

## PLAY THIRTY-THREE- The Second Trial before Pilate

### (The Tile-Makers)

#### PILATUS

Lordings that are \*limit to the law of my \*\*liaunce, (\*bound) (\*\*justice, allegiance)  
Ye shapely \*schalkes and sheen for to show, (\*men, knights)  
I charge you as your chieftain that ye chat for no chance,  
But look to your lord here and learn at my law.  
As a duke I may damn you and \*draw. (\*punish, i.e. drawn and quartered)  
Many \*bernys bold are about me, (\*soldiers, armoured men)  
And what knight or knave I may know  
That \*list not as a lord for to \*\*lowte me, (\*likes) (\*\*laud, praise, bow to)  
I shall \*lere him (\*teach, learn)  
In the devil's name, that \*dastard, to \*\*dowte me. (\*wretch) (\*\*fear)  
Ya, who works any works without me,  
I shall charge him in chains to \*chere him. (\*cheer, or poss. shear/cut)

Therefore, ye lusty lads within this length lapped,  
Do stint of your talking and of \*stoutness be stalling; (\*boasting, haughtiness)  
What traitors his tongue with tales has trapped,  
That fiend for his flattering full foul shall be falling.  
What \*broll overbroadly is brawling (\*brawler, brotheler)  
Or unsoftly will \*sege in their \*\*sales, (\*speak) (\*\*halls)  
That \*caysteffe thus carping and calling (\*captive, wretch, but suggests cast-off)  
As a boy shall be brought unto \*bales. (\*torment, captivity)  
Therefore  
Talk not nor treat not of tales,  
For that \*gome that gurns or (re)gales, (\*foolish man)  
I myself shall him hurt full sore.

#### ANNA

Ye shall \*sytt him full sore, what \*\*sege will assay you. (\*distress, harm) (\*\*man)  
If he like not your lordship, that lad, shall ye \*lere him (\*teach, learn)  
As a peerless prince full \*prestly to pay you, (\*swiftly)  
Or as a dearworth duke with \*dints shall ye \*\*dere him. (\*dents, blows)(\*\*harm)

**CAYPHAS** Ya, in faith ye have force for to \*fear him, (\*i.e. make him fear)  
Through your manhood and might be he marred;  
No chivalrous chieftain may cheer him,  
From that churl with charge ye have \*charred (\*made remorseful, chastised)  
[LINE MISSING]  
In paining pain be he \*parred. (\*confined, locked up)

**ANNA** Ya, and with \*scathe of \*\*skelpys ill scarred (\*harm) (\*\*scourging, strikes)  
From time that your \*tene he have tasted. (\*punishment)

## PILATUS

Now \*certes, as me seems, whoso \*sadly has sought you, (\*surely)(\*solemnly)  
Your praising is profitable, ye prelates of peace;  
Gramercy, your good word, and ungain shall it not you,  
That ye will say the \*soth and for no \*\*sege cease. (\*truth) (\*\*man? Speech?)

**CAYPHAS** Else were it pity we appeared in this \*prees, (\*press, crowd)  
But conceive how your knights are command(ed).

**ANNA** Ya, my lord, that \*\*leve ye no les(s), (\*give leave, allow- or love?)  
I can tell you, you (be)tides some tidings  
Full sad.

**PILATUS** See, they bring yon \*brolle in a band. (\*brawler, sinner)  
We shall hear now, hastily at hand,  
What \*unhappe before Herod he had. (\*bad luck, unhappiness)

**I MILES** Hail, loveliest lord that ever law led yet,  
Hail, seemliest under silk on every \*ilka side, (\*each)  
Hail, stateliest on \*stead in strength that is stood yet, (\*place)  
Hail, liberal, hail, \*lusty to lords allied. (\*generous)

**PILATUS** Welcome, what tidings this tide,  
Let no language lightly now let you.

**II MILES** Sir Herod, sir, it is not to hide,  
As his good friend \*grathely he greet you (\*readily)  
Forever,  
In what manner that ever he meet you,  
By himself full soon will he set you  
And says that ye shall not dissever.

