The Southern Version of Cursor Mundi, Vol. III

Stauffenberg, Henry J.

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APPENDIX C

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

Here begynnet h be meditation of be passion of Crist & of be lamentacion of Oure Lady Saint Mary pat sche made for her son when sche se hym torment among be Iewis which was compiled of Bonaventure a gode clerk & a cardinall of Rome & be meditacions of all be hours of be day

Allmyghty God in trente fol. 118r col. 2
Now & cue with vs be For by sonis pascio
Saue all his congregation And graunt vs grace of gode lyuing And bring vs to a gode ending Pou Cristis criature be Goddis grace Open hy hert & hyde hy face For pou schalt chaung e by chere anon Or hy hert is harde as ston I will be lere a meditacion be memory of Cristis pascion And of his modir pat is so dere What paynis sche soffered maystow her Take hede for I will no ping say Bote pat is preuid be Cristis fay Be holy writt sayntes or sarmons Or be dyuers holy openyons When pou benkest in py pogh Pere may no man noye be with oght Mening be tyme of Cristis mercy When God sent down his son fro hye Off a maybe be wolde be borne To saue mankynde pat was forlorne Bote noper with siluyr ne with golde
Bote with his blode he bye vs wolde
When tyme was come to suffre pis
A sopur he made his disciples
Or he were dede & schuld fro hem wend
His memory to haue in mynd
Be sopur was riall as pou mayst here
Four riall pingges Crist made here
Giff pou hink wele on pis fedyng
God will not lete be go fasting
Four pinges pou mayst haue in bight
Bot in pis sopur Crist hap wroght
Pe first is bodely fedyng
Pe seconde is pe disciples waching
Be pryd in brede himselfe taking
Pe fourpe a sermon of fayr makyng
Now to be first take gode entent
How Petir & John fro hym he sent
Into be mount off Sion
To dight be sopur azen he com
On a Thursday pedir he light
With his disciples azen he might
Be sopur was dight as I herd say
Be disciples seventy & twey
Saint Marcialis legent witnes it
With hem he was be sopur be dight
When the sopur was all redy
Crist sett hym doun & pay hym by
John pe Evanglist sat hym next
30ff he were of age 3ongest
To hym was none of hem ichone
To Crist so trew as was Saint John
For fere wolde he not go hym fro
Till he were dede & beryed also
How iche man sat in his degre
Beholde now & 3e may se
Her table was brode & foure quarter
Be maner of it chekyr
On euery syde sat 3e
And Crist at a corner mekely to se
So bat pou herby mayste here
Bat off one disch pay ece all in fere
Perffore pay myght not vndirstande
When Crist sayde he bat his hande
In my disch puttep forh right
He schall betray me his night
Pis tale at Rome men haue sen
In Saint John chirche pe port laten
Another maner pou mayst vndirstande
Bat pay stode with stauces in hande
Eting faste & stondyng still
Moyses lawe to fullfyll.
Crist lette hem sitt so semyp best
For ells Iohn slepe not on his brest
When grace were sayde & all I sett
Be Pasce lombe rostyd forp was fet
Be lambe toke vp Crist Ihesus
A very lombe I slayn for vs
All in smale gobett he it kut
And seruid hem pat with hym did sitt
With hem he ete with glad chere
And comfortid hem to ete in fere
Bote etyr beyd drede to ete gladly
For sum sorow was hem nye
Whiles pay ete in his maner
Crist sayde hes words dere
Long haue I desirid be sope to say
Dis Pasce to ete or pat I dye
Forsope forsophe I sow say
One of sow schall me betray
Beholde now man what sorow & wo
Be disciples toke to hem bo
Dis voys of sorow her hertis perischt
And of her mete anon beysyd
Euerich lokid on oper with grisly ye
And sayde lorde am it I
Be traytour wept fast & wolde not bly
As pogh be treson com nat be hym
Preuily pan Iohn gan pray
And sayde lorde who schall be tray
For speciall loue Crist to hym tolde
Iudas Scariot pat is so bolde
Pan Iohn pogh his hert wold brest
And layde his hede on his brist
Full mekely Crist lette hym be still
And lette hym haue all his will
Why Crist wolde not to Petir tell
In Augustine sarmon bou may spell
3eff Crist to Petir pis traytowr had tolde
With naylis & tepe rent hym he wolde
Beholde what mekenes on hym rist
To holde his disciple on his brist
And how tendirly bou fyoyd in fere
Pas to loue hy maystir bou lere
Pink man a newly poghth
What sorow his disciples be in brod
At Cristis wordis be helde anon
Pey ete no more bote made her mon
Iche of hem lokyd on oper
Bote councayle toke non of oper
Be pingk wele & haue in mynd
How his super is now brought to end

