## PLAY THIRTY-FOUR- The Road to Calvary

## (The Shearmen- specialists in finishing woollen cloth)

**PRIMUS MILES INCIPIT**     
Peace, bairns and bachelors that \*beldis here about, (\*lodge, dwell)   
Stir not once in this \*stead but stand stone still, (\*place)  
Or, by the lord that I \*leve on, I shall gar you lowte. (\*believe) (\*\*get) (\*\*\*kneel, obey)  
\*But ye spare when I speak, your speech shall I \*\*spill (\*unless) (\*\*destroy)  
Smartly and soon.  
For I am sent from Sir Pilate with pride  
To lead this lad our laws to abide,  
He gets no better boon.  
  
Therefore I command you on every \*ilke a side (\*each)  
Upon pain of imprisonment that no man appear  
To \*suppowle this traitor, by time nor by tide, (\*supply, support)  
[LINE MISSING. . .]   
Not one of his \*press, (\*company, i.e. disciples)  
Nor not ones so hardy for to enquire,  
But help me wholly, all that are here,  
This \*caitiff \*\*care to increase. (\*captive) (\*\*sorrow, harm)  
  
Therefore make room and revel you now right   
That we may with this wearied \*wight (\*man, soul)  
\*Wightly wend on our ways. (\*quickly, lively)  
He napped not of all this night  
And this day shall his death be \*dight, (\*done)  
Let see who dare say nay.  
Because tomorrow is provide(d)  
For our dear Sabbath day,  
We will no \*mis be moved (\*misery)  
But mirth in all that ever men may.  
  
We have been busy all this morn  
To clothe him and to crown with thorn,  
As falls for a fool king,  
And now methinketh our fellows scorn,  
They \*highte to have been here this morn, (\*agreed)  
This \*faitour forth to bring. (\*fraud)  
To nap now is not good.  
Wey! how! high might he hang.  
  
**II MILES**   Peace, man, for \*Mahound’s blood. (\*Mohammed, used as generic pagan deity)  
Why make ye such crying?  
  
**I MILES**   Why \*wot thou not as well as I, (\*know)  
This \*carle \*\*burde unto Calvary (\*servant, rascal) (\*\*must go, i.e. be borne)  
And there on cross be done?

**II MILES**   Since doom is given that he shall die,  
Let call to us more company,  
And else we are our \*fone. (\*few, i.e. for else we are too few)  
  
**I MILES**   Our gear behoves to be \*grayde (\*prepared)  
And fellows \*sammed soon, (\*assembled)  
For Sir Pilate has said  
Him must be dead by noon.  
  
Where is Sir Wymond, \*wot thou ought? (\*knows)  
  
**II MILES**   He went to \*garre a cross be wrought (\*get, have)  
To bear this cursed knave.  
  
**I MILES**   That would I soon were hither brought,  
For \*sithen shall other gear be sought (\*since then)  
That us behoves to have.  
  
**II MILES**   Us must have ties and ropes  
To rig him ‘til he rave,  
And nails and other \*japes (\*tricks, trifles)  
If we ourself will save.  
  
**I MILES**   To tarry long us were full loath,  
But Wymond come, it is in \*wathe (\*danger)  
\*But we be blamed all three. (\*that, i.e. we will be blamed)  
Wey, how, Sir Wymond \*waytesskathe. (\*harm-causer)  
  
**II MILES**   Wey, how, Sir Wymond, how.  
  
**III MILES**                               I am here, what say ye both,  
Why cry ye so on me?  
I have been \*garre make (\*getting)  
This cross, as ye may see,  
Of that \*lay over the lake; (\*legal domain; the royal Clifford’s Tower was across a lake.)  
Men called it the king’s tree.  
  
**I MILES**   Now \*sekirly I thought the same, (\*surely)  
For that \*balke will no man us blame (\*cross-beam)  
To cut it for the king.  
  
**II MILES**   This \*karle has called him king at home, (\*servant, slave)  
And since this tree has such a name,  
It is according thing  
That his \*rigge on it may rest (\*back, spine- also roof-ridge, or castrated ram)  
For scorn and for hethyng. (\*contempt, hating)  
  
**III MILES**   Methought it seemed best  
To this bargain to bring.  
  
**I MILES**   It is well \*warred, so must I speed, (\*whorled, knotted, protruberances)

And it be \*lele in length and breadth; (\*perfect)  
Then is this space well spend.  
  
