

## PLAY THIRTY-ONE The Trial before Herod Antipas

### (The Lyttesters/Dyers)

#### REX

Peace, ye brothels and brawls, in this \*broadness embraced, (\*broad street)  
And \*freykis that are friendly your \*\*freykenesse to \*\*\*frayne,

(\*men, monsters) (\*\*manliness, monstrousness) (\*\*ask after)

Your tongues for treating of trifles be \*trased, (\*bridled, restrained)  
Or this \*brand that is bright shall burst in your brain. (\*sword)  
\*Plextis for no places, but \*\*plat you to this plain, (\*plead) (\*\*bow down)  
And draw to no \*drofyng, but \*\*dress you to dread, (\*disturbance) (\*\*prepare)  
With dashes.

Travail not as traitors that trusts in \*trayne (\*tricks)  
Or by the blood that Mahounde bled, with this blade shall ye bleed.  
Thus shall I \*brittyn all your bones on \*\*brede (\*break, smash) (\*\*broad)  
Yea, and lash all your limbs with lashes.

Dragons that are dreadful shall \*derke in their den (\*hide)  
In wrath when we writhe or in wrathness are \*wapped; (\*wrapped, enclosed)  
Against giants ungentle have we joined with \*ingendis, (\*craftiness, deception)  
And swans that are swimming to our sweetness shall be \*swapped, (\*hit)  
And \*joged down the jolliness our gentries \*engenderand. (\*jagged, cut)

(\*\*engendering, giving offspring) (i.e. I will castrate them)

Whoso reprove our estate we shall chop them in chains.  
All \*renks that are running to us shall be \*\*reverande. (\*people) (\*\*reverant, revered)

Therefore I bid you cease ere any \*bale be (\*torment, trouble)  
That no \*brothel be so bold boast for to blows, (\*sinner)  
And ye that loves your lifes, listen to me  
As a lord that is learned to lead you by laws.  
And ye that are of my men and of my \*many, (\*household, company)  
Since we are come from our \*kith as ye well know (\*people, homeland)  
And \*semlys all here same in this city, (\*assembled)  
It sits us in \*sadness to set all our \*\*saws. (\*solemnity) (\*\*teachings)

**I DUX** My lord, we shall take keep to your call  
And stir to no \*stead but ye \*\*steven us, (\*place) (\*\*command)  
No grievance too great nor too small.

**REX** Ya, but look that no faults befall.

**II DUX** \*Lely, my lord, so we shall; (\*truly, faithfully)  
Ye need not no more for to \*nevyn us. (\*mention, name)

**I DUX** Monseniour, demean you to \*menske in mind what I mean (\*honour)  
And bound to your \*bodword, for so hold I best, (\*bidding-word)  
For all the commons of this court been avoid clean,  
And \*ilke a \*\*renke, as reason has, are gone to their rest; (\*each) (\*\*person)  
Wherefore I counsel, my lord, ye command you a drink.

**REX** Now \*certis, I assent as thou says, (\*surely, certainly)  
See each a \*qwy is went on his ways (\*man)  
Lightly withouten any delays.  
Give us wine \*winly and let us go \*\*wink (\*pleasingly) (\*\*sleep)  
And see that no \*durdan be done. (\*uproar, din)

*Tunc bibit Rex.*

**[Then the king drinks]**

**I DUX** My lord, \*unlace you to lie, (\*undress)  
Here shall none come for to cry.

**REX** Now speedily look that thou spy  
That no noise be \*nighing this none. (\*approaching)

**I DUX** My lord, your bed is new made;  
you needs not for to bide it.

**REX** Yea, but as thou loves me heartily,  
lay me down softly,  
For thou \*wot full well (\*know)  
that I am full tenderly \*hided. (\*skinned)

**I DUX** How lie ye, my good lord?

**REX** Right well, by this light,  
All wholly at my desire,  
Wherefore I pray Sir Satan, our sire,  
And Lucifer most lovely of \*lyre, (\*face)  
He save you all, sirs, and give you good night.

