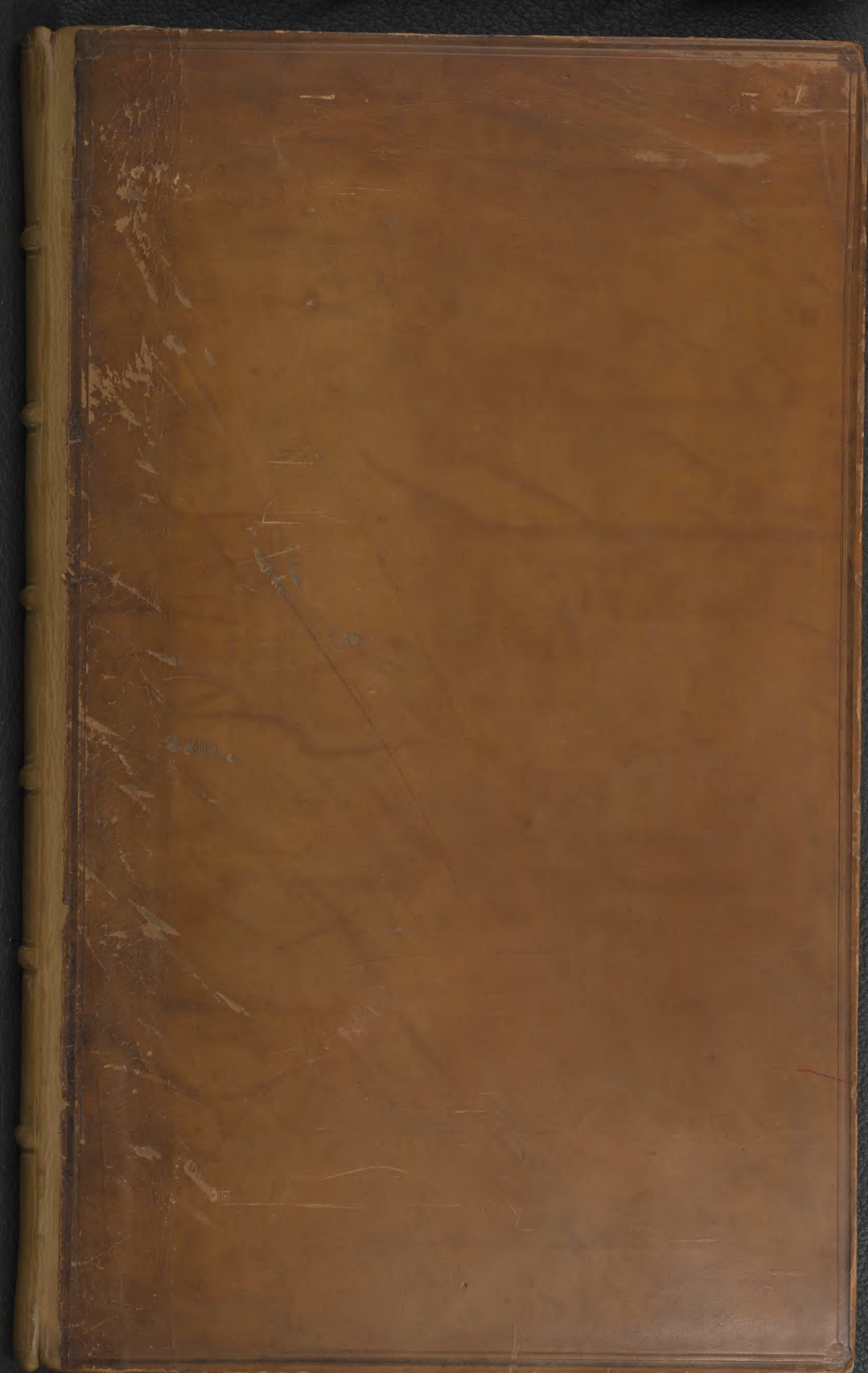
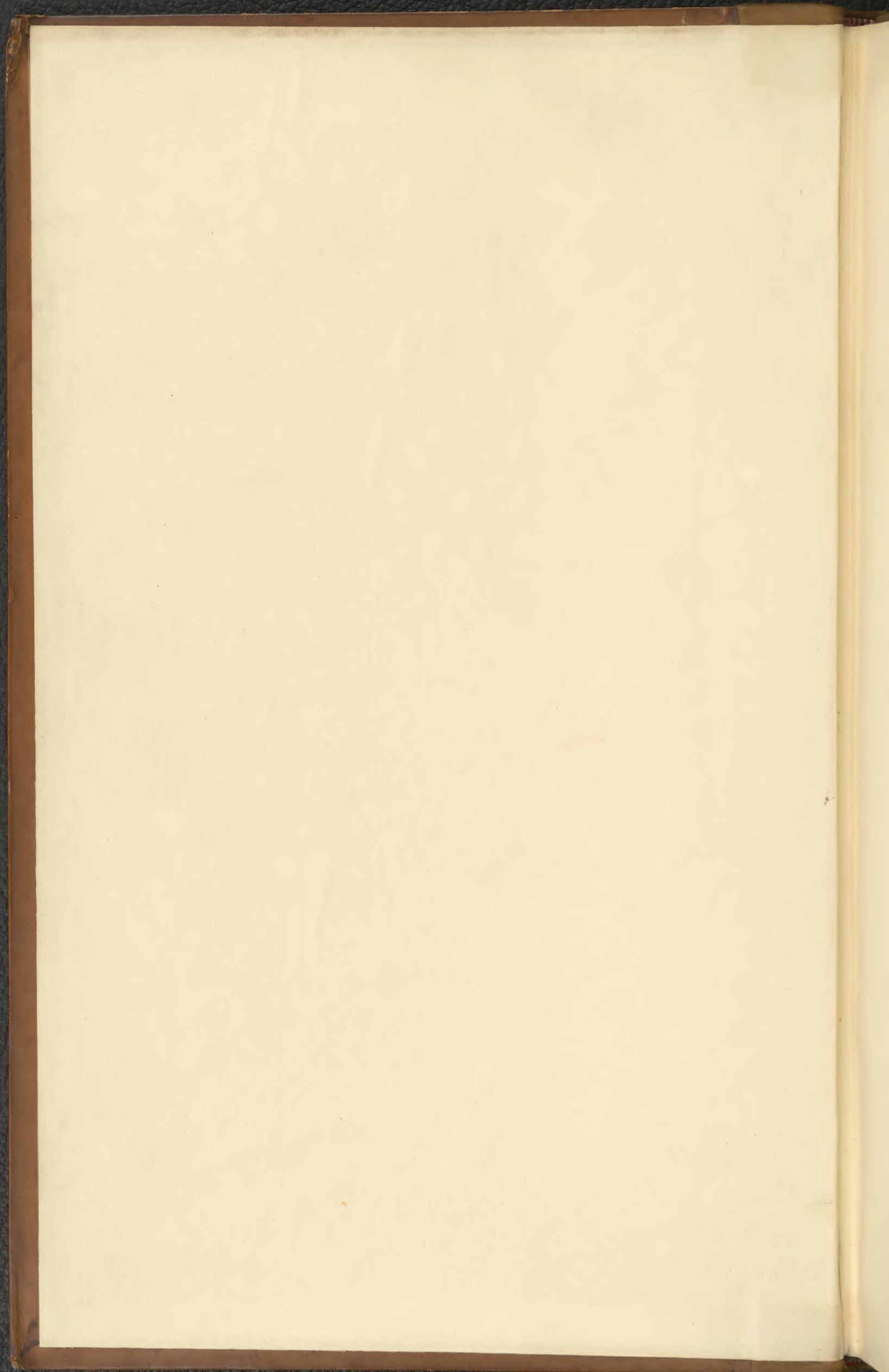
