## PLAY THIRTY-NINE- The Appearance of Jesus to Mary Magdalene

## (The Winedrawers)

**MARIA**   Alas, in this world was never no \*wight (\*human, soul)  
Walking with so mickle woe.  
Thou dreadful Death, drawn hither and \*dight (\*prepare, condemn)  
And mar me as thou has done mo(re).  
In lame is it loken, all my light, (i.e. my light is locked unmoving in the ground)  
\*Forthy on ground unglad I go. (\*therefore)  
Jesus of Nazareth he \*hight, (\*was called)  
The false Jews slew him me fro(m).  
  
Mi wit is waste now in \*wede; (\*madness, rage)  
I wallow, I walk, now woe is me,  
For laid now is that lovesome in \*lead: (\*i.e. lead coffin)  
The Jews him nailed unto a tree.  
My doleful heart is ever in dread,  
To ground now gone is all my glee;  
I spurn there I was wont to speed.  
Now help me, God, in persons three.  
  
Thou lovesome \*lede in \*\*ilke a land, (\*person, lord) (\*\*each, every)  
As thou shape both day and night,  
Sun and moon both bright \*shinand, (\*shining)  
Thou grant me grace to have a sight  
Of my Lorde, or else his \*sande. (\*soul)  
  
**JESUS**   Thou wilful woman in this way,  
Why weeps thou so as thou would \*wede, (\*rave)  
As thou on \*felde would fall down \*faie? (\*field, earth) (\*hurt, dead, ill fated)  
Do way, and do no more that deed.  
Whom seeks thou this long day?  
Say me the \*sooth, as Christ thee \*\*rede. (\*truth) (\*\*advises)  
  
**MARIA**   Mi Lord Jesu and God \*verray (\*truthfully)  
That suffered for sins his sides bleed.  
  
**JESUS**   I shall thee say, will thou me hear,  
The \*sooth of him that thou hast sought. (\*truth)  
Withouten dread, thou faithful \*fere, (\*companion)  
He is full near that mankind bought.  
  
**MARIA**   Sir, I would look both far and near  
To find my Lord, I see him not.  
  
**JESUS**   Woman, weep not, but mend thy cheer;  
I \*wot well whither that he was brought. (\*know)  
  
**MARIA**   Sweet sir, if thou him bare away,  
Say me the \*sooth and thither me lead (\*truth)  
Where thou him did; without delay  
I shall him seek again good speed.  
  
Therefore, good gardener, say thou me,  
I pray thee for the prophets sake  
Of these tidings that I ask thee.  
For it would do my sorrow to slake  
Where God’s body found might be  
That Joseph of the cross gone take.  
Might I him \*fang unto my \*\*fee, (\*protect) (\*\*keeping, protection)  
Of all my woe he would me \*wrake. (\*wreck, destroy, i.e. remove her woe)  
  
**JESUS**   What would thou do with that body bare  
That buried was with \*baleful chere? (\*painful) (\*\*emotion? small job?)  
Thou may not salve him of his \*sare, (\*wounds)  
His pains were so sad and \*seere. (\*severe)  
But he shall cover mankind of care,  
That clouded was he shall make clear,  
And the folk \*wele for to fare (\*health, wellbeing)  
That filled were all in fear.  
  
**MARIA**   Ah, might I ever with that man meet  
The which that is so \*mickle of might, (\*great)  
Dry should I wipe that now is wet:  
I am but sorrow of worldly sight.  
  
**JESUS**   Marie, of mourning amend thy mood  
And behold my wounds wide.  
Thus for man’s sins I shed my blood  
And all this bitter \*bale gone bide. (\*ill-fate, suffering)  
Thus was I raised on the \*rood (\*rod, cross)  
With spear and nails that were unride. (\*violent, numerous)  
\*Trow it well, it turns to good (\*trust)  
When men in earth their flesh shall hide.  
  
