The Conspiracy pageant in the Towneley manuscript, Huntington MS HM 1, is strikingly different from anything else in this heterogeneous anthology, yet oddly paradigmatic of the whole, which similarly contains and imperfectly conceals notable divisions, and presents substantial puzzles. At least a few parts of that whole seem to form relatively coherent groups, including the five pageants borrowed mostly verbatim from the York cycle, as well as the set of plays attributed to an anonymous playwright long known as the “Wakefield Master.” Indeed, the plays are still sometimes referred to as the Wakefield Cycle, despite Barbara D Palmer’s utterly persuasive argument “that the Towneley manuscript is neither from Wakefield nor a cycle, that it is an artificial compilation of individual plays chronologically arranged to look like a cycle.”¹ The characteristic “Wakefield Master” stanza, a 13-line “bob and wheel” stanza usually laid out in the manuscript as a 9-line stanza (with interior rhymes in the opening quatrain) – a stanza form that is not unique to this collection, appearing in portions of the equally eclectic but clearly East Anglian N-Town collection – also occurs in the Conspiracy play, along with sections written in quatrains, in couplets, in twelve-line stanzas, and more. At the last SITM meeting I argued that the Towneley Advent sequence formed a disordered but easily restorable unity. Much like the Towneley collection as whole, the extant Conspiracy play appears rather to have been cobbled together from several disparate sources. This paper will explore some of the Conspiracy play’s various oddities, and consider what these might tell us about the origins of the play and, more importantly, about the compilation of the mysterious Towneley manuscript.

Unlike some other portions of the Towneley collection, the Conspiracy play lacks datable costume references, contains no local place names, and does not borrow from any surviving text. Nor does it resemble other plays in the collection in relation to staging requirements. Most of the Towneley plays could easily be staged on pageant wagons, like those of York or Chester; alternatively, they could be staged in a hall, or any other relatively confined space. As I have argued in other venues, the second and best-known of Towneley’s two Shepherd plays seems best suited for indoor production, specifically in a hall: its staging requires not only a house for Mak and a stable for the Nativity – very likely the same space (with the necessary stage properties placed against the screen at one end of the hall, beside the door at which Mak must knock), the secular transforming into the sacred like the action of the play itself – but also a larger and less definite space for the bulk of the action, which ostensibly takes place outdoors, on the same physical plane. Most known wagon plays of course have at most one clearly defined locale, up on the wagon; although the action can spill down into the street among the audience, that action does not generally include sleeping or lying on the ground. The Chester Bakers’ pageant – the wagon play that is closest in content and form to the Towneley Conspiracy – is more demanding than most, in that it requires not only a “house” for the Last Supper and foot washing, but also Gethsemane, where the disciples sleep while Jesus prays, and where he is arrested. However, the pageant notably builds no ‘travel time’ into the transition between loci: Jesus tells his disciples to “Rise up and go hethen anon” while he prays, and only a line later tells them to sit, and to stay awake, suggesting that they have simply left the enclosed portion of the stage designated as the house. The sprawling Conspiracy is more like the two-part N-Town Passion play from East Anglia, in that it requires a variety of separate loci, including Pilate’s hall (used at the beginning and again near the end of the play), a room for the Last Supper, and Mount Olivet, as well as unlocalized space in between; in Olivet, Jesus must speak with a character problematically designated as “Trinitas” (that is, the Trinity, of which he himself is a part) who should likely be seated in a separate but adjacent “Heaven” locus. Unlike Mak’s house, none of these loci can easily be resignified and reused. In short, as it stands, this play appears to be designed for multiple “place and scaffold” staging, rather than for a wagon or single scaffold stage.

On the other hand, the action of the play as it stands is also confused and repetitive, and the verse form as varied as the loci. Moreover, the play begins with the rubric “Incipit conspiracio [et]c.” but ends “Explicit Capcio Iesu.” As Stevens and Cawley note, this “discrepancy … may suggest the conflation of at least two originally separate plays” \(^2\) with different titles as well as different verse forms. And I consider it highly likely that at least one of those sources, unlike the extant play, dramatized the institution of the Eucharist. I think this not because such a scene would be crucial to a Corpus Christi play, although its absence is surely evidence that the text (and indeed the Towneley manuscript as a whole) could have little to do with the “pagauntes of Corpus Christi daye” apparently used in some sort of craft-produced Easter holiday performance at Wakefield in 1556 “as hathe bene hitherto vsed,” \(^3\) but because the Eucharist itself was so central to the culture, and to drama in particular. Its representation was apparently no more or less objectionable than that of other elements of the same play: in May of 1576, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of York “Decred a lettre to be written and sent to the Balyffe Burgesses and other the inhabitantes of the saide towne of Wakefeld that in the said plays no Pageant be vsed or set furthe wherin the Maiestye of god the father god the sonne or god the holie ghoste or the administration of either the Sacramentes of baptisme or of the lorde Supper be counterfeyted or represented, or any thinge plaied which tende to the maintenaunce of superstition and idolatrie or which be contrarie to the lawes of god or of the realme.” \(^4\) A play that has Jesus speak with the Trinity offers sufficient reason for doctrinal objection even without representation of the Eucharist.

Given that I am in the process of editing the Towneley text, I have not only a responsibility to figure out how the various bits of text fit together, but also opportunity to play around them. Appendix 1 of this paper consists of a version of the edited text that has been colour-coded according to verse form. Coding the text in this way made certain oddities stand out for me even more than they had before. The section of the play in couplets, for instance, contains a strange and awkwardly timed request by Jesus to pack up and leave (“Take up this clothe and let us go, / For we have othere thyngys at do), immediately prior to his telling the disciples to “Sit all downe … / For I shall wesh youre feet on knees” (406-409). The latter lines and subsequent action would seem to belong more with an earlier part of the same passage, in which John asks, “Will ye wesh and syt downe?” and Jesus responds:

\[
\begin{align*}
& \text{Yei, gyf us water tyll oure hande.} \\
& \text{Take we the grace that God has send.} \\
& \text{Commys furth, both oone and othere;} \\
& \text{If I be master, I will be brotherhe. (370-375)}
\end{align*}
\]

Once rearranged, as evident in Appendix 2, the apparent gap that is left between the foot washing itself (which concludes the section in couplets in the manuscript) and the prediction of the betrayal (at line 379) begins to bear an uncanny resemblance to the more obvious gap in York, where a leaf almost certainly containing the Last Supper and the institution of the Eucharist has been removed, likely due to doctrinal objections. The resulting sequence also resembles John 13, which alone of the Gospel accounts includes the foot washing, but excludes the institution of the Eucharist. In John’s account, however, Jesus dunks a piece of bread in a bowl and hands it to Judas, who then — explicitly under demonic influence — decides to betray Jesus (John 13:26-27). Here, as in Mark 14:18-21 and Matthew 26:21-25, Judas dips his hand in a bowl with Jesus, which leads to the prophecy of the betrayal and responses from all the disciples, yet the institution of the Eucharist follows immediately in both of those Gospel accounts. In Luke, which like Matthew and Mark lacks the foot washing, the institution of the Eucharist immediately precedes the announcement of the betrayal (Luke 22:21), as would appear to have been the case in the extant York play; the disciples are discussing the betrayal in the lines that follow the lacuna, as they do in the rearranged Towneley couplets.