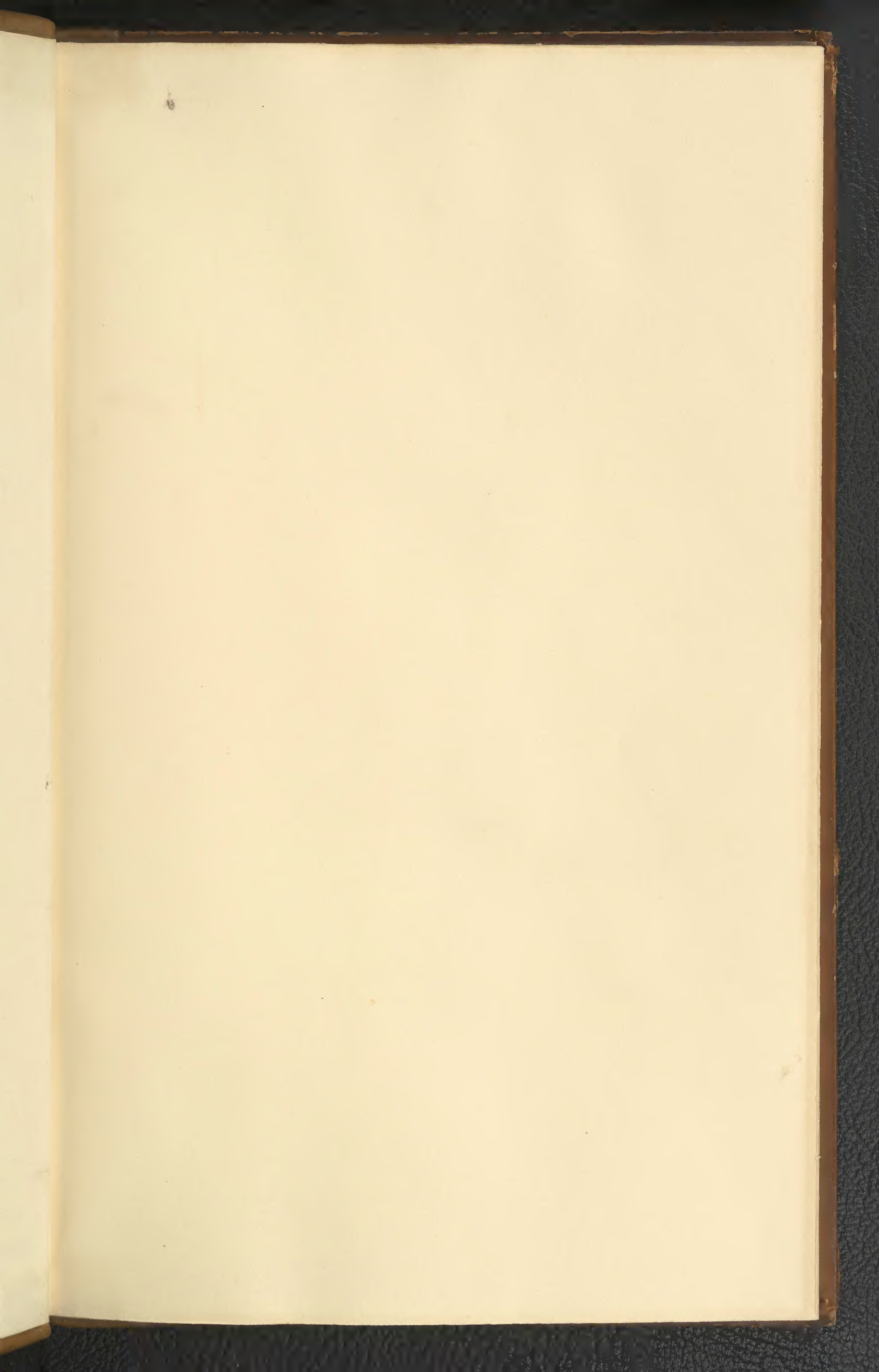
