

Ebenso wenig habe ich es unternommen, die schreibung in beiden texten zu uniformiren, d. h. statt der südlichen formen von A und der nördlichen formen von B die des südlichen mittellandes einzusetzen, und zwar sind dabei besonders die von Kölbing, Sir Tristrem p. XC gegen ein solches verfahren geäußerten bedenken massgebend gewesen. Erst nach sorgsamer durchforschung aller auf uns gekommenen mittenglischen dichtungen wird es vielleicht möglich sein, in dieser hinsicht einigermaßen feste normen aufzustellen; so lange aber die ansichten über die heimath einzelner denkmäler überhaupt noch auseinandergehen, ist es rathsam, sich so genau wie irgend möglich an die handschriften anzuschliessen. Sehr leicht und an und für sich auch unbedenklich wäre es gewesen, die oben von uns besprochenen, durch die schreiber entstellten reime zu berichtigen; ich habe jedoch auch dies unterlassen, um wenigstens ein prinzip consequent durchzuführen.

Die abgekürzten buchstaben und sylben sind in cursivdruck wiedergegeben.

Da der lateinische text der predigt den wenigsten lesern zur hand sein dürfte, so habe ich denselben unter zugrundelegung der Antwerpner ausgabe von 1616 beigelegt.

Schliesslich spreche ich herrn prof. Kölbing, der nicht nur in liberalster weise mir seine abschriften des gedichtes zur verfügung gestellt, sondern mich auch bei der correctur des textes unterstützt hat, meinen wärmsten dank aus.

## A.

Her is a gret lamentacion betwene vr  
ladi & seint Bernard of Cristes passion,  
hire dere sone, þat was so pyneful & so  
hard.

## I.

Lewed men be not lered in lore,  
As clerkes ben in holi writ;  
þauȝ men prechen hem bifore,  
Hit wol not wonen in heore wit.  
5 þerfore is þat I syke sore  
For broȝrhede, as god hit bit,  
And zif Cristes wille wore,  
Wel fayn I wolde amenden hit.

## B.

Lamentacio sancti Bernardi de com-  
passione beate Marie virginis ex dul-  
cissimi filii sui passione et eiusdem  
crudeli morte.

## I.

Lewid men am not lerid in lore,  
As clerkis ben in holi writte,  
& þouȝ men preche hem euerē more,  
It wile not wone in hire witte.  
For þis it is þat I sike sore 5  
For bretherhed, as god vs bitte,  
& if Cristis wil it wore,  
Fayn I wolde amendin itte.

Ipsa enim portauit regem glorie, illum omni petenti datura. Ipsa  
genuit eum, lactauit eum, die octaua circuncidit, et quadragesima praesentauit  
in templo, duos tuttores vel duos pullos columbarum pro eo offerens in  
holocaustum. Fugiens ab Herode ipsum portauit in Aegyptum, lactans eum  
5 et nutriens, curam illius habens, sequens eum fere quocunque pergebat. Credo

## II.

zif Crist haue send mon wit at wille,  
 10 Craft of clergie, for to preche,  
 Alle hise hestes scholde we fulfille  
 As ferforþ as we mihten areche.  
 zonge and olde, holdeþ ow stille,  
 For broþerhed I wol ow teche:  
 15 þe mon, þat con and teche nille,  
 He mai haue drede of godes wreche!

## III.

þerfore ichaue on Englisch wrouzt,  
 Seint Bernard witnessen in Latyn;  
 Mon may be glad in al his þouzt,  
 20 þat his wit haþ leid þer in.  
 þe gospel nul I forsake nouzt,  
 þauz hit be writen in parchemyn;  
 Seynt Jones word, and hit be souzt,  
 þer of hit wole be witnes myn.

## IV.

25 While Jesu Crist on eorþe eode,  
 Mony of his miracles, writen þei were:  
 þer nis no mon, þat mihte rede  
 þe goodnesse, þat he dude here.  
 Men and wymmen, ze schulen haue  
 mede,  
 30 Lusteneþ alle now me ifeere,  
 zif I sigge mis, takeþ good hede  
 And wisseþ me, þat hit betere were!

## V.

Fader and sone and holy gost,  
 Almihtifol god in trinite,  
 35 Myn hope is on þi modur most,

## II.

If Christ haue sent vs witt & wille  
 & craft of clergie, for to preche, 10  
 We schuld fayn his hestis fulfille,  
 As ferfort has our wit wold areche.  
 zonge & olde, hold zow stille:  
 As bretherin alle I wile zow teche,  
 For he þat can & haþ no wille, 15  
 He may sore dowte of Cristis wreche.

## III.

þerfor I haue on Englisch wrouht,  
 As Bernard seyth in his Latyn,  
 He may be glad in al his þouht,  
 20 þat his besynes leyde þer in.  
 þe gospel wile forsake it nouht,  
 For he it wrot in parchemyn;  
 Seynt John his bok, if it be souht,  
 Her of it wile ben witnesse myn.

## IV.

þat while þat god on erthe zode, 25  
 Alle his myraclis wretin were:  
 þer is no clerk, in boke may rede  
 þe goodnes þat he dide to vs here.  
 Men & women, ze schul han mede,  
 If ze me listne alle in fere, 30  
 If I mys say, takiþ good hede,  
 Wisse me to telle þe beste to lere.

## V.

Fader, sone & holi gost,  
 Almyhti god in trenyte,  
 Mi mone is to the modir most 35  
 15 þat] om. ms. 21 þe] Danach w,  
 unterpunktet. 27 Davor þat tyme þat  
 god, unterpunktet.

etiam firmiter quod ipsa mater Jesu erat inter illas faeminas quae ipsum sequebantur ministrantes ei. Nullus debet inde admirari si sequebatur eum, cum ipse esset totus eius dulcor, solatium, desiderium et solamen. Hanc etiam arbitror fuisse inter illas dolentes atque gementes, quae lamentabantur flentes  
 10 dominum. Poterat etiam et haec esse inter illas faeminas, filias Hierusalem, ad quas Jesus tunc non clarus imperio, sed plenus opprobrio, spinis coronatus, sputis illitus, flagellis afflicto, sibi in angariam mortis crucem baiulans, conuersus dixit: Filiae Hierusalem, nolite flere super me, sed super vos ipsos flete et super filios vestros! Putasne, domina mundi, domina mea, mater dilecta  
 15 eiusdem Christi, estne verum, quod dico? En obsecro ut dicas seruulo tuo decus paradisi, gaudium coeli, veritatem huius rei. Obluiscere tamen causam

Ful of grace and of pite!  
 pouz I be synful, as þou wel wost,  
 Such grace þenne þow sende me,  
 Sum word to speken wiþ outen bost,  
 40 þat sum men mowe þe beter be!

## VI.

Gret del hit is, to speke and say  
 Of him, þat dyed on þe roode,  
 How he vpon þe gode friday  
 For vs þenne schedde his herte blode.  
 45 Alle hise disciples flowen away,  
 For doute of deþ þei were neiz wode.  
 þer nis no tonge, þat telle may  
 þe serwe of Marie, his moder gode.

## VII.

Heo him bar, boþe god and mon,  
 50 And siþen him clepede swete Jesu,  
 And offrede him to Symeon:  
 Ful wel þe prophete, him he kneuz.  
 An angel warnede vre ladi þon  
 Of kyng Heroude, þat was vntrewz,  
 55 And bad hire in to Egipte gon  
 For doute of deþ of mony a Jewz.

## VIII.

Euer was Marie glad inowz,  
 Whon heo hire swete sone seze;  
 Whoderward þat Jesu drouz,  
 60 He nas neuere out of hire eze;  
 Siþen men duden him gret wouz,  
 Harde peynes heo seiz him dreize;

Ful of grace and of pite,  
 þouh I be synful, as þou it wost,  
 Swich grace, lord, þou sende to me,  
 Sum word to speke wiþ out bost,  
 þat sum man may þe betere be! 40

## VI.

It is gret dool to telle & say  
 Of god, þat deyde vpon þe rode,  
 How he vpon þe good friday  
 For vs alle schad his blode.  
 Alle his disciplis fled away, 45  
 But Marie & John be him stode.  
 þer is no tunge, þat tellin may  
 þe goodnesse of his moder good.

## VII.

For sche him bar as god & man  
 And setthe clepid him Jesu, 50  
 Sche offerid him to Symeon:  
 þat prophete ful wel his lord knew;  
 An augil warnid oure ladi þan  
 Of king Herode, þat was vntrew,  
 And bad hire vnto Egipt gan 55  
 For drede of þat felous Jew.

## VIII.

Euer was Marye wel anow,  
 Whan sche hire swete sone seye:  
 Whedir þat euer Jesu drow,  
 He was neuere out of hire eye. 60  
 Setthe þe Jewis dide him gret wow,  
 Harde peynys sche saw him drye.

v. 56 Jew] J aus r corr.

doloris rogo, quem tunc passam te fuisse non dubito. Vtinam dolor iste sic  
 quotidie inhaereret visceribus meis, sicut inhaesit tunc tuis! Vtinam die qua  
 assumpta fuisti in coelum ut in aeternum gauderes cum filio tuo, mihi indi-  
 20 casses lachrymas tuas, ut per illas cognoscerem quantum tibi amaritudinis  
 fuit, cum Jesum dilectum tibi, heu, heu et parum dilectum mihi, clauis in  
 ligno confixum, capite inclinato suum sanctissimum exhalare videres spiritum!  
 Sed peto, domina mea, ne te moveant verba mea, quae dico, cum tamen saxa  
 deberent scindi ad illa. Quis unquam regnans in coelo sursum, aut peregrinans  
 25 in terra deorsum, audiens vel mente pertractans, quomodo factus est opprobrium  
 hominum ipse dominus angelorum, poterit lachrymas continere etiam in coelo,  
 ubi est impossibile flere? Quare ego miser non ploro, cum abiectio plebis  
 factus est filius Dei patris? Veruntamen tu, domina, gaude gaudio magno valde  
 ab ipso nunc glorificata in coelis, quae in mente tantis clauis amarissimis fuisti  
 30 confixa tuae piissimae mortis! Mihi tamen, obsecro, lachrymas illas infunde,

His honden were nayled to a bouȝ,  
Vppon a treo honged wel heize.

His hand naylid vpon a bow,  
& on þe cros þei heng him heye.

## IX.

65 þauȝ heo weore wo, no wonder nas :  
Heo seiȝ hym blodi, bodi and croun ;  
Hire sone, þat so gultles was,  
Wiþ stremes of blod he ron adoun.  
To sen his peynes was gret pres,  
70 Wymmen folewede him þorw þe toun,  
Sore wepynge, wiþ outen lees,  
For gret deol of his passion.

## IX.

þow sche were wo, no wunder was, 65  
Sche saw him blodi bodi & crowne,  
Hire sone, þat was so gilteles,  
Stremyd of blod, þat ran riht downe.  
To seen his peynys þer was pres,  
Women him folewid þorw þe towne, 70  
Sore weping wiþ oute les,  
& made dole for his passiowne.

## X.

Jesu tornde, þat was so meke,  
And spac wordes of gret pite  
75 To þe wymmen, þat þer speke,  
And seide: Wepeþ not for me!  
For ȝoure children ȝe mowe wepe,  
þat doþ me schome, as ȝe mowe se;  
No wonder, þouȝ hire herte breke,

## X.

Jesu him turnid ful mylde & meke  
And seyde a word of gret pite,  
To þe women he dide speke 75  
Andseyde: Wepit not forme, fol. 22  
But wepiþ for ȝow & your childereke,  
þei don me sorow, as ȝe may se:  
No wunder, if Maries herte myhte  
breke,

80 þat seiȝ hir sone so beten be.

þat saw hire sone so betin be. 80

## XI.

Whon he was beten wiþ scourges sore,  
Alle his frendes were from hym gon.  
þreo dayes vre feiþ was lore,  
Saue in Marie, his moder, al on.  
85 Bernard bereþ witnesse þefore,  
Also doþ hire cosyn Jon.  
For serwe, þat heo hedde þore,  
On swouȝ heo fel sone anon.

