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 begynneth the meditation of
the passion of Crist & of the
lamentation of Oure Lady Saint
Mary that sche made for her
son when sche se hym torment among pe 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 & euer with vs be
For by sonis pascon
Sawe 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 py chere anon
Or hy hert is harde as ston
I wil l be lere a meditacion
be memory of Cristis pascon
And of his modir that is so dere
What paynis sche soffered maystow her
Take heede for I will no bing say
Bote that is preuid be Cristis say
Be holy writt sayntes or sermons
Or be dyners holy openyons
When pou benkest in py pogh
Pere may no man noye he with oght
Mening be tyme of Cristis mercy
When God sent downe his son fro hye
Off a maybe he wolde be home
To saue mankynde that was fortorne
Bote nuper with siluyr ne with golde
Bothe with his blode he bye vs wolde
When tyme was come to soffre his
A soper he made his disciples
Or he were dede & schuld fro hem wend
His memory to haue in mynd
De soper was riall as pou mayst here
Four riall pingges Crist made here
Glff pou ynk welle on his fedyng
God wil not lete pe go fasting
Four pinges pou mayst haue in bough
Dat in his soper Crist hap wroght
Pe first is bodely fedyng
Pe seconde is pe disciples waching
Pe pryd in brede hymselfe taking
Pe fourpe a sermon of fayr makyng
Now to be first take gode entent
How Petir & John fro hym he sent
Into pe mont off Sion
To dight pe soper azens he com
On a Thurseday petir he light
With his disciples azens he might
Pe soper was dight as I herd say
Be disciples seventy & twey
Saint Marciatis legent witnes it
With hem he was pe soper pe dight
When the soper was all redy
Crist sett hym doyn & pay hym by
John pe Evangelist sat hym next
30ff he were of age 3ongest
To hym was none of hem ichone
To Crist so trw 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 & 3c may se
Her table was brode & foure quarter
Be maner of it chekyr
On euery syde sat pre
And Crist at a corner mekely to se
So hat pou herby maystc here
Dat off one disch pay ece all in fere
Derffore pay myght not vnдержstonde
When Crist sayde he hat his hande
In my disch putte p for right
He schall betray me his night
Pis tale at Rome men haue sen
In Saint John chichce pe port laten
Another maner pou mayst vnдержstonde
Dat pay stode with staues in hande
Eting faste & stondying still
Moyses lawe to fullffill.
Crist let le hem sitt so semyp best
For ellis lohn slepe not on his brest
When grace were sayde & all I sett
Be Pasce lombe rostyd forp was fett
Be lambe toke vp Crist Ihesus
A very lambe 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 enyr bye dred to ete gladly
For sum sorrow was hem nye
Whiles pay ete in his maner
Crist sayde these wordis dere
Long haue I desirid be sope to say
Ies Pasce to ete or pat I dye
Forsope forsope I sow say
One of sow schall me betray
Beholdc now man what sorrow & wo
Be disciples toke to hem po
Dis voys of sorrow her hertis perischt
And of her mete anon bye sesyd
Euerich lokid on oper with grisly ye
And sayde lorde am it I
Pe trystour wept fast & wolde not blyn
As bogy be treason com nat be hym
Preuily pan lohn gan pray
And sayde lorde who schall be trray
For speciall loue Crist to hym tolde
Judas Scariot pat is so holde
Pan lohn bogyght his hert wolde brest
And layde his hede on his brist
Full mckely Crist lete hym be still
And lete hym haue all his will
Why Crist wolde not to Petir tell
In Augustine saymon bou may spell
3eff Crist to Petir pis trystour had tolde
With naylis & tepe rent hym he wolde
Beholde what mekenes on hym rist
To holde his disciple on his brist
And how tenderly pay fouyd in fere
Pus to loute hy maystir boun lere
Pink man a newly bogygh
What sorrow his disciples be in broyt
At Cristis wordis he helde anon
Pay ete no more bote made her mon
Iche of hem lokyd on oper
Bote counsayle toke non of oper
Be þingk wele & haue in mynd
How his soper is now brought to end

be seconde point bempink he wele
For grete mekenes it will be spell
When be soper was do Crist ros anon
And with hym hey rose euerychone
To a lower place gan hey go
Pay hey he hous haue sen say so
He made sitt dowen in pat stede
Beholde & bink on Cristes deder
His eobis he cast of swipe sonic
Be disciplis wondred what he wolde done
