## PLAY THIRTY- The First Trial before Pilate/ The Dream of Pilate’s Wife

## (The Tapestry-makers and Couchers)

**PILATUS**   Ye cursed creatures that cruelly are crying,  
Restrain you for striving  
   for strength of my strikes;  
Your (com)plaints in my presence  
   use \*plately applying, (\*plainly, openly)  
Or else this \*brand in your brains, (\*sword, torch)  
   shall burst and breaks.  
This \*brand in his bones breaks, (\*sword, torch)  
What brawl(er) that with brawling me brews,  
That wretch may not \*wry from my \*\*wrekis, (\*writhe, escape) (\*\*vengeance)  
Nor his sleights not slyly him slakes,  
Let that traitor not trust in my \*truce. (\*i.e. good faith, amity)  
  
For Sir Caesar was my sire  
   and I \*soothly his son, (\*truly)  
That excellent emperor exalted in height  
Which all this wild world with wits had won;  
And my mother \*hight Pila that proud was of \*\*plight, (\*called) (\*\*promise, marriage)  
O(f) Pila that proud, and Atus her father he \*hight. (\*called, named)  
This Pila was had into Atus,  
Now ranks, \*rede ye it right? (\*understand, advise)  
For thus shortly I have showed you in sight  
How I am proudly proved Pilatus.  
  
Loo(k), Pilate I am, proved a prince of great pride;  
I was put into \*Pounce the people to (re)press, (\*Pontia)  
And sithen Caesar himself with senators by his side,  
Remit me to their remiss, the ranks to \*redress. (\*reform)  
And yet am I granted on ground, as I guess,  
To justify and judge all the Jews.  
Ah, love, here lady, no less?  
Lo(ok), sirs, my worthily wife, that she is;  
So seemly, loo(k), certain she shows.  
  
**UXOR PILATI**     
Was never judge in this Jewry of so jocund generation, (\*happy lineage)  
Nor of so joyful genealogy to gentries enjoined,  
As ye, my duke doughty, deemer of damnation  
To princes and prelates  
   that your precepts purloined. (i.e. who broke your laws)  
Who that your precepts pertly purloined,  
With dread into dead shall ye drive him.  
By my truth, he untruly is throned  
That against your behests has honed;  
All to rags shall ye rent him and rive him.  
  
I am dame precious Percula, of princes the prize,  
Wife to Sir Pilate, here prince withouten peer,  
All well of all womanhood I am, witty and wise.  
Conceive now my countenance so comely and clear.  
The colour of my \*corse is full clear, (\*body)  
And in riches of robes I am (ar)rayed.  
There is no lord in this land, as I \*lere, (\*learn)  
In faith, that hath a friendlier \*fere (\*companion)  
Than ye my lord,  
   myself though I say it.  
  
**PILATUS**   Now say it may ye safely,  
   for I will certify the same.  
  
**UXOR PILATI**   Gracious lord, gramercy, your good word is gain.  
  
**PILATUS**   Yet for to comfort my \*corse, me must kiss you, madame. (\*body)  
  
**UXOR**   To fulfil your fore-word, my fair lord, in faith I am \*fayne. (\*happy)  
  
**PILATUS**   How, how, fellows, now in faith I am \*fayne (\*happy)  
Of these lips so lovely are lapped,  
In bed is full \*buxom and \*\*bayne. (\*obedient) (\*\*bound)  
  
**DOMINA**   Ya, sir, it needeth not to \*layne, (\*lie)  
All ladies we covet then  
   both to be kissed and clapped.  
  
**BEDELLUS**   My liberal lord, O leader of laws,  
O shining show that all shames eschews,  
I beseek you, my sovereign, assent to my \*saws (\*words)  
As ye are gentle judger and justice of Jews.  
  
**DOMINA**   Do hark, how you, \*javell, jangle of Jews. (\*quarreler)  
Why, go beat whore-son boy, when I bid thee.  
  
**BEDELLUS**   Madame, I do but that due is.  
  
**DOMINA**   But if thou rest of thy reason thou rues,  
For all is accursed, churl, has(t)e in, \*kydde thee. (\*talk, make known)  
  
**PILATUS**   Do mend you, madame, and your mood be amending,  
For me seems it were \*sittand to see what he says. (\*suitable, fitting)  
  
**DOMINA**   Mi lord, he told never tale that to me was tending,  
But with \*wrinks and with wiles to wend me my ways. (\*wrinkles, i.e. twists)  
  