## XI.

Whan he was betin & scorgid sore,  
His frendis fled fro him good wone.  
III dayes our feyth was ilore,  
Saf in þe thef & Marye alone.  
Seynt Bernard witnessiþ it before 85  
And so doth hire cosyn John;  
For sorwe þat sche had thore,  
Out of hire eyen þe blod gan gone.

quas ipsa habuisti in sua passione; et ut his affluam largius, de passione filii tui, Dei mei et Domini mei, verba ad inuicem conferamus. Teneris promissione; redde quia hoc nobis superius promisisti! Memini te mihi in primo exordio nostri sermonis fuisse locutam de doloribus quos ipsa portasti pro morte 35 vnigeniti tui. Quod ut audiui, non modicum perturbatus coepi quaerere dolens, qui essent illi tui sermones. Cui ipsa dixisti: Qui sunt isti mei sermones, interim recogita in amaritudine animae tuae, donec de his ad inuicem conferamus. Ennarra mihi, te flagito, seriem veritatis, quae mater es et virgo et templum totius Trinitatis! Ad quem illa: Illud quod quaeris, compunctium 40 est magni doloris. Sed quia glorificata sum, ultra jam flere non possum; tu cum lachrymis scribe ea quae cum magnis doloribus ego persensi. Cui inquam: Flere peropto, quia et nihil aliud mihi libet, sed ego miser cor lapideum habens flere non possum. Regina coeli, mater crucifixi, da quod iubes et praebe quod cupio, loquere, quia audit seruus tuus! Dic, domina mea, dic,

## XII.

þe blod out of hire egen ron,  
 90 Almost hire herte clef a two,  
 Seynt Bernard, þat holy mon,  
 Witenesseþ wel, þat hit is so.  
 Seint Bernard, in to chirche wende  
 he con,  
 To witen of þat ladi wo.  
 95 To him wel feire speken heo gon,  
 What was his wille to asken þo.

## XIII.

Ladi, gif hit be þi wille,  
 Tel me, as þou art heuene qwene,  
 Hou þat þou weope þin herte fille,  
 100 Whon þei duden þi sone to scheme,  
 Whon þei him bounden and beoten  
 ille,  
 And corounden him wiþ þornes kene,  
 And bar þe crois meke and stille,  
 As þauz on hym non harm were sene!

## XIV.

105 Ladi, seide Bernard, weore þou þere  
 þo,  
 þer men him bounden and beoten  
 so fast?  
 I wot, þou weore not fer him fro,  
 þin herte was stif and ful studefast.  
 Allas! whi nere myn herte so?  
 110 Whi is myn now so vnwrast?  
 Whi nolde hit cleue or breke a two  
 Or wepe, while þat hit wolde last?

v. 95 speken] ms. spenken.

## XII.

þe blod out of hire eyen ran,  
 Al most hire herte clef in two; 90  
 Seynt Bernard, þe holi man,  
 Witnessiþ wel, þat it was so.  
 In to a temple he wente þan,  
 To witen of þat ladyes wo,  
 & sche him fayre freyne gan, 95  
 To witen, what his wil was þo.

## XIII.

He seyde: »Ladi, if it be þi wille,  
 Telle me, as þou art heuene quene,  
 If þou wepte þin herte fille,  
 Whan men dide þi sone þat tene, 100  
 Boundin him & betin him ille  
 & crownid him wiþ thornis kene?  
 He bar him euere mylde & stille,  
 As non harm on him had bene.

## XIV.

Swete ladi, were þou there tho, 105  
 Whan men him betin & bounden  
 faste?  
 I hope, þou were not fer him fro,  
 þin herte is so stif & stedfaste.  
 Allas, alas! whi dide þei so?  
 Whi is myn herte so vnwraste, 110  
 þat it ne wile cleue in two  
 Or wepe, whil my lyf may laste?

45 mater angelorum, mater misericordiae, si in Hierusalem eras, quando filius  
 tuus captus fuit et vinclus et in Annae atrium tractus et ductus? Cui illa  
 respondit: Fui itaque in Hierusalem quando haec audiui, et gressu qualicun-  
 que potui et vix potui ad dominum meum venire plorans. Cumque ipsum  
 fuisset intuita pugnīs percuti, alapis caedi, in faciem conspui, spinis coronari,  
 50 opprobrium hominum fieri, commota sunt omnia viscera mea, et defecit spiritus  
 meus et non erat mihi fere sensus, neque vox neque sonus. Erant etiam  
 mecum sorores meae et aliae mulieres multae plangentes eum quasi unigenitum.  
 Inter quas erat Maria Magdalena, quae super omnes, excepta me, quae tecum  
 loquor, dolebat et plorabat. Cumque Christus praecone clamante, S. Pilato im-  
 55 perante sibi baiulans crucem ad supplicium traheretur, factus est concursus  
 populorum post eum euntium, alii super eum plangentes, alii illudentes, et  
 proicientes lutum, fimum et immunditias super caput eius. Sequebar ego eum

## XV.

Ladi, I am in greet longing,  
 To seen þat sihte, þat þou there seye,  
 Whan þou gan þin handis wring, 115  
 þe teris ran doun be þin eye;  
 þou saw þi sone wiþ naylis sting  
 & on a tre þei heng him heye.  
 Whi ne were myn herte in þi mournyng,  
 Whan þou him saw swich peyne drye? 120

## XVI.

Tel me þi serwe, þin herte was in,  
 Whon þou seze þin ounne fode,  
 115 Godes sone, his hed doun lyn,  
 þer he hongede vppon þe rode!  
 þeiȝ he weore god, his flesch was þyn,  
 His bodi ron doun al on blode.  
 Allas, whi nedde þi serwe be myn?  
 120 Whi nedde I stonden, þer þou stode?

## XVI.

Allas, for sorwe þin herte myhte kyne,  
 Whan þou saw þin owne fode,  
 Goddis sone, his heuid doun clyne,  
 þer as he heng vpon þe rode!  
 þouh he were god, þe flesch was thyne, 125  
 þat swete bodi, þat ran on blode.  
 Allas, whi ne were þat sorwe myne  
 Or I had stonde, þer þat þou stode?

## XVI.

Vrladi seide: Whon he his lyf forsook,  
 He bowede his hed & lafte his sizt,  
 And nom his leue, his wey he tok  
 Vp to his fader ful of miht.  
 125 Witnesse wole þe holy book:  
 þat day þe sonne les hire liht.  
 þe temple clef, þe eorþe qwok,  
 þe dede arisen to lyue, aplizt!

## XVII.

Whan þat he his lyf forsoke,  
 He bowid his heuid & lost his sihte; 130  
 His leue he nam, his wey he toke  
 Vp to his fader ful of myht;  
 As berip witnesse þe holi boke:  
 þat day þe sunne lost his sihte;  
 þe temple claf, þe erthe quoke, 135  
 þe dede men arisen, þe soth to plyhte.

## XVIII.

Ladi, þi loue is naturel,  
 & my loue is swiþe lite,

v. 121—128] im ms. hinter v. 144.  
 v. 129—136] im ms. durch ein versehen  
 des abschreibers hinter v. 120 gestellt.

prout poteram, eius maestissima mater, cum mulieribus quae eum secutae fuerant  
 a Galilaea ministrantes ei, a quibus velut emortua tenebar et sustentabar, quous-  
 60 que peruentum est ad locum passionis ubi crucifixerunt eum ante me. Et  
 ipse me videns fuit in cruce eleuatus et ligno durissimis clauis affixus. Stabam  
 et ego videns eum, et ipse videns me plus dolebat de me quam de se. Ipse  
 vero tanquam agnus coram tondente se vocem non dabat, nec aperiebat os  
 suum. Aspiciebam ego infaelix et misera Deum meum et filium meum in  
 65 cruce pendentem et morte turpissima morientem. Tantoque dolore et tristitia  
 vexabar in mente quod non posset explicari sermone. Erat enim aspectu  
 dulcis, colloquio suauis et omni conuersatione benignissimus. Manabat nam-  
 que sanguis eius ex quatuor partibus rignantibus undis, ligno manibus pedibus-  
 que confixis. De vultu illius pulchritudo effluxerat omnis, et qui erat prae filiis

Be þi weping it semiþ wel:  
 No clerk þi sorwe ne may write. 140  
 Allas, whi no had I loue sumdel,  
 þat to myn herte it myhte smyte?  
 þat is hardere þan any stel,  
 May no bale þerin bite.

## XIX.

Ladi, tak hit not a gref, 130 þeiz I speke of his peynes so! To heren of him me is ful lef, I ne may hit nouzt forgo. I seo him hongen as a þef, Godes sone and þin also. 135 Ladi, þe teres, þat þou þer zef, Graunte me summe! he seide þo.	Swete ladi, take not to greef, 145 If I speke of his peynys mo! To speken of him it were me leef, For I wile not his loue forgo. I se him hangin as a theef, Goddis sone and þin also: 150 Ladi, þe teris, þat þou þer zef, Graunte me summe to han of tho!
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## XVII.

As þou art queen of heuene blisse, And I am here in gret perile, Swete ladi, þow me wisse, 140 þouz I be synful mon and vyle, As þou art moder and mayden iwis: What dude my lord in his exile? Whon he was pyned, wiþ outen mis, Whuche weren his wordes in þat while?	Ladi, queen ful of blisse, As I am here in gret perile, Swete ladi, þou me wisse, 155 þouh I be synful man & vile, As þou art mayden & moder iwis: What dide my lord in þat exile? Whan he was pynid wiþ þe Jewis, Whiche were his werkis in þat while? 160
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## XX.

## XVIII.

145 Bernard, þe wordes of þi mouþ To myn herte schetep a spere, þat speke of him bi norþ & souþ, Iwis, þei don myn herte dere! Wepynge is me now ful couþ.	Bernard, þe wordis of þi mouþe To myn herte han schotin a spere, His was al as mannys zouþe(!), Iwis, it doth myn herte dere! But weping is me not vnkouþe, 165
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## XXI.

70 *hominum speciosa forma, videbatur omnium indecorus. Videbam quod complebatur illud propheticum in eo: Vidimus eum et non erat ei species neque decor. Vultum enim illius iniquorum Judaeorum foedaverat liuor. Iste erat dolor meus maximus quia videbam me deseri ab eo quem genueram, nec supererat alius, quia mihi erat unicus. Vox mea fere perierat omnis, sed dabam gemitus suspiriaque*  
 75 *doloris. Volebam loqui, sed dolor verba rumpebat; quia verbum jam mente conceptum, dum ad formationem procederet, oris ad se imperfectum reuocabat dolor intimus cordis. Vox triste sonabat foris, vulnus denunciens mentis. Verba donabat amor, sed rauce sonabant, quia lingua, magistra vocis, usum perdidit loquendi. Videbam morientem quem diligebat anima mea et tota*  
 80 *liquefiebam prae doloris angustia. Aspiciebat et ipse benignissimo vultu me, matrem plorantem, et verbis paucis voluit me consolari, sed ego nullo modo consolari potui. Flebam dicendo et dicebam flendo: fili mi, fili mi, vae mihi, vae mihi! Quis dabit mihi ut ego moriar pro te, fili mi? O misera, quid*

150 Now þow wolt my peyns lere,  
 Mekeliche þow aske nouþe:  
 Bernard, I wol þe onswere!

If þow wile of peynys lere;  
 Setthe of weping þow askist nouþe,  
 I schal the tellin wiþ swete answeere!

## XIX.

Bernard seide and gon to speke:  
 Mi rihte were, to wepe sore,  
 155 Min herte nul not tobreke;  
 I seo not, hiȝ wole melte fore.  
 I wolde, he (!) were in serwe steke,  
 Wiþ me to wepe euer more.  
 Hit nil not of myn ezen reke,  
 160 To wepe, as my wille wore.

## XXII.

If I to the of peynys speke,  
 My riht were, to wepin sore, 170  
 Myn herte is hard & may not breke,  
 It is no þing, it wile meltin fore.  
 I wolde, it were in a stede to steke,  
 Wiþ eye to wepe for euere more;  
 May no tere fro myn eye reke, 175  
 To wepin, as my wil it wore.

