

## PLAY TWENTY-NINE- The Trial before Caiaphas and Annas

### (The Bowyers and Fletchers)

**CAYPHAS** Peace, \*bewshers, I bid no jangling ye make, (\*good sirs- sarcasm)  
And cease soon of your \*saws and see what I say, (\*sayings)  
And true (at)tent unto me this time that ye take,  
For I am a lord learned \*lelly in your \*\*lay. (\*truly, loyally) (\*\*laws)

By cunning of clergy and casting of wit  
Full wisely my words I wield at my will,  
So seemly in seat me seems for to sit,  
And the law for to learn you and \*lede it by skill, (\*teach)  
Right soon.

What \*wite so will ought with me (\*person, wit)  
Full friendly in faith am I foun(d);  
Come off, do \*tyte, let me see (\*quickly)  
How graciously I shall grant him his boon.

There is neither lord nor lady learned in the law,  
Nay bishop nay prelate that proved is for price, (i.e. has proved their worth)  
Nor clerk in the court that cunning will know  
With wisdom may \*were him in world is so wise. (\*confuse, dismay)

I have the rank and the rule of all the royal,  
To rule it by right as reason it is;  
All \*doomsmen on dais owe for to \*dowte me (\*judges) (\*fear)  
That has them in \*bandome in \*\*bale or in bliss; (\*bondage) (\*\*sorrow)  
Wherefore take (at)tent to my tales and \*lowtis unto me. (\*laud, praise)

And therefore, sir knights . . .

*Tunc dicunt: Lorde*

**[They say: Lord]**

I charge you challenge your rights  
To wait both by day and by nights  
Of the bringing of a boy into \*bale. (\*captivity, sorrow)

**I MILES** Yis, lord, we shall wait if any wonders walk,  
And \*freyne how your folks fare that are forth run. (\*ask)

**II MILES**  
We shall be \*bayne at your bidding and it not to balk (\*obedient, bound)  
If they present you that boy in a band boun(d).

**ANNA**

Why, sir, and is there a boy that will not \*lowte to your bidding? (\*bow, praise)

**CAYPHAS** Ya, sir, and of the curiousness of that churl there is carping,  
But I have sent for that \*segge half for \*\*hethyng (\*boaster) (\*\*fun, amusement)

**ANNA** What wonderful works works that \*wight? (\*soul, person)

**CAYPHAS** Sick men and sorry he sends \*siker healing, (\*true, lasting)  
And to lame men, and blind he sends their sight.

Of crooked cripples that we know  
It is to hear great wondering  
How that he heals them all on row,  
And all through his false happening.

I am sorry of a sight that eggs me to ire;  
Our law he breaks with all his might,  
That is most his desire.

Our Sabbat day he will not save  
But is about to bring it down  
And therefore sorrow must him have.  
May he be caught in field or town  
For his false \*steven.  
He defames foully the Godhead  
And calls himself God Son of heaven.

(\*commands, shouts)

**ANNA** I have good knowledge of that knave.  
Marie me means, his mother \*hight,  
And Joseph his father, as God me save,  
Was \*kidde and known well for a \*wright.

(\*called)

(\*spoken of) (\*\*i.e. carpenter)

But one thing me marvels mickle over all  
Of diverse deeds that he has done.

**CAYPHAS** With witchcraft he fares withall,  
Sir, that shall ye see full soon.

Our knights they are forth went  
To take him with a \*traye;  
By this I hold him \*shent.  
He cannot wend away.

(\*betrayal, traitor, trap)

(\*destroyed)

**ANNA** Would ye, sir, take your rest,  
This day is come on hand,

And with wine slake your thirst?  
Than durst I well warrant

Ye should have tidings soon  
Of the knights that are gone  
And how that they have done  
To take him by a \*trayne,

(\*trick)

And put all thought away  
And let your matters rest.

**CAYPHAS** I will do as ye say,  
Do get us wine of the best.

**I MILES** My lord, here is wine  
that will make you to wink;  
It is liquor full delicious,  
my lord, and you like.

Wherefore I \*rede \*drely  
a draught that ye drink,

(\*advise) (\*earnestly, or with dry humour)

For in this country, that we know,  
\*iwisse there is none \*slyke,

(\*I believe) (\*\*such)

Wherefore we counsel you,  
this cup \*saverly for to kiss.