be seconde point bepynk he wele
For grete mekenes it will be spell
When he super was do Crist ros anon
And with hym hey rose enrichone
To a lower place gan hey go
Pay bat he hous haue sen say so
He made sitt down in hat stede
Beholde & pink on Cristes dede
His clobis he cast of swipe sone
Be disciplis wondred what he wolde done
With a towell he hym gert
Watir he bade bring forp smert
Be it in a basyn of ston iputt
And wisch her fete greuid hym not
Petir reffusyd his seruis
Crist bade hym soffre in all wys
Beholde man of his doing
And pink on mekenes with wondiring
But be hye mayster & myghtiest eke
Bowyd hym to a fischer fete
He stode crokyng on knees kneeling
Before his traytour fete sitting
With his handis he his fete wisch
And wiped & sweetely he hem did kys
Off mor e mekenes 3e mowe grice
But he to his tratur did seruis
O Judas sore aschamyd be you may
So meke a maystir to betray
By hert is harder ban any hardenes
Ageis swich mekenes deth to dres
Whan Crist his seruis had idon
To be soupyng place azen pay com
Be his ensample & many oher
He confort echeman do so to his broper
Man bepynk he in ech degree
How faire ensamplys Crist schewid to he
Ensample of mekenes to be loke
When he his flesch to hy fode toke
A faire monesching his sermon schewid
Dat he lernid men schuld teche he lewde
Paciens he schewid his traytour in soffring
So schamly as a pesse to dep hym bring
In going to be dep he schewid obediens
In fullfilling of his fadir comauudemtes
Stedfastely to pray her maystow lere
he prayd pryes or his fadir wold her
Be hes vertues folow hym I rede
Into he blis pay will be lede
APPENDIX C

Be pryde point pou haue in mynd
How derworthely affore his ende
A noble gift he to be lete
Hymselfe all holy to by mete
When he had wasche all her fete
He sat azen þere he sete
A new testament he gan soun
Be olde sacrifice to fordo
A new sacrifice he founde
And toke vp brede in his hande
And to his fadir lift vp his ye
He blisid & made his precious body
To his disciples he zaffe it & sayde
Bis is my body which for 30w schalbe trazyd
Also of þe chalis drink he bad
Bis is my blode þat schall be schad
In memory without ende
He sayde make þis in my mynde
Beholde how trewly & devotely
He comaued & comfort þat blissed meyni
Bis mete schall most of any þing
Glaz by soule in euery werching
By hert schall bren for grete loue
When þou takiste hym to þy behowe
No þing more profitable ne mor cler
Pan hymselfe ne myght he leue her
Bis sacrament þat þou sest þe beffore
Wondirly of a mayde was bore
Fro hevy n he cam for þe to dye
He roþ fro deþe to hevy n to sty
On his fadir right hande he is sittyng
He made hevy n erbe & all þing
He gouernyn þe þing sietetly & best
He þat þou sest in þe prestis fist
In whos power onely it is
To ziffe þe payne or endeles blis
He þat þou sest in forme of brede
Is God son qui þ and not dede
With clene hert þou hym resayue
Or þysel þou wilt dissayue

Be fourbe point beholde & here
A lovesom lesson þou mayst lerde
When Crist hem fed euerichone
A fayre sarmon he began anone
Full of swetenes & of loue
Folke to comfort to oure behowe
Off which wordis sum mynde to take
Fyve principally I þenke to take
Be first I tolde of his parting
And comfort hem with fayre seyning
3itt a while I am with 3ow
Bote fadirles will I not leue 3ow
I go and come to 3ow a3en
Forsope efftonis I will 3ow sayne
Pan 3our hertis ioy schall make
but ioye schall norman fro 3ow take
Lyke to bis mo gan he move
Pat kid her hertis for grete loute
In be second tou mayst se
How he comorte hem in charite
Offte he rehersyd bes wordis dere
Bis is pat I bade 3ow loute in fere
ziff 3e loute all men knowit bis
but 3e be my dere disciples
Bis hertely charite he taght hem well
Pat tou mayst fynde in Johns gospell
be prid he taght hem by any ping
Forte kepe his comaundyng
Kepe my comaundementes ziff 3e me loue
ziff 3e kepe hem 3e duelle above
be fourpe he warmith hem faythfully
What pay schall soffre or pay dye
Bote trewly I haue bis world ouercome
3e schul he have sorow sum
Bote ziff be worlde hat be now
Wite 3e he hate 3e & 3ow
3e schul be soroufull & be worlde schall ioy
Bote pour sorow schall tum to ioy
be first bebink be how Crist Ihesus
To his fadir tornid & prayed for vs
Fadir kepe hem which 3e 3auce me
For while I was with hem I kept hem to be
Now holy fadir to be I come
For hem I pray not for bis won
And not for hem bote for all men
Pat schull leue on me be heme
Fadir I will where pat I be
Pay be with me by blis to se
Bes wordis & oher pat he tolde
Kite her hertis & made hem bolde
Beholde houe he disciples in her mornyn
How pay stode with handis wringing
Mourning sorowing & ofte sighing
Pat Crist witnes to hem semyn
For pes wordis to 3ow haue sayde
Sorow 3our hertis hape all belayde
Beholde how John lyeb sleping
Beholde how John lyeb sleping he souke
And take it to vs in holy boke
Among all ober Crist taugh hym
And sayde arys & go we hen
A grete drede went in hem bo
Pay wist never whether to go
Forth pay went as I schall say
Crist endid his sermon be be way
Beholde be disciples in her wending
As chekenys vndir be damis wing
Sum go beffore & sum go behynde
His blissed wordis to haue in mynde
One prest on hym & efft anoiber
Be meke maystir was neuer be wrober
Fast be went & cam anon
Ouer a broke men callith Cidron
Be traytoure abode behere till he cam
And ober armyd many a man
Now foloweth be Meditacion
Off Cristis Paschion

