The Southern Version of Cursor Mundi, Vol. III
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Off this no mare I will telle sow
Bot of John Baptiste & of Ihesu
be sexte elde bygynnes in place
And how Ihesu spredd his grace
pat with his dede & his tourment
By gane be newe testament
And Saynt Iohn als messangere
Off helynes withowtten pere
Come byfore with his banere
Cristysn mannes lawe to lere
Sayne Iohn come als banyoure
Byfore oure haly Saueoure
For in Sayne Iohnes tyme
Was law bygonnen of baptyme
He kenned men to flye symn
And swa paire Baptyme for to wynn
Thurgh whilke we sall to heuen come
When we sall be hethyn nome
If we will lelely oure lyfe lede
And at oure Endyng to criste vs bede
Pis ilke tre pat I begynn
Es alle sett for mannes kynn
Pat ilke man may See witterly
De kynn of Ioseph and Marie
For pay come bathe of a man
Pat hadde leuy to name
Here bygynnes the Sext Elde off the werlde
And also off the Barnehede of Ihesu Criste
Iohn ay bysyde the filoum gane duelle
Off goddes menuells gonn he spelle
In watire Baptiste he alle thaa
Pat come to hym Baptyme to taa
To be Baptiste bothe 3onge and alde
Now till hym soghte many falde
For to here his sermon
Many hadde grete deuocyoun
Many man at hym hade mode
Bot harde was his lyfe to lede
De Jewes of hym tythandes herde
One whatkyns wyse day he ferde
Day had ferly howe he myghte laste
With swilke a trauell & swilke a taste
And for he was of thyre kythe
Why he ne wolde noghte wonne tham wyth
Alle he maysters of that laghe
Spake of Iohn in paire sawe
And sayde pat his baptyzynge
Was bot a mystrowuynge
Day saide his lawes solde oures fordo
Bot we take better tente berto
Wete we tham for whatre resoun
For sauyng of oure dampnacyone
Whi pat he Baptyzynge maye
And if pat he be messyas
Pat be folke habide swa
Pat sall brynge tham owte of waa
Helyas or Criste whethir es he
Pe sothe fayne wolde we see
For he cs prophett pat swa jeres
In his say sent paire messangers
With be wyseste of that lande
For to brynge tham tythande
Pe messangers pat swa were sent
To wildirnes ban are bay went
Sone when bay with Iohn mette
Full hendly thay hym grett
Pe wyseste pat ymanges tham were
Sayde pe Erande one this manere
Sir he saide we the praye
Pat pou to vs be sothe Saye
What kyn man schall we calle the
Telle vs now what pou may be
Off Jerusalem alle the men
3ernes gretly the to ken
Thi Baptem and thi dedis
Be anely lyfe pat pou ledis
Whethir pou be Elyas
Pat goddes prophete halden was
 Howe pou lyffes were wolde wec
And to telle vs we praye the
Pat we gange hame and saye
Vnto pe maisters of oure laye
Thanc saide Iohn gladly per faye
Withowtten anykyns delaye
He sayde to tham my lene frende
3e schall to 3oure maistirs wende
And saye tham one my partye
1 am noghte he thay calle hely
Ne no prophette sail nane me clayme
What shall we say to thee
A voice crying says 'that I hate
In desert graythand be gate
To be lorde that come nowe
Till whaym Ilke man awe to bowe
That lange was highte now commen is
Off hyn I preche in wildernesse
Off whayme I ne ane noghte worthi to
To louse be thwanges of his scho
Looke 3e graythe hym welpe waye
For he es lorde this sall 3e saye
Als John saide swa sayde pay
Vnto be maistirs of paire laye
When thesus Criste was commen nere
To be elde of thretty 3ere
Than hym thoughte he tyme was commen
Pat he Baptym wolde hafe nomen
He 3ede hym than to be filome iourdan
And there he fande his Cosyn John
In wildernesse hymself alioue
Lyffande alle with goddes lane
When John hym sawe als sayse pe boke
For ferndesse of hym he qwoke
And sayde pat alle men myghte here
This is pat lambe withowtten were
Goddes lambe pat clense sale
This wayke wertde fra synnes dwale
If he me after comen bee
He was made byfore me
To sayne John pan sayde thesus
My Cosyn and mi frende art pou
To Baptise me the hafe I soghte
John saide than that dare I noghte
It ne falles noghte vnto me
Mi dere lorde to Baptise the
I am a man full of synn
And hedire fledd fra alle my kynn
Here for synn I hafe me hidde
John pou doo als I the bydde
Thou Baptise me my dere Cosyn
I ne dare noghte neghe the lorde myn
Me thynke resone it were mare
Pat I of the Baptizede ware
John pou sall be lawe fulfill
Now lorde he saide at thi will
Thesus into pat watir 3ede
And sayne John nere hym stode
When he sauge thesus redy dighte
Vp his hande quakande he lifte
And thare tuke oure lorde Criste
Baptyme of Sayne John Baptiste
Par pe haly gaste hym lighte
In pe schape of doufe he toke a flighte
And als he lokede vp into heuen
Open he saughe pe lifte seuen
Ffadir voyce thurgh it braste
Als it hade bene a thonour blaste
This is my sone leue and dere
Alle the werlde hym awe to here
Pe whills Sayne John pis dede dide
Dyuerse wondirs wa s ther kynde
Pe haly water of pe fflom e lourdane
One aythir syde stode still als stane
Thre thynges was sene thare
Pe sone mannes body bare
Pe ffadir voyce men herde one rawe
Als doufe pe haly gaste gan schawe
Pe alde testament nowe slakes
And pe newe bygynnynge takes
Wonder thynges pe sothe to saye
Sayn John saughe bat ilke daye
Sayn John it es wele sene
Bat pou in lyfe es wondere clene
For pan was worthi mane but thou
For to touche oure lorde Ihesu
And gaff e pat haly sacrament
Bat ilke a man awe to for to tent
Now was this a wondir werke
Preste to be crystende of pe clerke
Pe sone pe ffadir pe knyghte pe kynde
Pe schapp hym pat wroghte alle thynges
Pan said oure lorde oure saucoure
In Johnes wirchip and honoure
Pat blysse for the es puruyayde
Pat I for my servantes graythed
And ymanges women childir alle
Pat euer was or euer be sail
A Better barne was neuer nane
Ne neuer bese than was Sayne John
And pat es na selcouthe
For Criste it saide with his mouthe
And made hym als his lantern
Amanges his fase his lighte to beryn
And to berc wittnes of his comyng
Als Banyoure byfore pe kynde
Als Bedell gase before iustice
Swaa dide sayn John in pat wyse
Ihesu when he hade Baptem tane
He lefte John at the fflome lourdane
Fra thane fortho to man he will hym schewe
bat man myght hym fully knowe
Bot a stownde he will habyde
For to faste his lentyn tyde
Ne wolde he nowrewhere wende appert
Bot went hymselfe into dissert
Pare he haly gaste hym ledde
Fourty dayes he was vnfedde
Fourty nyghtis & fourty dayes
Than hungredc hym be story says
Thurgh he kynde of his manhede
Off fode he body haies ay nede
The warlawe pan hym vnbythoghte
To begile hym if that he moghte
It semyd wele he noghte hym knewe
When he bygane to do swilke glewe
Forthi he wolde hym fande with synn
To hafe some parte hym with Inn
That Enemy that traytoure
Come to tempe his creatoure
To houe hym thougte it was no bote
Bot stode hym by oure lorde fote
He saughe hym hungry & forfaste
In glotonye he wolde hym caste
And saide to hym I wate bat bou
Hales fasted lange & hungres nowe
If bou be goddes some bydde sone
And garre thi commandement be done
Bou garre this stane be brede at will
And pan may bou efe thi bely fill
Pan saide oure lorde to that quede
Manne ne lyffes noghte anely with brede
Bot men lyffes with somthyng elles
With be worde bat godd spelles
Bot lefte noghte be fende swa his were
Bot oure lorde he droughe nere
Wha herde ever of beste sa balde
He toke oure lorde alle in his walde
And with hym he toke a flighte
To Ierasalem burgh full righte
And sett hym one the pyneoune
Appone the temple of the toune
If bou be goddes sone saide he
Thusgates schall I proue the
Hafe done now within a stownde
And lepe down vnto the growunde
For it es wretyn he sail the sende
Angells the for to defende
Fra alkyn muney of wa
And spournynge owper of fote or taa
Nowthir to sporne one tre ne stane
Doo now lepe one drede hafe pou nane
Pan sayd Ihesu be aughte to wande
Thi goodd thi lorde thus to fande
Jitt bygane be fende to chide
Sayde here pou sall no longere byde
Som othre answere sall pou saye
Are I fra the departe away
be fende hym in armes bent
And bare hym are euer he stylt
Vnto the higheste felle he fande
And lete hym see Ilke a fande
Ilke a kyngryke and Ilke Cite
Pat he myghte in his werlde see
Ne see se pou noghte saide pat fiefoune
Alle his werlde bothe toure and townn
Thir kynges alle are in my faye
And thurgh my will regne thay
Alle I will jam gyffe the nowe
And pou will vnto me bowe
Reghte rede I wele withouttten dowte
Pat pou bcome myn vndirloute
Thane Ihesu saide no langere
May I thi wikked wordes forbere
Flee hethy n tite bou fende of helle
For it is wretyn in be spelle
Godde thi lorde pou sall wirchip alle
And hym allane serue pou salle
Fra Ihesu had saide thir e worde s meke
Be fende Oan durste na mare speke
Pen come pare angells criste vntill
And hym seruede alle at will
Now leue we this a littill space
And of Saync John telle we a pase
How heraude kyng hym broghte o lyffe
By resone of his brother wyfe
Bot noghte pat heraude 3e schall trowe
Pat sloghe be childir for Ihesu
Bot anoper pat swa hatt
Ane of his sonnes hy gatt
Pat highte heraude archilauus
Als be storie telles vs
Pat regnede after his fadir lyfe
He gatt a sone one his wyfe
Pat hade to name herodias
Heraude be thridde brother was
Pis heraude pat 1 of rede
Hadde of Saym John bathe lufe & drede
And gladdely herkenede his sermon
Bot anes he dide vresoun
And vnkyndly dide in lyfe
3ernede to wedde his brothires wyfe
pat herodias highte
Mikill scho dide agayne peighte
When sayne lohn herde pat was swa
Wete 3e wele hym was full wa
And for to fordo pat schame
He come vnto heraudes name
Oute of disserte pat he was I
He come to saue pe kyng fra synn
Before his Baronage Ilkane
Hy hym forbedde that woman
And talde hym by many skillic
If he hir weddide he dide ille
When herodias herde of this
Departede fro pe kynges scho es
Scho wiste Iohnes wordes were to drede
& wightlly fra pe kynges scho 3ede
Scho wiste wele by Iohnes sawe
pat scho was weddide agaynes pe lawe
& one anoper syde hir was full waa
Be kynges for to departe fraa
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Scho made mikill mournyngge
Ay when scho thougte appon this thyngs
Scho hadde a daughter with philipp getyn
Hir wikkidnes bese neuer forgetyn
Hir name es no force to telle
Knawen scho es full wele in helle
For scho garte sayne Iohn
In presone fullyly be stone
To pe kyng pan saide sayne Iohn
Doo fro the that ille woman
Pou luffe hir agaynes thi lyfe
And scho was thi brothir wyfe
Pou may hir hafe with no lawe
If pou be radde for goddes aye
And pou hir halde langare to make
Godde on the will take wrake
Doo waye Iohn whi sais pou swa
Vnto dissert I praye the gaa
Still I rede pou halde the thare
And of his matir speke pou na mare
For hir to leue ne will I noghte
And pat pou hate said it sall be boghte
I luffe hir maste of any thynges
pat is agaynes pe righte ser kyngs
Bi brothir wife fra hym to reue
It is gude pat pou it leue
Iohn ouer mikill hate pou spoken
And pat sall noghte be vnwroken
Pou sail in my presone ly
And full dere pou sail bi wordes aby
Herodias hym hated to pe deede
And presouned was he thurghe his rede
In presoun pay gart hym caste
And bande hym thare with rapes faste
To sla hym ne ware pay noghte in will
Bot pat warieode wyfe to still
For hir to wretke pay drede righte sare
Alle pat with pe kyng ware
His disciples come hym to see
The kyng thay in lete hafe entree
When pay hym sawe in presoun depe
Bay moghte noghte forbere to wepe
Iohn at thaym bygane to wete
If that Criste lorde oghte sitte
Bigane his werkes for to kythe
For theroffe wolde I be full blythe
To thaym he sayde my dere frenede
Now schall 3e myn Erande wende
Vnto my lorde Ihesowe
And sayse hym als I say 3owe
One manere mylde 3oure Erande sais
Bese wyse and vnnderstandes always
Askes hym if he be that gome
Pat for mennes hele till erthe come
If it be he how lange es to
Are that he any vertu do
Wetys if it be he pat tyde
Or we anothir schall habye
Thay toke paire leue pan at Iohn
And to Ihesu pay went anone
Thay saide Iohn vs to the sendis
That in depe presoun lendis
And askes if ou be he pat sale
Borowe pe bownden folkes of bale
I am he he sayde parfay
Wendis agayne to hym & say
Mesels are hale Crippels gase righte
Defe hafe paire heryng blynde pe sighte
And pat man saw blyssede bee
Pat hym sclandirs noghte in me
Thies discyple toke answere
And to Iohn pay ganfe it here
With Ihesu full mekill folke lefte pan
Till pan to talke he pan bygane
And badd pan alle sitt stille
Till he to pan hadd sayde his will
Gode men he sayde whi 3ede 3ee
Into wildirnessse for to see
Wende 3e thare the rode to fynde
Pat heldis waywande with pe wynde
Or the man soghte cledde in sylke
In kynges housses 3e may fynde swilke
Sais me whatt 3e soghte thare
A prophete 3a forsothe and mare
This is he of whyym was redde
Byfore in body are he was bredde
I sail sende to puruaye
Myn angelle byfore the pe waye
Sayne Iohn euuer in presoune laye
Till it byfelle ane haly daye
Pat pe kyng garte forthe calle
Bifore hym his conselle alle
A grete feste pat daye he made
And mekill folke peratte he hade
And als pay satt beste at ese
Bifore pe kyngge in his palesse
His broder dogheter gent & smale
Come byfore hym in the haule
Daunsande & tumblande faire with alle
And eulenty cledde in purpure palle
And for scho pat swa wele couthe
Alle men hir hade in mouthe
Pan sayde pe kyngge pat mayden till
Aske me mayden what thou will
I sail the gyffe withouten swyke
Poghe it be halfe my kyngryke
He bad hir aske what scho walde
And he hir solde commande halde
Sir scho sayde god celde it the
bare one will I consayled bee
And to pe houre scho toke pe pase
To speke with dame herodias
Modir scho sayde what thynge
Sall I aske at the kyngge
And haste pe kyng highte pe any bone
3a 3a modir 3a gaa pan and aske sone
Off Iohn pat in presoun es
His hetede to hafe it in a dische
When this was saide sone scho 3ode
Vnto the kyngge & by hym stode
Scho saide before thi Baronage
I sail the aske nane owtrage
Ne thare the nathyngc be dredande
I aske nowthir lythes ne lande
Ne nothyng bot pat es resoun
Iohnes heuede in thi presoun
When the kyng herde hir craue
Noghte bot Iohnes bede to haue
He weexe in hert wondir wraeth
And namely for he sware ane athel
Before alle that folke so felwe
& lathe hym was byhelden valele
He sent viinto be presoun tyte
Johnes hede offte to smyttte
And smertly was his biddynge done
In presone was he heuedide sone
And to pe mayden pay it bitaghte
And his modir it hase laghte
Dare euer mare worthe his waa
Pat gude man dose with tresoun slaa
Bot this tresoun was boghte full dere
And viinto he menynge of many a 5ere
With a greuefull sothie vengynance
In many stedis and some in fraunce
In pe somer at his natuyte
Now gaase wode grette plentee
Thus gates was saynd lohn slayne
And other enchesoun was her name
For to make endyng of his tale
Scho bat his man thus broghte in bale
Hirsylfe to grete Barett scho broghte
His dede it was full dere boghte
When he was dede pe sothe to telle
His saule wentt viinto helle
Be 5ates funde he sperrede faste
Agaynes his come bay al tobraste
And a while parc he habadde
And of socoure Budeworde he made
To be folkes bat be her Inn funde
How oure lorde bam solde bryng oute of bandle
In helle with prechynge he ferde
Forthi es he callede forcryer
And cristes awenn messangere
His discyple thare ware bowen
And bart his body fra that towne
To Sabastien with mekill fare
his corps than they beriede thare
Nowe I rede 3ow 3e lordynges alle
One blyssede lohn bat 3e calle
For wate 3e how I sayde 3ow are
A betir barne neuer woman bare
He was cristes awenn prophete
Off alle oure bale he may vs hete
Off his ofsprynge pan es lohn
Pat heghe sittis vp in trone
And nere bytaght e to mylde Marie
He was to godde sybb forthy
And Sayne John be Euangliste
To pam vs brynyng ourde lorde Criste
Now haue 3e herde pe sawes
How sayne John diede withowten lawes
Herkyns now how herodias diode
In a walle his heuede scho hidde
Scho hales salted it in a walle
Scho hir drede if swa myghte falle
Pat his heued ware to pe body done
Pat he monde qwikken also sone
Thurgh his mekill halyhede
He wolde hym venge of his myshedde
His body owt of sepulcre scho hent
And in powdir scho it brent
Powder or bane pat pay funde thare
Thay with thaym awaye it bare
It was brent alle that daye
Bot a fynger pe sothe to saye