**BEDELLUS**   \*Gwisse, of your ways to be wending, (\*iwis, I know)  
   it (be)longs to our laws.  
  
**DOMINA**   Loo(k), lord, this lad with his laws,  
How think ye it profits well  
   his preaching to praise?  
  
**PILATUS**   Ya, love, he knows all our custom,   
I know well.  
  
**BEDELLUS**   My \*seniour, will ye see now the sun in your sight, (\*signor, ruler)  
For his stately strength he stems in his streams;  
Behold over your head how he holds from height  
And glides to the ground with his glittering gleams.  
To the ground he goes with his beams  
And the night is nighing anon.  
Ye may deem after no dreams,  
But let my lady here  
   with all her light (g)leams  
\*Wightely go wend to her \*\*wone, (\*swiftly, lively) (\*\*dwelling place, home)  
  
For ye must sit, sir, this same night of life and of limb;  
It is not lawful for my lady  
   by the law of this land  
In \*doom for to dwell (\*judgement)  
   for the day wax ought dim,  
For she may \*stakir in the street (\*stagger, stammer)  
   \*but she \*\*stalworthily stand. (\*unless) (\*\*stalwartly, steadily)  
[LINE MISSING]  
Let her take her leave while that light is.  
  
**PILATUS**   Now, wife, then ye blithely be \*buskand. (\*moving, preparing to go)   
  
**DOMINA**   I am here, sir, handily at hand.  
  
**PILATUS**   Loo(k), this rank has us \*redde as right is. (\*taught)  
  
**DOMINA**   Your commandment to keep to care for thee I \*cast me; (\*appoint)   
My lord, with your le(a)ve, no longer I let you.  
  
**PILATUS**   It were a reprieve to my person  
   that privily ye \*passed me, (\*left)  
Or ye went from this \*wones (\*place, house)  
   or with wine ye had wet you.  
Ye shall wend forth with wine  
   when that ye have wet you.  
Get drink, what does thou, have done!  
Come, seemly, beside me and set you.  
Look, now it is even here that I are behe(s)t you,  
Ya, say it now sadly and soon.  
  
**DOMINA**   It would glad me, my lord, if ye goodly begin.  
  
**PILATUS**   Now I assent to your counsel, so comely and clean;  
Now drink, madame; to death all this din.  
  
**DOMINA**   If it like you, mine own lord, I am not to \*lere; (\*teach)  
This \*lare I am not to \*\*lere. (\*law, lore) (\*\*learn, understand)  
  
**PILATUS**   Yet \*efte to your \*\*damsel, madame. (\*soon, go) (\*\*maidservant)  
  
**DOMINA**   In thy hand, hold now, and have here.  
  
**ANCILLA**   Gramercy, my lady so dear.  
  
**PILATUS**   Now farewell, and walk on your way.

[TWO LINES MISSING]  
   
**DOMINA**     
Now farewell the friendliest, your foemen to \*(de)fend. (\*i.e. defend from)  
  
**PILATUS**   Now farewell, the fairest figure that ever did food feed,  
And farewell, ye damsel, indeed.  
  
**ANCILLA**   My lord, I command me to your royalty.  
  
**PILATUS**   Fair lady, here is shall you lead.  
Sir, go with this worthy indeed,  
And what she bids you do,  
Look that \*buxom you be. (\*obedient)  
  
**FILIUS**   I am proud and pressed to pass on apace,   
To go with this gracious here goodly to guide.  
  
**PILATUS**     
Take (at)tent to my tale, thou turn on no \*trayse, (\*path, i.e. don’t turn away)  
Come \*tyte and tell me if any tidings betide. (\*quickly)  
  
**FILIUS**   If any tidings my lady betide,  
I shall full soon, sir, \*wit you to say. (\*make known)  
This seemly shall I show by her side,  
\*Belyffe, sir, no longer we bide. (\*be lively)  
  
**PILATUS**   Now farewell, and walk on your way.  
  
Now went is my wife, if it were not her will,  
And she \*rakes to her rest as if nothing she wrought. (\*goes, rushes)  
Time is, I tell thee, thou tend me untill,  
And \*busk thee \*\*belyve, bel-ami, to bed that I were brought,

(\*prepare) (\*\*lively)

[LINE MISSING]   
And look I be richly arrayed.  
  
**BEDELLUS**   As your servant I have sadly it sought,  
And this night, sir, new shall ye nought,  
I dare lay, for ye lovely be laid.  
  
**PILATUS**   I command thee to come near, for I will care to my couch;  
Have in thy hands handily and heave me from \*hyne, (\*here, hence)  
But look that thou \*tene me not with thy testing, but tenderly me touch (\*pain)   
  
**BEDELLUS**   Ah, sir, ye weigh well.  
  
**PILATUS**                                        Ya, I have wet me with wine.  
[LINE MISSING]   
Yet hold down and \*lappe me even here, (\*wrap, blanket)  
For I will slyly sleep unto sin.  
Look that no man nor no \*myron of mine (\*servant, idler)  
With no noise be nighing me near.  
  
**BEDELLUS**   Sir, what warlowe you wakens  
   with words full wild,  
That boy for his brawling  
   were better be unborn.  
  
