles that are fauty and failes of youre feithe, 130
Bis bale bud hym bide and belde thame in blisse-
But yoe be lele of youre laye youre liffe holde I laith.
To prophetis he proued it and preched,
And also to Moyses gan he saie
Pat he muste nedis die on a day,
And Moyses forth talde it and teched,
And talde it and teched it many tymes than.

Pilgrim 1

A, more of this talking we pray you to telle vs. 138

Pilgrim 2

3a sir, be youre carping full kyndely we kenne 139
3e meene of oure maistir of whome that we melle vs.

Pilgrim 1

3a, goode sir, see what I saie yoou, 141
Se yoe this castell beside her?
All nyght we thynke for to bide here;
Bide with vs sir pilgrime, we praye yoou.
We praye yoou, sir pilgrime, yoe presse noyot to passe.

Jesus

3is sir, me bus nede. 146

Pilgrim 1

Nay sir, the nyght is ovir-nere. 146

Jesus

And I haue ferre for to founde. 147

Pilgrim 2

I hope wele thou has. 147

Pilgrim 1

We praye the sir, hartely, all nyght holde the here. 148

Jesus

I thanke youe of this kyndnesse yoe kydde me. 149

Pilgrim 1

Go in sir, sadly and sone. 150

Pilgrim 2

Sir, daunger dowte noyot, haue done. 151

Jesus

Sir, I muste nedis do as yoe bid me. 152

3e bidde me so baynly I bide for the beste.

Pilgrim 1

Lo, her is a sege goode sir, I saie yooou. 154

Pilgrim 2

With such goode as we haue glad we oure geste. 155

Pilgrim 1

Sir, of this poure pitaunce take parte now we pray yow. 156

[... ...] 156

Jesus

Nowe blisse I this brede that brought is on the borde. 157

Fraste theron faithfully, my frendis, you to feede.

Pilgrim 1

[... ...] vnterly haue we tane entent- 159

Ow, I trowe some torfoyr is betidde vs!

Saie, wher is this man?

Pilgrim 2

Away is he wente- 161

Right now satte he beside vs.

Pilgrim 1

Beside vs we both sawe hym sitte, 163
And by no poynte couthe I parceyue hym passe.

Pilgrim 2

Nay, be the werkis that he wrought full wele myght we witte 165
Itt was Jesus hymselffe-I wiste who it was.

Pilgrim 1

Itt was Jesus thus wisely that wrought, 167
Pat raised was and refully rente on the rode.
Of bale and of bittirnesse has he vs boght,
Boune was and betyn that all braste on bloode.

Pilgrim 2

All braste on bloode, so sore was he bette, 171
With ther wickid Jewes that wrethfull was euere;
With scourges and scharpe thornes on his heede sette,
Suche torfoyr and torment of telle herde I neuere.

Pilgrim 1

Of telle herde I neuere of so pitefull peyne 175
As suffered oure souerayne hyngand on hight;
Nowe is he resen with myght and with mayne,
I telle for sikir, we saugh hym in sight.

Pilgrim 2

We saugh hym in sight, nowe take we entent 179
Be the brede that he brake vs so baynly betwene,
Such wondirfull wais as we haue wente
Of Jesus the gente was neuere none seene.

Pilgrim 1

Sene was ther neuere so wondirfull werkes, 183
Be see ne be sande, in this worlde so wide.
Mensfully in mynde thes materes now merkis,
And preche we it prestly on euery ilke side.

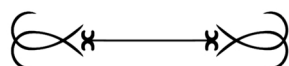
Pilgrim 2

On euery ilke side prestely prechis we- 187
Go we to Jerusaleme thes tydingis to telle.
Oure felawes fro fandyng nowe fraste we,
More of this mater her may we not melle.

Pilgrim 1

Here may we notte melle more at this tyde, 191
For prossesse of plaies that precis in plight.
He bringe to his blisse on euery ilke side,
Pat sofferayne lorde that moste is of myght.

Play 41. Doubting Thomas



Peter

Allas, to woo that we wer wrought, 1
Hadde never no men so mekill thought,
Sen that oure lorde to dede was brought
With Jewes fell;
Oute of this steede ne durste we nocht,
But here ay dwelle.

John

Here haue we dwelte with peynes strang; 7
Of oure liffe vs lothis, we leue to lange,
For sen the Jewes wrought vs that wrong
Oure lorde to sloo,
Durst we neuere come thame emang,
Ne hense to goo.

Jacobus

Be wikkid Jewes hatis vs full ille, 13
And bittir paynes wolde putte vs till.
Therefore I rede that we dwelle stille
Here ther we lende,
Vnto that Criste oure lorde vs wille
Some socoure sende.

God

Pees and reste be with yowe. 19

Peter

A, brethir dere, what may we trowe? 20
What was this sight that we saughe nowe
Shynand so bright,
And vanysshed thus and we ne wote how,
Oute of oure sight?

John

Oute of oure sight nowe is it soghte, 25
Itt makith vs madde, the light it broght,
What may it be?

Jacobus

Sertis, I wotte nocht, 27
But sekirly
Itt was vanyté in oure thought,
Nought ellis trowe I it be.

God

Pees vnto yowe euermore myght be, 31
Drede you noyot, for I am hee.

Peter

On Goddis name, benedicite! 33
What may this mene?

Jacobus

Itt is a sperite forsothe, thynketh me, 35
Pat dose vs tene.

John

A sperite it is, that trowe I right, 37
All thus appered here to oure sight.
Itt makis vs madde of mayne and myght,
So is vs flaid;
3one is the same that broughte the light
Pat vs affraied.

God

What thynke yoe, madmen, in youre thought? 43
What mournyng in youre hertis is brought?
I ame Criste, ne drede youu noight;
Her may yoe se
Be same body that has you bought
Vppon a tre.
Pat I am comen youu here to mete,
Behalde and se myn handis and feete,
And grathely gropes my woundes wete
Al that here is.
Pus was I dight youre balis to beete,
And bring to blis.
For yowe ther gatis thanne haue I gone.
Felys me grathely euerilkone,
And se that I haue flessch and bone.
Gropes me nowe,
For so ne has sperite none,
Pat schall yoe trowe.
To garre youu kenne and knowe me clere
I schall you schewe ensaumpillis sere.
Bringe nowe forthe vnto me here
Some of youre mette,
If yoe amange you all in fere
Haue ought to ete.

Jacobus

Pou luffand lorde that laste schall ay, 67
Loo, here is mette that thou ete may,
A hony kombe the soth to saye,
Roste fecche thertill.

To ete therof here we the praie
With full goode will.

God

Nowe sen yoe haue broughte me this mete, ⁷³
To make youre trouthe stedfast and grete,
And for yoe schall wanhope forgete
And trowe in me,
With youe than here wol I ete,
Pat yoe schalle see.
Nowe haue I done, yoe haue sene howe,
Boldely etyng here with youe.
Stedfastly loke that yoe trowe
Yitt in me efte,
And takis the remenaunte sone to you
Pat her is lefte.
For yooue thus was I reuyn and rayst,
Perfore some of my peyne yoe taste;
And spekis now nowhare my worde waste,
Pat schall yoe lere,
And vnto yoou the holy goste
Resave yow here.
Beis now trewe, and trowes in me,
And here I graunte youe in youre posté:
Whome that yoe bynde, bounden schall be
Right at youre steuene,
And whome that yoe lowys, losed schal be
Euermore in heuene.

Thomas

Allas for sight and sorowes sadde, ⁹⁷
Mornyng makis me mased and madde;
On grounde nowe may I gang vngladde
Bothe even and morne.
Pat hende that I my helpe of hadde
His liffe has lorne.
Lorne I haue that louely light,
Pat was my maistir moste of myght.
So doulfully as he was dight
Was neuere no man;
Such woo was wrought of that worthy wighte
With wondis wan.
Wan was his wondis and wonderus wette,
With skelpis sore was he swongen, that swette,
All naked nailed thurgh hande and feete.
Allas, for pyne,
Pat bliste, that beste my bale myght bete,
His liffe schulde tye.
Allas, for sorowe myselffe I schende
When I thynke hartely on that hende,

I fande hym ay a faithfull frende,
Trulie to telle.
To my brethir nowe wille I wende
Wherso thei dwell.
So wofull wyghtis was neuere none,
Oure joie and comferte is all gone.
Of mournyng may we make oure mone
In ilka lande.
God blisse you brether, bloode and bone,
Same ther yoe stande.

Peter

Welcome Thomas, where has thou bene? 127
Wete thou wele withouten wene
Jesu oure lorde than haue we sene
On grounde her gang.

Thomas

What saie yoe men? Allas, for tene, 131
I trowe yoe mang.

John

Thomas, trewly it is nocht to layne, 133
Jesu oure lorde is resen agayne.

Thomas

Do waie, thes tales is but a trayne 135
Of fooles vnwise.
He that was so fully slayne,
Howe schulde he rise?

Jacobus

Thomas, trewly he is on lyue 139
Pat tholede the Jewes his flessch to riffe,
He lete vs fele his woundes fyue,
Oure lorde verray.

Thomas

That trowe I nought, so motte I thryue, 143
Whatso yoe saie.

Peter

Thomas, we saugh his woundes wette, 145
Howe he was nayled thurgh hande and feete;
Hony and fische with vs he eette,
Pat body free.

Thomas

I laye my liff it was some sperit 149
3e wende wer hee.

John

Nay Thomas, thou haste misgone, 151
Forwhy he bad vs euerilkon
To grope hym grathely, bloode and bone
And flesh to feele.
Such thyngis, Thomas, hase sperite none,
Pat wote thou wele.

Thomas

What, leue felawes, late be youre fare. 157
Tille that I see his body bare
And sithen my fyngir putte in thare
Within his hyde,
And fele the wounde the spere did schere
Riyot in his syde,
Are schalle I trowe no tales betwene.

Jacobus

Thomas, that wounde haue we seene. 164

Thomas

3a, yoe wotte neuere what yoe mene, 165
Youre witte it wantis.
Ye muste thynke no syne me thus to tene
And tule with trantis.