How Ihesu gadirde his appostells togedir
Ihesu knewe full wele the Stryff
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Whi pat John tynt his lyff
To pe lewes pat were felouns
In wildirnesse he made sermons
And Criste thurg many place gan ga
Prechande pe folke to and fra
Fra Nazareth to Capharnan
Fra Nyptaly m to Zabulon
Went he prechande pe fay
One auerill be tober day
Pan bygane he to preche
And ale pe folke opynly to teche
Thc synagoges alle soghte bee
In pe lande of Galylee
Off his prechynge spake many man
And mekill wirchip he wannne
When he herde telle bat lohn was slayne
To Nazareth he come agayn
Into his awen contree
Off auerille in the entree
Off precheyngeo he bygane to speke
And helye full many pat were seke
Seke men sergates till hym soghte
And he to pam haire hele ne warned nogte
Thaym to hele was he bolde
And toke nowthir siluere ne golde
Pan thoghtec Ihesus it was to lange
Withowten companye to gange
To gette hym ffeawes he will begynn
Bot nane bat was of grete kynn
Als Erle knyghte or Baroun
Ne no grete lordynges of townn
Bot mene men of symple lyfe
Dat prynces helde men sythen ryte
Twa brethir petre and andrew
Bathe pay were of mckill thewec
Had pay firste nane ober gude
Bot with baire Schippe fande pan fode
With thaire ffishyngay pay pan fedde
And mene state tharewith pay ledde
For a worde lefte pay schippes twa
And with lheu game pay ga
Pam ne rewode neuer sythen paire mode
Swa pam thoghtes he chawnge gode
And at he see Sayne lohn he fande
Hys lynes to ffishche baytande
He forsoke schippe & alle his kynn
And alle pis werlde & folowed hym
Thane come till hym Judas thaden
And broghte with hym Sayne Bertelmewe
And sythen als he come thurgh a by
Thare he mett with leuy
Off publycanes ledarc was he
A man he was of grete pouste
lheu Criste ancs with hym etc
And for his luffe he alle forlete
To wende with hym hym thohtes na schame
And sythen matheu was his name
Sythen come Symeon and ludas
Lesse Sayne Iames and Thomas
Dan ludas Scaryoth he balde
Dat sythen his lorde salde
Twelue pay ware to telle in tale
When pay ware togedir hale
Fra pay to this lorde chese
Pay forsoke alkyns ese
Many angers men dide pam till
And pay ne dide neuer man ill
Ilkane of pam luffede othir
Als pay hade bene othirs brothir
Vuto he Endynghe of thaire lyffe
Bitwene pam was neuer no stryffe
Off he Petre poreste fande
Hym he made he maste weldande
For of alle he tothir feres
Be maste preuelege he gaffe to pers
To perse said he luffes thou mee
Dou wate wele lorde bat I lufe the
I shall do my comandement
Lorde with all my entent
My dede to take for the in neede
My schepe he saide pan sail jou fede
Petre he saide jou hafe bene gude
Fischere hedirto on pe flode
Fra nowe forthe I sail the ken
Fischere for to be of men
And jou sail he fra nowe fortharde
Off heuen & erthe pe gatewarde
Off bandes jou sail pe kayes bere
Bathe to opyn & to spere
Whayme bat jou byndis be jou balde
Before me bounden sail be talde
And whaym so jou louses of bande
Also forlousede sail he stande
Petre art jou and my kyrke sail
One bat stane sette he grownd walle
Na wyles of pat cursed wyghte
Sail agayne it hafe myghte
Serues me nowe and bese me nere
3e are my frendis leue and dere
And swa dice pay day & myghte
Pay seruede hym with alle pair myghte
Withowtte pride in symple life
And withowtt any sturt or stryfffe
Men hym folowed thurg h be lande
By hundredd the tale & thowsande
Men went with hym for sire resoun
Some for to here his sermoun
To see hym & to here hym speke
And some for hele pat were seke
And some to see miracles ryfe
Dede men to see raysede to lyfe
And some for pe lyffes fode
For many man pan dice he gude
Pare anykyms defaut was
He gart it mende or he wolde passe
He dice many gude dedis
Als man of mercy & of medis
Also byfore archedyclyne
Turnede he watir into wyne