Now Crist criatour take gode hede
And do by hert for pite blede
Lope be noht hym paynis to se
Which hym lopeth not to soffre for be
Beholde & se with newly mone
What paynis be soffrid euer anon
Beholde hym in an orchir sitting
His traytoure mekely habyding
He bade his disciples pray & wake
Pat no temptacion sow take
A stone caste fro hem he went
And to his fadir his knees he hent
Now knyk how mekely & reverently
To his fadir he prayd an hye
My worschipffull fadir I pray to be
Bowe byne erys and ley to me
Here my bon & dispice it noght
For sorow my soule hape bou soght
My spirit is hevy within me
My hert is distempryd fadir now se
Bou sent me hedir as by will is
To be manhynede azen to blis
To do by will I saide I go
In be bokys it is wretyn so
Here haue I ben & prechyd byn helpe
In pore trauayle & not in welpe
Fadir byne heest I haue fullfilled
And more I will zeff but bow wilt
Bou sest what sorow is to me dight
Off my foes azens all right
any wickydnes is in me found
Or euill for euill had 30d for any sound
Pan were I worpy he was pyng fong
Bote fadir pou most bey do me wrong
Euill for gode pay haue me 30ue
And also grete hate for my loue
My disciple which I haue cherid
Me to betray hym haue bey hidid
Perty pens for me is take
Pey haue pressyd my wo to wake
My sweete fadir I pray pe
Arise vp in hope of me
For boch brye wote not I am by sou
3itt because of pe here I won
Lying with hem an innocentis lyffe
Pay schuld not scape me so grete stryffe
Pink fadir I stode before by sight
To speke for hem bopp day & night
To torne away fro hem by mode
Bote wheber not euill be sold for gode
For pay for my soule haue do a lake
A vilans dethe to me bey schape
Wherefore dere fadir 3eff it may be
I pray his dethe may go fro me
3iff pou pink it be not best
By will be do right as pou list
Bote fadir myn hert I take to be
Kepe it & strength it how so it be
To his dissiples his way he toke
And founde hem sleepeyn hem awoke
Her yen were sleepe & heuy as clay
He bade hem algati sewke & pray
A3en to pray he toke his pace
Twyes prayed he in dyuers place
Be same orison he did before
He prayed now & did no more
Fadir 3iff his dethe may not fro me go
I am here by will to do
My sweete modir fadir I be betake
My brebern kepe hem also fro wake
I kepte hem while I was with hem
My dere fadir now kepe p/w hem
Bus long he prayed till he was hote
For anguysch his blode ran dou in sou
Man take ensample here of godis son
When pou schalt pray God of a bon
Pray stedfastely till pou be herde
For Crist prayed pries or he wer herd
Whiles he prayed bus in grete colouer
Saint Michael corn fro heven tour
And hym comfortid & sayde bus
Hayle my lorde Crist Ihesus
By prayr & by swete body
I have offered to by fadir on hye
In sight of all be court of heuyn
For now we pray all with one steyn
But he schuld not soffre he to dye bus
By fadir by reson ansuerde vs
My dere son wote pis full well
Pe manis soule bat beth in hell
May not semly to his he broght
Bote pay first with his blode be bough
derfore giff my son will be soulis saue
Nedis for hem pe depe most he haue
do Crist ansuerde with mylde state
Soulis salvacion I will algate
derfore to dye I raper chece
ban we schuld be soulis in hell lese
Ie which my fadir made to his liknes
His will be done I will no les
ban sayde be angell to hym an hye
Comforte he well & do manly
It is semly to hym bat is hyest
Grete pinges to do & soffre mest
By payne schall sone ouerpas
And ioye schall schew in euery plas
By fadir saith eufr with pe he is
And kepith by modir & by disciples
Crist bede be angell go & grete pou me
To my dere fadir in his se
Beholde how mekely pis comfort toke
Off his creatour so saith he bote
A litel fro be angels he is mad les
While he is in his valay of distres
Pis wo he suffrid in his manhed
Bote God suffred not in his godhed