God

Pees, brethir, be vnto you; 169
And Thomas, tente to me takis thou,
Putte forthe thy fyngir to me nowe.
Myn handis thou see,
Howe I was nayled for mannys prowte
Vppon a tree.
Beholde my woundis are bledand;
Here in my side putte in thi hande,
And fele my woundis and vndirstande
Pat this is I,
And be no more mistrowand,
But trowe trewly.

Thomas

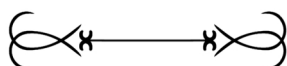
Mi lorde, my God, full wele is me. 181
A, blode of price, blessid mote thou be;
Mankynd in erth, behold and see
Pis blessid blode.
Mercy nowe lorde ax I the,
With mayne and mode.

God

Thomas, for thou haste sene this sight, 187
Pat I am resen as I the hight,

Perfore thou trowes it-but ilka wight,
Blissed be they euere
Pat trowis haly in my rising right,
And saw it neuere.
My brethir, fonde nowe forthe in fere,
Ouereall in ilke a contré clere.
My rising both ferre and nere
Preche it schall yoe;
And my blissyng I giffe yoou here,
And my menyoe.

Play 42. The Ascension



Peter

O mightfull God, how standis it nowe, 1
In worlde thus will was I neuere are;
Butte he apperes, bot I ne wote howe-
He fro vs twynnes whanne he will fare.
And yoitt may falle that for oure prowē,
And alle his wirkyng lesse and mare.
A, kyng of comforte, gudde arte thou
And lele, and likand is thy lare.

John

The missing of my maistir trewe 9
That lenghis not with vs lastandly,
Makis me to morne ilke a day newe
For tharnyng of his company.
His peere of gudnes neuere I knewe,
Of myght ne wisdome yoit any.

Peter

That we hym tharne sore may vs rewe, 15
For he luffed vs full faithfully.
Bot yoitt in all my mysselykyng
A worde that Criste saide comfortis me:
Oure heuynes and oure mournyng,
He saide, to joie turned schuld be.
Pat joie, he saide in his hetyng,
To reue vs none schulde haue no posté,
Wherfore abouen all othir thyng
That joie me longis to knowe and see.

Mary

Pou Petir, whanne my sone was slayne 25
And laide in graue, yoe wer in were
Whedir he schulde rise, almoste ilkane;
But nowe yoe wotte thurgh knowyng clere.
Some that he saide schulde come is gane,
And some to come; but ilkane sere,
Whedir it be to come or none,
Vs awe to knowe it all in fere.

Jesus

Almyghty God, my fadir free, 33
In erthe thi bidding haue I done
And clarified the name of the;
To thyselffe clarifie the sone.
Als thou haste geuen me pleyne posté

Of ilke a flesh, graunte me my bone,
Pat thou me gaffe myght lyffand be
In endles liffe and with the wonne.
Pat liffe is this that hath none ende,
To knawe the, fadir, moste of myght;
And me thy sone, whame thou gon sende
To dye for man withouten plight.
Mankynde was thyne, whome thou bekende
And toke me to my yoemyng right.
I died for man, mannes misse to mende,
And vnto spitous dede was dight.
Thy wille vnto them taughte haue I,
Pat wolde vnto my lare enclyne.
Mi lare haue they tane buxsomly,
Schall none of them ther trauaile tyne.
Pou gaffe them me but noght forthy,
3itt are they thyne als wele as myne;
Fleme them not fro oure companye,
Sen thyne are myne and myne er thyne.
Sen they are oures, if thame nede ough
Pou helpe them, if it be thy will;
And als thou wate that I thame boght,
For faute of helpe latte them not spill.
Fro the worlde to take them pray I noght,
But that thou kepe thame ay fro ill,
All thois also that settis thare thought
In erthe my techyng to fulfill.
Mi tythandis tane has my menyoe
To teche the pepull wher they fare,
In erthe schall thei leue aftir me
And suffir sorowes sadde and sare.
Dispised and hatted schall thei be,
Als I haue bene, with lesse and mare,
And suffer dede in sere degré,
For sothfastnesse schall none them spare.
Pou halowe thame fadir, forthy,
In sothfastnes so that thei may
Be ane as we ar, thowe and I,
In will and werke, both nyght and day,
And knawe that I ame verilye
Both sothfastnes and liffe alway,
Be the whilke ilke man that is willy
May wynne the liffe that laste schall ay.
Bot yoe, my postelis all bedene
Pat lange has wente abowte with me,
In grete wanne-trowyng haue yoe bene,
And wondir harde of hartis ar yoe.
Worthy to be reproued, I wene,
Ar yoe forsothe, and yoe will see
In als mekill als yoe haue sene

My wirkyng proued and my posté.
Whan I was dede and laide in graue
Of myne vpryse yoe were in doute,
And some for myne vprysing straue
When I was laide als vndir clowte
So depe in erthe. But sithen I haue
Ben walkand fourty daies aboute,
Eten with yoou, youre trouthe to saue,
Comand emange yoou inne and oute.
And therefore beis no more in were
Of myne vpperysing, day nor nyght.
Youre misbeleue leues ilkone seere,
For witte yoe wele, als man of myght
Over whome no dede may haue poure,
I schall be endles liffeand right.
Bot for to schewe you figure clere,
Schewe I me thusgatis to youre sight.
Howe man by cours of kynde schall ryse,
Allthogh he be roten ontill noyot.
Oute of his graue in this same wise
At the daye of dome schall he be broght
Wher I schall sitte as trewe justise,
And deme man aftir he has wroght,
Be wikkid to wende with ther enmyse,
Be gode to blisse thei schall be broght.
Anodir skill forsoth is this:
In a tre man was traied thurgh trayne;
Ane man, forthy to mende that misse
On a tree boght mankynde agayne,
In confusioune of hym and his
Pat falsely to forge that frawde was fayne,
Mankynde to bringe agayne to blisse,
His foo, the fende, till endles peyne.
Be thirde skille is, trewly to tell,
Right als I wende als wele will seme,
So schall I come in flessch and fell
Atte the day of dome, whan I schall deme
Be goode in endles blisse to dwell,
Mi fomen fro me for to fleme
Withouten ende in woo to well,
Ilke leuand man here to take yeme.
But intill all the worlde wendand,
Be gospell trewly preche schall yoe
Tille ilke a creatoure liffand.
Who trowes, if that he baptised be
He schall, als yhe schall vndirstande,
Be saued, and of all thraldome free.
Who trowis it not, as mistrowand
For faute of trouthe dampned is he.
But all ther tokenyngis bedene

Schall folowe tham that trowis it right,
 In my name deuellis crewell and kene
 Schall thei oute-caste of ilka wight,
 With newe tongis speke, serpentis vnclene
 Fordo; and if thei day or nyght
 Drinke venym wik, withouten wene,
 To noye thame schall it haue no myght.
 On seke folke schall thei handes lay
 And wele schall thei haue sone at welde,
 Pis poure schall thei haue alway,
 My menyoe, bothe in towne and felde;
 And witte yoe wele, so schall thei
 Pat wirkis my wille in youthe or elde-
 A place for thame I schall purveye
 In blisse with me ay in to belde.
 Nowe is my jornay brought till ende,
 Mi tyme that me so lang was lente.
 To my fadir nowe vppe I wende,
 And youre fadir that me doune sente-
 Mi God, youre God, and ilk mannes frende
 That till his techyng will consente,
 Till synneres that no synne thame schende,
 Pat mys amendis and will repente.
 But for I speke thes wordis nowe
 To you, youre hartis hase heuynes.
 Fullfillid all be it for youre prowre
 Pat I hense wende, als nedfull is.
 And butte I wende comes nocht to yowe
 Be comferteoure of comferteles,
 And if I wende yoe schall fynde howe
 I schall hym sende, of my goodnesse.
 Mi fadirs will fullfillid haue I,
 Therefore fareswele ilkone seere;
 I goo make youe a stede redye
 Endles to wonne with me in feere.
 Sende doune a clowde, fadir, forthy
 I come to the my fadir deere.
 Be fadir blissing moste myghty
 Giffe I you all that leffe here.

Mary

A, myghtfull God, ay moste of myght, ¹⁷⁷
 A selcouth sight is this to see,
 Mi sone thus to be ravished right
 In a clowde wendande vppe fro me.
 Bothe is my herte heuy and light,
 Heuy for swilke twynnyng schulde be,
 And light for he haldis that he hight
 And thus vppe wendis in grette posté.
 His hetyngis haldis he all bedene,

Pat comfortis me in all my care.
But vnto whome schall I me mene?
Bus will in worlde was I neuere are,
To dwelle amonge thes Jewes kene-
Me to dispise will thei not spare.

John

All be he noght in presens seene, 191
Zitt is he salue of ilka sare.
But lady, sen that he betoke
Me for to serue you as youre sonne,
Zou nedis nothyng, lady, but loke
What thyng in erthe yoe will haue done.
I ware to blame if I forsoke
To wirke youre wille, midday or none,
Or any tyme yoitt of the woke.

Mary

I thanke the John, with wordis fune: 200
Mi modirhed, John, schall thou haue,
And for my sone I wolle the take.

John

Pat grace, dere lady, wolde I craue. 203

Mary

Mi sone sawes will I neuere forsake, 204
Itt were not semand that we straue
Ne contraried noyot that he spake;
But John, tille I be broght in graue,
Schall thou never see my sorowe slake.

Jacob

Owre worthy lorde, sen he is wente 209
For vs, lady, als is his will,
We thanke hym that vs the hath lente
With vs on lyue to lenge her stille.
I saie for me with full concente,
Bi likyng all will I fulfille.

Andrew

So wille we all with grete talent, 215
Forthy lady, giffe the noght ill.

Angel 1

Ze men of the lande of Galilé, 217
What wondir yoe to heuene lokand?
Dis Jesus whome yoe fro youe see
Vppe-tane, yoe schall wele vndirstande,
Right so agayne come doune schall he.
When he so comes with woundes bledand,

Who wele has wrought full gladde may be,
Who ill has leved full sore dredand.

