

## PLAY FORTY-ONE - The Agony and Betrayal

### (The Scriveners)

**PETRUS** Alas, to woe that we were wrought!  
Had never no men so mickle thought  
Since that our Lord to dead was brought  
With Jews fell.

Out of this \*stead nay durst we nought,  
But here \*ay dwell.

(\*place)

(\*ever)

**JOHANNES** Here have we dwelt with pains strong.  
Of our life us loathes, we live too long,  
For since the Jews wrought us that wrong  
Our Lorde to slew,  
Durst we never come them among,  
Nor hence to go.

**JACOBUS** The wicked Jews hates us full ill  
And bitter pains would put us \*till;  
Therefore I \*rede that we dwell still  
Here \*there we \*\*lende,  
Until that Christ our Lord us will  
Some succour send.

(\*to)

(\*advise)

(\*where, that) (\*\*live)

**DEUS** Peace and rest be with you.

**PETRUS** Ah, brother dear, what may we \*trowe,  
What was this sight that we saw now  
Shining so bright,  
And vanished thus and we no \*wot how,  
Out of our sight?

(\*believe, trust)

(\*know)

**JOHANNES** Out of our sight now is it sought;  
It maketh us mad, the light it brought.  
What may it be?

**JACOBUS** \*Sertis I \*wot nought  
But \*sekirly  
It was vanity in our thought,  
Nought else \*trowe I it be.

(\*Certainly, surely) (\*\*know)

(\*certainly)

(\*trust, believe)

**DEUS** Peace unto you evermore might be,  
Dread you nought, for I am he.

**PETRUS** On God's name, *benedicité*,

**[I bless him]**

What may this mean?

**JACOBUS** It is a spirit, \*forsooth thinketh me,  
That does us \*tene.

(\*in truth)  
(\*pain, sorrow)

**JOHANNES** A spirit it is, that \*trowe I right,  
All thus appeared here to our sight;  
It makes us mad of main and might,  
So it us \*flaied,  
Yon is the same that brought the light  
That us affrayed.

(\*trust)  
  
(\*fled, scared away)

**DEUS** What think ye, madmen, in your thought?  
What mourning in your hearts is brought?  
I am Christ, nay dread you nought,  
Here may ye see  
The same body that has you bought  
Upon a tree.

That I am come you here to meet,  
Behold and see mine hands and feet,  
And \*grathely gropes my wounds wet  
All that here is;  
Thus was I \*dight your \*\*bales to beat  
And bring to bliss.

(\*readily)  
  
(\*made, prepared) (\*\*trials, torments)

For you thus gaits then have I gone;  
Feel me \*grathely \*\*everilkone,  
And see that I have flesh and bone.  
Grope me now,  
For so nay has spirit none,  
That shall ye \*trowe.

(\*readily) (\*\*every each one)  
  
(\*trust, know)

To \*gar you \*\*ken and know me clear,  
I shall you show examples \*sere;  
Bring now forth unto me here  
Some of your \*meat,  
If ye among you all in \*fere  
Have owt to eat.

(\*get) (\*\*know, understand)  
(\*diverse, many)  
  
(\*food)  
(\*fellowship, together)

**JACOBUS** Thou loving Lord that last shall \*ay,  
Loo(k), here is meat that thou eat may:  
A honeycomb the \*sooth to say,  
Roast fish \*thertill;  
To eat there-of here we thee pray  
With full good will.

(\*ever, always)  
  
(\*truth)  
(\*thereto)

**DEUS** Now since ye have brought me this meat,  
To make your truth steadfast and great  
And for ye shall \*wanhope forget (\*dark thoughts, despair)  
And \*trowe in me, (\*trust, believe)  
With you then here will I eat,  
That ye shall see.

Now have I done, ye have seen how,  
Boldly eating here with you,  
Steadfastly look that ye \*trowe (\*trust, believe)  
Yet in me afte(r),  
And takes the remnant soon to you  
That here is left.

For you thus was I riven and \*rayst; (\*torn)  
Therefore some of my pain ye taste  
And speaks now nowhere my word waste,  
That shall ye \*lere; (\*learn)  
And unto you the Holy Ghost  
Relieve you here.

Be now true and \*trowes in me, (\*trust, believe)  
And here I grant you in your \*poste: (\*power)  
Whom that ye bind bounden shall be  
Right at your \*steven, (\*command, shout)  
And whom that ye loosed, loosed shall be  
Evermore in heaven.