(\*confidently)

**CAYPHAS** Do on daintily and dress me on dais

And \*handily hill on me \*\*happing,

(\*skillfully) (\*\*blankets, coverings)

And warn all \*wights to be in peace,

(\*souls, people)

For I am late laid unto napping.

**ANNA** My lord, with your le(a)ve, and it like you, I pass.

**CAYPHAS** Adieu be unto, as the manner is.

**\*MULIER** Sir knights, do keep this boy in \*\*band,

(\*woman) (\*\*bondage)

For I will go \*wit what it may mean,

(\*know)

Why that yon \*wight was him \*\*followand

(\*soul, man) (\*\*following)

Early and late, morn and e(v)en.

He will come near, he will not let;

He is a spy, I warrant, full bold.

**III MILES** It seems by his (dis)sembling he had \*levere be set

(\*rather)

By the fervent fire to flame him from cold.

**MULIER** Ya, but \*and ye \*\*wiste as well as I

(\*if) (\*\*know)

What wonders that this \*wight has wrought,  
And through his master sorcery  
Full dearly should his death be bought.

(\*person, soul)

**IV MILES** Dame, we have him now at will  
That we have long time sought;  
If other go by us still,  
Therefore we have no thought.

**MULIER** It were great scorn that he should (e)scape  
Without he had reason and skill,  
He looks lurking like an ape;  
I hope I shall haste me him \*till.

(\*to)

Thou \*caitiff, what moves thee stand  
So stable and still in thy thought?  
Thou hast wrought mickle wrong in land  
And wonderful works has thou wrought.

(\*captive, wretch)

Ah, \*lorell, a leader of law,  
To set him and sue has thou sought.  
Stand forth and thrust in yon \*throw,  
Thy mastery thou bring unto nought.

(\*scoundrel, beggar)

(\*crowd?)

Wait now, he looks like a \*brock,  
Were he in a \*band for to bait,  
Or else like an owl on a \*stock  
Full privily his prey for to wait.

(\*badger)

(\*bondage, ropes)

(\*stump)

**PETRUS** Woman, thy words and thy wind thou not waste,  
Of his company never ere I was \*kenned.  
Thou has thee mismarked, truly by trust;  
Wherefore of thy miss thou thee amend.

(\*known)

**MULIER** Then gainsay thou here the \*saws that thou said,  
How he should claim to be called God Son,  
And with the works that he wrought  
Whilst he walketh in this flood,  
\*Banely at our bidding always to be boun(d).

(\*teachings)

(\*obediently, humbly)

**PETRUS** I will consent to your \*saws;  
what should I say more?  
For women are crabbed,  
that comes them of kind.  
But I say as I first said,  
I saw him never ere;

(\*words, teachings)

But as a friend of your fellowship  
shall ye me \*aye find. (\*ever, always)

**MALCHUS** Hark, knights, that are known  
in this country as we \*ken, (\*know)  
How yon boy with his boast  
has brewed mickle \*bale: (\*sorrow, agony)  
He has forsaken his master  
before yon women.  
But I shall prove to you \*pertly (\*briefly)  
and tell you my tale.

I was present with people  
when \*press was full pressed (\*crowd)  
To meet with his master,  
with main and with might,  
And hurled him hardily  
and hastily him arrest,  
And in bands full bitterly  
bound him sore all that night.

And of tokening of truth shall I tell you,  
How yon boy with a brand  
(up)braid me full near  
(Do move of these matters among you),  
For swiftly he swapped off my ear.

His master with his might healed me all whole,  
That by no sign I could see no man could it \*witten (\*understand)  
And then bade him bear peace in every \*ilke \*\*bale, (\*each) (\*\*misdeed, torment)  
For he that strikes with a sword, with a sword shall be stricken.

Let see whether grants thou guilt.  
Do speak on and spare not to tell us  
Or full fast I shall found thee flit,  
The \*sooth but thou say here among us. (\*truth)

Come off, do \*tyte, let me see now, quickly (\*swiftly)  
In saving of thyself from shame,  
[LINE MISSING.]  
Ya, and also for bearing of blame.