pe hrid tyme he ros fro his prayer
All besprong with blode clere
Beholde hym & pou mayst se
Without sorowe may pis not be
To his disciples he went & sayde
He comyp here but me habe betrayed
Anon com ludus with his company
Crist went aженst hym mekely
Hayle mayster he sayde & to hym stert
And kissed his moup with treson hert
Pay fill vpon hym all be route
For of his knowing he wer in doute
Pe cursyd houndis run hym aboute
And drowe hym forpe with pe route
Sum bounde hym sum blynd hym sum on hym spit
Sum buffet hym sum sayde who on pe spite
Sum scornid hym sum smite hym with song
Sum asked hym questions to do hym hong
Bote hem no ping answere he wolde
Wers ban a folde among hem was holde
Sum sayde where is all now by wisdam
Pou heidist be wiser ban any opere man
Off our patriarches & prestis pou had dispite
Derfore schaltow haue by dethe as tyte
Pou sayst pat pou art Goddis son
Help pyselle giff pot pou can
Sum seke on hym fals witnes
Sum say on hym vnsekrymes
Sum tog hym sum drawe hym fro se to se
A lorde Ihesu how may his be
Derwhiles he suffrid sorow & wo
His desciples run away hym fro
To Magdalaynes hous fohn went right
Pere be soper was idight
Oure lady he tolde & her felisschip
Off her dere son schendeschip
Pimp man on pe desciples doing
Pey wepe & wayled & handis wring
Her mayster is take pat schuld hem kepe
Pey inne aboute as heerdeles schepe
Oure lady went herselfe allon
To Pe fadir of heuyn sche made her mon
My worschipffullest & most meke
Most mercyable & most helpely eke
My swee son I pe betake
Derworpy fadir kepe hym fro wrake
Be not cruell to my dere child
For to all men 3e be mylde
Fadir schall my son dye Ihesus
What habe he mysdo to dye bus
Bote fadir giff 3e will pat mankynd
Be brought to blis withoute ende
I pray 3ow operwise do be hym now
For all ping is possible to 3ow
Lete noght my son fadir dede be
I pray 3ow 3elde hym azen to me
He is so boghsom to do 3our will
Dat he chargeth noght hymselffe to spill
Help my son oute of cursyd handis
Dere fadir bring hym oute of her bondis
Pink man & rewe on her sighing
For bus prayed sche with watir weping
In a colde morning of the day
Be prestis & be princes gan hem aray
Bolles of wyne & of iangeling
Cam oute to to se of Ihesu endyng
Pay schoke hym oute of his cloping
And bounde his handis hym behynde
As a peffe among hem led forp he was
Now to Pilate now to Heraude now to Cayphas
Pay cried hou peff com to by dome
And he as a lombe mekely affir hem come
His modir & John & ober kyn
Went by a bypath to mete with hym
When pey hym se so schamely lad
No tong may tell pe sorow pey had
Pint on his modir pat first hym behelde
Adoun sehe fell awoun in pe felde
Ban was Crist in moche care
When he se his modir so pitously fare
Beholde to Pilat forp he is drawe
Falsly acused azen pe lawe
Pilat sent hym to Heraude pe king
And Heraude was glad of his coming
A miracle he couzied off hym to se
Bote no worde speke wolde he
Ban as a folke Heraude hym had
And in white cloping in scorn hym clad
And sent hym azen to sir Pilat
And bo was made schenschiphe bat erst hate
Noght onely a mysdoer he is holde
Bote a lawde folke he is tolde
Pay cried on hym as fouli s do on an oule
With were & dong pey hym defoule
His modir bat tyme folowid hym long
And wondred why he wolde soffr e bat wrong
Pay broght hym to Pilat he stode full fain
Rolorly he houndis pursued pe plaint
Pilat pogh to deluyer hym
For no cause of dethe he fond in hym
I will vndirny hym he sayde so
To scorge hym wele & leto hym go
To a piler pey faste hym honde
Sitt scheweb pe blode of his wounde
A lorde Ihesu how may his be
Who was so hardye to spoile pe
Who most hardye pat pe bounde
Who most hardye pat pe wounde
Allmyghty God where ertow now
Pes houndis seme myghtier pan hou
Bote truly hou sorne of rightwisnes
Withdrawest hy bemys of derknes
When they had beryn hym so dispitously
they com to Pilat & cried on hye
Sir þis folde clepith hym a king 535
Clope we hym in kynges eloping
pens þis was do at oure of prime
Be doing of iche oure will I ryme

3it all þey clothed hym in scorne
And crownyd hym with a crowne of þorn 540
And in his honde a rode þey did hym tage
And many onc on his hed þey brake
þey sette hym openly in her seing
And kneled & cried hayle ser kyng
A Ihesu by paciens may not be tolde
þou angry man by Saviour þou beholdc
For þe he suffred þis payn & schame
And for a litell worde þou will men grame
Efflsonys to Pilat þey com crying
And sayde ser saue cayser we haue no kyng
Who hymselfe a king will make
Be lawe þe depe hym most take
Þo pilat sayde what will þe do with hym
þey cried crucifige crucife hym
Pilat þo dreed þe peples voice
And damnyd hym to hong on cros
A fals iustys where fyndestow þat reson
To damnye an innocent with so grete treson
When he was damnyd on cros to hong
þe houndis wolde not tary long 550
Bote anon fro Pilat þey led hym oute
And ioyed her malice was brought aboute
A cros forþe was set long & grete
þe length þeroff was fiftien fete
On his schuldur þe cros þey caste
þat þis bak bent & well aere braste
þey punchyd hym porogh every slogh
As an hors is þat gope to plough
Beholde now man with wepyng hert
And late noght þis þoght lightly stirr
Crist gope crokyng his cros vnþir
And fayntly it berith it is no wonder
Pay hygh hym & he gope withoute stryffe
He berith his dethe for þy lyffe
3itt is hym schap more schenschip
þevis be brought to hym in feleschip
3itt more for Crist berith his owne iwis
I fynde not þat þe lewis did on þe same iwis
A Ihesu what schame did þay to 3ow þere
To make 3ow vilain þefis tere
Bote þe prophecy must be fullfille
Pat saith with wickyd men he is spilled
Mary his modir foloweth fro fer
Sche myght not for pres com hym ner
A schort way ches ban gan sche
And mett her soum withoute be cite
And when sche sc hym bat grete tre bere
Halffe dede sche was & confoundid pere
Full payne sche wolde his paynis light
Sche myght not so be houndis hym hight
None of hem myght speke ober to
For sorow bat eche had of ober po
Forth hey drove hym with burdoun
Till he for faintnesfill ner doun
For over long he cros he bare
Be place will schew who haue be bare
Bes houndes were lope his dethe to tary
Be y dre bat Pilat his dethe wolde vary
Forever it semyd be his will
But he was lope Ihesu to spill
A man pay mel & hym pay raynid
To bere he cros hey hym constraynid
So forth as a better had Ihesus nam
To pay to pc mount of Caluere cam