With a towell he hym gert
Water he bade bring forp smert
Be it in a basyn of ston input
And wish her fete greuid hym not
Petir reffysyd his seruis
Crist bade hym soffre in all wys
Beholde man of his doing
And bink on mekenes with wondring
Put he hye mayster & myghtiest eke
Bowyd hym to a fischer fete
He stode crokyng on knees kneling
Before his traytour fete sitting
With his handis he his fete wish
And wiped & sweetely he hem did kys

Off more mekenes 3e mowe grice
But he to his tratur did seruis
O Judas sore aschamyd be you may
So make a maystir to betray
By hert is harder ban any hardenes
Agens swich mekenes deth to dres
When Crist his servis had idon
To be soupyng place azen pay com
Be his ensample & many oher
He comfort echeman do so to his broper
Man bempink he in eche degre
How faire ensamplys Crist schewid to he
Ensample of mekenes to be loke
When he his flesh to hy fode toke
A faire monesching his sermon schewid
Dat be lernid men schulde 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 comandamenti
Stedfaste to pray her maystow lere
he prayd pryes or his fadir wold her
Be hes vertues folow hym I rede
Into he bliss pay will he lede
Be pryde point pou haue in mynd
How derworpely affore his ende
A noble stift he to be lete
Hymselfe all holy to by mete
When he had wasch all her fete
He sat azen þere he sete
A new testament he gan soun
Be olde sacrifice to fordon
A new sacrifice he founde
And toke vp brede in his hande
And to his fadir lift vp bis ye
He blissid & made his precious body
To his disciples he saffte it & sayde
Dis is my body which for 3ow schalbe trayed
Also of þe chalis drink he bad
Dis is my blode þat schall be schad
In memory without ende
He sayde make þis in my mynde
Beholde how trewe & devotely
He comand & comfort þat blissed meyni
Dis mete schall most of any þing
Chad þy soule in euery werching
Dis hert schall bren for grete loue
When þou takist hym to þy behoue
No þing more profitable ne mor cler
Pan hymselfe ne myght he leue her
Pat sacrificet þat þou sest þe beffore
Wondirly of a mayde was bore
Fro hevy n he cam for þe to dye
He ros fro deve to hevy n to sty
On his fadir right hande he is sittyn
He made hevy n erbe & all þing
He gouernyth all þing sweetely & best
He þat þou sest in þe prestis fist
In whos power onely it is
To giff þe payne or endeles blis
He þat þou sest in forme of brede
Is God son qui k and not dede
With clene hert þou hym resayue
Or þyselffe þou wilt dissayue

De fourebe point beholde & here
A lovesom lesson þou mayst lere
When Crist hem fed euereichow
A fayre sarmon he began anone
Full of sweetenes & of loue
Folke to comfort to oure behoue
Off which wordis sum mynde to take
Fyve principally I þenk to take
De first I tolde of his parting
And comfort hem with fayre seming
3itt a while I am with sow
Bote fadirlies will I not leue sow
I go and come to sow agen
Forsope effitsonis I will sow sayne
Pan 30ur hertis ioy schall make
but ioye schall norman fro sow take
Lyke to pis mo gan he move
Pat kid her hertis for grete loue
In be second pou mayst se
How he comorte hem in charite
Offte he rehersyd hes wordis dere
Pis is pat I bade sow lone in fere
2iff z3e loue all men knowit pis
But 3e be my dere disciples
Pis hertely charite he taght hem well
bat pou mayst fynde in Johns gospell
Be hrid he taght hem by any ping
For to kepe his comaundyng
Kepe my comaundements 2iff 3e me loue
2iff 3e kepe hem 3e duelle aboue
Be fourpe he warmith hem faijefullly
What pay schall soffre or pay dye
Bote trewly I haue pis world overcome
ze schull here have sorow sum
Bote 2iff 3e worlde hat be now
Wite ze he hatep me & sow
ze schul be soroufull & be worlde schall ioy
Bote pour sorow schall torn to ioy
Be first bebink be how Crist Ihesus
To his fadirl tornid & prayed for vs
Fadir kepe hem which 3e 3awe 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 pis won
And not for hem bote for all men
Bat schull leue on me be heme
Fadir I will where pat I be
Pay be with me by blis to se
Pes wordis & ober pat he tolde
Kite her hertis & made hem bolde
Beholde how pes disciples in her mornying
How pes stode with handis wringing
Mourning sorowing & offte sighing
Bat Crist witnes to hem semyng
For pes wordis to sow haue sayde
Sorow z30ur hertis hope all belayde
Beholde how John lyep sleping
On Cristis brest as his derling