**PILATUS**   Ya, who chatters, him chastise,  
   be he churl or child,  
For if he (e)scape \*scatheless (\*unharmed)  
   it were to us a great scorn.  
If scatheless he (e)scape, it were a scorn.  
What ribald that readily will roar,  
I shall meet with that \*myron \*\*tomorne, (\*servant, idler) (\*tomorrow)  
And for his \*ledir lewdness him learn to be \*\*lorne. (\*commanding) (\*\*lost)  
  
**BEDELLUS**   Wey, so sir, sleep ye, and say no more.  
  
**DOMINA**   Now are we at home, do help if ye may,  
For I will make me ready and \*rayke to my rest. (\*proceed, rush)  
  
**ANCILLA**   Ye are weary, madame, for-went of your way,  
Do bound you to bed, for that hold I best.  
  
**FILIUS**   Here is a bed arrayed of the best.  
  
**DOMINA**   Do \*happe me, and fast hence ye hie. (\*help, make me happy)  
  
**ANCILLA**   Madame, anon all duly is dressed.  
  
**FILIUS**   With no \*stalking nor no strife be ye stressed. (\*possibly talking?)  
  
**DOMINA**   Now be ye in peace, both your carping and cry.  
  
**DIABOLUS**   Out, out, harrow! Into \*bale am I brought. (\*torment)  
   This bargain may I \*banne, (\*curse)  
But if I work some wile, in woe must I \*wonne. (\*dwell, live)  
This gentleman Jesu of cursedness he can,  
Be any sign that I see, this same is God’s Son,  
And he be slain, our solace will cease.  
He will save man soul fro(m) our \*sonde (\*command, message)  
And reave us the remiss that are (a)round. (i.e. take the sinners from us)  
I will on stiffly in this \*stound (\*place)  
Unto Sir Pilate’s wife pertly, and put me in press.  
  
Oh woman, be wise and (a)ware, and \*wonne in thy wit (\*dwell, remain)  
There shall a gentleman, Jesu, unjustly be judged  
Before thy husband in haste, and with harlots be hit;  
And that doughty today to death thus be \*dighted, (\*done)  
Sir Pilate, for his preaching, and thou  
With need shall ye namely be (an)noyed:  
Your strife and your strength shall be (de)stroyed,  
Your riches shall be reft you that is rude  
With vengeance, and that dare I avow.  
  
**DOMINA**     
Ah, I am \*drecchid with a dream full dreadfully to doubt. (\*troubled)  
Say, child, rise up readily and rest for no \*roo; (\*peace)  
Thou must \*launce to my lord and lowly him \*lowte: (\*launch, run) (\*bow)  
Command me to his reverence, as right will I do.  
  
**FILIUS**   O, what, shall I travail thus timely this tide?  
Madame, for the \*drecching of heaven, (\*troubling)  
Such note is \*newsome to \*\*neven, (\*nuisance) (\*\*mention)  
And it nighs unto midnight full even.  
  
**DOMINA**   Go beat, boy, I bid no longer thou bide,  
  
And say to my sovereign, this same is \*sooth that I send him. (\*truth)  
All naked this night as I napped  
With \*tene and with \*trayne was I trapped (\*pain) (\*tricks)  
With a swevene that swiftly me swapped (\*vision, prophecy)  
Of one Jesu, the just man the Jews will undo.  
  
She prays (at)tent to that true man, with \*tyne to be not trapped, (\*loss, pain)  
But as a \*doomsman duly to be dressing (\*judge)  
And \*lelye deliver that \*lede. (\*faithfully) (\*lad, boy)  
  
**FILIUS**   Madame, I am dressed to that deed,  
But first will I nap in this need,  
For he has \*mystir of a morn sleep that midnight is missing. (\*?mastery?)  
  
**ANNA**   Sir Caiaphas, ye \*ken well (\*know)  
   this \*caitiff we have catched (\*captive)  
That oft-times in our Temple  
   has teached untruly,  
Our \*many with might (\*household, company)  
   at midnight him ma(t)ched  
And has driven him to his \*deeming (\*judgement)  
   for his deeds unduly.  
Wherefore I counsel that kindly we carry   
Unto Sir Pilate, our prince, and pray him  
That he for our right will array him,  
This \*faitour, for his false(hoo)d to flay him (\*fraudster)  
For fro we say him the \*soth (\*truth)  
   I shall sit him full sore.  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Sir Anna, this sport have ye speedily a-spied,  
As I am pontifical prince of all priests.  
We will \*prese to Sir Pilate and present him with pride (\*praise, gather, push)  
With this harlot that has hewed our hearts fro our breasts  
Through talking of tales untrue;  
And therefore, sir knights . . .  
  
