

The Towneley Conspiracy  
Garrett PJ Epp  
University of Alberta

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.”<sup>1</sup> 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.

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<sup>1</sup> “Recycling ‘The Wakefield Cycle’: The Records.” *Research Opportunities in Renaissance Drama* 41 (2002), 88.

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”<sup>2</sup> 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 hath bene hithertofore vsed,”<sup>3</sup> 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 playe 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 lordes 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.”<sup>4</sup> 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:

Yei, gyf us water tylloure hande.  
 Take we the grace that God has send.  
 Commys furth, both oone and othere;  
 If I be master, I will be brothere. (370-375)

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.

<sup>2</sup> AC Cawley and Martin Stevens, eds, *The Towneley Plays* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1994) Vol. 1, 544.

<sup>3</sup> See Cawley and Stevens, xxi.

<sup>4</sup> AC Cawley, ed, *The Wakefield Pageants in the Towneley Cycle* (Manchester: Manchester UP, 1958), 125.

No one knows what might have happened to discarded versions of individual York pageants, but, as I have previously argued,<sup>5</sup> 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*<sup>6</sup>) became the Towneley play of the Dice<sup>7</sup> which, like the Towneley version of the York Mercers' Judgment pageant, contains additions in written in 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 Cristi cum discipulis* and the Waterleders' *Lavacio pedum ap[ostolorum]*,<sup>8</sup> sandwiched between pageants dramatizing the Conspiracy (the Cuttellers' *Vendicio Cristi per Iudas*) and the events at Mount Olivet (the Cordwaners' *Capcio Cristi orantis in [Monte]*). The Waterleders (Watercarriers) were eventually reassigned to what is now the 32<sup>nd</sup> 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 dramatised 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, *ilkon* (442, 512, 759; *ilka* in 439) is used throughout the rest of the quatrains passage, as it is throughout the York plays (where *ilkon*, *ilkone*, *ilkan*, and *ilkanne* 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 *enerichon* 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 *enerilka*, 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 *ilk-*: *ilkanne* appears in the Resurrection (464), while *enerilkon* appears in the plays of the Magi (79), the Harrowing (339), and the Resurrection (182, 531); *ilkon* appears once each in Lazarus (125), the Scourging (118), Thomas (263, alongside *enerichon* 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 *ilka*), 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 *ilka* (211) – relatively common forms in Towneley – indicates a certain fluidity of form, except that the Chester plays similarly use both *ichon(e)*

<sup>5</sup> See <http://www.ualberta.ca/~gepp/towneley/TowneleyRP.html>.

<sup>6</sup> *York*, 26.

<sup>7</sup> 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."

<sup>8</sup> 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 *enerichon* alongside *ilkon* in the Thomas play, and alongside *enerilka* 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.”<sup>9</sup> 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 evil<sup>10</sup> 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

<sup>9</sup> Martial Rose, *The Wakefield Mystery Plays* (Garden City, NY: Anchor Books, 1963), 35.

<sup>10</sup> Arnold Williams, *The Characterization of Pilate in the Towneley Plays* (East Lansing, MI: Michigan State College P, 1950).

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,<sup>11</sup> 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.

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<sup>11</sup> 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 [ <i>Paterfamilias</i> ]	

### *Incipit Conspiracio etc.*

	<i>Pilate</i>	Peas, carles, I commaunde. 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.	
5		I am kyd as men knawes Leyf leder of lawes; Seniours seke to my sawes For bryssyng of youre bonys.	
10			
15		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;	
20			

25

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.

30

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 jurors  
And all these fals out rydars  
Ar welcom to my sight.

35

40

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.

45

50

A prophete is he prasyd  
And great unright has rasyd,  
Bot be my banys her blasid  
His deth is dight no dowtt.

