The Southern Version of Cursor Mundi, Vol. V

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Text of
the Southern Version
of *Cursor Mundi*

(College of Arms MS Arundel LVII)

Lines 21845–23898
[Now is good for to wende
To speke of his worldes ende

Six eldes haue we brost in place
Be seuenbe is calde be tyme of grace
Dat bigon at cristis come
And lasteb to be day of dome
Whenne hit shal be woot no man
He shal al ende bat al bigan
For whenne he furst his world wrou3t
Euer to stonde he made hit nou3t
Be terme is set to ende hit in
Shal hit neuer ouer ryn
Per may no mon wite in lede
But his owne lordhede
But bi tokenes witerly
Men woot wel bat hit is ny
Of þese tokenes bat I say
Men may se hem vche day
Do þat god himself of telles
In be boke of gospelles
Tokenes he seib shal þer be
In sonne mone londe & see
Muche in erbe shal be þe wrong
Dat shal be þenne men among
For þo þe see shal rise & route
Mony mon þerof shal doute
Folk shal aȝeyn folke rise
And werre togider in mony wise
Hongres & deyb vpon to mynne
In erbe shal rise for monnes synne
Muchel wo hem shal bityde
Dat is sett þat tyme to bide
We may þese seen vche day
If we knowe hem ouȝte may
He sendeb þis in warnyng
To be war of his comyng
Oure soulis alle to make redy
Aȝeyn his coome so dredefuly
But þe moo tokenes þat we se
þe worse warned are we
þat we wol not be warnyst
þat hit greueþ þesu crist
For every creatoure sure
Aftir þe state of his nature
Betrre her makere knowe þen mon

THE SOUTHERN VERSION OF CURSOR MUNDI

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21847
21850
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21860
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21875
21880
21885
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21891
Alas what may we saye pon
To him whene he sitteb as iustise
Of oure feint & oure fals servise
Make to vs we him fynde
And nobing loue any ben oure kynde
So muche he syueb vs euer cure wille
Dat we him waite euere wip ille
Bestes doumbe leouns & beres
Alle lyuyng hingis on her maneres
Done her deuer & weree nou3t
Ponkyng he makere pat hem wroug3t
Heuen & erpe somme and more fol. 130v col. 1
And al pat in pis erpe is done
Dei servie him alle upon her wise
And man wipdrawe his seruyse
So filled wip couetise is he
Dat he of god hab no pite
Muche leuer he was to here
How Roulande fauste & olyuere
Of worldly hing to rede & synge
Pen of he passiouw of pis kyng
Whiche he suffered wip greet despit
Fro pyne of helle to make vs quy
dat he of god hab no pite
Pat he of god hab no pite
How Roulande fauste & olyuere
Of worldly hing to rede & synge
And al bat in bis erbe is done
Jei serue him alle vpon her wise
And man wipdrawe his seruyse
So filled wip couetise is he
Dat he of god hab no pite
Muche leuer he was to here
How Roulande fauste & olyuere
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Fro pyne of helle to make vs quy
dat he of god hab no pite
Pat he of god hab no pite
How Roulande fauste & olyuere
Of worldly hing to rede & synge
Pen of he passiouw of pis kyng
Whiche he suffered wip greet despit
Fro pyne of helle to make vs quy
Whi arc we benne so proude & bolde
Crist hab to him oure dayes tolde
Po dayes dat we may not skape
Dep shal take vs al in rape
Po hat before wol not be war
Benne shul bei fynde no 3eyn char
To wropherhele he 3af vs wit
But if oure lif be lad wip hit
With ese & ere pe sowe we seen
And neuer be bettur 3itt we ben
Warned we he bi opures wrake
Vntepe wol any ensaumple take
If any warnyng be to cast
Litil while hit shal vs last
For if hit be at vnndren tide
Hit shal not til noone abide
Dat makep pis foule worldes delite
Dat euere we sene awaywarde wite
What hote is hit so faste to holde
Dat we may neuer of be bolde
If we benne haue holde vmwhile
Hit is to vs but for a gile
Whenne we best were to haue al
From al shul we sonnest fal
Hit is fallynge as I haue seide
Alweyes til hit be doun leide
Perfore for crist teche I 30w
And namely for 3oure owne prow
3e pat in pis lake be lende
Haue euer pouste on 3oure ende
Pat 3e not for 3oure heuen hit chese
And so 3oure ri3t heuen lese
For oon of hem we most forgo
Mony men haue heuenes two
Here to haue al flesshely game
And afterwarde pe soule pe same
Bettur is here wipstonde oure wille
Pat we may hit here fulfille
Pis lif not an hour of a day
Tu pat lif pat lastep ay
Al pat I saye is for a resoun
Pat we alwey be redy boun
Redy a3eyn his comyng
For vche day we se tokenying
His furste come was smeþe ynow3e
Pe toper shal be wondir row3e
Furst he coom vs alle to queme
Pe toper shal be vs alle to deme
Furst he coom demed to he
Pe toper coome to deme shal he
Of his come shul be tokenes sere
Bifore comyng pat 3e shul heere
Wipouten pat we se always
Euer risynge more of greet vnpayes
Of alle pingis here shal oon rise
Mooxt cristen men to do agrise
Pat al pis world on lengpe & brede
Shal do his wickednes to sprede
Pat anticrist of danes sede
Somping of him is to rede
He þat is so ful of goddes grame
Whi he shal haue suche a name
Anticrist he called is
For a3eyn crist shal he be Iwis
A3eyn crist hit is to say
A3eyn his werke shal he werray
Crist coom meke in his tide
He shal com brem al in pride
Crist coom to do þe lawe to rise
And synful to make righwise
He shal com þe meke to felle
And synful reise seip þe spelle
Alle godenesses wip his mayn
He shal were hem aȝayn
Be gospel & al holy writt
He shal fordo wo worpe his wit
He shal do reise al maumetry
And clepe himself god almyȝty
Dis anticrist hâþ hade ful felle
Pat to his seruyse han ben lele
Al antioche & domiciane eke
And now þer is ful mony seke
What maner mon so euer hit es
Out of þe rule of righwisnes
Outer lewed or religioun
Clerke monke outer chanoun
And warren on þat þei shulden were
Of anticrist þe name þei bere
Now is good to here hit red
How þat anticrist shal be bred

