

Jesus afore Pilate

(a) Frae 'A Scots Gospel' bi Jamie Stuart - Saint Andrew Press 1992

Whan mornin cam, aa the heid-priests an elders coonselled thegither aganis Jesus, tae pit him tae daith. They bund him an led him awa tae Pilate the Governor.

Pilate said tae them, 'Whit chairge dae ye bring aganis this man?'

They answert him, 'Gin he war no an ill-daer, we widna hae gien him ower tae ye.'

Than qo Pilate tae them, 'Ye yersels tak him an judge him bi yer ain laws.'

But they telt him, 'We hae nae poo'er tae pit onie man tae daith.'

Syne Pilate gaed intil the judgment-haa aince mair an caa'd Jesus. Qo he tae him, 'Ar ye the King o the Jews?'

Jesus answert, 'Say ye this bi yer ain sel, or did ithers tell ye about me?'

Qo Pilate, 'Am I a Jew? Yer ain folk an the heid-priests hae gien ye up tae me. Whit hae ye din?'

Jesus answert, 'Ma Kingdom isna o this warld. Gin it war, ma servans wid fecht that I suldna be gien up tae the Jews. Nae, ma Kingdom disna belang here.'

'So ye ar a King than?' speired Pilate o him.

Jesus answert, 'Ye say I am a King. For this end wis I born, an for this end cam I intil the warld, tae gie witness o the trowth. Ilk ane wha is o the trowth hears ma voice.'

But Pilate said tae him, 'Whit is trowth?'

An syne Pilate gaed oot aince mair til the Jews, an qo he tae them, 'I find nae faut in him! But ye hae a custom o releasin ane ill-daer at the Passower. Will ye thairfore that I release for ye the King o the Jews?'

But they onlie cried out fierce an lang, '*Crucifie him! Crucifie him!*'

Whan Pilate saw that he cuidna prevail, but that a stramash wis risin, he caa'd for watter. Washin his hauns afore aa the folk, he said, 'I am innocent o the bluid o this just man!'

The sodgers strippit aff his claes an pit a rid cloak on him. They plettit a croon o thorns an pit it apo his heid, an they pit a reed wand in his richt haun. Syne they lowtit doon afore him, an gecked at him, sayin, 'Hail, King o the Jews!' They spat on him, an baffit him ower the heid wi the reed wand. An efter they hed mocked him, they tuik aff the cloak, pit on his claes, an than they led him awa tae be crucified.

(b) Frae 'A Glasgow Bible' bi Jamie Stuart - Saint Andrew Press 1997

In the mornin, aw the elders an the heavy mob gathared roon Jesus, ready tae pit the final clamp oan him.

They yanked him afore the Governor - Pilate wis his name.

'Richt then, man - tell us, are you the King o the Jews?' Pilate asked, nae messin aroon.

Jesus answered, 'Ma Kingdom disny belang tae this warld. Na, it disny belang here.'

Pilate came back at him, 'But ye are a king then, so ye say?'

'*You* say that!' Jesus replied. 'For that purpose I wis born. I've come tae bring truth tae the hale warld. People seekin this truth will hear my voice.'

Pilate. Tryin tae be clever, said, 'So! - whit is truth?!'

Saum 46

owerset bi P. Hateley Waddel (1877 - revisit for readin in wurship 2010)

God for oursels is bíeld an stoopin;
help in strets, richt nar is he:
Nane syne sal we fear, tho the yirth sud steer,
or hills be flang ower i the hert o the sea;
Whan its wattirs warsle, whan its wattirs ar flang,
whan the hills they ar steered as it bremes along.

**The Lord o Hosts is aa on our side;
Our haud is the God o Jaucob.**

Bot a wattir rins, whase wimplin wins
til gled the burgh o God;
The halie bit o dwallins, it;
the Heichest, his abode.
God bides in her bosom, nane sal she fley;
God sal betyde her or blink o day.
The fowk, they warsle; the kingdoms, they fash:
He gíes but a sích, the yirth's swakket.

**The Lord o Hosts is aa on our side;
Our haud is the God o Jaucob.**

Here-awà syne, see the warks o the Lord;
Wha maks aa fou lown i the hert o the yird.
Wha quates the steer, til the neuks o the lan:
He flinders the bow, an sneds the spear;
He scouthers in low the sleds o weir.
Be whush, an ken at am God mylane:
Heich ower the yirth, sal I win hame.

**The Lord o Hosts is aa on our side;
Our haud is the God o Jaucob.**



Χριστός Πάτοκρατορ, Daphne, Greece, late C11