Pes sermon att his brist sleping he souke
And toke it to vs in holy boke
Among all ober Crist taught hym
And sayde arys & go we hen
A grete drede went in hem to
Pay wist neuer wheather to go
Forth pay went as I schall say
Crist endid his sarmon be be way
Beholde he disciples in her wending
As chekenys vndir he damis wing
Sum go before & sum go behynde
His blissee wordis to haue in mynde
One prest on hym & efft another
Be meke maystir was neuer be wrober
Fast be went & cam anon
Ouer a broke men callith Cidron
Be traytour abode heere till he cam
And ober armyd many a man
Now foloweth be Meditacion
Off Cristis Pascion

Now Crist criatour take gode hede
And do by hert for pite blede
Lolbe he ought his paynis to se
Which hym lopeth not to soffre for be
Beholde & se with newly mone
What paynis he soffrid euer anon
Beholde hym in an orcher sitting
His traytour 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 pink how mekely & reuerently
To his fadir he prayed an hye
My worshipfull fadir I pray to be
Bowe byne erys and ley to me
Here my bon & dispice it noght
For sorrow my soule habe bou soght
My spirit is hevy withyn me
My hert is distempryd fadir now se
Bou sent me hadir as by will is
To bie mankynde a3en to blis
To do by will I sayde I go
In bye bokys it is wretyn so
Here haue I ben & prechyd byn helpe
In pore trauaile & not in wele be
Fadir byne heest I haue fullfilled
And more I will 3eff bat bow will
Bou sest what sorrow is to me dight
Off my foes a3ens all right
yeff any wickydnes is in me found
Or euill for euill had 30lde any sound
Fon were I worpy be pynnis fong
Bote fadir bow wost bey do me wrong
Euill for gode pay haue me 30une
And also grete hate for my loue
My disciple whiche I haue cherid
Me to betray hym haue be hirid
Perty pens for me is take
Pey haue pressyd my woe to wake
My sweete fadir I pray be
Arise vp in hope of me
For fohg beywote not I am by son
3itt because of be here I won
Lying with hem an innocence lyffe
Pay schuld not scape me so grete stryffe
Pink fadir I stode befor be sight
To speke for hem bop day & night
To torne away fro hem by mode
Bote wher be euill be 30lde for gode
For pay for my soule haue do a lake
A vilans dette to me bey schape
Wherfore dere fadir yeff it may be
I pray pis dette may go fro me
Yeff you pink it be not best
By will he do right as you 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 slepyng hem awok e
Her yen were slepy & heuy as clay
He bade hem algati s wake & pray
Agen to pray he toke his pace
Twyes prayed he in dyuers place
Be same orison he did befoare
He prayed now & did no more
Fadir yeff pis dette may not fro me go
I am here by will to do
My sweete moder fadir I be betake
My brebern kepe hem also fro wrake
I keppe hem while I was with hem
My dere fadir now kepe you hem
Bus long he prayed till he was hote
For anguysch his blode ran dou as sote
Man take ensample here of godis son
When you schalt pray God of a bon
Pray stedfastely till you be herde
For Crist prayed pries or he wer herd
Whiles he prayed bus in grete dolour
Saint Michael corn fro hevyn tour
And hym comfortid & sayde bus
Hayle my lorde Crist lhesus
By prayer & by swete body
I haue offred to by fadir on hye
In sight of all be court of heuyn
For 3ow we pray all with one stevyn
But he schuld not soffre he to dye bus
By fadir by reson ansuerde vs
My dere son wote pis full well
De manis soule but beth in heell
May not semly to his he brought
Bote pay first with his blode be boght
Perffore 5iff my son wil be soulis sauue
Nedis for hem pe deb most he haue
De Crist ansuerde with mylde state
Soulis saluacion I will algate
Perffore to dye I raper cheece
Dan we schuld be soulis in heell lese
Pe which my fadir made to his liknes
His will be done I will no les
Pan sayde be aungell to hym an hye
Comfforte he well & do manly
It is semly to hym pat is hyest
Grete binges to do & soffre mest
By payne schall sone ouerpas
And ioye schall schew in euery plas
By fadir saith euer with pe he is
And kepeth by modir & by disciples
Crist bede be aungell go & grete pou me
To my dere fadir in his se
Beholde how mekelby pis comfort toke
Off his creatour so saib he boke
A litel fro be aungels 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
Withoute sorowe may pis not be
To his disciples he went & sayde
He comby here pat me habe betrayed