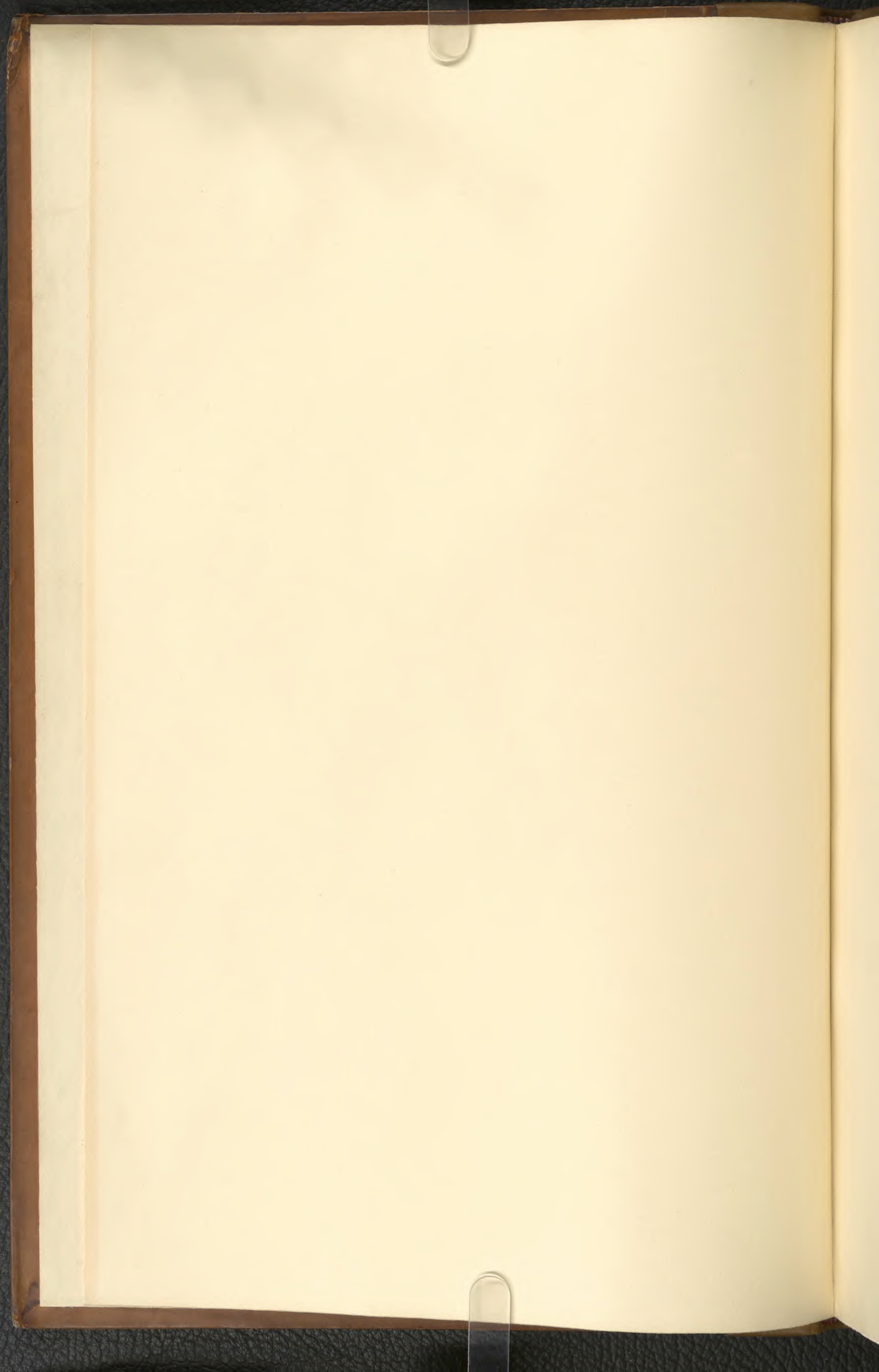
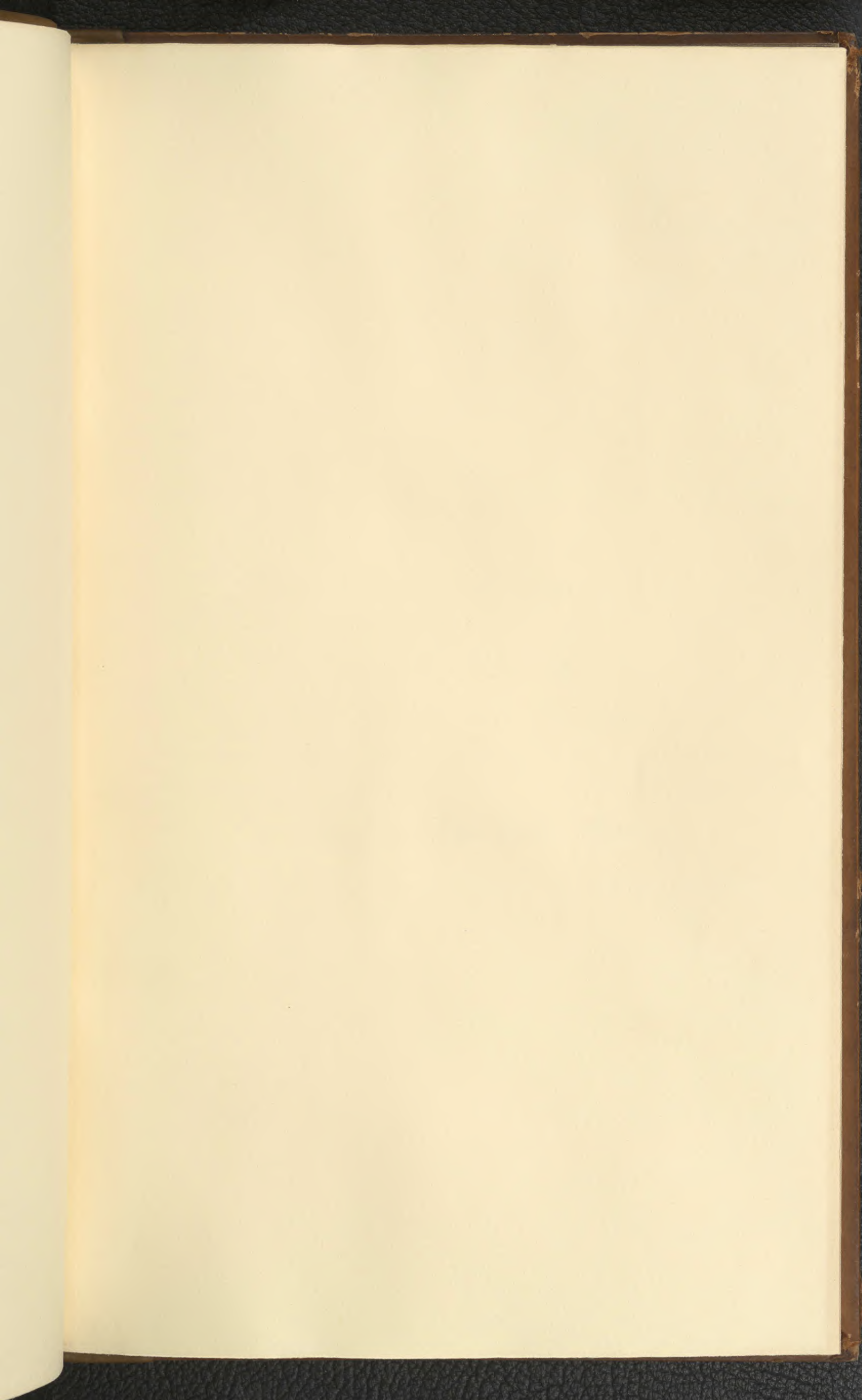