55

He prechys the pepyll here,  
That fature 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 60 No lyfand leyde tyll us, Bot sleyghtys Agans hym shall be soght That all this wo has wrought. 65 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. 70 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. 75 Let hym alone; If this be true in deyd His spech shall spryng and sprede And overcom everylkone.			
	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Syr Pilate, prynce of mekyll price That prevyd is withoutten pere, 80 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. 85 Therfor say sadly youre avyse Of hedus harmes that we have here Towchyng that tratoure strang That makys this beleyf, For if he may thus furth gang It will over-greatly grefe.			
90	<i>Annas</i>	Sir, oure folk ar so afrayd Through lesyns he losys oure lay. Som remedy must be rayd			
			95	<i>Pilate</i>	So that he weynd not thus away. Now certan, syrs, this was well sayd, And I assent right as ye say, Som prevay poynt to be purvayd To mar his myght if we may. And therfor, sirs, in this present 100 What poynt so were to prase Let all be at assent. Let se what ilk man says.
			105	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Sir, I have sayde you here beforne: His soteltyes and grefys to sare, He turnes oure folk both even and morne And ay makys maestrés mare and mare. <i>Annas</i> Sir, if he skape it were great skorne; To spyll hym tyte we will not spare. For if oure lawes were thusgatys lorne Men wold say it were lake of lare. 110 <i>Pilate</i> For certan, syrs, ye say right weyll For to wyrk witterly; Bot yit som fawt must we feyll Wherfor that he shuld dy.
			115	<i>Caiaphas</i>	And therfor, sirs, 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 know How graythly that he gars them go, 120 And ever he legys agans oure law, Tempys oure folk and turnys us fro.
			125	<i>Annas</i>	Lord, dom and defe in oure present Delyvers he by downe and dayll, What hurtyes or harmes thay hent; Full hastely he makys theym hayll, And for sich warkys as he is went Of ilk welth he may avayll, And unto us he takys no tent,

- 130 *Pilate* Bot ilk man trowes unto his tayll.  
Yei, dewill, and dos he thus  
As ye well bere wytnes  
Sich fawte fall to us  
Be oure dom for to redres.
- 135 *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.
- 140 *Pilate* Now by Mahowns bloode so dere  
He shall aby this bowrdyng.  
What dewill will he be there?  
This hold I great hethyng.
- 145 *Annas* Nay, nay, well more is ther:  
He callys hymself hevens kyng,  
  
And says that he is so myghty  
All rightwysnes to rewill and red.  
*Pilate* By Mahowns blood that shall he aby  
With bytter baylls or I ett bred.
- 150 *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.
- 155 *Soldier 2* And for that he hym rasyd  
That had lyne dede so long a space  
The people hym full mekyll prasyd  
Over all in every place.
- 160 *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 rewill both wyld and tame  
Of all sich maters thus he mels.
- Pilate* This is the dwylls payn.
- 165 *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.
- 170 *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.
- 175 *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.
- 180 *Pilate* In oure tempyll? The dwill, what dyd he thare?  
That shall he by, by Mahouns blode.
- 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.
- 185 *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.
- 190 *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.
- 195 *Annas* Yei, syr, and when this feste is went  
Then shall his craftys be kyd.
- Pilate* Certys, syrs, and I assent  
For to abyde then as ye byd.
- Tunc venit Judas.*  
*Judas* Masters, myrth be you emang