## XX.

As þou art qwene of heuene & helle  
 And baar him, þat vs deore haþ bouȝt,  
 Hou hit is, þou most me telle  
 þing, þat is now in my þouȝt:  
 165 Weore þou þere, as men him qwelle  
 In Jerusalem, þer he was souȝt,  
 And nomen wiþ þe Jewes felle,  
 And siþen bifore Cayphas brouȝt?

## XXIII.

Qvod Bernard: Queen of heuene &  
 helle,  
 þow bar him, þat vs dere bouhte:  
 How so it be, þow must me telle  
 Of þing, þat I haue the besouhte: 180  
 Where were þow, whan men wold him  
 quelle  
 — In Jerusalem, þe fayre cite, it was  
 wrouhte —  
 And takin wiþ þe Jewis felle,  
 & setthe be nyhte befor Cayphas  
 brouhte?

## XXI.

Oure ladi seide: I was þere þo!  
 170 Sore I wep and wrong myn honde.  
 Whon þe Jewes him ladde me fro,  
 To folwe him wepinge miȝt I not  
 wonde.

## XXIV.

Oure ladi seyde: I was there tho; 185  
 Ful sore I wepte & wrong myn hond.  
 Whan þe Jewis led him me fro,  
 To wepin sore I myhte not wond.

faciam? Moritur filius meus. Cur secum non moritur haec maestissima mater  
 85 eius? Mi fili, fili mi, amor unice, fili dulcissime, noli me derelinquere post  
 te, trahe me ad te ipsum, ut et ego moriar tecum! Male solus moreris.  
 Moriatur tecum ista tua genetrix. O mors misera, noli mihi parcere, tu mihi  
 sola prae cunctis places, exaggera vires, trucida matrem, matrem cum filio perime  
 simul! Fili, dulcor unice, singulare gaudium, vita animae meae et omne sola-  
 90 tium, fac ut ego ipsa nunc tecum moriar, quae te ad mortem genui, sine matre  
 noli mori! O fili, recognosce miseram et exaudi precem meam! Decet enim  
 filium exaudire matrem desolatam. Exaudi me obsecro, in tuo me suscipe  
 patibulo, ut qui una carne viuunt, et uno amore se diligunt, una morte pereant!  
 O Judaei impii, o Judaei miseri, nolite mihi parcere! Ex quo natum meum  
 95 crucifixistis, et me crucifigite, aut alia quacunque morte saeua me perimite,



No wonder was, þeiȝ me were wo,  
 Ac hit was wonder, I miȝte stonde,  
 175 Whon I seiȝ hym to peyne go  
 And beo bounden in hard bonde.

## XXII.

On cene þursday wiȝinne þe niht,  
 Cayphas him nom, him þhouȝte gome,  
 Wiȝ swerdes and wiȝ lanternes briht,  
 180 And clepede him Jesu by his nome.  
 He onswerde: I am her riht:  
 Do my disciples for me no schome!  
 For alle þe peynes, þat him were diht,  
 He nolde, his frendes hedde no blame.

## XXIII.

185 For no chesoun of his takyng  
 He wolde, no mon þe worse were;  
 þat schewed he wel in alle þing,  
 Boþe here and elleswhere.  
 Peter, for soþe, made fihtyng  
 190 And smot sone of a Jewes ere;  
 Mi sone him blamed for þat þing  
 And also swiȝe heled hit pere.

## XXIV.

Judas was ful of þe fend:  
 Ful wel my sone his tresun wust,  
 195 þer he cleped him his frend  
 And mekeliche he him cust.  
 þe Jewes of harm hedde non ende,  
 Mi sone tobeten and topust;  
 Wiȝ strokes þei ȝuȝne to him wende  
 200 And leyden on hym wiȝ staf & fust.

It was no wunder, if me were wo,  
 But wuȝder it is, þat I myhte stonde, 190  
 Whan I saw him to peynis go  
 & bouȝden & betin & don al schonde.

## XXV.

On Scherthursday wiȝin þe nyht  
 þe Jewis toke him alle in same;  
 þei souht him wiȝ lanternis briht 195  
 & callid him Jesu be his name.  
 Mi sone answerid hem in hire siht:  
 Do these men for me no blame!  
 For al þe peyne, þat þei him diht,  
 He wold, his disciplis had no schame. 200

## XXVI.

For þe encheson of his taking  
 He wolde, þat non þe werse were;  
 He schewid þat in al maner þing  
 Thanne there & elliswhere.  
 Petir stod vnto fihting 205  
 & smot of a mannys ere,  
 But he leet be at his seyeng,  
 And as sone he helid it there.

## XXVII.

Judas, þat was ful of þe fend,  
 ȝet my sone his tresouȝ wiste 210  
 & callid him ȝet his dere frend,  
 And myldeli he him kiste.  
 þe Jewis harm had neuere non ende,  
 My dere sone tobetin and biste;  
 Wiȝ wepenys aboute him þei gan 215  
 wende  
 & bete him wiȝ stanys & wiȝ fiste.

v. 177 cene] l. grene?

dummodo cum meo filio simul moriar! Male solus moritur. Orbas orbem  
 radio, me Judaea filio, gaudio et dulcore. Vita mea moritur, et salus peri-  
 mitur, atque de terra tollitur tota spes mea. Cur ergo viuit mater post filium  
 in dolore? Tollite, suspendite matrem cum pignore! Non parcitis proli, non  
 100 parcatis et mihi! Tu mihi soli, mors, esto saeua; nunc summe gauderem si  
 mori cum filio simul possem. Dulce est mihi miserae mori, sed mors optata  
 recedit. Vae mihi et tibi, fili, mors ipsa praecipitata venit! Morte mori  
 melius est mihi quam vitam ducere mortis. Sed fugit a me misera et infelicem  
 me relinquit cui ipsa mors multum optata nunc esset. O fili carissime, o  
 105 benignissime nate, misereri matri tuae et suscipe preces eius! Desine nunc

## XXV.

Ladi, seide Bernard, god zelde hit þe!  
 Tel me more of myn askyng:  
 þi swete sone, what dude he?  
 Whi nolde he stonde wiþ fhtyng?  
 205 Bi kynde skil I may wel se,  
 He mihte hem alle to deþe bringe!  
 Swete ladi, tel þou me  
 Al his semblaust and his berynge!

## XXVI.

A Bernard, gif I teres had,  
 210 Nou migti wepe al my fille;  
 Of serwe nas I neuer sad,  
 Whon I þouzte on his peynes ille,  
 And hou he was from me lad,  
 I haue told, and zit I wille,  
 215 And hou he was in serwe stad,  
 And I him folewede wiþ teres grille.

## XXVII.

þei hudden his ezen & boffetede him þo  
 And beden him reden, ho hit were,  
 And duden hym peynes monie mo:  
 220 þer nis no tonge, may telle fore.  
 þere stoden my sustren two,  
 þat hedden loued hym wel zore;  
 Marie Maudeleyn dude also,  
 þat trewely louede him in hire lore.

## XXVIII.

225 Hire loue was studefast and trewe,  
 And I hym louede ful trewelyche.  
 Good is loue of frendes newe,  
 And of þe moder nomeliche.

## XXVIII.

Seyde Bernard: Ladi, I prey the,  
 zet telle me mor of myn asking:  
 Thi swete sone, what dide he?  
 Whi stod he not wiþ no fhting? 220  
 Be rihtful skile men may se,  
 He myhte hem alle to deth bring!  
 Swete ladi, now telle it me,  
 Al his semblaust & his bering.

## XXIX.

A Bernard, & I teris had, 225  
 Now myhte I wepe al my fille;  
 Of sorwe am I neuere sad,  
 Whan I þinke on his peynys ille.  
 But how he was fro me lad,  
 I haue the told & zet I wille; 230  
 I was in greet sorwe bestad,  
 But euere I folewid crieng schille.

## XXX.

þei hid his eyen & buffet him tho  
 & bad him rede, what þat he wore,  
 And othere peynys dide him mo, 235  
 Ne may no tunge tellin more.  
 Beside þer stod my susteris two,  
 þat had loid him longe before,  
 And Marie Magdaleyn also,  
 þat truli loid him & his lore. 240

## XXXI.

Hire loue was euere stedfast & trewe,  
 And I him loid ful tendirli,  
 For strong is loue of frendis newe,  
 & of þe moder grettest namly.

v. 227 neuere] n corr. aus h.

mihi esse durus, qui cunctis semper fuisti benignus! Suscipe matrem tuam in  
 cruce ut vivam tecum post mortem semper! Nihil mihi dulcius est quam te am-  
 plexato, in cruce tecum mori; et nil certe amarius quam viuere post tuam mortem.  
 O vere Dei nate, tu mihi pater, tu mihi mater, tu mihi filius, tu mihi sponsus, tu  
 110 mihi anima eras. Nunc orbor patre, viduor sponso, desolor filio, omnia perdo.  
 O fili mi, ultra quid faciam? vae mihi, vae mihi! Quo vadam, carissime?  
 ubi me vertam, dulcissime? quis mihi de caetero consilium et subsidium  
 praestabit? fili dulcissime, omnia tibi possibilia sunt, sed etsi non vis ut  
 moriar tecum, mihi saltem relinque aliquod benignum consilium! Tunc iam  
 115 dominus anxius in cruce annuens oculis et vultu de Joanne ait: Mulier, ecce,

I seiz neuere my sone chaungen hewe,  
 230 But euere in on, as lomb ilyche.  
 Sori þei were alle, þat hym knewe,  
 And wepte for him, boþe pore & riche.

## XXIX.

From Cayphas paleis þei him drouh  
 Riht to Pilate, my sone to spille.  
 235 He criȝede not, as men duden him  
                   wouȝ,  
 He code wiȝ hem wiȝ gode wille.  
 Euere he was meke inouȝ  
 And heold him boþe clos and stille.  
 Pilat wolde not, þat þei hym slouh,  
 240 In his dedes he fond non skille.

## XXX.

þei stripte hym þat ilke stounde,  
 To a piler bounden him þat day,  
 And beoten him, whil þei warm him  
                   founde;  
 þen was my song: Weilaway!  
 245 Four þousend & fyf hundred wounde  
 þei maden on him, for soþe to say,  
 And seiden on skorn vppon þe  
                   grounde:  
 þi prophecye helpe þe ne may!

## XXXI.

Mi leue Bernard! Gret was my care,  
 250 Whon þei criede wel faste in on:  
 Do Jesu on þe crois ful zare  
 And dilyuere vs Barraban!

v. 229 = Parl. of dev. v. 194.  
 v. 251 zare] ms. raþe.

I saw him neuere chaungen hewe, 245  
 But as a lomb wiȝ outhen cry.  
 Alle were sory, þat him knewe,  
 Riche & pore & alle him bi.

## XXXII.

Fro Cayphas paleys þei him drow  
 Riht to Pilate, him to spille. 250  
 þei tok non hede, þei dide him wow,  
 þei ȝede wiȝ him wiȝ good wille.  
 Euere was Jesu meke inow,  
 He suffrid hem & held him stille.  
 Pilate wold not, þat men him slow, 255  
 For in his dedis he fond non ille.

## XXXIII.

þei stripid him nakid on a stounde  
 & bounde him to a pilere all day,  
 Bete him, whil þei warm him founde;  
 þan was my song: Weleaway! 260  
 Fyue þousand & IIII hundred  
                   wounde  
 On him þei mad, for soth to say;  
 On skorn þei seyde & fil to grounde:  
 þat prophecye nouht helpin the may!

## XXXIV.

Mi dere frend, gret was my care, 265  
 Whan þei cride alle þan:  
 ȝeue him dom, þe cros is zare,  
 & delyuere vs Barraban!

v. 251 wow] durchstrichen, von  
 jüngerer hand sorow hingeschrieben, mit  
 blässerer tinte. 258 all] MS. at, von jüng.  
 hand in all verw. Im ms. folgen die  
 beiden verse 269 und 270 erst auf v. 272.

filius tuus! Erat enim Joannes praesens, vultu tristis et corde maestissimus,  
 lachrymis semper plorans. Ac si diceret: O mater mollis ad fluendum,  
 mollis ad dolendum, tu scis quia ad hoc veni et ad hoc de te carnem assumpsi  
 ut per crucis patibulum saluarem genus humanum. Quomodo ergo implebuntur  
 120 scripturae? sic enim oportet me pati pro salute generis humani. Die namque  
 tertia resurgam, tibi et discipulis meis patenter apparens; desine flere et dolorem  
 deponere, quia ad patrem vado et ad gloriam paternae maiestatis percipiendam  
 ascendo! Congratulare mihi, quia nunc inueni ovem errantem quam tam  
 longo tempore perdideram. Moritur unus ut totus inde reuiuiscat mundus.  
 125 Vniuersi ob meritum cuncti perire minores, et nunc saluantur unius ob meritum.