Anon com ludas with his company
Crist went against hym mekelby
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 by w er in doute
Pe cursyd houndis run hym aboute
And drowe hym forpe with pe route
Sum bounte 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 ansuer he wolde
Wers ban a fole among hem was holde
Sum sayde where is all now by wisdam
Pou heldist pe wiser ban any opere man
Off our patriarkes & prestis pou had dispite
Derfore schalto w haue by dethe as tyte
Pou sayst pat pou art Goddis son
Help pyselfe giff pot pou can
Sum seke on hym fals witnes
Sum say on hym vsekyrnes
Sum tog hym sum drawe hym fro se to se
A lorde Ihesu how may pis be
derwhiles he suffrid sorow & wo
His desciples run away hym fro
To Magdalaynes hous fohn went right
derbe soper was idight
Oure lady he tolde & her felisschip
Off her dere son schendeschip
Pink man on pe desciples doing
Dey wepe & wayled & handis wring
Her mayster is take pat schuld hem kepe
Dey inne aboute as heerdeles schepe
Oure lady went herselffe allon
To Pe fadir of heuyn sche made her mon
My worschipffullest & most make
Most mercyable & most helpely eke
My sweete 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 broth 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 selde hym azen to me
He is so boghsom to do your wil
But hechargeth noght hymselfe to spill
Help my son oute of cursyd handis
der 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
De prestis & de princis gan hem array
Bolles of wyne & of iangeling
Cam oute forto se of Ihesu endyng
Pay schoke hym out 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 bou 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
Pink on his modir pat first hym behelde
Adoun sche fell aswoun in pe felde
Pan 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 couaited off hym to se
Bote no worde spoke wolde he
Pan 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 schenschipe pat erst hate
Noght onely a mysdooer he is holde
Bote a lewde folke he is tolde
Pay cried on hym as fouli s do on an oule
With were & dong pey hym defoule
His modir pat tyme folowid hym long
And wondred why he wolde soffr e ba t wrong
Pay brought hym to Pilat he stode full faint
BOLDLY pe houndis pursued pe plaint
Pilat poght to deluyuer 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 pilere faste hym bonde
3itt scheweb pe blode of his wounde
A lorde Ihesu how may his be
Who was so hardy to spoile pe
Who most hardye pat pe bounde
Who most hardy pat pe wounde
Allmyghty God where ertow now
Pes houndis some myghtier pan bou
Bote truly bou some of rightwisnes
Withdrawest by bemys of derknes
When they had betyl hym so dispitously
they com to Pilat & cried on hye
Sir his folc clepith hym a kynge
Clepe we hym in kynges cloping
This is was do at oure of prime
Be doing of iche oure will I ryme

3it all they cloped hym in scorne
And crownyd hym with a crowne of thorn
And in his honde a rede they did hym take
And many onc on his heed they brake
They sette hym openly in her seing
And kneled & cried hayle ser kyng
A Ihesu by paciencs may not be tolde
Dou angry man by Saviour pou beholde
For pe he suffred his payn & schame
And for a litell worde pou will men grame
Effsonys to Pilat they com crying
And sayde ser saue cayser we haue no kyng
Who hymselfe a kynge will make
Be lawe pe depe hym most take
To pilat sayde what will 3ce do with hym
They cried crucifige crucife hym
Pilat he dred pe peples voice
And damnyd hym to hong on cros
A fals iustys where fyndestow pat reson
To damnye an innocent with so grete treson
When he was damnyd on cros to hong
Be houndis wolde not tary long
Bote anon fro Pilat they led hym oute
And ioyed her malice was bryght aboute
A cros forpe was fett long & grete
Pe length beroff was fiftten fete
On his schuldir pe cros pey caste
But his bak bent & well were braste
They punchyd hym porogh eueri slogh
As an hors is pat gope to plogh
Beholde now man with weeping hert
And late noght his ploght lightly stirr
Crist gope crokyng his cros vndir
And fayntly it berith it is no wonder
Pay hygh hym & he gope withoute stryffe
He berith his delte for py lyffe
3itt is hym schap more schenschip
Pevis be bryght to hym in feleschip
3itt more for Crist berith his owne iwis
I fynde not pat pe lewis did on pe same wis
A Ihesu what schame did pay to Gow heere
