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Stauffenberg, Henry J.

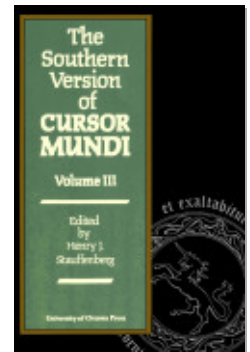
Published by University of Ottawa Press

Stauffenberg, Henry J.

The Southern Version of Cursor Mundi, Vol. III.

University of Ottawa Press, 1985.

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APPENDIX C

The following Passion narrative replaces *Cursor Mundi*, ll. 14916-17288 in MS BL Additional 36983. Line numbers are from the edition by J. Meadows COWPER, *Meditations on the Supper of our Lord, and the Hours of the Passion*, EETS OS 60 (1875; rpt New York, 1975).

<p>Here begynneth þe meditation of þe pascion of Crist & of þe lamentacion of Oure Lady Saint Mary þat sche made for her son when sche se hym torment among þe lewis which was compiled of Bonaventure a gode clerk & a cardinall of Rome & þe meditaciouns of all þe houris of þe day</p>	<p>fol. 118r col. 2</p>
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<p>Allmyghty God in trenite Now & euer <i>with</i> vs be For þy sonis pascion Saue all þis congregation And graunt vs <i>grace</i> of gode lyuing And bring vs to a gode ending þou Cristis criature be Goddis <i>grace</i> Open þy hert & hyde þy face For þou schalt chaunge þy chere anon Or þy hert is harde as ston I will þe lere a meditacion þe memory of Cristis pascion And of his modir þat is so dere What paynis sche soffred maystow her Take hede for I will no þing say Bote þat is <i>preuid</i> be Cristis fay Be holy writt sayntes or sarmons Or be dyuers holy openyons When þou þenkest in þy þoght þere may no man noye þe <i>with</i> oght Mening þe tyme of Cristis mercy When God sent douʒ his son fro hye Off a mayde he wolde be borne To saue mankynde þat was forlorne Bote <i>noþer with</i> siluyr ne <i>with</i> golde</p>	<p>fol. 118v col. 1</p> <p>5</p> <p>6</p> <p>9</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p>
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And wondred why he wolde soffre þat wrong	
þay broght hym to Pilat he stode full faint	
Boldly þe houndis pursued þe plaint	510
Pilat þoght to delyuer hym	
For no cause of dethe he fond in hym	
I will vndirnym hym he sayde so	
To scorge hym wele & lete hym go	
To a piler þey faste hym bonde	515
ȝitt scheweþ þe blode of his wounde	524
A lorde Ihesu how may þis be	525
Who was so hardy to spoile þe	
Who most hardye þat þe bounde	
Who most hardy þat þe wounde	
Allmyghty God where ertow now	
þes houndis seme myghtier þan þou	530
Bote truly þou sonne of rightwisnes	
Withdrawest þy bemys of derknes	

- When þey had betyn hym so dispitously
 Þey com to Pilat & cried on hye
 Sir þis fole clepith hym a king 535
 Cloþe we hym in kynges cloþing
 Þink þis was do at oure of prime
 Þe doing of iche oure will I ryme
 fol. 122v col. 2
- 3it all þey cloþed hym in scorne
 And crounyd hym *with* a croun of þorn 540
 And in his honde a rede þey did hym tage
 And many one on his hede þey brake
 Þey sette hym openly in her seing
 And knelid & cried hayle *ser* kyng
 A Ihesu þy paciens may not be tolde 545
 Þou angry man þy Sauour þou beholde
 For þe he suffred þis payn & schame
 And for a litell worde þou wilt men *grame*
 Efftsonys to Pilat þey com crying
 And sayde *ser* saue cayser we haue no kyng 550
 Who hymselffe a king will make
 Be lawe þe deþe hym most take
 Þo pilat sayde what will 3e do *with* hym
 Pay cried crucifige *crucife* hym
 Pilat þo dred þe peples voice 555
 And dampnid hym to hong on cros
 A fals iustys where fyndestow þat reson
 To dampne an innecent *with* so grete treson
 When he was dampnid on cros to hong
 Þe houndis wolde not tary long 560
 Bote anon fro Pilat þey led hym oute
 And ioyed her malice was broght aboute
 A cros forþe was fett long & grete
 Þe length þeroff was fifften fete
 On his schuldir þe cros þey caste 565
 Þat his bak bent & well nere braste
 Þey punchyd hym þorogh euery slogh
 As an hors is þat goþe to plogh
 Beholde now man *with* weping hert
 And late noght þis þoght lightly stirt
 Crist goþe crokyng his cros vndir
 And fayntly it berith it is no wonder
 Þay hygh hym & he goþe *withoute* stryffe
 He berith his dethe for þy lyffe
 3itt is hym schap more schenschip 575
 Þevis be broght to hym in feleschip
 3itt more for Crist berith his owne iwis
 I fynde not þat þe Iewis did on þe same wis
 A Ihesu what schame did þay to 3ow þere
 To make 3ow vilain þeffis fere 580
 Bote þe prophecy mvst be fullfilled