**MILITES**                        Lord.  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Sir knights, that are courteous and kind,  
We charge you that churl be well chained.  
Do \*busk you and \*\*grathely him bind (\*hurry, proceed) (\*readily)  
And rug him in ropes, his \*rase till he rue. (\*behaviour, story)  
  
**I MILES**   Sir, your \*saws shall be served shortly and soon, (\*teachings, orders)  
Ya, do fellow, by thy faith, let us \*fest this faitour full fast. (\*fasten) (\*fraud)  
  
**II MILES**   I am doughty to this deed, \*delyver, have done, (\*do lively)  
Let us pull on with pride ‘til his power be past.  
  
**I MILES**   Do have fast and hold at his hands.  
  
**II MILES**   For this same is he that lightly \*avaunted, (\*boasted, bragged)  
And God Son he \*grathely him \*\*granted. (\*readily) (\*\*i.e. called)  
  
**I MILES**   He be hurled for the highness he haunted;  
Loo(k), he \*stonyes for us, he stares where he stands. (\*is astonished)  
  
**II MILES**   Now is the \*brothel bound for all the boast that he blown, (\*sinner)  
And the Last Day he let no lordings might law him.  
  
**ANNA**   Ya, he \*weened this world had been wholly his own (\*believed)  
As ye are doughtiest today  
   to his \*deeming ye draw him, (\*judging)  
And then shall we \*ken (\*know)  
   how that he can excuse him.  
  
**I MILES**     
Here, ye \*gomes, goes a-roam, give us \*\*gait; (\*man, statue) (\*\*movement)  
We must step to yon star of estate.  
  
**II MILES**   We must \*yappely wend in at this gate, (\*eagerly, skillfully)  
For he that comes to court, to curtesy must use him.  
  
**I MILES**   Do rap on the \*ranks (\*person, creature)  
   that we may raise with our rolling;  
Come forth, sir coward,  
   why cower ye behind?  
  
**BEDELLUS**   O, what \*javels are ye that japes with gulling? (\*quarrelers)  
  
**I MILES**   Ah, good sir, be not wrath, for words are as the wind.  
  
**BEDELLUS**   I say, \*gadlings, go back with your \*\*gaudies. (\*bastards) (\*\*games)  
  
**II MILES**   Be suffering, I beseech you,  
And more of this matter ye make you.  
  
**BEDELLUS**   Why, uncunning knaves, \*and I \*\*cleke you, (\*if) (\*\*clutch, grab)  
I shall fell you,   
   by my faith, for all your false frauds.  
  
**PILATUS**   Say, child, ill chief you,  
   what churls are so clattering?  
  
**BEDELLUS**   My lord, uncunning knaves, they cry and they call.  
  
**PILATUS**     
Go boldly \*beliffe, and those \*\*brethels be battering, (\*be lively) (\*\*sinners)  
And put them in prison upon pain that may fall.  
Ya, speedily spur them if any sport can they spell,  
Ya, and look what lordings they be.  
  
**BEDELLUS**   My lord, that is love-full in \*lee, (\*harbour, tranquility)  
I am \*buxom and blithe to your \*blee. (\*obedient) (\*\*countenance, brightness)  
  
**PILATUS**   And if they talk any tidings  
   come \*tyte and me tell. (\*quickly)  
  
**BEDELLUS**   My fellows, by your faith,  
   can ye talk any tidings?  
  
**I MILES**   Ya, sir, Sir Caiaphas and Anna are come both together  
To Sir Pilate o’ Pounce and prince of our law,  
And they have \*laughte a \*\*lorell (\*caught) (\*\*beggar, fool)  
   that is lawless and \*liddir. (\*wicked)  
  
**BEDELUS**   My lord, my lord!  
  
**PILATUS**                                     How?  
  
**BEDELLUS**   My lord, \*unlappe you \*\*belyve where ye lie. (\*uncover) (\*\*swiftly)  
Sir Caiaphas to your court is carried  
And Sir Anna, but a traitor them tarried;  
Many \*wight of that warlowe has \*\*waried, (\*man, soul) (\*\*warned, worried)  
They have brought him in a band, his \*bales to buy. (\*torment)  
  
**PILATUS**   But are these \*saws certain in \*\*sooth that thou says? (\*words) (\*\*truth)  
  
**BEDELLUS**   Ya, lord, the states yonder stands,  
   for strife are they \*stonden. (\*stunned, standing)  
  
**PILATUS**   Now then am I light as a \*roe (\*i.e. roe deer)  
   and \*ethe for to raise; (\*easy)  
Go bid them come in both,  
   and the boy they have boun(d).  
  
**BEDELLUS**   Sirs, my lord gives leave  
   in for to come.  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Hail, prince that is peerless in price,  
Ye are leader of laws in this land,  
Your help is full handily at hand.  
  