In pat ilk same contree
Pat men calles Galyle
In a townn men calles kane
A grete brydale was tharc anc
Be bride gone garte thedir calle
Off pat lande his frendis alle
Par was prayed at that to be
Our lady Marie & hir menge
And lhesus also came paretil
And his discyples also was his will
Par pan was a gederynge full grete
And many soemly set in sere
Dase gestes meritly weren fedde
For many a man was thedir bedde
Pare was plentith of mete & drynke
And alle pat men wolde after thynke
Par was na wyne spared pan ymange
& forthise neste it noghte lange
When Marie wiste þaire wyne was gane
Vntil hir sonne scho spake on ane
And till hym scho made hir mane
And said wyne ne hafe þay nane
And till his modir pan said he
What es that to the or me
If þay of wyne hafe nede
In vs ne lliges noghte þat deede
But I sall or I hethyn wende
Schewe þam pat I ame thair frende
Scho calde þe botelere hir vntoo
Do that my sone biddis the do
Loke his biddyng e be redy grayed
Be botelere all redy sayde
lhesus badde sone one ane
Fill thase sex vessells o f stane
With watir clere and thay did swa
Van badde lhesus þat þay scholde gaa
For to taste o f þat newe wyne
And here it til archedyclynce
Pat of þat house was housebande
And costage to that brydale tande
Pay filde a couple pan in hast
And gart archidyclynce taste
He dranke and felid gude sauour
Ne dranke he neuer arste s o gude lycour
He calde to hym the butteler
And saide to hym one this manere
Whi he saide hafes thou
Semyd þe gude wyne vnto nowe
Be gude wyne solde þou firste spende
And þe werres at þe feste ende
When þat men are glade made
Be gude wyne þou dose be hade
And hiderto forsothe me thynke
þou hafes wasted alle ourc drynke
Mikill myrthe was made thare
And many man menskedes þat fure
Oure lorde of water wyne þer made.
are of many meruelle hade
This was be firste dede bat he dide
Till his discyphes pat was kydd
And before bay bigane to trowe
Marc stedfastely in Ihesow
Pan lefte to bridgome his bride
And followed Ihesu fra that tyde
Ne laye he neuer hir besyde
Bot lefte hir & this werldis pride
He forsoke to be housebande
And turned hym one to better bande
Men sais bat it was sayne John
Better with crist luifede was none
Cosyn he was to Ihesu Criste
And sythen he was evangliste
Dis was John he gospellere
Pat laye one his breste at his sopere

bare dranke he of he witty welle
Pat sythen of he bigane to spelle
This sygne dide Criste at pat bridale
Als pat sayne John telles in his tale
Of hym Ihesu walkande in erthe
Off gossplers John es the forthe
Marke matheu luke his felawes
Bot John be wyseste was in sawes
Forthi to be Eren like es he
Pat is a foule fferreste may see
And is a birde righte glegg of eghe
Ne nane als he so heghe may flee

Ihesu thethyn his viage made
Out ouer be see of tyberyade
Grete ware be folke hat with hym zode
To here his prechyng hat pat was zode
Paire hele to gete hat were seke
Full ferre pay soghte hat man so make
With this folke pat I of telle
Ihesus clambe up to a felle
His discyphes with hym he ledde
This folke alle aboute hym spredde
Pay folowed hym pat mekill thrange
Hym rewed pat pay fastede so lange
The dales were with sfolkes ouerlayde
Philippe he called and to hym saide
Philippe this folkes are wonder fele
How may we troweste bou with ham dele
Thay hafe myster now of mete
Whare saull we thaire fode gete
This he saide the gospelle telles
To fande Philippe & for nghte ells

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For he that made bot sone & mone
Wiste wele what he hadde to done
Pay followed hym fastande dayes thre
And he of thaym hadde pite
And said pam & pay toke pe waye
In middes haires iournce faile solde pay
If pay fynde no thynge to by
For defaute dede solde pay ly
Philippe saide lorde what consaile
May I the gifte pat maye availle
Me thynke to do ware it noghthe ethe
Wha had of penys thre hundredthe
Loues with to by pay are so fele
Ilkane solde hafe bot a morsele
Pan spake andrewe pat man so mylde
Lorde he saide here es a childe
Pat haues fyve loues & fisches twa
Bot pat es noghte withowtten ma
Pan said oure lorde ynothe es that
Douné I wolde pe folkes satt
And we sall do wonder wele
Hay was bare liggande a grete dele
Withowtten any more Sermoun
Some pe folkes were sett doune
Thir loues pat I of melt
Criste pam blissede are pay were delft
He blyssed alswa base fisches twyn
And sett his fuyssone base fisches In
Pat alle pe folkes pat pare ware sett
Had ynothe thare for to ete
 Pis brede pe fisches was dalt aboute
Had nane defaute in alle pat rowte
Gode men it was a grete gadiryng
Pat godde fedde with so littill a thynge
Twa fisches & fyue loues of bere
Iherus fedde with swilk e ane here
Fyve thousande it es redde
Ware pe ffolke pat hc thare fedde
When pay had Eryn pan oure drightyn
Badde pam noghte pe crommes tyne
Pe relif gedirde pay one hephis
And filled perwith twelue lepis
Thus he settis his fuyssone
Thare he will gyffe his benysoune
This folkes pat he gaffe pe fode
Hym thanked of alle gude
And saide forsothe this ilke cs hc
Thurgh whayme pe folke sall sauede be
How Ihesus gaffe the borne blynde man
his syghte
Aftir that this sygne was done
Noghte lange bot righte some
Anoper he dice bat 3e schall here
Als sayse be same gospeleere
Off a man bat borne was blynde
And soghte lange Ihesus grace to fynde
Als Ihesus welke thare in the strete
This blynde man with hym gane mete
His discyple saide till hym than
Lorde bay saide what ayles this man
Or his Eldirs hym biforne
Dat he es thus gates blynde borne
Pan said Ihesus nooper he this
Ne his ofsprynghe dice be mys
Bot that goddes werkes maye
In hym be sone fra this daye
Mi ffadir dedis will I do
Whils bat i hafe tyme perto
For now moste be some hym spode
To fulfill the ffadir dede
Wirke hym moste whils he hase lighte
Off be day pat es so brighte
In this werlde whils 3e me see
3e gete no lightnes bot of me
Vnto be erthe pan he spitte
And with erthe he menged it
And ban he tuke vp of this claye
And smeride with his eghne twayne
And sythen he saide leue frende
To be natatorye sall bou wende
Dat es to saye of Syloc
Thare sall thyn eghne waschen be
Pan he wasche his eghne thare
And had his sighte in pat squire
Now thare hym no mare be ledde
He come agayne into pat stede
When bay hym sagehe pat knewe hym are
One hym full faste gane byay stare
Some said it es noghte he
His other day pat moghte noghte see
Some said may some said pat ilke
Some said ane pat semed swilke
Be sothe ne couthe bay noghte fynde
Pan said he pat was blynde
His es I for sothe to saye
How gates may bou see said pay
Mi sighthi he saide tan gatt I thus
Bur es une pay calle Ihesus
He smerid with clay myn cghnc twa
And sythen bad me for thee ga
To the natatorye of Syloe
And bad I solde bare wasche me
I went and dide his biddynge
And tan moghte I see all thynge
Whare es he quod pay pat Ihesus
I ne wate he said whare he es nowe
Thay hym hent base felle Iewes
And led hym to the Pharysewes
Bat maistirs of pe lawe were than
And askede at this selly man
How gates pat he had his sighte
And he said Ihesus bus me dighte
Pan saide some bat stode per by
He was never godd certeine
Oure haly daye haldes he noghite in state
For it was done one oure Sabath
And som said how it moghte
Off synfull man swilke dede he wroght
Be Pharisens bat ware sa felle
Grete strittle made pam ymelle.
And gruched & couthe na resoune fynde
And gart calle agayyne pe blynde
What haldis bou bat man said pay
A prophete said he be my lay
Be maistirs Iewes tan bigane
To mystrowe bat selly man
Some said he blynde had bene
Some saide he halfe cuer sene
Pan gart pay for the brynghe
Be men nereste of his kyna
Es this 3oure sone pay answere 3aa
Was he borne blynde pay said 3aa
Says vs nowe bi 3oure lewtee
How gates may he now see
His frendis said oure sone es he
When he was borne he moght noght see
How pat he may see now
Askes hymseluen how
He es of elde & wele we wate
He kane speke for his awen state
Pay acre men thus answere paye
Pay drede be Iewes wondef sar
Pat had pay made wele pay wiste
Any louynge to Ihesu Criste
Or hym bygun to Ioue or loutte
Pay had bone schent withowtten dowt
For thi hym seluen þay bad þam fraync
Pay wolde hafe bene away full paync
3int thir lewes fellie of kynde
Be thir tyme calde hym þat was blynde
Grete wonder þay sayde hafe we
How synfull man moghte gare þe see
Be he synfull be he cleene
He gart me see þat blynd hase bene
Now quod thay per charite
Tell vs how he dide with the
He said þe sothe I talke 3ow are
At me ne sall 3e wete na mare
After hym swa whi spurre 3e
His discyple will 3e bee
þan þase lewes þay bigane
Felly to myssaye this man
Be þou his discyple quod thay
For will neuer turne fra oure lay
For a grete faytours þan es he
And Moyscs discyple arc we
Pat was a man withowtten make
Godd hymseluen with hym spake
And of hym this no thyng knawe we
To þase lewes þan ansuerde he
Pat my sighte gaffe to me
I wate it wele & wenys it noghte
Synne þat man neuer 3it ne wroghte
He hates alle þese þat douse ille
And luffes all þase þat douse his will
He es a man withowtten pere
Pore mennes prayers will he here
Off swilke anocher was neuer herde
Sen þe begynnynge of this werlde
Pat Blynde borne men gatts þe sighte
Withowtten þe grace of godde of myghte
Pan spakk þay alle to hym in skorne
Bathe þou and he in syn were borne
If þou stande sermonande alle þe 3ere
þou ne garres vs neuer his lawes here
þay regroynted hym als a dogge
And dange hym fra þaire Synagogue
Herken this lurdane quod thay
Wold vs lere ane vncouthe laye
His begger þat in syn was getyn
Fra thair temple when he was betyn
Fra þam þan he went full 3are
Secund thesu here and thare
Ihesu thoghte hym to do solace
And schewe mare of his grace
When pat Ihesus and he met
Full semandly his lorde he grett
Till hym said Ihesus say me now say
Trowes bou in goddes sone or nay
Whare es he that wiste I whare
One hym to trowe full lefe me ware
Ihesus saide bou hafes hym sene
And with hym spakes withouten wene
Set said Ihesus my commynge
Es luggement till erthe to brynge
bat thase pat noghte sees solde se
And thase pat sees solde blynd he
Than said some of pat semble
Sais bou pat blynde are we
Ware 3e he said withouten sighte
Pan ware 3e withouten plighte
Bot now he said pat 3e may se
In synn perfore lefte are 3e