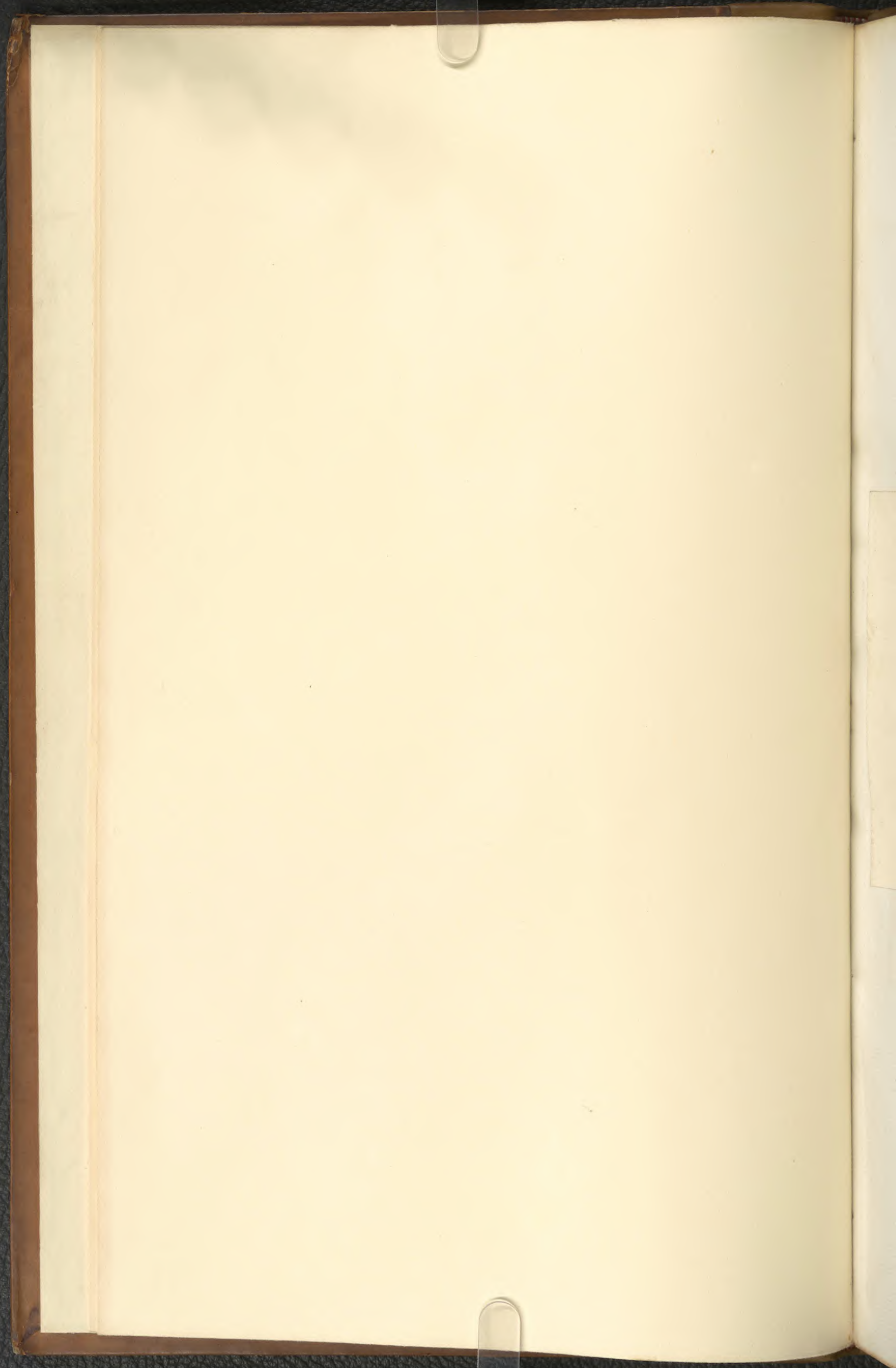












19. 1. 2

The Passion of Christ
Compiled by
M. Walter Kennedy
From the Steward M.S. belonging to
the Royal Society
No. 285.
(Now transferred to the British Museum.)