**PILATUS** I thank him full \*thrally, and sir, I say him the same, (\*humbly)  
But what marvellous matters did this \*myron there \*\*mell? (\*idler) (\*\*talk)

**I MILES** For all the lord's language his lips, sir, were lame.  
For any spurrings in that space no speech would he spell,  
But dumb as a door gone he dwell.  
Thus no fault in him gone he find  
For his deeds to \*deem him to quell, (\*doom, judge)  
Nor in bands him \*brathely to bind. (\*quickly, furiously)  
And thus  
He sent him to yourself, and assigned  
That we, your knights, should be cleanly inclined,  
And \*tyte with him to you to \*\*truss. (\*quick) (\*\*travel)

**PILATUS** Sirs, harken, hear ye not what we have upon hand?  
 Loo(k), how the knights carp that to the king car(ri)ed.  
 Sir Herod, they say, no fault in me found,  
 He \*fest me to his friendship, so friendly he fared. (\*fastened, bound)  
 Moreover, sirs, he spake, and nought spared,  
 Full gently to Jesu, this Jew,  
 And \*sithen to the knights declared (\*since then)  
 How faults in him found he but few  
 To die.  
 He \*taste him, I tell you for true, (\*tested)  
 For to \*dere him he deemed undue, (\*harm)  
 And sirs, thee \*sothly say I. (\*truly)

**CAIPHAS** Sir Pilate, our prince, we prelates now pray you,  
 Since Herod \*fraysted no further this \*\*faitour to flay, (\*asked, thrusted) (\*\*fraud)  
 Receive in your \*sall the \*\*saws that I say you; (\*hall) (\*\*sayings, advice)  
 Let bring him to bar and at his beard shall we \*bay. (\*shout, yell)

**ANNA** Ya, for if he wend thus by wiles away,  
 I \*wot well he work will us wonder ; (\*know)  
 Our \*many he mars that he may, (\*people)  
 With his sayings he sets them asunder  
 With sin.  
 With his \*blure he breeds mickle blunder; (\*blow, blustering)  
 Whilst ye have him, now hold him under,  
 We shall weary him away if he \*wynne. (\*wend, flee- or labour, strive)

**CAYPHAS** Sir, no time is to tarry this traitor to \*taste, (\*test)  
 Against Sir Caesar himself he \*segges and says (\*speaks)  
 All the \*wights in this world work in waste (\*souls, people)  
 That takes him any tribute, thus his teaching \*outrayes. (\*harries, offends)  
 Yet further he feigns such affrays  
 And says that himself is God Son;  
 And sir, our law (al)ledges and lays  
 In what \*faitour falsehood is foun(d) (\*fraud)  
 Should be slain.

**PILATUS** For no shame him to \*shend will we shun. (\*destroy)

**ANNA** Sir, witness of this \*wanes may be won, (\*affliction, misfortune)  
 That will tell this without any \*trayne. (\*tricks, lies)

**CAYPHAS** I can reckon a rabble of \*renkes full right (\*people)  
 Of \*pert men in press from this place ere I pass (\*eager, cunning)  
 That will witness, I warrant, the words of this \*wight, (\*man, soul)

How wickedly wrought that this wretch has:

Simon, Yarus, and Judas,

Datan and Gamaliell,

Neptalim, Levi, and Lucas,

And Amys this matters can \*mell

(\*talk)

Together.

Their tales for true can they tell

Of this \*faitour that false is and fell

(\*fraudster)

And in (al)leging of laws full \*lithre.

(\*wicked)

**PILATUS** Ya, tsch, for your tales, they touch not intent;

The witness I warrant that to witness ye wage,

Some hatred in their hearts against him have \*hent

(\*seized, caught)

And purpose by this process to put down this \*page.