- Þat saith with wickyd men he is spilled
 Mary his modir foloweth fro fer
 Sche myght not for pres com hym ner
 A schort way ches þan gan sche 585
 And mett her sonn withoute þe cite
 And when sche se hym þat grete tre bere
 Halffe dede sche was & confoundid þere
 Full fayne sche wolde his paynis light
 Sche myght not so þe houndis hym hight 590
 None of hem myght speke oþer to
 For sorow þat eche had of oþer þo
 Forth þey drove hym with burdoun
 Till he for faintnes fill ner down
 For ouer long þe cros he bare 595
 þe place will schew who haþe be þare
 þes houndes were loþe his dethe to tary
 þey dred þat Pilat his dethe wolde vary
 Foreuyr it semyd be his will
 þat he was loþe Ihesu to spill 600 fol. 123r col. 2
 A man þay mell & hym þay raynid
 To bere þe cros þey hym constraynid
 So forth as a þeffe þey Ihesus nam
 To þay to þe mount of Caluere cam
- Petiþ now man how þis is done 605
 In þe oure of vj afftir none
 Beholde þe paynis of þy Sauour
 And crucifie þe cros with grete dolour
 Whan he to Caluere mount was broght
 Beholde what wickyd men þer euill wroght 610
 Sum diggin sum deluyn sum erþ vp cast
 Sum pichid þe cros in þe erþe faste
 Sum on euery syde laddirs vp sett
 Sum ran afftir hamyrs sum naylis fett
 Sum spoiled hym dispitously 615
 His cloþis cleuin on his body
 Sum rent hem of as þay were wode
 His body aȝen ran all on blode
 And with þat sorow his modir was fed
 When sche se hym nakid & bled 620
 Furþermore þan gan sche to seke
 When sche se hem lifft hym no breke
 Sche ran þo þurgh hem & hastily hid
 And her kerchiff his hippis hid
 Sche wold do more bote sche ne myght 625
 For forslly her son is fro her plight
 To þe cros fote þey drowe hym highing
 Se now þe maner of þe crucifying
 Two laddirs be sett þe cros behynde
 And two enemyes vp fast þay clymbe 630