Hail
Hail
Hail
In
Hail
Hail
Hail

Hail
Hail
Hail
To
Hail
Hail
Hail

In
We
Thun
Shaw
Tan
Rich
Wald

Tra
The a
Luh
Als
As
Man
Wider
Hail

1
Heir begynneth the prologue of the passion
of Christ compiled be M. Walter Kennedy.

Haill ~~Christin~~ ¹ knight haill stern comfortour
Haill Riall King in throne celestiall
Haill lampe of light haill ~~father~~ ^{the} Salvitour
In heuyn empire prince perpetuall
Haill in distress protectour principall
Haill god and man borne of a virgin cleyne
Haill boist of balme spilit within my splene

2
Haill in my hart with lufe withpit inter
Haill spote of taist to heere sweet symphoney
Haill silk to graipe, to sight ~~of~~ light-odour
To feet fute rode haill guide to gude herby
Haill derv closit till woundit and very
Haill bed till rest haill saulis habitakill
Haill begone to skail of ded ~~the~~ ^{ye} disk unbrakill

3
Infill our hart quhill ~~the~~ ^{ye} ant herbrour
We ar ~~in~~ ^{ye} ~~than~~ King Salomone
Thou spirituell fute moir potent ~~than~~ protectour
Stronger ~~than~~ ^{ye} Hector Judas or Sampson
Farer be fer ~~than~~ ^{ye} ever was Absalon
Richer in grace ~~than~~ ^{ye} Alexander ~~the~~ ^{ye} get
Walden as wynd be grace eth for to tect

4
Foe thou dislege fra our enquite
We ar waker ~~than~~ ^{ye} ever was Gernulus
Luhelt was all mait be get infirmite
Als - Lazar than ever was Lazarus
As struchoun stit - as tegar tyrandus
Main pise of gude ~~than~~ ^{ye} was Diogy ~~the~~ ^{the}
~~Wilder~~ ^{Wilder} in wit than Nabell carnates

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Thus to ~~the~~^{ye} saule⁵ son life is presence
 Off the is gude to have possessioun
 Luthills may nocht be bot with deligence
 Baith nycht and day remembra ~~the~~^{ye} passioun
 And of ~~the~~^{ye} glore sall have fruiçioun
 Bot he ~~that~~^{yat} studyis hein efter his estait
 Thy cruell deid with pietie to requait

Bot now allace men ar mair stedyes
 To reid the ~~si~~^{ei}ge of ~~the~~^{ye} town of Troy
 The life of Iursalem or Hector or Troilus
 The vanite of alexanderis empire
 Bot quhen ~~the~~^{ye} world sall all burn in a fire
 Than ~~wane~~^u storyis sall mak na remeid
 Bot all thair helpe mon cum throu Cristes deid

Bot sen our natour is of sic a kind
 That ever it seikis consolacioun
 He is maist wise that dalie hes in mynd
 Himself to keip in occupacioun
 Luthill on ~~the~~^{ye} spirit has delectatioun
 Profit to ~~the~~^{ye} saule his god worship and dreid
 Confort thi hert but lesing of his meid

Bot sen many in will are richt mychtes
 Luthills in deid ar pure be ignorance
 Throu helpe of him quhills deit on the tre
 In englis tounge I think to mak remembrance
 How god maid man how man fell throu myschance
 Syne how greit pyne sustenit for his synne
 The sowl of god or he wald succour him

In process I think als commonly
 To be exclud all curiosite
 Maist plane termes with deligence to spy
 Luthills may be tane with small difficultie
 Bot gif one caus instant necessitie
 Termes to find quhills has ~~no~~ na yow and sound
 That thair will hide the better wald confound

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Be naturall gift¹⁰ name to the end may bring
 Gude purpos tane bot ^{his} god with grace
 In guile of nature hes sober comforting
 The heelp of him in causse in this causse
 Lukilt for my saule the bitter ded can bras
 Upoun the crosse in price of his ransome ^{un}
 In this hope my purpos now I founde

Explicit prologus

Incipit Passio

God of his grace and gudnes infinit
 A nobill maid the man his creat^u
 That of him selfe knowlage had perfite
 Als of his godheid and this creatur
 Throu grace of god nocht of his awn nature
 He might have stand guile god to grace him brot
 But fane or dreid bot he unwise wro^t

He wrocht unwise allace throu Lucifer
 Lukilt causit him to disobey his king
 Throu he see Eve as serpent couth appear
 And causit hir the appill for to bring
 To fader Adam that he myght throu taisting
 Off the appill be like to god and kind
 Baith gude and ill bat that ~~was~~ ^{is} no^t the end

The end ^{was} war for than banist he wes
 Be the angell and put out of paradise
 He and his seid ever in this ^{un} world to pass
 Wanderand in wa as man in nycht gladnes
 In could and heit his needis to purch^e
 As woundit wyght in nature bair of grace
 Put to the horn exilith for goddis face

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

^{lit}
~~Sicht~~ he w^e under schaddow of syn
 Dubilk him deput ever with ded to dwell
 As bando^{ni.}~~nt~~ knight and ill law bundin
 Heir to thole reist syne techet be to hell
 For perty w^e the prince of maist pow^{stie}
 He had no mycht fra him for to appeill
 Eternall god gehelt had him prisoner

⁵
 Fra he w^e presont yeris mony and
 As goddis fa closet within myrknes
 Marcy and piete maid ane full hevy ^{mo} ~~mean~~
 That thair wer tynt for mankind gat na grace
 In ~~heir~~^{heir} empire befor the faderis face
 Thair appert allegeand, as for thair
 That be thair law man suld be fied fra pane

⁶
 Thair allegence justice and verite
 Appert not thairfor befor that king
 Thair allegit for thair rycht constantlye
 That be thair law Adam and his offsprung
 Eternall suld be banist his rigour
 God infinit becaus he had offende
 Efter thair law his pane suld never end.

⁷
 Than the fader all richteris Lord
 Than till his sone to pas gaf commandement
 In thair debat be him to mak concord
 And he richt sone schew him his sentement
 Sayand ane ded sall mak you baith content
 And bring Adam till peace with all his seid
 That me^d will worship baith in word and deide

⁸
 Than god the angell sent in the cete
 Off Nazareth to Mary the virgin
 Dubilk halfit hir with reverence and piete
 Sayand haill beist angelicall regin
 God hes the chosin to be bai^t rule and regn
 For mannis peace for you a sone sall beir
 Callit ~~Jesus~~^{thus} thairfor be nocht affeir

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a historical document or letter. The text is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The handwriting is dense and fills most of the page.]

[A small, dark, handwritten mark or signature, possibly a date or a name, located on the left side of the page.]