(\*boy)

**CAIPHAS** Sir, in faith us falls not to \*fage;

(\*trick, falsify)

They are trust men and true, that we tell you.

**PILATUS** Your swearing, sirs, swiftly ye assuage,

And no more in this matters ye \*mell you,

(\*talk)

I charge.

**ANNA** Sir, despise not this speech that we spell you.

**PILATUS** If ye feign such frauds, I shall fell you,

For me likes not your language so large.

**CAYPHAS** Our language is too large, but your lordship relieve us,

Yet we both beseech you, let bring him to bar;

What points that we put forth, let your presence approve us;

Ye shall hear how this harlot holds out of here.

(i.e. out of order)

**PILATUS** Ya, but be wise, witty, and \*warre.

(\*diligent, wary)

**ANNA** Yes, sir, dread you not for nothing we \*doute him.

(\*fear, doubt)

**PILATUS** Fetch him, he is not right far;

Do, beadle, \*buske thee about him.

(\*journey, go)

**PRECO** I am \*fayne,

(\*happy)

My lord, for to lead him or \*lowte him,

(\*praise, bow to)

Unclothe him, clap hym, and clout him;

If ye bid me, I am \*buxom and \*\*bayne.

(\*obedient) (\*\*bound, ready)

Knights, ye are commanded with this \*caitiff to care

(\*captive)

And bring him to bar, and so my lord bade.

**I MILES** Is this thy message?

**PRECO** Ya, sir.

**I MILES** Than move thee no more,  
For we are light for to leap and lead forth this lad.

**II MILES** Do step forth, in strife art thou \*stadde, (\*stood)  
I uphold full evil has thee \*happed. (\*possessed, enclosed)

**I MILES** Oh, man, thy mind is full mad  
In our clutches to be clouted and clapped,  
And closed.

**II MILES** Thou be lashed, lushed, and lapped. (whipped, beaten and surrounded)

**I MILES** Ya, routed, rushed, and rapped,  
Thus thy name with \*noye shall be noised. (\*annoyance, shouts)

**II MILES** Loo(k), this \*sege here, my sovereign, that ye for sent. (\*man)

**PILATUS** Well, stir not from that \*stead, but stand still there; (\*place)  
But he shape some shrewdness, with shame be he \*shent, (\*destroyed)  
And I will \*frayst, in faith, to \*frayne of his fare. (\*thrust, test) (\*ask)

**CAIPHAS** Wey, out, stand may I not, so I stare.

**ANNA** Ya, harrow, of this traitor with \*tene. (\*pain)

**PILATUS** Say, \*renkes, what ruth gets you roar? (\*people)  
Are ye \*woode or witless, I \*\*ween, (\*mad) (\*\*wonder)  
What ails you?

**CAYPHAS** Out, such a sight should be seen.

**ANNA** Ya, alas, conquered are we clean.

**PILATUS** Wey, are ye \*fonde, or your force fails you? (\*foolish)

**CAYPHAS** Ah, sir, saw ye not this sight, how that the shafts shook  
And these banners to this \*brothell they bowed all on broad? (\*sinner)

**ANNA** Ya, the cursed knights by craft let them crook  
To worship this warlock unworthy in \*wede. (\*clothes? Madness?)

**PILATUS** Was it duly done thus, indeed?

**CAIPHAS** Ya, ya, sir, oureself we it saw.

**PILATUS** Wey, spit on them, ill \*mote they speed. (\*may, might)  
Say, \*dastards, the devil might you \*\*draw, (\*wretches) (\*\*punish)  
How dare ye  
The banners on broad that here blow  
Let \*lowte to this \*\*lurdan so low? (\*praise, bow) (\*\*scoundrel)  
Oh, \*faitors, with falsehood, how fare ye? (\*frauds)

**III MILES** We beseech you and those seniors beside you, sir, sit,  
With none of our governance to be grievous and \*gryll, (\*cruel, offended)  
For it lay not in our lot the lances to let,  
And this work that we have wrought it was not our will.