With hamyrs & nayles scharpely swift	
A schort ladder beffore hym pight	fol. 123v col. 1
<i>Pere</i> as þe fete schorter were	
Beholde þis sight <i>with</i> rewly tere	
Crist Ihesu his bodye vp styce	635
Be þe schort laddir þe clos on hye	
<i>Withoute</i> nay he gan vp wende	
And when he cam to þe ladder ende	
Towarde þe cros his bak he layde	
And his riall armys displayed	640
His faire handis he oute streght	
And to þe crucifiers hem right	
And to his fadir he caste his yen	
And sayde here I am fadir myn	
Vnto þis cros þou mekist me	645
My for manhede I offre to þe	
My breþer & sister þou hast made hem	
For my loue fadir be <i>merciabill</i> to hem	
All olde synnis þou hem forzeffe	
And graunt þy blis <i>with</i> vs to lyue	650
Derworþy fadir saue all mankyn	
Lo here I am offred for her syn	652
Beholde man þy lorde on þe rode	
<i>Pere</i> was no lym bote þat ran on blode	
While he þus ruly <i>prayed</i> in hert	653
þat one Iew a nayle in his hand gert	
þe toþer drew to þe nailis brast	655
And nailed þe toþer to þe rode fast	
Anon þey cam down <i>with</i> her gere	
Anon þe laddirs remeid were	
Beholde now man a grete angwis	
For be þe handis þe body hangis	660
To þe fete anon þey strakyd	
þay naylid harde to þe cros crakyd	
All þe ioyntis þey brast on twyne	fol. 123v col. 2
A Ihesu why soffredestow þis for our syn	
His fete þey nailed as a tre to lede	665
þan myght he noght meve bote his hede	
Beholde þes naylis bere all his lymes	
Loke all aboute hym ran blode stremys	
He soffred sorowis bittir & fell	
More þan any tounge may tell	670
Betwix two þeffis he hong in same	
A what wrong what payn & schame	
Sum dispite his lore his faith & saiþe	
Fy on hym þat Goddis temple distreyþ	
Sum sayde saue þyselffe ziff þou can	675
Come doune & þou be Goddis son	
Also þe lewis þat crucified hym	

- Þe cloþis of hym þey *partid* atwin
 Sum sayde oþer coup he saue
 Bote hymselffe can he not saue 680
 Þis while his modir þe cros stode ny
 Rewly on her son sche did cry
 A her sorow her anguysch & payne
 I may sum þink bote not all sayn
 Truly in hert was sche crucified 685
 Full fayne for sorow sche wold a died
 Her sonis paynis were moche þe more
 Þat he her paynis se so sore
 And to his fadir still he plainis
 Fadir sest þou not my modir paynis 690
 On þis cros sche is *with* me
 I schuld be crucified & nocht sche
 My crucifying sufficeth for all mankyn
 For now I bere all her syn
 Into þy keping I her betake
 Derworþ fadir her penauns þou slake
 Also sche *prayed with* bittir weping
 And sayde my fadir euerlasting
 Schall my dere son dye algate
 Hym to saue me þink allate 700
 Se fadir what paynis in hym is
 I pray þe *sumdele* his paynis lis
 Be her stode Ihesu & Maries þre
 Iacob Magdalayne & Cleoffe
 Wonder it is to tell þe sorow þat þey did mak 705
 For her swete maystir is fro hem take
- Þenk now how Crist hong on þe cros
 Sevyn wordis he sayde *with* ruly vois
 Þe first þat he þere sayde
 For his crucifiers he prayde 710
 Fadir forþeff hem her synnis son
 For þay wote not what þey don
 Grete loue *grace* paciens þis word schewiþ þe
 Þat þou schuld *pray* for hem þat þy fon be
 Þe second worde to his moder was won 715
 Woman he sayde beholde þy son
 To his disciple he sayde anoþer
 He sayde Iohn beholde þy modir
 He wolde Mary his modir clepe
 Left for loue her hert wold breke 720
 Þe þrid to þe þeffe sayde he
 Today in *paradis* þou schalt *with* me be
 Þe fourþ he cried *with* vois on hye
 Ely Ely lamazabatany
 Þat is my God my God wherto 725
 Hastow forsake me in my wo