**ANNA**   Hail, strong in your state for to stand,  
All this doom must be dressed at your duly devise.

(\*i.e. your judgement must be properly prepared)

**PILATUS**   Who is there? My prelates?  
  
**CAYPHAS**                             Ya, lord.  
  
**PILATUS**                                  Now be ye welcome, \*iwisse. (\*I believe)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Gramercy, my sovereign,  
   but we beseek you all same;  
Because of waking you unwarily  
   be not wroth with this,  
For we have brought here a \*lorell, (\*fraud, rascal)  
   he looks like a lamb.  
  
**PILATUS**   Come in, you both, and to the bench \*brade you. (\*hurry)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Nay, good sir, lower is lawful for us.   
  
**PILATUS**   Ah, Sir Caiaphas, be courteous ye must.   
  
**ANNA**   Nay, good lord, it may not be thus.  
  
**PILATUS**   Say no more, but come sit you beside me  
   in sorrow, as I said you.  
  
**FILIUS**   Hail, the seemliest \*seeg under son sought, (\*throne)  
Hail, the dearest duke and doughtiest in deed.  
  
**PILATUS**   Now be \*veneuew, \*\*beuscher, (\*welcome) (\*\*beau-sir, good sir)  
   what bid-word hast thou brought?  
Has any \*langour my lady new \*\*laught in this \*\*\*leede?

(\*illness)(\*\*latched, caught)(\*\*place)

**FILIUS**   Sir, that comely commands her you to  
And says, all naked this night as she napped,  
With \*tene and with \*traye was she trapped (\*pain) (\*\*betrayal)  
With a \*sweven that swiftly her \*\*swapped (\*vision) (\*hit)  
Of one Jesu, the just man the Jews will undo.  
  
She beseeches you as her sovereign that simple to save;  
Deem him not to death, for dread of vengeance.  
  
**PILATUS**   What, I hope this be he that hither hauled ye have.  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Ya, sir, the same and the self,  
   but this is but a \*skaunce; (\*joke, trick)  
He with witchcraft  
   this wile has he wrought.  
Some fiend of his \*sound has he sent (\*command, voice)   
And warned your wife ere he went.  
  
**PILATUS**     
Yow, that \*schalke should not shamely be \*\*shent. (\*person) (\*\*destroyed)  
This is \*sikir in certain, and \*\*sooth should be sought. (\*surely) (\*\*truth)  
  
**ANNA**   Ya, through his phantom and falsehood and fiend’s craft  
He has wrought many wonder  
   where he walked full wide,  
Wherefore, my lord, it were lawful  
   his life were him (be)reft.  
  
**PILATUS**   Be ye never so \*bryme, ye both must abide, (\*in heat, grunting)  
\*But if the traitor be taught for untrue (\*unless)  
And therefore sermon you no more,  
I will \*sekirly send himself for (\*surely)  
And see what he says to thee sore.  
Beadle, go bring him,  
   for of that \*renke have I ruth. (\*person) (\*i.e. pity)  
  
**BEDELLUS**   This fore-word to fulfil  
   am I \*fayne in mine heart moved. (\*glad)  
Say, Jesu, the judges and the Jews  
   has me enjoined  
To bring thee before them  
   even bound as thou art,  
Yon lordings to lose thee  
   full long have they \*heyned. (\*waited)  
But first shall I worship thee  
   with wit and with will:  
This reverence I do thee forthy  
For wits that were wiser than I;  
They worshipped thee full holy on high,  
And with solemnity sang *Hosanna* \*till. (\*to)  
  
**I MILES**   My lord that is leader of laws in this land,  
All beadles to your bidding should be \*buxsom and \*\*bayne, (\*obedient)(\*\*bound)  
And yet this boy here before you  
   full boldly was \*bowand (\*bowing)  
To worship this \*warlowe; (\*warlock)  
   methink we work all in vain.  
  
**II MILES**   Ya, and in your presence he prayed him of peace  
In kneeling on knees to this knave;  
He besought him his servant to save.  
  
**CAIPHAS**   Loo(k), lord such error among them they have  
It is great sorrow to see, no \*seeg may it cease. (\*throne, ruler)  
  
It is no \*menske to your manhood that mickle is of might (\*honour)  
To forbear such forfeits that falsely are feigned,  
Such spites in especial would be eschewed in your sight.  
  
**PILATUS**   Sirs, move you not in this matter  
   but be mildly demeaned,  
For yon courtesy I \*ken had some cause. (\*know)  
  
**ANNA**   In your sight, sir, the \*sooth shall I say, (\*truth)  
As ye are prince, take heed, I you pray,  
Such a \*lurdan unloyal, dare I lay, (\*rogue)  
Many lords of our lands  
   might lead from our laws.  
  