To make Gow vilain peflis heere
Bote pe prophecy must be fulfillede
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 pan gan sche
And mett her soum withoute be cite
And when sche se hym bat grete tre bere
Halffe dede sche was & confoundid here
Fullayne sche wolde his paynis light
Sche myght not so be houndis hym hight
None of hem myght speke obe to
For sorow pat eche had of obe po
Forth they drove hym with burdoun
Till he for faintnes fill ner doun
For over long he cros he hate
Be place will schew who haue be bare
Bes houndes were lope his dethe to tary
Be they dred pat Pilat his dethe wolde vary
Foreouyr it semyd be his will
But he was lope Ihesu to spill
A man pay meil & hym pay raynid
To bere he cros they hym constrainid
So forth as a belfe they Ihesus nam
To pay to pc mount of Caluere cam

Petih now man how bis is done
In be oure oj affir none
Beholde he paynis of by Sauer
And crucifie he cros with grete dolour
When he to Caluere mount was broght
Beholde what wickyd men her euhl wroght
Sum diggin sum deluyun sum erp vp cast
Sum pichid pc cros in pc erp taste
Sum on enery syde ladders vp sett
Sum ran affir hammer sum naylis 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 pan gan sche to seke
When sche se hem lifht hym no breke
Sche ran po purgh hem & hastily hid
And her kerchief his hippis hid
Sche wolde do more bote sche ne myght
For forsly her son is fro her plight
To be cros fote they drowe hym higing
Se now be maner of be crucifying
Two ladders be sett be cros behynde
And two enemyes vp fast bay clymbe
With hamyrs & nayles scharpely swiff
A schort ladder beffore hym pight
Dere as pe fete schorter were
Beholde his sight with rowly tere
Crist Ihesu his bodye vp styce
Be pe schort laddir be cles on hye
Withoute nay he gan vp wende
And when he cam to pe laddir ende
Toward pe cros his bak he layde
And his riall armys displayed
His faire handis he ote 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 oftere to pe
My breber & sister pou hast made hem
For my loue fadir be merciabill to hem
All olde symis pou hem forgette
And graunt my blis with vs to lyue
Derworby fadir saue all mankyn
Lo here I am oftered for her syn
Beholde man by lorde on be rode
Bere was no lym bote pat ran on blode
While he bus ruly prayed in hert
Pat one few a nayle in his hand gert
Be toper drew to be naylis brast
And nailed be toper to be rode fast
Anon be cam doun with her gere
Anon be laddirs remevid were
Beholde now man a grete angwis
For be be handis be body hangis
To be fete anon be strakyd
Pay naylid harde to be cros crankyd
All be ioyntis be brast on twyne
A Ihesu why soffredestow bis for our syn
His fete be nailed as a tre to lode
Pan myght he noght meve bote his hed
Beholde beis naylis bere all his lymes
Loke all aboute hym ran blode stremys
He soffred sorowis bittir & fell
More pan any toung may tell
Betwix two peffis he hong in same
A what wrong what payn & schame
Sum dispite his lore his faith & saipe
Fy on hym pat Goddis temple distreyeb
Sum sayde saue hyselfsc giff pou can
Come doun & pou be Goddis son
Also be lewis pat crucified hym
De clopis of hym pey partid atwin
Sum sayde oper couph 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 crucified
Full payne for sorow sche wold a died
Her sonis paynis were moche pe more
Bot he her paynis se so sore
And to his fadir still he plains
Fadir sest hou not my modir paynis
On pis cros sche is with me
I schuld be crucified & noght sche
My crucifition sufficeth for all mankyne
For now I bere all her syn
Into by keping 1 her betake
Derworp fadir her penauts hou 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 he sumdele his paynis lis
Be her stode Husu & Maries pre
Iacob Magdalayne & Cleoffe
Wonder it is to tell be sorow bat bey 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 bat he pere sayde
For his crucifiers he prayde
Fadir forseff hem her synnis son
For by wote not what bye don
Grete loue grace paciens his word schewib be
Bot hou schuld pray for hem hert by fon be
Pe second wordes 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 moder clepe
Left for loue her hert wold breke
Pe brie to be biffte sayde he
Today in paradis you schalt with me be
Be fourh he cried with vois on hye
Ely Ely lamabatany
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
þe fift worde þe sayde me prist