695 fol. 124r col. 1

As so saith þou me forsakist	fol. 124r col. 2
And fro þis worlde þou me takist	
Be fiffte worde he sayde me þrist	
þan þe houndis wroght worst	730
þey þoght to noye hym most of all	
þey 3affe hym to drink ayzell & gall	
He tastid sumdele his þrist to liue	
A A how strong was his pyne	
ziff it be expowned in sarmon	735
þat he þristed soulis saluacion	
zitt trewly þe manhode þrist on þe rode	
For he was full drye for faute of blode	
þe sext worde anon he spirid	
Sayde all þing is now fullfillid	740
As so say fadir full fillid haue	
All þyne hestis þy soulis to saue	
I haue ben scorgyd & scornid & deffeylyd	
Woundid anguyschyd & crucified	
Fullfillid I haue þat is writen of me	745
þerffore dere fadir call me to þe	
ziff þou wilt more I will it fullfill	
For her I haue do þy will	
þan sayde þe fadir derworþy son	
Come to þy blis euer þere to won	750
All þing full well þou haste fullfilled	
I will nomore þat þou be þus spillid	
For soulis þou hast broght oute of bonde	
Come son & sitt on my ryght honde	
Anon he trauayled as men do in dying	755
Now swetyng & casting vp his yen	
He þrew his hede now here now þer	fol. 124v col. 1
For bodily strength had he nomore	
þe sevenith worde full loude he spac	
Fadir into þy handis my soule I take	760
He zeld vp his gost his fadir þankyng	
Towarde his brest his hede gan hyng	
þan to þe cry centori turnid son	
And sayde forsoþe þis was Godis son	
For <i>with</i> a grete crye þe soule is forþ go	765
Oþer men when þay dye do not so	
þat cry was so grete as I 3ow tell	
þat it was wele herde down into hell	
þink þou man what ioy þere is	
When soulis wer brozt fro payn to blis	770
And how long þay haue þus layne	
To habide our sauour in mani payne	
þey clepid & cryed com Godis son	
How long schall we fro þe won	
Here endith now Cristis pascion	775
Fullfillid in þe oure of none	

Now begyn we a swete meditacion Off a swete lamentacion Þat Mari modir meke and mylde Made for her dere childe	780
Grete paynis he soffred hir beffore Bote now sche soffrid moche more For when sche se <i>hym</i> drawe to ende I leue sche wex nere oute of mynde	785
Sche sownid sche pynid sche wex halff dede Sche fill to ground & bete her hede Do Iohn ran to her & her vpbrayde When sche myght speke þis word sche saide A my son my socour wo is me Who schall graunt me to dye <i>with</i> þe	790 fol. 124v col. 1
Þou wrechid dep̄ to me þou come And do þe modir die <i>with</i> þe son Aboue all þing desirede sche Com dep̄ & to my son fech me My fadir my furmer my maister my make	795
Why God son hastow me forsake Þink how we loud & lyuid togedir And late vs here son dye togedir I may not liue here <i>withoute</i> þe For all my fode was þe to se	800
A son where is now my ioying Þat I had in þyne hering And now þat ioy is turnid to wo Simon saide soþe it schuld be so He sayde a swerd <i>myn</i> h[er]t schuld perce	805
Certes swete son þis may I rehers Þan gan her felaschip her sorow to slake And sofftely & myldely azen sche spak Now 3e godemen se <i>with</i> 3our yen 3eff þer be any sorow to myn	810
My son is slayn her beffore myn ye Which I bare wemles on my bodye Þere was neuer woman þat bar such a childe So gode so <i>gracious</i> so meke so myld I felt no sorow in his bering	815
Nedis þan mvste I in his dying Myn owne swete son is fro me take What wondir is 3off I sorow make While sche satt in her lamentacion A company armyd sche se come	820
Þe which were sent in a grete rek Þe dampnid mens lymes to breke To sle hem & to caste þe bodies away Þan no men schuld se hem on þe haly day A Mari modir þy wo wex now	fol. 125r col. 1
Se man her martirdom & þeron rew	825