**I MILES** Sir knight, ye \*wot we are warned to wend, (\*know)  
To \*wit of this \*\*warlowe what is the king's will. (\*know) (\*\*warlock)

**II MILES** Sir, here is Herod all even here at our \*hende, (\*hands)  
And all our intent \*tyte shall we tell him \*\*untill. (\*quick) (\*\*unto)

**I MILES** Who is here?

**I DUX** Who is there?

**I MILES** Sir, we are knights \*kende (\*kind? Known?)  
Is come to your counsel this \*carle for to kill. (\*churl, commoner)

**I DUX** Sirs, but your message may mirths amend,  
Stalk forth by yon streets, or stand stone still.

**II MILES** Yes, \*certis, sir, of mirths we mean; (\*certainly, surely)  
The king shall have matters to \*melle him. (\*talk, discuss)  
We bring here a boy us between,  
Wherefore have worship, we \*wene. (\*believe, think)

**I DUX** Well, sirs, so that it turn to no \*tene, (\*pain)  
Tend him and we shall go tell him.

My lord, yonder is a boy bound that brought is in blame;  
Haste you in hie, they hove at your gates.

**REX** What, and shall I rise now, in the devil's name  
To \*stighill among strangers in stalls of estate? (\*manage, rule)  
But have here my hand, hold now,  
And see that my \*sloppe be well \*\*sittand. (\*slip, robe) (\*\*fitting, suitable)

**I DUX** My lord, with a good will I would you,  
No wrong will I \*wit at my \*\*wittand. (\*know) (\*\*knowledge)

But, my lord, we can tell you of \*uncouth \*\*tidands. (\*unknown, novel) (\*\*tidings)

**REX** Ya, but look ye tell us no tales but true.

**II DUX** My lord, they bring you yonder a boy bound in a band  
That bodes either \*bourdyng or \*\*bales to brew. (\*jokes, games)(\*\*torment)

**REX** Then get we some \*harrow full hastily at hand. (\*uproar)

**I DUX** My lord, there is some note that is needful to \*neven you of new.  
(\*mention, name)

**REX** Why, hopes thou they haste him to hang?

**II DUX** We \*wot not their will nor their \*\*weening, (\*know) (\*\*thoughts, ideas)  
But \*boodword full blithely they bring. (\*bidding, bid-word)

**REX** Now do then and let us see of their saying.

**II DUX** Lo(ok), sirs, ye shall carp with the king  
And tell to him manly your meaning.

**I MILES** Lord, wealths and worships be with you always.

**REX** What would thou?

**II MILES** A word, lord, \*and your will were. (\*if)

**REX** Well, say on, than.

**I MILES** My lord, we \*fare fools to flay, (\*bring, bear)  
It to you would forfeit.

**REX** Wey, fair fall you therefore.

**I MILES** My lord, for ye hear what we say,  
It will heave up your hearts.

**REX** Ya, but say what \*heynde have ye there? (\*poor man; hind, dead deer)

**II MILES** A present from Pilate, lord, the prince of our \*lay. (\*law)

**REX** Peace in my presence, and name him no more.

**I MILES** My lord, he will worship you \*faine. (\*happily)

**REX** I conceive ye are full foes of him.

**II MILES** My lord, he would \*menske you with \*\*main, (\*honour) (\*\*power)  
And therefore he sends you this swain.

**REX** Go \*tyte with that \*\*gadling again (\*quick) (\*\*bastard)  
And say him a borrowed bean set I not by him. (i.e. I don't care for his poor gifts)

**I DUX** Ah, my lord, with your leave, they have fared far,  
And for to \*fraiste of your fare was no folly. (\*ask)

**II DUX** My lord, \*and this gadling go thus it will grieve \*\*werre, (\*if) (\*\*worse)  
For he gets grow on this ground great villainy.