//

Nobing shal I feyn e newe
But þat I fond in bokes trewe
þese clerkes seye þo þat be wise
þat he of iewes kyn shal rise
Of danes kynde he seip anone
þe prophete þus makeþ his mone
Dane he seip is needre in strete
Waityng hors to stynge in fet e
To do þe rider falle bi þe way
þis is as myche to say
By way as nedder shal he sit
And alle þe men þat he may wit
Ridyng in þe rule of rîȝt
He shal hem smyte & do to lîȝt
He shal hem ȝyue ful attrry dynt
Out of her troupe make hem stynt
Of fadir & modir he shal be born
As opere men were him biforn
Bitwene a mon & a wommone
But not of a mayden allone
As hit is foly tolde of somme
Not betwene a bisshop & a nomne
But of a bismare breme & balde
Geten of a glotoun foule scalde
\[\text{Pere may be no foulere tweyn}
\]
\[\text{Alle in synne geten certeyn}
\]
\[\text{Geten in synne hat cursed wist}
\]
\[\text{Of god he shal be maledist}
\]
\[\text{In his getyng be fend of helle}
\]
\[\text{Shal crepe in his modir to dwelle}
\]
\[\text{Maister of errour \& of pride}
\]
\[\text{BereIn he shal his burpe abide}
\]
\[\text{Pou3e he be now in prisoun bounden}
\]
\[\text{As hit is in holy writt \penne founden}
\]
\[\text{Pat seynt gregore himselfen wrou3t}
\]
\[\text{Perfore he seib he liep nou3t}
\]
\[\text{Be kynde of strenghe he hap pat he had ere}
\]
\[\text{Pou3e his my3te more were}
\]
\[\text{Bat my3t is not so now knownen}
\]
\[\text{Oure lord hap done for his own}
\]
\[\text{For if he my3te al wolde he quelle}
\]
\[\text{Perfore he bounden hap pat felle}
\]
\[\text{He shal be lesed \penne of bonde}
\]
\[\text{And muche wo worche in londe}
\]
\[\text{Dis is he pat cursede brede}
\]
\[\text{In be apocalipse pat we of rede}
\]
\[\text{An aungel be seide he say ledonde}
\]
\[\text{Wip a muchel cheyne in honde}
\]
\[\text{And bar be key of be muchel pit}
\]
\[\text{As seib scint lon in holy writ}
\]
\[\text{To pat dragoun soone he wan}
\]
\[\text{Bat men callen deuel sathan}
\]
\[\text{And in pat pit him spreid fast}
\]
\[\text{Whil a housonde seer wolde laste}
\]
\[\text{Whenne pat housonde 3eer were gone}
\]
\[\text{To be loused soone anone}
\]
\[\text{To walke his wey fro pat while}
\]
\[\text{And mony men for to bigile}
\]
\[\text{Be kynge of pride his ilke is he}
\]
\[\text{And euer hit shal him folowyng be}
\]
\[\text{And as in oure lady po li3t}
\]
\[\text{Be holy goost bi goddes my3t}
\]
\[\text{And vmbileide hir wip his lene}
\]
\[\text{To brede pat blessed barneteme}
\]
\[\text{Pat al be burpe she pere shulde brede}
\]
\[\text{Shulde holly be of his godhede}
\]
\[\text{R13t so be deuel shal descende}
\]
\[\text{And in anticristis modir lende}
\]
\[\text{To fulle pat caitif so vnclene}
\]
\[\text{And vmbilay hir al bidene}
\]
Into his will e hir to weyue 
And do hir þourþe a mon conceyue 
Bæt al þe burte þat þære is born 
Shal be wicked fals & forlorn 
Perfore his name is calde ful riȝt 
Son of los þe malediȝt 
In al þat he may worche þerto 
Al monkynde he shal fordo 
Of his getyng I tolde ȝou ore 
Of his burpe I wol telle more 
For riȝt as crist himselfen chese 
Be born in bedleem for oure ese 
His monhedee for to bringe in place 
Bæt he toke for vs of his grace 
Riȝt so shal þe fende he þis 
Chese him a burpe stude Iwis 
Þe beest is ordeyned to his stal 
Where is þe rotes of eueles al 
Þere leest of god men maken myn 
Þe toun of habilone withþin 
Þis toun was whilom cheef of pers 
Of mony opere also dyuers 
A toun of wondir muchel pride 
Heed of maumetri þat tide 
Bethsaida & corozaym 
Þese two citees shal susteyne him 
Oure lord wariej þese two townes 
And þus seip in his sermownes 
Corozaym euer be þe wo 
And þe bethsaida cke also 
Capharnaum euer wo þe be 
Þe synful son shal regac in þe 
Þei þou þe race vp to heuen 
To helie depe shaltou be þeue 
Norisse þe him shul enchauntours 
Nigromauenceres and logelours 
Of alle manere craftis ille 
Of al falshedde þei shul him fille 
Wickeþe goostis him vp to bere 
Folwynge him monyone to fere 
To ierusalem shal he þenne fare 
Alle þat he cristien fyndep þære 
If þei leue not his techyng 
To deolfuþ dep he shal hem bring 
In þe temple salomone 
Þenne shal þat traitour set his trone
That pat was felde longe gone
He shall hit reise eft of stone
Circumcise him þere he shalle
And goddes son him do to calle
Be grete caires & þe kyngis
And alle suche opere lordyngis
Turne to him þei shul raperest
And siðen opere at þe leest
Ouer þere crist was wont to go
He shall ouergone hem also
Furste he shal destrye new
Þat halewed was of god ihesu
Siðen ouer al þis world wide
Shal be sende wiþ muchel pride
His prechouris for to spelle his wille
Al þe cristen lawe to spille
Fro see to see fro norþ to souþ
He shal do make his sarmoun coup
He shal do mony token to sene
Þat before hap not done bene
Pondir on lofte shal he rere
And trees blossomes brode to bere
He shal do þe see þe rowþe
And also to be smeþe Inowþe
Dyuers þinges fro her naturis
Shal he turne to dyuersse figuris
Aȝeyn kynde bi þe deuæles craft
Þe wattris for to ryse on ba þt
Þe wynde also reuly to ryse
And stormes do men sore to gryse
To reise þe dede to monnes sigþt
So selcoupely to shewe his myȝþt
But hit be goddis chosen þing
He shal him to his errour bryng
But alle þo merueiles done wiþ art
Of sopfastenes shul haue no part
Wiþ iogeleri þei shul be wrouȝt
And fantome ben and ellis nouȝt
As symon magus in his whyle
So shal he þe folke bigyle
Code men þat shul se þis wrouȝt
Shul be studying al in pouȝt
Wheber hit be cryst or not sure
Þat þei haue herd of in scripture
Þer is no lond þat men con neuþen
Vndir þe roof of cristiis heuen
But he shal do hem to be souȝt
To brynge he cristen men to nouȝt
He shal himseluen do to ryse
Aȝeyn he trouþe on þre wyse
Pat is to sey wiþ ȝisfe wiþ aue
And wiþ tokenes þat he shal shawe
Who in his trouþe wol bi holde
Shal plente haue of siluer & golde
For alle þo herdes þat ben hid
In his tyme shul be kid
Pat he may not wiþ ȝisfis drawe
Into his hond he shal wiþ aue
Þere he may not wiþ drede
Wiþ signes shal he fonde to spede
And who þat wol not leue him so
He shal hem worche mychel wo
Mony sorweful pyne to dry
And sipen deolful dep to dy
Þenne shal rise in þat tyme þere
A sorwynge siche was neuer ere
Sip man was made hitwene & þan
Ny sipen þe world firste bigan
Þenne shul þei þe þat wolde be hid
And to þe hiþes shul þei þiþ
Hiþes falle vpon vs doun
And þat þat wolde be hid
And hide vs fro þis fals feloun
And he þat in hous is stad
In þat tyme shal be so rad
Neuer shal he recche how to twyn
To leue al his worldes wyn
To founden how shal he not rek
On hiȝe to lepe his nek to brek
Þenne shul alle þo shortly to say
Þat trewe be founden in cristis lay
For ihesu cristis holy sake
Suffere myche wo & wrake
Wiþ yren fuyr or attri beest
How þat euer þei may hardest
So wiþ dyuersse maner pyne
In crist þei shul haue blisful fyne

//
Þis drewery tyme þat ȝe of here
Shal lastynge be half þridde ȝere
For his derlingis þe story sayes
Oure lord shal do to short his dayes
But his dayes shorted were
Vnneþe shulde any flesche be fere
be tyme of antecristis coome
And of oure lordis day of doome
Seynt poul seib in his sermons
To the folk of thessalones
But if dissencioun bityde
And he comen þe some of pride
Pat is but if discorde & stryf
Over al þe world be romanen ryf
Bourze sarazines and anticrist
His coome shal bide oure lord crist
We woot boþe bi story & wers
Pat þe kindom of grace & pers
Were heed kyngis in forme tydye
Wip pouste florished moost of pride
And sipen was rume at þe last
Moost ouer opere hit ouer past
For þere shulde be no lede of londe
But rume shulde haue hem vndir honde
Alle maner folke to rume shulde helde
And as to o heed trewage igelde
Seynt poul seip for þis resoun
Pat þirst shal be dissencioun
Er antecrist shal come in lande
Pat is þus to vndirstande
But alle kyndomes þat was rume vndir
Fro lordhede of rume shul sondir
Pat first was vndir romes awe
Er antecrist him shal not shawe
Dis beþ not 3it of romaynþe
Douȝ hit strutid bi greet partye
Euer whil frenshe kyngis is
Pat owe þe empire of rume to wis
Of rume empire þe dignite
May no wey al perished be
For in þo kyngis shal hit stonde
Euer whil þei are lastonde

//
Oure maistris telien of þis chaunce
Pat þer shal be a kyng of fraunce
Of romayne & þat empire
Holly shal be lord and syre
He shal be in þe laste dayes
Þe moost kyng of alle hit sayes
Boþe shal he be þe mast
And of alle he shal be last
Dis kyng shal be biset wib cele
And aftir he hæp reigned welge
Where he his reigne is at þe ende
To ierusalem shal he wende
Perse shal he sete out of his honde
His crowne & his kyngis wonde
To ierusalem shal he wende
And shyll cristen kyngis ende
Also of þe empire of rome
Penne shal he antecristis come
Aftir poul þe apostel sayes
He shal him shewe in po dayes
Pat synful men wiþouten make
Pat sorweful sone ful of wrake
Pe fendis owne childe to wilte
His werkis wronge to fulfille
He shal be cald his owne sone
Al wickednes in him shal wonn
Al falshede & felony
And al tresoun shal in him ly
He shal him reise so in highe
Men shul him wene god of myȝt
Himself shal do him reise
Ouer goddis alle him to preyse
Ouer Lubiter and appolyn
Pat goddis were of sarazyn
Heȝer þen þese he shal him bere
For he shal be more myȝtyere
He shal men do of him to boost
Ouer alle óperë to preyse moost
Se ouer þe holy trynyte
Pat shulde ouer alle worshiped be
In þe temple shal he sit
And do men falsely for to wit
Pat he is þat crist to bete
Pat was hem het bi prophete
Perse shal he do him circuncise
And shewing make of his maystrise
I am þat crist shal he say
Perse ȝow was her mony day
Now am comen for þoure hele
Pus shal he to þo iewis mele
Comen I am to geder ȝou
Pat han ben scatered euerychone
To his counsel shal turne anone
Bei shul were *crist* to vadirfonge
And shul receyue he fend stronge
As *crist* hæp to he iewe bolde
In his gospel before hem telde
I come in my fadir nome
And 3e me seke wiþ mychel shome
If another come in his awen
Soone shul 3e be to him drawen