**PILATUS** Thou lies, hears thou, \*lurdan? Full ill, (\*scoundrel)  
Well thou \*wot if thou witness it would. (\*knows)

**IV MILES** Sir, our strength might not stable them still,  
They \*hilded for ought we could hold, (\*bent, yielded)  
Our unwitting.

**V MILES** For all our force, in faith, did they fold  
As this warlock worship they would,  
And us seemed, \*forsoth, it unfitting. (\*in truth)

**CAIPHAS** Ah, unfriendly \*faitors, full false is your fable; (\*frauds, liars)  
This \*segge with his subtlety to his \*set hath you seized. (\*man) (\*\*followers)

**VI MILES** Ye may say what you seems, sir, but the standards are stable,  
What \*freak him enforces full foul shall he be \*\*fesid. (\*man, monster)  
(\*\*punished)

**ANNA** By the devil's nose, ye are doggedly dis-eased,  
Ah, hen's heart, \*ill-happe mot you \*\*hente. (\*misfortune) (\*\*seize, hold)

**PILATUS** For a whap so he whined and wheezed,  
And yet no lash to the \*lurdan was lent, (\*scoundrel)  
Foul fall you.

**III MILES** Sir, \*iwise, no wiles we have went. (\*I know)

**PILATUS** Shamefully you sat to be \*shent, (\*destroyed)  
Here (en)cumbered \*caitiffs, I call you. (\*captives)

**IV MILES** Since you likes not, my lord, our language to \*leve, (\*allow, love)  
Let bring the biggest men that abides in this land  
Properly in your presence their \*pousté to prove; (\*power)  
Behold that they held not for they have them in hand.

**PILATUS** Now ye are \*fearest that ever I found, (\*most fearful)  
Fie on your faint hearts in fear;  
Stir thee, no longer thou stand,  
Thou beadle, this \*bodword thou bear (\*bidding, bid-word)  
Through this town.  
The \*wightest men unto were (\*liveliest)  
And the strongest their standards to steer,  
Hither blithely bid them be boun(d).

**PRECO** My sovereign, full soon shall be served your \*sawe, (\*saying, order)  
I shall bring to the banners right big men and strong;  
A company of \*kevellis in this country I know (\*strong men)  
That great are and \*grill, to the \*\*gomes will I \*\*\*gange. (\*fierce) (\*\*men) (\*\*go)  
Say, ye lads both lusty and long,  
Ye must pass to Sir Pilate apace.

**I MILES** If we work not his will it were wrong;  
We are ready to run on a race  
And \*rayke. (\*hurry, rush)

**PRECO** Then tarry not, but \*tryne on a trace (\*proceed, hurry)  
And follow me fast to his face.

**II MILES** Do lead us; us likes well this \*lake. (\*amusement, game)

**PRECO** Lord, here are the biggest bairns that \*bildis in this borough, (\*shelter)  
Most stately and strong if with strength they be strained.  
(Be)Lieve me, sir, I lie not, to look this land through,  
They are mightiest men with manhood \*demened. (\*ruled, demanded)

**PILATUS** \*Wot thou well, or else has thou \*\*weened? (\*knows) (\*\*discovered)

**PRECO** Sir, I \*wot well, without words mo(re). (\*know)

**CAIPHAS** In thy tale be not tainted nor \*tenyd. (\*pained)

**PRECO** Wey, nay, sir, why should I be so?

**PILATUS** Well then,  
We shall \*frayst ere they \*\*found us far fro(m). (\*test) (\*\*depart)  
To what game they begin for to go,

Sir Cayphas, declare them ye can.