\(^3\) See Cawley and Stevens, xxi.
No one knows what might have happened to discarded versions of individual York pageants, but, as I have previously argued, some might well have turned up near Wakefield in the West Riding, or in Lancashire, ripe for borrowing, along with versions that were still in use. Peter Meredith long ago argued that the York Millers’ former pageant dealing with the “division of Christ’s garments” (the “Particio vestimentorum christi” in the 1415 *ordo paginarum*) became the Towneley play of the Dice, which, like the Towneley version of the York Mercers’ Judgment pageant, contains additions in written that infamous 13-line stanza. The same 12-line stanza used in the Conspiracy play intriguingly forms the basis of the York Last Supper, among other plays from that cycle, including the Harrowing, a version of which is in the Towneley manuscript. I sincerely wish that I could claim to have found portions of the lost versions of the York Last Supper and footwashing, which according to the second, unaltered list in the 1415 *Ordo paginarum* were at one point two separate pageants, the Baxters’ *Cena Christi cum discipulis* and the Waterleders’ *Lavacio pedum apostolorum*, sandwiched between pageants dramatizing the Conspiracy (the Cuttellers’ *Vendicio Cristi per Iudas*) and the events at Mount Olivet (the Cordwainers’ *Capcio Cristi orantis in [Monte]*). The Waterleders (Watercarriers) were eventually reassigned to what is now the 32nd of the York plays, along with the Cooks, who originally presented the “Penitencio Iude coram Iudeis,” which constitutes one episode in the pageant as it now stands. Clearly, significant portions of the York cycle were rewritten and revised. However, none of the extant York plays is written in couplets, in whole or in part. In all likelihood these couplets originally formed part of another play, distinct from their current context in the Towneley Conspiracy play, but not from York.

While varied verse form is hardly uncommon in medieval drama, those couplets were almost certainly not yoked to the quatrains that are now part of the same play. Rather, the quatrains seem to have been part of a play that dramatized at least some of the same events. Evidence of this is seen in Jesus’s repeated prediction of Peter’s denial, at 404-5 (in couplets) and again at 450-553 (in quatrains). The section in couplets is apparently even written in a different dialect. The form *ichon* is used in l. 435, in the first of the quatrains, as it is in an earlier couplet (at l. 398) – indeed, in exactly the same phrase (“Ichon of you”). However, *ilkone* (442, 512, 759; *ikka* in 439) is used throughout the rest of the quatrains passage, as it is throughout the York plays (where *ilkon*, *ilkone*, *ilkan*, and *ilkane* are largely interchangeable). The more typically Lancashire *ichon* also appears in the Towneley plays of Noah (164, 403, 705), the Prophets (189), and Caesar Augustus (211), while *eurichon* appears in Abel (22), Pharaoh (396; notably *ilkone* in York’s version of the same line, 11.387), the Crucifixion (419), Thomas (129; but *ilkon* at 263), and the Ascension (113, which also includes the form *euerilka*, at 224), and *sichon* (not cited in the *OED*) appears in the Flight (15.87). These *ich*- forms appear slightly less frequently in Towneley than the more typical northern *ilke*: *ilkane* appears in the Resurrection (464), while *eurilkon* appears in the plays of the Magi (79), the Harrowing (339), and the Resurrection (182, 531); *ilkon* appears once each in Lazarus (125), the Scouring (118), Thomas (263, alongside *eurichon* at 129, as noted), and Judgment (730, as *ilkone*), and twice, again, in the Resurrection (369, 486). If the *ichon*/*ilkon* distinction can be used as evidence of provenance, the Towneley Resurrection is clearly not from Lancashire. However, the only other play that uses the *ilk*- form more frequently than the Conspiracy – specifically, that section of the Conspiracy laid out in quatrains – is Herod the Great (203, 236, 625, 670), a play that, like Noah (which only uses *ichon*, and even *ich* rather than *ilk*), is conventionally attributed to the putative Wakefield Master. That is, while Herod the Great could well come from somewhere in Yorkshire, the Noah play, with its famous invocation mentioning Wakefield, appears from the linguistic evidence to come from somewhere else, such as Lancashire. One might argue that the use in the Prophets play of *ichon* in juxtaposition with both *ilk* (183) and *ilkon* (211) – relatively common forms in Towneley – indicates a certain fluidity of form, except that the Chester plays similarly use both *ichon(e)*

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6 York, 26.
7 Peter Meredith, “The York Miller’ Pageant and the Towneley *Processus Talentorum,*” Medieval English Theatre 4 (1982), 104-114. The talentorum of the manuscript title should of course read *talorum,* or “dice.”
8 The order of pageants, incidentally, tells us little: in the extant Baxters’ (Bakers) pageant, as in the reordered Towneley couplets, the foot washing precedes the institution of the Eucharist; in the 1415 list, as in both Chester and the N-Town Passion, the foot washing follows. Lack of explicit biblical precedent in combining these events allowed variability.
and ilk(e) but never ilkon or ilkan. The use of euerichon alongside ilkon in the Thomas play, and alongside euerilka in the Ascension is more problematic but can be explained by a scribe used to one form mistranscribing the other – much the same explanation that I would give for the presence of ichon in the quatrains section of the Conspiracy.

When I removed the sections in couplets and in quatrains from the play, I also took out all the 13’ers – the supposed “Wakefield Master” material – to examine that group on its own. Interestingly, these stanzas did form a relatively coherent if all too brief sequence; however, when I put the 13’ers back in, the result was a sharp intake of breath. If only the sections written in couplets and quatrains are removed from the extant play, what remains forms a highly coherent whole; moreover, it constitutes a play of the conspiracio as per the extant incipit. The capcio, as the play is named in the explicit, vanishes with removal of the quatrains, along with the last traces of the misplaced and disordered Last Supper.

Removal of the quatrain that immediately precedes the final grouping of 13’ers (624-75) omits the lines in which Pilate tells Malchus to “weynd before / And bere with thee a light lantarne” (622-23) – lines to which Malchus apparently responds at the end of his 13’er: “Oure lantarnes take with us alsway / And loke that thay be light” (635-36). Yet the loss is unnoticeable in the reconstructed conspiracio, precisely because Malchus is not actually responding to Pilate at this point, but talking to the other soldiers. The lines can obviously be read as his transmission of Pilate’s order, but the actual order was given just to Malchus, who is to lead the others (“weynd before”) and thus needs a lantern, singular; Malchus then speaks only as part of a group, not as its leader – a very odd response, if it is such, given the concern with hierarchy that characterizes such plays, and indeed the Middle Ages more generally. Nor is this the most odd aspect of this same speech. The reference to “Crist” by Malchus (628) is at best awkward, given that Soldier 2 only later explains that “Men call hym Crist, comen of David kyn”(642). Moreover, Malchus’ closing lines refer to the departure, with lanterns, of what Soldier 1 in the second of two concatenated and thus inseparable stanzas calls “Siche thre knyghtys” (656); Malchus’s speech should surely follow rather than precede the other two. However, it is also worth noting that this is the only speech attributed to Malchus (and uniquely, to “Malcus Miles”) outside of the section written in quatrains. It is entirely possible, even likely, that the lines were originally assigned to one of the other unnamed soldiers, and that Soldier 1 originally referred to “Siche two knightys.”

