## PLAY THIRTY-SIX- Mortificacio Christi (Death of Christ)

## (The Butchers)

**PILATUS**   Cease, signors, and see what I say,  
Takes (at)tent to my talking entire.  
Devoid all this din here this day,  
And fall to my friendship in \*feere. (\*Fellowship? Fear?)  
Sir Pilate, a prince without peer,  
My name is full nevenly to neven

(\*unclear- lit. “namely to name”, but possibly “refreshing to hear”)

And \*doomsman full dearworth in deed. (\*judge)  
Of gentlest Jewry full even  
Am I.  
Who makes oppression  
Or does transgression,  
By my discretion  
Shall be deemed duly to die.  
  
To die shall I doom them, to dead,  
Those rebels that rules them unright.  
Who that to yon hill will take heed  
May see there the \*sooth in his sight, (\*truth)  
How doleful to dead they are \*dight (\*prepared, made ready)  
That \*liste not our laws for to \*\*lere. (\*likes) (\*\*learn, obey)  
Lo, thus be my \*main and my might (\*power)  
Those churls shall I chastise and cheer  
By law.  
\*Ilke felon false (\*each, every)  
Shall hang by the \*halse, (\*neck)  
Transgressors als(o)  
On the cross shall be knit for to \*know. (i.e. to be seen/known as an example)  
  
To know shall I knit them on cross;  
To \*shend them with shame shall I shape, (\*break, destroy)  
Their lives for to lose is no loss,  
Such \*tyrants with \*teene for to trap. (\*bullies, ruffians) (\*pain)  
Thus loyally the law I \*unlap (\*open, unroll)  
And punish them piteously.  
Of Jesu I hold it \*unhappe (\*unhappy)  
That he on yon hill hung so high  
For guilt.  
His blood to spill  
Took ye you \*till, (\*to)  
Thus was your will  
Full piteously to speed he were \*spilt. (\*killed, destroyed)  
  
**CAIPHAS**   To spill him we spoke in a \*speed, (\*speed, success)  
For false he followed in \*faie, (\*death, or possibly spells)  
With frauds our folk \*gan he \*fed (\*got) (\*e.g. with spiritual foods)  
And laboured to learn them his \*laye. (\*law, teachings)  
  
**ANNA**   Sir Pilate, of peace we you pray,  
Our law was full like to be \*lorne. (\*lost)  
He saved not our dear Sabbath day,  
And that for to (e)scape it were a scorn,  
By law.  
  
**PILATUS**   Sirs, before your sight  
With all my might  
I examined him right,  
And cause none in him could I know.  
  
**CAIPHAS**   Ye know well the cause, sir, in case:  
It touched treason untrue.  
The \*tribute to take or to trace (\*i.e. taxes)   
Forbade he, our \*bale for to brew. (\*punishment)  
  
**ANNA**   Of \*japes yet jangled yon Jew, (\*tricks)  
And cursedly he called him a king.  
To doom him to dead it is due,  
For treason it touches that thing  
Indeed.  
  
**CAIPHAS**   Yet principle  
And worst of all,  
He got him call  
God’s Son, that foul \*mote him speed. (\*must)  
  
**PILATUS**   He speeds for to spill in \*space, (\*a short moment)  
So wonderly wrought is your will;  
His blood shall your bodies embrace,  
For that have ye taken you \*till. (\*to)  
  
**ANNA**   That \*fore-word full \*\*fayne to fulfil (\*promise) (\*\*gladly)  
Indeed shall we \*dresse us \*\*bedene; (\*array, dress) (\*\*immediately)  
Yon \*losell him likes full ill, (\*rogue, rascal)  
For turned is his \*trantis all to \*\*tene, (\*tricks) (\*\*harm, pain)  
I \*trow. (\*trust, believe)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   He called him king,  
Ill joy him wring.  
Ya, let him hang,  
Full madly on the moon for to moo.  
  