**CAIPHAS** Ye lusty lads, now \*lith to my law: (\*listen, agree)  
Shape you to the shafts that so sheenly here shine,  
If yon bairns bow the breadth of an hair,  
\*Platly ye be put to perpetual pain. (\*Immediately)

**I MILES** I shall hold this as even as a line.

**ANNA** Whoso shakes, with shames he \*shends. (\*is destroyed)

**II MILES** Aye, certain, I say as for mine,  
When it settles or sadly descends  
Where I stand,  
When it wrings or wrong it wends.  
Either bristles, barks, or bends,  
\*Hardly let hack off mine hand. (\*heartily)

**PILATUS** Sirs, wait to the \*wights that no wiles be wrought, (\*men)  
They are burly and broad, their boast have they blown.

**ANNA** To \*neven of that now, sir, it needs right nought, (\*name, mention)  
For who cursedly him quits, he soon shall be known.

**CAYPHAS** Ya, that \*dastard to dead shall be drawn, (\*scoundrel)  
Whoso faults, he foully shall fall.

**PILATUS** Now knights, since the cocks has \*crown, (\*crowed)  
Have him hence with haste from this hall  
His ways;  
Do stiffly step on this stall,  
Make a cry and \*cautely thou call, (\*boldly)  
Even like as Ser Annas thee says.

*[They cry] Oyes.*

**ANNA** Jesu, thou Jew of gentle Jacob kin,  
Thou \*nerthrist of Nazareth, now \*\*nevend is thy name, (\*spend-thrift,  
ne'er-do-well) (\*\*named)  
All creatures thee accuses; we command thee come in  
And answer to thine enemies, defend now thy fame.

*Et Preco, semper post Annam, recitabit "judicatur Jesus."*

**[And Preco, followed by Annas, calls "Judges of Jesus"]**

**CAYPHAS** Wey, out! we are \*shent all for shame, (\*destroyed)

This is wrested all wrong, as I \*ween. (\*believe)

**ANNA** For all their boast, yon boys are to blame.

**PILATUS** Such a sight was never yet seen.

Come sit,

My comfort was caught from me clean,

I \*upstart, I my might not abstain

(\*leap up, start up)

To worship him in work and in wit.

**CAYPHAS** Thereof marvelled we mickle what moved you in mind

In reverence of this ribald so rudely to rise.

**PILATUS** I was past all my power, though I pained me and pined;

I wrought not as I would in no manner of wise.

But sirs, my speech will \*aspise,

(\*despise? spy, discover?)

\*Wightly his ways let him wend;

(\*lively, swiftly)

Thus my doom will duly devise,

For I am feared him in faith to offend

In sights.

**ANNA** Then our law were left to an end

To his tales if ye truly attend.

He enchanted and charmed our knights.

**CAYPHAS** By his sorcery, sir, yourself the \*soth saw,

(\*truth)

He charms our chevaliers and with mischief enchanted.

To reverence him royally we raise all on row,

Doubtless we endure not of this \*dastard be daunted.

(\*scoundrel, wretch)

**PILATUS** Why, what harms has this \*hatell here haunted?

(\*hero, noble)

I \*ken to convict him no cause.

(\*know)

**ANNA** To all \*gomes he God Son him granted,

(\*people)

And \*liste not to live in our laws.

(\*likes)

**PILATUS** Say, man,

Conceives thou not what cumbrous clause

That this clergy accusing thee knows?

Speak, and excuse thee if thou can.

**JESUS** Every man has a mouth that made is on \*mold

(\*earth)

In \*weal and in woe to wield at his will,

(\*wealth, good fortune)

If he govern it goodly like as God would

For his spiritual speech him not to spill.

And what \*gome so govern it ill,

(\*person, fool)

Full \*unhently and ill shall he \*\*happe: (\*unskilful, ignoble) (\*\*have luck)  
Of \*ilk tale thou talks us \*until (\*each) (\*\*unto)  
Thou account shall, thou cannot escape.