Regardless, the lines by Pilate that follow the soldiers’ speeches constitute the last 13’er in the play, and sound very much like the closing of a play, not merely of a section of a longer work. The final lines of a play are conventionally given to the highest-ranking character. As it stands in the manuscript, the Conspiracy gives the honour instead to Malchus, who in the final quatrain tells Jesus, “Out of my handys shall thou not pas /…Till thou com to Syr Cayphas” (776,778). Yet Malchus does not appear in the Buffetting, the play that follows, again attributed to the Wakefield Master, despite Martial Rose’s famous assertion that this entire “Passion sequence … sweeps on in continuous action from play to play and from stage to stage.” Eliminating the sections in couplets and quatrains does indeed give Pilate the last word here, and – together with rearrangement of the Malchus stanza, as shown in Appendix 3 – reveals a tantalizingly coherent order of speakers: Soldier 1 responds to Pilate, then Soldier 2 jumps in, followed by Soldier 1 once again, before Malchus (or Soldier 2) speaks, referring finally to the lanterns, now clearly prompted by Soldier 1 rather than leading anything himself. Pilate then draws the play to a close, blessing the departing soldiers, and the audience, with invocations of Cain (663), “Mahowne” (669), and “Sir Lucyfer the feynde” (674).

Breaking up the play into these constituent parts helps to reveal other discontinuities and inconsistencies as well. Arnold Williams’ influential argument that the Towneley Pilate is entirely and consistently evil10 breaks down not only with the realization that there is no unified cycle but also upon examination of this single play. The Pilate of the passage in quatrains may threaten those in the audience “Who so makys nose or cry” (597) with physical violence, but upbraids Malchus and the

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soldiers for their threats against Jesus, asking “Wold ye thus prevaly morder a man?” (761), and ultimately defers to an absent Caiaphas (764ff). In the other portion of the play, Caiaphas is of course involved from the beginning, and has to restrain Pilate from having Jesus arrested and killed immediately, in violation of the Sabbath (190-91). While Pilate is a relatively consistent character in each of these parts, he is not the same Pilate in both.

So what does all of this tell us? The Towneley Conspiracy is clearly a compilation, like the manuscript itself, and one that is not especially coherent or well conceived. The compiler, pace Martin Stevens,\(^1\) was not the playwright-formerly-known-as-the-Wakefield-Master, if indeed such a playwright, singular, ever existed, as opposed to a variety of playwrights from different places using the same stanza form. Rather, whoever compiled the Conspiracy into its final form seems to have joined together several different source texts – possibly a Last Supper play in couplets, another Passion play in quatrains, and a Conspiracy play in 12- and 13-line stanzas – to form a highly interesting but inconsistent piece that poses numerous staging difficulties. This in turn sounds like a description of the Towneley manuscript. While more than a few of the plays in the collection are superb, unified specimens of early English biblical drama, from varied sources that include York’s guild-produced cycle, and while the manuscript itself is a glorious thing to behold, with its elaborate capitals and extensive rubrication, the Towneley text as a whole consists of diverse and awkwardly joined parts. Some are contradictory, much like the incipit and explicit of this particular play. Whoever is responsible for the extant Conspiracy play was not a playwright, or at least not a good one, given the mangling of what appears to be some fine material. The same person might well have compiled the manuscript as a whole, botching some parts but leaving others alone, and giving generations of readers, players, audiences, critics, and editors much to work with, and argue about.

\(^{11}\) Stevens argued strenuously, in works such as *Four Middle English Mystery Cycles* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton UP, 1987), that the putative Wakefield Master was the compiler and “author” of the Towneley text.
Appendix 1: The Towneley Conspiracy, colour coded

Dramatis personae.

Pilate  John
Caiaphas  Peter
Annas  Andrew
Soldier 1  Simon
Soldier 2  Philip
Malchus  Thaddeus
Judas  James
Jesus  The Trinity
Householder [Paterfamilias]

Incipit Conspiracio etc.

Pilate  Peas, carles, I commaunde.  25
      Unconand I call you.
      I say stynt and stande
      Or foull myght befall you
      Fro this burnyshyd brande.
      Now when I behald you
      I red ye be shunand
      Or els the dwill skald you
      At onys.
      I am kyd as men knawes
      Leyf leder of lawes;
      Seniours seke to my sawes
      For bryssyng of youre bonys.

      Ye wote not wel, I weyn,
      What wat is commen to the towne
      So comly cled and cleyn:
      A rewler of great renowne,
      In sight if I were seyn.
      The granser of great Mahowne,
      My name Pylate has beyn;

      Was never kyng with crowne
      More worthy.
      My wysdom and my wytt
      In sete here as I sytt
      Was never none lyke it
      My dedys thus to dyscry.

      For I am he that may
      Make or mar a man,
      Myself if I it say.
      As men of cowrte now can
      Supporte a man to day,
      Tomorn agans hym than,
      On both parties thus I play
      And fenys me to ordan
      The right,
      Bot all fals indytars
      Quest mangers and jurers
      And all thise fals out rydars
      Ar welcom to my sight.

      More nede had I never
      Of sich servand, now I say you.
      So can I well consider
      The trowth I most displeas you,
      And therfor com I hedyr.
      Of peas therfor I pray you.
      Ther is a lurdan ledyr
      I wold not shuld dysmay you
      Abowtt.
      A prophete is he prasyd
      And great unright has rasyd,
      Bot be my banys her blasid
      His deth is dight no dowtt.

      He prechys the pepyll here,
      That fature fals Jesus,
      That if he lyf a yere
      Dystroy oure law must us.
And yet I stand in fear
So wide he works virtue
No fault can on him be

No lyfand leye tall us,
Bot sleightys
Agans hym shall be sought
That all this wo has wrought.
Bot on his bones it shall be bought
So shall I vengeoure rightys.

That fatoure says that thre
Shuld ever dwell in one godhede,
That ever was and shall be
Sothfast in manhede.

He says of a madyn born was he
That never toke mans sede,
And that himself shall dy on tre
And mans sawll out of preson lede.
Let hym alone;
If this be true in deyd
His spech shall spryng and sprede
And overcom everylkone.

Syr Pilate, prync of mekyll price
That prevyd is withouten pere,
And lordyngys that oure laws in lyse
On oure law now must us lere
And of oure warkys we must be wyse,
Or els is all oure welthe in were.
Therfor say sadly youre avyse
Of hedus harmes that we have here
Towchyn that tractoure strang
That makys this beleyf,
For if he may thus furth gang
It will over-greatly grefe.

Sir, oure folk ar so afrayd
Thurgh lesyns he losys oure lay.
Som remedy must be rayd
Bot ilk man trowes unto his tayll.

130 Pilate Yei, dewill, and dos he thus
As ye well bere wytnes
Sich fawte fall to us
Beoure dom for to redres.

Caiaphas And also, syr, I have say
Another noy that neghys us nere:
He will not kepeoure Sabate day
That holy shuld be haldyn here,
Bot forbedys far and nere
To wyrk at ouru bydyng.

135 Pilate Now by Mahouns bloode so dere
He shall aby this bowrdyng:
What dewill will he be there?
This hold I great hethyng.

Annas Nay, nay, well more is ther:
He callys hymself hevens kyng,
And says that he is so myghty
All rightwysnes to rewll and red.