Sibile scip in hir spellyng
In lyne of his forseyd kyng
Constans men shul him calle in lede
He shal haue myche lordhede
Of romayne and al he empire
And also of grece he shal be sire
A mychel mon of stature hyȝe
Feir in facioun to siȝte of yȝe
Loued wel wipouten blame
Wipouten last al his licame
Miche riches þenne shal be
Be crþe shal ȝyue fruyt plente
Be met of whete as hit is told
For a peny shal þenne be sold
Wyn & oyle pat ilke prise
þenne shal fro norþ a folke ryse
Pat alexandr e spered in gog
And in a lond pat het magog
Be foule folk no man may mele
Be noumbr e of hem þei be so fele
Pis ilke foule cursed lede
Ouer alle londis shul þei sprede
And do man to drede ful sore
To felles fle to hide hem þore
Monnes flesshe spare shul not þey
Moost þei shul hit þerne alwey
Horse & ass wommon & childe
Shal noon haue myȝt fro hem him shilde
But at þe laste roman e kyng
Shal of his oost make greet gederyng
He shal hem brynge ai to grounde
And at þe laste so hem confounde
Aȝeyn sarazines greet werrour
Boþe to strye hem town and tour
Of maumetrie her templi s alle
And to bapteme he shal hem calle
To turne to *crist* þat [s]hedde his blode
In temples he shall reyse his rode
Whenne pat bis dousty lordyng
Hab ben an hundrید wyntir kyng
And twelue penne shal he fare
To ierusalem wibouten care
And selede vp here his diademe
To oure lord god as wel beseme
Cristen kyngdomes vp to selede
To ihesu pat hab al to welde
Two prophetis shal come penne in hy
Pat ben Enok and eke Ely
Ageyn pe sau of anticrist
Shal do trewe to be warnyst
Bei shal hem teche & also ri3t
And strenghe hem wip him to ri3t
Iewis shal convurte as hit sayes
Alle pat he founden in bo dayes
Whenne bei haue don her seruyse
Anticrist on hem shal ryse
Be book of priuettees sheweb so
Pat he shal hem bope slo
Whenne bei haue lyen deed two dayes
To lyf shal oure lord hem rayse
Be ober alle he may ouer reke
Wip swerd he shal hemseluen wrek
Or do hem cristendoom renay
If bei wol bere her lyf away
Alle pat on him shal leue b̄ere
In fronnte shal he his merk bere
But whenne pulke fendis brid
His wrecchednes hab two 3eer kid
Two 3eer and half[f] þerto
Wip al pat euere he may do
Ouer al his world in lenghe & brede
Namely among bo cristen lede
Al þat penne wolde him wipstonde
Shal crowned be to lif beonde
Penne shal oure lord on him sende
His doom þat shal him dryue to ende
For cristis coome shal be so brist
Pat houȝe þat myche lordis liȝt
He shal of stonde so myche awe
Pat al þe filpe of his mawe
Shal brest out of him bihynde
For drede of god as we fynde
And ouere maistryes not forþi
Pat folwe þe word of gregory
Seyn þat mychael shal him quelle
In papilon þat mychel felle
In þat stide in his owne stalle
 þat is soop wel may falle
For if seynþ michael come in place
To doom before oure lordis grace
Him sle shal not his vertu
But þe biddynge of ihesu
Stabely owe we leuc as stoone
þat also soune as he is stone
þat Crist shal not come his doom to dele
But as we fynde in danyele
Fourty dayes he shal hem ȝyue
þat are fallen out of bileue
Bi folowyng of þat fals prophete
þat þei may wip penaunce bete
Whenne her penaunce to ende is brouȝt
I vnðirstonde hit in my þougþt
þat is no mon so wyse þat may
telle whenne shal be þe laste day
But he þat al hap for to ȝemé
Al is in his wille to deme
þe laste day þat al shal ende
God ȝyue vs grace wip him to lende
Of fiftene dayes is to say
Shal come before domes day
Now mot I nede of hem mene
þe cruel dayes & þe kene
Bifore þat day þer shal be sene
Sorweful tokenes ful fiftene
If you likeþ hem to knawe
I shall you telle of hem soop sawe
þer is no mon in erpe so felle
þat hertly here wolþ þis spelle
Of þis wrecched worldis ende
But he auȝte his lyf to mende
Grete tokenes shal oure lord make
For to shewe þe wicked his wrake
As hit is tolde of ieromye
Zorobabel and ysaye
Ierom telleþ & þerof rewis
And selþ he fond in a book of iewis
Wherþ þei shul hool on rewþ bityde
Or enterval bitui[x] hem bide
Pat vndep he vs nowhore
3it he was greet clerke of lore
Be iuggement a litil are
Pat noon shal of po felouns spare
Oure lord shal his mytis shewe
Pat mon in erpe shal hit knowe
Hidur is good pat bei drawe
Alle pat of him stondep awe
And here wel pat I shal sey
Pat he wend not vlnered awey

// Pe firste day pat we of rede
Miche hit is for to drede
Per shal fellre down fro pe lift
A blody reyn a dreury drift
Pe erpe shal be al reed of hew
Siche a dew men neuer knew
Childer in wombe pepe pei ly
In moder body shul pei cry
Wip hy3e note & loude steuen
Mercy now lord kyng of heuen
To be born haue we no space
We done vs lord in pi grace
Wherto shulde we be born today
Whenne alle pingel shal turne away
Wepyng shul pei on iheru calle
To haue mercy on hem alle

// Pe toper day to byde Iwis
Shal be myche harder pei pis
Pe sterres wip her lemyng leuuen
Shul sadly fellre down fro heuen
Is noon so wel faste of hem alle
Pat hit ne shal pat day down falle
On erpe shul pei renne here & here
Wepyng as pei men zit were
No word shal pei zit sowne
Til pat pei be fallen doune
Vnto pe abym wihboutes zit
And pepe pei shul haue left her list
And wex as blac as any cole
Lord who may pei penne pole
Pat ben so solid in oure synne
And al biwounden now peynne

// Penne comeb day pe bridde
An vnconue day hit shal be kidde
Pe moone benne bat is so shene
Whenne hit is in waxing sene
Shal bcome reed as bloode
For drede of him was done on rode
To erpe doun he shal descende
But here no while shal he lende
Into he see shal hit ryn
Pere to be hid wipIn
For to fle he day of awe
Whenne crist shal come him to shawe

//
De ferbe day bat benne shal be
Shal be grisly vpon [to] see
Pe sonne bat here is so brijt
And seruep al pis world of l3t
Hit shal bcome ful vnfaire
Dym & blak as any hayre
In his fairist tyme owne to loke
At mydday as seip he boke
Blake hit shal so bi his my3t
No mon berof shal haue no si3t
A lord wo shal be he mon
Bat shal haue no mercy pon
To whom he his wrabbe shal kibe
Shal bei neuer fro benne be blipe

//
Vgly shal be be fifte day
More ben any tonge con say
Alle doumbe beestis hit is tolde
To heuenwarde shal her hedis holde
Vpon oure lord for to crye
If bei my3te speke to ask mercyve
Into he erpe shal somme ryn
For ferdenes to hyde hem In
Oon shal crye wip strenger steuen
Ben now may do ten or elleuen
Al for drede of his comyng
Pat doom shal deme of al ping

//
De sixte day soo to seyn
Al pis world shal be made pleyn
Illiche bi ben shal ben al
Valeyes vp ryse & hilles fal
Al pis erpe now vndir heuen
Shal benne be illiche euen
For drede of þat hyse demere  
Be pees shal turne al into were  
Erpe shal quake never er so fast  
Tour & town þenne down to cast  
Per is no werk so strong ny wal  
But hit þenne down shal fal  
Wode & wal down shal drawe  
For drede of þat demers awe  

// Sorwefual shal þe seuenpe be  
Moore þen þe siewte out of pite  
Be trees forecasten shul hem peyne  
For to risten hem vp aȝeynes  
Doun þe crop vpwarde þe rote  
Of mirpes þenne is not to mote  
Vnquemeiful þenne shul þei quake  
Þat al þe erpe shal toshake  
Lord where shal we þenne rest  
Whereþe noon shal wite where is best  
Þene mot alle folke dyse  
For sorwefulnes þat þei shul dryse  

// þe eȝtþep token þaþ no make  
Bifore noon of so myche wrake  
Of hir chanel þe se shal ryse  
To hyde hit but hit may no wyse  
Hit shal brest ouer dale and doun  
Alle þingis þenne to droun  
But he vs faile þat þap hit tolde  
Þat was good moyses þe oþle  
Vp to þe sky ryse shal he  
Wip strengþe þere to gete entre  
Þe fisþhis þat þerynne are stad  
Þat we make vs of so glad  
To erpewarde þenne shal þei fle  
And wene þat god hem may not se  
Þe see aȝeynes him shal wipdrawe  
Doun fro þe lifta to a lawe  
Vnto hir chanel shal she turne  
And þo to ho[r]es veche a burne  

// þe nynþe day shal be kene  
Was noon siche of þese obere sene  
Wip speche shal al þing him mene  
As hit wip monnes moup myȝte bene  
I drawe to warant seynt Austyne
Pat telde how his world shal fyne
Bei shul crye on oure lord on his
Haue mercy on vs for bi my3t
Lord god pat lastep ay
Dey shal vs do to worpe away
To turne a3eyn as nou3t ne ware
Lord let vs not forfare