**PILATUS** Sirs mine,  
Ye \*fonne, in faith, all the \*\*frappe, (\*are foolish) (\*\*groundless charges)  
For in this lad no lies can I \*lap, (\*uncover, reveal)  
Nor no point to put him to pain.

**CAIPHAS** Without cause, sir, we come not this churl to accuse him,  
And that will we ye \*wit as well is worthy. (\*know)

**PILATUS** Now I record well thee right, ye will no rather refuse him  
'Til he be driven to his dead and \*deemed to die; (\*doomed, judged)  
But take him unto you forthy  
And like as your law will you \*lere, (\*learn)  
\*Deem ye his body to \*\*abie. (\*judge) (\*\*abide)

**ANNA** O, Sir Pilate, without any peer,  
Do way;  
Ye \*wot well without any \*\*were (\*know) (\*\*doubt)  
Us falls not, nor our fellows in \*feere, (\*company)  
To slay no man, yourself the \*soth say. (\*truth)

**PILATUS**  
Why should I \*deem to dead then without deserving in deed? (\*doom, judge)  
But I have heard all wholly why in hearts ye him hate.  
He is faultless, in faith, and so God \*mote me speed; (may, might)  
I grant him my good will to go on his \*gait. (\*travels)

**CAIPHAS** Not so, sir, for well ye it \*wate, (\*know)  
To be king he claimeth with crown,  
And whoso stoutly will step to that state  
Ye should \*deem, sir, to be \*dong down (\*doom, judge) (\*\*struck)  
And dead.

**PILATUS** Sir, truly that touched to treason,  
And ere I remove, he rue shall that reason  
And or I stalk or stir from this \*stead. (\*place)

Sir knights that are comely, take this \*caitiff in keeping; (\*captive)  
\*Skelp him with scourges and with \*scathes him scorn; (\*slash, scourge) (\*harms)  
Wrest and wring him too, for woe 'til he be weeping,  
And then bring him before us as he was before.

**I MILES** He may \*banne the time he was born; (\*curse)

Soon shall he be served as ye said us.

**ANNA** Do \*wappe of his \*\*weeds that are worn. (\*whip, take) (\*\*clothes)

**II MILES** All ready, sir, we have arrayed us,  
Have done.

To this \*broll let us \*\*busk us and braid us (\*brawler, sinner) (\*\*go)  
As Sir Pilate has properly prayed us.

**III MILES** We shall set to him sadly soon.

**IV MILES** Let us get off his gear, God give him ill grace.

**I MILES** They are \*tytt off \*\*tite, lo(ok), take there his \*\*\*trasshes. (\*tugged)  
(\*\*swiftly) (\*\*rags)

**III MILES** Now knit him in this cord.

**II MILES** I am \*cant in this case. (\*fierce, harsh)

**IV MILES** He is bound fast, now beat on with bitter \*brashes. (\*blows, hits)

**I MILES** Go on, leap, harry, lordings, with lashes  
And enforce we this \*faitour to flay him. (\*fraudster)

**II MILES** Let us drive to him dearfully with dashes,  
All ready with our routs we array him  
And rent him.

**III MILES** For my part I am pressed for to pay him.

**IV MILES** Ya, send him sorrow, assay him.

**I MILES** Take him that I have time for to tend him.

**II MILES** Swing to this \*swire, to swiftly he sweat. (\*neck, throat)

**III MILES** Sweat may this swain for weight of our \*swaps. (\*blows, lashes)

**IV MILES** Rush on this ribald and him readily \*rehetete. (\*rebuke)

**I MILES** \*Rehetete him, I \*\*rede you, with routs and raps. (\*rebuke) (\*\*advise)

**II MILES** For all our \*noy, this niggard he naps. (\*annoyance, noise)

**III MILES** We shall waken him with wind of our whips.

**IV MILES** Now fling to this flatterer with \*flaps. (\*blows, hits)

**I MILES** I shall heartily hit on his hips  
And haunch.

**II MILES** From our \*skelpes not scatheless he skips. (\*scourges)

**III MILES** Yet him \*list not lift up his lips, (\*likes)  
And pray us to have pity on his paunch.

**IV MILES** To have pity of his paunch he proffers no prayer.

**I MILES** Lord, how likes thou this \*laik and this \*\*lare that we \*\*\*lere you?  
(\*game)(\*\*law) (\*\*teach, learn)