Now forthirmare 3itt schall I tell 3owe
Off pe werkes of swete Ihesow
Als telles this ilke Euangliste
Dat he saige folowande Criste
Vnto Olyuete that hille
Dat he mekill haunted till
Thare to bidde his bedis wanstont
Thedir to gaa ofte was he wont
Pat hille one a day went he fra
And to pe temple gane he gaa
For to ken and for to lere
Se men pat hadd wil hym to here
Se pharasens pat ay tuffed streyte
Vnto pe kirke pay broghte a wyfe
Pat in horedame was tane
Be lawe wolde men solde hir stane
In myddes pat temple wyde
Many man was pare pat tyde
Aboute hir heuode hir hare hyngande
Many ware thare with stanes in hande
Pan spake one for pam alle
Vnto Ihesu gun he calle
Maister he saide to this womane
Pat bou sees here redy to stane
Broken scho hase hir spousaille
Scho sall be staned perfore sance faille
For Moyses badd vs stane all slyke
Ware pay pore or ware pay ryke
Late vs see now thi luggement
Pat was noghte saide with haire assent
For alle had pay sworn pe till
Pat sary woman for to spille
In wrange dede or worde pay thoghte
To take hym pat pay neuer moghte
Thay thoghte if he wolde hir stanne
Man of mercy was he nane
And if he lette hir quynte gange
Thay myghte he dide wrange
To make hym madde alle saie pay swaa
And to atteynte hym bytwene thase twa
When pay hadde pusgates soghte
Ihesus knewe full wele thaire thoghte
He stomped downn & with his handes
He wrae a while in pe sanddes
Pan said alle pat bare wasse
Whi giff vs ansure & latte vs passe
Vs thynke full lange we duelle alle day
Wha lettes gowe to wende away
Bot wha pat es withowtten
Pe ffirste stane at hir salt caste
Pe man pat es withowttren synn
Firste to stane hir he bygynn
In this he stompede doune ofte sythe
And alle thase ware dombe als swythe
Ilkan soulkede ban awaye
Na thyng ban couthe thay say
In that temple lefte was nane
Bot Ihesus and this womane
Ihesu raysed vp his heued
In pe temple saghe he nane leuade
He saghe this woman standand thare
For hir he mourned selly sare
Womane he saide whare are pay
Pat the solde do toll dede his day
Quakand scho loked hir aboute
Ihesu badd hir hafe no dowte
Lorde scho said alle are awaye
For thi womane to the I saye
Ga now forth the thou wilt wende
Schall nane of thi faes the schende
I ne dampte the noghte forthir thou fare
Bot ga now forth and will synn no marc
Be na mare in will to synn
And clese the of that thou hase bene in

Off the man that was helide at the Pissoyne
A watir ther es in that thede
Pissoyne it es called in lede
Pat water als the storye sais
Was mekill remowede in pase dayes
Bi pat ilke vynere
Many a man laye vnfer
Pare In ware wonnte for to discende
Angells it for to blende
Pan did it swa in that square
When pat it drouy ware
The firste seke man myghte thedir wynn
With pat watir to wasche hym In
He ne solde neuer thethyn fare
Till he ware hale of alle his sare
Ihesus this tyme was walkande
& come by this vynere grete folke he fande
pat pare ware liggande for to bide
When pair hele sold betyde
Thare fande Ihesus a man vnferere
And had benought & thirty gere
Swa harde in lymes was he tane
Pat weldyng of þam ne had he nane
Ihesus byhelde this caytif thare
And rewed of hym selly sare
Gode man he sayd with me þou mele
þernys þou for to haife thi hele
þa sir he said no thyng so gladde
Bot I am swa with sekernes staddke
þat I ne may to þat watir wynn
Ay other gase before me therlan
And that es nane þe sothe to telle
þat me wil bere vnto þe wellke
Lange hafe I ledde this sary lyfe
Will nane rewce one me caytifle
And gud man I the trewly say
þou sall be hale this ilke day
Rise vp now sall þou ly no longere
Gang hethyn the with alle thi gere
Vp he rase withoutten mere
And one his bak his bedd he bare
þat day his man was made fere
The lewes helde haly day & pat dere
When þay hym saghe þat birden undir
One hym bigane thay for to wonder
Whatt cursed man art þou quod thay
þat thus wrikes on our halyday
þou of god hafe none awe
And saide many another sawe
þou carte whi brokes þou oure lawe
Worthi þou ware to brenne & drawe
Agayne thi birden bere þou nowe
Or full sare it sall the rewce
Gode men he saide by goddes myghte
Me to wit e 3e ne hafe no righte.  
Ate welle of Syloe thare I laye.  
A man come gangande by be waye.  
And made me bothe hale & fere.  
And bade me ryse with my littere.  
And said do be forth & gaa.  
And als he me bad loo I do swa.  
Aughte and thrity 3ere I lay in bande.  
And I ne remouede neiter tote ne hande.  
The angelle lyghtyng I ay habade.  
Vnto this man me hale made.  
And he pat me hale hase wroghte.  
Agayne say hym ne awe me noghte.  
Pay lette hym passe þam ymelle.  
And than sayde þe lewes felle.  
This is noghte with good quod þay.  
Bot þusgates brekes oure haly day.  
The lyfe he ledis may na man lede.  
And greues vs vs his traward deede.  
He will noghte come till oure bewyst.  
Ne till oure lare will he noghte fiste.  
Oure haly day he noghte forberis.  
Bot many wirke on þam he geris.  
He fandis faste vs for to payere.  
With vs ne will he neuer speke faire.  
Wele ofte he greues vs selly sare.  
And euer ilke day mare and mare.  
Many gederyngs he garres vs make.  
And many consaile for his sake.  
And done vs hafes he mekill angere.  
Pat certis we may thole na langare.  
A consaile of hym will we taa.  
And of hym sall we neuer take maa.  
He nexte tyme þat he commes in handes.  
We will þat he be done in handes.  
And wha sa thare agayne sais oghte.  
It sall be ful dere boghte.  
In that skatterid þaire assemble.  
Þesu went owte of that Cite.  
Ferre away by anothir syde.  
Out fra þair sighte hym to hide.  
For ȝitt was noghte his tyme commen.  
Into thaire handes for to be noonmen.  
Ne myghte þay neuer hande lay hym one.  
Till he wolde þat it were done.  
Fra þat tyme he hymseluen bedde.  
Neuer a fotte fra þam he bleddde.  
Till he his blode amanges þam bleddde.  
And for vs lefte his lyfe in wedde.  
Þesu went to the temple þan.
Pare spake he with this alde man
He saughe hym full of sorow & waa
Pe lewes hym hadd regroyne swaa
Crist till hym spake with wordes hende
Fra now pou moste my dere frende
Tent to my techyne & my tale
Thynke one thi sekenes pou arte hale
Ihesu went here and thare
And did Miracles cuer ay whare
Till it come a solemnyte
He come agayne to that cite
With hym come his disciples fele
And othir folkes folowande fele
Into pe temple pay with hym 3ede
And he bygane thaym to rede
Als pay herkened his sermoun
With full grete deuocyoun
And som saide pam ymelle
Wha herde man cuer swagates spelle
Barthe lawes men & men of lare
Off hym spake bothe lesse & mare