Goddess sone to jugge þare,  
 And leten a þef to lyue gon,  
 255 Bernard, þis was a sori fare:  
 Such dom hedde neuer no mon!

## XXXII.

þus þe Jewes steorne and stoute  
 Mi sone hedden in hard bonde.  
 Pilate hedde of hem more doute,  
 260 þan he hedde of godes sonde.  
 þat was isene, he ladde him oute  
 And dude him to þe Jewes honde.  
 þe Jewes þrongen him aboute,  
 And I for serwe mihte not stonde.

## XXXIII.

265 Whon he was dempt and out sent,  
 Alle þei duden hym gret dispite.  
 He nom þe cros and forþ went,  
 Wiþ wraþþe þei driuen him, muche  
 & lyte.  
 Allas, þat lomb innocent:  
 270 Wolues wolde him sore abyte.  
 þe care was at myn herte lent,  
 Mi serwe mihte no mon wyte.

Goddiss sone to deme thare  
 For a thef, þat þei wold han, 270  
 Bernard, here was sori fare,  
 Swich a dom had neuer man.

## XXXVI.

þus þe Jewis sterne & stoute,  
 Mi sone þei held in hard bonde.  
 Pilate had of hem mor doute, 275  
 þan he had of goddis sonde,  
 For he led him þer wiþ out  
 & dampnid him to þe Jewis honde.  
 þe Jewis tuggid him al aboute,  
 And I for sorwe myhte not stonde 280

## XXXVII.

Whan he was dampnid & out sent,  
 Alle þei dide him greet despite.  
 He tok þe cros & forþ he wente,  
 þei skornid him, mekil & lite.  
 Allas þat lomb, þat innocent, 285  
 þo wuluys wilde him so sore bite:  
 þat sorwe is in myn herte so bent,  
 Mi care I may hem alle wite.

## XXXVIII.

þei mad game & gret lawhing,  
 Whan þei betin him althermest; 290  
 þei bad him seye, if he werē king,  
 þei wolde don þan alle at his hest.  
 Mi sone answerid hem no þing,  
 þouh his peyne werē wiþ þe mest,  
 But bar þe cros til his parting 295  
 Mekeli, as it werē a beste.

v. 260 þan] ms. þat. v. 261 he]  
 ms. þei.

v. 277 Hinter For rasur.

Quod placet Deo patri, quomodo displicet tibi? Mater dulcissima, calicem quem  
 dedit mihi pater, non vis ut bibam illum? Noli flere mulier, noli flere mater  
 speciosissima! non te desero, non te derelinquo. Tecum sum et tecum ero  
 omni tempore saeculi. Secundum carnem subjaceo imperio mortis, secundum  
 130 diuinitatem sum et ero semper immortalis et impassibilis. Bene scis unde  
 processi et unde veni. Quare ergo tristar, si illuc ascendo unde descendi?  
 Tempus est ut reuertar ad eum qui me misit. Et quo ego vado, tu non  
 potes venire modo, venies autem postea. Interim Joannes, qui est nepos tuus,  
 reputabitur tibi filius, curam habebit tui et erit solatium fidelissimum tibi.  
 135 Inde dominus intuitus Joannem ait: Ecce mater tua! Ei seruies, curam illius

## XXXIV.

I suwede & swouhned mony a siþe,  
 Mi sustren comen abouten me;  
 275 I spac to hem, as I miȝte kiþe,  
 Whon I hem for pres mihte se.  
 Mi sone higede him wel blyue  
 And bar him self þat heui tre,  
 And let me beo behynde vnblīþe:  
 280 Bernard, þen gomede me no gle!

## XXXV.

Merci, seide Bernard, heuene queene,  
 þou hast so muche me itold!  
 ȝit þer is wel more isene,  
 þat ful fayn witen I wold:  
 285 Hou bar my lord him, ladi schene,  
 Among þe Jewes breme and bold?  
 His harde peynes alle bedene  
 But þou me teche, myn herte is cold.

## XXXVI.

Ladi, of þe and of þi childe  
 290 I wolde wite a more strif:  
 What dude my lord meke and mylde  
 To þe endyng of his lyf?  
 I haue seȝen see and watres wylde,  
 Stremes and wawes two and fyue:  
 295 Swete ladi, from schome vs schylde  
 And to riȝte hauene þou vs ryue!

## XXXVII.

I hauesȝen men, þat nolde not loute,  
 Til þat þei þe harde iseȝe,  
 And siþen for drede of depes doute  
 300 Heore herte aysen vp an hiȝe.

## XXXIX.

I folewid & swownid many a sithe,  
 My susteris ȝedin aboute me;  
 I callid to hem, as I myht kithe,  
 Whan I for pres myhte him ouht se: 300  
 Sone, I seyde, þou hiest þe swithe  
 & berist on þi bak so heuy a tre,  
 And leuist þi moder behinde vnblithe!  
 Bernard, þan gamyd me no gle!

## XXXX.

Merci, quod Bernard, heuene queen, 305  
 þat þou so mekil hast me told!  
 ȝet þer is moche mor, I wene,  
 Of þingis, þat I witen wold:  
 How bar my lord him, ladi schene,  
 Among þe Jewis stout & bold? 310  
 Ladi, þi tellingis alle bedene,  
 But I hem wite, my care is cold!

## XLI.

Of þe, ladi, & of þi child  
 I wold wite an ende of strif,  
 If my lord were meke & mylde 315  
 Vnto þe ende of al his lyf?  
 I haue seen manye in wateris wilde,  
 In stremys & wawis stoute & blyf,  
 But atte laste þei wold hem schilde  
 & wiþ al hire myht sauē hire lyf. 320

## XLII.

I haue seen fele, þat wolde loute  
 Riht vnto þe erthe þat þei sye,  
 For drede to deye þan had þei doute,  
 Hire hertis resin þan on hye.

habebis, eam tibi commendo, suscipe matrem tuam, imo magis suscipe matrem  
 meam! Dum haec pauca diceret, illi duo dilecti lachrymas fundere non cessabant.  
 Tacebant ambo illi martyres et prae nimio dolore loqui non poterant. Solus illis  
 dolor luctusque remansit amicus. Amabant flere et flebant amare. Amare flebant,  
 140 qui amare dolebant. Nam gladius mortis Christi animas utrorumque transibat.  
 Transibat saeuus, saeuus perimebat utrunque. Quo magis amabat, saevior fiebat  
 in matre. Vulnera Christi morientis erant vulnera matris dolentis. Dolores saevi  
 fuerunt tortores in anima matris. Mater erat laniata morte cari pignoris. Mente  
 mater erat percussa cuspide teli, quo membra Christi serui foderunt iniqui.  
 145 Ipsa enim erat quam dolor tenebat. In mente eius creuerant immensi dolores  
 nec poterant extra refundi. Intus atrocius saevientes dolores nati matris animam  
 gladiabant. In carne Christus soluebat debitum mortis quod grauius erat,  
 E. Kölbing, Englische studien. VIII. 1.

Whon his enemys were *him* aboute,  
 Hou migt he al heor scornynge drize?  
 In his face þei spitte and spoute:  
 Whi wolde he suffre þat vilenye?

## XXXVIII.

305 Oure ladi seyde: His herte was stif  
 And mekely suffrede al her fare:  
*Monnus* soule *him* was ful lef,  
 Wiþ his blod he bougte hem þare.

He seiȝ me stonde in serwe & gref,  
 310 Wiþ wepyng and wiþ muche care.  
 Mi serwe dude *him* more gref  
 þen alle þe peynes, he suffrede þare.

## XXXIX.

And þat was ful wel isene,  
 Whon he tok me to seynt Jon:  
 315 Meke he was, wiþ outen wene,  
 þat tyme he loked me vpon.  
 þen wox my serwe couþ and grene,  
 Of anguissche I mai make my mon;  
 I wol þe telle al bedeene  
 320 His harde peynes euerichon.

## XXXX.

Lusten to me, my broþer Bernard!  
 I wol þe telle of peynes more.  
 þyn herte schal ben ful hard,  
 But hit greue þe ful sore.  
 325 þauh I haue a parti spard  
 Of his peynes herbifore,  
 I wol þe telle her afturward  
 His harm an hundred siþe sore!

v. 317 couþ] mir unverständlich.

Whan þe Jewis com him aboute, 325  
 How myhte he alle hire wordis drye,  
 In his face to spitte and to spoute,  
 How myhte he suffere þat vilanye?

## XLIH.

BEernard, broþir, his herte was stif  
 Mekeli he sufferid al hire fare; 330  
 For manye soulis was him leef,  
 He wolde, his blod bouhte hem alle  
 thare.

I saw him hangin as a thef,  
 He saw, I stod in mekil kare,  
 335 zet dide my weping him mor gref,  
 þan alle þe peynes, þat he bare.

## XLIV.

And þat þing was wel sene,  
 Whan he delyuerid me to seynt John:  
 Meke he was, wiþ outen wene,  
 þat tyme he lokid me vpon. 340  
 þan wex he boþe ȝelow & grene,  
 Of anguys now I make my mone.  
 I wile the telle al bedene  
 His harde peynes euerilkone.

## XLV.

Herkin to me, broþir Bernard, 345  
 I wile the tellin of peyne zet mor,  
 þin herte schal ben swiþe hard,  
 But if it greue the ful sore.  
 þouh I a parti haue it spard  
 Of my peynes here before, 350  
 I schal the tellin here afterward  
 A þousand part þat hardere wore.

v. 349 spard] ms. sparid.

quam mori in anima matris. Interim Christus matre commendata Joanni,  
 dixit: Sitio. Et dederunt illi, qui crucifixerunt eum acetum cum felle mixtum.  
 150 Quod cum gustasset noluit bibere. Dixitque: consummatum est. Et exclamauit  
 voce magna dicens: heli, heli, lamazabachani! hoc est, Deus meus, Deus  
 meus, ad quid me dereliquisti? Et haec dicens expirauit. Tunc terra tremuit  
 et sol sua luminaria clausit. Moerebantque poli, moerebant sydera cuncta.  
 Omne suum iubar amisit luna dolendo recessitque omnes ab alto aethere fulgor.  
 155 Finduntur duri lapides, scinduntur fastigia templi. Petrae durissimae scissae  
 sunt et momenta aperta. Surrexerunt multi apertis tumultis fatentes voce  
 magna Christum esse Deum. Cogitare nunc libet quantus dolor tunc infuit  
 matri, cum sic dolebant, quae insensibilia erant. Nec lingua poterit loqui nec

## XLI.

Bernard, I saiz my sone honge,  
 330 As þauȝ he were a mayster þef,  
 His bak and syden sore iswonge,  
 þat white were and me ful lef.  
 He was crouned wiþ þornes stronge,  
 In eueri syde þei duden him gref  
 335 And drowen him on þe cros alonge,  
 His senewes tobursten & todref.

## XLII.

þe blod ron doun bi bodi and heued,  
 þat lykede þe corsede Jewes wel;  
 Wiþ spotel & blod he was beweued,  
 340 þat he was lyk a foul mesel.  
 He was todrawen and todreued  
 And nayled wiþ þre nayles of stel.  
 þen was my strengþe me bereued,  
 And al most adoun I fel.

## XLIII.

345 I seiȝ where foure welles were  
 Out of his lymes ron o blode:  
 Bernard frend, my sone dere,  
 þus him seruede þe Jewes wode!  
 Ich hedde gret blisse, whon I him bere  
 350 And of his þewes monye and gode,  
 For al wox won, bodi and leore,  
 þat feirest was of alle fode.