Pe tenbe out taken is to neuen
Per is no halwe vndir heuen
And heuen hitself shal be ferd
For him pat made myddelerd
As seynt Jerom vs tellep
And pope gregeore here he spellep
Aungels penne shul quake vnqueme
For doute of him pat al shal dene
Penne shal quake cherubyn
And also shal do seraphyn
No creature shal lust play
Sei nut petur shal be doumb hat day
Pat he a word shal not dur speke
For doute of his lordis wreke
For heuen he shal se partie in sunder
And he shal here hit crye to wondir
Crye & bray for doute & drede
Huie mercy lord now is nede
Pen shal bei hat in helle are cropen
Whenne li3t shal shyne & heuenes open
Pe fendis alle shul walken oute
Poul hit seip hit is no doute
Herep now what bei shal say
For drede bei shul haue of hat day
Iherus lord pat didest vs dwelle
In heuen & siben herfro we felle
We haue hit lost wiþ greet foly
In his greet nede we to be cry
Bi wreche hondiwerke in wo
Pat pou of fire suffrest so
Selede vs a3eyn oure hostel now
Pat vs is refte & we noot how
We wolde hit vndirfonge ful feyn
If we my3te haue oure erde a3eyn

Pe tokene of pe elleuenbe day
Soone I shal hit nowe say
Soore shal hit do men to gryse
Wynde on euery syde shal ryse  
So fast vchon aȝeyn oþer shal blowe  
Dat is no tunge hit may showe  
P(e) erpe shal hit brynge to drifte  
And vp out of þe stide to flite  
P(e) deuiles out shal be fordryuen  
Out of þat erde þat shal be ryuen  
Bere her bodyes in þat ayr  
Dat siȝt shal be ful wnfair  
Penne shal þe reynbowe descende  
In hewe of galle hit shal be kende  
Wip þo wyndis shal hit melie  
And dryue hem downe alle into helle  
And bete þo deuiles þidir In  
In her bale euere to bryn  
P(e)i shul be bade to holde hem þore  
Abouen erpe to come no more  
Penne shul þo fendis criȝe & calle  
Lord god fadir of alle  
Pou let vs vndir erpe be hid  
Dat we be here no lengir kid  

//  
Be twelþe tokene is sorwes sere  
Poureȝte myȝte of him þat al may stere  
No mon þat is in erpe wrouȝt  
Owe to let hit out of his þouȝte  
But to mende his lyf þare  
And þenke on him oure lady bare  
Heuen shal þenne be leken aȝeyn  
A dredeful day to be certeyn  
How may we þenne here lende  
Whenn þe þing draweþ to ende  
Penne aungels þat in heuen shul be  
Shul kne[1] biſore cristis kne  
And crye mercy to þat kyng  
Dat þei se redy to demyng  
For þat reuþe shul þei be rad  
þei se ouer þe world sprad  
Whenn aungels þus shul drede þat pas  
What shal synful say allas  

//  
Be prettenþe day shal be snelle  
More þen any tongue may telle  
Whenn alle þe stones þat are wrouȝt  
Vndir heuen in world brouȝt  
Aboue þe erpe & byneþen
Rigt into þe abyme fro hepen
Shul smyte togider wip siche myȝt
As þondir dop wip ﬁre lȝt
So harde dyntis shul þei kipen
Hab noon even þenne to þe bliþe
Wip strengeþe shul þei togider þrest
Pat al to peces shul þei þrest
Þis shal be lastynge al a day
Þe seigne of þis sorry play
Þe men þat þis day shal abyde
Vndir an hil shal hem hyde

//
Pe fourtenþe day shal be ille
To al þe worlde hit shal be grille
A stormy day & strait to knowe
Boþe of frost hayl & snowe
Þenne shal come þondir & leuyn
And drouare al þat is vndir heuen
þe cloudis to þe see shal ryn
For to hyde hem þen þerIn
For to ﬂe þat day so breme
þat oure lord shal come to deme

//
What shal be þe ﬁfteenþe day
As I haue herd I shal ȝou say
Men sceyn & sooþ hit may bifulke
þat hit shal be endynge of alle
Þis myddedeferd so weylaway
Al to nouȝt shal brenne þat day
þe see þat compasseþ alle londe
And alle wattris þat renne in stronde
þei shul turne aȝeyn to nouȝt
As þei were ﬁrst þat þei were wrouȝt
Heuyn & erþe to be made new
þat euer shal be lastynge trew

Now be we þus secrôp come
Speke now mot we of þe dome
Þenne shal be herd þe blast of beme
þe domesman shal come to deme
þat alle þinge of stondeþ awo
In what fourne I shal ȝow shawe
We leuyn & owen to trowe trewe
But hit he sarazyn þe or iewe
þat aþer þe resurexioun
þe hige day of his ascencioun
Ihesu coom to his frendis swete
Pat set were at her mete & ete
And bo pat were in drede or doute
Wip stabul troupe he brongte hem oute
And sifen vp to heuen he sty3e
Mony mon hit stood & sy3e
His disciplis for pat caas
Miche icye maden in plas
A cloude hei say a3eyn him li3t
And bar him vp was wondrir bri31
Verrey god & mon to say
For to deme on domes day
In pat fourme come shal he bare
As he in erpe his crosse bare
So shal he come but wite 3e pon
Dat sib pe world first bigon
Was neuer seen so sorweful tyde
As pat day shal be to byde
Whenne he coom firste vs to redresse
He coom al wip mekenesse
Pat coome was derne & myche hid
And but to fewe men benne kid
His ober comyng wol he showe
To al his world hit to knowe
Heuen & erpe for him shal drede
As 3e haue bifore herde rede
Hit is no clerke may write with Ink
Ny no moub to mene ny hert pink
Be hundride thousandis of kny3is
Shal folwe pat lord myche of my3is
Wip him to come alle to his day
Alas what shal pe synful say
Vngeyn benne shal be his gamen
Whene he shal se al brenne samen
Londe & see & alle pingis
Pat in his world stunded or hyngis
Sorweful bep ben pe synful chere
Whenne alle shul po trumpeis here
Bifore pe face of pat caisere
Aungels shulen his banere bere
His rode pat he was onde spred
Pat he vs wip to lyf haf led
He overcome pe fend perfore
Is no baner he drede for more
Was neuer somne shynynge so clere
Pe tenpe part as pat banere
THE SOUTHERN VERSION OF *CURSOR MUNDI*  

De brigtene of pat croise shene  
Ouer al be world shal be sene  
Bus shal come god and mon  
To deme he doom vpon men bon  
At doom shal he not sitte alone  
But wip seyntis monyone  
Alle po as seil pe boke  
Pat worldis worshepe here forsoke  
Siluer & gold & ese of lyf  
And toke here fleshe for him to stryf  
And travailed hem on alle wyse  
To peyne hem in his seruyse  
And folwed trewely alle his lawes  
Po men shul be as his selawis  
For to deme bope good & wick  
Wheuer pat be deed or quyk  
Alle pat shul ben at pat assise  
Al hool hemself shal vpryse  
In body & soule on newe manere  
Poure me mystic of ihesu dere  
Pat same fleshe bat we haue now  
Pat shul we haue so shul we trow  
And opher noon we writen fynde  
Pat oher leuep of troupe are blynde  
Poure me mon be molten fleshe & bones  
Fro tyme pat he be roten ones  
To haue lyme & lyf as he had ore  
Hit semep may neuermore  
To mystrow pat hit is no rede  
Herken whi I shal 3ou rede  
Whenne god hit wol bat vp bereb al  
Pat monnes flesse to molde fal  
Mig3t he not penne wip his mayn  
Pat iike molde make flesse a3ayn  
He pat al made kyng of blis  
May al do pat his wille is  
He pat dop flesse be erpe & doust  
May make hit flesse at his lust  
Soone con he make a body of ou3t  
Pat al his world made of nou3t  
Perfore shortly penne bus may he  
Do alle binge at his wille to be  
Here of doute no mon in dede  
For troupe may do vs best to sped  
Whoso douete his is childe be more  
Of trewe troupe his is pe lore  

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Al may he do bat al weldes
If hou wolt wite of her eldis

\[pat hou shul \bar{h}enne In vp ryse\]
Seynt poul seih on his wise
\[pat lasse & more olde & 3ing\]
At \[bat forseid vprisyng\]
Shal be of elde as \[pat shuilde here\]
Haue dy3ed in her pritty 3ere
\[bat elde bat orist had at his dede\]
Whenne he vs brought fro he quede

And if any mon here lyuonde
Wemmed was on foot or honde
On heode or bak brest or syde
As we sc chaunces ofte bityde
On mouep nese or elliswhare
Or bouche vpon body bare
Crepul croked or bynomen
Or lymes a3eyn kynde becomen
Forsope I say wipouten lesyng
At \[bat ilke vprisyng\]
Alle \[po bat god hap chosen to his\]
For to be brou3te into his blis
What so \[pat in his lyf han bene\]
\[per shal no wem on hem be sene\]
Ny nou3t but al fairhede