þan þe houndis wrought worst
þey bough to noye hym most of all
þey saffe hym to drink ayell & gall
He tastid sumde his prist to lue
A A how strong was his pyne
ziff it be expowned in sermon
þat þe pristed soulis salvation
ziff trewly þe manhode prist on þe 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 seorgyd & scornid & defeylyd
Woundid anguyschyd & crucified
Fullfillid I haue þat is written of me
Perfore 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 derworhipy son
Come to þy blis euery þere to won
All þing full well þou haete fullfilled
I will nomine þou þou be þus spilid
For soulis þou hast bright oute of bonde
Come son & sit on my ryght honde
Anon he trouayled as men do in dying
Now sweetyng & casting vp his yen
He brew his hede now here now þer
For bodily strength had he nomore
þe sevynth worde full loude he spac
Fadir into þy handis my soule I take
He zeld vp his gost þis fadir þankyng
Towardes his brest his hede gan hyng
þan to þe cry centori turnid son
And sayde forsothe þis was Gods son
For with a grete crye þe soule is forþ go
Ober men when þay dye do not so
But crye was so grete as I ȝow tell
But it was wele herde down into hell
Þink þou man what joy þere is
When soules wer broght fro þeyn to blis
And how long þay have þas layne
To habide our sauiowr in muni payne
þey clepid & cryed com Gods son
How long schall we fro þe won
Here endith now Cristis passion
Fullfillid in þe ouer of none
Now begyn we a swete meditacion
Off a swete lamentacion
Pat Mari modir meke and mylde
Made for her dere childe
Grete paynis he soffred hir befoore
Bote now sche soffrid moche more
For when sche se hym drawe to ende
I leue sche wex nere oute of mynde
Sche sownd sche pynd sche wex halff dede
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 wrecid dep to me hou come
And do be modir die with pe son
Aboue all ping desired sche
Com dep & to my son fech me
My fadir my furner my maister my make
Why God son hastow me forsake
Pink how wc loud & lyuid togedir
And late vs here son dye togedir
I may not lue 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 isturnid to wo
Simon saide sope it schuld be so
He sayde a swerd myn h[er]t schuld perce
Certes swete son pis may I rehers
Pan gan her felaschip her sorow to slake
And soffte & myldely asen sche spak
Now 3e godemen se with 3our yen
3off per be any sorow to myn
My son is slayn her befoore myn ye
Which I bare wemles on my bodye
Dere was neuer woman pat bar such a childe
So gode so gracious so meke so myld
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 3off I sorrow make
While sche satt in her lamentacion
A company amyd sche se come
Pe which were sent in a grete rek
Pe dampned mens lymes to breke
To sle hem & to cast pe bodies away
Pan no men schuld se hem on pe haly day
A Mari modir by wo wex now
Se man her martridom & beron rew
For so ofte sche was martird 
As offt as her sonis martirdom say
Sche sayde what mowe 
Ne haue pey crucified hym & slayn 
I wende pey had ben full of pe
Now derworh son haue mercy on me
Son I may help pe in no degre
Bote 3itt will I do pat is in me
To pe cros fast sche ran
And clippid pe cros fast in her arme
And sayde my son here will I dye
Or pat fro me be borne away
Fast pes houndis com rymyng ben
And fouunde pe peef bope on lyne
Pey brak her pese bope a twyne
And fouunde a diche & cast hem perin
Sche wende pay wolde so serve her son
And bough with mekenes hem overcom
On knes sche kneled with her felischip
And sayde siris I pray 3ow of frenschip
Poymp he hym nomore breke not his pies
off me he hym hoole for dede 3e se he is
I will hym bery & none oper
Haue reipe on me I am his modir
A lady what do pe to knele weping
Put to pes houndis for socour sekyng
Off Salamon sawis 3e be not avisid
Pat mekenes of proude men is all dispisid
Put Longeus a knight dispisid her plaint
Pat now be 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
But cernes pe perced his modir hert
Pe woundid & hepid arm vp armys
Sche fell as for dede on Magdatayn armis
O there bis dede is wondir to me
Pat pou soffredest by modir be martired for pe
Do John stirt vp freschly anon
And sayde men what will 3e done
Haue 3e not slayn hym with wrong & wo
What will 3e slee his modir also
Go hens for we will hym bery anon
All schamid pe houndis away gan gone
When Mary was wakyd of her swoun