**PETRUS** I was never with him in work that he wrought  
In word nor in work, in will nor in deed;  
I know no \*corse that ye have hither brought, (\*body, corpse)  
In no court of this \*kith, if I should right \*\*rede. (\*country) (\*\*mention, teach)

**MALCHUS** Hear, sirs, how he says and has forsaken  
His master to this woman here twice,  
And newly our law has he taken;  
Thus hath he denied him thrice.

**JESUS** Peter, Peter, thus said I ere  
When thou said thou would abide with me  
In weal and woe, in sorrow and care,  
Whilst I should thrice forsaken be.

**PETRUS** Alas, the while that I come here,  
That ever I denied my Lorde in \*quart, (\*entirely)  
The look of his fair face so clear  
With full sad sorrow shears my heart.

**III MILES**  
Sir knights, take keep of this churl and be \*konnand; (\*knowing, cunning)  
Because of Sir Caiaphas we know well his thought.  
He will reward us full well, that dare I well warrant,  
When he \*wit of our works how well we have wrought. (\*knows)

**IV MILES** Sir, this is Caiaphas' hall here at hand;  
Go we boldly with this boy that we have here brought.

**III MILES** Nay, sirs, us must stalk to that \*stead and full still stand, (\*place)  
For it is now of the night, if they nap ought.  
Say, who is here?

**I MILES** Say, who is here?

**III MILES** I, a friend,  
Well known in this country for a knight.

**II MILES** Go forth, on your ways may ye wend,  
For we have harboured enough for tonight.

**I MILES** Go aback, \*bewscheres, ye both are to blame, (\*good sirs)  
To \*bourde when our bishop is bound to his bed. (\*joke)

**IV MILES** Why, sir, it were worthy to welcome us home;  
We have gone for this warlock and we have well sped.

**II MILES** Why, who is that?

**II MILES** The Jew's king, Jesus by name.

**I MILES** Ah, ye be welcome, that dare I well \*wed, (\*think)  
My lord has sent for to seek him.

**IV MILES** Loo(k), see here the same.

**II MILES** Abide as I bid and be nought adread.  
My lord, my lord, my lord, here is \*layke, if you \*\*list. (\*sport, amusement) (\*\*like)

**CAYPHAS** Peace, \*loselles, \*\*list ye be \*\*\*nice? (\*fools) (\*\*likes) (\*\*\*foolish)

**I MILES** My lord, it is well if ye \*wiste. (\*think)

**CAYPHAS** What, name us no more, for it is twice.

Thou takes none heed to the haste  
that we have here on hand;  
Go \*frayne how our folk fares (\*ask)  
that are forth ran.

**II MILES** My lord, your knights has \*kared (\*carried out)  
as ye them command,  
And they have fallen full fair.

**CAYPHAS** Why, and is the fool found?

**I MILES** Ya, lord, they have brought a boy in a band bound.

**CAYPHAS** Where now, Sir Anna, that is one and able to be near?

**ANNA** My lord, with your le(a)ve me behoves to be here.

**CAYPHAS** Ah, sir, come near and sit we both in \*fere. (\*company)

**ANNA** Do, sir, bid them bring in that boy that is boun(d).

**CAYPHAS** Peace now, Sir Anna, be still and let him stand,  
And let us grope if this game be \*grathly begun. (\*readily)

**ANNA** Sir, this game is begun of the best;  
Now had he no force for to flee them.

**CAYPHAS** Now, in faith, I am \*fayne he is fast; (\*glad)  
Do lead in that lad, let me see then.

**II MILES** Lo(ok), sir, we have said to our sovereign,

Go now and sue to himself for the same thing.

**III MILES** Mi lord, to your bidding we are \*buxom and \*bayne, (\*obedient)  
Lo(ok), here is the \*belschere brought that ye bade bring. (\*good sir)

**IV MILES** My lord, \*fandis now to fear him. (\*find, test)

**CAYPHAS** Now I am \*fayne, (\*joyful)  
And fellows, fair might ye fall for your finding.

**ANNA** Sir, and ye \*trowe they be true (\*trust)  
withouten any \*trayne, (\*trick)  
Bid them tell you the time of the taking.