Petip now man how his is done
In beoure of vj affir none
Beholde he paynis of by Sauitour
And crucifie he cros with grete dolour
When he to Caluere mount was broght
Beholde what wickyd men her euill wroght
Sum diggin sum deluyyn sum erp vp cast
Sum pichid pc cros in pc erp faste
Sum on enery syde laddirs vp sett
Sum ran affir hammeris sum maylis fett
Sum spoiled hym dispitously
His clopis cleuin on his body
Sum rent hem of as pay were wode
His body azen ran all on blode
And with bat sorow his modir was fed
When sche se hym nakid & bled
Furpermore ban gan sche to seke
When sche se hem lifft hym no breke
Schc ran po purgh hem & hastly hid
And her kerchiff his hippis hid
Sche wold do more bote sche ne myght
For forsy her son is fro her plight
To be cros fote hey drowe hym highing
Se now be maner of he crucifying
Two laddirs be sett he cros behynde
And two enemys vp fast bay clymbe
With hamyrs & nayles scharpely swiftt
A schort ladder before hym pight
Dere as pe fete schorter were
Beholde his sight with rewlytere
Crist Ihesu his bodye vp styce
Be pe schort ladder be cloes on hyce
Withoute nay he gan vp wende
And when he cam to be ladder ende
Toward pe cros his bak he layde
And his riall armys displayed
His faire handis he oure streght
And to be crucifiers hem right
And to his fadir he caste his yen
And sayde here I am fadir myn
Vnto his cros pou mekist me
My for manhede I ofre to be
My breber & sister pou hast made hem
For my loue fadir be merciabill to hem
All olde synnis pou hem forgette
And graunt by blis with vs to lyue
Derworby fadir saue all mankyn
Lo here I am ofred for her syn
Beholde man by lorde on be rode
Here was no lym bot ran on blode
While he bus ruly prayed in hert
Pat one few a nayle in his hand gert
Be toper drew to be nailis brast
And nailed he toper to be rode fast
Anon he cam doun with her gere
Anon pe ladders remevid were
Beholde now man a grete angwis
For be pe handis be body hangis
To be fete anon he strakyd
Pay naylid harde to be cros crakyd
All pe ioyntis he brast on twyne
A Ihesu why soffredestow bis for our syn
His fete he by nailed as a tre to lode
Pan myght he nought meve bote his hed
Beholde pes naylis bere all his lynes
Loke all aboute hym ran blode stremys
He soffred sorowis bittir & fell
More pan any tong may tell
Betwix two peffis he hong in same
A what wrong what payn & schame
Sum dispute his lore his faith & saipe
Fy on hym pat Goddis temple distreyeb
Sum sayde saue byselff pou can
Come doun & pou be Goddis son
Also be lewis pat crucified hym
The clopis of hym pey partid atwin
Sum sayde oper coulpe he saue
Bote hymselfe can he not saue
Dis while his modir pe cros stode ny
Rewly on her son sche did cry
A her sorow her anguysch & payne
I may sum pink bote not all sayn
Truly in hert was sche crucifie d
Full sayne for sorow sche wold a died
Her sonis paynis were moche pe more
Dat he her paynis se so sore
And to his fadir still he plainis
Fadir sest bou not my modir paynis
On his cros sche is with me
1 schuld be crucifie d & nought sche
My crucifieing sufficeth for all mankyn
For now I bere all her syn
Into by keping I her betake
Derwoorp fadir her penauns bou slake
Also sche prayed with bittir weping
And sayde my fadir euerlasting
Schall my dere son dye algate
Hym to saue me pink allate
Se fadir what paynis in hym is
I pray pe sumdele his paynis lis
Be her stode Theu & Maries prec
Iacob Magdalayne & Cleofe
Wonder it is to tell pe sorow pat pey did mak
For her swete maystir is fro hem take