140 Pilate By Mahouns blood that shall he aby
With bytter baylls or I ett bred.

Soldier 1 Lord, the loth Lazare of Betany
That lay stynkand in a sted
Up he rasyd bodely
The fowrt day after he was ded.

145 Annas Emanys the folke has he the name
That he is Godys son and none els,
And hisself says the same,
That his fader in heven dwelles,
That he shall rewll both wyld and tame
Of all such maters thus he mels.

Pilate This is the dwylls payn.

149 Caiaphas Who trowys sich talys as he tels?
Yis, lord, have here my hand
And ilk man beyldys hym as his brother;
Sich whaynt cautelys he can,
Lord, ye knew never sich anothere.

150 Pilate Why, and wortys he not that I have
Bold men to be his bayn?
I commaunde both knyght and knave
Sesse not to that lad be slayn.

Soldier 1 Sir Pylate, mefe you now no more,
Bot mese youre hart and mend youre mode;
For bot if that losell lere oure lore
And leyf his gawdys he were as goode,
For in oure tempyll we will not spare
To take that losell if he were woode.

155 Soldier 2 Lord, we wist not youre wyll.
With wrang ye us wyte;
Had ye so told us tyll,
We shuld have takyn hym tyte.

Pilate The dwill he hang you high to dry.
Whi, wold ye lese oure lay?
Go, bryng hym heder hastely
So that he weynd not thus away.

160 Caiaphas Sir Pilate, be not to hasty,
Bot suffer over oure Sabote day
In the menetyme to spry and spy
Mo of his mervels if men may.

Annas Yei, syr, and when this feste is went
Then shall his craftys be kyd.

165 Pilate Certys, syrs, and I assent
For to abyde then as ye byd.

Judas Masters, myrth be you emang
And mensk be to this meneye.

200 Caiaphas Go othere gatys thou has to gang
With sorow. Who send after thee?
Judas Syrs, if I have done any wrang
At youre awne bydying will I be.
Pilate Go hence, harlot, hy mot thou hang.

205 Judas Where in the dwill hand had we thee?
Judas Goode syr, take it to no grefe,
For my menyng it may avayll.

210 Annas We, lad, thou shuld ask lefe
To com in sich counsayll.
Judas Sir, all youre counsell will I ken;
Ye mene my master for to take.

215 Annas A-ha, here is oone of his men
That thus unwynly gars us wake.
Pilate La hand on hym and hurl hym then
Emangys you for his master sake,
For we have maters mo then ten
That well more myster were to make.

220 Caiaphas Set on hym buffettys sad
Sen he sich mastryes mase,
And teche ye sich a lad
To profer hym in sich a place.
Judas Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay
To all the lordys in this present.

225 Pilate We, go hens in twenty dwill way.
Judas Yis, the profete that has lost youre lay
By wonder warkys as he is went,
If ye will sheynd hym as ye say,
To sell hym you I wyll assent.

230 Pilate A, syr, hark what says thou.
Let se, and shew thi skyll.
Judas Sir, a bargan bede I you;
By it if ye will.

235 Annas What is thi name, do tell in hy,
Judas If we may wit if thou do wrang.
Judas Scarioth, so hight I
That with the profet has dwellyd lang.
Pilate Sir, thou art welcom witterly.
Say what thou will us here emang.

240 Judas Not els bot if ye will hym by;
Do say me sadly or I gang.
Caiaphas Yis, freynd, in fathe will we;
Noght els bot hartely say
How that bargan may be
And we shall make thee pay.

245 Annas Judas, for to hold thee hayll
And for to fell all fowll defame
Looke that thou may avow thi sayll,
Then may thou be withoutten blame.
Judas Sir, of my teyn gyf ye never tayll
So that ye have hym here at hame.
His bowrtyng has me braght in bayll,
And certys hisself shal have the same.

250 Caiaphas Sir Pylate, tentys here tyll
And lightly leyi it noght;
Then may ye do youre wyll
Of hym that ye have boght.
Annas Yei, and then may we be bold
Fro all the folk to hald hym fre
And hald hym hard with us in hold,
Right as oone of youre meneye.
Judas For thryrty pennys truly told,
Or els may not that bargan be;
So mych gart he me lose
Malycyusly and yll
Therfor ye shall have chose
To by or let be styll.

255 Annas Ye, and then may we be bold
Pilate Now, Judas, sen he shalbe sold
How lowfes thou hym, belyfe let se.
Judas For thryrty pennys truly told,
Or els may not that bargan be;
So mych gart he me lose
Malycyusly and yll
Therfor ye shall have chose
To by or let be styll.

260 Annas Gart he thee lose? I pray thee, why?
Tell us now pertly or thou pas.
I shall you say, and that in hy,
Every word right as it was.

275
In Symon house with hym sat I
With othere meneye that he has.
A woman cam to company
Callyng hym ‘Lord,’ saying ‘alas’
For synnes that she had wroght;
She wepyd sore always,
And an oytment she broght
That precyus was to prayse.

280
She weshyd hym with hir terys weytt
And sen dryed hym with hir hare.
This fare oytment hir bale to beytt
Apon his hede she put it thare
That it ran all abowte his feytt.
I thoght it was a ferly fare;
The house was full of odowre sweytt.
Then to speke myght I not spare,
For certys I had not seyn
None oytment half so fyne;
Therat my hart had teyn
Sich tresoure for to tyne.

285
I sayd it was worthy to sell
Thre hundreth pens in oure present
For to parte poore men emell,
Bot will ye se therby I ment?
The tent parte, truly to tell,
To take to me was myne intent.

290
For of the tresure that to us fell
The tent parte ever with me went,
And if thre hundreth be right told
The tent parte is even thryrty;
Right so he shalbe sold.
Say if ye will hym by.

300
Now for cert, syr, thou says right wele,
Sen he wate thee with sich a wrast,
For to shape hym som uncele.
And for his bost be not abast.

310
She wate thee with sich a wrast,
Sen he wate thee with sich a wrast,
For to shape hym som uncele.
And for his bost be not abast.

315
Judas
Syr, with a profe may ye frast
All that I have here hight.
I shall fullfyl in dede
And well more at my myght
In tyme when I se nede.

320
Pilate
Judas, this spekyng must be spar,
And neven it never nyght ne day;
Let no man wyt where that we war
For ferdnes of a fowll enfray.

325
Caiaphas
Sir, therof let us moyte no mare.
We hold us payde; take ther thi pay.
This gart he me lose lang are;
Now ar we even for onys and ay.

330
Anna
This forwarde will not fayll;
Therof we may be glad.
Now were the best counsayll
In hast that we hym had.

335
Pilate
We shall hym have, and that in hy,
Full hastely here in this hall.
Sir knyghtys that ar of dede dughty,
Stynt never in sted ne stall,
Bot looke ye bryng hym hastely,
That fatur fals, what so befall.

340
Soldier 1
Sir, be not abast therby,
For as ye byd wyrk we shall.

Tune dicet sanctus Iohannes:
Sir, where will ye youre pask ette?
Say us, let us dight youre mete.

345
Jesus
Go furth, John and Peter, to yond cyté.
When ye com ther, ye shall then se
In the streate as tyte a man
Beryng water in a can.
The house that he gose to grith,
Ye shall folow and go hym with;
The lord of that house ye shall fynde
A sympyll man of cely kynde.
To hym ye shall speke and say
That I com here by the way.
350 Say I pray hym if his will be
A lytyll whyle to ese me,
That I an my dyscypyls all
Myght rest a whyle in his hall,
That we may ete oure paske thore.
355 Peter Lord, we shall hy us before
To that we com to that cyté;
Ye shall folow and go hym with;
The lord of that house ye shall fynde
A sympyll man of cely kynde.
To hym ye shall speke and say
That I com here by the way.