## XLIV.

So feir ȝit was neuer nomon,  
 As bereþ witnesse holy writ.  
 355 þenȝe was his beute al agon

v. 342 [pre] ms. yre, das keinen  
 sinn giebt. v. 353 nomon] m aus nȝ  
 corrigirt.

## XLVI.

Bernard, I saw my sone þer hong,  
 As it had ben a mayster thef,  
 Wiþ sidis blo & sore beswong, 355  
 þat white were and me ful leef.  
 þei crownid him wiþ thornis strong,  
 On eueri side þei dide him greef,  
 þei drow him on þe cros al along,  
 His senewis þei borstin, so þei dref. 360

## XLVII.

þe blod ran doun fro his heuid,  
 þat likid þe cursid Jewis ful wel.  
 Wiþ spotil & blod he was al beweuid,  
 þat he was lyk a foul mesel.  
 He was so drawin & todreuid, 365  
 Naylid wiþ III naylis of stel.  
 þan was my ioye me bereuid,  
 þat sihte grovid(!) my fol euel.

## XLVIII.

Allas, þin heuid þei al torace,  
 þat was wonid lye to my brest: 370  
 I saw it honge & had no space,  
 Wher on it myhte ouht han reste.  
 To come to him had I no grace,  
 þat was wonid ben to him alþer neste;  
 þei heng him at an hey space, 375  
 There as ȝede boþe man & beste.

## XLIX.

So fayr a man was neuer non,  
 As beriþ witnes holi writte.  
 þer was his fayrhed þan al gon,

v. 368 grovid — fol] von jüngerer  
 hand und schwächerer tinte übergeschr.  
 was my dethis auf d. z. ausgestr. v. 372  
 ouht] von jüngerer hand durchgestr.

mens cogitare valebit, quanto dolore afficiebantur pia viscera Mariae. Nunc  
 160 soluis virgo cum usura quod in partu non habuisti a natura. Dolorem pariendo  
 filium non sensisti, quem millies replicatum filio moriente passa fuisti. Juxta  
 crucem stabat emortua mater, quae ipsum ex spiritu sancto concepit. Vox illi  
 non erat, quia dolore attrita jacens pallebat. Quasi mortua viuens, viuebat  
 moriens, moriebatur viuens, nec mori poterat, quae viuens mortua erat. In  
 165 illius anima dolor saeue saeviebat. Optabat mori magis, quam viuere post  
 mortem Christi, quae male viuens mortua erat. Ibi stabat dolens saevo dolore  
 confecta. O verum eloquium iusti Simeonis, quem promisit, gladium sentiebat

As þe gospel telleþ hit.  
 I hedde a sone, nou haue I non,  
 Me wonteþ boþe weole and wit;  
 I not in world whoder to gon  
 360 For serwe, þat in myn herte sit.

## XLV.

Bernard! Hedde I honged him bi,  
 Sum tyme my serwe hedde be pas.  
 I stod and loked vpon hiȝ,  
 Wher heng my ioie and my solas.  
 365 þe Jewes seiȝ me ful sori,  
 þer as I stod in þe plas:  
 For þat I made serweful cri,  
 þei beede me schome and harde gras.

## XLVI.

Faste I crizede in my manere,  
 370 ȝut ne was I not iherd;  
 þo I crizede, he mihte me here  
 Witnesse boþe of lewed and lerd:  
 A mercy! I crizede to my sone dere,  
 Alone þou leue me in desert!  
 375 þenne he bitok me til a fere  
 And bad, I scholde not ben aferd.

## XLVII.

Allas, Bernard, þat I scholde se  
 Mi sone hongen bifore my feete!  
 I seide: Sone, let me dye wiþ þe,  
 380 Er þen þou þi lyf forlete!  
 Mi sone, my lord and al my gle,  
 þou hast euer be milde and swete:

v. 370 lerd] ms. lered. v. 371 durch  
 versehen des abschreibers im ms. hinter  
 v. 398 mit verweisungszeichen.

As þe apostelis tellin itte. 380  
 I had a sone, þan had I non,  
 Me wantid boþe wele & witte,  
 Bernard, I ne wiste, whedir to gon,  
 Sorwe was in myn herte so knytte.

## L.

But had þei hongid me him bi, 385  
 Mi sorwe had ben in schortere spas;  
 I stod & lokid vp on hi,  
 Wher heng my ioie & my solas.  
 þe Jewis saw me þan sori,  
 þei bad me leue wiþ sori gras; 390  
 But euer I was him ful ny,  
 For al my care I folewid his tras.

## LI.

And often I cride on my manere,  
 But þer was I noþing herd;  
 & whan I cride, he wold not here, 395  
 My pyne witnessiþ lewid & lerd;  
 I seyde: Merci, my sone so dere,  
 Alone þou leuist me in deserd.  
 Wol febil I was weping in fere,  
 And of hire vilenye aferd. 400

## LII.

Allas, Bernard, þat I schuld se  
 My sone naylid þorw hand & fete!  
 I cride: Sone! lete me deyen wiþ the!  
 Longe or he his lyf forlete.  
 Mi sone, my lord, myn herte gle, 405  
 þou hast ben boþe mylde & swete,

v. 385 þei] om. ms. 393 my] ū. d.  
 z. nachgetr. v. 395 he] ms. þei, was  
 keinen sinn giebt. v. 396 lerd ms.  
 lerid. v. 399 und 400 im ms. hinter v.  
 394. Fol. 25<sup>a</sup> Membran Bl.

doloris. Expectant corpus Christi deponi, plorabat dicens: Heu me, heu me,  
 reddite vel saltem nunc maestissimae matri extinctum filium! Vel certe, si  
 170 magis libet, me morte illi conjungite ut cum doloribus suis pereant et dolores  
 mei! Deponite illum, quaeso, deponite mihi, ut mecum habeam corpus exa-  
 nime, sitque meus unicus mihi in solatium vel defunctus! Stabat iuxta crucem  
 Maria intuens vultu benigno Christum pendentem in patibulo pedumque  
 summatibus annitens manus leuabat in altum amplexens rubricatam crucem  
 175 ac in oscula eius ruens ea parte qua unda preciosissimi sanguinis defluebat.  
 Sursum manus nisu quo poterat extendebat unicum suum amplecti desiderans  
 nec valebat. Sperat enim amor multa quae nunquam vel raro fieri possunt;



But þou haue pite now of me,  
þer may no mon my bale bete!

But þow haue mercy now on me,  
Who myht ellis my bale bete?

## LIII.

Sone, þow hast ben fayr & hende,  
& bletheli don al þat I bad; 410  
If þow leue me at swich an ende,  
Of sorwe schal I neuere ben sad.  
Ful loth is deth, þer he wile lende,  
But now wold I of him ben glad;  
He ne may so sone his spere sende, 415  
þat soner I wolde þer of ben stad!

## LIV.

385 I criede: Maudeleyn, help now!  
Mi sone haþ loued ful wel þe:  
Preie him, þat I dye now,  
þat I nout forzetten be!  
Seost þow, Maudeleyn, now:  
390 Mi sone is honged on a tre,  
zit alyue am I and þow,  
And þou ne preyest not for me!

I cride: Magdaleyn, helpe now,  
— Mi sone haþ euere zet loud the —  
And bidde him, þat I deye mow,  
þat I nouht forzetten be! 420  
Magdaleyn mylde, ne seest þow, how  
Mi sone hangip vpon þone tre,  
And zet on lyue I am & þow?  
þat I myht deye, þow preye for me!

## XLIX.

Maudeleyn seide: I con no red,  
Care haþ smiten myn herte sore.  
395 I stonde, I seo my lord neih ded,  
And þi wepyng greueþ me sore.  
Cum wiþ me! I wol þe lede  
In to þe temple her before.  
Mimournynge is boþe feble & fede(!),  
400 For þow hast now iweped ful þore.

Magdaleyn seyde: I can no red, 425  
Sorwe haþ smetin myn herte sore.  
Her I stonde & se him ner ded,  
But þi weping greuiþ me more.  
Come wiþ me, & I schal the lede  
Vnto a stede, þow saw not ore; 430  
þer may we morne wiþ oute drede,  
Stille oure loue, as nouhte ne worre.

## L.

Ich askede þe Magdaleyn: Wher is  
þat place,  
In pleyn, in valeye, or in hille,  
I mai me huyde for eny cas,  
þat no serwe come me tille?

## LVI.

I askid hire, where was þat plas,  
In pleyn, in valey, or in hil,  
þer I myhte ben for eny cas, 435  
þat no sorwe ne come me tille

v. 412 n corr. aus h. v. 418 haþ} þ in  
y verw. und t übergeschr. v. 421 ne} watt  
m. j. hd. übergeschr.

impatiens siquidem amor credit quod sibi debeant cedere uniuersa. Volebat  
amplecti Christum in alto pendentem, sed manus frustra protensae in se com-  
180 plosae, complexae redibant. Leuabatur a terra sursum, ut dilectum suum  
contingeret ipsumque tangere nequiens durissime recollidebatur ad terram.  
Ibi doloris immensitate oppressa prostrata jacebat; sed maxima vis amoris qua  
incensa mens eius ardebat eam erigere compellebat, et amoris impetu surgens  
reextensis manibus suum attractare filium affectabat et rursum magno cruciata  
185 dolore terram repetere cogeatur. O quam male tunc illi erat! Grauius illi  
erat vita viuere tali quam diro gladio saeve necari ab impiis. Tanquam mortis

405 He, þat al my joye was,  
Now deþ of hym wol don his wille.  
Con I me no beter solas,  
þen for to wepe al my fille.

Of him, þat al my ioye was?  
Now deth wiþ him haþ don his wille.  
In no stede is my solas,  
But for to wepe euere al my fille. 440

## LVII.

I cride on him: Jesu, sone hende,  
Swete fader, what schal I do?  
I may not bryng the out of bende,  
Ne þou may not come me to,  
And best me were hom to wende, 445  
But for sorwe I may not go,  
Ne þou wilt me no solas sende  
Ne Magdaleyn ne othere mo.

## LI.

þe Maudeleyn comfortede me þo,  
410 To lede me þenne, heo seide, was best.  
Care hedde smiten myn herte so,  
þat I miȝte neuere haue no rest.  
Soster, whoderward þat I go,  
þe wo of hym is in my brest.  
415 While my sone hongef so,  
His peyne is in myn herte fest.

Magdaleyn comfortid me tho  
& seyde: Go hom! þat were þe beste. 450  
Care haþ smetin myn herte so,  
At hom schuld I fynde no reste.  
I seyde to hire: Whedir so I go,  
Al my ioye now haue I leste.  
Whil þat my sone hongif so 455  
Care comiþ neuere out of my brest.

## LII.

I seih my sone, fader dere,  
Heiȝe hongen vp on a tre;  
I hedde blisse, whon I him bere,  
420 And now deþ fordoþ my gle.  
Scholde I leten him hongen here  
And lete my sone alone be,  
Maudeleyn, þenne vnkynde I were,  
ȝif he schulde honge & I schulde fle!

LIX.  
I se my sone, my fader dere,  
Hie hange here vpon þis tre.  
Wiþ oute peyne I dide him bere,  
& now wile deth fordon my gle, 460  
How schuld I lete him hangen here  
& suffere him alone to be?  
Ow, Magdaleyn, vnkynde I were,  
If he schuld hange & I schuld fle!

## LIII.

425 Vnder þe cros leuen I chille  
And seo my sone hongen þeron,  
Of siȝt I nedde neuere my fille,

v. 419 bere] r corr. aus? v. 425  
chille] ms. schille.