Penk now how Crist hong on pe cros
Sevyn wordis he sayde with ruly vois
Pe first pat he pere sayde
For his crucifiers he prayde
Fadir forseff hem her synnis son
For bay wote not wha t pey don
Grete loue grace paciens his word schewip pe
Dat bou schuld pray for hem her by fon be
Pe second worde to his moder was won
Woman he sayde beholde by son
To his disciple he sayde anoper
He sayde John beholde by modir
He wolde Mary his modir clepe
Left for loue her hert wold breke
Pe prib to pe peffe sayde he
Today in paradis bou schalt with me be
Pe foup he cried with voijs on hye
Ely Ely lamazubatany
Pat is my God my God wherto
Hastow forsake me in my wo
As so saith þou me forsakist
And fro his worlde þou me takist
De fift worde he sayde me prist
Pan þe houndis wroght worst
þey bryght to noye hym most of all
þey saffe hym to drink ayzell & gall
He tastid sumde his prist to lue
A A how strong was his pyne
ziff it be expowned in sarmon
Pan þe pristed soulis salvation
ziff trealy he manhode prist on þo rode
For he was full drye for faute of blode
þe sext worde anon he spirid
Sayde all þing is now fullfillid
As so say fadir full fillid haue
All þyne hestis þy soulis to saue
I haue ben scorgyd & scornd & defeylyd
Woundid anguyshyd & crucified
Fullfillid I haue þat is written of me
Perffore dere fadir call me to þe
ziff þou wilt more I will it fullfill
For her I haue do þy will
þan sayde þe fadir derworpy son
Come to þy blis euere þere to won
All þing full well þou haste fullfilleid
I will nomore þat þou be þus spillid
For soulis þou hast brough oute of bond
Come son & sitt on my ryght honde
Anon he trauayled as men do in dying
Now sweetynge & casting vp his ycn
He brew his hede now here now þer
For bodily strength had he nomore
De sevynith worde full loude he spac
Fadir into þy handis my soule I take
He 3eld vp his gost his fadir þankaung
Toward his brest his hede gan hyng
þan to þe cry centori turnid son
And sayde forsobe þis was Godis son
For with a grete crye þe soule is forþ go
Ober men when þay dye do not so
þat cry was so grete as I 3ow tell
þat it was welc herde down into hell
þink þou man what joy þere is
When soulis wer brootþ fro payn to blis
And how long þay haue þus layne
To habide our sauion in mani payne
þey clepid & cryed com Gods son
How long schall we fro þe won
Here endoth now Cristis passion
Fullfillid in þe oute of none
Now begyn we a swete meditacion
Off a swete lamentacion
Pat Mari modir meke and mylde
Made for her dere childe
Grete payinis he soffred hir before
Bote now sche soffrid moche more
For when sche se hym drawe to ende
I leue sche wex nere oute of mynde
Sche sownid sche pynid sche wex half ded e
Sche fill to ground & bete her hede
Do John ran to her & her vpbrayde
When sche myght speke pis word sche saide
A my son my socour wo is me
Who schall graunt me to dye with pe
Dou wrecchid dep to me hou come
And do pe modir die with pe son
Aboue all pinge desired sche
Com dep & to my son fech me
My fadir my furer my maister my make
Why God son hastow me forsake
Pink how wc louid & lyuid togedir
And late vs here son dye togedir
I may not liue here withoute pe
For all my fode was pe to se
A son where is now my ioying
Pat I had in byne hering
And now pat ioy is turmid to wo
Simon saide sope it schuld be so
He sayde a swerdyny[n]t schuld perce
Certes swete son pis may I rehers
Pan gan her felaschip her sorow to slake
And soffretely & myldely azen sche spak
Now ȝe godemen se with ȝour yen
ȝeff per he any sorow to myn
My son is slayn her before myn ye
Which I bare wemles on my bodye
Dere was neuer woman bat bar such a childe
So gode so gracious so meke so mylde
I felt no sorow in his hering
Nedis pan mvste I in his dying
Myn owne swete son is fro me take
What wondir is ȝoff I sorow make
While sche satt in her lamentacion
A company armyd sche se come
Pe which were sent in a grete rek
Pe damned mens lymes to breke
To sle hem & to caste pe bodies away
Pan no men schuld se hem on pe haly day
A Mari modir by wo wex now
Se man her martirdom & þeron rew
For so offte sche was martird bat day
As offt as her sonis martirdom say
Sche sayde what mowe pay my son more do
Ne haue pey crucified hym & slayn perto
I wende pey had ben full of pe
Now derworp son haue mercy on me
Son I may help pe in no degre
Bote 3itt will I do bat is in me
To be cros fast sche ran
And clippid pe cros fast in her arme
And sayde my son here will I dye
Or pou fro me be borne away
Fast pes houndis com rymynge ben
And founde pe eff bope on lyne
Pey brak her pese bope a twayne
And founde a diche & cast hem perin
Sche wende pay wolde so serve her son
And boght with mekenes hem overcom
On knes sche kneled with her felischip
And sayde siris I pray 3ow of frenschip
Poympe hym nomore breke not his pies
Oiff me hym hoole for deed 3e se he is
I will hym bery & none oper
Haue reuepe on me I am his modir
A lady what do 3e to knele weping
Bus to pes houndis for socour sekyng
Off Salamon sawis 3e bc not avisid
Bot mekenes of proude men is all dispisid
Pan Longeus a knight dispisid her plaint
Bot now he miracle is a saint
A spere he sett to Cristis syde
And laused & openyd a wound wyde
Porough pe hert he prikyd hym with mode
And anon ran oute watter & blode
O O wrong & wickidnes
To martir his modir for her godenes
Be son was dede & felt no smert
Bute certes it percid his modir hert
Bot woundid & hepid arm vp armys
Sche fell as for dede on Magdatayn armis
O lhere bis dede is wondir to me
Bot pou soffredest by modir be martirred for pe
Do lohn stirt vp freschly anon
And sayde men what will 3e done
Haue 3e not slayn hym with wrong & wo
What will 3e sle his modir also
Go hens for we will hym bery anon
All sharmid pe houndis away gan gone
When Mary was wakyd of her swoun
Ayns pe cros sche sett her down
Petously sche beheld with grevous wounde
For weeping sche myght stynt no stounde
What sorow made Iohn Cristis derling
What Magdalayn with teris his fete wasching
What Iacobc what Cleoffe & oper mo
I wis no tong may tell pe wo