**II MILES** Lo(ok), I pull at his \*pilche, I am proud payer. (\*pelt, skin)

**III MILES** Thus your cloak shall we clout to clench you and clear you.

**IV MILES** I am \*strange in strife for to steer you. (\*strong?)

**I MILES** Thus with chops this churl shall we chasti(s)e.

**II MILES** I \*trowe with this \*\*trace we shall tear you.  
(\*trust) (\*\*harness, or trail of blood)

**III MILES** All thine untrue teachings thus \*taste I, (\*test)  
Thou tyrant.

**IV MILES** I hope I be hardy and hasty.

**I MILES** I \*wot well my weapon not waste I. (\*know)

**II MILES** He swoons or swelters, I \*swarand. (\*swear, warrant)

**III MILES** Let us loose him lightly, do lay on your hands.

**IV MILES** Ya, for if he die for this deed, undone are we all.

**I MILES** Now unbound is this \*broll, and unbraced his bands. (\*brawler, sinner)

**II MILES** Oh, fool, how fares thou now, foul \*mot thee fall. (\*might, may)

**III MILES** Now because he our king gone him call,  
We will kindly him crown with a briar.

**IV MILES** Ya, but first this \*purpure and pall (\*purple cloth)  
And this worthy \*weed shall he wear (\*clothing)  
For scorn.

**I MILES** I am proud at this point to appear.

**II MILES** Let us clothe him in the clothes full clear  
As a lord that his lordship has \*lorne. (\*lost)

**III MILES** Long ere thou meet such a \*menye as thou met with this morn.  
(\*gang, people)

**IV MILES** Do set him in this seat as a seemly in \*sales. (\*halls, court)

**I MILES** Now throng to him \*thrally with this thick thorn. (\*obediently)

**II MILES** Lo(ok), it holds to his head, that the (t)horns out \*hails. (\*i.e. stands out)

**III MILES** Thus we teach him to temper his tales,  
His brain begins for to bleed.

**IV MILES** Ya, his blunder has him brought to the \*bales; (\*torment, agony)  
Now reach him and \*raught him in a reed (\*give, hand over)  
So round,  
For his sceptre it serves indeed.

**I MILES** Ya, it is good enough in this need,  
Let us goodly him greet on this ground.

*Ave, royal \*roi and rex Judeorum!* [Hail] (\*king) [King of the Jews]  
Hail, comely king, that no kingdom has \*kenned; (\*known)  
Hail, \*undoughty duke, thy deeds are dumb, (\*wretched, vile)  
Hail, man unmighty, thy \*many to mend. (\*people)

**III MILES** Hail, lord without land for to \*lend, (\*live in)  
Hail, king, hail knave \*unconand. (\*uncunning, ignorant)

**IV MILES** Hail, \*freak, without force thee to (de)fend, (\*man, monster)  
Hail, \*strang, that may not well stand (\*stranger,  
To strive.

**I MILES** Wey, harlot, heave up thy hand,  
And us all that thee worship are \*workand (\*working)  
Thank us, there ill \*mot thou thrive. (\*may, might)

**II MILES** So let lead him \*belive and \*lunge here no longer, (\*lively) (\*linger)  
To Sir Pilate, our prince, our pride will we praise.

**III MILES** Ya, he may sing ere he sleep of sorrow and anger,  
For many \*derfe deeds he has done in his days. (\*wicked)

**IV MILES** Now \*wightly let wend on our ways, (\*lively)  
Let us \*truss us, no time is to tarry. (\*go quickly)

**I MILES** My lord, will ye listen our \*lays? (\*laws, teachings)  
Here this boy is ye bade us go \*bary (\*beat, whip)  
With bats.