Aycens pe cros sche sett her dowm
Petously sche beheld with grevous wounde
For weping sche myght stynt no stounde
What sorow made Iohn Cristis derling
What Magdalayn with teris his fete wasching
What Iacobc what Cleoffe & oper mo
I wis no tong may tell pe wo
Full faine pey wolde Ihesu douj take
Botc strength & instrumenes 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 dep schull we poll
Pay praide to God sum scoor sende
For liue nor dede pey wold not wend
A new compasce pey se comyng
Instrumencis & oymentis with hem bring
Oure lady dreed pey were enmyes
To Iohn on hem had sett gode spies
Be of gode comfort he sayde pey seme
Ioseph ab Aramathi & Nicodeme
Pis was her comyng when pey com peder
Pay worshipid pe cros & salted togeder
And bankid God pat pedir hem sent
Oure lady prayed hem to do her entent

Now wil I tell of evensong our
Se man a sight of grete dolour
Two laddirs before pe cros now stond
Ioseph & Nicodem clym pay fonde
With pinsons pinched & oper gerr
When pey to pe hondis come wer
Preuily with her pincher forb pay plught
Lest Mary schuld gris sore of pat sight
Pe hald harde or it wolde be
Pe naylis stak so fast in pe tre
Full fast pey wraist nojing pey wounden
Nedis pey mst brest foule his handen
Botc rightwis God pat made all ping
Koaw 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 myghtilie pe nailsis oute hent
When pe nailsis were oute ichon
Nicodemus toke hym & Iohn
Anow roun to all pat peder were
And halpe pat precious body to bere
Iohn bare pe brest & wept full sore
For peron he ristid pe night before
His fete bare Magdalayn & on hem wepe
For att hem her synnys sche lete
Do but were berge 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 offte sche kist
Sche cufflid it & clipped it on her brist
Bote euer when sche behelde be grisly wounde
For sorow sche fill to be grounde
Offte sche sayde a son son
Where is now all by werk become
But pou were wonte to worke with his hande
All but were seke bring out of bande
A frechly fode fairest & re
Borough be Holi Gost consayuyd be of me
Why faest pou no filp is in he founde
Bote sinles I bare pe into pe mound
A manis sin hastow dere boughht
With a gretter price myght it never be wroght
His company forp his cors gan cary
And prayed his modir no lengger hent tary
With oynementis & schetis pey wolde hym dight
And bery it anon for it was night
Pan sayde Mary I pray 3ow a bon
Takith it not fro me so sone
Bery me with hym in graue
For ober dede or quik I must hym haue
Atte last sche consent so long hey 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 he hede satt
Sche kist his hede & layde it in her lap
Sche beheld it how it was ibroke
Prickid & brosyd with many a stroke
And schaue also was berde & hede
With borns rent of blode all rede
In a hye story pis reson truly I nam
But God sayde onys to an holy woman
When pe lewis had dampaid hym depe to have
Schamely his berde & hede pay schaue
Pe evanglistis 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 saffe to man smyting
And also my chekis to manis grubbing
First pan Mary with a swete cloute
Wiped her sonis hede aboute
A son I was wont swetely to wrap
And now I haue bync heide in my lap
be oher anoint hym & closid be schete
Till bey cam down to be fete
Magdalaine prayde his fete to dres
For be sche gate of her synnis forgisf
Sche wept & wasch hem with mani a tere
Sche kissid hem & wipid hem with her here
When be cors was all well dight
To be sepulcre bary bare it right

Now is be oure of cumplyne
Bey layde be cors here it schuld ben
In a sepulcre a faire grane
Pet Nicodemus made hymself to haue
Bey schett a bon with a grete ston
And arayed hem pens fast to gon
Habide here gode breper Mary gan say
Wherto liegh 3e so faste away
5iff 3e be to full of my dere son
Go hens & lete me allon here won
Whedir schuld I wende to frend or kyn
I can nowhere go bote I had hym
He was my brorher my maystir my spous
Now am I a widdow in hous
Wolde God pat 3e wold me bery with hym
For pan schuld we neuer part atwyn
Now certes myn hert is melt away
For right so lone gan to me say
I haue hym soght I fynde hym not
I haue hym clepid he anuerith not
I will habide hym here in fay
For he sayde he wold arise be brid day
Bote I had mistr to his saying
Myn hert schuld have brist att his ending
Pan John consailed her & sayde anon