200	<i>Caiaphas</i>	And mensk be to this meneye. Go othere gatys thou has to gang With sorow. Who send after thee?	235		If we may wit if thou do wrang.
	<i>Judas</i>	Syrs, if I have done any wrang At youre awne bydyng will I be.		<i>Judas</i>	Judas Scarioth, so hight I That with the profet has dwellyd lang.
	<i>Pilate</i>	Go hence, harlot, hy mot thou hang.		<i>Pilate</i>	Sir, thou art welcom witterly. Say what thou will us here emang.
205		Where in the dwill hand had we thee?	240	<i>Judas</i>	Not els bot if ye will hym by; Do say me sadly or I gang.
	<i>Judas</i>	Goode syr, take it to no grefe, For my menyng it may avayll.		<i>Caiaphas</i>	Yis, freynd, in fathe will we; Noght els bot hartely say
	<i>Annas</i>	We, lad, thou shuld ask lefe To com in sich counsayll.	245		How that bargan may be And we shall make thee pay.
210	<i>Judas</i>	Sir, all youre counsell will I ken; Ye mene my master for to take.		<i>Annas</i>	Judas, for to hold thee hayll And for to fell all fowll defame
	<i>Annas</i>	A-ha, here is oone of his men That thus unwynly gars us wake.			Looke that thou may avow thi sayll, Then may thou be withoutten blame.
	<i>Pilate</i>	La hand on hym and hurl hym then	250	<i>Judas</i>	Sir, of my teyn gyf ye never tayll So that ye have hym here at hame.
215		Emangys you for his master sake, For we have maters mo then ten That well more myster were to make.			His bowrdyng has me broght in bayll, And certys hisself shal have the same.
	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Set on hym buffettys sad Sen he sich mastrys mase, And teche ye sich a lad To profer hym in sich a place.	255	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Sir Pylate, tentys here tyll And lightly leyf it noght; Then may ye do youre wyll Of hym that ye have boght.
220				<i>Annas</i>	Yei, and then may we be bold Fro all the folk to hald hym fre
	<i>Judas</i>	Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay To all the lordys in this present.	260		And hald hym hard with us in hold, Right as oone of youre meneye.
	<i>Pilate</i>	We, go hens in twenty dwill way. We have no tome thee for to tent.		<i>Pilate</i>	Now, Judas, sen he shalbe sold How lowfes thou hym, belyfe let se.
225	<i>Judas</i>	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.	265	<i>Judas</i>	For thyrty pennys truly told, Or els may not that bargan be; So mych gart he me lose Malycyusly and yll
230	<i>Pilate</i>	A, syr, hark what says thou. Let se, and shew thi skyll.			Therfor ye shall have chose To by or let be styll.
	<i>Judas</i>	Sir, a bargan bede I you; By it if ye will.			
	<i>Annas</i>	What is thi name, do tell in hy,	270	<i>Annas</i>	Gart he thee lose? I pray thee, why?

	<i>Judas</i>	Tell us now pertly or thou pas. I shall you say, and that in hy, Every word right as it was. In Symon house with hym sat I 275 With othere meneye that he has. A woman cam to company Callyng hym 'Lord,' saying 'alas' For synnes that she had wroght; 280 She wepyd sore always, And an oyntment she broght That precyus was to prayse.			Sen he wate thee with sich a wrast, For to shape hym som uncele. And for his bost be not abast. 310 <i>Annas</i> Sir, all thyn askyng, everydele, Here shall thou hafe, therof be trast; Bot looke that we no falshede fele. <i>Judas</i> 315 Syr, with a profe may ye frast All that I have here hight. I shall fulfill in dede And well more at my myght In tyme when I se nede.
		She weshyd hym with hir terys weytt And sen dried hym with hir hare. This fare oyntment hir bale to beytt 285 Apon his hede she put it thare That it ran all abowte his feytt. I thocht it was a ferly fare; The house was full of odowre sweytt. Then to speke myght I not spare, 290 For certys I had not seyn None oyntment half so fyne; Therat my hart had teyn Sich tresoure for to tyne.		<i>Pilate</i> 320 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. <i>Caiaphas</i> Sir, therof let us moyte no mare. We hold us payde; take ther thi pay. <i>Judas</i> 325 This gart he me lose lang are; Now ar we even for onys and ay. <i>Annas</i> This forwarde will not fayll; Therof we may be glad. Now were the best counsayll In hast that we hym had.	
		I sayd it was worthy to sell 295 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. 300 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 thyrty; 305 Right so he shalbe sold. Say if ye will hym by.		330 <i>Pilate</i> We shall hym have, and that in hy, Full hastely here in this hall. Sir knyghtys that ar of dede dughty, Stynt never in stede ne stall, Bot looke ye bryng hym hastely, 335 That fatur fals, what so befall. <i>Soldier 1</i> Sir, be not abast therby, For as ye byd wyrk we shall.	
	<i>Pilate</i>	Now for certan, syr, thou says right wele,		<i>Tunc dicet sanctus Iohannes:</i> <i>John</i> 340 <i>Jesus</i> Sir, where will ye youre pask ette? Say us, let us dight youre mete. Go furth, John and Peter, to yond cyté. When ye com ther, ye shall then se	

In the strete as tyte 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 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;  
 Youre paske shall ordand be.  
  