**CAYPHAS** Say, fellows, how went ye so nimbly by night?

**III MILES** My lord, was there no man to mar us nor mend us.

**IV MILES** My lord, we had lanterns and light,  
And some of his company \*kenned us. (\*knew)

**ANNA** But say, how did he, Judas?

**III MILES** Ah, sir, full wisely and well:  
He marked us his master among all his men  
And kissed him full kindly his comfort to \*kele (\*kill, quell)  
Because of a countenance that churl for to \*ken. (\*know)

**CAYPHAS** And thus did he his \*devere? (\*duty)

**IV MILES** Ya, lord, every \*ilke a dele: (\*each thing)  
He taught us to take him  
the time after ten.

**ANNA** Now, by my faith, a faint friend might he there find.

**III MILES** Sire, ye might so have said  
had ye him seen then.

**IV MILES** He set us to the same that he sold us  
And feigned to be his friend as a \*faytour; (\*fraud)  
This was the tokening before that he told us.

**CAYPHAS** Now, truly, this was a \*trante of a traitor. (\*trick, game)

**ANNA** Ya, be he traitor or true give we never tale,



But takes (at)tent at this time and hear what he tells.

**CAYPHAS** Now see that our household be holden here whole  
So that none carp in case but that in court dwells.

**III MILES** Ah, lord, this \*brethell hath brewed much \*\*bale. (\*sinner) (\*\*agony)

**CAYPHAS** Therefore shall we speed us to spare of his spells.  
Sir Anna, take heed now and hear him.

**ANNA** Say, lad, \*liste thee nocht \*\*lowte to a lord? (\*likes) (\*\*bow, praise)

**IV MILES** No, sir, with your leave, we shall \*lere him. (\*teach, learn)

**CAYPHAS** Nay, sir, not so, no haste.

It is no \*burde to beat beasts that are boun(d), (\*game, sport)  
And therefore with fairness first we will him \*fraste (\*test, enquire)  
And sithen further him forth as we have foun(d).  
And tell us some tales, truly to trust.

**ANNA** Sir, we might as well talk

tille a tome tonne. (i.e. to a dumb stone)

I warrant him witless

or else he is wrong \*wrayste, (\*seized, tricked, twisted)

Or else he waits to work

as he was ere \*wonne. (\*living, doing)

**III MILES** His \*wonne was to work mickle woe (\*livelihood, living)  
And make many masteries among us.

**KAYPHAS** And some shall he grant ere he go,  
Or must you tend him and tell us.

**IV MILES** Mi lord, to \*wit the wonders that he has wrought, (\*know)  
For to tell you the tenth it would our tongues tear.

**KAYPHAS** Since the boy for his boast is into \*bale brought, (\*captivity)  
We will \*wit ere he wend how his works were. (\*know)

**III MILES** Our Sabbat day we say

saves he right not

That he should hallow and hold

full \*dingne and full dear. (\*dignified)

**IV MILES** No, sir, in the same \*feste (\*festival)  
as we the sot sought,

He salved them of sickness  
on many sides \*seere. (\*separate, diverse)

**CAYPHAS** What then, makes he them \*grathely to \*\*gange? (\*readily) (\*\*go)

**III MILES** Ya, lord, even forth in every \*ilke a town (\*each)  
He them \*leeches to life after long. (\*heals)

**CAYPHAS** Ah, this makes he by the mightes of \*Mahounde. (\*Mohammed)

**IV MILES** Sir, our stiff Temple, that made is of stone,  
That passes any palace of price for to praise,  
\*And it were down to the earth and to the ground gone, (\*if)  
This ribald he rouses him \*rathely to raise. (\*readily, swiftly)

**III MILES** Ya, lord, and other wonders he works great \*wone, (\*living)  
And with his loud \*lesings he loses our \*\*layes. (\*lies) (\*\*laws)