**III MILES**   To look thereafter it is no need.  
I took the measure ere I \*yode, (\*walked, came here)  
Both for the feet and hand.  
  
**II MILES**   Behold how it is bored  
Full even at \*ilke an end; (\*each, every)  
This work will well accord,  
It may not be amend.  
  
**III MILES**   Nay, I have ordained \*mickle more, (\*much)  
Ya, these thieves are sent before  
That beside him shall hang,  
And \*sties also are ordained there (\*ropes, stays)  
With stalwart \*steeles as master wore, (\*ladder rungs)  
Bothe some short and some long.  
  
**I MILES**   For hammers and nails,  
Let see soon who shall \*gang. (\*go)  
  
**II MILES**   Here are \*bragges that will not fail (\*large nails)  
Of iron and steel full strong.  
  
**III MILES**   Then is it as it ought to be,  
But which of you shall bear this tree  
Since I have brought it hither?  
  
**I MILES**   By my faith, bear it shall he  
That thereon hanged soon shall be,  
And we shall teach him whither.  
  
**II MILES**   Upon his back it shall be laid,  
For soon we shall come thither.  
  
**III MILES**   Look that our gear be \*grayede, (\*prepared, arrayed)  
And go we all together.  
  
**JOHANNES**   Alas, for my master that most is of might,  
That yester-even late, with lanterns light,  
Before the bishop was brought.  
Both Peter and I we saw that sight,  
And \*sithen we went our ways full \*\*wight, (\*since then) (\*\*quickly)  
When the Jews wonderly wrought:  
At morn they took to \*rede (\*advice, counsel)  
And subtleties upsought  
And deemed him to be dead  
That to them trespassed not.  
  
Alas, for \*site, what shall I say, (\*pity, anguish)  
My worldly wealth is went for \*ay; (\*ever)  
In woe ever may I wend.  
My master, that never lack in \*lay (\*legality, obedience to law)  
Is deemed to be dead this day,  
Even in his \*elmys hand(s). (\*enemies?)  
Alas, for my master mild  
That all men’s \*mis may mend (\*sin, misery)  
Should so falsely be (de)filed  
And no friends him to (de)fend.  
  
Alas, for his mother and others more,  
My mother and her sisters also,  
Sits \*samen with sighings sore. (\*together, assembled)  
They \*wot nothing of all this woe; (\*know)  
\*Forthy to warn them will I go (\*Therefore)  
Since I may mend no more.  
Since he shall die as \*tyte (\*quickly)  
And they unwarned were,  
I were worthy to \*wit, (\*know)  
I will to fast therefore.  
  
But in mine heart great dread have I  
That his mother for \*dole shall die (\*dolour, grief)  
When she see once that sight.  
But \*certis I shall not wend \*\*forthy (\*certainly, surely) (\*\*therefore)  
To warn that care-full company  
Ere he to dead be \*dight. (\*prepared, made ready)

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**MARIA SANCTA**   Since he from us will twain  
I shall thee never forsake.  
Alas, the time and tide,  
I \*wot well the day is come (\*know)  
That ere was specified  
Of prophet Simeon in prophecy:  
The sword of sorrow should run  
Throughout the heart subtly.  
  
**II MARIA**   Alas, this is a \*sithfull sight. (\*painful, woeful)  
He that was ever lovely and light  
And Lord of high and low,  
Oo, dolefully now is he \*dight (\*prepared, made ready)  
In world is none so woeful a \*wight (\*soul, man)  
Nor so care-full to know.  
They that he mended most  
In deed and also in \*saw, (\*words)  
Now have they full great haste  
To dead him for to \*draw. (\*drive?)  
  
**JESUS**   Daughters of Jerusalem city,  
Cease, and mourn no more for me  
But thinks upon this thing;  
For yourself mourn shall ye,  
And for the sons that born shall be  
Of you, both old and young.  
For such fare shall befall  
That ye shall give blessing  
To barren bodies all  
That no bairns forth may bring.  
  