9

Fra scho contentit to beir the prince of price
 The haly gaist schane in hir tabernakell
 Hes in hir spud that riak flouir delice
 Dubill resant ane man to reabill
 But seid of man this virgin permanable
 The sone of god consan^{it} into haist
 The subtile winking of the haly gaist

10

Than but delay scho went unto the montane
 Quhair dwelling maid hir tender consengues
 Upoun his fate thought scho had ^{gilt} gat pane ^{gilt}
 Scho feyest nocht that hevy way to pas
 Hir first scho halfit thought scho mar worthy wes
 Syne with hir baid the spae of monethis thre
 Herself exersand in humilite

11

This waschy lady but man^{is} syne bur a child
 Till angell glore till synnar saluator
 Till feind a fu a feind to faule exild
 Till hungry meat till thursty sweet lioure
 Till blind the sycht to will a herbroure
 Till dede the life till pure the richt Lord
 Till seik the heill till life scho bure ^{concord} ~~hure~~

12

Efter aucht dais of his nativite
 He sched his blade in circumcison

For man^{is} faule thir arlis offerit he ^{wa}
 Dubill he be his ded the saule price laid down
 This fair young prince of all our glore the crown
 Shew untill ded that he his pepill lude
 That for thair saik sa sone he sched his blude

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a letter or manuscript page.]

The kingis thur he giddit be ane sterne
 Out of the est in haist to bathelem
 In the stabill thai fand the bony barne
 With his moder in cribe ^[lying] allane
 For his powerte the kingis thocht na schame
 Till knell on kne and him adorne as king
 As of gold sens more to mak offering

In the tempill his moder him present
 As was the law that tyme intill Idury
 Off all the world that he wes Lord & King
 Off dowis twa his offerand ^{year?} yat maid he
 Suld fyneoun desuit for to do
 Fra he had sene that nobill prince & king
 Dubelt be his ded suld men fra torment bring

Thir greivis prince Herod browit suld ringe
 Oare all Idury for fyneoun the ald
 The gentill licht his Israel the King
 Had him befor into the tempill bauld
 Thair he send his men of armes bald
 In Bathelem all Innocentis thair slen
 For he the prince dubelt king suld be unknaw

* Bot god him knew to regne as maist wathy
 Thairfor till Josaphe he ane angell send
 Dubelt said in haist the barne tak and Mary
 Tyne with tham baith in Egypt sone they wend
 Thon he was pure & littell had till spend
 Without delay he was obedient

* line deficient in Mf.

The first of the year was a very
cold one, and the weather was
very disagreeable. The wind was
very strong, and the rain was
very heavy. The snow was
very deep, and the ice was
very thick. The people were
very much distressed, and the
cattle were very much
starved.

The second of the year was a
very warm one, and the weather
was very pleasant. The wind
was very light, and the rain
was very light. The snow was
very thin, and the ice was
very thin. The people were
very much pleased, and the
cattle were very much
content.

The third of the year was a
very cold one, and the weather
was very disagreeable. The wind
was very strong, and the rain
was very heavy. The snow was
very deep, and the ice was
very thick. The people were
very much distressed, and the
cattle were very much
starved.

The fourth of the year was a
very warm one, and the weather
was very pleasant. The wind
was very light, and the rain
was very light. The snow was
very thin, and the ice was
very thin. The people were
very much pleased, and the
cattle were very much
content.

17

Jeris seven yea he had dwelling maid ^w
 Intill Egypt agane come the angell ^w
 Sayand Josaphe se you but main abaid
 Pass to yi hame the land of Iserrall ^{re}
 God hes me send agane the for to tell
 That thair ar ded gubilt wald the barne have share
 In Nazareth thus are thair entain agane

18

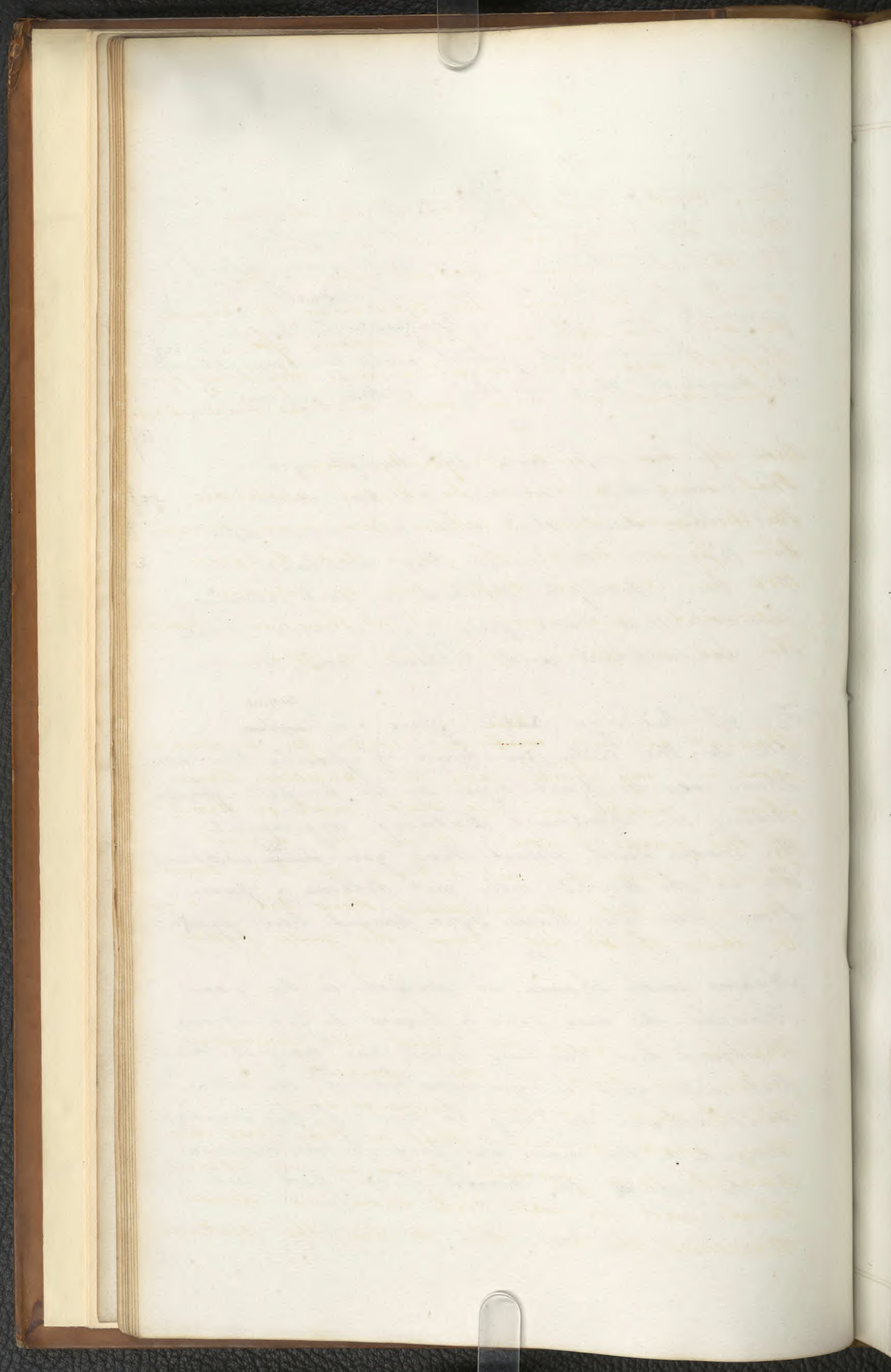
Main of his life unto the twelft yea
 The Evangelis - makis na mencoun
 Bot othir said that with his moder deir
 In Nazareth he maid his hantage
 Her and Josaphe ^{servand} in gret reverence
 Thought thair wer pure & he a riches Lord
 As Soudulphus and ^{utheis} ~~utheis~~ can record ^t

