## 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.