**THOMAS** Alas for sight and sorrows sad,  
Mourning makes me (a)mazed and mad;  
On ground now may I go unglad,  
Both even and morn.  
That \*hende that I my help of had (\*noble one, i.e. Jesus)  
His life has \*lorne. (\*lost)

\*Lorne I have that lovely light (\*lost)  
That was my master most of might;  
So dolefully as he was \*dight (\*done)  
Was never no man.  
Such woe was wrought of that worthy \*wight (\*soul, person)  
With wounds \*wan. (\*dark)

Wan was his wounds and wonderous wet,  
With \*skelpis sore was he swung, that \*\*swette, (\*scourges)(\*\*sweet)  
All naked nailed through hand and feet.

Alas, for pain,  
That blessed, that best my \*bale might beat, (\*sorrow, torment)  
His life should \*tyne. (\*lose)

Alas, for sorrow myself I \*shend (\*end, destroy)  
When I think heartily on that \*hende; (\*noble, skilful one)  
I found him \*ay a faithful friend, (\*ever, always)  
Truly to tell.  
To my \*brethir now will I wend (\*brethren, brothers)  
Whereso they dwell.

So woeful \*wights was never none; (\*souls, people)  
Our joy and comfort is all gone,  
Of mourning may we make our moan  
In \*ilka land. (\*each, every)  
God bless you, \*brether, blood and bone, (\*brethren, brothers)  
Same where ye stand.

**PETRUS** Welcome, Thomas, where has thou been?  
\*Wit thou well withouten \*wene, (\*know) (\*\*doubt)  
Jesu our Lord then have we seen  
On ground here \*gang. (\*going)

**THOMAS** What say ye, men? Alas, for \*tene, (\*sorrow, loss)  
I \*trowe ye \*\*mang. (\*trust, believe) (\*\*confused, angry)

**JOHANNES** Thomas, truly it is not to \*layne: (\*lie)  
Jesu our Lord is risen again.

**THOMAS** Do way, these tales is but a \*trayne (\*trick, trap)  
Of fools unwise.  
He that was so fully slain,  
How should he rise?

**JACOBUS** Thomas, truly he is on live  
That \*tholed the Jews his flesh to rive; (\*suffered)  
He let us feel his wounds five,  
Our Lord \*verray. (\*truly)

**THOMAS** That \*trowe I nought, so \*\*mote I thrive, (\*trust) (\*\*may)  
Whatso ye say.

**PETRUS** Thomas, we saw his wounds wet,  
How he was nailed through hand and feet;  
Honey and fish with us he ate,  
That body free.

<b>THOMAS</b> I *lay my life it was some spirit Ye *weened were he.	(*wager, bet) (*believed)
<b>JOHANNES</b> Nay, Thomas, thou has mis-gone, For why he bade us *every-ilkon To grope him *grathely, blood and bone And flesh to feel. Such things, Thomas, has spirit none, That *wot ye well.	(*everyone, every each one) (*readily)  (*know)
<b>THOMAS</b> What, *leve fellows, let be your fare. Till that I see his body bare And *sithen my finger put in there Within his hide And feel the wound the spear did shear Right in his side,  Ere shall I *trowe no tales between.	(*beloved)  (*since then)      (*trust, believe)
<b>JACOBUS</b> Thomas, that wound have we seen.	
<b>THOMAS</b> Ya, ye *wot never what ye mean, Your wit it wants; Ye must think no sin me thus to *tene And *tule with **trantis.	(*know)  (*harm, anger) (*attack, argue) (**tricks)
<b>DEUS</b> Peace, *brethir, be unto you, And Thomas, (at)tent to me takes thou: Put forth thy finger to me now, Mine hands thou see, How I was nailed for man's *prowe Upon a tree.	(*brethren)    (*profit)
Behold my wounds are *bleedand, Here in my side put in thy hand And feel my wounds and understand That this is I, And be no more *mistrowand But *trowe truly.	(*bleeding)    (*mistrowing, untrusting) (*trust)
<b>THOMAS</b> My Lord, my God, full well is me, Ah, blood of price, blessed *mote thou be. Mankind in earth, behold and see This blessed blood. Mercy now, Lord, ask I thee,	(*may)

With main and mood.

**DEUS** Thomas, for thou has seen this sight  
That I am risen as I thee \*hight,  
Therefore thou \*trowes it, but \*\*ilka \*\*\*wight,  
Blissed be thou ever,  
That \*trows wholly in my rising right  
And saw it never.

(\*promised, said)  
(\*trusts) (\*\*each, every) (\*\*soul)  
(\*trusts)

My \*brethir, found now forth in \*\*fere,  
Over all in \*ilke a country clear;  
My rising both far and near  
And preach it shall ye.  
And my blissing I give you here  
And my \*many.

(\*brethren) (\*\*fellowship, together)  
(\*each, every)

(\*people, household)