**ANNA**   To moo on the moon has he \*mente. (\*moaned)  
Wey, fie on thee, \*faitour in \*\*faye! (\*fraud) (\*\*spells, tricks)  
Who \*trowes thou to thy tales took (at)tent? (\*thinks)  
Thou \*saggard, thyself \*gan thou say, (\*boaster, sagging person) (\*\*did)  
The Temple destroy thee today,  
By the third day were done \*ilka \*\*dele, (\*each, every) (\*\*thing)  
To raise it thou should thee array.  
Lo’, how was thy \*\*falsehood to feel,   
Foul fall thee!  
For thy presumption  
Thou has thy \*warisoune; (\*reward, payment)  
Do fast come down,  
And a \*comely king shall I call thee. (\*handsome)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   I call thee a coward to \*ken (\*know)  
That marvels and miracles made.  
Thou mustered among many men,  
But, \*brothell, thou \*\*bourded to brade. (\*sinner) (\*\*joked) (trick, twist)  
Thou saved them from sorrows, they said:  
To save now thyself let us see;  
God Son if thou \*grathely be \*\*grayde, (\*readily) (\*\*prepared)  
Deliver thee down off that tree  
Anon.  
If thou be \*funne (\*found)  
Thou be God’s Son,  
We shall be \*bonne (\*bound)  
To \*trowe on thee truly, \*\*ilkone. (\*trust) (\*\*each one)   
  
**ANNA**   Sir Pilate, your pleasance we pray,  
Take (at)tent to our talking this tide  
And wipe ye yon writing away:  
It is not best it abide.  
It suits you to set it aside,  
And set that he said in his \*saw, (\*sayings)  
As he that was print(ed) full of pride,   
“Jew’s king am I,” \*comely to know, (\*splendid, stately)  
Full plain.  
  
**PILATUS**   *Quod scripci, scripci*. [**What I have written, I have written.]**  
Yon same wrote I;  
I bide thereby,  
What \*gadling will grucche there again. (\*scoundrel, bastard) (\*\*complain)\_  
  
**JESUS**   Thou man that of \*mis here has meant, (\*sin, wickedness)  
To me (at)tent entirely thou take.  
On \*rood am I ragged and rent, (\*rod, i.e. cross)  
Thou sinful soul, for thy sake.  
For thy \*mis amends will I make. (\*sin, misdeeds)  
My back for to bend, here I bide;  
This \*teene for thy trespass I take.  
Who could thee more kindness have \*kydde (\*told, made known)  
Than I?  
Thus for thy good  
I shed my blood.  
Man, mend thy mood,  
For full bitter thy bliss \*mon I by. (\*must)  
  
**MARIA**   Alas, for my sweet Son I say,  
That dolefully to dead thus is \*dight. (\*prepared)  
Alas, for full lovely thou lay  
In my womb, this worthily \*wight. (\*soul, man)  
Alas, that I should see this sight  
Of my Son so seemly to see.   
Alas, that this blossom so bright  
Untruly is tugged to this tree,  
Alas!  
My lord, my life,  
With full great grief  
Hangs as a thief.  
Alas, he did never trespass.  
  
**JESUS**   Thou woman, do way of thy weeping,  
For me may thou nothing amend;  
My Father’s will to be working,  
For mankind my body I bend.  
  
**MARIA**   Alas, that thou likes not to \*lende, (\*live)  
How should I but weep for thy woe?  
To \*care now my comfort is \*kenned. (\*sorrow, grief) (\*\*made known)  
Alas, why should we twin thus in two  
Forever?  
  
**JESUS**   Woman, instead of me,  
Lo, John thy son shall be.  
John, see to thy mother free,  
For my sake do thou thy \*devere. (\*duty)  
  
**MARIA**   Alas, Son, sorrow and \*sighte (\*prob. sighs, but possibly sight)  
That me were closed in clay,  
A sword of sorrow me smite,  
To dead I were done this day.  
  
**JOHANNES**   Ah, mother, so shall ye not say,  
I pray you be peace in this \*press, (\*crowd)  
For with all the might that I may  
Your comfort I \*cast to increase (\*plan, forecast)  
Indeed.  
Your son am I,  
Lo, here ready,  
And now forthy  
I pray you hence for to speed.  
  