Angel 2

Ze that has bene his seruauntis trewe 225
And with hym lengand nyght and day,
Slike wirkyng als yoe with hym knew
Loke that yoe preche it fourthe alway.
Youre mede in heuene beis ilke day newe,
And all that seruis hym wele to paye.
Who trowes you nocht it schall thame rewe,
Pei mon haue peyne encresand ay.

Jacobus

Loued be thou lorde ay moste of myght, 233
Pat thus, in all oure grete disease,
Vs comfortist with thyne aungellis bright.
Nowe aught ther Jewes thare malise meese,
Pat sawe thameselue this wondir sight
Bus nere thame wrought vndir ther nese-
And we haue mater day and nyght
Oure God more for to preyse and plese.

Andrew

Nowe may ther Jewes be all confused 241
If thai on-thinke thame inwardly,
Howe falsely thei haue hym accused
And sakles schente thurgh ther envy.
Per falsed, that thei longe haue vsed,
Nowe is it proued here opynly;
And they were of this mater mused
Itt schulde thame stirre to aske mercy.

Peter

Pat wille thei noyot Andrewe, late be, 249
For thei are full of pompe and pride.
Itt may noyot availe to the ne me
Ne none of vs with thame to chide.
Prophite to dwelle can I none see,
Forthy late us no lenger bide,
But wende we vnto seere contré
To preche thurgh all this worlde so wide.

John

Pat is oure charge, for that is beste, 257
Pat we lenge nowe no lenger here,
For here gete we no place of reste
To lenge so nere the Jewes poure.
Vs to fordo thei will thame caste,
Forthy come forthe my lady dere
And wende vs hense; I am full preste

With you to wende with full goode chere.
Mi triste is nowe euer ilk a dele
In yowe, to wirke aftir youre counsaill.

Jacobus

Mi lady dere, that schall yoe fele ²⁶⁷
In oght that euere vs may availe.
Oure comforte, youre care to kele,
Whill we may leue we schall not faile.

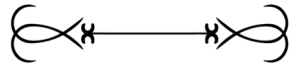
Mary

Mi brethir dere, I traste itt wele, ²⁷¹
Mi sone schall quyte yooou youre trauaile.

Peter

To Jerusalem go we agayne ²⁷³
And loke what fayre so aftir fall,
Oure lorde and maistir moste of mayne
He wisse youe, and be with youe all.

Play 43. Pentecost



Peter

Brethir, takes tente vnto my steuen, 1
Panne schall yoe stabily vndirstande
Oure maistir hende is hente to heuyn,
To reste there on his fadirs right hande.
And we are leued alyue elleuyn,
To lere his lawes lely in lande;
Or we begynne vs muste be even
Ellis are owre werkis nocht to warande.
For parfite noumbre it is none
Off elleuen for to lere,
Twelue may be asoundir tone
And sett in parties seere.
Nobis precepit dominus predicare populo, et testificare 12
quia prope est iudex viuorum et mortuorum. 12
Oure lord comaunded vs more and lesse
To rewle vs right aftir his rede,
He badde vs preche and bere wittenesse
That he schulde deme bothe quike and dede.
To hym all prophettis preuys expresse
All tho that trowis in his Godhede,
Off synnes thei schall haue forgiffenesse,
So schall we say...mekill rede.
And senne we on this wise
Schall his counsaile discrie,
Itt nedis we vs avise
Pat we saye noyot serely.

John

Serely he saide that we schulde wende 25
In all this worlde his will to wirke,
And be his counsaile to be kende
He saide he schulde sette haly kirke.
But firste he saide he schulde doune sende
His sande, that we schuld noyot be irke,
His haly gaste on vs to lende
And make vs to melle of materes mirke.
Vs menis he saide vs thus
Whan that he fared vs froo:
'Cum venerit paraclitus
Docebit vos omnia'.

Jacobus

3a, certaynely he saide vs soo, 37
And mekill more thanne we of mene:
'Nisi ego abiero',

Bus tolde he ofte-tymes vs betwene.
He saide, forsoth, 'But if thi goo
Be holy goste schall not be sene,
Et cum assumptus fuero
Panne schall I sende yoou comforte clené.
Bus tolde he holy howe
Pat oure dedis schulde be dight,
So schall we trewly trowe
He will holde that he vs highte.
He will holde that he vs hight.

Apostle 4

He highte vs fro harme for to hyde 49
And holde in hele both hede and hende,
Whanne we take that he talde that tyde,
Fro all oure foois it schall vs fende.
But thus in bayle behoues vs bide
To tyme that sande till vs be sende;
Be Jewes besettis vs in ilke a side
Pat we may nowdir walke nor wende.

Apostle 5

We dare noyot walke for drede 57
Or comforte come vs till,
Itt is moste for oure spede
Here to be stokyn still.

Mary

Brethir, what mene yoe yoou emelle, 61
To make mournyng at ilk a mele?
My sone that of all welthe is well,
He will yoou wisse to wirke full wele,
For the tente day is this to telle
Sen he saide we schull faouere fele.
Leuys wele that lange schall it not dwell,
And therfore drede you neuere a dele,
But prayes with harte and hende
Pat we his helpe may haue,
Panne schall it sone be sende,
Be sande that schall vs saue.

Doctor 1

Harke maistir, for Mahoundes peyne, 73
Howe that thes mobbardis maddis nowe.
Per maistir that oure men haue slayne
Hase garte thame on his trifullis trowe.

Doctor 2

Be lurdayne sais he leffis agayne; 77
Pat mater may thei neuere avowe,

For as thei herde his prechyng pleyne
He was away, thai wiste noyot howe.

Doctor 1

They wiste noyot whenne he wente, 81
Perfore fully thei faile,
And sais tham schall be sente
Grete helpe thurgh his counsaile.

Doctor 2

He myghte nowdir sende clothe nor clowte, 85
He was neuere but a wrecche alway-
But samme oure men and make a schowte,
So schall we beste yone foolis flaye.

Doctor 1

Nay, nay, than will thei dye for doute. 89
I rede we make noyot mekill dray,
But warly wayte when thai come oute
And marre thame thanne, if that we may.

Doctor 2

Now certis, I assente thertille, 93
Yitt wolde I noight thei wiste;
3one carles than schall we kill
But thei liffe als vs liste.

Mary

Honnoure and blisse be euer newe, 97
With worschippe in this worlde alwaye,
To my souerayne sone Jesu,
Oure lorde allone that laste schall ay.
Nowe may we triste his talis ar trewe,
Be dedis that here is done this day;
Als lange as yoe his pase pursue
Be fende he fendis yow for to flay.
For his high hali gaste
He lattis here on yooou lende,
Mirthis and trewthe to taste
And all misse to amende.

Peter

All mys to mende nowe haue we myght, 109
Pis is the mirthe oure maistir of mente.
I myght noyot loke, so was it light-
A, loued be that lorde that itt vs lente.
Now hase he holden that he vs highte,
His holy goste here haue we hente;
Like to the sonne itt semed in sight,
And sodenly thanne was itt sente.

Apostle 2

Hitt was sente for oure sele, 117
Hitt giffis vs happe and hele,
Methynke slike forse I fele
I myght felle folke full feele.

Apostle 3

We haue force for to fighte in felde 121
And fauour of all folke in feere,
With wisdom in this worlde to welde
Be knowing of all clergye clere.

Apostle 4

We haue bewteis to be oure belde 125
And langage nedis vs none to lere,
Pat lorde vs awe yoappely to yoelde
Pat vs has yoemed vnto this yoere.

Apostle 5

This is the yoere of grace 129
Pat musteris vs emang,
As aungellis in this place
Pat sais thus in ther sange.

Apostle 1

In thare sigging saide thei thus, 133
And tolde ther talis betwene them two:
'Veni creator spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita'.
Pei praied the spirite come till vs
And mende oure myndis with mirthis ma,
Pat lered thei of oure lorde Jesus,
For he saide that itt schulde be swa.

Apostle 2

He saide he schulde vs sende 141
His holy goste fro heuyn,
Oure myndis with mirthe to mende-
Nowe is all ordand euyne.

Apostle 3

Euen als he saide schulde to vs come 145
So has bene schewid vnto oure sight;
'Tristitia impleuit cor vestrum'-
Firste sorowe in herte he vs hight;
'Sed conuertetur in gaudium'.
Sen saide he that we schulde be light.
Nowe that he saide vs, all and summe,
Is mefid emange vs thurgh his myght.

Apostle 4

His myght with mayne and mode 153
May comforte all mankynde.

Doctor 1

Harke man, for Mahoundes bloode, 155
Per men maddis oute of mynde.
Bei make carpyng of ilke contré,
And leris langage of ilk a lande.

Doctor 2

They speke oure speche als wele as we, 159
And in ilke a steede it vndirstande.

Doctor 1

And alle are noyot of Galilee 161
Pat takis this hardinesse on hande?
Butt thei are drounken, all thes menyoe,
Of muste or wyne, I wolle warande.

Doctor 2

Nowe certis this was wele saide, 165
Pat makis ther mynde to marre;
3one faitours schall be flaied
Or that thei flitte aught ferre.

Apostle 4

Harke brethir, waites wele aboute, 169
For in oure fayre we fynde no frende.
Be Jewes with strength are sterne and stoute
And scharpely schapes them vs to schende.

Apostle 1

Oure maistir has putte all perellis oute 173
And fellid the falsed of the fende.
Vndo youre dores and haues no doute,
For to yoone warlowes will we wende.

Apostle 2

To wende haue we no drede, 177
Noght for to do oure dette,
For to neuyn that is nede
Shall none on lyve vs lette.

Peter

3e Jewez that in Jerusalem dwelle, 181
Youre tales are false, that schall yoe fynde.
Pat we are dronken we here you telle
Because yoe hope we haue bene pynnyd.
A prophette preued, his name is Johell,
A gentill Jewe of youre awne kynde,

He spekis thus in his speciall spell
And of this matere makis he mynde.
Be poyntis of prophicie
He tolde full ferre before,
Bis may yoe noyot denye,
For thus his wordis wore:
'Et erit nouissimis diebus, dicit dominus, 192
effundam de spiritu meo super omnem carnem'. 192

Apostle 3

Loo, losellis, loo, thus may ye lere 193
Howe youre elders wrotte alway.
Be holy goste haue we tane here
As youre awne prophettis prechid ay.