Full faine pey wolde these doure take
Botc strength & instruments did hem lak
Among hem pey cast what was best to do
Sum sayde pat night wolde com sone
3eff we go hen pis body will be stoll
And 3iff we wake soft schull we hol
Pay pрайde to God sun socour sende
For lieue nor dede pey wolde riot wond
A new compacion pey se comyng

Instrumentis & oynements with hem bring
Oure lady droc pey were enmyes
To Iohn on hem had sett gode spies
Be of gode comfort he sayde pey se
Ioseph ab Aramathi & Nicodeme
Pis was her comyng when pey com peder
Pey worschepid pe cros & saluted togeder
And bankid God pat pedir hem sent
Oure lady prayed hem to do her entent

Now will I tell of evensong our
Se man a sight of grete dolour
Two laddirs beffore pe cros now stond
Ioseph & Nicodem clyn pay fonde
With pinsons pinched & oper gere
When pey to pe hondis come wer
Preuly with her pincher forp pay plight
Lest Mary schuld gris sore of pat sight
Pe hald harde or it wolde be
Pe naylis stak so fast in her tre
Full fast pey wraist noping pey wounden
Nedis pey must brest foule his handen
Botc rightwis God pat made all ping
Know her hert & her doing
When pey had drawe oute pe naylis with fors
Ioseph bare vp pat precious cors
While his felaus to pe fete went
And myghtily pe nailis oute hent
When pe nails were oute ichon
Nicodemus toke hym & Iohn
Anon rooun to all pat her were
And halpe pat precious body to bere
Iohn bare pe brest & wept full sore
For pon he ristid pe night beffore
His fete bare Magdalayn & on hem wepe
For att hem her synnye sche lete
Do but were here bare all he other
Sawe his right arme bare his modir
Faine wolde sche haue more of her son
Bote grete sorow her strength ouercom
Be arme weeping full offfe sche kist
Sche culled it & clippid it on her brist
Bote cue when sche behelde pe grisly wounde
For sorow sche fell to be grounde
Ofte sche sayde a son son
Where is now all hy work become
But ou were wonte to worke with his hande
All but were seke bring oute of bande
A feshchly fode fairest & fre
Borough pe Holi Gost consayuyd be of me
Why faest ou no filp is in pe founde
Bote sinles I bare pe into pe mound
A manis sin hastow dere boght
With a gretter price myght it neuer be wroght
His company for pe cors gan cary
And prayed his modir no longer hem tary
With oynementes & schetis pey wolde hym dight
And bery it anon for it was night
Pan sayde Mary I pray sow a bon
Takith it not fro me so sone
Bery me with hym in graue
For ower dede or quick I moust hym haue
Atte last sche consent so long by prayed
Pan to bery his body pey hym arayed
His bodie was layde vpon a schete
To anoint it & sow it down pey sete
Mary his modir att pe hede satt
Sche kist his hede & layde it in her lap
Sche behelde it how it was ibroke
Prickid & brosyd with many a stroke
And schaue also was berde & hede
With homs rent of blode all rede
In a hye story pis reson trul y I nam
But God sayde onys to an holy woman
When pe lewis had dampaid hym def to have
Schamely his berde & hede pay schaue
Pe euangelistis tell not of pis doing
For pay myght not write all ping
In his berde I fynde a reson
Pe which saith in Godis person
My bodye I 3affe to man smyting
And also my chekis to manis grubbing
First pan Mary with a sweete cloute
Wiped her sons hede aboute
A son I was wont swetely to wrap
And now I have bync hede in my lap
Be oher anoint hym & closid pe schete
till pey cam down to pe fete
Magdalaine prayde his fete to dres
For here sche gate of her symnis forgiff
Sche wept & wasch hem with mani a terc
Sche kissid hem & wipid hem with her here
When pe cors was all well dight
To pe sepulcre pay bare it right