- For so ofte sche was martird þat day
 As offt as her sonis martirdom say
 Sche sayde what mowe þay my son more do
 Ne haue þey crucified hym & slayn þerto 830
 I wende þey had ben full of þe
 Now derworþ son haue mercy on me
 Son I may help þe in no degre
 Bote zitt will I do þat is in me
 To þe cros fast sche ran 835
 And clippid þe cros fast in her arme
 And sayde my son here will I dye
 Or þou fro me be borne away
 Fast þes houndis com rymnyng þen
 And founde þe þeff boþe on lyne 840
 Þey brak her þese boþe a twyne
 And founde a diche & cast hem þerin
 Sche wende þay wolde so serue her son
 And þoght with mekenes hem ouercom
 On knes sche knelid with her felischip 845
 And sayde siris I pray 3ow of frenschip
 Poyniþ hym nomore breke not his þies
 3iff me hym hoole for dede 3e se he is
 I will hym bery & none oþer
 Haue reuþe on me I am his modir 850
 A lady what do 3e to knele weping
 Þus to þes houndis for socour sekyng
 Off Salamons sawis 3e be not avised fol. 125r col. 2
 Þat mekenes of proude men is all dispisid
 Þan Longeus a knight dispisid her plaint 855
 Þat now be miracle is a saint
 A spere he sett to Cristis syde
 And laused & openyd a wound wyde
 Þorough þe hert he prikyd hym with mode
 And anon ran oute watir & blode 860
 O O wrong & wickidnes
 To martir his modir for her godenes
 Þe son was dede & felt no smert
 Bote certes it percid his modir hert
 Þey woundid & hepid arm vp armys 865
 Sche fell as for dede on Magdalayn armis
 O Ihesu þis dede is wondir to me
 Þat þou soffredest þy modir be martired for þe
 Þo Iohn stirt vp freschly anon
 And sayde men what will 3e done 870
 Haue 3e not slayne hym with wrong & wo
 What will 3e sle his modir also
 Go hens for we will hym bery anon
 All schamid þe houndis away gan gone
 When Mary was wakyd of her swoun 875
 Azens þe cros sche sett her doun

- Petously sche beheld *with* grevous wounde
 For weping sche myght stynt no stounde
 What sorow made Iohn Cristis derling
 What Magdalayn *with* teris his fete wasching 880
 What Iacobe what Cleoffe & oþer mo
 I wis no tong may tell þe wo
 Full faine þey wolde Ihesu doun take
 Bote strength & instrumentes did hem lak fol. 125v col. 1
 Among hem þey cast what was best to do 885
 Sum sayde þat night wolde com sone
 zeff we go hen þis body will be stoll
 And ziff we wake deþ schull we þoll
 Þay praide to God sum socour sende
 For liue nor dede þey wold nót wend 890
 A new compascion þey se comyng
 Instrumentis & oynementis *with* hem bring
 Oure lady dred þey were enmyes
 To Iohn on hem had sett gode spies
 Be of gode comfort he sayde þey seme 895
 Ioseph ab Aramathi & Nicodeme
 Þis was her comyng when þey com þeder
 Þey worschepid þe cros & salued togeder
 And þankid God þat þedir hem sent
 Oure lady prayed hem to do her entent 900
- Now will I tell of evensong our
 Se man a sight of grete dolour
 Two laddirs beffore þe cros now stond
 Ioseph & Nicodem clym þay fonde
With pinsons pinched & oþer gere 905
 When þey to þe hondis come wer
 Preuily *with* her pincher forþ þay plight
 Lest Mary schuld gris sore of þat sight
 Þey halid harde or it wolde be
 Þe naylis stak so fast in þe tre 910
 Full fast þey wraist noþing þey wounden
 Nedis þay mvst brest foule his handen
 Bote rightwis God þat made all þing
 Know her hert & her doing
 When þey had drawe oute þe naylis *with* fors 915
 Ioseph bare vp þat precious cors fol. 125v col. 2
 While his felaus to þe fete went
 And myghtily þe nailis oute hent
 When þe nailis were oute ichon
 Nicodemus toke hym & Iohn 920
 Anon roun to all þat þer were
 And halpe þat precious body to bere
 Iohn bare þe brest & wept full sore
 For þeron he ristid þe night beffore
 His fete bare Magdalayn & on hem wepe 925