Apostle 4

Hitt is the myght of oure maistir dere, 197
All dedis that here are done this daye;
He giffis vs myght and playne power
To conclude all that yoe can saie.

Doctor 1

There men hase mekill myght 201
Thurgh happe thei here haue tone.

Doctor 2

Wende we oute of ther sight 203
And latte them even allone.

Apostle 1

Nowe, brethir myne, sen we all meffe 205
To teche the feithe to foo and frende,
Oure tarying may turne vs to mischeffe,
Wherfore I counsaile that we wende
Vntille oure lady and take oure leue.

Apostle 2

Sertis, so woll we with wordis hende. 210
Mi lady, takis it noght to greue,
I may no lenger with you lende.
[... ...] 212

Mary

Nowe Petir, sen itt schall be soo 213
Pat yoe haue diuerse gatis to gang,
Ther schall none dere you for to doo
Whils my sone musteris you emang.
Butt John and Jamys, my cosyns twoo,
Loke that yoe lenge not fro me lange.

John

Lady, youre wille in wele and woo, 219
Itt schall be wrought, ellis wirke we wrang.

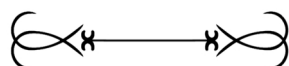
Jacobus

Lady, we bothe are boune 221
Atte youre biddyng to be.

Mary

The blissing of my sone 223
Be boith with you and me.

Play 44. The Death of Mary



Gabriel

Hayle, myghfull Marie, Godis modir so mylde, ¹
Hayle be thou, roote of all reste, hayle be thou, ryall.
Hayle floure and frewte noyot fadid nor filyd,
Haile, salue to all synnefull. Nowe saie the I schall
Thy sone to thiselue me has sente,
His sande, and sothly he saies
No lenger than ther thre dayes
Here lefte the this liffe that is lente.
And therefore he biddis the loke that thou blithe be,
For to that bigly blisse that berde will the bring,
There to sitte with hymselfue, all solas to see,
And to be crowned for his quene and he hymselfue kyng
In mirthe that euere schall be newe.
He sendis to the worthely iwis
Pis palme oute of paradise,
In tokenyng that it schall be trewe.

Mary

I thanke my sone semely of all his sandis sere; ¹⁷
Vnto hym lastandly be ay louyng
Pat me thus worthely wolde menske on this manere,
And to his bigly blisse my bones for to bringe.
But gode ser, neuenes me thi name.

Gabriel

Gabriell, that baynly ganne bringe ²²
Pe boodworde of his bering-
Forsothe lady, I ame the same.

Mary

Nowe Gabriell that sothly is fro my sone sent, ²⁵
I thanke the ther tythyngis thou tellis me vntill,
And loued be that lorde of the lane that has me lente
[... ...] ²⁷
And dere sone, I beseke the
Grete God, thou graunte me thi grace,
Thyne appostelis to haue in this place,
Pat thei at my bering may be.

Gabriel

Nowe foode fairest of face, most faithfull and fre, ³²
Pyne askyng thi sone has graunte of his grace,
And saies all same in sight yoe schall see
All his appostelis appere in this place,
To wirke all thi will at thi wending.

And sone schall thi peynes be paste,
And thou to be in liffe that schall laste
Euermore withouten any ending.

John

Marie my modir, that mylde is and meke 40
And cheffe chosen for chaste, nowe telle me, what chere?

Mary

John, sone, I saie the forsothe I am seke. 42
Mi swete sone sonde I hente, right nowe it was here,
And douteles he saies I schall dye.
Within thre daies iwis,
I schall be beldid in blisse
And come to his awne company.

John

A, with thi leue lady, thou neuene it me nocht, 48
Ne telle me no tydingis to twynne vs in two,
For be thou, blissid birde, vnto bere broght
Euermore whils I wonne in this worlde will me be full woo,
Therefore lete it stynte and be still.

Mary

Nay John, sone, myselue nowe I see 53
Atte Goddis will moste it nedis be,
Perfore be it wroght at his will.

John

A, worthy, when thou art wente will me be full woo- 56
But God giffe the appostelis wiste of thi wending.

Mary

3is John, sone, for certayne schall it be so, 58
All schall thei hardely be here at myne ending.
The sonde of my sone saide me this,
Pat sone schall my penaunce be paste
And I to be in liffe that euere schall laste,
Than baynly to belde in that blisse.

Peter

O God omnipotent, the giffer of all grace, 64
Benedicite dominus, a clowde now full clere
Vmbelappid me in Judé prechand as I was,
And I haue mekill meruayle how that I come here.

Jacobus

A, sesse, of this assemelyng can I noyot saie 68
Howe and in what wise that we are here mette,
Owthir myrthe or of mornyng mene wele it maye,
For sodenly in sight here sone was I sette.

Andrew

A, bredir, be my wetand and iwisse so wer we, 72
In diuerse landes lely I wotte we were lente,
And how we are semelid thus can I noyot see,
But as God of his sande has vs same sente.

John

A, felawes, late be youre fare, 76
For as God will it moste nedis be,
Pat pereles is of posté,
His myyot is to do mekill mare.
For Marie that worthy schall wende nowe I wene,
Vnto that bigly blisse that high barne baynly vs boght;
Pat we in hir sight all same myght be sene
Or sche disseuer vs froo, hir sone sche besoght.
And thus has he wroght atte hir will,
Whanne sche schal be broght on a bere,
That we may be neghand hir nere
This tyme for to tente hir vntill.

Mary

Jesu my darlyng that ding is and dere, 88
I thanke the my dere sone of thi grete grace
Pat I all this faire felawschip atte hande nowe has here,
Pat thei me some comforte may kythe in this case.
Pis sikenes it sittis me full sare;
My maidens, take kepe nowe on me
And caste some watir vppon me-
I faynte, so febill I fare.

Ancilla 1

Allas for my lady that lemed so light, 96
That euere I leued in this lede thus longe for to lende,
That I on this semely schulde se such a sight.

Ancilla 2

Allas, helpe, sche dyes in oure hende. 99
A, Marie, of me haue thou mynde
[... ...] 100
Some comforte vs two for to kythe,
Pou knowes we are comen of thi kynde.

Mary

What ayles yow women for wo thus wynly to wepe? 103
Yhe do me dere with youre dynne, for me muste nedis dye
Yhe schulde, whenne yoe saw me so slippe on slepe,
Haue lefte all youre late and lette me lye.
John, cosyne, garre thame stynte and be still.

John

A, Marie that mylde is of mode, 108

When thi sone was raised on a rode
To tente the he toke me the till,
And therefore at thi bidding full bayne will I be.
Iff ther be oght, modir, that I amende may,
I pray the, myldest of mode, meue the to me,
And I schall, dereworthi dame, do it ilke a daye.

Mary

A, John, sone, that this peyne were ouere-paste! 115
With goode harte yoe alle that are here
Praies for me faithfully in feere,
For I mon wende fro you as faste.

Judeus 1

A, foode fairest of face, moste faithfull to fynde, 119
Pou mayden and modir that mylde is and meke,
As thou arte curtaise and comen of oure kynde
All oure synnes for to sesse thi sone thou beseke,
With mercy to mende vs of mys.

Judeus 2

Sen thou, lady, come of oure kynne, 124
Pou helpe vs nowe thou veray virginne,
Pat we may be broght vnto blisse.

Mary

Jesu my sone, for my sake beseke I the this, 127
As thou arte gracious and grete God thou graunte me thy grace.
Pei that is comen of my kynde and amende will there mys,
Nowe specially thou thame spede and spare thame a space,
And be ther belde, if thi willis be.
And dere sone, whane I schall dye,
I pray the than for thi mercy
Be fende thou latte me noyot see.
And also my blissid barne, if thi will be,
I sadly beseke the my sone, for my sake,
Men that are stedde stiffely in stormes or in see
And are in will wittirly my worschippe to awake,
And thanne nevenes my name in that nede,
Pou late thame not perissh nor spille.
Of this bone my sone, at thi will,
Pou graunte me specially to spede.
Also my bliste barne thou graunte me my bone,
All that are in newe or in nede and nevenes me be name,
I praie the sone for my sake thou socoure thame sone,
In alle ther schoures that are scharpe thou shelde thame fro schame.
And women also in thare childing,
Nowe speciall thou thame spede,
And if so be thei die in that drede
To thi blisse thane baynly thou thame bringe.

Jesus

Marie my modir, thurgh the myght nowe of me 151
For to make the in mynde with mirthe to be mending,
Byne asking all haly here heete I nowe the.
But modir, the fende muste be nedis at thyne endyng
In figure full foule for to fere the.
Myne aungelis schall thane be aboute the,
And therefore dere dame thou thar noyot doute the,
For douteles thi dede schall noyot dere the.
And therefore my modir come myldely to me,
For aftir the sonne my sande will I sende,
And to sitte with myselfe all solas to se
In ay-lastand liffe in likyng to lende.
In this blisse schall be thi bilding,
Of mirth schall thou neuere haue missing
But euermore abide in my blissing,
All this schall thou haue at thi welding.

Mary

I thanke the my swete sone, for certis I am seke, 167
I may noyot now meve me for mercie almoste
To the, sone myne that made me, thi maiden so meke;
Here thurgh thi grace, god sone, I giffe the my goste.
Mi sely saule I the sende
To heuene that is highest on heghte,
To the, sone myne that moste is of myght,
Ressayue it here into thyne hende.

Jesus

Myne aungellis louely of late, lighter than the leuene, 175
Into the erthe wightly I will that yoe wende
And bringe me my modir to the highest of heuene,
With mirthe and with melody hir mode for to mende,
For here schall hir blisse neuer be blynnande.
Mi modir schall myldely be me
Sitte nexte the high trinité,
And neuere in two to be twynnand.

Angel 1

Lorde, atte thi bidding full bayne will I be, 183
Pat floure that neuere was fadid full fayne will we fette.

Angel 2

And atte thi will, gode lorde, wirke will we 185
With solace on ilke side that semely vmsitte.