*Tunc pergunt Iohannes & Petrus ad cinitatem & obuiet eis homo &c.*  
 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.  
*Householder* 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 untyll.  
 Lo, here a chambre fast by,  
 Therin to make youre mangery,  
 I shal warand fare strewed;  
 It shuld not els to you be shewed.  
  
*Tunc parent Iohannes & Petrus mensam.*  
 370 *John* Sir, youre mett is redy bowne.  
 Will ye wesh and syt downe?  
*Jesus* Yei, gyf us water tyll oure hande.  
 Take we the grace that God has send.  
 Commys furth, both oone and othere;  
 375 If I be master, I will be brothere.

*Tunc comedent & Iudas porrigit manum in discum cum Ihesu*  
 Judas, what menys thou?  
*Judas* Nothyng, lord, bot ett with you.  
*Jesus* Ett on, brether, hardely,  
 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, certainly.  
*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, withoutten drede.  
*Thaddens* Was it oght I that hight Thadee?  
*James* Or we two Jamys?  
*Jesus* Nay, none of you is he,  
 Bot he that ett with me in dysh;  
 395 He shall my body betray, iwys.  
*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 forbeyd  
 That ever shuld we do that deyde.  
*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 lauet 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.*

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, hereafter shall thou wytt.

415 *Peter* Nay, master, I thee heytt:  
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,  
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,  
Forsothe, 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.

445

*Peter*450 *Jesus*455 *Peter**Jesus*

460

465

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475

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 nocht.  
450 *Jesus* Forsothe, 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,  
455 Ere shall I with thee de.

*Jesus* Now loke youre hartys be grefyd nocht,  
Nawthere in drede ne in wo,  
Bot trow in God that you has wroght,  
And in me trow ye also.

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,  
465 For you to ordan thore,

I shall com to you agane,  
And take you to me,  
That wheresoever I am  
470 Ye shall be with me.

And I am way and sothefastnes  
And lyfe that ever shalbe,  
And to my fader commys none, iwys,  
475 Bot oonly thorow me.

	I will not leyf you all helples, As men withoutten freynd, As faderles and moderles, Thof all I fro you weynd;		May both here and se
480	I shall com eft to you agayn. This world shall me not se, Bot ye shall se me well, certan, And lyfand shall I be.	510	That I owe luf my fader to, Sen he me hyder sent, And all thyngys I do After his commaundement.
485	And ye shall lyf in heven. Then shall ye knaw, iwys, That I am in my fader even, And my fader in me is,	515	Ryse ye up, ilkon, And weynd we on oure way As fast as we may gone To Olyvete to pray.
490	And I in you and ye in me, And ilka man therto My commaundement that kepys trulé And after it will do.	520	Peter, Jamys, and thou, John, Ryse up and folow me. My tyme it commys anone; Abyde styll here, ye thre.
495	Now have ye hard what I have sayde: I go and com agayn. Therfor loke ye be payde And also glad and fayn,	<i>Tunc orabit &amp; dicit:</i> 525	Say youre prayers here byneth That ye fall in no fowndyng. My sawll is hevy agans the deth And the sore pynyng.
500	For to my fader I weynd, For more then I is he. I let you wytt as faythfull freynd Or that it done be,	<i>&amp; reuertet ad discipulos.</i> 530	Fader, let this great payn be styll, And pas away fro me, Bot not, fader, at my wyll, Bot thyn fulfyllid be.
505	That ye may trow when it is done. For certys, I may noght now Many thyngys so soyn At this tyme speake with you,	535	Symon, I say, slepys thou? Awake, I red you all. The feynd ful fast salys you, In wanhope to gar you fall,
	For the prynce of this world is commyn, And no powere has he in me, Bot as that all the world within		Bot I shall pray my fader so That his myght shall not dere. My goost is prest therto; My flesh is seke for fere.