Ihesow ban haine speche herde
And myldly he thaym anserude
My lare es noghte myn said he
Bot his bat hafes sent me
Pat neuer lyghed ne neuer sale
His witt his lewte ay es hale
And his fare sailt laste for ay
This wil hymseluen witnes & say
Pat man pat spekes hymselfe of ros
Wate 3e gode men whate he dose
When he his awun rose hase soghte
Sothestines in hym es noghte
Bot sothestines es in his worde
Pat othir men giftes luffe worde
Moyses 3owr lawe 3ow brughte
3e knawe it hot 3e do it noghte
Selly me thynke 3e hate me swa
And sekes seregatis me to slaa
Till hym ban said all pat sembl
Whe hope some deuyll be in the
Wha wil the sla whi sais pou wrange
I hafe done gud werkes 3ow Imange
Nane was pryue alle hafe 3e sene
And thare at hafe 3e grete tene
Moyses gaffe 3ow in the alde
Lawe Circumsye to halde
And 3e Circumsyse one halyday
And letis noghte for the lay
And whi hate 3e me thame
For I made hale a seke man
At the Pisoyn one 3your Sabath
And demys me heforse sere gate
Swa ne sold 3e do wolde 3e me trowe
And wele I wate it were for 3owe
Many men war by and stode
And herd this folke wraehe & wode
Dare wate comen to the toune
To here this disputicyoun
Many wordes pay spake & felle
Quer lange were alle to telle
Some sayd when sall criste hym schewe
Wethen sall he come sall na man knawe
His kyn ne his contree
Bot this mannes kyn wele knawe we
Off this lande es bathc hc & his
Decontre knawes it wele ywys
Pan saide Ihesus a worde to myn
Sen 3e knawe me and my kyn
Off 3our vnwitt when will 3e blyme
Sekes me noghte sakles swa with synn
And tentis to skille & to resoune
3e ken me and my nacyoun
In na place thare 3e me see
3e sall noghte here bot sothe of me
For he pat me to sowe wolde sende
Es sothfastnes withowtten ende
He pat me sent I wate what es
And 3e knawe hym noghte ywyssse
If I said bat I hym noghte ne knewe
Pan were my wordes vntrue
Bath were I false & lyghere
Als bat 3e 3ourseluen ere
I knawe hym and hase knawen cuer
Fra hym ne sall I sunder neuer
Full fayne pay wolde hym hafe nommen
Bot 3itt was noghte his tymc comen
Many man bygan to trowe
Fra that tymc forthe in Ihesowe
Euer more after that day
Be Iewes aboutewarde tranelde ay
Full fayne pay wolde hym hafe tane
Bot hande on hym noghte pay lige nane
And many tymes pay toke pay rede
How pay myght beste bryng hym to deede
Sythen sall 3e here on what wyse
Ihesu garte lazare ryse
Bot or that I ferrere ga
I sall speke of his sistirs twa
Pat was Martha es noght to layne
be toper was be Magdelayne
Lazarc als sais the storie
Was of a place highte Bethany
Sisters pan hadde he twynne
be tane was a woman full of synn
A synfull woman was scho ane
Fo scho commone to Ikke a man
This womans ffairenes
Garte many syne mare and lesse
Seuen fendi s fra hir keste criste
Als sayse sayne luke be euangliste
A sely Synfull was scho this
Alle hir synn turnede to blysse
Wonnande scho was in pat square
Dare Ihesus prechede here and thare
Dare he many meruelle dide
And to mankynd hym seluen kydd
And to many seke men he gaffe be hele
And als he come bi a castele
A man hight Symond leprouse
Had prayed criste vnto his house
And for he prayed with gud chere
Iherus hym grantede his prayere
Full faire servys Symond hym dighte
Als was to swilke a lordyng righte

How Iherus fforgaf be Magdelayne hir Synnes
When Ihesu was sett in sete
With his discyples at pe mete
This synfull woman noght to layne
Pat es called be magdelayne
Within the castelle par I off talde
Scho moghte do what so scho walde
Par godd will pat man syn be bette
Par may no thyng hym lett
be worde of Iheu sprang full bradc
For a miracle that he made
Who Mary wist Ihesus was commen
A Boyste with smerrells have scho nommen
A smerrell pat was of price ful dere
In a boyste with hir scho bere
And schortly my tale forthe to telle
Bifore Ihesu one knees scho felle
Ther with scho felle one swilke a grete
Pat with hir teris scho wesche his fete
One his fete scho grette full sare
And sythyn scho dreed pam with hir hare
Dar scho fande any galle or sare
With hir smerrells scho smered it thare
Alle this honours scho hym dide
    And sythen kiste his fete in myde
    Alle pay wondred one mary
For thay hir saghe neuer are so sary
    Scho lefte hir dede for no schame
Symond he maister of that famne
Wondred & said in his thoughte
    Bot with mouthe he neuend it noghte
Wore this man a verraye prophete
He woman pat standis at his fete
    And he wist whatt scho were
    Scho solde noghte hym neghe so nere
For scho a woman of synfull state
Als alle his contree full wele wate
    Pat hym answerte Thesu crist
What Symond thought ful wele he wyst
Herken to me he saied a stounde
Ful fayn e lorde sayd Symonde
    It was a man whilom was wont
Siluer for to lete vnmstont
    Dis man was ane hokerere
And twa men come pat hade mystere
    And asked hym siluere of lane
    Dis riche man lent vnto pe tane
A hundretthe penys swilke als was than
    And fifty to pe tothir man
When it come to pe terme day
    Nughte bay hade for to pay
For he pam saghe no catell hafe
    Alle he dett he pam forgaffe
He pam forgaffe and bad pam fare
    Whethir aghte to lufc hym mare
Sit me thynke withowtten lette
    He bat he forgaffe be maste dette
    Dat was maste forgynffen till
Maste hym aughte to luffe with skill
Wele pou answere symond
Hym aughte to do swa with resounue
Alle wayes scho wepte appon his fete
    And lherus hir allane lete
Vnto Symonde he saide onane
Sees pou he said this woman
    To my fete wair gaffe pou me nane
And pam to wasche neuer sythen scho fane
    Pou wate wele pat sothe il es
Dat pou me bedde noghte anes to kyss
Now sen I come vnto thyn Inn
    To kyssy my fete wolde scho neuer blyne
Oynement pou gaffe me noghte
    And scho hase oynement with hir broghte
And me annoynte fote and schanke
Before I come hir mekil thanke
And for scho me hales luffesay
I sall aqyte it if I maye
Off hir synnes scho sall be clene
I here forgysse pame ale by dene
Mekill pou luffed he said mary
Mekill the es forgyssen forthi
Ga wre pou ga thi mekil trewthe
Hau the saucede and thi rewthe
Now art pou saued thurg thi fay
Kepe pe wele nowe fra this day

Ihesus aftwarde in hy
Come to preche in Bethany
Gyffande many seke pair helfe
Men hym folowede wonder fele
Martha and mary thare he fande
Lazare thaire broper thare was wonnande
He gestened with thir sistirs twa
With mary and with martha
When pay wiste he thare wald duelle
Off grete comforthe gan pay telle
For neuer 3itt swilke a geste
Come vnto paire house to reste
Martha was houswyte of pat house
To scrue was scho full curyouse
Mary hir allane lete
And sett hir doune at Ihesu fete
One be grounde scho sett hir doune
For to here his sermonune
Nothir scho tent to mete ne borde
Bot toke all tent to goddes worde
For scho marth a helpe ne wolde
Off hir marth a a playnt hase tolde
To Criste & sayd see 3e noghte how
Pat I allane serues 30w
Mi sister sittis als 3e see
And will noghte ryse to helpe me
Leue lorde 3e bidde hir ryse
And helpe me now in this seruyse
Martha : martha saide Ihesow
In grete besynes artic pou nowe
And besy abowte many a dede
Bot maste be whethir of ane es nede
Be betir part mary hase chosen
Pat neuer fra hir sall be losen
Blissede be that afflicciowane
Pat mary broughte to swilke perdowun
Alkyn thyng scho forsoke
Out tane ane pat shou to take
Off alle thynge scho toke till ane
Withowten whayre rewarde es nane
Es na man kan teller pe tend
Part pat godd dowe till his frende
For es na man with hert may thinke
Ne na clerke may write with Inke
Ne eghe may see ne ere may here
Ne mannen witt thare may come nere
How mekill madle till vs es dighte
If we pat man will serve righte
Lefe we now thies sisters thus
And speke we will of Lazarus

How Ihesus Raysed Lazarus Fra dede to lyff e
Lazarus of Bethany
Had sisters Martha and Mary
Mekill he luffed ham bathe
Did he neuer 3itt man skathe
A castelle was bathe his & thaires
Pare of ware bay cler ayers
To this castelle Criste was calde
To berberghe with in that halde
And als pe storye telles vs
Sekc was he this Lazarus
In sekenes was he halden swa
Dat on ethce he mygte noghte gaa
Mary and Martha ware full wa
For his sekenesse & swa was maa
His systirs seruys hym to hande
Pat bownden laye in goddes hande
Bot bot till hym pat swa was bunden
Full ferre was soghte bot nane fonden
If pay it soghte pay fande na bote
Sekenes hym baldis in hande & fote
When he saghe her was nane oher
Ne no mending at thaire bropher
Conselle pay toke Ihesu to seke
For pare Bropher pat was so meke
Till hym pay thoughte he sothe for to say
How pare bropher in langoure lay
And pryde hym if his will were
Come see pare bropher pat was vnfere
For wele wisith thies sistirs twa
He couthe hym hele of alle his waa
Hym pay soghte outh alle fudee
Bot he was noghte in that cotee
And that was for this resoune
Be lues hym soghte with tresoune
Pay fande hym noughte in that lande
Bot they fane neuer till they hym fande
Thir messangers paire Erande sayde
To Ihesu that was one theym layde
Pay prayed hym als lorde dere
For his frende that was vnfer
dat he till hym a tome wolde make
For hym & his twa sistirs sake
He es full seke that fele and trewe
A lorde pay sayd one hym pou rewe
To thase men pat be message bare
Ihesus gaffed swilke ansuare
Ganges hame he sayde pe way
And vnto pam sail 3e say
Dat pay noughte for paire brothir morne
To dede sail noughte his sekene tome
Bot sail now his ther with be sene
Marc byuuer before hase bone