Angel 3

Latte vs fonde to hir faste hir fors to deffende, 187
Pat birde for to bringe vnto this blis bright.
Body and sawle we schall hir assende
To regne in this regally be regentté full right.

Angel 4

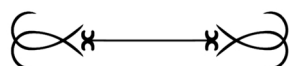
To blisse that birde for to bringe 191

Nowe Gabriell late vs wightly be wendand.

This maiden mirthe to be mendand

A semely song latte vs sing.

Play 45. The Assumption of the Virgin



Thomas

In waylyng and weping, in woo am I wapped, 1
In site and in sorowe, in sighing full sadde.
Mi lorde and my luffe, loo, full lowe is he lapped,
Pat makes me to mourne nowe full mate and full madde.
What harling and what hurlyng that hedesman he hadde,
What breking of braunches ware brosten aboute hym,
What bolnyng with betyng of brothellis full badde;
Itt leres me full lely to loue hym and lowte hym,
That comely to kenne.
Goddis sone Jesus
He died for vs,
Pat makes me thus
To mourne amange many men.
Emange men may I mourne for the malice thei mente
To Jesus the gentillest of Jewes generacioun.
Of wisdom and witte were the waies that he wente
Pat drewe all tho domesmen derffe indignacioun,
For douteles full dere was his diewe dominacioun.
Vnkyndely thei kidde them ther kyng for to kenne
With carefull comforth and colde recreacioun,
For he mustered his miracles amonge many men
And to the pepull he preched.
But the Pharases fers
All his resouns revers,
And to ther hedesmen rehers
Pat vntrewe were the tales that he teched.
He teched full trewe, but the tirauntes were tened.
For he reprobued ther pride thai purposed thame preste
To mischeue hym, with malis in there mynde haue thei menynd,
And to accuse hym of cursednesse the caistiffis has caste.
Ther rancoure was raised, no renke might it reste,
Pai toke hym with treasoune, that turtill of treuthe,
Bei fedde hym with flappes, with fersnesse hym feste,
To rugge hym, to riffe hym; ther reyned no rewthe.
Vndewly thei demed hym:
Bei dusshed hym, thei dasshed hym,
Bei lusshed hym, thei lasshed hym,
Bei pushed hym, thei passhed hym,
All sorowe thei saide that it semed hym.
Itt semed hym all sorowe, thei saide in ther seggyng.
Bei skippid and scourged hym-he skapid not-with scornes;
Pat he was leder and lorde in there lawe lay no leggyng,
But thrange on and thristed a croune of thik thornes.
Ilk tag of that turtill so tatterid and torne es

That that blissid body blo is and bolned for betyng,
3itt the hedesmen to hyngge hym with huge hydous hornes
As brothellis or bribours were belyng and bletyng:
'Crucifie hym' thei cried.
Sone Pilate in parlement
Of Jesus gaffe jugement,
To hyngge hym the harlottis hym hente;
Per was no deide of that domesman denyed.
Denyed not that domesman to deme hym to dede,
Pat frendly faire foode that neuere offended.
Pei hied thame in haste than to hyngge vppe there heede,
What woo that thei wroghte hym no wiyot wolde haue wende it.
His true titill thei toke thame no tome for to attende it,
But as a traitour atteynted thei toled hym and tuggid hym,
Pei schonte for no schoutis his schappe for to schende it,
Pei rasid hym on rode als full rasely thei rugged hym.
Pei persed hym with a spere,
Pat the blode riall
To the erthe gun fall,
In redempcion of all
Pat his lele lawes likis to lere.
To lere he that likis of his lawe that is lele
Mai fynde in oure frende here full faithfull feste,
Pat wolde hyngge thus on hight to enhaunce vs in hele
And by vs fro bondage by his bloode that is beste.
Pan the comforte of oure companye in kares were keste,
But that lorde so allone wolde not leffe vs full longe.
On the thirde day he rose riyot with his renkis to reste,
Both flessh and fell fersly that figour gon fange
And to my brethir gonne appere.
Pai tolde me of this
Bot I leued amys,
To rise flesshly iwis
Methought that it paste mans poure.
But the poure of that prince was presiously preuid
Whan that souerayne schewed hymselffe to my siyot.
To mene of his manhode my mynde was all meued,
But that reuerent redused me be resoune and be riyot.
Pe woundes full wide of that worthy wight
He frayned me to fele thame my faith for to feste,
And so I did douteless, and doune I me diyot-
I bende my bak for to bowe and obeyed hym for beste.
So sone he assendid
Mi felaus in feere
Ware sondered sere,
If thai were here
Mi myrthe were mekill amended
Amendid were my mirthe with that meyné to mete.
Mi felaus in fere for to fynde woll I fonde,
I schall nott stedde in no stede but in stall and in strete

Grath me be gydis to gette thame on grounde.
O souerayne, how sone am I sette here so sounde!
Þis is the Vale of Josophat in Jury so gente.
I will steme of my steuene and sted here a stounde,
For I am wery for walkyng the waies that I wente
Full wilsome and wide.
þerfore I kaste
Here for to reste,
I halde it beste
To buske on this banke for to bide.

Surge Proxima

Surge, proxima mea, 104
columba mea, tabernaculum glorie, 104
vasculum vite, templum celeste. 104

Angel 1

Rise Marie, thou maiden and modir so milde. 105

Angel 2

Rise, lilly full lusty, thi luffe is full likand. 106

Angel 3

Rise, chefteyne of chastité in chering thi childe. 107

Angel 4

Rise, rose ripe redolent, in reste to be reynand. 108

Angel 5

Rise, douffe of that domesman all dedis is demand. 109

Angel 6

Rise turtour, tabernacle, and tempull full trewe. 110

Angel 7

Rise, semely in sight, of thi sone to be semande. 111

Angel 8

Rise, grathed full goodely in grace for to grewe. 112

Angel 9

Rise vppe this stounde. 113

Angel 10

Come chosen childe. 114

Angel 11

Come Marie milde. 115

Angel 12

Come floure vnfiled. 116

Angel 8

Come vppe to the kyng to be crowned. 117

Veni de Libano

Veni de Libano sponsa, 117
veni, corona beris. 117

Thomas

O glorious God what glemes are glydand, 118
I meve in my mynde what may this bemene?
I see a berde borne in blisse to be bidand
With aungelus companye, comely and clene.
Many selcouth sitis in sertis haue I sene,
But this mirthe and this melody mengis my mode.

Mary

Thomas, do way all thi doutes bedene, 124
For I ame foundynge fourthe to my faire fode
I telle the this tyde.

Thomas

Who, my souerayne lady? 127

Mary

3a, sertis I saie the. 128

Thomas

Whedir wendes thou I praye the? 129

Mary

To blisse with my barne for to bide. 130

Thomas

To bide with thy barne in blisse to be beldand? 131
Haile jentilest of Jesse in Jewes generacioun,
Haile welthe of this worlde all welthis is weldand,
Haile hendest, enhaused to high habitacioun,
Haile, derworth and dere is thi diewe dominacioun,
Haile floure fressh florissshed, thi frewte is full felesome,
Haile sete of oure saveour and sege of saluacioun,
Haile happy to helde to, thi helpe is full helesome.
Haile pereles in plesaunce,
Haile precious and pure,
Haile salue that is sure,
Haile lettir of langure,
Haile bote of oure bale in obeyesauce.

Mary

Go to thi brethir that in bale are abiding, 144
And of what wise to welthe I ame wendande
Withoute tarying thou telle thame this tithynge,
Per mirthe so besse mekill amendande.
For Thomas, to me were thei tendande
Whanne I drewe to the dede, all but thou.

Thomas

Bot I lady? Whillis in lande I ame lendande 150
Obeye the full baynly my bones will I bowe.
Bot I, allas!
Whare was I thanne
When that barette beganne?
An vnhappy manne
Both nowe and euere I was.
Vnhappy, vnhende am I holden at home;
What drerye destonye me drewe fro that dede?

Mary

Thomas, sesse of thy sorowe for I am sothly the same. 159

Thomas

Pat wote I wele, the worthiest that wrapped is in wede. 160

Mary

Panne spare nott a space nowe my speche for to spede, 161
Go saie them sothely thou sawe me assendinge.

Thomas

Now douteles, derworthy, I dare not for drede, 163
For to my tales that I telle thei are not attendinge,
For no spelle that is spoken.

Mary

I schall the schewe 166
A token trewe
Full fresshe of hewe,
My girdill, loo, take thame this tokyn.

Thomas

I thanke the as reuerent rote of oure reste, 170
I thanke the as stedfast stokke for to stande,
I thanke the as trusty tre for to treste,
I thanke the as buxsom bough to the bande,
I thanke the as leeffe the lustiest in lande,
I thanke the as bewteuous braunche for to bere,
I thanke the as floure that neuere is fadande,
I thanke the as frewte that has fedde vs in fere,
I thanke the for euere.
If thay repreue me
Now schall thei leue me.
Bi blissinge giffe me
And douteles I schall do my deuere.

Mary

Thomas, to do thanne thy deuere be dressand, 183
He bid the his blissinge that beldis aboven.
And in siyotte of my sone ther is sittand

Shall I knele to that comely with croune,
Pat who in dispaire be dale or be doune
With pitevous playnte in perellis will pray me,
If he swynke or swete in swelte or in swoune,
I schall sewe to my souerayne sone for to say me
He schall graunte thame ther grace.
Be it manne in his mournyng
Or womanne in childinge,
All thes to be helpinge
Pat prince schall I praye in that place.

Thomas

Gramercy the goodliest grounded in grace, 196
Gramercy the lufliest lady of lire,
Gramercy the fairest in figure and face,
Gramercy the derrest to do oure desire.

Mary

Farewele, nowe I passe to the pereles empire. 200
Farewele Thomas, I tarie no tyde here.

Thomas

Farewele thou schynyng schappe that schyniste so schire, 202
Farewele the belle of all bewtes to bide here,
Farewele thou faire foode.
Farewele the keye of counsaile,
Farewele all this worldes wele,
Farewele oure hope and oure hele,
Farewele nowe, both gracious and goode.