**REX** Why, means thou that that \*miting should my mights mar? (\*mite, worm)

**I DUX** Nay, lord, but he makes on this \*mold mickle mastery. (\*earth)

**REX** Go in, and let us see of the \*saws ere, (\*sayings, talks)  
And but if they be to our \*bordying, (\*amusement)  
they both shall \*abye. (\*abide, buy)

**II MILES** My lord, we were worthy to blame  
To bring you any message of \*miss. (\*misdeed, sin)

**REX** Why, then can ye name us his name?

**I MILES** Sir, Christ have we called him at \*hame. (\*home)

**REX** O, this is the \*ilke self and the same. (\*specific)  
Now, sires, ye be welcome, \*ywisse. (\*I know)

And in faith I am \*fayne he is foun(d), (\*glad)  
His \*farles to \*\*frayne and to feel, (\*miracles) (\*\*ask about)  
Now these games was \*grathely begun. (\*readily)

**II MILES** Lord, \*lely that likes us well. (\*truly)

**REX** Ya, but dare ye \*hete heartily that harlot is he? (\*promise)

**I MILES** My lord, take heed, and in haste ye shall hear how.

**REX** Ya, but what means that this message was made unto me?

**II MILES** My lord, for it touches to treason, I \*trowe. (\*trust)

**I MILES** My lord, he is culpable \*kenned in our country (\*known)  
Of many perilous points, as Pilate proves now.

**II MILES** My lord, when Pilate heard he had gone through Galilee,  
He learned us that that lordship (be)longed to you,  
And ere he \*wiste what your wills were, (\*knew)  
No further would he speak for to \*spill him. (\*destroy)

**REX** Then knows he that our mights are the more?

**I MILES** Ya, \*certis sir, so say we there. (\*surely, certainly)

**REX** Now, \*sertis, and our friendship therefore (\*surely, certainly)  
We grant him, and no grievance we will him.

And sirs, ye are welcome, \*ywisse, as ye well \*\*awe, (\*I know) (\*\*ought)  
And for to wend at your will I you warrant,

For I have coveted kindly that comely to know,  
For men carps that the churl should be \*konnand. (\*cunning)

**II MILES** My lord, would he say you \*sooth of his \*\*saw, (\*truth) (\*teachings)  
Ye saw never such \*selcouth, by sea nor by sand. (\*marvels)

**REX** Now go aback both, and let the boy blow,  
For I hope we get some \*harre hastily at hand. (\*uproar)

**I MILES** Jerusalem and the Jews may have joy  
And \*hele in their heart for to hear him. (\*health)

**REX** Say, beene-venew in bone fay, **[French- good welcome in good faith]**  
Ne plesew et a parole remoy? **[Does it not please you to speak with me?]**

**II MILES** Nay, my lord, he can of no \*bourdyng, this boy. [\*jesting, games]

**REX** No, sir, with thy leave we shall \*lere him. [\*teach, learn]

**I FILIUS** Mi lord, see the knights that know and are keen  
How they come to your court withouten any call.

**REX** Ya, son, and musters great masteries,  
what may this be-mean?

**I DUX** My lord, for your mights are more than they all,  
They seek you as sovereign and \*sertis that is seen. (\*certainly)

**REX** Now \*certis, since ye say so, \*\*assay him I shall, (\*surely) (\*\*test)  
For I am \*fayner of that \*\*freyke than other fifteen.  
(\*more curious) (\*\*man, monster)

Yea, and him that first found, fair might him fall.

**I MILES** Lord, \*lely we \*lereth you no lie, (\*truly) (\*\*teach, learn)  
This life that he leads will lose him.

**REX** Well, sirs, draws you \*adrygh (\*adrift, aside)  
And, \*bewscheris, bring ye him nigh, (\*beau-sirs, good sirs)  
For if all that his sleights be sly,  
Yet ere he pass we shall oppose him.

O, my heart hops for joy  
To see now this prophet appear.  
We shall have good game with this boy;  
Take heed, for in haste ye shall hear.