Tunc comedent & Iudas porrigit manum in discum cum Ihesu
345 Ye shall folow and go hym with;
The lord of that house ye shall fynde
A sympyll man of cely kynde.
To hym ye shall speke and say
That I com here by the way.

Judas Nothyng, lord, bot ett with you.
Jesus Ett on, brether, hardly,
For oone of you shall me betray.
380 Peter Lord, whoever that he may,
Lord, I shall never thee betray.
Dere master is it oght I?
Jesus Nay thou, Peter, certanly.
John Master is oght I he then?
Jesus Nay, for trowth, John, I thee ken.
385 Jesus Nay, for oone of you shall me betray.
Andrew Master, am I oght that shrew?
Jesus Nay, forsothe, thou Andrew.
Simon Master, then is it oght I?
Jesus Nay thou, Simon, securly.
390 Philip Is it oght I that shuld do that deyd?
Jesus Nay, Phylip, withouten drede.
Thaddeus Was it oght I that hight Thadee?
James Or we two Jamys?
Jesus Nay, none of you is he,
395 Bot he that ett with me in dysh;
Judas What then, wene ye that I it am?
Jesus Thou says sothe: thou berys the blame.
Ichon of you shall this nyght
Forsake me, and fayn he myght.
400 John Nay, certys, God forbye
That ever shuld we do that deyd.
Peter If all, master, forsake thee,
Shall I never fro thee fle.
Jesus Peter, thou shall thryse apon a thraw
405 Forsake me or the cok craw.
Take up this clothe and let us go,
For we have othere thyngys at do.

Hic lavet pedes discipulorum.
Sit all downe, and here and sees,
For I shall wesh youre feet on knees.
"Et mittens aquam in pelvim venit ad Petrum."

Epp: SITM’07, 12

410 Peter Lord, shuld thou wesh feytt myne? Thou art my lord and I thy hyne. 
Jesus Why I do it thou wote not yit; Peter, herafter shall thou wytt. 
Peter Nay, master, I thee heytt: 
415 Thou shall never wesh my feytt. 
Jesus Bot I thee wesh thou mon mys Parte with me in hevens blys. 
Peter Nay, lord, or I that forgo, Wesh heede, handys, and feytt also. 
420 Jesus Ye ar clene, bot not all; That shall be sene when tyme shall fall. 
Who shall be weshyn, as I weyn, He thar not wesh his feytt clene. And forsothe, clene ar ye, 
425 Bot not all as ye shuld be. I shall you say, take good hede 
Whi that I have done the dede. 
Ye call me master and lord by name; 
Ye say full well for so I am. 
430 Sen I both lord and master to you wold knele To wesh youre fete, so must ye wele. 

Now wote ye what I have done: 
Ensampyll have I gyffen you to; 
Loke ye do so eft sone. 
435 Ichon of you wesh othere fete, lo. 

For he that servand is, 
Forsythe, as I say you, 
Not more then his lord he is 
To whome he servyce owe. 
440 Or that this nyght be gone 
Alone will ye leyf me, 
For in this nyght ilkon 
Ye shall fro me fle. 

For when the hyrd is smeten 
The shepe shall fle away, 
Be skaterd wyde and byten, 
The prophetys thus can say. 

Peter Lord, if that I shuld dy, 
Forsake thee shall I noght. 
Forsythe, Peter, I say to thee, 
In so great drede shall thou be broght 
That or the cok have crowen twyse 
Thou shall deny me tymes thre. 
Peter That shall I never, lord, iwys, 
Ere shall I with thee de. 
Jesus Now loke youre hartys be grefyd noght, 
Nawthere in drede ne in wo; 
Bot trow in God that you has wroght, 
And in me trow ye also. 
455 In my fader house, forsothe, 
Is many a wonnyng stede 
That men shall have aftyr thare trowthe 
Soyn after thay be dede. 

Now wote ye what I have done: 
Ensampyll have I gyffen you to; 
Loke ye do so eft sone. 
450 Jesus And here may I no longer leynd, 
Bot I shall go before; 
And yit if I before you weynd, 
For you to ordan thore, 
460 In my fader house, forsothe, 
Is many a wonnyng stede 
That men shall have aftyr thare trowthe 
Soyn after thay be dede. 

And here may I no longer leynd, 
Bot I shall go before; 
And yit if I before you weynd, 
For you to ordan thore, 
465 I shall com to you agane, 
And take you to me, 
That wheresoever I am 
Ye shall be with me. 

And I am way and sothefastnes 
And lyfe that ever shalbe, 
And to my fader commys none, iwys, 
Bot oonly thorow me.
I will not lefy you all helples,
As men withouten freynd,
As faderles and moderles,
Thof all I fro you weynd;

I shall com eft to you agayn.
This warld shall me not se,
Bot ye shall se me well, certan,
And lyfand shall I be.

And ye shall lyf in heven.
Then shall ye know, iwys,
That I am in my fader even,
And my fader in me is,

And I in you and ye in me,
And ilka man therto
My commaundement that kepys trulé
And after it will do.

Now have ye hard what I have sayde:
I go and com agayn.
Therfor loke ye be payde
And aylso glad and fayn,

For to my fader I weynd,
For more then I is he.
I let you wytt as faythfull freynd
Or that it done be,

That ye may trow when it is done.
For certys, I may noght now
Many thyngys so soyn
At this tyme speake with you,

For the prynce of this warld is commyn,
And no powere has he in me,
Bot as that all the warld within

May both here and se
That I owe luf my fader to,
Sen he me hyder sent,
And all thyngys I do
After his commaundement.

Ryse ye up, ilkon,
And weynd we on oure way
As fast as we may gone
To Olyvete to pray.

Peter, Jamys, and thou, John,
Ryse up and folow me.
My tyme it commys anone;
Abyde styll here, ye thre.

Say youre prayers here byneth
That ye fall in no fowndyng.
My sawll is hevy agans the deth
And the sore pynyng.

Tune orbit & dicit:
Fader, let this great payn be styll,
And pas away fro me,
Bot not, fader, at my wyll,
Bot thyn fulfyllyd be.

Symon, I say, slepys thou?
Awake, I red you all.
The feynd ful fast salys you,
In wanhope to gar you fall,
Bot I shall pray my fader so
That his myght shall not dere.
My goost is prest therto;
My flesh is seke for fere.
& iterum orabit:
Fader, thi son I was.
Of thee I aske this boyn:
If this payn may not pas,
Fader, thi will be doyn.

& reuertet ad discipulos.
Ye slepe, brether, yit I see
It is for sorow that ye do so.
Ye have so long wepyd for me
That ye ar masyd and lappyd in wo.

& tercio orabit:
Dere fader, thou here my wyll:
This passyon thou put fro me away;
And if I must nedys go thertyll,
I shall fulfill thi wyll today.

Therfor this bytter passyon
If I may not put by,
I am here redy at thi dom;
Thou conforte me that am drery.