<i>✠ iterum orabit:</i>	Fader, thi son I was. Of thee I aske this boyn: If this payn may not pas, Fader, thi will be doyn.	565	Of a madyn, and she wemles, As cleyn as that she was beforne, As puryd sylver or shynand glas,	
<i>✠ reuertet ad discipulos.</i>	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.	570	To tyme that childe to deth were dight And rasyd hymself apon the thryd day And steven to heven through his awne myght. Who may do that bot God veray?	
<i>✠ tercio orabit:</i>	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.	575	Sen thou art man and nedys must dee, And go to hell as othere done, Bot that were wrong withoutten lee That Godys son there shuld won,	
545	Therfor this bytter passyon If I may not put by, I am here redy at thi dom; Thou comforte me that am drery.	580	<i>Jesus</i>	In payn with his underlowte Wytt ye well withoutten weyn When oone is borod all shall owtt And borod be from teyn.
550	<i>The Trinity</i>	585	<i>Pilate</i>	Slepe ye now, and take youre rest. My tyme is nere command. Awake a whyle, for he is next That me shall gyf into synners hand.
555	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.	585	Peas, I commaunde you, carles unkynde, To stand as styll as any stone. In donyon depe he shalbe pynde That will not sesse his tong anone.	
560	Adam assent his wyfe untyll; The wekyd goost then askyd a bone Which has hurt mankynde full yll. This was the wordys he askyd soyn:	590	For I am governowre of the law; My name it is Pilate. I may lightly gar hang you or draw; I stand in sich astate	
560	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	595	To do what so I will. And therfor peas I byd you all, And looke ye hold you still And with no brodels brall	

	Tyll we have done oure dede. Who so makys nose or cry His nek I shall gar blede, With this I bere in hy,				
600	To this tratoure betake That wold dystroy oure lawe. Judas, thou may it not forsake, Take hede unto my sawe:	630		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 maestrés for to may. Oure lantarnes take with us alsway And loke that thay be light.	
605	Thynk what thou has doyn, That has thi master sold. Performe thi bargan soyn; Thou has thi money takyn and told.		<i>Soldier 2</i>	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 before, 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.	
610	<i>Judas</i> 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.	645			
	<i>Pilate</i> Wherby, Judas, shuld we hym knaw If we shall wysely wyrk, iwys? For som of us hym never saw.				
615	<i>Judas</i> Lay hand on hym that I shall kys.				
	<i>Pilate</i> Have done, syr knyghtys, and kythe youre strengthe, And wap you wightly in youre wede. Seke over all both brede and lengthe; Spare ye not, spende and spede.	650	<i>Soldier 1</i>	That boyn, lord, thou us bede, And on hym wreke thee sone we shall Fro we have lade on hym good spede 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.	
620	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.	655			
625	<i>Malcbus</i> Sir, this jornay I undertake With all my myght and mayn; If I shuld for Mahowns sake Here in this place be slayn,	660			
			<i>Pilate</i>	Now, curtes kasers of Kamys kyn,	

665	Most gentyll of Jure to me that I fynde, My comforth from care may ye some 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, 670 Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodell to me In place. Wheresoever ye weynd, Ye knyghtys so heynde, Sir Lucyfer the feynde 675 He lede you the trace.	<i>Soldier 1</i>	To say thee sothe and not to ly We seke Jesu of Nazarene.
		<i>Jesus</i>	I told you ere that it was I.
		700 <i>Malchus</i>	Dar no man on hym lay hand; I shall cach hym if I may. A flateryng foyll has thou bene lang, Bot now is commen thyn endyng day.
		705 <i>Peter</i>	I wold be dede within short space Or I shuld se this sight. Go pleyn thee to Syr Cayphas And byd hym do thee right.
	<i>Jesus</i>		
	Ryse up, Peter, and go with me, And folowe me withoutten stryfe. Judas wakys and slepys not he; He commys to betray me here belyfe.	<i>Malchus</i>	Alas, the tyme that I was borne Or today com in this stede; My right ere I have forlorne. 710 Help, alas, I blede to dede.
680	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.	<i>Jesus</i>	Thou, man, that menys thi hurt so sare, Com heder, let me thi wounde se. Take me thi ere that he of share. 715 <i>In nomine patris</i> , hole thou be.
	<i>Judas</i>		
685	Rest well, master Jesus fre. I pray thee that thou wold kys me enys; I am commen to socoure thee. Thou art aspyed, whatso it menys.	<i>Malchus</i>	Now am I hole as I was ere; My hurt is never the wars. Therfor, felows, drawe me nere; The dwill hym spede that hym spars.
	<i>Jesus</i>		
690	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.	720 <i>Jesus</i>	Therfor, Peter, I say thee this: My will it is that all men witten. Put up thi swerde and do no mys, For he that smytys he shalbe smyten.
	<i>Soldier 2</i>		
695	Whome seke ye, syrs, by name? We seke Jesu of Nazarene. <i>Jesus</i> I kepe not my name to layn; Lo, I am here the same ye mene.	725	Ye knyghtys that be commen now here, Thus assemblyd in a rowte As I were thefe or thefys fere, With wepyns com ye me abowte.
	Bot whome seke ye with wepyns kene?		