Agayne pay went with pair ansuare
Twa dayes our lorde was there
Pan his disciples gart he calle
Graythes he saide now sow alle
For vnto lude sail we nowe
And pay sayd what thynkes pou
Thehir agayne and pou gaa
Certis by ewes mon the slaa
Forthi if pou will be oure frende
One na wyse thehir pat pou wende
Ihesu said whi say 3e swa
Ten houres es hafe pe day and twa
wha pat sail wende any way
Gode it es to go by day
For wha sa walkes by nighttertale
In many perells fallie pay sale
To my talkynge takes gode kepe
Lazare our frende lygges one slepe
Dat I wende till hym es tyume
Hym to wakken of his swyme
He hafes me lufed euer and ay
It sail be quyt for sothe to say
Sir pay sayd if he slepe oughte
Drede of dede ne es it noughte
If he slepe his hele es at lende
Ihesu saide 3e sail understande
Be tyme es comande here till
Dat some of 3ow sail lyke ful ill
For he es dede pat 1 of say
And sythen es gane pe fourt day
Dede and grauen bathe es he
He es noghte qwifte bat sal! 3e see
Now ban am I gladde and blythe
Bat I was noghte thare bat sythe
Bot now sen pay me aftir sende
Allgates thedir will I wende
When Thomas bat highte dedimus
Knewe bat dede was lazarus
Als his maister said Ihesus
He mornede sare & sayde thus
Vnto his felawes ban sayd he
Lordynges he sayde now heris 3e
Bat lazarus es noghte in lyve
Gaa we and dye with hym swythe
Me liste na lengere lyfe nowe
Bot we hafe helpe of Ihesow
We sall mys full gretely
Bat gudman in Bethuny
Bytwixe Jerusalem and the castelle
Wouned pe Magdelayne 3e herd me telle
Those folkes bat hafe there bene
Says it es noghte miles fynten
Thedir als lazare was dede
Ihesus to that place streghthe 3ede
When bat pay comen ware
Lazare frendis 3itt fande pay thare
In that Castelle bothe alde & 3ynge
For lazare dede pay make mornynge
Mary and Martha pe boke says
Wepid for lazare foure dayes
The schir come many a lewe
Ma than I kan tel 3ow now
Bathe of ane and of othir
To comforthe base women for haire brothir
Righte with this ther come tithande
Bat thesu was the nere commande
Bat he and his companye
Was nigh the nere commande certainely
Martha was never halfe so fayne
And tytte scho went hym agayne
To fote scho felle hym saryly
And one hym scho keste a crye
Leue lorde scho sayde what es bi rede
Now es my brothir fra me dede
A lorde hadd pou here bene
Had no dede one hym bene sene
Bot for what thynghe pou makes praycre
Welle I wate god will the here
Martha he sayd thi broper sall ryse
scho said 3a one somkyn wyse
One domesday I wate then
Ryse he mon with othir men
Say Criste I am vp rysyng & lyfe
Whaa pat in me traystes man or wyfe
If pay ware dede pay solde lyfe
Swilke a gifte I solde pam gyffie
Alle pat lyffes and trowes in me
Dede ne salt pay neuer see
Trowes bou this scho said 3aa
I trowe this and I trowe alswa
Pat bou arte goddes awun sone
Comen Imanges vs for to won
Martha sorowfull and sary
Called one hir sistir mary
And vnto hir scho gane towne
Ihesu scho sayde es commen to townn
Gange and speke with hym in hy
Are thare be any mare kry
Vp scho rase & till hym went
Righte with sary chere hir ment
Hir chekes were ful bla and wanne
Full many a tere thaym ouer rame
Vntill brotheir grave scho gase
Swonnande thare scho said allas
And sythen fra that monument
With hir lorde to speke scho went
Till hym scho rame and felle one knes
Lorde sho sayd als thou see
Dede es my brotheir lazare
Pare for my hert es full sare
Haddde thow lorde bene here with vs
Haddde noghte my brotheir drede thus
Ihesu hir blyssed in that stirt
For hir he hadde rewth in hert
Lazare frendis that thare ware
For hym pay morned swythe sare
Ihesu comforthe of alle care
Kynones grete he kydd pam thare
For he wept sarrere than thire othir
With thir twa wymmen for paire broper
Tendirly he grett and sayde
Whare now es he corps layde
Sir said Mary com forthe and see
A lorde mckill luffed he the
Now lorde pat luffande es and sly
Pat the swa luffed whi lete hou dy
Ihesu pair mornyng understode
To the graue with thaym he zode
When he come thare withowtten hone
He hadde the graue solde be vndone
Fra the tombe thay toke the lydde
His comandment ful sone thay dide
Than said Martha lorde I trowe
Wormes bygynnes one hym to gnawe
He styknes for fourc days are gane
Sen he was stoken in this stane
Than said hethus Martha do way
It es na witt I here the say
Forgoten hafes pou sone the lare
Pat I kende the langare
If pou walde trowe are said I the
A grete selconthe solde thou sec
Sawe thou nane swilke many day
Many men ware thare I say
The tombe lyddc away pay toke
Vpwarde to heuen hethus gane toke
Till his ffadir made his bounce
And his ffadir herde hym sone
Honowred be thou ffadir ofte
Sittande with angells one lofte
Thi sone the thankes pou down has sent
Till ethe thurghe he holy gaste assent
Fadir I wate I am of the
Alle are we anc in persones three
I walke here ymange myn awun
If I with thaym be littill knawenn
I willc alle wete for whatc resoun
Dou me sent hedir downn
And me here with thi myghte hase ledde
Pat I am bathe luffede and drodd
Dou pat in this tombe es stadde
Lazare comforthe he badd
Lazare than gaffe a kry
Pat alle herde that stode hym by
At his biddynge he rase one ane
That thare laye stoken in the stane
In wyndyn g clathe als he was wonden
Fete and handes bothe were bunden
Lowses hym he saide I wat why
Pat he es liffande certaynly
Pan said alle that thare stode
Criste kidd thir sistirs mekill gude
Fra the tymne pat this wonder sprange
Folkes till hym gedirde fiull strange
Full wyde whare pe worde rase
How lazare fra deede raysed was
I hope ferrere pe worde was ryfe
Pan eitt fer was it of his lyfe
Pe takens 3e hafe herde here
Gude es pat 3e thaym fere
Swilke ne herde 3e neuer I wene
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How myghte Meruelle mare be sene
Crippills gange pe blynrd hafe sighte
be dombe to hafe pe speche righte
Pat hadd bene mesells many a gere
He þam made bathe hale and fere
The dede he raysede agayme to lye
Swilke meruellis did he many & ryve
Whu pat troues noghte in his myghte
He nc cs noghte bot a cursed wighte
Als ware many In that townn
Thare he raysede lazarowyn
That ware of the lewes false
That hym solde menske & honour als
For he was borne of thaire kyn
And thay hym maste waytted with vwyn