**PILATUS**   Say, \*losell, who gave thee leave (\*louse, rascal)  
   so for to \*lowte to yon lad (\*bow, praise)  
And solace him in my sight  
   so seemly, that I saw?  
  
**BEDELLUS**   Ah, gracious lord, grieve you not  
   for good cause I had.  
Ye commanded me to care  
   as ye \*kenned well and know, (\*knew)  
To Jerusalem on a journey, with \*seele, (\*seal, i.e. message, or blessing)  
And then this seemly on an ass was set  
And many men mildly him met.  
As a God in that ground they him greet,  
Well seeming him in way with worship \*leal. (\*loyal, faithful)  
  
*Osanna* they sang, “the son of David,”  
Rich men with their robes, they ran to his feet,  
And poor folk fetched flowers of the \*frith (\*forest)  
And made mirth and melody this man for to meet.  
  
**PILATUS**   Now, good sir, by thy faith,  
   what is *Osanna* to say?  
  
**BEDELLUS**   Sir, construe it we may  
   by language of this land as I live,  
It is as much to me for to move,  
Your prelates in this place can it prove,   
As “Oure Saviour and sovereign,  
   thou save us, we pray.”  
  
**PILATUS**   Loo(k), \*seniors, how seems you? — (\*signors, sirs)  
   the \*sooth I you said. (\*truth)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Ya, lord, this lad is full \*liddir, by this light, (\*wicked)  
If his \*saws were searched and \*\*sadly \*\*\*assayed,

(\*sayings)(\*\*solemnly)(\*\*\*tested)

Save your reverence,  
   his reason they reckon not with right.  
This \*caitiff thus cursedly can construe us. (\*captive)  
  
**BEDELLUS**   Sirs, truly the truth I have told  
Of this \*wight ye have wrapped in \*wolde. (\*person, soul) (\*\*forest, i.e. arrested)  
  
**ANNA**   I say, harlot, thy tongue should thou hold  
And not against thy masters to move thus.  
  
**PILATUS**   Do cease of your saying, and I shall examine full sore.   
  
**ANNA**   Sir, \*deem him to death, or does him away. (\*doom, judge)  
  
**PILATUS**   Sir, have ye said?  
  
**ANNA**                      Ya, lord.  
  
**PILATUS**                              Now go set you with sorrow and care,  
For I will lose no lad that is \*leal to our law. (\*loyal)  
But step forth and stand up on height  
And \*busk to my bidding, thou boy, (\*hurry)  
And for the \*nonce that thou \*\*neven us a \*\*\*noy.

(\*moment) (\*\*name, mention) (\*\*\*noise, i.e. oyez)

**BEDELLUS**   I am here at your hand to \*halow a *hoy*; (\*halloo, cry)  
Do move of your master, for I shall \*melle it with might. (\*do)  
  
**PILATUS**   Cry *Oyas*.  
  
**BEDELLUS**               Oyas!  
  
**PILATUS**                              Yet \*efte, by thy faith. (\*again)  
  
**BEDELLUS**                                                          Oyes!        [*Aloud]*  
  
**PILATUS**   Yet louder  
   that \*ilke lad may \*\*lithe, (\*each) (\*\*listen, pay attention)  
Cry peace in this press upon pain thereupon,  
Bid them (as)suage of their \*swaying (\*jostling, shoving)  
   both swiftly and \*swithe, (\*quick)  
And stint of their striving and stand still as a stone.  
Call Jesu, the gentle of Jacob, the Jew,  
Come \*prest and appear, (\*quickly)  
To the bar draw thee near  
To thy judgement here,  
To be \*deemed for his deeds undue. (\*doomed, judged)  
  
**I MILES**   Wey, hark how this harlot he helds out of herr, (\*i.e. holds like a lord)  
This \*loterel \*\*liste not my lord to \*\*\*lowte. (\*scoundrel) (\*\*likes) (\*\*\*praise, bow)  
  
**II MILES**   Say, beggar, why brawls thou? Go bound thee to the bar.  
  
**I MILES**   Step on thy standing so stern and so stout.  
  
**II MILES**   Step on thy standing so still.  
  
**I MILES**   Sir coward, to court must ye car(ry).  
  
**II MILES**   A lesson to learn of our law.  
  
**I MILES**   Flit forth, foul might thou fare.  
  
**II MILES**   Say, \*warlowe, thou wants of thy will. (\*warlock)  
  
**FILIUS**   O Jesu ungentle, thy joy is in japes;  
Thou cannot be courteous, thou \*caitiff I call thee. (\*captive, peasant)  
No \*ruth were it to rug thee and rive thee in ropes. (\*pity)  
Why falls thou not flat here, foul fall thee,  
For feared of my father so free?  
Thou \*wot not his wisdom, \*iwis; (\*know) (\*I think)  
All thine help in his hand that it is,  
How soon he might save thee from this.  
Obey him, \*brothel, I bid thee. (\*sinner)  
  