I (be)lieve we shall laugh and have liking  
To see now this \*liddenon here he \*\*leggis our laws. (\*wicked one)  
(\*argues, expounds)

**II DUX** Hark, cousin, thou comes to carp with king;  
Take (at)tent and be cunning, and carp as thou knows.

**I DUX** Ya, and look that thou be not a sot of thy saying,  
But sadly and soon thou set all thy \*saws. (\*words, teachings)

**REX** Him seems full \*boudisch, that boy that they bring. (\*sullen)

**II DUX** Mi lord, and of his \*bordying great boasting men blows. (\*games, tricks)

**REX** Why, therefore have I sought him to see,  
Look, \*bewscheris, ye be to our \*\*bodis boun(d). (\*good sirs) (\*\*biddings)

**I DUX** Kneel down here to the king on thy knee.

**II DUX** Nay, needlings it will not be.

**REX** Loo(k), sirs, he makes him no more unto me  
Than it were to a man of their own town.

**I DUX** Why, go \*lawmere, and learn thee to \*\*lowte (\*idiot) (\*\*bow, praise)  
Or they more blame thee to bring.

**REX** Nay, dreadless withouten any doubt  
He knows not the \*corse of a king, (\*body)

And here be in our \*bale, \*\*bourde ere we \*\*\*blynne. (\*custody) (\*\*game) (\*\*end)  
Say first at the beginning withall, where was thou born?  
Do, fellow, for thy faith, let us fall in.

First of thy \*ferleis, who fed thee before? (\*miracles)  
What, deigns thou not? Lo(ok), sirs, he deafens us with din.  
Say, where led ye this \*lidrone? His language is \*\*lorne. (\*sinner)(\*\*lost)

**I MILES** My lord, his marvels to more and to \*min, (\*less)  
Are musters among us both midday and morn.

**II MILES** Mi lord, it were to feel  
Of wonders, he worketh them so \*wightely. (\*lively)

**I MILES** Why, man, mumbling may nothing avail;  
Go to the king and tell him from top unto tail.

**REX** Do bring us that boy unto \*bale, (\*custody, prison)  
For \*lely we leave him not lightly. (\*truly)

**I DUX** This \*mop means that he may mark men to their \*\*mede; (\*fool, puppet)  
He makes many masteries and marvels among. (\*\*reward)

**II DUX** Five thousand folk fair gone he feed  
With five loaves and two fishes to \*fang. (\*seize, hold)

**REX** How feel folk says thou he fed?

**II DUX** Five thousand, lord, that come to his call.

**REX** Ya, boy, how mickle bread he them bade?

**I DUX** But five loaves, dare I well \*wedde. (\*wit, know)

**REX** Now, by the blood that Mahounde bled,  
What, this was a wonder at all.

**II DUX** Now, lord, two fishes blessed he after,  
And gave them and there none was forgotten.

**I DUX** Ya, lord, and twelve \*lepfull there left (\*laps full, baskets full)  
Of relieve when all men had eaten.

**REX** Of such another \*mangery no man mean may. (\*eating, dinner)

**II DUX** Mi lord, but his masteries that musters his might.

**REX** But say, sirs, are their saws \*sooth that they say? (\*truth)

**II MILES** Ya, lord, and more \*selcouth were showed to our sight. (\*marvels)  
One Lazar, a lad that in our land lay,  
Lay locked under \*layer from (g)leam and from light, (\*earth)  
And his sisters come raking in rueful array;  
And lord, for their roaring he raised him full right  
And from his grave got him \*gang (\*go)  
Ever forth, withouten any evil.

**REX** Wey, such \*lesings lasts too long. (\*lies)

**I MILES** Why, lord, \*ween ye that words be wrong? (\*think)  
This same lad lives us among.

**REX** Why, there hope I by deeds of the devil.

Why should ye haste him to hang  
That sought not newly your news?

**II MILES** My lord, for he calls him a king  
And claims to be a king of Jews.

**REX**

But say, is he king in his \*kith where he come fro(m)? (\*country, friends)

**I MILES** Nay, lord, but he calls him a king, his cares to \*kele. (\*kill, quell)

**REX** Then is it little wonder if that he be woe,  
For to be wearied with wrong since he works well;  
But he shall sit by myself since ye say so.  
Come near, king, into court. Say, can ye not kneel?  
We shall have \*gaudies full good and games ere we go. (\*fun, sport)  
Howe likes tha(t)? Well, lord. Say — what, devil never a \*dele? (\*thing)  
I faute in my reverant in otil moy, (\*I am not honoured by **[garbled French]**)  
I am of favour, loo(k), fairer by far.  
\*Kyte out jugglement. Uta, oy, oy! (\*I demand juggling/entertainment.)  
Be any wit that I \*wot it will wax wor(s)e.