Veni Electa

Veni, electa mea et ponam in te thronum meum, 208
quia concupivit rex speciem tuam. 208

Thomas

That I mette with this may here my mirthe is amend. 209
I will hy me in haste and holde that I haue hight,
To bere my brethir this boodeword my bak schall I bende
And saie thame in certayne the soth of this sight.
Be dale and be doune schall I dresse me to diyot
To I fynde of this felawschippe faithfull in fere,
I schall renne and reste not to ransake full right.
Lo, the menyoe I mente of I mete thame even here
At hande.
God saffe yoou in feere,
Say brethir, what chere?

Peter

What dois thou here? 220
Pou may nowe of thi gatis be gangand.

Thomas

Why dere brethir, what bale is begune? 221

Peter

Thomas, I telle the that tene is betidde vs. 223

Thomas

Me forthinkith for my frendis that faithfull are foune. 224

Jacobus

3a, but in care litill kyndnes thou kid vs. 225

Andrew

His bragge and his boste is he besie to bid vs, 226
But and ther come any cares he kepis not to kenne.
We may renne till we raue or any ruth rid vs
For the frenschippe he fecched vs, be frith or be fenne.

Thomas

Sirs, me meruailes, I saie yowe, 230
What mevis in youre mynde.

John

We can wele fynde 232
Pou arte vnkynde.

Thomas

Nowe pees thanne, and preue it I pray yowe. 234

Peter

Pat thou come not to courte here vnkyndynes thou kid vs, 235
Oure treuth has of-turned vs to tene and to traye.
Pis yere haste thou rakid, thi reuth wolde not ridde vs,
For witte thou wele that worthy is wente on hir waye.
In a depe denne dede is scho doluen this daye,
Marie that maiden and modir so milde.

Thomas

I wate wele iwis. 241

Jacobus

Thomas, do way. 241

Andrew

Itt forse noyot to frayne hym, he will not be filde. 242

Thomas

Sirs, with hir haue I spoken 243
Lattar thanne yee.

John

Pat may not bee. 245

Thomas

Yis, knelyng on kne. 246

Peter

Panne tite can thou telle vs some token? 247

Thomas

Lo this token full tristy scho toke me to take youe. 248

Jacobus

A, Thomas, whare gate thou that girdill so gode? 249

Thomas

Sirs, my message is meuand some mirthe for to make youe, 250
For founding fleshly I fande hir till hir faire foode,
And when I mette with that maiden it mendid my mode.
Hir sande has scho sente youe, so semely to see.

Andrew

Ya, Thomas, vnstedfaste full staring thou stode- 254
Pat makis thi mynde nowe full madde for to be.
But herken and here nowe;
Late vs loke where we laid hir,
If any folke haue affraied hir.

John

Go we groppe wher we graued hir, 259
If we fynde ouyote that faire one, in fere nowe.

Peter

Behalde nowe hidir youre hedis in haste, 261
Bis glorious and goodely is gone fro this graue.

Thomas

Loo, to my talking ye toke youe no tente for to traste. 263

Jacobus

A, Thomas, vntrewly nowe trespassed we haue. 264
Mercy full kyndely we crie and we craue.

Andrew

Mercye, for foule haue we fautid in faye. 266

John

Mercye we praye the, we will not depraue. 267

Peter

Mercye for dedis we did the this daye. 268

Thomas

Oure saueour so swete 269
Forgiffe you all,

And so I schall.
Bis tokyn tall
Haue I brought yowe youre bales to beete.

Peter
Itt is welcome iwis fro that worthy wight, 274
For it was wonte for to wappe that worthy virgine.

Jacobus
Itt is welcome iwis fro that lady so light, 276
For hir wombe wolde scho wrappe with it and were it with wyne.

Andrew
Itt is welcome iwis fro that saluer of synne, 278
For scho bende it aboute hir with blossome so bright.

John
Itt is welcome iwis fro the keye of oure kynne, 280
For aboute that reuerent it rechid full right.

Peter
Nowe knele we ilkone 282
Vpponne oure kne.

Jacobus
To that lady free. 284

Andrew
Blissid motte sche be, 285
3a, for scho is lady lufsome allone.

Thomas
Nowe brethir, bese besie and buske to be bownand. 287
To Ynde will I torne me and trauell to teche.

Peter
And to Romans so royall tho renkis to be rownand 289
Will I passe fro this place my pepull to preche.

Jacobus
And I schall Samaritanus so sadly enserche, 291
To were tham be wisdom thei wirke not in waste.

Andrew
And I to Achaia full lely that lede for to leche 293
Will hy me to helpe thame and hele thame in haste.

John
Bis comenaunt accordis; 295
Sirs, sen yoe will soo
Me muste nedis parte yowe froo,

To Assia will I goo.
He lede yoou, that lorde of all lordis.

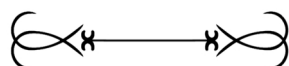
Thomas

The lorde of all lordis in lande schall he lede youe 300
Whillis yoe trauell in trouble the trewth for to teche.
With frewte of oure feithe in firthe schall we fede youe
For that laboure is lufsome ilke lede for to leche.
Nowe I passe fro youre presence the pepull to preche,
To lede thame and lere thame the lawe of oure lorde.
As I saide, vs muste asoundre and sadly enserche
Ilke contré to kepe clene and knytte in o corde
Off oure faithe.
Pat frelye foode
Pat died on rode
With mayne and moode
He grath yowe be gydis full grath.
Surge Propera Mea
Surge propera mea, 312
columba mea, tabernaculum glorie, 312
vasculum vite, templum celeste. 312
Veni de Libano
Veni de libano sponsa, 312
veni corona beris. 312

Veni Electa

Veni electa mea 312
et ponam thronum meum 312
quia concupivit speciem tuam. 312

Play 46. The Coronation of the Virgin



Jesus

Myne aungellis that are bright and schene, 1
On my message take ye the waye
Vnto Marie, my modir clene,
Pat berde is brighter than the daye.
Grete hir wele haly bedene,
An to that semely schall yoe saye
Off heuene I haue hir chosen quene,
In joie and blisse that laste schall aye.
I wille yoou saie what I haue thoughte
And why that yoe schall tille hir wende,
I will hir body to me be brought
To beilde in blisse withouten ende.
Mi flesshe of hir in erthe was tone;
Vnkindely thing it were iwis,
Pat scho schulde bide be hire allone
And I beilde here so high in blis.
Forthy tille hir than schall yoe fare
Full frendlye for to fecche hir hedir,
Pere is no thyng that I loue more,
In blisse thanne schall we belde togedir.

Angel 1

O blisfull lorde nowe moste of myght, 21
We are redye with all oure myght
Thy bidding to fulfille,
To thi modir that maiden free,
Chosen cheffe of chastité,
As it is thy wille.

Angel 2

Off this message we are full fayne, 27
We are redy with myght and mayne,
Bothe be day and be nyght.
Heuene and erthe nowe gladde may be,
Pat frely foode nowe for to see
In whome that thou did light.

Angel 3

Lorde Jesu Criste, oure gouernoure, 33
We are all boune atte thi bidding,
With joie and blisse and grete honnoure,
We schall thi modir to the bringe.

Angel 4

Hayle, the doughtir of blissid Anne, 37

Be whiche consayued thurgh the holy goste,
And thou brought forthe both God and manne,
The whiche felled doune the fendis boste.

Angel 5

Haile, roote of risse, that fourthe brought 41
Pat blissid floure oure saueoure,
The whiche that made mankynde of noight
And brought hym vppe into his toure.

Angel 6

Of the allone he wolde be borne 45
Into this worlde of wrecchidnesse,
To saue mankynde that was forlorne
And bringe thame oute of grete distresse.

Angel 1

Pou may be gladde bothe day and nyght 49
To se thy sone oure saueoure,
He will the crowne nowe, lady bright,
Pou blissid modir and faire floure.

Angel 2

Marie, modir and mayden clene, 53
Chosen cheffe vnto thi childe,
Of heuene and erthe thou arte quene;
Come vppe nowe lady, meke and mylde.

Angel 3

Pi sone has sente vs aftir the 57
To bringe the nowe vnto his blisse,
Per schall thou belde and blithe be,
Of joie and mirthe schall thou noyot misse.

Angel 4

For in his blisse withouten ende, 61
Pere schall thou alkynne solas see,
Pi liffe in likyng for to lende
With thi dere sone in trinité.

Mary

A, blissid be God, fadir all-weldand, 65
Hymselffe wottith best what is to doo.
I thanke hym with harte and hande,
Pat thus his blisse wolde take me too,
And yoou also his aungellis bright
Pat fro my sone to me is sente,
I am redy with all my myght
For to fulfille his comaundement.

Angel 5

Go we nowe thou worthi wight 73
Vnto thi sone that is so gente,
We schall the bringe into his sight
To croune the quene, thus hase he mente.

Angel 6

Alle heuene and erthe schall worschippe the 77
And baynnely be at thi biddinge,
Thy joie schall euere inressid be,
Of solas sere than schall thou synge.

Angel 1

Jesu, lorde and heueneis kyng, 81
Here is thi modir thou aftir sente,
We haue her brought at thi biddyng,
Take hir to the as thou haste mente.

Mary

Jesu my sone, loved motte thou be, 85
I thanke the hartely in my thought
Pat this wise ordand is for me,
And to this blisse thou haste me broght.

Jesus

Haile be thou Marie, maiden bright, 89
Pou arte my modir and I thy sone,
With grace and goodnesse arte thou dight,
With me in blisse ay schall thou wonne.
Nowe schall thou haue that I the hight,
Thy tyme is paste of all thi care,
Wirschippe schall the aungellis bright,
Of newe schall thou witte neuere more.

Mary

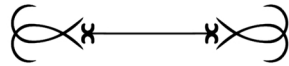
Jesu my sone, loued motte thou be, 97
I thanke the hartely in my thoyot,
Pat on this wise ordand is for me,
And to this blisse thou has me broght.