- 730 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.
- 735 *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.
- 740 It was tyll us greatt woghe  
From dede to lyfe thou rasyd Lazare;  
Sen stalkyd styly bi the see-swoghe  
Both domb and defe thou salfyd from sare.
- 745 *Soldier 2* Thou passys Cesar bi dede,  
Or Syr Herode oure kyng.  
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.
- 750 *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.
- 755 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.  
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,  
And thider right ye shall hym lede.  
He has the rewill of holy kyrk;  
Lett hym deme hym whyk or dede.
- 770 *Soldier 2* For he has wroght agans oure law;  
Forthi most skylk can he theron.  
Sir, we assent unto youre saw.  
Com furth, bewshere, and lett us gone.
- Malchus* Step furth in the wenyande.  
Wenys thou ay to stand styll?  
Nay, luskand losell, lawes of the land  
Shall fayll bot we have oure will.
- 775 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 tyte 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 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 dycypyls 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;  
 Your paske shall ordand be.

*Tunc pergunt Iohannes & Petrus ad civitatem & obuiet eis homo &c.*

- 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.  
*Householder* 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 untyll.  
 Lo, here a chambre fast by,  
 Therin to make youre mangery,  
 I shal warand fare strewed;  
 It shuld not els to you be shewed.

*Tunc parent Iohannes & Petrus mensam.*

- 370 *John* Sir, youre mett is redy bowne.  
 Will ye wesh and syt downe?  
*Jesus* Yeí, gyf us water tyll oure hande.  
 Take we the grace that God has send.  
 Commys furth, both oone and othere;  
 375 If I be master, I will be brothere.

*[407 SD] 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.*

- 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.

*[The Last Supper, including institution of Eucharist?]*

[375 SD] *Tunc comedent & Iudas porrigit manum in discum cum Ihesu*

Judas, what menys thou?  
*Judas* Nothyng, lord, bot ett with you.  
*Jesus* Ett on, brether, hardely,  
 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, certainly.  
*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, Philip, withoutten drede.  
*Thaddens* Was it oght I that hight Thadee?  
*James* Or we two Jamys?  
*Jesus* Nay, none of you is he,  
 Bot he that ett with me in dysh;  
 395 He shall my body betray, iwys.  
*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 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 thraw  
 405 Forsake me or the cok craw.  
 Take up this clothe and let us go,  
 For we have othere thyngys at do.



		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. <sup>i</sup>			
75			110	<i>Pilate</i>	To spyll hym tyte we will not spare. For if oure lawes were thusgatys lorne Men wold say it were lake of lare. For certan, syrs, ye say right weyll For to wyrk witterly; Bot yit som fawt must we feyll Wherfor that he shuld dy.
80	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Syr Pilate, prynde of mekyll price That prevyd is withoutten 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 Towchyng that tratoure strang That makys this beleyf, For if he may thus furth gang It will over-greatly grefe.	115	<i>Caiaphas</i>	And therfor, sirs, 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 know How graythly that he gars them go, And ever he legys agans oure law, Tempys oure folk and turnys us fro. <sup>ii</sup>
85			120		
90	<i>Annas</i>	Sir, oure folk ar so afrayd Through lesyns he losys oure lay. Som remedy must be rayd So that he weynd not thus away.	125	<i>Annas</i>	Lord, dom and defe in oure present Delyvers he by downe and dayll, What hurtys or harmes thay hent; Full hastely he makys theym hayll, And for sich 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.
95	<i>Pilate</i>	Now certan, syrs, this was well sayd, And I assent right as ye say, Som prevay poynt to be purvayd To mar his myght if we may. And therfor, sirs, in this present What poynt so were to prase Let all be at assent. Let se what ilk man says.	130	<i>Pilate</i>	Yei, dewill, and dos he thus As ye well bere wytne Sich fawte fall to us Be oure dom for to redres.
100			135	<i>Caiaphas</i>	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. Now by Mahowns bloode so dere He shall aby this bowrdyng. What dewill will he be there?
105	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Sir, I have sayde you here beforne: His soteltyes and grefyngs to sare, He turnes oure folk both even and morne And ay makys mastrés mare and mare.	140	<i>Pilate</i>	
	<i>Annas</i>	Sir, if he skape it were great skorne;			