*Servicia primet,*

Such \*losels and \*lurdans as thou, loo(k).

*Respicias timet,*

What the devil and his dame shall I now do?

**[Duty demands]**

(\*rogues, rascals)

**[Be wary and fear]**

Do carp on, churl, for I can thee cure,  
Say, may thou not hear me? Oy, man, art thou \*wood? (\*mad)  
Now tell me faithfully before how thou fare;  
Forth, friend, by my faith, thou art a fond food.

**I DUX** My lord, it astonish him, your \*steven is so \*\*store; (\*voice) (\*\*strong)  
Him had \*levere have stand stone-still there he stood. (\*rather)

**REX** And whether the boy be abashed of Herod's big \*blure, (\*blast, blow)  
That were a \*bourde of the best, by Mahound's blood. (\*joke)

**II DUX**

My lord, I \*trowe your \*\*falchion him \*\*flaies (\*trust) (\*\*sword) (\*\*frightens)  
And \*lettis him. (\*restrains, gags)

**REX** Now \*lely I (be)lieve thee, (\*truly)  
And therefore shall I waft it away,

And softly with a sceptre \*assay. (\*test)  
Now, sir, be pert I thee pray,  
For none of my grooms shall grieve thee.

*Si loqueris tibi laus,* [As you speak praise]  
*Pariter quoque prospera dantur;* [So you shall prosper]  
*Si loqueris tibi fraus,* [If you speak fraud]  
*Fell fex et bella parantur.* [Bad deeds/shit and war is made ready.]  
My men, ye go \*menske him with \*\*main (\*honour) (\*\*power)  
And look you that it would \*seem. (\*be seemly)

**I DUX** Dewcus, faith, sir, and sovereign.

**II DUX** Sir Udins, amangidre demayne. [Bad French- perhaps “among your domain”]

**REX** Go, answer them \*grathely again. (\*readily)  
What, devil, whither \*dote we or dreams. (\*mumble)

**I MILES** Nay, we get not one word, dare I well \*wedde, (\*think)  
For he is wrest of his wit or will of his \*wone. (\*life)

**REX** Ye say he \*lacked your laws as ye that lad led. (\*mocked, scorned)

**II MILES** Ya, lord, and made many \*gaudies as we have gone. (\*games, tricks)

**REX** Now since he comes as a knave and as a knave clad,  
Whereto call ye him a king?

**I DUX** Nay, lord, he is none,  
But a harlot is he.

**REX** What devil, I am hard \*stead, (\*placed, stood)  
A man might as well stir a \*stock as a stone. (\*stump)

**I FILIUS** My lord, this \*faitour so foully is afraid, (\*fraud)  
He looked never of lord so longly alone.

**REX** No, son, the ribald sees us so richly arrayed,  
He \*wenys we be angels every \*\*ilkone. (\*thinks) (\*\*each one)

**II DUX** My lord, I hold him aghast of your gay gear.

**REX** Great lords ought to be gay;  
Here shall no man do to thee \*dere, (\*harm)  
And therefore yet \*nemyne in my ear, (\*name, whisper)

For by the great God, \*and thou get me swear (\*if)  
Thou had never \*dole ere this day. (\*doulour, sorrow)

Do carp on \*tyte, churl, of thy kin. (\*quickly)

**I DUX** Nay, needlings he \*nevyns you with none. (\*names, mentions)

**REX** That shall he buy ere he \*blynne. (\*perish)

**II DUX** Ah, leave lord.

**REX** Let me alone.

**I DUX** Now, good lord, and ye may, move you no more;  
It is not fair to fight with a \*foned food, (\*bound man)  
But goes to your counsel and comfort you there.