My comforte, son, I shall thee tell
Of thyngys that fell by reson,
As Lucyfer for syn that fell
Betrayd Eve with his fals treson.

Adam assent his wyfe untyll;
The wekyd goost then askyd a bone
Which has hurt manksynde full yll.
This was the wordys he askyd soyn:

All that ever of Adam com
Holly to hym to take,
With hym to dwell withoutten dome
In payn that never shall slake,
To that a chyld myght be borne
Tyll we have done oure dede.
Who so makys nose or cry
His nek I shall gar blede,
With this I bere in hy,

To this tratoure betake
That wold dystroy oure lawe.
Judas, thou may it not forsake,
Take hede unto my sawe:

Thynk what thou has doyn,
That has thi master sold.
Performe thi bargan soyn;
Thou has thi money takyn and told.

Ordan, ye knyghtys, to weynd with me,
Richly arayd in rewyll and rowtt,
And all my conandys holden shall be
So I have felyship me abowte.

Wherby, Judas, shuld we hym knaw
If we shall wysely wyrk, iwys?
For som of us hym never saw.

Lay hand on hym that I shall kys.

Have done, syr knyghtys, and kythe youre strengte,
And wap you wightly in youre wede.
Seke over all both brede and lengthe;
Spare ye not, spende and spede.

We have soght hym les and more
And falyd ther we have farn.
Malcus, thou shall weynd before
And bere with thee a light lantarne.

Sir, this jornay I undertake
With all myght and mayn;
If I shuld for Mahowns sake
Here in this place be slayn,

Crist that prophett for to take,
We may be all fayn.
Oure weppyns redy loke ye make
To bryng hym in mekyll grame
This nyght.
Go we now on oure way
Oure mastrés for to may.
Oure lantarnes take with us alsway
And loke that thay be light.

Sir Pilate, prynce pereles in pall,
Of all men most myghty merked on mold,
We ar evermore redy to com at thi call
And bow to thi bydyng as bachlers shuld.
Bot that prynce of the apostyls pupplyshed beforne,
Men call hym Crist, comen of David kyn,
His lyfe full sone shalbe forlorne
If we have hap hym for to wyn.

Have done,
For as ever ete I breede
Or I styr in this stede
I wold stryke of his hede.
Lord, I aske that boyne.

That boyn, lord, thou us bede,
And on hym wreke thee sone we shall
Fro we have lade on hym good spedre
He shall no more hym Godys son call;
We shall marke hym truly his mede.

By Mahowne, most God of all,
Siche thre knyghtys had lytyll drede
To bynde the dwill that we on call
In nede.
For if thay were a thowsand mo,
That prophete and his apostels also,
With thise two handys for to slo
Had I lytyll drede.

Now, curtes kasers of Kamys kyn,
Most gentyll of Jure to me that I fynde,
My comforth from care may ye sone wyn
If ye happely may hent that unheynde.
Bot go ye hens spedely and loke ye not spare.
My frenship, my fortherans, shall ever with you be.
And Mahowne that is myghtfull, he menske you evermare,
Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodell to me
In place.

Wheresoever ye weynd,
Ye knyghtys so heynde,
Sir Lucyfer the feynde
He lede you the trace.

Ryse up, Peter, and go with me,
And folowe me withouten stryfe.
Judas wakys and slepys not he;
He commys to betray me here belyfe.

Wo be to hym that bryngys up slaunder;
He were better his dethe to take.
Bot com furth, Peter, and tary no langere.
Lo, where thay com that will me take.

Rest well, master Jesus fre.
I pray thee that thou wold kys me enys;
Thou art aspyed, whatso it menys.

Judas, whi makys thou sich a brayde?
Trowys thou not I knowe thi will?
With kyssyng has thou me betrayd;
That shall thou rew som tyme ful yll.

Whome seke ye, syrs, by name?
We seke Jesu of Nazarene.
I kepe not my name to layn;
Lo, I am here the same ye mene.

Bot whome seke ye with wepyns kene?
Me thynk forsothe ye do full yll
Thus for to seke me in the nyght,
Bot what penance ye put me tyll,
Ye let my felows go with gryth.

Soldier 2
Lede hym furth fast by the gate;
Hangyd be he that sparis hym oght.

Soldier 1
How thynk thee, Syr Pilate,
Bi this brodell that we have broght.

Pilate
Is he the same and the self, I say,
That has wroght us this care?
It has bene told sen many a day
Sayngys of hym full sare.

It was tyll us greatt woghe
From dede to lyfe thou rasyd Lazare;
Sen stalkyd styllly bi the see-swygh
Both domb and defe thou salfyd from sare.

Thou passys Cesar bi dede,
Or Syr Herode oure kyng.

Soldier 2
Let deme hym fast to dede
And let for no kyn thyng.

Soldier 1
Sen he has forfett agans oure lawe,
Let us deme hym in this stede.

Pilate
I will not assent unto youre saw
I can ordan well better red.

Malchus
Better red? yei, dwill, how so?
Then were oure sorow lastand ay.
And he thus furth shuld go,

He wold dystroy oure lay.

Wold ye all assent to me,
This bargan shuld be strykyn anone:
By nyghtertayll dede shuld he be,
And till oure awnter stand ilkon.

760 Pilate
Peasse, harlottys, the dwill you spede.
Pilate
Wold ye thus prevaly morder a man?

Malchus
When every man has red his red,
Let se who better say can.

765 Pilate
To Cayphas hall loke fast ye wyrk,
Pilate
And thider right ye shall hym lede.
He has the rewll of holy kyrk;
Lett hym deme hym whyk or dede.

For he has wroght agans oure law;
Forthi most skyl can he theron.

770 Soldier 2
Sir, we assent unto youre saw.
Soldier 2
Com furth, bewshere, and lett us gone.

Malchus
Step furth in the wenyande.
Malchus
Wenys thou ay to stand styll?
Nay, luskand losell, lawes of the land

775 Shull fayll bot we have oure will.
Out of my handys shall thou not pas
For all the craft thou can;
Till thou com to Syr Cayphas,
Save thee shall no man.

Explicit Capcio Ihesu.
Appendix 2: The Towneley Conspiracy, couplets only, rearranged

*Tunc dicet sanctus Iohannes:*  
John Sir, where will ye youre pask ette?  
Say us, let us dight youre mete.

340 Jesus Go furth, John and Peter, to yond cyté.  
When ye com ther, ye shall then se  
In the strete as tyme a man  
Beryng water in a can.  
The house that he gose to grith,

345 Ye shall folow and go hym with;  
The lord of that house ye shall fynde  
A symyll man of cely kynde.  
To hym ye shall speke and say  
That I com here by the way,

350 Say I pray hym if his will be  
A lytyll whyle to ese me,  
That I an my dyscypyls all  
Myght rest a whyle in his hall,  
That we may ete oure paske thore.

355 Peter Lord, we shall hy us before  
To that we com to that cyté;  
Youre paske shall ordand be.

*Tunc pergent Iohannes & Petrus ad ciuitatem & obuie eis homo et.*  
Sir, oure master the prophett  
Commys behynde in the strete,

360 And of a chamber he you prays  
To ete and drynk therin with easse.  
Sirs, he is welcom unto me,  
And so is all his company;  
With all my hart and all my will

365 Is he welcom me untill.  
Lo, here a chambre fast by,  
Therin to make youre mangery,  
I shal warand fare strewed;  
It shuld not els to you be shewed.
Judas, what menys thou?
Judas  Nothyng, lord, bot ett with you.
Jesus   Ett on, brether, hardly,
        For oone of you shall me betray.