145	<i>Annas</i>	This hold I great hethyng. Nay, nay, well more is ther: He callys hymself hevens kyng. <sup>iii</sup>	180	<i>Pilate</i>	For in oure tempyll we will not spare To take that losell if he were woode. In oure tempyll? The dwill, what dyd he thare? That shall he by, by Mahouns blode.
		And says that he is so myghty All rightwysnes to rewill and red.		<i>Soldier 2</i>	Lord, we wist not youre wyll. With wrang ye us wyte; Had ye so told us tyll, We shuld have takyn hym tyte.
150	<i>Pilate</i>	By Mahowns blood that shall he aby With bytter baylls or I ett bred.	185		
	<i>Soldier 1</i>	Lord, the loth Lazare of Betany That lay stynkand in a sted Up he rasyd bodely The fourt day after he was ded.		<i>Pilate</i>	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.
155	<i>Soldier 2</i>	And for that he hym rasyd That had lyne dede so long a space The people hym full mekyll prasyd Over all in every place.	190	<i>Caiaphas</i>	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.
	<i>Annas</i>	Emangys the folke has he the name That he is Godys son and none els, And hissself says the same, That his fader in heven dwelles, That he shall rewill both wyld and tame Of all sich maters thus he mels.	195	<i>Annas</i>	Yei, syr, and when this feste is went Then shall his craftys be kyd.
160				<i>Pilate</i>	Certys, syrs, and I assent For to abyde then as ye byd.
	<i>Pilate</i>	This is the dwylls payn. Who trowys sich talys as he tels?		<i>Tunc venit Iudas.</i>	
165	<i>Caiaphas</i>	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.		<i>Judas</i>	Masters, myrth be you emang And mensk be to this meneye.
170	<i>Pilate</i>	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. <sup>iv</sup>	200	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Go othere gatys thou has to gang With sorow. Who send after thee?
	<i>Soldier 1</i>	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,		<i>Judas</i>	Syrs, if I have done any wrang At youre awne bydyng will I be. Go hence, harlot, hy mot thou hang. Where in the dwill hand had we thee?
175			205	<i>Judas</i>	Goode syr, take it to no grefe, For my menyng it may avayll. We, lad, thou shuld ask lefe To com in sich counsayll.
				<i>Annas</i>	
			210	<i>Judas</i>	Sir, all youre counsell will I ken; Ye mene my master for to take.
				<i>Annas</i>	A-ha, here is oone of his men

215	<i>Pilate</i>	That thus unwynly gars us wake. 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.	250	<i>Judas</i>	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.
220	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Set on hym buffettys sad Sen he sich mastrys mase, And teche ye sich a lad To profer hym in sich a place.	255	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Sir Pylate, tentys here tyll And lightly leyf it noght; Then may ye do youre wyll Of hym that ye have boght.
225	<i>Judas</i>	Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay To all the lordys in this present.	260	<i>Annas</i>	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.
	<i>Pilate</i>	We, go hens in twenty dwell way. We have no tome thee for to tent.		<i>Pilate</i>	Now, Judas, sen he shalbe sold How lowfes thou hym, belyfe let se.
	<i>Judas</i>	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.	265	<i>Judas</i>	For thyrty 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.
230	<i>Pilate</i>	A, syr, hark what says thou. Let se, and shew thi skyll.			
	<i>Judas</i>	Sir, a bargan bede I you; By it if ye will.			
235	<i>Annas</i>	What is thi name, do tell in hy, If we may wit if thou do wrang.	270	<i>Annas</i>	Gart he thee lose? I pray thee, why? Tell us now pertly or thou pas.
	<i>Judas</i>	Judas Scarioth, so hight I That with the profet has dwellyd lang.		<i>Judas</i>	I shall you say, and that in hy, Every word right as it was. In Symon house with hym sat I With othere meneye that he has.
	<i>Pilate</i>	Sir, thou art welcom witterly. Say what thou will us here emang.	275		A woman cam to company Callyng hym 'Lord,' saying 'alas' For synnes that she had wroght; She wepyd sore always, And an oyntment she broght That precyus was to prayse.
240	<i>Judas</i>	Not els bot if ye will hym by; Do say me sadly or I gang.	280		
245	<i>Caiaphas</i>	Yis, freynd, in fathe will we; Noght els bot hartely say How that bargan may be And we shall make thee pay.			
	<i>Annas</i>	Judas, for to hold thee hayll And for to fell all fowll defame Looke that thou may avow thi sayll,			She weshyd hym with hir terys weytt And sen dried hym with hir hare. This fare oyntment hir bale to beytt