For att hem her synnys sche lete Do þat were þere bare all þe oþer Saue his right arme bare his modir Faine wolde sche haue more of her son Bote grete sorow her strength ouercom	930
þe arme weping full offte sche kist Sche collid it & clippid it on her brist Bote euer when sche behelde þe grisly wounde For sorow sche fill to þe grounde Offte sche sayde a son son	935
Where is now all þy werk become Pat þou were wonte to worke with þis hande All þat were seke bring oute of bande A freschly fode fairest & fre Porough þe Holi Gost consayuyd be of me	940
Why fadest þou no filþ is in þe founde Bote sinles I bare þe into þe mound A manis sin hastow dere boght With a gretter price myght it neuer be wrought þis company forþ þis cors gan cary	945
And prayed his modir no lengger hem tary With oynementis & schetis þey wolde hym dight	fol. 126r col. 1
And bery it anon for it was night þan sayde Mary I pray 3ow a bon Takith it not fro me so sone	950
Bery me with hym in graue For oþer dede or quik I mvst hym haue Atte last sche consent so long þey prayed þan to bery þis body þey hym arayed þis bodie was layde vpon a schete	955
To anoint it & sow it down þey sete Mary his modir att þe hede satt Sche kist his hede & layde it in her lap Sche beheld it how it was ibroke Prickid & brosyd with many a stroke	960
And schauē also was berde & hede With þorns rent of blode all rede In a hye story þis reson truly I nam Pat God sayde onys to an holy woman When þe Iewis had dampnid hym deþ to haue	965
Schamely his berde & hede þay schauē þe euangelistis tell not of þis doing For þay myght not write all þing In his berde I fynde a reson þe which saith in Godis person	970
My bodye I zaffe to man smytyng And also my chekis to manis grubbing First þan Mary with a swete cloute Wiped her sonis hede aboute A son I was wont swetely to wrap	975

- And now I haue þyne hede in my lap
 þe oþer anoint hym & closid þe schete
 Till þey cam doun to þe fete
 Magdalaine prayde his fete to dres
 For þere sche gate of her synnis forziff
 Sche wept & wasch hem *with* mani a tere
 Sche kissid hem & wipid hem *with* her here
 When þe cors was all well dight
 To þe sepulcre þay bare it right
 fol. 126r col. 2
 980
- Now is þe oure of cumþlyne
 Þey layde þe cors þere it schuld ben
 In a sepulcre a faire grane
 Þat Nicodemus made hymselff to haue
 Þey schett a bon *with* a grete ston
 And arayed hem þens fast to gon
 Habide here gode breþer Mary gan say
 Wherto hegh ze so faste away
 ziff ze be to full of my dere son
 Go hens & lete me allon here won
 Whedir schuld I wende to frend or kyn
 I can nowhere go bote I had hym
 He was my broþer my maystir my spous
 Now am I a widdow in hous
 Wolde God þat ze wolde me bery *with* hym
 For þan schuld we neuer part atwyn
 Now certes myn hert is melte away
 For right so loue gan to me say
 I haue hym soght I fynde hym not
 I haue hym clepid he ansuerith not
 I will habide hym here in fay
 For he sayde he wolde arise þe þrid day
 Bote I had trist to his saying
 Myn hert schuld haue brist att his ending
 Þan Iohn consailed her & sayde anon
 Þis Sabat we mow not here wake allon
 ziff þe Iewis vs take her þey will vs spill
 And þus was also zour sonis will
 Þan ansuerd Mary myldely weping
 My son Iohn toke me þe in keping
 I mvst nedis do as þou me bedist
 And right *with* þat worde vp sche rist
 Right beffore þe sepulcre sche satt doun
 And weping sche made her lamentacion
 A swete son now wo is me
 Þat I no lengger may duell *with* þe
 For nedis I mvst þe forsake
 Þy fadir of hevyn I þe betake
 Oure felischip is now deuidide
 For I may not *with* þe be beryde
 985
 990
 995
 1000
 1005
 1010
 fol. 126v col. 1
 1015
 1020