LX.  
Vnder þe cros beleuen I wille, 465  
I se my flesch hongin þer on;  
Of þat sihte had I neuere my fille,

v. 456 comiþ] über þ von j. h. t geschr.

pallor eius vultum perfuderat, genis et ore tantum cruore Christi rubentibus  
cadentes guttas sanguinis ore sacro tangebatur, terram deosculans quam saepissime  
cruoris unda rigabat. O grave martyrium! O frequens suspirium! O languens  
190 pectus virgineum! Anima eius tota liquefacta est, facies pallet rosea, sed  
precioso filii sanguine rubet respersa. Interim vir quidam nobilis nomine  
Joseph, qui erat discipulus eius, occulte tamen, ad Pilatum accessit postulans  
sibi donari corpus Domini Jesu Christi. Quo sibi concesso accersiuit quendam  
virum sapientem et legisperitum nomine Nichodemum, discipulum Christi

Whon I loke hym vppon.  
 I bad hem gon wher was heore wille,  
 430 þe Maudeleyn and euerichon :  
 And my seluen beleuen I wole,  
 For I nil fle for no mon.

## LIV.

Bernard, my sone, wordes swete  
 þe Maudeleyn also gon say :  
 435 »Ladi, we sen þi serwe vnmeete  
 And fayn we wolde~~n~~ han it away,  
 And, deore ladi, þi bale to beten,  
 But in riȝt resun was his way!  
 Ladi, ȝif I dorste þe besechen,  
 440 To aske þe more, I wolde þe pray.

## LV.

Of angusshe þou hast told me strong,  
 Myn herte is not as Ich wolde;  
 I ne may hit wiþ serwe fonge;  
 And what my lord siggen wolde,  
 445 To aske þe more nul I not wonde,  
 Whon þe Jewes breme and bolde  
 Naylede him þorw feet and honde,  
 Aftur þat Judas hedde hym solde.

## LVI.

»Bernard, I haue told my þouȝt:  
 450 Wolt þou now ȝit aske me more?  
 Be I forþere in tales brouȝt,  
 Iwis, þou greues me ful sore.  
 Ac for þou hast me besouȝt,  
 Bleþeliche I wol telle þe fore:  
 455 I wot, þow art in longyng brouȝt,  
 To witen wat his wille wore.

## LVII.

Whon my sone deþ scholde han,  
 Delful wordes wiþ him þer were.

Whil I saw him on erthe gon.  
 I bad hem gon wher was þer wille,  
 þe Magdaleyn & hem ilkon, 470  
 For I wold therz beleue stille,  
 I wold not fle for Jewis non.

## LXI.

Than spak Bernard wordis swete,  
 For Magdaleyn gan he say:  
 Sche saw þi sorwe so vnmete 475  
 Ful fayn wold sche an had a way . . .

v. 476 sche an] fraglich; wold —  
 way von j. hand, schuld haue mad þe  
 lay auf der zeile austr.

195 occultum simulatque venerunt ad locum ubi erat Dominus crucifixus, secum  
 instrumenta ferentes, quibus clauos extraherent, et ut eum de cruce depo-  
 nerent. Quos cum benignissima et maestissima mater aspiceret et sciret, eos  
 unicum velle deponere de cruce quasi de morte consurgens, paululum reuixit  
 anima eius et de terra festina exiliens ubi jacebat, dolens violentia prostrata  
 200 quod poterat adiutorium debilissima illis ministrabat. Unus duos ullos ac  
 diros clauos trahebat manibus, alius, ne corpus exanime caderet sustentabat.  
 Stabat et Maria brachia leuans in altum vulnera contemplans manus perforatas

Furst he seide: Behold wommon!  
 460 And siþen he seide: Behold þou here!  
 And siþen he seide to seynt Jon:  
 »Kep my moder leof and dere!  
 Me þouȝte myn herte al tochon,  
 Such wordes of hym for to here.

## LVIII.

465 He bed Jon, as he was hende,  
 Kepe me and ben al at my bone,  
 Whoderward I wolde hym sende,  
 As him self was wont to done.  
 Heþen, he seide, I mot wende,  
 470 Mi tyme neiȝeþ swiþe sone,  
 I may her no lengor lende,  
 I mot in to my fader trone.

## LIX.

Moder, þe bodi þat þou bere,  
 In hard penaunce þou miht hit se;  
 475 Al monkynde, þat dede were,  
 From deþ schal areysed be.  
 I seo a schep, þat was me dere,  
 þat wiþ wronge was stolen from me;  
 I schal him bringe þer he was ere,  
 480 And of his þraddam make him fre.

## LX.

þe shep betokneþ al monkynde,  
 Mi fader wolde, þat hit weore souȝt;  
 Wiþ owten me may no mon fynde,  
 For wiþ my blod hit mot be bouȝt.  
 485 I wol hit bringe to riȝte mynde,  
 To my blisse he mot be brouȝt,  
 And þou schalt, moder, leue behynde:  
 Swete moder, ne wep þow nouȝt!

## LXI.

þauȝ þou seo me hongen heize  
 v. 463 tochon] l. togon?

sacroque sanguine respersas intuens vix sustinere se potuit. Jamque manus  
 brachia sancta et caput supra triste pectus suscepit ut hoc ultimo miserando  
 205 solatio posset consolari. Quem ut attingere valuit amore materno mens in  
 dulcissimos amplexus et oscula de suo sic male tractato filio non poterat  
 satiari. Sed cum de cruce corpus eius fuisset totaliter depositum prae doloris  
 vehementia et amoris immensitate quasi exanimis facta fuit. Stabat ad caput  
 extincti filii maestissima mater et eius regalem faciem mortis obscuratam pallori-  
 210 bus, magna rigabat affluentia lachrymarum. Aspiciebat illud reuerendissimum  
 caput coronae spineae diris aculeis perforatum, manus illas et pedes sacros

- 490 I prey þe, moder, ne wep not sore:  
 Al þe peyne, þou seost me drye,  
 Hit is, to saue mon þerfore.  
 Betere hit is, þat on dye,  
 þen al monkynde euer more.  
 495 So longe schal I not lye,  
 þat I schal wel my deþ restore.

## LXII.

- þus were his wordes loken in on,  
 þat seint Jon scholde me loke,  
 þauȝ he were my kynnesmon;  
 500 þerfore ich him sone toke.  
 Such wordes he speke con,  
 þat al my joye I þer forsoke.  
 Bernard, þow most þis wordes tan (!)  
 And craftliche writen hem in boke!

## LXIII.

- 505 Bernard, o þing dude me wo:  
 He þursted, my sone, & gon to crie;  
 To ȝiuen him drinke, þei þouȝte þo,  
 þe Jewes ful of felenye;  
 Eysel and galle þei mengeden also,  
 510 Wiþ a sponge þei brouȝt hit an hize,  
 And wiþ a launce þei putte him to,  
 þe Jewes ful of ribaudye.

## LXIV.

- I criede to hym: Ne drynk hit nouȝt!  
 þe Jewes on scorn hit hedde imad;  
 515 Hit is eysel and galle iwrouȝt,  
 ȝif hit stynke, þou miȝt be sad.  
 Loueliche þe hedde me besouȝt,  
 þat I scholde boþe be bliþe and glad:  
 þorw þis drynke Adam was bouȝt;  
 520 I drynke hit, as my fader bad.

## LXII.

- I cride: Sone, drinke it nouht!  
 þe Jewis for pyne to the it made;  
 Ful bitter to the thei it wrouht,  
 þe stink to felin, þou myht ben sad. 480  
 Wol loueli þan he me besouht,  
 þat I schuld stilli make me glad:  
 For wiþ þis drink Adam is bouht;  
 þis drink is, as my fader bad.

v. 513 I] ms. þei.

- clauis ferreis crudelissime perforatos, latusque suffossum lancea cum caeteris  
 membris laceratis et amarissime suspirans ac flens dicebat: O fili mi dulcissime,  
 quid fecisti? Quare crudelissimi Judaei te crucifixerunt? Quae causa mortis  
 215 tuae? Commisistine scelus ut tali morte damnareris? Non, fili, non, fili, sed  
 sic tuos redimere dignatus es ut posteris exempla relinquas. In gremio meo  
 nunc te mortuum teneo. Quid ego, tua mater, fili mi dilectissime, faciam?  
 Vae mihi, fili mi, dulcedo mea, consolatio mea, vita mea! Ubi est illud  
 gaudium indicibile quod in tua admirabili Natiuitate habui? Vae mihi, fili mi,  
 220 in quantum dolorem et tristitiam versum est illud tam magnificum gaudium?

## LXV.

þerfore I prey þe, moder hende,  
 Lef þi deol, ne wep no more!  
 And I schal to my fader wende  
 And bring hem vp, þat were forlore.  
 525 And after þe þen schal I sende;  
 But I mot, moder, go bifore,  
 And after schalt þou wiþ me lende  
 In joye and blisse for euer more.

## LXVI.

þenne þe Jewes ful of pride  
 530 Two þeues þei hyng my sone bi.  
 þat on, þat hengede bi his syde  
 Crizede to my sone merci.  
 þat oþur onswerde in þat tyde:  
 He hongef herre þen þou or I  
 535 On þe croys wiþ woundes wyde,  
 To crie merci, þow dost folý!

## LXVII.

þat oþur seide: Mon, þow art wod,  
 þis ilke mon þorw false red,  
 He haf do noþing bote gode,  
 540 He weore not worþi to be ded.  
 Jesu, as þou art mylde of mode,  
 Whon þou comest to þi godhed,  
 þorw vertu of þyn holy blode  
 þe rizte wey þat þou me lede!

## LXVIII.

545 Mi sone seide: Mon, þou art wys,  
 For þin askyng blessed þou be!  
 þerfore I graunte þe paradys,  
 þis day þou schalt my joye ise!  
 I stod and lokede in heore vys,  
 550 þo þei hongede vpon þe tre:  
 þat o þef wente to heuene blis,  
 þat oþer gon to helle fle.

## LXIII.

þerfor I prey the, moder hende, 485  
 Leue þi cri & wepe no more!  
 To my fader I muste wende  
 & bringe to him þat was forlore.  
 And setthe for the I schal sende:  
 Moder, I muste gon before, 490  
 To ordeyne þer þou schalt lende,  
 For ioie & blisse schal euer ben thore.

## LXIV.

Bernard, þe Jewis ful of pryde,  
 II theuys þei heng him bi  
 On eueri half his swete side; 495  
 þat on began to crie merci;  
 þat oþer answerid in þat tide:  
 »He hangif heyer, þan þou or I,  
 Vpon a cros wiþ woundis wide,  
 To askin him help, it is folý! 500

## LXV.

þat oþer answerid: Man, art þou wod?  
 Jesu is dampnid wiþ fals red;  
 He dide neuere nouht but good,  
 He is not worþi to ben ded.  
 To Jesu he seyde wiþ mylde mod: 505  
 »Whan þou comist to þi godhed,  
 For vertu of þin holi blod  
 To þi regne þe wey me lede!

## LXVI.

Mi sone þan seyde his avys:  
 For þi troupe wel schal þou be! 510  
 þerfor I graunte the paradys,  
 To day þou schalt my ioie se!  
 I stod & lokid on hem iwis,  
 How þei deyde on þe tre.  
 þat one soule wente to heuene blis, 515  
 þat oþer thef to helle gan fle.

gan] Danach g, ausgestr.

Succurre mihi, fili mi, et spiritum sanctum mihi interim infunde quia iam gaudii illius quod in obumbratione et angelica salutatione concepí, fere prae dolore immemor deficio. Interim autem frontem et genas, nasum, oculos, osque simul frequentius osculabatur, tanta perfluens affluentia lachrymarum ut 225 carnem cum spiritu resolui putares in lachrymas. Rigabat faelicibus lachrymis corpus exanime filii et monumentum in quo posuerunt eum modo mirabili madidabat ubi et eius lachrymae adhuc apparere dicuntur indicatiuae doloris intimi qui animam eius tanquam gladius acutus pertransiuit. logitabat mirabilia facta unici sui et durissima opprobria et tormenta quae viderat oculis suis

## LXIX.

þis was, Bernard, my grete solas,  
 þat o þef so sone heuene won.  
 555 þezne wuste I wel in heore cas,  
 Mi sone was studefast god and mon;  
 And I my self stod in þe plas,  
 Mi sone, ful loude crie he con:  
 Heloy, heloy! his crizing was;  
 560 Lamazabatani! after þon.

## LXX.

þis is now, as ȝe mowe se,  
 On Englisch to vnderstonde bi:  
 Fader, he seide, in trinite,  
 Whi forsakest þou my merci?  
 565 Hider I com þorw red of þe,  
 To þe I take my soule an hiȝ.  
 Wiȝ wrong I dye vpon þe tre,  
 To fulfille þe propheci!'