As we in holy scripture rede
Ri3t lymmes shul \[he[i] haue vchone\]
Hit shal wante here to hem none
Take tent what I seye to be
Of feire stature shul \[he saued be\]
\[he dampned shul haue fairhede none\]
Al goodnes shal be hem wone
Of hem is not to telle in tale
Wipouten bote \[he shul haue bale\]

//

De childre \[bat are abortyues\]
Po are \[bat ben not born in lyues\]
Shal ryse in pritty 3eer of elde
But li1il bote to hem to welde
For \[hei were not baptised Iwis\]
Shal \[hei haue no part of blis\]
\[these maystris grete say \[bat pey\]
May saued be by no wey
Po men \[bat hou3e her owne gilt\]
Wip hedynge or hongyng were spilt
\[bou3e her synne & her foly\]
Wip houndis eten þe moost party
Mony wenen þat ben not wyse
Þat þat flesche shal not hool vp pryse
Þat to wene is but falshede
Now wole I 3ow þe resoun rede
Hit is out of al skil & rÏt
For to mystrowe in goddis my3t
What mon may wite or ellis lere
What e3e may se or eere here
What mon here may þenke in pouȝt
How al his world our lord wrouȝt
Heuen & erpe he vpholdeþ
Mïȝtȝ god þat al woldeþ
May we not se how of a sede
An hundred doph þe for to brede
And bi his wille doph þat kyng
Out of þe harde tre to spryng
Firste þe leef & þenne þe floore
And siþen fruyt wip þis sauoure
Vche fruyt for his cesoun
Owȝe we herof to fecche resoun
How he doph ale þinge to note
Þat were but surfete vche gröte
Þe more mon swinkeþ þeraboute
Fro spede þe ferþer is he oute
A saumple I shal 3ow telle þerby
Þat I fôn in a book of seynt gregory
þere he was in a stide sumwhore
A crafty clerke & wys of lore
Asked hym a questioun
Of a wolf and a lyoun
And of þe þride þat was a man
Bus his tale he began

// A mon welke þourȝe a wod his way
And nyȝe his wey a wolf him lay
þis wolf was vnamesure mete
Al þis monnes fleshe he ete
Anoon as he so had done
An hungry leoun met he soon
Vp & doun his prey sekonde
Whenne he noon oþer beest fonde
þis wolf he felde & cêt him al
Laft he nouþer greet ny smal
þe leoun after dyȝed in ly
Deed þere con his careynly
And so was roten al to nouȝt
Where shal now his mon be souȝt
For I may leue on no wyse
Dat his mon to lyf may ryse
Siy noon is I wene dat kan
Twyne he erpe dat coom of man
Pro he erpe he coom of beest
Seynt gregore 3af vnswere honest
To dat mon dat was in were
De soop shewed he him al clere
And proued hit wip questioûn
Dat at he grete resurrexioun
Wip alle his lymmes hool & dere
He shulde come he doom to here
For þouȝe his body were al brynt
And blowen & þe pouðir tynt
3it may god geder hit wip mayn
And newe hit at his wille azayn
Al þe flesshe þat was of mon
Sôphely shal be reised þon
Dat was of man shal com to craft
Dat was on beest shal be taft
He þat made boþe wip his art
Ful wel he con hem depart
So holly shul þei ryse þere
Hem shal not want of heed on here
Ny not a nayl of foot ny honde
And 3it shal we vndirstonde
Dat nail & heer þat hæþ ben shorne
Beþ not þere hit was biforn
But as þe potter dop ful wel
Whenne he fordop his newe vessel
He castþe some al in a bal
A better for to make wipal
Not he lokeþ whiche was whilke
But makeþ anoþer of þat ilke
Feirer þen þe ﬁrste was wrouȝt
So shal crist doute we nouȝt
He þat is lord of erpe & heuen
May of þat ilke selue euene
Þat ﬁrste was molten into lame
Make a wel feirer licame
And if hit were more or les
To mesure hit as his wille es

// On paske day sey scientis somme
But bye day of doom shal come
But bye day he wolde himselfe vpryse
He shal vs reise byat ilke wyse
He shal deme at mydnyt
But same day he sent his myst
Unto egypte bye folk to quelle
And in siche tymhe he harwed helle
But ilke tymhe shal come byat kynge
His trewe to his blisse brynge
[Be place of dome byere alle shul mete
Vs telleb lohel bye prophete
And in him seib oure lord fyne
Whanne I shal haue mercy of myne
And breke bye bondes of her trespace
I shal hem counforte & solace
In vale of Josephat I shalle
Do to be gedered ledes alle
Pere shal 3yue my doom of drede
But mony 3it con his not rede
Woot not mony bi his tale
What tokenep Josephathes vale
Among an hundride men allone
Vndirstondeb hit not one
Pere wene byat oure lord of myst
Shal com into byat vale to li3t
Pat Josephat is nemed eer
Men wene bye doom shal be peer
Vndir bye mount of oliuete
As hit is tolde of prophete
Pere tente only but to be lettre
Litil perfore be pere be bestur
Josephat who takep tent
Bitokenep goddes iuggement
Jerom seib of byat prophecie
Pat Josephat may signifie
Oure lوردis dome who truly spelles
Pat is bye word and nouȝt elles
But whooso wol wite bye soþe riȝt
As at seint poules word he myst
He seib oure lord liȝte shal
Doun to be cloudes abouen vs al
In bye eir aboue he shal him shewe
To done his miȝte to vs be knowe
Pere shul we mete wip him to lende
Euermore wipouten ende
Bye wickede byat drened not his awe
Here doun shul be demed lawe
Pei shul no mîȝte haue vp to wynne
For heavy karked of her synne
Vp in þe sky þe doom shal be
So trowep holy chirche & we
But is no mon so wis con telle
How longe at doom ihesu shal dwelle
But þe vprisyng of everychone
Shal be done soone anone
Bope shul rise þenne sikurly
Alle þat are dede & shulen dy
Seint austyn seþ of þat day
Is noon con goddes counsel say
Pe day of doom hit callen men
Wheþer þer be mo þen con þen
Vndir þe name of day men shalle
Vndirstonde þe tyme þat alle
Shal be demed at doom so strong
Wheþer hit laste short while or long
Pei þat bremely shul dez3 þat tide
To bete shul haue no space to bide
And þei þat haue but synnes list
Shul clensed be for þat siȝt
Of fendes þat shul to doom be led
Pei shul of hem be so adred
Pei shul at doom so lodly be
Pat seintis þat shul on hem se
Quake shul þei for fere & drede
To mistrowe þis · is no nede
Do þat in liȝt synnes be take
And dud no penaunce for þat sake
Pei shul haue noon òpere pyne
But siȝt of þat liþur hyne
Po þat derdenes be so vmete
Po þat hit may alle suche synnes bete
Po þat founden are in dedly synne
Wenden to pyne wipouten blynte

// At þis day as we may seen
Alle ledes in foure dalt shul ben
Po gode in two on his riȝt honde
Po wicked in two on lifte to stonde
Po formast rowe shul stonde him nere
Po þat þen his deterworpe dere
Po þat his worldis welpe forsoken
And only to god hem token
And lasten of be fulbe of synne
An bisieden hem to pleisen hym
And wenten into religioun
And duden her bodies into prisoun
And swonken bope day & ny3t
To serue god ful of my3t
Penne shul bei be made so fre
Pat bei shul not demed be
Alle þese holly shul come
Wip oure lorde vnto þe dome
Not to be demed we shul wite
But in her setes for to sit
Feloushipe oure lord to here
Bope as justise and demere
Longe is siben ihesu crist Iwis
Het þis couenaunt vnto his

//
Pe toþer rowe þat biside shal be
Shal be louely onne to se
Ht shal be of good cristen lede
Pat duden in lif mony good dede
Pat houe þei riches had Inoueþe
Perfore þei to no tresour droue
But greet parti of her catele
Dei dud to pore men hit dele
And her hertis for loue of mede
Be neddy for to clope & fede
And willeful were & perto glad
To do as holy chirche hem bad
And here wolde her mis amende
And trewe bileuen at her ende
Þese men þat þus hem bare in fere
Dei shul but of good doom here
Li3t shal be her part þat day
To hem swetely shal he say
3e blessed folk men & wyues
Pat to me serued in 3oure lyues
In my disese 3e dud me gode
Whenne I hongride 3e 3aue me fode
Me birsted sore drinke 3e me brou3t
Prisoned I was & 3e me sou3t
When I in sekenes stad was sore
3e coom to countforte me perfore
Bi nakudnes whenne I toke harm
Wip cloping 3e made me warm
Whenne I was wagering out of rest
Godely toke 3e me to gest
For 3e me were so hende
3e shul have heuen wipouten ende
Euer 3e shul haue hit wip wynne
Neuermore perfro to twynne
Penne shul þese companyes two
To heuen wipouten ende go
Ihesu crist vs þider brynge
For here is febul abidynge