Now is peoure of cumplyne
Pey layde pe cors here it schuld ben
In a sepulcre a faire grane
Pat Nicodemus made hymself to haue
Pey schett a bon with a grete stron
And arayed hem pens fast to gon
Habide here gode breber Mary gan say
Wherto hegh 3e so faste away
3iff 3e be to full of my dere son
Go hens & let me alton here won
Wheird schuld I wende to frend or kyn
I can nowhere go bote I had hym
He was my brether maystir my spous
Now am I a widower in housed
Wolde God pat 3e wolde me bery with hym
For pan schuld we neuer part atwun
Now certes myn hert is melte away
For right so lone gan to me say
I haue hym soght I fynde hym not
I haue hym clepid he answir not
I will habide hym here in fay
For he sayde he wolde arise be brid day
Bote I had trist to his saying
Myn hert schuld hawe brist att his ending
Pan John consaid her & sayde anon
Dis Sabat we now not here wake alon
3iff pe Iewis vs take her pey will vs spill
And bus was also 3our sonis will
Pan answerd Mary myldely weping
My son Iohn toke me pe in kepyn
I mysst nedis do as pou me bedist
And right with pou worde vp sche rist
Right beffor pe sepulcre sche satt down
And weeping sche made her lamentacion
A swete son now wo is me
Pat I no lengger may duell with pe
For nedis I mysst pe forsake
By fadir of hevyn I pe betake
Oure felischip is now deuidide
For I may not with pe be beryde
Bote swete son where bat I be
Holy myn hert is beried with be
3iff pou arise as pou me behight
Myn hert schall rise with be as light
3iff pou arise be brid day
Truly I am comfort for ever & aye
Perfore swete son arise vp & come
And schew wele bat pou art Godis son
Be sepulcre sweetely anon sche kist
And went per aboute & fare it blissid
And sayde swete son slepe in hyn ese
For his place is made for be in pes
Efft sonye be sepulcre sche kist kneeling
And cried hes wordis with sorte weeping
A son here may I no lenger lende
Nedis fro he pou wolte me sende
Bote perwith her swounyd sche had
Bote John lift her vp & pens her lad
Towarde he cite her way pay toke
Offt azenwarde sche gan loke
When sche cam to be cros habide sche saide
My son my Sautour hercon died
Hereupon he haje boght all mankyn
His precious body haje wasch our syn
Sche worschepid it first & sith bay ichon
Towarde he cite bay gan gone
Or sche entred bey couerd her visage
As for a widowye bey did pat vsage
Bey nist neuer wher sche herborowid schuld be
Echone sayde with me with me

Now be queene of hevyn modir highest
Haje noght wherin forto rist
Sche hanked hem & sayde I am betake
To lohn I may not hym forsake
Johan sayde we will with Magdalayn alight
For sche resayvid ourc maystir weilo anight
Also my breper will com all pedir
Dere will we rest & speke togedir
Bey had her forb burugh be cite
Widowes & wyffes of her had pite
When bey had brought hem her ichon
Sum toke her leue & went home
Mary & Martha were besy pat night
To ese her & serve her bat pay myght
Pink man how sche myght not slepe
Bote sorowed & sighed wayled & wepe
And evermore sayde my derworby son
I liue in anguysch till pou come
Anon cam Peur with weping chere
And salute Mary & John in here
Then come the disciples eche after other
For shame durst non loke on his brothe
Pay askid be doing of her dere lord
John tolde hem be proces every worde
Allas sayde Petir me schame to loke
For I my swete lord forsoke
Which louid me & cherisched me tenderly
Allas I wrecsh mercy I cry
Also be disciples made her confession
And wept with grete lamentacion
Den Cristis moder her mylde maystres
Hadh grete compascon of her hevynes
Sche conforte hem faire & sayde his
Dismay sow not for my son
Ihesus
For to be death he wolde be borne
To saue manis soule pat was forlorn
In travaile & pouert to lode his lyffe
Perto he cam to me full tiff
No wonder bou3 3e forsoke hym in his end
His fadir forsoke hym socour to send
Hymselfe he forsoke for our mysdeede
I prayed for hym I myght not sped
Certes I am sory for his grete passion
Bote truly I am glade for soulis salvacion
Pey schull in hell eternally a be lore
Bote I hym to his deth had ibore
3e wite wele how benigne my son was
And lightely he for3aff all man trespas
Doute 3e not of his grete mercy
For largely he sevith it pat affte will cry
Be of gode comfort & trust in fay
We schull hym se on pe prid day
Sith he habc boght vs with so grete price
Nedis from deb he nyst arise
Certes sayde Petir his night at cene
He sayde we schuld hym efftsonis sene
And all oure sorow schall to ioy cume
And pat ioye schuld no man fro vs nom
A brep sayde Mary I 3ow pray
But a swete sarmon 3e wolde say
Anon John tolde her for he coub best
For sleping he founde it att Cristis brent
Bus pay duellid in her meditation
Till tyme cam of be resurrexion

Penk man & se crist affir his dethe
For by synnis into hell streight gope
Oute of be fadirs bondis to make be fre
And pe fende bounye to make to pe
Penk also of pe grete deede of his power 1125
He myght haue sent an aungell to saue vs here
Bote pan our saluacion we schull not pank hym
Bote call pe aungell sauiour of mankyne
Brefore he so hertely lovd vs
He saffe his owne son god Ihesus 1130
Dat we hym onely schuld pank & do honour
As fadir & more socour & sauiour
Bank we now our fadir pat vs saue hap broght
Our sike souls to saue when syn hap hem soght
And of his grete godenes giue we grete 1135
And sing pe wordis of Zacary pe prophet
Lorde God of Israel blisid mote bou be
Pe peple bou hast visit & broght hem to be
Bou satt in derknes of dep & disese
Bou lifte hem & lede hem in pe way of pece 1140