**PILATUS**     
Now, Jesu, thou art welcome \*iwis, as I \*\*ween, (\*I think)(\*\*believe)  
Be not abashed but boldly bound thee to the bar.  
What senior will sue for thee sore, I have seen.  
To work on this \*warlowe, his wit is in waste. (\*warlock)  
Come priest, of a pain, and appear,  
And sir prelates, your points be proving,  
What cause can ye cast of accusing?  
This matter ye mark to be moving  
And \*handily in haste let us hear. (\*skillfully)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Sir Pilate o’ Pounce, and prince of great price,  
We trust ye will \*trowe our tales they be true (\*trust)  
To death for to \*deem him with duly device, (\*doom, judge)  
For cursedness yon knave has in case, if ye knew,  
In heart would ye hate him in hie.  
For if it were so,  
We meant not to misdo;  
Trust, sir, shall ye thereto,  
We had not him taken to thee.  
  
**PILATUS**   Sir, your tales would I \*trowe (\*trust, believe)  
   but they touch none intent.  
What cause can ye find  
   now this freak for to fell?  
  
**ANNA**   Our Sabbot he saves not, but sadly assent  
To work full unwisely, this \*wot I right well, (\*think)  
[LINE MISSING]   
He works when he will, well I \*wot, (\*think)  
And therefore in heart we him hate.  
It sits you to strength your estate  
Yon \*losell to lose for his \*\*lay. (\*scoundrel) (\*\*law, lies)  
  
**PILATUS**     
\*Ilke a lad for to lose for his \*\*lay is not \*\*lele. (\*each) (\*\*law, lies) (\*\*\*legal)  
Your laws is lawful, but to your laws (be)longs it  
This \*faitour to \*\*feese well with \*\*\*flaps full fell, (\*fraud) (\*\*punish) (\*\*\*hits)  
And woe may ye work him by law,  
   for he wrongs it.  
Therefore takes unto you full \*tyte (\*quickly)  
And like as your laws will you lead  
Ye deem him to death for his deed.  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Nay, nay sir, that doom must us dread;  
[LINE MISSING]   
It (be)longs not to us no lad for to \*lose. (\*kill)  
  
**PILATUS**   What would ye I did then? —  
   the devil might you draw.  
Full few are his friends, but fell are his foes.  
His life for to lose there (be)longs no law,  
Nor no cause can I kindly contrive  
That why he should lose thus his life.  
  
**ANNA**   Ah, good sir, it \*rakes full rife (\*happens)  
In \*steads where he has stirred mickle strife (\*places)  
Of lads that is \*leal to your life. (\*loyal)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Sir, \*halt men and hurt he healed in haste, (\*lame)  
The deaf and the dumb he delivered from dole  
By witchcraft, I warrant; his wits shall waste,  
For the \*farles that he fares with — (\*miracles)   
   loo(k), how they follow yon fool,  
Our folk so thus he \*frayes in \*\*fere. (\*scares) (\*\*fear, or together)  
  
**ANNA**   The dead he raises anon,  
This Lazare that low lay alone  
He grant him his gaits for to gone  
And pertly thus proved he his power.  
  
**PILATUS**   Now good sirs, I say, what would ye?  
  
**CAIPHAS**   Sir, to dead for to do him or does him \*adawe. (\*end, finish)  
  
**PILATUS**   Ya, for he does well his death for to deem?  
Go \*layke you sir, lightly, (\*amuse, joke)  
   where learned ye such law?  
This touches no treason, I tell you;  
   ye prelates that proved are for price,  
Ye should be both witty and wise  
And \*legge our law where it lies, (\*allege)  
Our matters ye move thus among you.  
  
**ANNA**   Misplease not your person,  
   ye prince withouten peer.  
It touches to treason, this tale I shall tell.  
Yon briber, full \*baynly he bade to forbear (\*eagerly)  
The tribute to the emperor, thus would he compel  
Our people thus his points to apply.  
  
**CAYPHAS**   The people, he says, he shall save,  
And Christ gets he call him, yon knave,  
And says he will the high kingdom have.  
Look whether he deserve to die.  
  
**PILATUS**   To die he deserves if he do thus indeed,  
But I will see myself what he says.  
Speak, Jesu, and spend now thy space for to speed.  
These lordings they (al)lege thee thou \*liste not live on our laws. (\*likes)   
They accuse thee cruelly and keen,  
And therefore, as a chieftain I charge thee,  
If thou be Christ that thou tell me,  
And God Son thou grudge not to grant thee,  
For this is the matter that I mean.  
  