**MARIA**   Ah, \*Rabony, I have thee sought, (\*teacher)  
Mi master dear, full fast this day.  
  
**JESUS**   Go away, Marie, and touch me not,  
But take good keep what I shall say.  
I am he that all thing wrought  
That thou calls thy Lord and God \*verraye. (\*true)  
With bitter death I mankind bought,  
And I am risen as thou see may.  
  
And therefore, Marie, speak now with me  
And let thou now be thy \*grette. (\*weeping, grief)  
  
**MARIA**   Mi Lord Jesu, I know now thee;  
Thy wounds they are now wet.  
  
**JESUS**   \*Nigh me not, my love, let be, (\*i.e. come near)  
Marie, my daughter sweet;  
To my Father in Trinity  
Forth I \*stigh not yet. (\*ascend, i.e. to heaven)  
  
**MARIA**   Ah, mercy, \*comely conqueror, (\*noble)  
Through thy might thou has overcome dead.  
Mercy, Jesu, man and Saviour:  
Thy love is sweeter than the \*mead. (\*i.e. honey drink)  
Mercy, mighty comforter,  
For ere I was full will of \*rede. (i.e. lacking advice)  
Welcome, Lord, all mine honour,  
Mi joy, my love, in \*ilke a \*\*stead. (\*each, every) (\*\*place)  
  
**JESUS**   Marie, in thine heart thou write  
Mine armour rich and good:  
Mine \*actone covered all with white (\*coat, jerkin)  
As corpse of man \*behued (i.e. coloured like skin)  
With stuff good and perfect  
Of maiden’s flesh and blood;  
When they gone \*thirle and smite (\*pierce, thrust)  
Mi head for \*hauberk stood. (\*tunic, neck armour)  
  
Mi \*plates were spread all on \*\*brede (\*plates of armour) (\*\*breadth)  
That was my body upon a tree;  
Mine helm covered all with manhood,  
The strength thereof may no man see;  
The crown of thorn that got me bled,  
It bemeans my dignity.  
Mi diadem says, withouten dread,  
That dead shall I never be.  
  
**MARIA**   A, blessed body that \*bale would beat, (\*torment)  
Dear haste thou bought man-kin.  
Thy wounds have made thy body wet  
With blood that was thee within.  
Nailed thou was through hand and feet,  
And all was for our sin.  
Full grisly must we \*caitiffs \*\*grete, (\*captives, wretches) (\*\*mourn, wail)  
Of \*bale how should I \*blynne? (\*suffering) (\*\*stop)  
  
To see this \*ferly food (\*miraculous)  
Thus ruefully \*dight, (\*prepared, treated)  
Rugged and rent on a \*rood, (\*rod, cross)  
This is a rueful sight,  
And all is for our good  
And nothing for his plight.  
Spilt thus is his blood  
For \*ilke a sinful \*\*wight. (\*each, every) (\*\*soul, person)   
**JESUS**   To my God and my Father dear,  
To him as swift I shall ascend,  
For I shall now not long dwell here;  
I have done as my Father me \*kenned, (\*told, made known)  
And therefore look that \*ilke man \*\*lere (\*each, every) (\*\*learn)  
How that in earth their life may mend.  
All that me loves I shall draw near  
Mi Father’s bliss that never shall end.  
  
**MARIA**   All for joy me likes to sing,  
Mine heart is gladder than the glee,  
And all for joy of thy rising  
That suffered dead upon a tree.  
Of love now is thou crowned king,  
Is none so true living more free.  
Thy love passes all earthly thing.  
Lord, blissed \*mote thou ever be. (\*must, may)  
  
**JESUS**   To Galilee shall thou wend,  
Marie, my daughter dear,  
Unto my \*brethir \*\*hende; (\*brethren) (\*\*handy, noble, skilful)  
There they are all in \*fere. (\*fear? Fellowship?)  
Tell them \*ilke word to end (\*each, every)  
That thou spake with me here.  
My blissing on thee \*lende, (\*land, light)  
And all that we leave here.