**II MILES** We are (en)cumbered his \*corpus for to carry, (\*body)  
Many \*wights on him wonders and \*wary. (\*souls) (\*curse, worry)  
Lo(ok), his flesh all be beflapped that fat is.

**PILATUS** Well, bring him before us as he blushes all \*bloo. (\*swollen, bruised)  
I suppose of his \*seggyng he will cease evermore. (\*sayings, accusations)  
Sirs, behold upon height and *ecce homo*, **[behold man]**  
Thus bound and beat and brought you before.  
Me seems that it \*sues him full sore, (\*harms)  
For his guilt on this ground is he grieved,  
If you like for to listen my lore.  
In race

[PAGE MISSING]

This likely included Pilate's offer to release Jesus and the priests' refusal, in favour of the criminal Barabbas. It would also include Pilate's request for a bowl of water in which to wash his hands. If based on Matthew 27, it may also have included the "blood curse", in which Pilate ascribes blame to all Jews and their descendants, and which has been used to justify anti-semitism.

**[PILATUS]** For properly by this process will I prove  
I had no force from this fellowship this \*freke for to (de)fend. (\*man, monster)

**PRECO** Here is all, sir, that ye for send;  
Will ye wash while the water is hot?

*Tunc lavat manus suas.*

**[Then he washes his hands.]**

**PILATUS** Now this Barabbas bands ye unbend,  
With grace let him go on his gaits  
Where ye will.

**BARABAS** Ye worthy men, that I here \*wate, (\*know)  
God increase all your comely estate,  
For the grace ye have grant me \*untill. (\*unto)

**PILATUS** Hear the judgement of Jesus, all Jews in this \*stead: (\*place)  
Crucify him on a cross and on Calvary him kill.  
I damn him today to die this same dead;  
Therefore hang him on height upon that high hill;  
And on either side him I will  
That a harlot ye hang in this hast.  
Methinketh it both reason and skill  
Amidst, since his malice is most,  
Ye hang him.  
Then him torment, some \*tene for to \*\*tast. (\*pain) (\*\*test)  
More words I will not now waste,  
But \*blynne not 'til death to ye bring him. (\*cease, stop)

**CAIPHAS** Sir, us seems in our sight that ye sadly has said.  
Now knights that are cunning with this \*caitiff ye care, (\*captive)  
The life of this \*losell in your \*\*list is it laid. (\*scoundrel) (\*\*liking)

**I MILES** Let us alone, my lord, and learn us no law.  
Sirs, set to him \*sadly and sore, (\*solemnly)  
All in cords his cor(p)se \*umbycast. (\*surrounded, cast around)

**II MILES** Let us bind him in bands all bare.

**II MILES** Here is one, full long will it last.

**IV MILES** Lay on hand here.

**V MILES** I pull 'til my power is past.  
Now \*feste is he, fellows, full fast; (\*fastened)  
Let us steer us, we may not long stand here.

**ANNA** Draw him fast hence, deliver you, have done.  
Go, do see him to dead without longer delay,  
For dead must him be \*needling by noon. (\*needed, necessarily)  
All mirth must us move tomorrow that we may;  
It is \*sothly our great Sabbat day, (\*truly)  
No dead bodies unburied shall be.

**VI MILES** We see well the \*soth ye us say. (\*truth)  
We shall trail him \*tyte to his tree, (\*quickly)  
Thus \*talkand. (\*talking- or possibly stalking)

**IV MILES** Farewell, now \*wightely wend we.

(\*swiftly)

**PILATUS** Now \*certis, ye are a manly \*many.  
Forth in the wild \*wanyand be \*\*walkand.

(\*certainly, surely) (\*group, people)  
(\*pathways) (\*\*walking)