How þe lewes consaile to slaa Ihesu
Thir werkes of Criste þat were gode
Menged þir lewes in mayne & mode
Pairefore thay consaile thaym ymange
Other hym to hede or to hange
Alle the gode werkes þat he thaym wroghte
Euere setter thay thaym at noghte
Pan a conselle toke thay
What ware beste to do or say
Than spake þay to and fra
Consaile þay toke thaire lorde to slaa
Pat þaire awun lorde es
And euer helpande to thaym ywysse
Swa mylde and swa meke of mode
Swa gyffere of alkyne gude
Lordynes wele we wate
Pat oure eldiris þe bible wraete
Godd luffe þe lewes lange byforne
Are þat his sonc in Erthe was borne
And mekil kyndenes thaym had done
Delyuerde thaym fra pharaone
Fra pharaon þat was so strange
And þam had ledd in bonndage lange
He sent a man thaym to lede
Out of þat cursed thede
Moyses than highte he
He ledd thaym drye thorowte þe see
And pharaoo thaym folowed to slaa
And thare was he drownned & his men alswa
In wildernes withowt men swynke
He þam fande bathe mete & drynke
Fra alle greunanç he thaym gete
And gaffe thaym manna for to ete
Grete luffe he thaym gan schewe
And with Moyses sent thaym be lawe
And deluertede þam owtt of wa aw
And kep thyam fra pharaon thair fa
And helide thyam bathe dombe & defe
And garte þe wande bere fruyste & left
Pat Aaron hymselfen bare
Als that I hafe tolde 3ow are
And thaym appertly gauethe hete
Thurgh þe mouthe of a prophete
Pat ane solde come of thaire kyn
Pat solde fordo adame synn
And when þay asked Saul þe kyng
He þam gaffe thaire askynge
And sythen kyng Davi with chesyng
Pat sloth þe Golyas with a slynge
And aftir hym kyng Salomon
And the lande of promyssyoun
Vnto thyam In for to wonn
And there appon he sent bis sone
For to be borne þe sothe to telle
To rawsome these þat were in helte
Alle this thyam tolde Sain Ymeoun
And sitt ne trowes noghte thics felouns
Off that barne þat mary bare
Bot euere mystrowande mare and mare
When hymselfen ymange thaym kydet
d And meruell many ymanges þam didde
Als byfore archidyclyne
Off watir made he the wyne
And of ten men þat were mesele
He þam gaffe full faire paire helte
Lazare that was dede alswaa
He hym raysede and other ma
And helid a man þat was vnferce
Mare than aught & thritty sere
And other many poynites serce
Wele ma than I may neuen here
And he thyam gaffe nane other taske
Bot righte alle als þay wolde aske
Thic mare kyndnes þat he thyam bedde
The ffuster fra hymwarde þay fledde
Alle that he moughto do to gode
The Iewes helde hym euere wode
Thay were to hym full Envyous
And to thymseluen full contrarious
And agayne thaire awun witte
That thay wolde noghte trowe hym sittte
Ne that he solde take manhede
Off a mayden of thaire sede
And sitt walde þay noghte vndirstande
When John the Baptist with his hande
Saide 3oure Sanyoure es zone
Faythe till hym ne gaffe pay none
He ne myghte neuer bryng hym in pay
For thyng pat he couthe do or say
For na taken pat eter did Ihesow
Mighte he neuer garc pe Lewes trowe
Bot for his gud dedis Ilkan
Alle thy thoghte hym to stane
And namely for that resoun
Bot he rayesede Lazaroun
Fra pat tyme forth he pay did pair payne
Pat bathe lazare and he were slayne
Hym for the folk that till felle
And lazare for he of hym gun telle
Faste ymanges thaym thay ordayne how
Pat pay may beste sla Ihesowe
And vmbythoghte Pam of a gynn
How pat pay moghte beste bygynn
And how pat he moghte taken be
In this thay made a gretesemble
In a  house was in that towne
Off thaire awun dampnacyoun
Thare thay thaym ordaynecd a tresoune
For hym wolde pay take na rawnsoun
He es thay sayd so wonder wyse
Pat alle men mon with hym rysc
Alle this werlde mon till hym bowe
Alle men bygynnes in hym to trowe
And men of skorne mon come may falle
And take oure stede oure folkes with alle
And fra vs oure lawes rewe
And in thaire baundon mon we byleue
Att this gaderyng a man ther was
His name was called Cayphas
He was Bischoppe in pat 3ere thare
And that may hym euer mare rewe full sare
Bischoppes ware thay than abowte
Ilkane bot his tweluemonth owt
Cayphas sayde gode men 5e whate
In Gastelynes 1 halde 3oure state
Trowes me and my consayle
And it schalle 3ow full mckill availe
3e wate noghte alle that I
Vnderstandes thurgh prophecy
Pat a man sail in hande be tane
And dampned for the folke & slane
Now certanely swa mon it bee
This Ilke Ihesu than es hee
Dye allane for sothe he sall e
Are bat þe folke be tynt alle
Ihesu to slaa alle þan hafe þay hight
And ther to hafe þay trowthes plighte

Kayphas spakke 3itte vnto tha
Swilke wordes and many ma
Off þe dede of Ihesu Criste
And said sothere than he wiste
For he come for to dy with will
And the prophetes sawes to fullfill
Fra than they soghte withowtten awe
Ihesus for to hynge and drawe
Ihesus will dulle thare no lengare
Pat they solde hym see or angere
Till Effrayym went he es

A cite by a wildernes
With his menþe lend he thare
He wiste the lawes hym wold forfare
And þay may handes one hym lay
Bot 3itt ne come noghte his day
Bot he wolde to þe dede be done
Bot it was after commande sone
The lawes euere hym helde in striffe
Thay hated na man mare one lyffe
His disciples ware full waa
Bot þaire maistere was hated swaa
And namely of thaym that bee
With resOUNe maistre solde honoured bee
I haf e he sayde 3ow chosen twelue
The twelfte es the fende hymselue
By hym he this tale talde
Pat hym to the lawes salde
That was he this Ilke Judas
That to selle his lorde aboutewarde was

In Effrayym he was a stownde
And sythen thethyn gan he founde
He went owt of that contre
And toke þe waye to galyle
The lande of ludee he hafes furborne
For thare they hafe his dede sworne
Thane helde þe lawes in that cite
A grete feste hight cynophe
Than the appostels sayde vnto Ihesu
The wordes that I sall tell 3ow now
Sir þay sayde wendis vnto ludee
Pat men may 3oure menells see
Or to Jerusalem we rede þat 3e wende
For thare now hafe many a frende
Frendis hafe 3e euer aywhare
Bot he masthe plente the hafe 3e thare
Thaire feste es nowe ga we Sir pan
For thedir ganges full many a man
It es no resoune 3ec 3owc with drawe
Bot putt bow forth the men to knawe
If 3e will hafe 3owr wetkes kykke
drawe 3ow euer the folke ymydde
Pat pay bathe may see and here
And loue the for thy sygnes sere
Wha pat hufe worde 3ernys in nede
Baldely forth he moste hym bede

Ihesu said frendis wate 3e noghte
Anothir thynge es in my thohte
The werlde nathynge hates 3owc
Bot it hates me that sall 3e trowe
Bothe me and my werkes alle
And alle that to my trouthe will falle
I cane noghte hate it certanely
If it hate me ne es na celly
For it wate neuer whatt I ame
And of it speke I mekill schame
I of it and it of mee
By twnve vs gude lyfe may nane be
That feste sall 3c gaa too
I hafe na tome 3itt swaa to do
Thedir as 3itt will I noghte fare
For sone me lufande fynd I thare
Thay went forthe and lefte hym thus
And preualy thaym folowed lhesus
Swa pat thay hym solde noghte see
Knowen of thaymen noghte wolde he be
With he lewes ne with his awun
Walde he noghte pat tyme he knawen
He wiste wele the lewes snare
That thay hym solde no lengare stone
Those men pat woide pat he were slayn
Aftir hym full faste gane pay frayne
Mckill of lhesus thir men spakke
Now solde he be here said that pak
For to moestre his maiesties
He that pat make hym so wyse
Pan at the gate of Salomon
Oure lorde to be toun e come
And thare he fande byfore hym boun
Off lewes many a feloune
In myddis be strete pay hym meyt
And alle aboute he es vs sett
It was a wonderfull grete rowte
Pat sone was gahirde hym aboute
Allane ymyddes thayme he stode 14620
One hym thay yelld als þay ware wode
Past þe spired aftir the nowe
What þynge to do sayde Ihesow
For þou art swa drede þe alle
And þat men godd þe calle 14625
If þou swa be some þynge thou schawe
Þat we may it trowe and knawe
Sothe þet es þat I am hee
With godd þan speke þee
Bot wele I wate 3e leue me noghte
Ne þin þe werkes þat I hafe wroghte
Ilk a day bfore þoure syghte
Þat neuer was done through mannes myghte
3e lufe me noghte þat wate I wele
Ne 3e ne trowe me neuer a dele
And for þoure hirde halde 3e noghte me
Forthi my schepe may 3e noghte be
I abowte 3ow full gerne hafe bene
One 3ow my traualye, es noghte sene
Mi lare ne will 3e noghte lere 14630
For þi are me nothyng dere
Bot þe þat honours me ywysse
Thay may be traste of paradyse
One domesday þan sal þay stande
to take þaire mede one my righte hande
In the blysse þat neuer sal þeue
And þat sal þa man þam renue
Certis 3ow droc þa na thyng
For my þfadir es heuen kyng
And þat sal 3e ununderstande
Hym take I euere to my warande
I am his Ihesus þat sal
Mankynd bryng owte of bale
My tyme sal laste bot lyttill space
I do bot hydes my þfadirs grace
Neuer þe lesse wel sal þe I kepe
Þat me es taghte my þfadir schepe
I sal þam in alle ways defende
In helle þaire saules bese neuer brende
I am now myghty I sal þe marke 14650
My þfadir and I euere cuen we are
This is þe sothe my þfadir and I
We are bathe ane Certainly
Swa þat thurgh mankynd art
May na thyng vs depar
Thir wordes were noghte vuto þair will
Bot þay þam greued wondre ille
Þay bigene to be full grym
And lathely þay lokede on hym
And said than with grete stryfe
Loke he eschape noghte with be lyfe
Worthy it ware to stane hym sone
Whi said Criste what haf e I done
Agaynes 3owe in any ways
For pou art goddes sone pou says
I say sothe but sall se see
For my gude dedis whi stane 3e me
Lelly matir me haf e 3e nane
Me to do harme or to stane
For thi gode dedis quod thay
We will noghte stane the parfay
Bot for pou wirkes agayne be lawe
And ofte greuys at thi myssawe
Goddes sone pou sayse art pou
Ban to pam anssuerde Ihesow
Certaney I am swa
And may naman sounder vs twa
Gase lokes 3oure bokes of 3oure lay
And 3e schall fynd soth pat I 3ow say
In bokes redy 3e may it fynde
Bot certis 3e are wonder blynde
3oure awenn boke 3e kan not spell
And pat 3e wate noghte I will 3ow tell
And pat proues 3ow for feloune
And me goddes sone thurg h resoune
For he es called goddes sone
Pat gode werkes es wonte to done
Into his erthe my ffadir me sende
Pat were seke for to amende
Off his sendynge I come ywyss e
And he me halde for ane of his
De haly writt lyghtes to na wyghte
What pat vndirstandis righte
I wirke alle in his nam e
Forthi my werkes may nane blame
He pat in me will trewly tr scope
It sall hym turne to mekill prowe
And wha will noghte trow pat I telle
Ordyned he es to be in helle
My ffadir es euer mare in me
And I in hym sall euer bec
Swilk wordes pan spake he thare
That pan concludit tha parc ware
And alle with haly writtis lare
A thowsande 3ere pat was said are
And pat couthe fynd resoune nane
Till hym bot fledde euerilkane
Agaynes hym couthe pay noghte say
Bot als cowardes skulked away