**CAYPHAS** Go, loose him, and leave then and let me alone,  
For myself shall search him and hear what he says.

**ANNA** Hark, Jesus of Jews will have joy  
To spill all thy sport for thy spells.

**CAYPHAS** Do \*move, fellow, of thy friends that fed thee before, (\*talk)  
And \*sithen, fellow, of thy fare further will I \*\*freyne. (\*then) (\*\*ask)  
Do \*neven us lightly — his language is \*\*lorne. (\*name) (\*\*lost)

**III MILES** My lord, with your leave, him likes for to \*layne, (\*lie)  
But and he should (e)scape \*skatheles it were a full scorn, (\*without harm)  
For he has mustered among us full mickle of his \*main. (\*power)

**IV MILES** Malkus, your man, lord, that had his ear shorn,  
This harlot full hastily healed it again.

**CAYPHAS**  
What, and \*liste him be \*\*nyse for the \*\*\*nonce, (\*likes) (\*\*foolish) (\*\*moment)  
And hear how we haste to \*rehetete him. (\*rebuke, attack)

**ANNA** Now, by Belial's blood and his bones,  
I hold it best to go beat him.

**CAYPHAS** Nay, sir, none haste, we shall have game ere we go.  
Boy, be not aghast if we seem gay;  
I conjure thee kindly and command thee also  
By great God that is living and last shall \*ay, (\*ever)

If thou be Christ, God's Son, tell to us two.

**JESUS** Sir, thou says it thyself, and \*soothly I say (\*truly)  
That I shall go to my Father that I come fro(m)  
And dwell with him \*winly in wealth alway. (\*winningly, graciously)

**CAYPHAS** Why, fie on thee, \*faitour untrue. (\*fraud)  
Thy father has thou foully defamed,  
Now needs us no notes of new,  
Himself with his \*saws has he shamed. (\*sayings, words)

**ANNA** Now needs neither witness nor counsel to call,  
But take his \*saws as he sayeth in the same \*\*stead: (\*Sayings) (\*\*place)  
He slanders the Godhead and grieves us all,  
Wherefore he is well worthy to be dead.  
And therefore, sir, say him the \*sooth. (\*truth)

**CAYPHAS** \*Sertis, so I shall. (\*surely, certainly)  
Hears thou not, harlot?  
Ill \*happe on thy head. (\*luck, happiness)  
Answer here \*grathely to great and to small, (\*quickly)  
And reach us out \*rathely some reason, I \*\*rede. (\*readily) (\*\*advise)

**JESUS** My reasons are not to rehearse,  
Nor they that might help me are not here now.

**ANNA** Say, lad, \*liste thee make verse? (\*likes)  
Do tell on, \*belyff, let us hear now. (\*be lively)

**JESUS** Sir, if I say the \*sooth, thou shall not assent (\*truth)  
But hinder or haste me hung.  
I preached where people was most in present  
And no point in privity to old ne young.  
And also in your Temple I told mine intent,  
Ye might have ta'en me that time for my telling  
Well better than bring me with brands unburnt,  
And thus to (an)noy me by night and also for nothing.

**CAYPHAS** For nothing? \*Losell, thou lies, (\*wretch)  
Thy words and works will have a \*wrekyng. (\*reckoning)

**JESUS** Sire, since thou with wrong so me \*wreyes, (\*betrays)  
Go, \*spere them that heard of my speaking. (\*search, enquire)

**CAYPHAS** Ah, this traitor has \*tened me (\*pained)  
with tales that he has told,

Yet had I never such \*hething  
as of a harlot as he. (\*contempt, mockery)

**I MILES** What, fie on thee, beggar,  
who made thee so bold  
To \*bourde with our bishop? (\*jest)  
Thy bane shall I be.