// Penne shul stonde on his opere side
Wrecched stad in wo ful wide
Be lord of myȝt þat al walt
Shal do hem in two be dalt
Lodly & stynkyng shul þei be
Sory & sorwefull on to se
Be furste moost stynkonde
Pat shul be of þe wrecches mistrowonde
Pat renayed are traitours fals
Murbereres & forsworen als
Pat þourȝe cursyng or opere pliȝt
Haue lost holy chirches liȝt
Fro conynynge of cristen men
Do careful shul be cþ to ken
Pat in her lif were won to ly
In horedome and in lecchery
Folwynge al her flesshes wille
And moost hem liked dedes ille
Wipouten pite or will to mende
And vnschyuen were at her ende
But dezed in dedly synne of dede
Hem to deme shal be no nede
þei were damnede er þei coom þere
Her doom vpon hemself þei bere

// Be opere rowe is euel Inowe
Of fals cristen ful of wowe
Pat callen hem cristen men in name
And euer deseruen goddis grame
Falsely is he for cristen tolde
Pat wolte not cristis lawes holde
Fals is þat loue to knawe
Pat nouþer wolte for loue ny awe
Do þat shulde god queme
And þerwip myȝte himself 3eme
But in pride & tricchery
In nythe & onde & lecchery
And in vntolde synnes felle
Be hundride part may I not mele
Dat mon now in his lyf ledis
So douke pei into wickedhedis
On euerie side þenne gedered þei
But litil harc þe pepul away
Falso þe þi þerfore
Nouþer to þyue lasse ny more
Coutisce forsoþe to telle
Haþ mony a soule brouȝte to helle
Bisyulid hit hap þe world on brede
Vnneþe is þer any in lede
Dat wele wol shryue hem of bis sake
Ni for no counsel amendis make
Wite hit wel þo þat siche are
Shul be demed al in care
To myche sorwe & wo to þaym
Al þis world myȝte hem not rayn
Wip mucche wrapþe & woful chere
Oure lord shal sey þat þei shul here
Do fleþ þennes þe maleþiþ
To my blisse haue þe no riȝt
Oft I was wip maleese met
But for sou ferde I neuer be bet
In hongur & þirste ofte say þe me
But þerof hadde þe no pitc
Goþ þe þeuþ þere shul þe go
For to welle euer in wo
Euer in his woþo welle
Wip him & þis þat are in helle
A lord he were wyse þat mowȝt
Stidfastely holde þis day in poȝt
And to forȝte þat neuermore
Whilis þat he lyuyng wore
Þenne myȝte he make here his way
Fro wrecche to were þem on þat day
Fro þat day be comen In
Shal neuer soule fro body twyn
For good & euel þat þei dud ere
Whil þei togider alyue were
Togider shul þei take also
Her worþi mede in wele or wo
Ouþer in heuen or ellis in helle
Wip sathanas euþo to dwelle
Fro þat iugement þenne be done
In a stinkynge pit of fire
There shal be soulden hem her hyre
As seip be book of priuete
Pat seynt Ion was set to se
A pit men callep oft by stounde
Pat pat hab nay in him no grounde
So be pit of helle pyne
Hit is so deep wipouten fyne
Pat ende beh pere neuer vpon
A stang forpi hit callep Ion
He pat doukep ones pere doun
Comep neuer out of pat prisoun
De fire pat pere is for to bryn
Neuermore may hit blyn

Nyne peynes principal ben pere
Crist let vs neuer be in pat fere

//
De firste hit is fyre of hete
Pat al be mychel se so wete
Dou3e hit were casten perIn
Hit shulde neuer be lasse bryn
So pat oore fire is no more
A3eyn be fyre pat brenebp bore
Penne peynted fire a3eyn ourc my3t
Pat on a wal bi mon were dist
Foreuer hit brenebp ny3t & day
But 3yue li3te neuer he may

//
De to3er pyne is colde so kene
Pat monnes mou3p may hit not menc
Pat jou3e a fire were made in haast
And jou3e pulke watir past
In turnyng of pyn honde aboute
Hit wolde be colde out of doute

//
De bridde pyne is hard to dry3e
Of wormes pat shul neuer dize
Felle dragouns and todes bope
Pat ben vpon to loke ful lope
Ful lopsu m on to here & se
Ful wo is hem pat pere shal be
As we se fisshes in watir swynme
So lyue bei in pat lowe so dy3me
THE SOUTHERN VERSION OF CURSOR MUNDI

// De ferpe peyne hit is of stynk
  Pat may no mon so myche pink
  Mony harde & spitouse dynt
  Shul pe wrecches herc hynt
  As hit we[re] dyntis of a stipy
  Pat smybes smyten in her smybi
  Do dyntis are ful fers to falle
  Harder hen dynt of yren maile

// De sixte is wipouten hope
  Suche derknes pat men may grope
  So wondir picke shal hit be
  Pat noon may on opere se

// De seuenpe shame for her synne
  Lastyng euer wipouten blynde
  For herto shal vchone haue sigh
  To se shenshepe on operes plist

// De eijtep pyne is ful gryse
  To se po fendis in her wyse
  Strong peyne is on hem to loke
  To [bo] pat ben in her croke
  Pat deolful dyn & bittur bere
  Pat pei wipouten ende shul here
  Of bo wepyng in her wo
  Pat shal hem laste euer and o

// Firen bondis is pe nynde
  As we in holy writt fynde
  Her lymmes shul be bounden herwip
  Wipouten ese of any lih
  But o poynit is hem peynes more
  Pen alle opere her bfore
  Pei wip her peyne hal noon ende
  For pei haue no tyme to mende

// Now haue 3e herde bo peynes nyne
  Herc now pe skile of euery pyne
  Nyne ordris of angellis pei forsoke
  Whenne pei to pe fend hem toke
  Perfore shul pei pyned be
  Wip bo peynes sixe & bre

// And for pei were wont to bryn
  In couetise catele to wyn
Whil þei in þis world were
Þerfore þei shul euere breyne þere

// And þo men þat so euol dide here
And lay þerynne fro ȝeer to ȝere
Þei brenþ þeryn so were þei bold
Þei shul have euere þat watir cold

// Po þat euere had wrappe & nybe
And wip bacbytynge wolde kibe
Þo wormes euere shul on hem wrote
In bale wihouten hope of bote

// And for þei were here wont to ly
In stykynge lust of leccherye
And wolde not haue but her delices
Þat drouȝe hem into opere vices
Þei shul haue þat stykke Iwis
Þat þei shul neuer more of mys

// And for þei wolde no scourgyng
Þole for loue of heuen kyng
Þei shul be beten euere on oon
Mercy shul þei euere forgoon

// And for þei wolde not be liȝt
Of sopfastenes to haue þe siȝt
Þat is of god lord of lond
Þei haue derkenes euere lastond

// And for þei wolde not shrifte take
And at her ende amendes make
Vchone shal se wip siȝt of shame
What bleneche is on opere for blame

// And þei þat wolde no preching here
Of god nor of his lawes lere
Þerfore shul þei here þe soones
Boþe of neddres & dragounes
Of fends also þat foule cry
Wo shal hem ben to be þerby
And for þei euere tyed were
In þis lyf wip synnes sere
Þei shul euere suffere sorwes þere
Vpon her membris euerywhere
Euere wende þei here to lyue in synne
Pere shul þei deȝe wipouten blynne
Euer deȝynge and neuer deed
Dep shal hem þie for qued
Pþ þat ben set in þat prisoun
Vpwarde þe feets & hedis doun
Her backis toward oþere bet
Wip pyne on every syde biȝet
þe riȝtwis men shul se þo pynes
Vpon oure lordis liper hyynes
Dat her blisse may be þe more
For þei are scaped fro þat sore
þe wicked also þe gode shul se
Ipwrapped alle in gomen & gle
For þei shul haue þe more vnapes
Dat þei haue lost hit endeles
Til domesday þis shal he þore
But aftir þe doom þenne no more
þouȝe þei hem se wite hit wel
Of hem shul þei rewe no deel
If fadir say his sone þare
Or sone þe fadir al in care
þe wif þe husbonde or mon þe wyf
Or frend he loued as his lyf
For her mysfare shul þei not morne
Ny ones to forþinkyng þe turne
But þei shul haue grete deleyt
To se hem þenne in þat despit
As we haue here on somer day
To se fittshes in watir play
For þe riȝtwis glad shal be
Whenne he shal wreche on synful se
If þei shulde for hem pray
Aȝeyn god were hit grete deray
þei to him shul be so queme
Al shal hem lyke þat he shal deme
Deme vs mot þat lorde so
Pat we neuer come in þat woo
Aftir þis domesmon hab done
Dat maker is of somne & moone
He shal wende into his fadir cite
Wip his felowshipe so fre
þe name of þat cite to neuen
Is þþ hyȝe kyngdom of heuen
Into þat blisse to dwelle him wip
Pat euer is ful of grace & grip
Of al gladnes þere is glewe
& þat is euer lice newe
Þat blis þat þei to shul go
Shal be perfite wipouten wo
No yȝe may se ne ere here
Ny herte þinke þo ioyes sere
Þat ihesu crist hab diȝte to his
Þat ordeyned are to his blis
Þo cely þat shul dwelle in heuen
In body shul haue ȝiftis seuen
And seuen in soule to her medes
And shul be fourtene blissedhedis
In body swiffenes & feirhede
Fredome strenghe euer lyf to lede
Likynge als wip lastynge hele
Þe soule shal haue also fele
Wis dome & frendepe haue hit shal
Acorde pouste & worshepe wipal
Sikernessse and ioyeful ro
How þis may be I shal vnd o
How þis may be I shal vnd o