**MARIA**   My \*steven for to \*\*stede or to steer, (\*voice) (\*\*i.e. stop and control)  
How should I such sorrow to see:  
My Son that is dearworthy and dear  
Thus doleful a dead for to die.  
  
**JOHANNES**     
Ah, dear mother, \*blynne of this \*\*blee; (\*diminish) (\*\*blow, i.e. wail, cry out)   
Your mourning it may not amend.  
  
**MARIA CLEOPHE**   Ah, Marie, take trust unto thee,  
For succour to thee will he send  
This tide.  
  
**JOHANNES**   Fair mother, fast  
Hence let us \*cast. (\*go, depart)  
  
**MARIA**   ‘Til he be past  
Will I \*busk here \*\*baynly to bide. (\*prepare) (\*\*humbly)  
  
**JESUS**   With bitter-full \*bale have I bought, (\*torment, pain)  
Thus, man, all thy \*misse for to mend, (\*sins, misdeeds,)  
On me for to look let thou not  
How \*baynly my body I bend. (\*obediently, humbly)  
No \*wight in this world would have \*\*weened (\*soul, human) (\*\*understood)  
What sorrow I suffer for thy sake.  
Man, cast thee thy kindness be \*kenned, (\*known- or possibly “alike”)  
True (at)tent unto me that thou take  
And trust.  
For foxes their dens have they  
Birds has their nests to pay,  
But the Son of Man this day  
Has not on his head for to rest.  
  
**LATRO A SINISTRIS**   If thou be God’s Son so free,  
Why hang thou thus on this hill?  
To save now thyself let us see,  
And us now, that speeds for to \*spill. (\*be killed)  
  
**LATRO A DEXTRIS**   Man, stint of thy \*steven and be still, (\*shouting)  
For doubtless thy God dreads thou not;  
Full well are we worthy \*theretill. (\*thereto)  
Unwisely wrong have we wrought,  
\*Iwisse. (\*I know, I believe)  
None ill did he  
Thus for to die.  
Lord, have mind of me  
When thou art come to thy bliss.  
  
**JESUS**   \*Forsooth, son, to thee shall I say, (\*in truth)  
Since thou from thy folly will fall,  
With me shall dwell now this day  
In paradise place principal.  
*Heloy! heloy!*   
My God, my God, full free,  
*Lama zabatanye*,  
Whereto forsook thou me,  
In care?  
And I did never ill  
This dead for to go til,  
But be it at thy will.  
Ah, me thirsts sore.  
  
**GARCIO**   A drink shall I \*dress thee indeed, (\*prepare)  
A draught that is full daintily \*dight, (\*made, prepared)  
Full fast shall I spring for to speed.  
I hope I shall hold that I have \*hight. (\*promised)  
  
**CAYPHAS**   Sir Pilate, that most is of might,  
Hark, “Heely” now heard I him cry;  
He \*weens that that worthily \*\*wight (\*believes) (\*\*person)  
In haste for to help him in hie  
In his need.  
  
**PILATUS**   If he do so,  
He shall have woe.  
  
**ANNA**   He were our foe  
If he \*dress him to do us that deed. (\*asked, tried)  
  
**GARCIO**   That deed for to (ad)dress if he do,  
In \*sertis he shall rue it full sore. (\*certainty)  
Nevertheless, if he like it not, lo,  
Full soon may he cover that care. (\*deliverance, i.e. released from his pain)  
Now sweet sir, your will if it were,  
A draught here of drink have I \*dressed (\*prepared)  
To speed for no (ex)pence that ye spare,  
But boldly ye \*bib it for the best (\*imbibe, drink)  
For why  
Hazel and gall  
Is \*menged with all. (\*mixed)  
Drink it ye shall.  
Your lips, I (be)hold them full dry.  
  