## LXVII.

Bernard, þis was to me gret solas,  
 How sone þe thef heuene wan.  
 þan wiste I wel be þat cas,  
 520 þat my sone was god & man.  
 And as I stod in þat plas,  
 Mi sone lowde crien began:  
 Heloy, heloy! his crieng was;  
 Lamazabathani! he seyde þan.

## LXVIII.

þis was a word of gret pite, 525  
 To vnderstonde englisch þer bi:  
 Fader, god in trenyte,  
 Whi forsakist þou me, whi?  
 Swete fader, I prey to the,  
 Take my soule fro my bodi! 530  
 þou wost wel, þin schal it be:  
 Now is fulfillid þe propheci.

## LXIX.

Vnto helle his gost gan wende,  
 As his faderis wil it was,  
 To bring Adam out of bende 535  
 & for to bynde Sathanas.  
 Sone þer com a lotheli fend  
 And sette him be my sonis fas,  
 To take þe soule & to helle it sende,  
 But no synne in his bodi was. 540

## LXX.

þat sihte dide me werst of alle,  
 For as ded I fel there doun;  
 My susteris began aboute to falle  
 Wepinge, & made ruful soun.  
 John, my cosyn, gan me vp calle 545  
 And wold me lede toward þe touȝ.  
 Now haue I told & brouht to stalle  
 þe peynes of his passioun.

v. 555 I] ms. þei. v. 561 se] ms. here.

- 230 et auribus audierat, reuoluebat in mente, quis videlicet, qualis et quantus fuerat quem ipsa virgo concepit illaeso pudore et peperit sine dolore, quem etiam cum summa diligentia lactauerat, custodierat et educauerat, qui erat ei vita, dulcedo, gaudium, et solatium, consilium, refugium et auxilium vitae suae. Videbat inquam Dominum et Deum suum, unicum suum filium sic  
 235 viriliter et crudeliter pertractatum. Unde dicebat: dic, fili dilectissime, amor unice, vitae meae singulare gaudium, unicum solatium, quare sic me dolore perimi permittis? Cur tam longe factus a me? Deus meus, consolare animam meam, miserere mei et respice in me! Dicat qui potest, cogitet quantum potest,

## LXXI.

Merci, ladi, seide Bernard,  
 570 Swete moder, god zelde hit þe!  
 On Serterday (!), I haue herd,  
 How he was went awei from þe,  
 And on þe friday how he ferd,  
 þer he hongede on þe tre.  
 575 Al how þe Jewes him bicherd,  
 Loueli ladi, lere þow me!

## LXXII.

And how he was after taken adoun,  
 Tel me, moder Marie mylde,  
 Of þe crois aftur þe passioun,  
 580 How þou weope for þi chylde  
 And geete him wiþ þis orisoun  
 Of Pilate and of þe Jewes wylde!  
 þe holy lore of þis passioun  
 From þe fend hit may vs schilde.

## LXXIII.

585 Tel me, ladi briht and schene,  
 Wzuche were þi frendes euerichon,  
 þat wolde at his buriing bene,  
 And how þou were saued from þi fon  
 In þe temple, wiþ outen wene.  
 590 þe serwe of þe and of seint Jon  
 Tel me, ladi, al bedene

Of þi sone bodi and bon!

## LXXIV.

Oure ladi seide; Bernard, allas,  
 What woltou more aske me?  
 595 Tel I þe forþure of þis cas,  
 þe swerd of deþ wol neiz me sle!

v. 581 þis] þ corr. aus h.

## LXXI.

Seynt Bernard to Marie answerid:  
 Ladi, blissid mote þow be! 550  
 Of Scherthursday now haue I herd,  
 How he was bounden & led fro the,  
 & also of good friday, how it ferd,  
 Whan þe Jewis heng him on þe tre;  
 But how þi sone was beried, 555  
 My swete ladi, telle þow me!

## LXXII.

And how he was takin doun,  
 Telle me, Marie, modir mylde,  
 Of þe cros after his passioun,  
 þer þow were for þi childe, 560  
 And Joseph cam so redi & bouun,  
 His bodi of þe cros doun to hilde  
 Wiþ preyer and wiþ good resoun  
 Fro Pilat & fro þe Jewis wilde!

## LXXIII.

And how he was leyd in þe ston, 565  
 Telle me, ladi briht and schene,  
 & whiche were his frendis euerichon,  
 þat wold at his beryeng bene:  
 þe wordis of the & of seynt John,  
 I wold wite hem alle bedene, 570  
 & how þow kepedist the, whan þei  
 were gon  
 In temple fro þi sone, I mene!

## LXXIV.

Marie answerd: Bernard, allas!  
 Whi woldist þow mor aske zet of me?  
 And I telle ferthere þis harde cas, 575  
 þe swerd of sorwe in myn herte wile be!

v. 550 Danach eine rasur von 2 b.

meditetur si potest quae doloris immensitas tunc maternam animam cruciabat.  
 240 Non credo plene enarrari vel meditari posse dolorem virginis, nisi tantum  
 fuisse credamus quantum unquam dolere potuit de tali filio talis mater.  
 Veruntamen rectum erat amoris et maeroris continens modum. Non desperabat,  
 sed pie et iuste dolebat, sperans tamen firmiter fortiterque tenens ipsum secun-  
 dum promissum suum tertia die resurgere. In ipsa enim sola in triduo illo  
 245 fides Ecclesiae stabat; et dum unusquisque haesitabat, haec quae fide concepit  
 fidem quam a Deo semel suscepit, nunquam perdidit speque certissima Domini  
 resurgentis gloriam expectauit. Aderant secum quaedam sanctae et paucae  
 mulieres parvusque virorum numerus qui Christum Dominum cum matre flente



Joseph anon nom his pas  
And bed his bodi vppon þe tre.  
Pilate him grauntede and Cayphas,  
600 gif þat þei witen, þat he ded be.

## LXXV.

Pilate kniztes steorne and stoute  
Forþ wiþ Josep gunne þei wende,  
And oþure kniztes wiþ gret route,  
Summe his fon and summe his frende.  
605 Furst þis kniztes wenten aboute  
And bursten boþe bak and lende;  
þen was I in gret doute,  
So han to serued my sone hende.

## LXXVI.

I suwed after wiþ al my miht,  
610 Jon and my sustren two.  
Here now, Bernard, al apliht,  
þe strengeste pyne of al my wo!  
Besyde þe roode þen stod a knizt,  
Blynd he was and lome also;  
615 Alle þei seide, Longeus he hiȝt;  
Vnder þe roode þei dude him go.

## LXXVII.

þei token him a launce good  
And sette hit to my sone syde.  
  
And Longeus þruste wiþ gret mod,  
620 To my sone herte gon glyde;  
þe water & þe rede blod  
Ron doun of his woundes wyde.

Joseph vnto Pilate tok his pas,  
To haue þe bodi doun of þe tre.  
Pilate it grauntid & Cayphas,  
As sone so þei wiste, þat ded was he. 580

## LXXV.

Pilatis knyhtis sterne & stoute,  
Forth wiþ Joseph gan þei wende,  
And other Jewis felle & proude,  
Fele his fos & fewe his frende.  
þei zede þe theuis al aboute 585  
& dide brek hirz boþe lende.  
Bernard, I was þan in greet doute,  
þei wold so serue my sone so hende!

## LXXVI.

I folewid after wiþ al my myht  
John & also my sisteris two. 590  
Bernard, þou schalt herin, apliht,  
þe strengest poynt of al my wo!  
Among hem þer stod a knyht,  
Blynd he was & lame also;  
þei seyde alle, Longius he hiht; 595  
þei dide him vnder þe cros to go.

## LXXVII.

þei putte a launce in his hand  
& sette it to my sonis side.  
þe Jewis on him were criand:  
Put vp, Longius, now is þe tide! 600  
þorw hem was Longius wel willand,  
To my sonis herte it gan glide;  
Blod & watir þer com rennand  
Out of þat wounde, þat was so wide.

## LXXVIII.

þan wax myn herte heuy so led, 605

v. 607 I] ms. heo.

amarissime flebant. Erant similiter et Angeli dolentibus condolentes. Dole-  
250 bant quidem pio iustoque dolore morti compatientes Dei et Domini sui, si  
tamen dolere quomodolibet poterant. Sed credo quod gaudentes erant eo  
quod genus humanum miserum et captiuum misericorditer redimabatur. Flebant  
et ipsi (ut arbitror) amarissime mente turbati, videntes dominam suam, matrem,  
utique Dei sui, tam vehementi dolore repletam, tot riuulis affluentium lachry-  
255 marum perfusam. O quis tunc Angelorum Archangelorumque etiam contra  
naturam suam non fleret, ubi auctor naturae, Deus immortalis, homo, mortuus  
jacebat? Videbant Christi corpus sic male tractatum ab impiis, sic laceratum  
a pessimis, jacere exanime suo sanguine cruentatum. Videbant etiam illam

Doun I fel al þer I stod,  
No lengor stonde I ne migte þat tyde.

Whan I saw þat ruful sihte,  
þe watir wiþ þe blod so red,  
To Longius hand it ran doun rihte,  
Doun I fel, as I were ded;  
Lengere to stande had I no myht; 610  
John, my cosyn, comfort me bed,  
& so dide Joseph, þat trewe knyht.

## LXXIX.

þe blod ran doun to Longius hond,  
He wipid his eyen & wel he sey;  
þer is no creature in watir ne lond, 615  
þat myht suffre þe sorwe, þat had I.  
On knes he þankid goddis sond,  
Toward heuene his heuyd on hi.  
þat sihte my care mekil vnbond,  
So dide it my frendis, þat were me bi. 620

## LXXVIII.

625 þei weore went to sire Pilate,  
And we bilafte wiþ reuthful roun.  
Whon þei weore igon heore gate  
And Joseph nome hym adoun,  
Til I hym hedde, me þhouzte ful late,  
630 þe Jewes weoren alle ful feloun.  
Joseph seide to me wiþ þate:  
To bringe him þe, we ben ful boun.

## LXXX.

þe Jewis þan wente to Pilate  
& we lefte þer wiþ ruful roun;  
And whan þei were alle gon hire gate,  
I bad Joseph takin him doun:  
Til I haue him, me þinkiþ late, 625  
For alle þe Jewis, þat ben feloun!  
Joseph seyde: We ben þer ate,  
To bring him to the, I am ful boun!

## LXXIX.

Nichodemus þe nayles out drowz,  
And Joseph nom him in his arm.  
635 Mi sone he louede wel inouȝ,  
He tok hym doun wiþ outen harm  
And nom him of þe heize bouȝ,  
And leyde him softe in my barm.  
His swete mouȝ, on me hit lough,  
640 And ȝit ne was hit no þing warm.

## LXXXI.

Nichodemus þe naylis out drow  
& Joseph tok him in his arm. 630  
Mi sone hem loid wel inow,  
þei tok him doun wiþ outen harm,  
Fayre & softe fro þat bow,  
And leyden him in my barm.  
His swete mouth vpon me low 635  
& I it kiste; it was not warm.

v. 626 roun] ms. ron.

piissimam, illam sanctissimam ac beatissimam virginem, matrem eius, tantis  
260 cruciari singultibus, tam amaris repleti doloribus, tam abundantibus lachrymis  
madidari, sic amarissime flere, quod nullo modo poterat suas lachrymas refre-  
nare. Et quis poterat tunc a lachrymis se abstinere? Fiebat proinde maeror  
et luctus ab Angelis ibidem praesentibus, qualis decebat spiritus almos: imo  
mirarer, si omnes Angeli in illa beatudine ubi flere est impossibile non fleuis-  
265 sent. Credo propter quod et loquor, quia dolebant, si dolere valebant. Sicut  
enim fuit possibile Deum per assumptum hominem mori, ita forte possibile  
Angelos bonos dolere de morte Domini Dei sui. Joseph autem ab Arimathia,

## LXXXII.

An hunderid tymys I dide him kisse,  
 Mouth & eyen, his chin also,  
 & seyde: Sone, schal I the mysse,  
 Glad ne worth I neuere mo! 640  
 And Joseph faste abouten is,  
 His graue to dihte & him þer to,  
 & euere I preyde him iwis,  
 To beryen me wiþ him also.