// In swiffenes shal þou be so swift
Þat also soone as þou may lift
Þyn eȝe vp wip siȝte to se
Also soone þere shal þou be
And also soone as sonne may fest
Fro eest hir leme into þe west
Also soone þou may come þidir
Al at þi wille or ellis whidir
Now at þe erbe now at þe lifte
Or howeuer þou wolt þe shitte
Þe same may þe anȝeles do
Þat þou shalt euen be like to

// Of þi feirhede wite þou man
Þou shalt be brȝte as sonne pan
Þou shalt be brȝtere wite þou
Seuen sipe þen þe sonne now
Þenne may we wite hit wol by riȝt
So hab oure lord before vs hiȝt
He shal so newe oure bodies slyke
Þei shul be to himseluen like
Drede no man but þat þe
Shal brȝtere þen þe sonne be
As he þat made alle þinge in lede
And shooþ hem in her feirhede
And goddis temple mon is seide 23405
Pat he to wone in hab purueide
Penne mot hit neede be fair Iwis
Pat In shal wone pe kyng of blis

//
De fredome shal be to vndirstondonde
Bi body bynde may no bonde 23410
Al pat pe wiystondynge is
Pourze shal pou hirele wip pi swittenes
Per is no creature pat may
Lette pe for to fare pi way
Als pe grawe myȝte not holde
Oure lordis body whenne he wolde
Rise pat he ne roos in plas
And coom þere as his disciplis was
And dud hem soone out of her doute
And al her holde was loken aboute 23420
Penne shal þi body be like to his
A ful greet fredome is þis

//
Pou shalt haue strengbe at þi wille
Wip þi fyngeur to ouercaste an hille
Or al erbe if þe good þouȝt
As litly ouerturne þou mouȝt 23425
As þou may now loke wip siȝt
As myche þenne shal be þi myȝt

//
Likynge shal þou have to þe
May no þing likynge be 23430
Of welbes noon may more telle
Penne haue at wille of welþ þe welle
Pat is oure lord himself to say
Pat þou shalt se on euere and ay
Pouȝe þou euere vpon him se
Of him shal þou neuer wery þe 23435
Dis welþþ þat neuer more shal blyn
Shal be wiȝtoþ þe & wiȝhin
In þis lyf hauc men greet likyng
To se on many maner þing
On wymmen somme to biholde
In cloping as of riche golde
To se biggyngis & faire townes
Of dyuere gles to here sownes
To here gode talkyngis telle
Swete spices to taste & smelle
To hondle þat is smeþe & softe
Good mete also men 3erneJ ofte
Alle obere blisses pat may be
Alle þese in þec shul be plente
þou shalt hit euermore sene
Wip lokynge e3en open to bene
Bi wittis fyue lad al in welþe
And þerwip euerlastynge helpe
Hele wiþouten seke or sore
Shal þere be lastynge euermore
Po þat of cares þere are quyte
Iren may noon on hem byte
No more may a dynt hem dere
Ben men þe sonnebeem to shere
Of lastynge lyf þere is þe land
Deep is euer þennes fleand
Of þat hele may þe certeyn none
Her lyf shal euer laste in one
þese are þe seuen blissedhedis
Pat 3yuen are to þe body medis

De soule hab also obere seuen
Of hem is good now to neuen
Po seyntis stad in þat cele
Of wele shal hem wante no dele

Of þe welle of wit þei drewe
Wisdome þat dop man to knawe
Þat was & is & euer shal be
Þei seen hit in þe trinite
Of alle men þei shul con telle
Boþe quike & dede in heuen & helle
And alle þo dedis þat þei did
þere shul be to þo seyntis kid
Þei shul al knowe in ded & þouȝt
But þerfore vndirstonde þou nouȝt
Hit shal hem turne to no shame
Ny no maner blence of blame
Haue neuer þi synne so foule bene
Þat þou were here off shryuen clene
And didest penaunce here þerfore
For hem shal þe shame no more
Þen a mon þe tolde today
What þou didest þo in cradel þou lay
No more shame shal þe pinke þere
Þen if þou comen of batel were
Wip woundis þat þou þere had take
And thou were heled of that wrake
Oberwis is not synne forgyuen
But to bete hit whil we may lyuen
Forgyuen are pei & neuerpeelees
God þat al woot þat es
Is or was or shal be euer
Out of þis witynge be þei neuer
Shal þou haue no shame þerfore
But haue greet ioye þat þou were bore

Frenship þer is hem to glade
God hap hem his childre made
þei wone wip him wip hem he wones
He loyep hem as his owne sones
More þen heþemselle þei loue his siȝt
þe aungels hem as hemself riiȝt
Miche is þere her countforde
For alle ben euer at oon acorde
þei are in onhede so in dole
Pat euer her wilde on his hole
Whiderward so oon wol liske
Alle so donc scip þe boke
Pat oon hit wilde alle hit wolen also
Boþe god & aungel hit wole be do
þou seist whenne þou biþenkest þe
Pat þou woldes like to petur be
If þou þat wole þou maist wele
Wibouten taryinge any dele
Like to petur to be I say
But to be petur say I nay
If þou to petur woldes be brouȝt
Penne þerest þou þisself be nouȝt
If þou þi beyinge wolde not be
Penne woldes þou were nouȝt of þe
But þere is not to þeremane more
Pen þei bi seruyse worþi wore
But in þat greet stabulnes
Noon shal þerne be but þat he es
For if þei þermed so liwis
Penne were þei not in ful blis
Vche mon shal haue þe folke
Of al þat he aftir wilne wolle

Miche also shal be her myȝt
Pat in þat welþe shul be so wiȝt
So myȝtily her myȝte to fille
Pat if hit stood hem in wille
To make another erpe & heuen
Pei myȝte hit do as pei wolde neuen
For pei wiȝ crist ben heires alle
Peere wiȝ him stad in stalle
Code pei arc & goddis heires
To do her wille myȝte is heires
Whi make pei not sib pei mow
Another heuen þerne say þow
Bleþely sir I shal þe telle
For god hab wrouȝte al hool to dwelle
Of his werkis vnhoole is noon
But in weȝte mesure & tale vchon
If pei another heuen wrouȝte
Hit were surfete & for nouȝt
Mony þingis may we do
Pat better were vndon e þen so
As for to skoupe & to ryn
Whenne bettur tymne were to blyn
Wherto shrude we furber stryue
den for to be in seynsis lyue
Wite we may hit alle wel
We shal be lyke to auangel
And not forbi þouȝte pei be alle
In oure dere fadris halle
Pei shul in wonyng e stides sere
Vchone haue her ioye plenere
Of her worshepe what may we mene
Pat crist him kib þo hem clene
Aungels shal hem menske dere
And seynsis as pei goddis were
To worshepe þat god þat hem digt
And made hem boþe in mood & myȝt
Heuen & erpe & creatour
Shal bere hem worshepe & honour
Sonne mone watir & sterne
Pat now renneþ in cours ȝern
Into better state shal stonde
Fro þerne no lengur to be rennonde
Perfore pei shul hem worshepe bere
Pat als myche as in hem were
Wip al her worshepe as pei myȝt best
For to bryng þem into rest

// Of her sikernesse now to say
Certis þer is noon oþer way
For fro the welthe that the are In
Is no thing may them twyn
Ny no mystyme may them bityde
For the are triste on euery syde
But god hab 3yuen hem to mede
To lose the woote is no drede
Her ioye & gladshipe who con tel
No mon forsophe in fleshe ny fel
For to biholde the trinite
How he is oon god in tre
Him to se face to face
Pat euer shal he & euer wase
The shul haue ioye wipynne & oute
And on vche syde aboute
Ouer & vndir & euerywhere
Oure lord 3yue vs wonynge there
Bese are the ioyes & mony elles
God 3yuep to hem pat wip him dwelles
But als bese goddis trenes shalle
Worshepe haue among hem alle
So shal po wrecchis for her sake
Laste in pyne wipouten slake
Bese shul be feire & my3ty bope
Be opere shul be grisly & lope
Bei shul be l3te as foul to flye
Be opere heuy wo to dry3e
Bei shul be wondir strong & w3t
Be opere febel wipouten my3t
Bei shul lyue in fredome fre
Be opere euer in bondage to be
Bei shul euer lyue in delite
Be toper euermore in despite
In helle shul the lyue euermore
Euer to be seke & sore
Bei shul be euer in lastyng lyf
[les]e opere & de shul euer strie
Bei shul haue wit hem to wyse
Bese opere fillid of alle folysye
For if bei ou3te witen bare
Hit is but of sorwe & care
Bei shul of swete frenshepe he treste
Bei shul of vche fredome freist
Bei shul acorde wip alle hinge
Bes opere euer debatynge
Bei shul haue weldenes at wille
Be opere vnwelde in likyng ille
To these shall worship all creatures
These opere of all have dishonours
These are for trist byle & glad
These opere quake euer for drad
These lawmen for ioye bei ben in lende
These opere wepen in woo wipouten ende
Fro pat sorwe & al pat wyte
Ihesu criste make vs quyte
And 3yue vs grace so to do
Pat we may come to his blisse so