285	Apon his hede she put it thare That it ran all abowte his feytt. I thocht it was a ferly fare; The house was full of odowre sweytt.			
290	For certys I had not seyn None oyntment half so fyne; Therat my hart had teyn Sich tresoure for to tyne.			
295	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.	330	<i>Pilate</i>	We shall hym have, and that in hy, Full hastely here in this hall. Sir knyghtys that ar of dede dughty, Stynt never in stede ne stall, Bot looke ye bryng hym hastely, That fatur fals, what so befall.
300	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 thyrty; Right so he shalbe sold.	335	<i>Soldier 1</i>	Sir, be not abast therby, For as ye byd wyrk we shall. <sup>v</sup>
305	Say if ye will hym by.	...		
	<i>Pilate</i> 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.	[637]	<i>Soldier 2</i>	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 beforene, Men call hym Crist, comen of David kyn, His lyfe full sone shalbe forlorne If we have hap hym for to wyn.
310	<i>Annas</i> Sir, all thyn askyng, everydele, Here shall thou hafe, therof be trast; Bot looke that we no falshede fele.	640		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. <sup>vi</sup>
	<i>Judas</i> Syr, with a profe may ye frast All that I have here hight. I shall fulfill in dede And well more at my myght In tyme when I se nede.	645		
315		650	<i>Soldier 1</i>	That boyn, lord, thou us bede, And on hym wreke thee sone we shall Fro we have lade on hym good spede He shall no more hym Godys son call; We shall marke hym truly his mede. By Mahowne, most God of all,
	<i>Pilate</i> Judas, this spekyng must be spar, And neven it never nyght ne day; Let no man wyt where that we war	655		
320				

- Siche thre knyghtys had lytyll drede  
 To bynde the dwyll that we on call  
 In nede.  
 For if thay were a thowsand mo,  
 That prophete and his apostels also,  
 660 With thise two handys for to slo  
 Had I lytyll drede.
- [624] *Malchus* Sir, this jorney I undertake  
 625 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.  
 630 Oure weppyns redy loke ye make  
 To bryng hym in mekyll grame  
 This nyght.  
 Go we now on oure way  
 Oure maestrés for to may.  
 635 Oure lantarnes take with us alsway  
 And loke that thay be light.<sup>vii</sup>
- [663] *Pilate* Now, curtes kasers of Kamys kyn,  
 665 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,  
 670 Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodell to me  
 In place.  
 Wheresoever ye weynd,  
 Ye knyghtys so heynde,  
 Sir Lucyfer the feynde  
 675 He lede you the trace.

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<sup>i</sup> This stanza (abab abab *abbc*) may be a defective 13'er, but nothing appears to be missing; a similar 12-line stanza (rhymed abab bc**bc** *abbc*) 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.

<sup>ii</sup> This 8-line stanza resembles a curtailed version of the regular 12-line stanza, or of the 13'er, minus the bob and wheel.

<sup>iii</sup> This 12-line stanza fits the dialogue sequence, but resembles no other in form (abab bc**bc** bc**bc**).

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

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

<sup>vi</sup> 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 *efffe*.

<sup>vii</sup> 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.