Dis Sabat we now not here wake allon
5iff be Iewi vs take her bey will vs spill
And bus was also your sonis will
Pan ansered Mary myldely weping
My son Iohn toke me pe in keping
I musst nedis do as pou me bedist
And right with pot worde vp sche rist
Right beffore be sepulcre sche satt down
And weping sche made her lamentacion
A sweete son now wo is me
Pat I no lengger may dwell with be
For nedis I musst be forsake
By fadir of hevyln be betake
Oure felischip is now denidide
For I may not with be be beryde
Bote swete son where bat I be
Holy myn hert is beried with be
3iff thou arise as thou me behight
Myn hert schall rise with be as light
3iff thou arise be bridd day
Truly I am comfort for ever & aye
Perfore swete son arise vp & come
And schew wele bat thou art Godis son
Be sepulcre sweetely anon sche kist
And went per aboute & fare it blissid
And sayde swete son slepe in hym ese
For bis place is made for be in pes
Efft sonys be sepulcre sche kist kneeling
And cried thes wordis with sore weping
A son here may I no lenger lende
Nedis fro be pou wolte me sende
Bote berwith her swounyd sche had
Bote John lift her vp & hens her lad
Towarde be cite her way pay toke
Offt azenwarede sche gan loke
When sche cam to be cros habide sche saide
My son my Sauiour hercon died
Herevpon he halpe boght all mankyn
His precious body habte wasch our syn
Sche worschepid it first & sith pay ichon
Towarde be cite bay gan gone
Or sche entred bey couerd her visage
As for a widow bey did pat visage
Bey nist neuer wher sche herborowid schuld be
Echone sayde with me with me

Now be quene of hevyn modir highest
Haue noght wherein forto rist
Sche panke hem & sayde I am betake
To John I may not hym forsake
John sayde we will with Magdalayn alight
For sche resayvid ourc maystir welc anight
Also my brefer will com all pedir
Pere will we rest & speke togedir
Pey had her forb burugh he cite
Widowes & wyffes of her had pite
When pey had brought hem her ichon
Sum toke her leue & went home
Mary & Martha were besy pat night
To ese her & servce her pat pay myght
Pink man how sche myght not slepe
Bote sorowed & sighed wayled & wepe
And euermore sayde my derworby son
I lue in anguysch till pou come
Anon cam Peur with weping chere
And salute Mary & John in here
For shame durst non loke on his brother
Pay askid be doing of her dere lorde
John tolde hem be proces every wordes
Alias sayde Petir me schame to loke
For I my swete lorde forsoke
Which louid me & cherisched me tenderly
Alias I wrech mercy I cry
Also be disciples made her confescion
And wept with grete lamentacion
Dan Cristis modir her mylde maystres
Had grete compascon of her hevynes
Sche conforte hem faire & sayde his
Dismay sow not for my son Ihesus
For to be dethe 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 pou3 se forsoke hym in his end
His fadir forsoke hym socour to send
Hynselfe he forsoke for our mysdede
I prayed for hym I myght not spede
Certes I am sory for his grete pascon
Bote truly I am glade for soulsis salvacion
Pey schull in hell ermore a be lore
Bote I hym to bis 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 after will cry
Be of gode comfort & trust in fay
We schull hym se on pe frid day
Sith he hapec boght vs with so grete price
Nedis from dep he must arise
Certes sayde Petir his night at cene
He sayde we schuld hym efftsonis sene
And all oure sorow schall to ioy come
And pat ioye schuld no man fro vs nom
A brep sayde Mary I sow pray
But a swete sarmon 3e wolde say
Anon John tolde her for he coup best
For sleping he founde it att Cristis brest
Bus pay duellid in her meditacion
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 be fende bounde to make to be
Penk also of be grete dede of his power
He myght haue sent an angell to saue vs here
Bote pe our saluacion we schull not bane hym
Bote call pe angell sauiour of mankyne
Verfore he so hertely lovid vs
He gaffe his owne son god Ihesus
Bat we hym onely schuld bane & do honour
As fadir & more socour & sauiour
Bane we now our fadir bat vs saue hap broght
Our sike soules to saue when syn hap hem soght
And of his grete godenes giue we grete
And sing pe wordis of Zacary pe prophet
Lorde God of Israel blissid mote bou be
Be peple bou hast visit & broght hem to be
But satt in derknes of deh & disese
Bou lifte hem & lede hem in be way of pece