**REX** Thou says \*soth, we shall see if so will be good, (\*truth)  
For \*certis our sorrows are sad. (\*surely)

**II FILIUS** What a devil ails him?  
Mi lord, I can get you be glad,  
For in time our master is mad;  
He lurks, loo(k), and looks like a lad.  
He is \*wode, lord, or else his wit fails him. (\*mad)

**III FILIUS** Mi lord, ye have moved you as mickle as ye may,  
For ye might \*menske him no more, were he Mahounde; (\*honour)  
And since it seems to be so, let us now assay.

**REX** Look, \*bewscheris, ye be to our \*bodis boun(d). (\*good sirs) (\*\*biddings)

**I DUX**  
Mi lord, how should he \*doubt us? He dreads not your \*\*drays.  
(\*dread) (\*\*tugs, pulls)

**REX** Now do forth, the devil might him drown,  
And since he frames falsehood and makes foul (af)frays,  
Roar on him rudely, and look ye not \*roune. (\*mutter)

**I FILIUS** Mi lord, I shall enforce myself since ye say so.  
Fellow, be not affeared nor feign not therefore,  
But tell us now some trifles between us two,  
And none of our men shall meddle them more.  
And therefore by reason array thee,  
Do tell us some point for thy \*prowe. (\*proof)

Hears thou not what I say thee?  
Thou \*mumling \*\*miting, I may thee (\*mumbling, murmuring) (\*\*mite)  
Help and turn thee from \*tene, as I \*\*trowe. (\*pain) (\*\*trust)

**II FILIUS** Look up, lad, lightly and \*loute to my lord here, (\*bow, praise)  
For from \*bale unto bliss he may now thee borrow. (\*captivity, torment)  
Carp on, knave, \*kantely, and cast thee to (ac)cord here, (\*cunningly, skillfully)  
And say me now somewhat, thou \*sauterell, with sorrow. (\*sot, saunterer)  
Why stands thou as still as a stone here?  
Spare not, but speak in this place here,  
Thou \*gadling, it may gain thee some grace here. (\*bastard)

**III FILIUS** My lord, this \*faitour is so feared in your face here, (\*fraud)  
None answer in this need he \*nevyns you with none here. (\*names)  
Do, \*bewsheris, for Belial's blood and his bones, (\*good sir)  
Say somewhat or it will wax wor(s)e.

**I FILIUS** Nay, we get not one word in this once.

**II FILIUS** Do cry we all on him at once,

**ALL CHYLDER** Oyes, Oyes, Oyes!

**REX** O, ye make a foul noise for the nonce.

**III FILIUS** Needling, my lord, it is never the nearer.

**I FILIUS** Mi lord, all your muting amends not a mite,  
To meddle with a madman is marvel to many;  
Command your knights to clothe him in white  
And let him \*carre as he come to your country. (\*go, possibly on a sledge/cart  
as punishment?)

**REX** Lo(ok), sirs, we lead you no longer a \*lite. (\*little time)  
Mi son has said \*sadly how that it should be; (\*solemnly)  
But such a point for a page is too \*parfite. (\*perfect)

**I DUX** Mi lord, fools that are \*fonde, they fall such a \*\*fee. (\*tested?  
Foolish?) (\*\*reward)

**REX** What, in a white garment to go  
Thus gaily \*girde in a gown? (\*dressed, clad)

**II DUX** Nay, lorde, but as a fool forced him fro(m).

**REX** How say ye, sirs, should it be so?

**AL CHYLDER** Ya, lord.

**REX** Wey, then is there no more  
But boldly bid them be boun(d).

Sir knights, we cast to get you be glad,  
Our counsel has warned us wisely and well:  
White clothes we say falls for a \*fond lad, (\*foolish, addled)  
And all his folly in faith fully we feel.

**I DUX** We will with a good will for his \*weeds wend, (\*clothes)  
For we \*wot well enough what \*\*weeds he shall wear. (\*know) (\*clothes)

**II DUX** Loo(k), here is an \*haterell here at your \*hende, (\*garment- hat?) (\*\*hand)  
All fashioned there for fools to \*feere. (\*fear? Accompany?)