19

Fra of his age XII yers ^{cumin} ~~was~~
 All to the ciety in tyme of pasche thair went
 Thair wes he tynt syne in the sempill fundin
 Among the Doctours halding argument
 His moder said Sweit sone you ^{hes} ~~have~~ asschent
 For we the thought isch gret dollour & pane
 Bene new our hame syne turnit heis agane

20

Agane with shame as subiect is he gane
 Thought he was sone & prince to god eterne
 Makand his dwelling intill ane sempill hame
 Bot will you leir you more behuld the sterne
 That schane sa lang in clud of his manheid
 Lettand the man all prid for till dispeine ^w
 Or he exercis the might of his god heed ^x



21

New shetty yair ^[he] fia had maid delling
 With his moder as sempill seruitour
 He thocht it tyme to schaw Lord & King
 I end fia the heven the synt man to recure
 He take his life and ^{home (home or inner)} ~~four~~ iordane ^{u/} ~~four~~
 Baptist was thair thocht he was cleyne of syn
 Leland all man with meeknes heven to syn

22

Into the desert unto the forty day
 But meet or drink he keepit abstinence ^{u/}
 He hungerit syne to schaw him man merray
 Him for to tempt the feind did deligence
 Bot his angellis keepit him in reverence
 Sarwand that swas rycht as thair awne soverain
 He gat discipillis syne yeid in plane

23

Thocht all my ^{here} ~~hand~~ wer hertis for to think
 And all my ^{paules?} ~~paules~~ sang with angellis shewin
 And I mycht leit but sleep meit or drink
 Off thi ~~paules~~ I cou^[not] schaw the seruint
 Dubelt thou sustenit to bring me to the bevin
 In cauld and hunger and throw slyk & clay
 Or thou thocht ded upoun the gude friday

24

Thairfor I hald me bund till ignorance
 To see the kind of thi adversite
 Bot of life a gentill remembrance
 May mak mencoun that in thair geis the
 Dubelt thou precht schew ay sic cherite
 That gud for evill elik thou wes doand
 Raissand the ded thair to slay the seekand

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

25

Syne drew neir that he wald offer and make
 Off his body for us banist of bis
 With mares and Elas first he spak
 Insee labor for thai were two witnes
 That he was Christ hecht till all faderis
 Dubilt in the cymbe lay cry and ^{day and} night
 Up the heven and cum down lampe of lycht

26

Then his discipillis saw him schyne so bry.
 Thai thought it gode ay to make dwelling thair
 But quhen thai herd ^{ye were} ~~that was~~ cry for the hecht
 Thai fell on growst for dreid thair frayst sair
 He confort thame and bad thaim spak no mair
 Off that visoun quhill he raisse for the deid
 Dubill god deput for syne to be remed

27

After ~~man~~ lang pane & lauber infinite
 Hunger ^{could} thirsty in wynd & rane
 Walking wandring powerte gret despite
 Dollour dideis cair cotidian

Till all his sair he souecht na saw bot one
 The quhill was ded as surcharge hee his sorrow
 That his manheid to de for god cou^t borrow

28

Terria quarta traditio

On Wednesday In hous of baypkes thai
 Gadderit princis and priestis of the law
 Nym be sum meyn dissautfully to sla
 For if the pepill the priestis gret aw
 Him to persew for na ry^t cou^t thai schaw
 Duby he suld de for quhy he giddit saa
 That na offence he did to freind or faa

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

29

Judas that herd that conspiracioun
 And fals counsaill wro^t py^t unworthely
 That him no^t warnit of ewill nacioun
 Dubilt nyt o day him for to sla set spy
 Bot he wes full of subtile tratory
 Thanfor his lord for littell price he sauld
 Put in thair will the thing gif him^{thai} wald

