

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Judas

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Hit was upon a Scere Thosday that ure Loverd arose

[It was upon a Holy Thursday that our Lord arose]

Ful milde were the wordes he spec to Judas:

[Full mild were the words he spoke to Judas]

"Judas thou most to Jurselem, oure mete for to bugge;

["Judas, thou must go to Jerusalem to buy our food;]

Thritti platen of selver thou bere upon thi rugge;

[Thirty pieces of silver thou bearest upon thy back;]

"Thou comest fer i the brode stret, fer i the brode strete;

"Thou goest far in the broad street far in the broad street;]

2umme of thin cunesmen ther thou meiht i-mete."

"Some of thy kinsmen there thou mightest meet."]

Imette wid [h]is soster, the swikele wimon.

[He met his sister, that wicked woman.]

"Judas, thou were w[u]rthe me stende the wid ston,

["Judas, thou wert worth that people stoned thee with stones.]

"Judas, thou were w[u]rthe me stende the wid ston

["Judas, thou wert worth that people stoned thee with stones,]

For the false prophete that tou bilevest upon."

[For the false prophet that thou believest on."]

"Be stille, leve soster, thin herte the to-breke!

[Be still, dear sister, may thy heart burst!]

Wiste min Loverd Crist, ful wel he wolde be wreke."

[If my Lord Christ knew it, full well would he be avenged."]

"Judas, go thou on the roc, heie upon the ston,

["Judas, go thou on the rock, high upon the stone,]

Lei thin heved i my barm, slep thou the anon."

[Lay thy head in my lap, go thou to sleep."]

Sone so Judas of slepe was awake,

[As soon as Judas awakened from sleep,]

Thritte platen of selver from hym weren i-take.

[Thirty pieces of silver had been taken from him.]

He drou hymselfe bi the top, that al it lavede a-blode;

[He pulled out his hair so that (his head) was bathed in blood.]

The Jewes out of Jurselem awenden he were wode
[The Jews of Jerusalem thought he was mad.]

Foret hym com the riche Jeu that heihte pilatus
[Toward him came the rich Jew that was called Pilate]
"Wolte sulle thi Loverd that heite Jesus?"
["Wilt thou sell thy Lord that men call Jesus?"]

"I nul sulle my Loverd for nones cunnes eihte,
["I will not sell my Lord for any kind of ware,]
Bote hit be for the thritti platen that he me bitaihte."
[Unless it be for the thirty pieces that he entrusted to me."]

"Wolte sulle thi Lord Crist for enes cunnes golde?"
["Wilt thou sell thy Lord Christ for any kind of gold?"]
"Nay, bote hit be for the platen that he habben wolde."
["Nay, unless it be for the (silver) pieces that he entrusted to me."]

In him cum ur Lord gon, as [H]is postles setten at mete-
[Our Lord came walking in as His apostles sat at table-]
"Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?"
["How is it that ye sit, apostles, and why will ye not eat?"]

"Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?"
["How is it that ye sit, apostles, and why will ye not eat?"]
"Ic am aboutht ant i-sold to-day for oure mete"
[I am bought and sold today for your food."]

Up stod him Judas: "Lord, am I that [free]?"
[Up stood Judas: "Lord, am I that [man]?"]
"I nas never o the stude ther me the evel spec."
[I was never in the place where people spoke evil of thee."]

Up him stod Peter, ant spec wid al [h]is mihte-
[Up stood Peter, and spoke with all his strength-]
"Thau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred cnihtes,
["Though Pilate himself came with ten hundred knights,]

"Thau pilatus him come wid ten hundred cnihtes,
["Though Pilate himself came with ten hundred knights,]
Yet ic wolde, Loverd, for thi love fihte."
[Yet I would, Lord, for thy love fight"]

"Stille thou be, Peter. Wel I the i-cnowe;
["Be still, Peter. Well I know thee;]
Thou wolt fursake nie thrien ar the coc him crowe"
["Thou wilt forsake me thrice ere the cock crow"]

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Recorded about 1300

Text from Trinity College Cambridge manuscript

Translation below each line

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