**JESUS**   Thy drink it shall do me no \*deere, (\*harm)  
Wit thou well, thereof will I none.  
Now, Father, that formed all in \*fere, (\*fellowship, togetherness)  
To thy most might make I my moan.  
Thy will have I wrought in this \*wone. (\*place)  
Thus ragged and rent on this \*rood, (\*rod, cross)  
Thus dolefully to dead have they done.  
Forgive them by grace that is good,  
They nay \*wot not what it was. (\*know)  
My Father, hear my boon,  
For now all thing is done.  
My spirit to thee right soon  
Commend I *in manus tuas*.  **[into your hands]**  
**MARIA**   Now, dear Son, Jesus so \*jente, (\*gentle)  
Since my heart is heavy as lead,  
One word would I \*wit ere thou went. (\*know)  
Alas, now my dear Son is dead.  
Full ruefully (be)reft is my \*rede. (\*comfort, advise)  
Alas, for my darling so dear.  
  
**JOHANNES**   Ah mother, ye hold up your head  
And sigh not with sorrows so \*sere, (\*severe)  
I pray.  
  
**MARIA CLEOPHE**   It does her pain  
To see him \*tyne. (\*harmed)  
Lead we her \*heyne, (\*away, hence)  
This mourning help her nay may.  
  
**CAIPHAS**   Sir Pilate, perceive, I you pray,  
Our customs to keep well ye can.  
Tomorrow is our dear Sabbath day,  
Of mirth must us move \*ilke a man. (\*every, each)  
Yon \*warlous now waxes full \*wan, (\*warlocks, traitors) (\*dark)  
And needs must they buried be.  
Deliver their dead, sir, and then  
Shall we (pur)sue to our said solemnity  
Indeed.  
  
**PILATE**   It shall be done,  
In words \*fone. (\*few)  
Sir knights, go soon  
To yon \*harlots you \*\*hendely take heed. (\*frauds, thieves) (\*\*quickly, skillfully)  
Those \*caitiffs thou kill with thy knife; (\*captives)  
\*Delivere, have done, they were dead. (\*dutifully)  
  
**MILES**   My lord, I shall \*lenghe so their life (\*lengthen?)  
That those \*brothels shall never bite bread. (\*sinners)  
  
**PILATUS**   Ser \*Longeus, step forth in this \*\*stead. (\*Longinus) (\*\*place)  
This spear, lo, have hold in thy hand,  
To Jesus thou rake forth I \*rede (\*command, advise)  
And \*stead not but stiffly thou stand (\*rest, wait)  
A \*stounde. (\*pain, place)  
In Jesu side  
Shove it this tide;  
No longer bide,  
But \*grathely thou go to the ground. (\*prepared)  
  
**LONGEUS LATUS**   O, maker unmade, full of might.  
O, Jesu so gentle and \*gent, (\*noble, fair)  
That suddenly has lent me my sight.  
Lord, loving to thee be it lent.  
On \*rood art thou ragged and rent (\*rod, cross)  
Mankind for to mend of his \*mis. (\*sins, misdeeds)  
Full piteously spilt is and spent  
Thy blood, Lord, to bring us to bliss  
Full free.  
A, mercy my succour,  
Mercy, my treasure,  
Mercy my Saviour,  
Thy mercy be marked in me.  
  
**CENTERIO**   O, wonderful worker \*iwis, (\*known)  
This weather is waxen full \*wan, (\*dark)  
True token I \*trow that it is (\*trust, believe)  
That mercy is meant unto man.  
Full clearly conceive thus I can  
No cause in this course could they know,  
Yet doleful they \*demed him then (\*doomed, judged)  
To lose thus his life by their law,  
No right.  
Truly I say,  
God’s Son \*verray (\*in truth)  
Was he this day  
That dolefully to dead thus is \*dight. (\*ordered, prepared)  
  
**JOSEPH [OF ARIMATHEA]**     
That Lord loyal \*ay-lasting in land, (\*ever-lasting)  
Sir Pilate, full pressed in this \*press, (\*crowd)  
He save thee by sea and by sand,  
And all that is dearworth on \*dais. (\*i.e. on the waggon-stage)  
  
**PILATUS**   Joseph, this is loyally no less;  
To me art thou welcome \*iwisse. (\*surely)  
Do say me the \*sooth ere thou cease, (\*truth)  
Thy worthily will what it is  
Anon.  
  