Jesus

Come forth with me my modir bright, 101
Into my blisse we schall assende
To wonne in welthe, thou worthi wight,
That neuere more schall it haue ende.
Thi newis, modir, to neuen thame nowe,
Are turned to joie, and soth it is
All aungellis bright thei schall the bowe
And worschippe the worthely iwis.
For mekill joie, modir, had thou
Whan Gabriell grette the wele be this,

And tolde the tristely for to trowe
Pou schulde consayue the kyng of blisse.
Nowe maiden meke and modir myne,
Itt was full mekill myrthe to the
Pat I schuld ligge in wombe of thine
Thurgh gretynge of an aungell free.
The secoude joie, modir, was syne
Withouten payne whan thou bare me;
The thirde aftir my bittir peyne
Fro dede on lyve thou sawe me be.
The fourthe was when I stied vppe right
To heuene vnto my fadir dere-
My modir, when thou saugh that sight,
To the it was a solas seere.
Pis is the fifte thou worthy wight,
Of the jois this has no pere,
Nowe schall thou belde in blisse so bright
For euer and ay, I highte the here,
For thou arte cheffe of chastité,
Off all women thou beris the floure;
Nowe schalle thou, lady, belde with me
In blisse that schall euere indowre
Full high on highte in magesté,
With all worshippe and all honnoure,
Wher we schall euere samen be
Beldand in oure bigly boure.
Alle-kynnys swetnesse is therin
Pat manne vppon may thynke, or wiffe,
With joie and blisse that neuere schall blynne
Per schall thou, lady, lede thy liffe.
Pou schalte be worshippid with honnoures
In heuene blisse that is so bright,
With martiris and with confessouris,
With all virginis, thou worthy wight.
Before all othere creatours
I schall the giffe both grace and might,
In heuene and erthe to sende socoures
To all that seruis the day and nyght.
I graunte thame grace with all my myght,
Thurgh askyng of thi praier,
Pat to the call be day or nyght.
In what disease so that thei are.
Pou arte my liffe and my lekyng,
Mi modir and my mayden schene;
Ressayue this croune my dere darlyng,
Per I am kyng thou schalte be quene.
Myne aungellis bright, a songe yoe singe
In the honnoure of my modir dere,
And here I giffe yoou my blissing
Haly nowe, all in fere.

Play 46A. Unidentified Fragment



Jesus

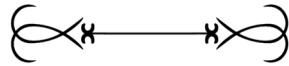
Hayle, fulgent Phebus and fader eternall, 1
Parfite plasmator and God omnipotent,
Be whos will and power perpetuall
All thinges hath influence and beyng verament.
To the I giffe louyng and laude right excellent,
And to the sperite also, graunter of all grace,
Whilke by thi woorde and thi warke omnipotent
I am thi sonne and equale in that case.
O sapor suauitatis, o succour and solace,
O life eternall and luffer of chastité,
Whome aungels abowne and the erthe in his grete space
And all thinges create loues in magesté.
Remembre, fader meke, in thi solempnyté
The woundes of thi sonne, whilke by thy providence
Pou made discende frome thyne equalité
Into the wombe of Marye, be meke obedience.
Of a virgin inuolate for mans iniquyté,
Whilke for his synne stode mekill fro thi grace,
Be hoole assente of thi solempnité
Pou made me incarnate, and trulie man I was.
Wherefore too spede me here in this space,
Pou here me fader, hertely I the praye,
As for my moder truely in this case
Pou here thi sonne, and herk what I shall saye.
Me semes mysilfe it is right grete offence
My moder wombe in erthe sulde putrifye,
Sen hir flessch and myne were bothe oone in escence,
I had none othir bot of hir truely.
She is my moder to whome legem adimpleui
Whilke thou has ordinate as by thi prouidence.
Graunte me thi grace, I the beseke hertely,
As for the tyme of hir meke innocence,
In woorde ne dede thoght the neuer to offende,
Sho myght be assumpt, I pray thyne excellence,
Vnto thi troone, and so to be commende,
In bodye and saule euer withoutyn ende
With the to reyne in thyne eternyté,
Fro sorrowe and sadnesse synners to offende.
O flagraunt fader, graunte yt myght so be.

God

O lampe of light, o lumen eternall, 40
O coequale sonne, o verrey sapience,
O mediator ande meen and lyfe perpetuall,

In whome of derk clowedes may haue none accidence-
Thoue knawes right wele by thy providence
I haue commyt my powere generall,
Tibi data potestas, ande plenall influence.
Thou ert my some...

Play 47. The Coronation of the Virgin



God

Firste when I this worlde hadde wrought- 1
Woode and wynde and wateris wan,
And all-kynne thyng that nowe is oght-
Fulle wele methoght that I did thanne.
Whenne thei were made, goode me thame thoght;
Sethen to my liknes made I man
And man to greue me gaffe he noght,
Perfore me rewis that I the worlde began.
Whanne I had made man at my will,
I gaffe hym wittis hymselfe to wisse,
And paradise I putte hym till
And bad hym halde it all as his.
But of the tree of goode and ill
I saide, 'What tyme thou etis of this,
Manne, thou spedes thiselue to spill-
pou arte broght oute of all blissé.
Belyue brak manne my bidding.
He wende haue bene a god therby;
He wende haue wittyne of all-kynne thyng,
In worlde to haue bene als wise as I.
He ete the appill I badde schulde hyng,
Bus was he begilid thurgh glotony;
Sithen both hym and his ospring
To pyne I putte thame all forthy.
To lange and late methoghte it goode
To catche thois caitiffis oute of care.
I sente my sone with full blithe moode
Till erthe, to salue thame of thare sare.
For rewthe of thame he reste on roode
And boughte thame with his body bare;
For thame he shedde his harte-bloode-
What kyndinesse myght I do thame mare?
Sethen aftirwarde he heryed hell
And toke oute thois wrecchis that ware thareinne;
Per faughte that free with feendis feele
For thame that ware sounkyn for synne.
Sethen in erthe than gonne he dwelle,
Ensaumpill he gaue thame heuene to wynne,
In tempill hymselfe to teche and tell,
To by thame blisse that neuere may blynne.
Sethen haue thei founde me full of mercye,
Full of grace and forgiffenesse,
And thei als wrecchis, wittirly,
Has ledde ther liffe in lithirnesse.

Ofte haue thei greued me greuously,
 Bus haue thei quitte me my kyndnesse;
 Perfore no lenger, sekirlye,
 Thole will I thare wikkidnesse.
 Men seis the worlde but vanité,
 Zitt will no manne beware therby;
 Ilke a day ther mirroure may thei se,
 Zitt thynke thei noyot that thei schall dye.
 All that euere I saide schulde be
 Is nowe fulfillid thurgh prophicie,
 Therefore nowe is it tyme to me
 To make endyng of mannes folie.
 I haue tholed mankynde many a yoere
 In luste and likyng for to lende,
 And vnethis fynde I ferre or nere
 A man that will his misse amende.
 In erthe I see butte synnes seere,
 Therefore myne aungellis will I sende
 To blawe ther bemys, that all may here
 The tyme is comen I will make ende.
 Aungellis, blowes youre bemys belyue,
 Ilke a creatoure for to call,
 Leerid and lewde, both man and wiffe,
 Ressayue ther dome this day thei schall,
 Ilke a leede that euere hadde liffe-
 Bese none forgetyn, grete ne small.
 Ther schall thei see the woundes fyve
 Pat my sone suffered for them all.
 And sounderes thame before my sight,
 All same in blisse schall thei not be.
 Mi blissid childre, as I haue hight,
 On my right hande I schall thame see;
 Sethen schall ilke a weried wight
 On my lifte side for ferdnesse flee.
 Bis day ther domys thus haue I dight
 To ilke a man as he hath serued me.

Angel 1

Loued be thou, lorde of myghtis moste, 81
 Pat aungell made to messengere.
 Thy will schall be fulfillid in haste,
 Pat heuene and erthe and helle schalle here.
 Goode and ill, euery-ilke a gaste,
 Rise and fecche youre flessch that was youre feere,
 For all this worlde is broght to waste.
 Drawes to youre dome, it neghes nere.

Angel 2

Ilke a creature, bothe olde and yhing, 89
 Belyue I bidde yoou that yoe ryse;

Body and sawle with yooou yoe bring,
And comes before the high justise.
For I am sente fro heuene kyng
To calle yooou to this grette assise,
Perfore rise vppe and geue rekenyng
How yoe hym serued vppon sere wise.

Good Soul 1

Loued be thou lorde, that is so schene, ⁹⁷
Pat on this manere made vs to rise,
Body and sawle togedir, clene,
To come before the high justise.
Of oure ill dedis, lorde, thou not mene,
That we haue wroght vppon sere wise,
But graunte vs for thy grace bedene
Pat we may wonne in paradise.

Good Soul 2

A, loued be thou, lorde of all, ¹⁰⁵
Pat heuene and erthe and all has wroght,
Pat with thyne aungellis wolde vs call
Oute of oure graues hidir to be broght.
Ofte haue we greued the, grette and small,
Peraftir lorde thou deme vs noght,
Ne suffir vs neuere to fendis to be thrall,
Pat ofte in erthe with synne vs soght.

Bad Soul 1

Allas, alas, that we were borne, ¹¹³
So may we synfull kaytiffis say;
I here wele be this hydous horne
Itt drawes full nere to domesday.
Allas, we wrecchis that are forlorne,
Pat never yoitt serued God to paye,
But ofte we haue his flesh forsworne-
Allas, alas, and welaway.
What schall we wrecchis do for drede,
Or whedir for ferdnes may we flee,
When we may bringe forthe no goode dede
Before hym that oure juge schall be?
To aske mercy vs is no nede,
For wele I wotte dampned be we,
Allas, that we swilke liffe schulde lede
Pat dighte vs has this destonye.
Oure wikkid werkis thei will vs wreye,
Pat we wende never schuld haue bene weten,
Pat we did ofte full pryuely,
Appertely may we se them wreten.
Allas, wrecchis, dere mon we by-
Full smerte with helle fyre be we smetyn.

Nowe mon neuere saule ne body dye,
But with wikkid peynes euermore be betyne.
Allas, for drede sore may we quake,
Oure dedis beis oure dampnacioune.
For oure mys menyng mon we make,
Helpe may none excusacioune.
We mon be sette for oure synnes sake
Foreuere fro oure saluacioune,
In helle to dwelle with feendes blake,
Wher neuer schall be redempcioune.