**JESUS** Sir, if my words be wrong or worse than thou would,  
A wrong witness I \*wot now are ye, (\*know)  
And if my \*saws be \*\*sooth they must be sore sold, (\*sayings) (\*\*truth)  
Wherefore thou \*bourdes too broad for to beat me. (\*jokes)

**II MILES** My lord, will ye hear, for Mahounde?  
No more now for to \*neven that it needs. (\*name, mention)

**CAYPHAS** Go, \*dress you and \*ding ye him down, (\*prepare) (\*\*strike)  
And deaf us no more with his deeds.

**ANNA** Nay, sir, than blemish ye prelate's estates;  
Ye \*awe to \*\*deem no man to dead for to \*\*\*ding. (\*ought)(\*\*doom, judge)(\*\*\*hit)

**CAYPHAS** Why, sir, so were better than be in debate;  
Ye see the boy will not bow for our bidding.

**ANNA** Now sir, ye must present this boy unto Sir Pilate,  
For he is \*doomsman near and next to the king, (\*judge)  
And let him hear all the whole, how ye him hate  
And whether he will help him or haste him to hang.

**I MILES** My lord, let men lead him by night,  
So shall ye best (e)scape out of scorning.

**II MILES** My lord, it is now in the night;  
I \*rede ye abide 'til the morning. (\*advise)

**CAYPHAS** \*Bewschere, thou says the best, and so shall it be, (\*good sir)  
But learn yon boy better to bend and bow.

**I MILES** We shall learn yon lad, by my \*lewté, (\*loyalty, oath)  
For to \*loute unto \*\*ilke lord like unto you. (\*bow, praise) (\*\*each)

**CAYPHAS** Ya, and fellows, wait that he be \*ay \*\*wakand. (\*always) (\*\*waking)

**II MILES** Yis, lord, that warrant will we.  
It were a full needless note to bid us nap now.

**III MILES** \*Sertis, will ye sit, and soon shall ye see (\*certainly)  
How we shall play \*popse for the \*\*pages \*\*\*prowe.  
(\*blind man's buff) (\*\*boy's) (\*\*profit, reward)

**IV MILES** Let see, who starts for a stool?  
For I have here a \*hatir to hide him. (\*hood, cloth- "hat here")

**I MILES** Lo, here is one full fit for a fool;  
Go get it, and set thee beside him.

**II MILES** Nay, I shall set it myself and \*frush him also. (\*thrash, charge)  
Lo(ok), here a shroud for a shrew, and of sheen shape.

**III MILES** Play fair in \*feere, and there is one and there is - two; (\*together)  
I shall find to faste(n) it with a fair flap,  
And there is — three, and there is — four.  
Say, now, with an evil \*happe, (\*luck)  
Who \*nighs thee now? Not one word, no. (\*is near)

**IV MILES** Does noddle on him with \*neffes (\*fists)  
That he not nap.

**I MILES** Nay, now to nap is no need,  
Wassail, wassail!  
I warrant him wakened.

**II MILES** Ya, and but he better \*bourdis can bide, (\*jests, jokes)  
Such buffets shall he be \*takand. (\*taking)

**III MILES** Prophet, I say, to be out of debate,  
*Quis te percussit*, man? \*Rede if thou may. [Who hits you?] (\*say, advise)

**IV MILES** Those words are in waste,  
what \*weens thou he \*\*wot? (\*thinks) (\*\*knows)  
It seems by his working  
his wits were away.

**I MILES** Now let him stand as he stood  
in a fool's state,  
For he likes not this \*layke, (\*game, sport)  
my life dare I \*lay. (\*bet)

**II MILES** Sirs, us must present this page to Sir Pilate,  
But go we first to our sovereign  
and see what he says.

**III MILES** My lord, we have \*bourded with this boy (\*joked, played)  
And hold him full hot among us.

**CAYPHAS** Then heard ye some japes of joy?

**IV MILES** The devil have the word, lord, he would tell us.

**ANNA** Sir, bid \*belyve, they go and bind him again (\*quickly, lively)  
So that he (e)scape not, for that were a scorn.

**CAYPHAS** Do tell to Sir Pilate our (com)plaints all plain  
And say, this lad with his \*lesings has our laws \*\*lorne; (\*lying) (\*lost)  
And say this same day must he be slain  
Because of Sabbath day that shall be \*tomorne. (\*tomorrow)  
And say that we come ourself for certain,  
And for to further this fare, fare ye before.

**I MILES** Mi lord, with your leave, us must wend,  
Our message to make as we may.

**CAYPHAS** Sir, your fair fellowship  
we betake to the fiend.  
Go on now and dance forth in the devil's way.