**JESUS**   Thou says so thyself, I am \*soothly the same, (\*truly)  
Here \*wonnyng in world to work all thy will. (\*dwelling, living)  
Mi Father is faithful to fell all thy fame;  
Withouten trespass or \*tene am I taken thee till. (\*pain)  
  
**PILATUS**   Loo(k), bishops, why blame ye this boy?  
Me seems that it is \*sooth that he says. (\*truth)  
Ye move all the malice ye may  
With your wrenches and wiles to writhe him away  
Unjustly to judge him from joy.  
  
**CAYPHAS**     
Not so, sir, his \*seggyng is full \*soothly soth, (\*saying)(\*truly the truth)  
It brings our \*bairns in \*\*bale for to bind. (\*children) (\*\*torment)  
  
**ANNA**   Sir, doubtless we deem as due the death  
This fool that ye favour, great faults can we find  
This day for to deem him to die.  
  
**PILATUS**   Say, \*losell, thou lies by this light; (\*louse, rascal)  
Nay, thou ribald, thou reckons unright.  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Advise you, sir, with main and with might,  
And \*wreyk not your wrath now \*\*forthy. (\*unleash, wreak) (\*\*therefore)  
  
**PILATUS**   Me likes not his language so largely for to lie.  
  
**CAIPHAS**   Ah, mercy, lord, meekly, no malice we meant.  
  
**PILATUS**   No(t) done is it doubtless, bold be and blithe,  
Talk on that traitor and tell your intent.  
Yon \*segge is subtle, ye say; (\*man)  
Good sirs, where learned he such \*lare? (\*law, knowledge)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   In faith, we cannot find where.  
  
**PILATUS**   Yes, his father with some \*farlis gone fare (\*miracles, wonders)  
And has learned this lad of his \*lare. (\*law, knowledge)  
  
**ANNA**   Nay, nay, sir, he was but a \*wright, that we \*\*wiste; (\*carpenter) (\*\*know)  
No subtlety he showed that any \*segge saw. (\*man)  
  
**PILATUS**   Then mean ye of malice to mar him of might,  
Of cursedness convict no cause can ye know;  
Me marvels ye malign o’ \*mis. (\*misdeeds, sins)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Sir, from Galilee hither and ho(me)  
The greatest against him gone go,  
Yon \*warlowe to waken of woe, (\*warlock)  
And of this work bears witness, \*iwis. (\*I believe)  
  
**PILATUS**     
Why, and has he gone in Galilee, yon \*gadling ungain(ly)? (\*bastard)  
  
**ANNA**   Ya, lord, there was he born,  
   yon \*brethelle, and bred. (\*sinner, brothel-goer)  
  
**PILATUS**     
Now without \*fagyng, my friends, in faith I am \*\*fayne, (\*flattery) (\*\*glad)  
For now shall our strife full sternly be \*stede. (\*stood, stayed)  
Sir Herod is king there, ye \*ken; (\*know)  
His power is proved full \*preste (\*provided, entire)  
To rid him or reave him of rest.  
And therefore, to go with yon guest,  
Ye mark us out of the manliest men.  
  
**CAYPHAS**   As wit and wisdom your will shall be wrought;  
Here is \*kempis full keen to the king for to care. (\*warriors)  
  
**PILATUS**   Now, seniors, I say you since \*soth shall be sought, (\*truth)  
But if he shortly be sent it may sit us full sore.  
And therefore, sir knights . . .  
  
**MILITES**                          Lord.  
  
**PILATUS**   Sir knights that are cruel and keen,  
That \*warlowe ye \*\*warrok and wrast, (\*warlock) (\*\*work? tie fast?) (\*\*\*wrestle)  
And look that he \*brymly be \*\*braste; (\*swiftly) (\*\*embraced, grasped)  
[LINE MISSING]   
Do take on that traitor you between.  
  
To Herod in haste with that harlot ye hie,  
Command me full meekly unto his most might,  
Say the doom of this boy, to deem him to die,  
Is done upon him duly, to \*dress or to \*\*dight, (\*prepare, make ready) (\*\*do)  
Or life for to leave at his \*liste. (\*liking)  
Say ought I may do him indeed,  
His own am I worthily in \*wede. (\*tribute, debt)  
  
**I MILES**   My lord, we shall spring on a-speed;  
Come thence to me, this traitor full \*tyte. (\*quickly)  
  
**PILATUS**   Beau sirs, I bid you ye be not too bold,  
But takes (at)tent for our tribute full truly to treat.  
  
**II MILES**   Mi lord, we shall hie this behest for to hold  
And work it full wisely in will and in wit.  
  
**PILATUS**   So, sirs, me seems it is \*sittand. (\*suitable, fitting)  
  
**I MILES**   Mahounde, sirs, he \*menske you with might. (\*honours)  
  
**II MILES**   And save you, sir, seemly in sight.  
  
**PILATUS**   Now in the wild vengeance ye walk with that \*wight, (\*man, soul)  
And freshly ye found to be \*flittand. (\*flitting)