For \*certis ye shall see such a day (\*certainly, surely)  
That with sore sighing shall ye say  
Unto the hills on height,  
“Fall on us, mountains, \*and ye may, (\*if)  
And cover us from that fell affray  
That on us soon shall (a)light.”  
Turn home the town until  
Since ye have seen this sight,  
It is my Father’s will,  
All that is done and \*dight. (\*prepared)  
  
**III MARIA**   Alas, this is a cursed case.  
He that all health in his hand has  
Shall here be \*sakles slain. (\*blameless, innocent)  
Ah, Lord, believe let cleanse thy face.  
Behold how he hath showed his grace, (\*nb- this indicates veil of Veronica)  
How he is most of \*main. (\*power)  
This sign shall bear witness  
Unto all people plain  
How God’s Son here guiltless  
Is put to \*pereles pain. (\*perilous or peerless?)  
  
**I MILES**   Say, \*whereto bide ye here about, (\*why)  
There \*quenys, with their \*\*skymeryng and their shout, (\*disreputable women)

(\*\*screaming, commotion)

Will not their \*stevens \*\*stir? (\*shouts) (\*i.e. stir up trouble)  
  
**II MILES**   Go home, \*casbalde, with thy \*clowte (\*baldhead) (\*cloth)  
Or, by that lord we love and laud,  
Thou shall \*abye full dear. (\*obey, abide, buy)  
  
**III MARIA**   This sign shall vengeance call  
On you wholly in \*feere. (\*fellowship)  
  
**III MILES**   Go, hie thee hence with all  
Or ill \*hayle come thou here. (\*fortune)  
  
**JOHANNES**   Lady, your greeting grieves me sore.  
  
**MARIA SANCTA**   John, help me now and evermore  
That I might come him \*‘til. (\*to)  
  
**JOHANNES**   My lady, wend we forth before  
To Calvary when ye come thither;  
Then shall ye say what ye will.  
  
**I MILES**   What a devil is this to say,  
How long shall we stand still?  
Go, hie you hence away,  
In the devil’s name, down the hill.  
  
**II MILES**   Their queans us \*comeres with their clack; (\*harasses)  
He shall be served for their sake  
With sorrow and with sore.  
  
**III MILES**   And they come more such noise to make,  
We shall get lug them in the lake  
If they were half a score.  
  
**I MILES**   Let now such \*bourdyng be. (\*joking)  
Since our tools are before  
This traitor and this tree;  
Would I full \*fayne were there. (\*happy, desirous)  
  
**II MILES**   We shall no more so still be stood,  
For now their queans are from us fled  
That falsely would us fear.  
  
**III MILES**   Methinketh this boy is so \*for-bled (\*i.e. has lost blood)  
With this \*ladde may he not be led. (\*leather whip)  
He swoons, that dare I swear.  
  
**I MILES**   It needs not hard to \*hurl (\*i.e. swing, hit)  
Since it does him such \*dere. (\*hurt)  
  
**II MILES**   I see here comes a \*carl (\*servant, slave)  
Shall help him for to bear.  
  
**III MILES**   That shall ye see soon on \*assay. (\*testing)  
Good man, whither is thou away?  
Thou walks as thou were wrath.  
  
**SYMON**   Sir, I have a great journey  
That must be done this same day,  
Or else it may do \*skathe. (\*harm)  
  
**I MILES**   Thou may with little pain  
Ease thyself and us both.  
  
**SYMON**   Good sirs, that would I \*fayne, (\*desire)  
But to dwell were me loath.  
  
**II MILES**   Nay, \*beuscher, thou shall soon be sped. (\*term of abuse)  
Look, here a lad that must be led  
For his ill deeds to die.  
  
**III MILES**   And he is bruised and all for-bled,  
That makes us here thus still be stood;  
We pray thee, sir, \*forthy, (\*therefore)  
That thou will take this tree  
And bear it to Calvary.  
  
**SYMON**   Good sirs, that may not be,  
For full great haste have I.  
My ways are long and wide,  
And I may not abide,  
For dread I come too late;  
For surety have I \*hight (\*promised, agreed)  
Must be fulfilled this night  
Or it will (im)pair my state.  
Therefore, sirs, by your leave,  
Methinketh I dwell full long.  
Me were loath you for to grieve,  
Good sirs, ye let me \*gang; (\*go)  
No longer here now may I \*wone. (\*dwell, stay)  
  
**I MILES**   Nay, \*certis, thou shall not go so soon, (\*surely, certainly)  
For ought that thou can say.  
This deed is most haste to be done,  
For this boy must be dead by noon,  
And now is near midday.  
Go help him in this need  
And make no more delay.  
  