**JOSEPH**   To thee I pray,  
Give me in hie  
Jesu body  
In \*gree it for to grave all alone. (\*favour)  
  
**PILATUS**   Joseph, sir, I grant thee that \*geste. (\*gesture)  
I grouch not to \*grath him in grave. (\*prepare)  
\*Delyver, have done he were dressed, (\*quickly, lively)  
And so, sir, our Sabbath to save.  
  
**JOSEPH**   With hands and heart that I have  
I thank thee in faith for my friend.  
God keep thee thy comfort to crave,  
For \*wightly my way will I wend (\*swiftly)   
In hie.  
To do that deed  
He be my speed,  
That arms \*gun spread, (\*did)  
Mankind by his blood for to buy.  
  
**NICHODEMUS**   Well met, ser; in mind \*gun I move (\*did)  
For Jesu that judged was \*ungent. (\*unjustly)  
Ye laboured for license and leave  
To bury his body on \*bent? (\*resolved)  
  
**JOSEPH**   Full mildly that matter I meant,  
And that for to do will I \*dress. (\*prepare, make ready)  
  
**NICHODEMUS**   Both same I would that we went  
And let not for more nay for less,  
For why  
Our friend was he,  
Faithful and free.  
  
**JOSEPH**   Therefore go we  
To bury that body in hie.  
  
All mankind may mark in his mind  
To see here this sorrowful sight.  
No falseness in him could they find  
That dolefully to dead thus is \*dight. (\*done, ordered)  
  
**NICHODEMUS**   He was a full worthy \*wight, (\*human, soul)  
Now blemished and \*bolned with blood. (\*swollen)  
  
**JOSEPH**   Yea, for that he mustered his might.  
Full falsely they felled that food,  
I ween,  
Both back and side  
His wounds wide;  
\*Forthy this tide (\*therefore)  
Take we him down us between.  
  
**NICHODEMUS**   Between us take we him down,  
And lay him on length on this land.  
  
**JOSEPH**   This reverent and rich of renown,  
Let us hold him and \*halse him with hand. (\*bind, wrap)  
A grave have I got here be ordained  
That never was in \*note, it is new. (\*i.e. use)  
  
**NICHODEMUS**   To this course it is \*comely according (\*appropriately)  
To dress him with deds full due  
This \*stounde (\*place)  
  
**JOSEPH**   A \*sudarye (\*pall, shroud)  
Lo here have I,  
Wind him \*forthy, (\*therefore)  
And soon shall we grave him in ground .  
  
**NICHODEMUS**   In ground let us grave him and go;  
Do lively, let us lay him alone.  
Now Saviour of me and of more,  
Thou keep us in cleanness \*ilkone. (\*each/every one)  
  
**JOSEPH**   To thy mercy now make I my moan,  
As Saviour by sea and by sand,  
Thou guide me that my grief be all gone;  
With loyal life to long in this land  
And ease.  
  
**NICHODEMUS**   \*Seere ointments here have I (\*several, diverse)  
Brought for this fair body.  
I anoint thee \*forthy (\*therefore)  
With myrrh and aloes.  
  
**JOSEPH**   This deed it is done \*ilke a dele, (\*every) (\*\*part, step)   
And wrought is this work well \*iwis. (\*surely)  
To thee, King, on knees here I kneel  
That \*baynly thou \*\*belde me in bliss. (\*readily, quickly) (\*\*encourage)  
  
**NICHODEMUS**     
He \*highte me full \*\*hendely to be his (\*commanded) (\*\*graciously)  
A night when I \*neghed him full near. (\*came near/nigh)  
Have mind, Lord, and mend me of \*mis, (\*sins, misdeeds)  
For done is our deeds full dear  
This tide.  
  
**JOSEPH**   This Lord so good  
That shed his blood  
He mend your mood  
And \*buske on this bliss for to bide. (\*prepare, be ready)