**I MILES** Loo, here a \*jupon of joy, (\*tunic)  
All such should be good for a boy.

**I DUX** He shall be (ar)rayed like a \*roye (\*king)  
And shall be found in his folly.

**II DUX** Wey, thank them, evil \*motte thou thee. (\*may, must)

**I MILES** Nay, we get not a word, well I warrant.

**II MILES** Man, muster some marvel to me.

**I DUX** What, \*ween ye he be wiser than we? (\*think)  
Leave we and let the king see  
How it is forced and \*farand. (\*faring, going)

Mi lord, look if ye be \*payed, (\*rewarded, pleased)  
For we have gotten him his gear.

**REX** Why, and is this ribald arrayed?  
Mi blissing, \*bewscheris, ye bear. (\*good sirs)

Go, get cry in my court  
and \*grathely get write (\*readily)  
All the deeds that we have done in this same degree  
And who finds him grieved  
let him tell \*tyte; (\*quickly)  
And if we find no \*default (\*sin, error)  
him falls to go free.

**I DUX**

Oyez. If any \*wight with this wretch any worse \*\*wate, (\*soul) (\*\*thinks, knows)  
 Works, bears witness who so works wrong,  
 \*Busk boldly to the bar, his \*balis to abate, (\*bustle, come) (\*captivity, torment)  
 For my lord, be my \*lewté, will not be \*\*deland. (\*loyalty) (\*\*judging)  
 My lord, here appears none to \*appeyre his estate. (\*slander)

**REX** Well then, falls him go free.

Sir knights, then \*grathis you goodly to \*\*gange (\*prepare) (\*\*go)  
 And repair with your present and say to Pilate  
 We grant him our friendship all fully to \*fang. (\*grasp, seize)

**I MILES** My lord, with your leave this way shall we \*lere, (\*learn)  
 Us likes no longer to abide here.

**II MILES** Mi lord, and he worth ought in were,  
 We come again with good cheer.

**REX** Nay, \*bewscheris, ye find us not here; (\*good sirs)  
 Our leave will we take at this tide

And \*rathely array us to rest, (\*readily)  
 For such notes has (an)noyed us ere now.

**I DUX** Ya, \*certis, lord, so hold I best, (\*certainly, surely)  
 For this \*gadling ungoodly has grieved you. (\*bastard)

**II DUX** Look ye bear word as ye \*wot, (\*know)  
 How well we have quit us this while.

**I MILES** Wey, wise men will deem it we \*dote, (\*were stupid)  
 \*But if we make end of our note. (\*unless)

**REX** Wend forth, the devil in thy throat.  
 We find no default him to slay.

Wherefore should we flay him or \*fleme him (\*bleed)  
 We find not in rolls of record.  
 And since that he is dumb, for to \*deem him, (\*doom, judge)  
 Were this a good law for a lord?

Nay, \*losellis, \*unlely ye learned all too late, (\*louses, rogues) (\*untruly, illegally)  
 Go \*lere thus lordings of your land such lessons to \*lere. (\*teach, learn)  
 Repair with your present and say to Pilate  
 We grant him our power all plain to appear,

And also our grievance forgive we \*algate, (\*all-got, entirely)  
And we grant him our grace with a good cheer.  
As touching this \*brothel that brawls or debate, (\*sinner, brothel-goer)  
Bid him work as he will, and work not in \*were. (\*doubt)  
Go tell him this message from me,  
And lead forth that \*miting, evil \*motte he thee. (\*mite, small fry) (\*\*might)

**I MILES** Mi lord, with your leave, let him be,  
For all too long led him have we.

**II MILES** What, ye sirs, my lord, will ye see?

**REX** What, fellows, take ye no (at)tent what I tell you  
And bid you, that yeoman ye \*yeme? (\*care for, attend)

**II MILES** Mi lord, we shall wage him an ill way.

**REX** Nay, \*bewscheris, be not so \*\*bryme, (\*good sirs) (\*\*furious, heated)  
Fare softly, for so will it seem.

**I MILES** Now since we shall do as ye deem,  
Adieu, sir.

**REX** Dance on, in the devil's way.