**SYMON**   I pray you does your dead  
And let me wend my way.  
  
And sirs, I shall come soon again  
To help this man with all my main,  
And even at your own will.  
  
**II MILES**   What, would thou \*trusse with such a \*\*trayne? (\*go, depart) (\*\*trick)  
Nay, \*faitour, thou shall be \*\*fayne (\*fraud) (\*\*glad)  
This \*forward to fulfil, (\*fore-word, i.e. promise)  
Or, by mighty Mahounde,  
Thou shall rue it full ill.  
  
**III MILES**   Let \*ding this \*\*dastarde done, (\*smite, hit) (\*\*wretch, coward)  
\*But he go \*\*tyte \*\*\*there-till. (\*Unless) (\*\*quickly) (\*\*\*there to)  
  
**SYMON**   \*Sertis, sir, that were not wisely wrought (\*Certainly, surely)  
To beat me \*but I trespassed ought (\*unless)  
Either in word or deed.  
  
**I MILES**   Upon his back it shall be brought  
To bear it, whether he will or not.  
What, devil, whom should we dread?  
Go, take it up \*belyve (\*eagerly, lively)  
And bear it forth good speed.  
  
**SYMON**   It helps not here to strive;  
Bear it behoves me need.  
  
And therefore, sirs, as ye have said,  
To bear this cross I hold me \*paied (\*pleased, content)  
Right as ye would it were.  
  
**II MILES**   Yaa, now are we right arrayed;  
Look that our gear be ready \*grayed (\*arrayed, prepared)  
To work when we come there.  
  
**III MILES**   I warrant all ready  
Our tools both less and more;  
Let him go heartily  
Forth with the cross before.  
  
**I MILES**   Since he has his \*lade, now let him \*\*gang, (\*leather strap) (\*\*go)  
For with this \*warlowe work we wrong, (\*warlock, sinner, traitor)  
And we thus with him \*yode. (\*depart, travel)  
  
**II MILES**   And now is not good to tarry long;  
What should we done more us among?  
Say, son, so \*mote thou speed. (\*must)  
  
**III MILES**   \*Neven us no other note (\*name)  
‘Til we have done this deed.  
  
**I MILES**   \*Weme, methink we \*\*dote, (\*well!) (\*\*act foolishly)  
He must be naked need.  
  
\*All if he called himself a king, (\*Because, for)  
In his clothes he shall not hang  
But naked as a stone be \*stedde. (\*placed, stood)  
  
**II MILES**   That call I according thing,  
But to his sides I \*trow they cling, (\*trust, think)  
For blood that he has bled.  
  
**III MILES**   Whether they cling or cleave,  
Naked he shall be led,  
And for the more mischief  
\*Buffets him shall be bid. (\*blows, knocks)  
  
**I MILES**   Take off his clothes \*beliffe, let see. (\*busily, lively)  
Aha, this garment will fall well for me,  
And so I hope it shall.  
  
**II MILES**   Nay, sir, so may it not be;  
Them must be part among us three,  
Take even as will fall.  
  
**III MILES**   Yaa, \*and Sir Pilate meddle him, (\*if)  
Your part will be but small.  
  
**I MILES**   Sir,\* and ye \*\*liste, go tell him (\*if) (\*likes)  
Yet shall he not have all  
But even his own part and no more.  
  
**II MILES**   Yaa, let them lie still here in store  
Until this deed be done.  
  
**III MILES**   Let bind him as he was before  
And haul on hard that he were there,  
And hanged ere it be noon.  
  
**I MILES**   He shall be fast as fee  
And that right sore and soon.  
  
**II MILES**   So falls him for to be,  
He gets no better boon.  
  
**II MILES**   This work is well now, I warrant,  
For he is bound as beast in bond  
That is deemed for to die.  
  
**I MILES**   Then \*rede I that we no longer stand (\*advise)  
But \*ilke man fast on him a hand (\*each)  
And haul him hence in hie.  
  
**II MILES**   Yaa, now is time to \*truss (\*depart, travel, trudge)  
To all our company.  
  
**III MILES**   If any ask after us,  
\*Ken them to Calvary. (\*tell, know)