## LXXX.

His loue hedde bounde me so faste,  
 þo wepen I moste in alle wyse.  
 Hit was euere in my gast,  
 þe þridde day he scholde aryse.  
 645 þe rihte beleue on me he caste,  
 And I conceyuede þe rihte asyse.  
 Ich wuste ful wel atte laste,  
 I schulde hym seo among alle hise.

## LXXXIII.

His loue wouȝdid me so faste, 645  
 þat wepen I muste on al wise.  
 Nerþeles I trowid euere stedefast,  
 þe thrid day þat he schuld vprise;  
 þe riht feyth in me he cast,  
 As it was al his deuyse. 650  
 Ful wel I wiste it atte last,  
 I schuld him seen among hise.

## LXXXI.

And zit miȝt I not forbere,  
 650 Bernard, for to wepe sore.  
 Myn hondes I wrong, myn her I tere,

Whon he lay ded me before.  
 I seiz wel, I durste swere,  
 ȝif eny serwe in angeles were,  
 655 þei miȝte wepe mony a tere  
 For þe del, þat I seih þere.

## LXXXIV.

But I myhte neuere me forbere,  
 Bernard, to wepe swiþe sore,  
 Myn hondis to wringe, myn her to 655  
 tere,

Whil he lay þer me before.  
 I wene, if I durste it swere,  
 If eny sorwe in aungelis wore,  
 þei myhte a wept many a tere,  
 For sorwe, þat þei saw thore. 660

## LXXXII.

Siþen heuene was maad & erþe also  
 And wommon formed aftur mon,  
 More serwe ne more wo  
 660 Neuere tonge telle con,  
 þen we maden, whon we scholde go,  
 To bere mi sone in to þe ston.  
 Jon and my sustren two,  
 Ful mony siþen þei swouned gon.

## LXXXV.

Setthe heuene was mad & erthe also  
 And woman formyd after man,  
 Was neuere ere swich sorwe ne wo,  
 þat any tunge of telle can.  
 We mad sorwe, whan þei schuld go, 665  
 To bere my sone toward his stan.  
 John and my susteris two,  
 Many a tyme swownid þei þan.

v. 643 gast] ms. pouȝt.

vir sanctus et iustus, qui corpus Christi cum Nicodemo deposuerat de cruce,  
 (sicut evangelistae testantur) mercatus sindonem inuoluit illud preciosis condi-  
 270 tum aromatibus et in monumento nouo, quod sibi exciderat, sepliuit. Tunc  
 Angelorum millia millium qui ad Christi sepulcrum conuenerant dulces ei ac  
 deuotas exequias et victoriam decantabant. Illi domino laudes canebant, sed  
 Maria gemitus et suspiria emittebat. Dum igitur Joseph et Nicodemus domi-

## LXXXIII.

665 *Euer* I crizede ful pitousliche:  
 Lordynges, what haue ze ipouzt?  
 Hit is my sone, I loue so muche,  
 For godes loue, burie him nouzt!  
 þei nolde not leue, þeiz I gon siche,  
 670 Til þat he were in graue ibrouzt.  
 þei wounden him in cloþes riche  
 And *euer* merci him besouzt.

## LXXXIV.

Joseph leide him in þe ston,  
 Nichodemus halp him wel  
 675 And riche oynemens leyde him vpon,  
 And wounden him in clene sendel.  
 Heo seiz, þer was no beter won,  
 Bote burie him þei were ful snel;  
 þen loked I on my cosyn Jon,  
 680 For serwe boþe adoun we fel.

## LXXXV.

Whon I stod vp and biheld,  
 In world I nuste, what was best.  
 For gret serwe my fingres I feld,  
 For wepyng migt I haue no rest.  
 685 þe ouer ston ouer him þei heold,  
 Joseph hit wolde in close fest,  
 To him I fel, þat was my scheld,  
 His swete mouþ wel ofte I cust.

v. 687 scheld] ms. child.

num ponerent in sepulcro, volebat simul cum illo mater maestissima sepeliri.  
 275 Erat enim innixia super delictum suum quem amplectens suauiterque deosculans  
 sic dicebat: Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei! Illum adhuc  
 paululum mihi relinquite, ut faciem illius sublato velamine valeam contemplari

## LXXXVI.

Bernard, I cride ful pitousli:  
 »Lordingis, what haue ze þouht? 670  
 It is my sone, I cri zow merci,  
 For charite, grauiþ him nouht!  
 þei sparid no þing for me sureli,  
 Til þei him to graue brouht;  
 þei lappid him in cloþis tendirli, 675  
 To leyen me there I hem besouht.

## LXXXVII.

Joseph leyde him in þe ston  
 And Nichodemus had woundin  
 him wele;  
 Oynementis ful swete þei leyde  
 him on  
 & dihte him in ful clene sendele. 680  
 Bernard, þer was non oþer won,  
 To berien him þei were ful snelle.  
 þan lokid I on my cosyn John,  
 For sorwe boþe douz we felle.

## LXXXVIII.

Whan we stod vp for sorwe vnweld, 685  
 I ne wiste, what me was best.  
 Fingris towrithe none I ne feld,  
 Of weping koude I haue no rest.  
 þe ouer ston faste I beheld,  
 Joseph wolde haue had it fest, 690  
 I fel betwix as a scheld,  
 Til þat I his mouth had kest.

## LXXXIX.

I swownid many a tyme wiþ alle,  
 Or I of him myhte take my leue.  
 Many a tere I lete douz falle, 695  
 þer myhte no man it me bereue.  
 I seyde: Sone, now gon I schalle,  
 Now alle þi frendis schul the leue:  
 Come now, deth, I wile the calle,  
 I wold, þou myhtest myn herte cleue! 700

v. 680 him] ms. hem. v. 687 feld]  
 ms. felid.

## LXXXVI.

Jon seiz, I was in poynt to spille,  
 690 In my bodi I was ful seke.  
 Euere I stod in crizyng schille,  
 þat neiz myn herte dude tobreke.  
 He heold his serwe in herte stille  
 And myldeliche gon he to mespeke:  
 695 Marie, zif hit beo þi wille,  
 Go we henne, þe Maudeleyn eke!

## LXXXVII.

And whon we to toune come,  
 þer as þe wey lay atwynne,  
 Vche mon leue at oþer nome,  
 700 And wenten hom to heore inne.  
 Sore I sykede and ilome,  
 Of wepyng miht I neuer blynne,  
 To speke wiþ hym in no tome  
 For serwe, þat myn herte was inne.

## LXXXVIII.

705 þei ladde me to a chaumbre þo,  
 þer my sone was woned to be,  
 Jon and þe Maudeleyn also,  
 For no þing nolde þei from me fle.  
 I lokede aboute in eueri wro,  
 710 I couþe nouȝwhere my sone se.  
 We set vs doun in serwe and wo  
 And guȝne to wepe alle þre.

## LXXXIX.

þus, Bernard, we weren in care,  
 In serwe of herte & gret mournyng,  
 715 Til we wuste, hou hit wolde fare  
 At my sones vprysyng.  
 Nou haue I told þe, wiþ oute spare,  
 Alle his peynes, wiþ oute partyng.  
 Bernard, I was euer þare,  
 720 To witen after his vprysyng.

v. 703 hym] ms. hem.

et prae amore ipsius aliquantulum videndo consolari! Nolite eum, quaeso, tam cito tradere sepulturae, sed ipsum reddite mihi, miserae matri suae, ut illum mecum  
 280 habeam saltem vel defunctum; aut si illum in sepulchro reconditis, ibidem me miseram matrem cum ipso sepelite, quia male post ipsum superero! Ad quid post ipsum viua? Illi ponebant dominum in sepulchro, et illa nisu, quo poterat, illum ad trahere conabatur. Illa volebat eum sibi cum totis viribus retinere et ipsi volebant eum tradere sepulturae. Sicque pia lis erat et contentio miseranda

E. Kölbing, Englische studien. VIII. 1.

## XC.

þan com John, & Magdaleyn eke,  
 & saw, I was in poynt to spille,  
 Ful myldeli to me þei speke,  
 And held hire sorwe in herte ful stille;  
 But euere hem þouhte hire hertis breke, 705  
 þat þei durste not wepin hire fille.  
 Nerþeles to towne þei me wreke  
 Mor wiþ strif þan wiþ my wille;

## XCI.

And whan we to þe cite come,  
 þer oure weyes schuld vntwynne, 710  
 I & othere oure leue nome  
 And wente hom to oure inne.  
 I swownid often and whilome,  
 Of weping koude I neuer blynne;  
 To spekin to hem had I no tome 715  
 For sorwe, þat myn herte was in.

## XCII.

John led me to a chambir tho,  
 þer my sone was wonid to be;  
 Magdaleyn & my susteris two,  
 For no þing wold þei departen fro me. 720  
 Bernard, I lokid aboute me tho,  
 But I coude not my sone se.  
 We setten vs doun wiþ sori wo  
 & gan to wepin alle thre.

## XCIII.

þus were we, Bernard, in greet care, 725  
 In sorwe of herte & long mournyng;  
 Til þat we wiste, how it schuld fare,  
 Euere we were in greet longing.  
 Now haue I told the, wiþ oute spare,  
 Alle my peynys at his parting. 730  
 But, Bernard, I was redi þare,  
 To kepin him at his vprising.\*

## XC.

Graunt merci, dame, god zelde  
 hit þe,  
 Wyf and maiden, moder milde,  
 þat þou hast so muche itold me  
 Of serwe of þe and of þi chylde.  
 725 Now am I siker, wher þat I teo,  
 In wode, in water, or in felde,  
 To make þe foule fend to fleo,  
 þat euer was so wod and wylde.

## XCI.

Ladi, for þi muchele wo,  
 730 þat neuere no tonge may of telle,  
 þe serwe of þe and him also,  
 þat him dude þe Jewes felle,  
 And leue vs neuere skape þer fro,  
 But euer more in ioye to dwelle.  
 Whon we schul dye and henne go,  
 736 Schilde vs from þe pyne of helle! Amen.

## XCIV.

Seynt Bernard seyde: God zelde  
 it the,  
 Wif & moder & mayden mylde,  
 þat þou so mekil hast told to me 735  
 Of þi sorwe & of þi chylde!  
 Now am I sekir, wher so I be,  
 In toun or feld, in zongþe or elde,  
 To don þe foule fend to fle,  
 þat euere to helle wold don me helde. 740

## XCV.

Now, ladi, for þat ilke wo,  
 þat no tunge may half telle,  
 Of the & of þi sone also,  
 þat zow dide þe Jewis felle:  
 Late neuere non of alle tho, 745  
 þat cristnid arn & in þis world dwelle,  
 Whan þei schul passen þe world al fro,  
 To seen þe peyne, þat is in helle!

## XCVI.

This ryme mad an hermyte  
 & dide it writen in parchemyn; 750  
 Barfot he wente in gray habyte,  
 He werid no cloth, þat was of lyn.  
 þus on englich he dide it write,  
 He seyth, he drow it of þe Latyn.  
 His mede lord Jesu him quyte 755  
 & seynt Bernard, clerk of deuyn!

## XCVII.

And we schul preye, þat here it rede,  
 For him now an orisoun,  
 & don it smertlich in dede  
 Wiþ a ful good deuocioun, 760  
 þat Jesu Crist his soule lede  
 To blisse in his processoun,  
 And there for to han his mede  
 þorw vertu of his passioun. Amen. 764  
 v. 757 here] Danach in, unterpunktet.

285 inter ipsos. Omnes tamen virgines compatientes dolori, pio desiderio coacti  
 sic amarissime flebant ut nullus eorum posset ad plenum verba formare.  
 Videbant etenim piam matrem omni quidem solatio destitutam et super ipsam  
 potius quam super dominum suum extinctum plangebant. Maior illis inerat  
 dolor de dolore matris quam de morte Domini sui . . . . .

BRESLAU.

G. Kribel.