Off blisse & ioye haue 3e herd
Now shal I telle 3ou of be wered
Pat fordone is & al fordryuen
Aftir pat doom is 3yuuen
Hit shal be brennt so deep & dry
As noe flood roos vp on hy
Benne shal hit haue a shap al newe
Euermore to stonde trewe
Alle pe elementis pat we se
Bei shulen alle clensed be
Pat now be stirynge alle shul stonde
Shal benne be no peynce in londe
Suche as we now veche day are In
Pat god sent us for oure synne
Of hoot ny colde reyn nor wynde
Shal benne be no storme to fynde
No myste no merke in no manere
Of wedir pis world for to dere
And as oure bodyes pat we hare bere
Ben feirer ben bei euer were
So pis world shal haue new shroud
Had hit neuer noon so proud
An hundride sibe of feirer hewe
Heuen & erpe shal be made newe
Sunne & mone sierrre & lift
Pat bi strengbe be now shift
Alle wattris now rennynge wete
Shul be in better astate to mete
Fro pat tyme shul bei stille stonde
Wip mychel blis to be lastonde
De somme shal haue scripture sayes
De brightenes benne of seuen dayes
De watir pat wette cristis flesshe
And bi bapteme his seyntis wesshe
Fro pat tymes ouerpasse hit shal
Pe shene shynyng cristal
Pe erpe þat cristis cors in bred
Of paradis shal ben a sted
And for sum tyme made reed hit was
Wip seyntis bloode shed in plas
Hit shal be filled wip mony flouris
Swete smellyng of dyuerse colouris
Þat neuermore shal falle ne dwayne
But as paradise shal shyne
Pe erpe þat firste was malediȝt
To þornes for oure eldre plict
Þenne shal hit blessed be & quyte
Of labour sorwe & of wite
Neuermore from þat day
Knowe of harmes noon hit may
But shal he make hit stande
Pe lord þat is al weldande

3e cristen men aboute 3e loke
Alle þat euer hþþ herde þis boke
Of 3oure lit þat 3e here lede
3e turne hit not into wanspede
Whoso wol him wel bipinke
Þe world is fals & ful of swynke
Fa[l]js hit is we may sc how
And we wol algate þeron trow
Þis litil lyf we haue in hond
We wenc hit be euerlastond
Dep we wene alwey to stille
Bot dop vs myche spedyng spille
Hit blendenþ vs a litil 3ele
Þat we con not oureseluen fele
Dam fortune turnþ hir wheel anone
Þat casteþ doun monyone
Of þat douncaste we may bi chaunce
Anent þis world get coueraunce
And com to worldis welþe aȝeyn
A while to holde wip myche þeyn
But þerwþþ fynde we anoþer stryf
Þat waiteþ nopíng but oure lyf
Dep vs hþþ biset oure strete
Wol we or nyl we we · shul him mete
Alle shul we renne into his lace
Óper wey shal noon apace
Euer he waiteþ vs þat quede
Is nopíng certeynour þen dede
Ny uncerteynour þen his tyde
Perfore we owe him euer to abyde
To passe a pace þat is so hard
And we woot neuer whodirward
We shul alle heþen wende
Here is good to make vs frende
Perfore þis lyf he hap vs lent
To serue him euer wip oure entent
Þat his commandements be done
If we do mys to mende hit sone
To travaile ordeyned he þis lyf
Aþeyn oure foos þre to stryf
Oure fleshe þis world & þe werlawe
We are bounden in her awe
Oure fleshe is euer to synne crous
þe world hateful & couctous
þe fend serueþ of wrapþe & pride
þis werre wip vs on euery syde
þese þre may we weol fordryue
If we wole treuly lede oure lyue
For boþe may falle hem mon & wif
Aþeyn hem stalworpely to stryf
If we wol strongly vs stere
Cristis help shal be vs nere
His helpe & oure wittis eke
If we wole him trewly biseke
Forsþe if we wol do oure peyn
Þei haue no myȝte to stonde aþeyn
3if we wole note on hem oure myȝt
Certis þei ben felde in ðȝt
þat londe is esy for to wynne
þat no mon is to kepe hit Inne
And he is also a fouþ coward
þat noþing may þole of hard
þat ȝeldeþ him ar he be souȝt
And leþeþ so himself for nouȝt
Fȝte he shulde if he dud riȝt
And þe whenne he no lenger myȝt

// Fele þer ben of vs in drede
Þat ȝelden hem er þei haue nede
Vnto þe fend ful of þȝȝt
Wipouten any assault of þȝȝt
But euer to falle ben redy
Who myȝte do more cowardly
þen to falle before þe torn
And wole not bide to gyue a sporn
Alle pat oure fleshe vs ledeple tile
Of al oure wele hit is oure wille
And pou3e we knowe hit myswrou3t
Hit to ful3i lle we fyne nou3t
Alas for a littil lust
A dreury pat is but a dust
We pralle vs to oure fulle fo
In prisoun forlye I in wo
Of siche are here mony now
Alas how dar bei pat avow
Whi sele we vs to pat sorwe
pat no ping may vs offer borwe
We wrecchis willefully forsake
Be selynes pat neuer shal slake
Bope of sorwe & of pat sele
3e haue herd before sum dele
We haue before vs weges two
pat on to wele pat oper to wo
F[r]jely to whidir we wole to gon
To oure frendis or to oure soon
If we penne forsake oure frende
To chese vs to oure foos to wende
penne dar I seye & lye nou3t
In sorweful tyme were we wrou3t
A sorweful tyme to oure bihoue
But god forbede bat we hit proue
Whenne we hit proue hit is to late
Pen is no mending of oure astate
Ber is no wery before vs rud
But to go ni3t as we dud
For who pat bob not whenne he may
Whenne he wolde hit wol be nay
Here is tyme for to grete
Here is tyme synne to bete
Ouer here or nowhere ellis
Pat witnessep alle holy spellis

Vche day we haue somoun
For to make vs redy boun
Pat eruey day we se & here
We owe hit not to holde in were
Pe prechours fynen not to spelle
Pe sope bei sparce vs not to telle
To do vs of helle to be ware
But neuer pe bettu3r mony are
Selden come we sermoun nere  
Lop vs pinkep hit to here  
Oure ere selden þerto we lay  
But fer is oure hert away  
Wherfore of hem lette we so ill  
But for þei speke ðȝeyn oure wille  
He þat me seip moost þat me likes  
God hit woot moost he me swikes  
For if we wel vs vndistooode  
Oure wille dop vs litil gode  
But ofte oure skil makep vs blynde  
Her aftir shal we hit fynde  
Fynde we shal hit leest whenne we wene  
Alle shul we to þe deep bidene  
From hit may we no way skape  
For no wile þat we con make  
Miche wolde I herof mote  
Wiste I hit were any bote  
Euer to speke & not to speide  
Wastyng hit is of goddis sede  
Hit is not worpi to tile þat fældæ  
Pat not be seed ðȝeyn wole ȝeldæ  
What bote is hit of riȝt to rede  
Pat neuer founden is in dede  
Miche to here & litil to holde  
But were a ribaudy vs tolde  
Of a fantum or a fabul  
Pat wolde we holde in herte stabul  
In herte þat is a sory hord  
To kepe hit raper þen cristis word  
How may he to himself be holde  
Pat chesep leed & leueþ golde  
Al þe wrytyng in holy writ  
Is written to teche vs wit  
How we owe to lede oure lyf  
Cristen folk mon & wyf  
In eldre men may we se  
What to folwe & what to fle  
Dingis þat we noot ne con  
For to aske at ober mon  
And he þat more con þen ober  
Debonerly þenne to teche his broþer  
Alle are we breþer ȝonge & olde  
Crist for vs was bounȝt & solde  
He hap vs in his noumbre tolde  
As for sheep of his folde
Pourze herdis þat oure lord háþ set
For he wole his sheep beget
He háþ vs chosen for oure mede
His holy folk for to fede
Vche mon níhtly to deme
His owne soule háþ to 3eme
And vche of vs witturly
Háþ receyued goddis tresory
Riche besauntis of gold þei ben
Somme lasse & somme mo to se
Do besauntis so þat we bi set
Þat we may wel paye oure det
to acounte wel shul we gon
Aftir þat we toke vchon
Somme for more & somme for les
Aftir þat oure gíftis wes
He sýue vs grace so to acounte
Þat we may to heuen mounte
Þat sprad was on an harde tre
Nailed naked þeronne to be
Oure fadir maker of alle þing
Þat neuer shal haue endyng

A M E N
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