380 Peter  Lord, whoever that be may,
        Lord, I shall never thee betray.
        Dere master is it oght I?
Jesus   Nay thou, Peter, certanly.
John    Master is oght I he then?

385 Jesus  Nay, for trowth, John, I thee ken.
Andrew Master, am I oght that shrew?
Jesus   Nay, forsothe, thou Andrew.
Simon   Master, then is it oght I?
Jesus   Nay thou, Simon, securly.

390 Philip Is it oght I that shuld do that dede?
Jesus   Nay, Philyp, withouten drede.
Thaddeus Was it oght I that hight Thadee?
James   Or we two Jamys?
Jesus   Nay, none of you is he,
        Bot he ett with me in dysh;

395 Judas  He shall my body betray, iwys.
Jesus   What then, wene ye that I it am?
Thaddeus Thou says sothe: thou berys the blame.
        Ichon of you shall this nyght
        Forsake me, and fayn he myght.

400 John   Nay, certys, God forbeyd
        That ever shuld we do that deyd.
Peter   If all, master, forsake thee,
        Shall I never fro thee fle.
Jesus   Peter, thou shall thryse apon a thray
        Forsake me or the cok craw.
        Take up this clothe and let us go,
        For we have othere thyngys at do.
Appendix 3: The Towneley Conspiracy, 13- and 12-line stanzas and variants

Pilate

Peas, carles, I commaunde.
Unconand I call you.
I say stynt and stande
Or foull myght befall you
5
Fro this burnyshyd brande.
Now when I behald you
I red ye be shunand
Or els the dwell skald you
At onys.
10
I am kyd as men knawes
Leyf leder of lawes;
Seniours seke to my sawes
For bryssyng of youre bonys.

Ye wote not wel, I weyn,
What wat is commen to the towne
So comly cled and cleyn:
A rewler of great renowne,
In sight if I were seyn.
15
The granser of great Mahowne,
My name Pylate has beyn;
Was never kyng with crowne
More worthy.
My wysdom and my wytt
In sete here as I sytt
20
Was never none lyke it
My dedys thus to dyscry.
For I am he that may
Make or mar a man,
Myself if I it say.
30
As men of cowrte now can
Supporte a man to day,
Tomorn agans hym than,
On both parties thus I play
And fenys me to ordan

The right,
Bot all fals indytars
Quest mangers and jurers
And all thise fals out rydars
Ar welcom to my sight.

More nede had I never
Of sich servand, now I say you.
So can I well consider
The trowth I most displeas you,
And therfor com I hedyr.

Of peas therfor I pray you.
Ther is a lurdan ledyr
I wold not shuld dysmay you
Abowtt.
A prophete is he prasyd
And great unright has rasyd,
Bot be my banys her blasid
His deth is dight no dowtt.

He prechys the pepyll here,
That futare fals Jesus,
That if he lyf a yere
Dystroy oure law must us.
And yit I stand in fere
So wyde he wyrkys vertus
No fawt can on hym bere
No lyfand leyde tyll us,
Bot sleghytys
Agans hym shall be soght
That all this wo has wroght.
Bot on his bonys it shall be boght
So shall I venge oure rightys.

That fatoure says that thre
Shuld ever dwell in oone godhede,
That ever was and shall be
Sothfast in manhede.
He says of a madyn born was he
That never toke mans sede,
And that hisself shall dy on tre
And mans sawll out of preson lede.
Let hym alone;
That never toke mans sede,
And that hisself shall dy on tre
And mans sawll out of preson lede.
Let hym alone;
If this be true in deyd
His spech shall spryng and sprede
And overcom everylkone.

Caiaphas
Syr Pilate, prync of mekyll price
That prevyd is withouten pere,
And lordyngys that oure laws in lyse
On oure law now must us lere
And of oure warkys we must be wyse,
Or els is all oure welthe in were.
Therfor say sadly youre avyse
Of hedus harms that we have here
Towchyng that troutoure strang
That makys this beleif,
For if he may thus furth gang
It will over-greatly grefe.

Caiaphas
Sir, oure folk ar so afrayd
Throug lesyns he losys oure lay.
Som remedy must be rayd
So that he weynd not thus away.

Pilate
Now certan, syrs, this was well sayd,
And I assent right as ye say,
Som prevay poynyt to be purvayd
To mar his myght if we may.
And therfor, syrs, in this present
What poynyt so were to prase
Let all be at assent.
Let se what ilk man says.

Caiaphas
Sir, I have sayde you here beforne:
His soteltyes and grefys to sare,
He turnes oure folk both even and morne
And ay makys mastrés mare and mare.

Annas
Sir, if he skape it were great skorne;
To spyll hym tyte we will not spare.
For if oure lawes were thusgatyts lorne
Men wold say it were lake of lare.
For certan, syrs, ye say right weyll
For to wyrk wittyrly;
Bot yit som fawt must we feyll
Wherefor that he shuld dy.

Caiaphas
And therfor, syrs, let se youre saw:
For what thyng we shuld hym slo?
Sir I can rekyn you on a raw
A thowsand wonders and well moo,
Of crokyd men that we well knew
How graythly that he gars them go,
And ever he legys agans oure law,
Tempys oure folk and turnys us fro.

Pilate
Now certan, syrs, ye say right weyll
For to wyrk witterly;
Bot yit som fawt must we feyll
Wherfor that he shuld dy.
And therfor, syrs, let se youre saw:
For what thyng we shuld hym slo?
Sir I can rekyn you on a raw
A thowsand wonders and well moo,
Of crokyd men that we well knew
How graythly that he gars them go,
And ever he legys agans oure law,
Tempys oure folk and turnys us fro.

Annas
Lord, dom and defe in oure present
Delyvers he by downe and dayll,
What hurtys or harms thay hent;
Full hastely he makys theym hayll,
And for sic warkys as he is went
Of ilk welth he may avayll,
And unto us he takys no tent,
Bot ilk man trowes unto his tayll.

Pilate
Yei, dewill, and dos he thus
As ye well bere wytnes
Sich fawte fall to us
Be oure dom for to redres.

Caiaphas
And also, syr, I have hard say
Another noy that neghys us nere:
He will not kepe oure Sabate day
That holy shuld be haldyn here,
Bot forbedys far and nere
To wyrk at oure bydyng.

Pilate
Now by Mahows bloode so dere
He shall aby this bowrdyng.
What dewill will he be there?
This hold I great hethyng.