- Bote swete son where þat I be 1025
 Holy myn hert is beried *with þe*
 3iff þou arise as þou me behight
 Myn hert schall rise *with þe* as light
 3iff þou arise þe þrid day
 Truly I am comfort foreuer & aye 1030
 Perffore swete son arise vp & come
 And schew wele þat þou art Godis son
 Þe sepulcre swetely anon sche kist
 And went þer aboute & faire it blissid
 And sayde swete son slepe in þyn ese 1035
 For þis place is made for þe in pes
 Efft sonys þe sepulcre sche kist kneling
 And cried þes wordis *with* sore weping
 A son here may I no lenger lende
 Nedis fro þe þou wolt me sende 1040
 Bote þerwith ner swoynd sche had
 Bote Iohn lifft her vp & þens her lad
 Towarde þe cite her way þay toke 1045 fol. 126v col. 2
 Oftt azenwarde sche gan loke
 When sche cam to þe cros habide sche saide
 My son my Sauour hereon died
 Herevpon he haþe boght all mankyn
 His precious body haþe wasch our syn 1050
 Sche worschepid it first & sith þay ichon
 Towarde þe cite þay gan gone
 Or sche entred þey couerd her visage
 As for a widowe þey did þat vsage
 Þey nist neuer wher sche herborowid schuld be 1055
 Echone sayde *with me with me*
- Now þe quene of hevyn modir highest
 Haþe noght wherin forto rist
 Sche þanked hem & sayde I am betake
 To Iohn I may not hym forsake 1060
 Iohn sayde we will *with* Magdalayn alight
 For sche resayvid oure maystir wele anight
 Also my breþer will com all þedir
 Þere will we rest & speke togedir
 Þey had her forþ þurugh þe cite 1065
 Widowes & wyffes of her had pite
 When þey had broght hem þer ichon
 Sum toke her leue & went home
 Mary & Martha were besy þat night
 To ese her & serue her þat þay myght 1070
 Þink man how sche myght not slepe
 Bote sorowed & sighed wayled & wepe
 And euermore sayde my derworþy son
 I liue in anguysch till þou come
 Anon cam Petir *with* weping chere 1075

And salute Mary & Iohn in fere	
þan com þe disciples eche afftir oþer	fol. 127r col. 1
For schame durst non loke on his broþer	
þay askid þe doing of her dere lorde	
Iohn tolde hem þe proces euery worde	1080
Allas sayde Petir me schameþ to loke	
For I my swete lorde forsok	
Which loud me & cherished me tendirly	
Allas I wrech mercy I cry	
Also þe disciples made her confescion	1085
And wept <i>with</i> grete lamentacion	
þan Cristis modir her mylde maystres	
Had grete compascion of her hevynes	
Sche comforte hem faire & sayde þis	
Dismay 3ow not for my son Ihesus	1090
For to þe dethe he wolde be borne	
To saue manis soule þat was forlorn	
In trauaile & pouert to lede his lyffe	
þerto he cam to me full riffe	
No wonder þou3 3e forsok hym in his end	1095
His fadir forsok hym socour to send	
Hymselffe he forsok for our mysdede	
I prayed for hym I myght not spede	
Certes I am sory for his grete pascion	
Bote truly I am glade for soulis saluacion	1100
þey schull in hell euermore a be lore	
Bote I hym to þis deth had ibore	
3e wite wele how benigne my son was	
And lightely he forzaff all man trespas	
Doute 3e not of his grete mercy	1105
For largely he 3evith it þat affter will cry	
Be of gode <i>comffort</i> & trust in fay	
We schull hym se on þe þrid day	
Sith he hape boght vs <i>with</i> so grete price	fol. 127r col. 2
Nedis from deþ he mvst arise	1110
Certes sayde Petir þis night at cene	
He sayde we schuld hym efftsonis sene	
And all oure sorow schall to ioy come	
And þat ioye schuld no man fro vs nom	
A breþ sayde Mary I 3ow pray	1115
þat a swete sarmon 3e wolde say	
Anon Iohn tolde her for he couþ best	
For sleping he founde it att Cristis brest	
þus þay duellid in her meditacion	
Till tyme cam of þe resurrexion	1120
þenk man & se crist afftir his dethe	
For þy synnis into hell streight goþe	
Oute of þe fadirs bondis to make þe fre	
And þe fende bounde to make to þe	

þenk also of þe grete dede of his power 1125
 He myght haue sent an *aungell* to saue vs here
 Bote þan our saluacion we schull not þank hym
 Bote call þe *aungell* sauour of mankyn
 Þerffore he so hertely lovid vs
 He ȝaffe his owne son god *Ihesus* 1130
 Þat we hym onely schuld þank & do honour
 As fadir & more socour & sauour
 Þank we now our fadir þat vs saue haþ broght
 Our sike soulis to saue when *syn* haþ hem soght
 And of his grete godenes giue we grete 1135
 And sing þe wordis of *Zacary* þe prophet
 Lorde God of *Israell* blissid mote þou be
 þe peple þou hast visit & broght hem to þe
 Þat satt in derknes of deþ & disese
 Þou lifte hem & lede hem in þe way of pece 1140