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And als men menged in mode
And thesus to the temple gone
There he many chapmen funde
Serekyn marchandise chepande
Paire oxen thaire robyis pat pay salde
And monours paires monaye talde
Ihesus at thaym was full tene
And owte he keste paire alle by done
Beste & man owtt putt hee
There In ne lete he na thynge bee
The monayoure for thaire mysgilt
Keste oure paires burdis paire penys spilt
Be stolls pat pay one sete
Keste pam downn vndir paire fete
Ne wolde he neuer riste ne blynne
Till alle was owttte pat pares was In
Amanges thase men pat 1 of talde
Some thare ware pat doffes salde
With thaym full feste gane he flyte
Gase owtt he sayde of my house tyte
Mi house solde with resoune
Be called house of Orysoune
A Recett to traytours and thef e
Thare of to make es 3ow righte lefe
When the Iewes herd this
Gretely were pay grented ywys
Maister pay saide meruell thynke vs
Pat we so lange suffre the thus
Whatt kyns sygnes do canes thou
Pat solde garre vs till the bowe
Oure Iorde Criste pam gaffe ansuare
Bot pay knewe noghte he charge it bare
ge felle this temple downn to grounde
I sail it rayse in litil stownde
Alle hale within the thirde day
I sail it rayse that dare I lay
Bot than the Iewes ware full of Ire
And said pou arte a selcowth syre
It is bot foly thi talkynge
Pat is ane impossible thynge
When Salomon the kyng of blysse
Maste hadd of his welthe I wyss
In fowrti wyntter myghte he nott gare wirke
With alle his helpis this noble kyrrke
Wonder hafe we than howe
Withowtten helpe sayse pat thowe
Oure faire temple of stane and tree
May felle and rayse one days three
It solde be fowrti 3eris paste
Or thou it halfe doune myghte caste
Bot pay ne knewe noghte Cristes entent
For he it of his Body ment
To late pam distroye it als pay did
It solde be raysede pe day thriddle
Bot pan pe Iewes withowten mare
Lefte hym and his discyples thare
And thethyn warde als pay went awaye
Mekill schame pay gan hym saye
Ilkane sayde till othir of tha a
Whaa herde euer any man speke swaa
Som saide he es som prophete
He ne es noghte goddis sone I gow hete
For certanely wele wate whe
Pat joseph sone pan es hee
Alle are pay comen of Galyle
Bot godd these neuer of bat contree
Bot of a Castelle certaynely
Wherein was borne pe kyng Davy
Dat is pe townee of Bedleme
Be boke beres witnesse for to tene
Sone sayde ane till othir thane
Pan es godd this Ilke man
Off Bedleem kynd pan is he noghte
Gode is bat he be tane and broghte
Who knawe hym wele in this kythe
His ffaider alswa his modir hym wyth
In Galilee was he borne and getyn
And that ne sall neuer be forgetyn
How opynly byfore alle
Goddes sone he garres hym culle
The ffolke es founed pat es wele sene
That with hym ryses so clene
Ilke a man of hym standis awe
Swilke a Sire neuer gitt we sawe
Oure men fra vs pan hase he drytten
Sawe we neuer name so smertly thryuen
Salomon in alle his Blisse
Gitt ne was noghte his happe till his
For till hym was be lawe taghte
Bot that he thurgh lerynge laghte
Alle be prophetes pat euer ware
Off othir men hadd pay alle pair large
Bot now hym this newe commen man
Off man neuer leride he but he kane
Loo how perfitly he metys our e lawe
With hym to speke vs standis awe
In his hert es alle purnayede
Pat he will say reedy es sayde
Qwayntly vs hase he ouerecomen
Lange for vs are he be nommen
For if alle riche men be noghte his frende
Be pore will euer with hym wende
Pan come thay to the pharyseus
Pay of alle were maste schrewes
And pay pam askede sone in by
Where es that ourc enmy
Hafe 3e noghte tane hym pay said nay
And whare fore & why saide thay
And pan pay answarde so and so
For we ne may noghte wyn hym to
He kane wirke so qwayntly
Dat we ne may noghte wyn hym by
For swilke a man withowtten were
Ne was thare neuer in lande sene
Agaynes his worde may nane stryue
Dat in lande es nowe one lyve
Allas pan said thase phariseus
Pat false folke pat euer ware schrewes
For euer mare pan are we schent
And he þus be fra vs wennt
For he es so qwaynt of arce
Off hym nowe ne gete we neuer part
Whe sary men whatt may we say
Dat he es thus fra vs away
Wele we wate he mon vs schende
Pan sayd ane was goddes frende
Highte Nichodeme was sent with sande
With skill and resone þam to fande
Me thynke he saide lordynges on rawe
Ane y welle rede 3e one hande drawe
Withowtten dome nane awe to be slane
With felonye bot he be tane
And if that 3e will graythcly lokke
3e schall fynd it in the boke
If any man be tane for oughte
Before fustyce he schall be brughte
And if it ware swilke a wyte
Pat he thereof myghte hym qwite
Till hym be dome men solde gyffe
Pat he solde gaa qwitte and lyffe
And if he myghte noghte clene hym make
He solde þan he dome take
And euer ilkane sayen 3ee
Criste solde be borne in galyle
1 say noghte swaa bot ells whare
Criste solde noghte be borne thare
Bot in Bedleem of Dauid kynde
Solde he borne þat sall 3e fynde
Hamwardes þan þay wenten swythe
With heavy heart and chere vnbllythe

Certis this folke was ful feloun
Off symple witt of pore resoun
Hally to the fende bytaghte
Hym pay serue bothe day & naghte
Off wikked will of luell mode
Agaynes hym of paire awun blade
Off hym na thynge pay vndirstode
Dat till pam diede full mckill gude
In whatt place so ever he goode
He fande pam redy ever the fode
Bot alle for noghte till hym it stode
At be laste pay hangede hym be one be Rode
Thaym had feuer see be fende of helle
Than see hym ymange thaym duelle
Mikill pam aughte hym to luffe
Pat swa come for paire byhoufe
He pam folouse and pay hym flee
Pay wolde never appon hym see
Swettly pam hym drehe he too
And thay abowtrarde hym to fordo
Hadd selynes with thaym bene sene
Full blythe of hym solde pay hafe bene
And many tymes hym fallen to fote
That swa was borne to paire bote
He luffed pam at his hert rote
Bot of thaire luftie es noghte to mote
Bot noghte for thi for wele ne wa
Now will he noghte twyn pam fra
Bot now with pam will he lende
Till prophecyes be broughte til ende
Till he was nayled one pat tree
We ilke day off: Ensample may see
Off his passyoun pat was so harde
We schall here now forthwarde
He will bowe now pam vntill
Mekely with his awen wil
For be tymc es comandc here
That hym byhoues thole paynes sere
He will hym alle unbunden bede
For faste now neghes to nede
For to suffre his passyoun
Anothir boke spekes of pat rawnsoune
For now I thynke of this make ende
And to be passyoun will I wende
Anothir boke to bygynn
And I may to my purpose wynn
And pat I it till ende may brynge
I beseke oure heuen kynge
Als I this till ende haf e brughte
He grante me grace pat me dere boghte
Till his honoure and haly kirke
He leue me space this werke to wirke
Amen Amen that it swa bee
I pray 30w alle 3e praye for mee
bat takes one hande bis begynynge
He brynge me vnto gode endyng  Amen

Ihesu was of Mary borne
For synfull man pat was forlorne
I forsoke my fa8ir blysse
Aud come vnto this werlde ywyssse
I lete me tak and harde bynde
For be lufe I hadd vnto mankynde
And tholed pouert pyne a schame
Alle for synfull marnes name
Thynk ay thynk pou synfull man
Hafe I noghte made the my leman
I stode naked als I was borne
Pe lewes wikkede me biforne
Bouden till a pelare faste
Whils be bandis wold laste
One my bake I bare the rode
When I to my dede sode
Hadd neuer man so mekill schame
Here in erthe for nonkyns blame
Dou synfull man pat gase by me
Dwelle a while and dou may see
Dwelle a while and fonde to stande
Bihalde my fete and my hande
Mi body es with scourges swongen
Handis and sydes & fete thurgh stonngen
I hynge appon this harde rode
For synfull man I gaffe my blode
The thornes one myn heued standes
Thirlled thurgh fete and handes
Bihalde & see my blody syde
bat for thi lufe es opyned wyde
Putt in thi hande & grape my frende
Take pou my herte bitwixi bi hende
Than may pou with thyn egyne see
How trewly bat I hate luffed thee
Fra my crown vnto my taa
Full I ame of pyne and waa
Bytwix twaa thefes hang I here
Als I a thefe or traytoure were
Byfor my modirs egyne Mary
Suffre I all this velanye
I hafe thus many blody wondes
And suffred many harde stowandes
And swelte on the rode tre
Pou synfull man for be lufe of the
Syn I hafe the so dere boght
Whatt ayles the pou lufes me noghte
With thy syn pou pynes me
Als dide pe Iewes appon his tre
Synfull man and pou couthe gude
Ofte bird the thynke appon my blode
Nyghte and day & alle thi tyme
Aghte the to thynke appon my pyne
A waylewa pou synfull man
Hafe I noghte made the my leman
Hafe I noghte gyffen the alle my blysse
And myselfen therwith Iwysse
If pou neuer swa noble ware
What thynge myghte I do for the mare
I ne wate neuer one whatkyn wyse
Thane birde be thynke ay for to ryse
Now payne be faste for to ryse
And to lufe me one alkyns wyse
Some pou ryse & fande to blyne
And for my lufe forsake thy synn
Forsake thy syn pur charyte
And fande to ryse & come to me
I sall be halse I sall be kysse
And bryng e the to my fadirs blysse
Now Ihesu for thi haly blode
Bat pou for vs bledde one be Rode
Pan sende thi grace till vs & myghte
Euere and ay to lufe the righte
And swa oure synnes to forsake
Bat vs to loye with the pou take
And nyghte & day & alle tyme
Swa to thynke appon thi pyne
That we may when we hethyn wende
Come to thi luye withouwen ende Amen
Amen Amen Per charite amen amen

Et sic procedendum ad passiones domini nostri Ihesu
Christi que incipit in folio proximo sequente
secondum fantasiam scriptoris