\textit{Annas} \\
Nay, nay, well more is ther:
\begin{verbatim}
145  He callys hymself hevens kyng.iii
\end{verbatim}
And says that he is so myghty
All rightwysnes to rewll and red.
\begin{verbatim}
150  \textit{Soldier 1} \\
Lord, the loth Lazare of Betany
That lay stynkand in a sted
Up he rasyd bodely
The fourt day after he was ded.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
155  \textit{Soldier 2} \\
That had lyne dede so long a space
The people hym full mekyll prasyd
Over all in every place.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
160  \textit{Annas} \\
Emangys the folke has he the name
That he is Godys son and none els,
And hisself says the same,
That his fader in heven dwelles,
That he shall rewll both wyld and tame
Of all sich maters thus he mels.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
165  \textit{Pilate} \\
This is the dwylls payn.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
170  \textit{Pilate} \\
Why, and wotys he not that I have
Bold men to be his bayn?
I commaunde both knyght and knave
Sesse not to that lad be slayn.\textsuperscript{vi}
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
175  \textit{Soldier 1} \\
Sir Pylate, mefe you now no more,
Bot mese youre hart and mend youre mode;
For hot if that losell lere ooure lore
And lefy his gawdys he were as goode,
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
180  \textit{Pilate} \\
For in oure tempyll we will not spare
To take that losell if he were woode.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
185  \textit{Soldier 2} \\
The dwill he hang you high to dry.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
190  \textit{Caiaphas} \\
Sir Pilate, be not to hasty,
Bot suffer over oure Sabote day
In the menetyme to spyr and spy
Mo of his mervels if men may.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
195  \textit{Annas} \\
Yei, syr, and when this feste is went
Then shall his craftys be kyd.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
200  \textit{Caiaphas} \\
Go othere gatys thou has to gang
With sorow. Who send after thee?
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
205  \textit{Judas} \\
Go hence, harlot, hy mot thou hang.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
210  \textit{Judas} \\
Sir, all youre counsell will I ken;
Ye mene my master for to take.
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
215  \textit{Annas} \\
A-ha, here is oone of his men
That thus unwynly gars us wake.

Pilate  La hand on hym and hurl hym then
215  Emangys you for his master sake,
For we have maters mo then ten
That well more myster were to make.

Caiaphas  Set on hym buffettys sad
Sen he sikh mastrys mase,
220  And teche ye sikh a lad
To profer hym in sikh a place.

Judas  Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay
To all the lordys in this present.
225  We have no tome thee for to tent.
Judas  Yis, the profete that has lost youre lay
By wonder warkys as he is went,
If ye will sheynd hym as ye say,
230  To sell hym you I wyll assent.
Pilate  A, syr, hark what says thou.
Let se, and shew thi skyll.
Judas  Sir, a bargan bede I you;
By it if ye will.

Annas  What is thi name, do tell in hy,
If we may wit if thou do wrang.
235  Judas Scarioth, so hight I
That with the profet has dwellyd lang.
Pilate  Sir, thou art welcom witterly.
Say what thou will us here emang.
240  Judas  Not els bot if ye will hym by;
Do say me sadly or I gang.
Caiaphas  Yis, freynd, in fathe will we;
Noght els bot hartely say
How that bargan may be
245  And we shall make thee pay.
Annas  Judas, for to hold thee hayll
And for to fell all fowll defame
Looke that thou may avow thi sayll,
250  Then may thou be withoutten blame.
Sir, of my teyn gyf ye never tayll
So that ye have hym here at hame.
His bowrdyng has me broght in bayll,
And certys hisself shal have the same.

Caiaphas  Sir Pylate, tentys here tyll
255  And lightly leyf it noght;
Then may ye do youre wyll
Of hym that ye have boght.

Annas  Yei, and then may we be bold
Fro all the folk to hald hym fre
And hald hym hard with us in hold,
260  Right as oone of youre meneye.
Pilate  Now, Judas, sen he shalbe sold
How lowfes thou hym, belyfe let se.
Judas  For thrtyt pennys truly told,
265  Or els may not that bargan be;
So mych gart he me lose
Malycusly and yll
Therfor ye shall have chose
To by or let be styll.

Annas  Gart he thee lose? I pray thee, why?
Tell us now pertly or thou pas.
Judas  I shall you say, and that in hy,
270  Every word right as it was.
In Symon house with hym sat I
With othere meneye that he has.
A woman cam to company
Callyng hym ‘Lord,’ saying ‘alas’
275  For synnes that she had wroght;
She wepyd sore always,
And an oynment she brought
That precyus was to prayse.

Annas  She weshyd hym with hir terys weytt
And sen dryed hym with hir hare.
280  This fare oynment hir bale to beytt
Apon his hede she put it thare
That it ran all abowte his feytt.
I thoght it was a ferly fare;
The house was full of odowre sweytt.
Then to speke myght I not spare,
For certys I had not seyn
None oynment half so fyne;
Therat my hart had teyn
Sich tresoure for to tyne.

I sayd it was worthy to sell
Thre hundreth pens in oure present
For to parte poore men emell,
Bot will ye se wherby I ment?
The tent parte, truly to tell,
To take to me was myne intent.

For of the tresure that to us fell
The tent parte ever with me went,
And if thre hundreth be right told
The tent parte is even thryrty;
Right so he shalbe sold.

Now for certan, syr, thou says right wele,
Sen he wate thee with sich a wrast,
For to shape hym som uncele.
And for his bost be not abast.

Sir, all thyn askyng, everydele,
Here shall thou hafe, therof be trast;
Bot looke that we no falshede fele.

Syr, with a profe may ye frast
All that I have here hight.
I shall fulfill in dede
And well more at myght
In tyme when I se nede.

Judas, this spekyng must be spar,
And neven it never nyght ne day;
Let no man wyt where that we war
Siche thre knyghtys had lytyll drede
To bynde the dwill that we on call
In ne de.
For if thay were a thousands mo,
That prophete and his apostels also,
With thise two handys for to slo
Had I lytyll drede.

[624] Malchus
Sir, this jornay I undertake
With all my myght and mayn;
If I shuld for Mahowns sake
Here in this place be slayn,
Crist that prophett for to take,
We may be all full fayn.
Oure weppyns redy loke ye make
To bryng hym in mekyll grame
This nyght.
Go we now on oure way
Oure mnastrés for to may.
Oure lanternes take with us alsway
And loke that thay be light.

[663] Pilate
Now, curtes kasers of Kamys kyn,
Most gentyll of Jure to me that I fynde,
My comforth from care may ye sone wyn
If ye happily may hent that unheynde.
Bot go ye hens spedely and loke ye not spare.
My frenship, my fortherans, shall ever with you be.
And Mahowne that is myghtfull, he menske you evermare,
Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodell to me
In place.
Wheresoever ye weynd,
Ye knyghtys so heynde,
Sir Lucyfer the feynde
He lede you the trace.

i This stanza (abab abab dbbc) may be a defective 13’er, but nothing appears to be missing; a similar 12-line stanza (rhymed abab bcbc dbbc) is used in York 33. In this context, however, the stanza effectively functions as a transition between two different stanza forms, a technique also used in York.

ii This 8-line stanza resembles a curtailed version of the regular 12-line stanza, or of the 13’er, minus the bob and wheel.

iii This 12-line stanza fits the dialogue sequence, but resembles no other in form (abab bcbc bcbc).

iv This apparently orphaned quatrain nonetheless fits the sequence; it does not appear to have been moved from either of the existing 8-line stanzas.

v Concatenation links this 8-line stanza, identical in form to an earlier stanza (see ii, above), with what precedes it.

vi Both this stanza, assigned to the second soldier, and the last in this series, assigned to Pilate, are irregular, the first portion reading like two regular unmatched quatrains (one of which contains relatively long lines), the whole rhyming abab cdcd effe.

vii This stanza, assigned to Malchus, seems to be misplaced in the original: the reference to “Crist” should follow l.642, in which he is named, and the final lines in the stanza should lead to an actual departure (with lanterns), as they do in this rearrangement.