Bad Soul 2

Als carefull caitiffis may we ryse, ¹⁴⁵
Sore may we wringe oure handis and wepe;
For cursidnesse and for covetise
Dampned be we to helle full depe.
Rought we neuere of Goddis seruise,
His comaundementis wolde we noyot kepe,
But ofte than made we sacrafise
To Satanas when othir slepe.
Allas, now wakens all oure were,
Oure wikkid werkis may we not hide,
But on oure bakkis vs muste them bere-
Thei wille vs wreye on ilke a side.
I see foule feendis that wille vs feere,
And all for pompe of wikkid pride.
Wepe we may with many a teere,
Allas, that we this day schulde bide.
Before vs playnly bese fourth brought
Be dedis that vs schall dame bedene;
Pat eres has herde, or harte has thoght,
Sen any tyme that we may mene,
Pat fote has gone or hande has wroght,
That mouthe hath spoken or ey has sene-
Bis day full dere thanne bese it boght;
Allas, vnborne and we hadde bene.

Angel 3

Standis nocht togedir, parte you in two! ¹⁶⁹
All sam schall yoe nocht be in blisse;
Oure fadir of heuene woll it be soo,
For many of yowe has wroght amys.
Be goode on his right hande yoe goe,
Be way till heuene he will you wisse;
3e weryed wightis, yoe flee hym fro
On his left hande as none of his.

God

Bis woffull worlde is brought till ende, ¹⁷⁷
Mi fadir of heuene he woll it be;

Perfore till erthe nowe will I wende
Miselue to sitte in magesté.
To deme my domes I woll descende;
Pis body will I bere with me-
Howe it was dight, mannes mys to mende,
All mankynde there schall it see.
Mi postelis and my darlyngis dere,
Be dredfull dome this day is dight.
Both heuen and erthe and hell schall here
Howe I schall holde that I haue hight:
That yoe schall sitte on seetis sere
Beside myselffe to se that sight,
And for to deme folke ferre and nere
Aftir ther werkyng, wronge or right.
I saide also whan I you sente
To suffre sorowe for my sake,
All tho that wolde thame right repente
Shulde with you wende and wynly wake;
And to youre tales who toke no tente
Shulde fare to fyre with fendis blake.
Of mercy nowe may noyot be mente,
Butt, aftir wirkyng, welth or wrake.
My hetyng haly schall I fullfille,
Therefore comes furth and sittis me by
To here the dome of goode and ill.

1 Apostle 1

I loue the, lord God allmyghty; 204
Late and herely, lowde and still,
To do thy bidding bayne am I.
I obblissh me to do thi will
With all my myght, als is worthy.

2 Apostle 2

A, myghtfull God, here is it sene 209
Pou will fulfille thi forward right,
And all thi sawes thou will maynteyne.
I loue the, lorde, with all my myght,
Pat for vs that has erthely bene
Swilke dingnitees has dressed and dight.

God

Comes fourthe, I schall sitte youu betwene, 215
And all fullfille that I haue hight.

1 Diabolus 1

Felas, arraye vs for to fight, 217
And go we faste oure fee to fange.
Be dredefull dome this day is dight-
I drede me that we dwelle full longe.

2 Diabolus 2

We schall be sene euere in ther sight 221
And warly waite, ellis wirke we wrange,
For if the domisman do vs right,
Full grete partie with vs schall gang.

3 Diabolus 3

He schall do right to foo and frende, 225
For nowe schall all the soth be sought.
All weried wightis with vs schall wende,
To payne endles thei schall be broght. 228

God

Ilke a creature, takes entent 229
What bodworde I to you bringe:
Pis wofull worlde away is wente,
And I am come as crouned kyng.
Mi fadir of heuene, he has me sente
To deme youre dedis and make ending.
Comen is the day of jugement;
Of sorowe may ilke a synfull synge.
The day is comen of kaydyfnes,
All tham to care that are vnclene,
Be day of bale and bittirnes-
Full longe abedyn has it bene;
Be day of drede to more and lesse,
Of ire, of trymbelyng, and of tene,
Pat ilke a wight that weried is
May say, 'Allas, this daye is sené.
Here may yoe see my woundes wide,
Be whilke I tholed for youre mysdede.
Thurgh harte and heed, foote, hande and hide,
Nought for my gilte, butt for youre nede.
Beholdis both body, bak and side,
How dere I bought youre brotherhede.
Bes bittir peynes I wolde abide-
To bye you blisse thus wolde I bleede.
Mi body was scourged withouten skill,
As theffe full thraly was I thrette;
On crosse thei hanged me, on a hill,
Blody and bloo, as I was bette,
With croune of thorne throsten full ill.
Pis spere vnto my side was sette-
Myne harte-bloode spared noght thei for to spill;
Manne, for thy loue wolde I not lette.
Be Jewes spitte on me spitously,
Pei spared me no more than a theffe.
Whan thei me strake I stode full stilly,
Agaynste tham did I nothyng greue.
Behalde, mankynde, this ilke is I,

Pus was I dight for thy folye- 267
 Man, loke, thy liffe was to me full leffe.
 Pus was I dight thi sorowe to slake;
 Manne, thus behoued the to borrowed be.
 In all my woo toke I no wrake,
 Mi will itt was for the loue of the.
 Man, sore aught the for to quake,
 Bis dredfull day this sight to see.
 All this I suffered for thi sake-
 Say, man, what suffered thou for me?
 My blissid childre on my right hande,
 Youre dome this day yoe thar not drede,
 For all youre comforte is command,
 Youre liffe in likyng schall yoe lede.
 Commes to the kyngdome ay-lastand
 Pat yoou is dight for youre goode dede,
 Full blithe may yoe be where yoe stande,
 For mekill in heuene schall be youre mede.
 Whenne I was hungry yoe me fedde,
 To slake my thirste youre harte was free;
 Whanne I was clothles yoe me cledde,
 Ze wolde no sorowe vpon me see.
 In harde presse whan I was stedde,
 Of my payns yoe hadde pitee;
 Full seke whan I was brought in bedde,
 Kyndely yoe come to coumforte me.
 Whanne I was wille and werieste
 Ze herbered me full hartefully;
 Full gladde thanne were yoe of youre geste,
 And pleyned my pouerté piteuously.
 Belyue yoe brought me of the beste
 And made my bedde full esyly,
 Perfore in heuene schall be youre reste,
 In joie and blisse to be me by.

Good Soul 1

Whanne hadde we, lorde that all has wroght, 301
 Meete and drinke the with to feede,
 Sen we in erthe hadde neuere noght
 But thurgh the grace of thy Godhede?

Good Soul 2

Whanne waste that we the clothes brought, 305
 Or visite the in any nede,
 Or in thi sikenes we the sought?
 Lorde, when did we the this dede?

God

Mi blissid childir, I schall yoou saye 309
 What tyme this dede was to me done:

When any that nede hadde, nyght or day,
 Askid yoou helpe and hadde it sone.
 Youre fre hartis saide them neuere nay,
 Erely ne late, mydday ne none,
 But als ofte-sithis as thei wolde praye,
 Pame thurte but bide and haue ther bone.
 Ze cursid caytiffis of Kaymes kynne,
 Pat neuere me comforte in my care,
 I and yoe foreuer will twynne,
 In dole to dwelle for euermare.
 Youre bittir bales schall neuere blynne
 Pat yoe schall haue when yoe come thare;
 Bus haue yoe serued for youre synne,
 For derffe dedis yoe haue done are.
 Whanne I had mistir of mete and drynke,
 Caytiffis, yoe cacched me fro youre yoate.
 Whanne yoe wer sette as sirs on benke,
 I stode theroute, werie and wette;
 Was none of yowe wolde on me thynke,
 Pyté to haue of my poure state,
 Perfore till hell I schall you synke-
 Weele are yoe worthy to go that gate.
 Whanne I was seke and soriest
 Ze visitte me noght, for I was poure;
 In prisoune faste whan I was feste
 Was none of you loked howe I fore.
 Whenne I wiste neuere where for to reste,
 With dyntes yoe draffe me fro your dore,
 Butte euer to pride thanne were yoe preste,
 Mi flessch, my bloode, ofte yoe forswore.
 Clothles whanne I was ofte, and colde,
 At nede of you, yoede I full naked;
 House ne herborow, helpe ne holde
 Hadde I none of you, thof I quaked.
 Mi mischeffe sawe ye manyfolde,
 Was none of you my sorowe slaked,
 Butt euere forsoke me, yonge and alde,
 Perfore schall yoe nowe be forsaked.

Bad Soul 1

Whan had thou, lorde that all thing has, ³⁴⁹
 Hungir or thirste, sen thou God is?
 Whan was that thou in prisoune was?
 Whan was thou naked or herberles?

Bad Soul 2

Whan was it we sawe the seke, allas? ³⁵³
 Whan kid we the this vnkyndinesse?
 Werie or wette to late the passe,
 When did we the this wikkidnesse?

God

Caistiffis, als ofte als it betidde 357
Pat nedfull aught askid in my name,
Ze herde them noght, youre eris yoe hidde,
Youre helpe to thame was noyot at hame.
To me was that vnkyndines kyd,
Perfore ye bere this bittir blame;
To leste or moste whan yoe it did,
To me yoe did the selue and the same.
Mi chosen childir, comes vnto me,
With me to wonne nowe schall yoe wende
Pere joie and blisse schall euer be,
Zoure liffe in lyking schall yoe lende.
Ze cursed kaitiffis, fro me yoe flee,
In helle to dwelle withouten ende,
Per yoe schall neuere butt sorowe see
And sitte be Satanas the fende.
Nowe is fulfillid all my forthoght,
For endid is all erthely thyng.
All worldly wightis that I haue wroght,
Aftir ther werkis haue nowe wonnyng.
Thei that wolde synne and sessid noght,
Of sorowes sere now schall thei syng,
And thei that mendid thame whils thei mought
Shall belde and bide in my blissing.

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End of Sample