Tercia quinta ad vespas

30

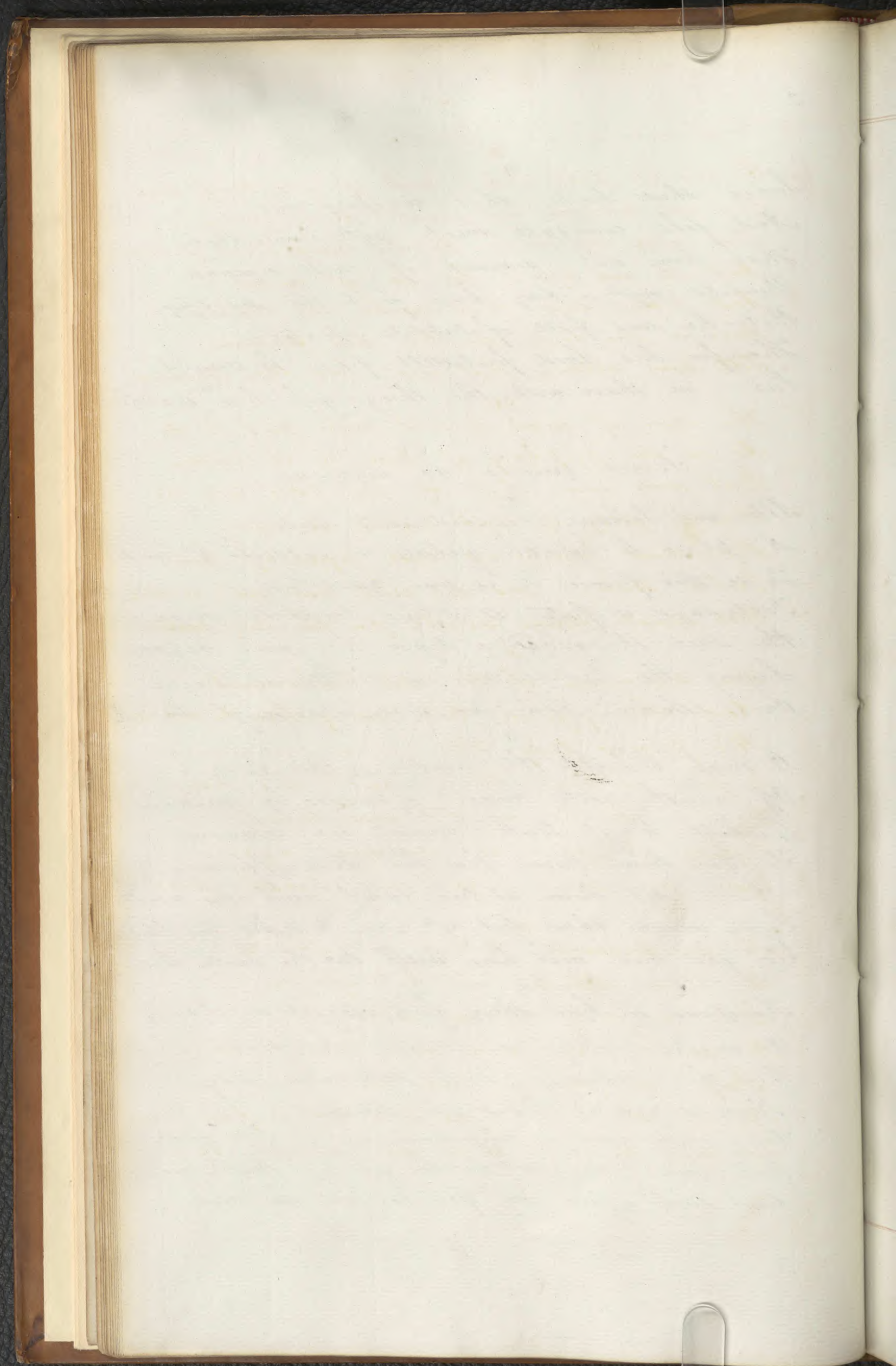
Peter and Iohanne he send into cite
 A place to graith gubair he suldest yf lambe
 To se this prync it is ane greet piete
 Followand on fute as a pure sempill man
 He said the grace o syne the grace began
 Saying the lambe till eit I Christ gretlie
 Or I shole ded for man upoun yf be

31

O man behald thi maker o thi king
 Off reuth reute murro^t o murror of meiknes
 Dubilt to y^etrato^r maid sic chensing
 To gar him turne fra his dissaiffulnes
 He set him at his table and his meiss
 Syne wesche than fet yf can to sched his blude
 To gar men not how well he the saule lude

32

Knulland on kne their feit claggit in clay
 He wesche meikly as sempill servitor
 Peter tho^t schame I said schorelie nay
 Him argennit Iesus our salvator
 Peter said Lord I commend me in yo^r cure
 Baith heid & fet to wesche gif ye thind speed
 Crist said again the fet hes all the need



33

He wrocht recht sad e, said of you twelf ane
 Hes me betraist and scould dissaitfullie
 That voce the hevin Churles throu blood e bare
 And ilk ane sperit for Is yf nocht I
 And Judas last that wrocht the tratory
 Thairfor our lord directit his sermone
 Tell him allane that wrocht had the presoun

34

The done of man he said men pas to de
 As in the prophacy of him it is wullen
 But wais him that of wif born wes he
 That is gilty of that trespass or syn
 Peter bad Johne as crist inquire of him
 Icha trator wes bot crist him not revelit
 Bot sanct Johne gabilt fra the laif condemit

35

The sacramentis of the ald Testament
 And other figuris tike end quhen he ordand
 His precious body hee us as sacrament
 In forme of bread bleist with his hand
 He said do this my ded rememberand
 Quhill I apper in judgement agane
 Quide hee have glaze, of evill chernall pane

36

In his sermond to lufe and cherite
 He thaim exhortit als to be patient
 Stifly to fight against adversite
 He confort thaim syne bad thaim be deligent
 Keip his bidding and his commandement
 He red the grace syne said lat us pas hym
 For heir to dwell it is na garand tyme

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

In the first Complayn

37

In the first complayn think with compassion
 Now that the king passis to his deid
 Furth to thole ~~for~~ ^{for} bitter passoun
 Dubilk for thy self ony ^{neid} maik mak remeid
 Thocht that thi hert wer closit unto leid
 Yit ~~wald~~ ^{wald} it melt and gar the watter spring
 Profound to think what desiris thi king

38

He passit furth unto the hill to pray
 As he ~~was~~ ^{went} wout syne his discipillis schew
 At that samer nycht thai suld all pas him fra
 Peter said Lord thocht thai be all untrew
 Yit or I suld sic traitoury persew
 As pressour lever de wald I
 Crist said this nycht you sall me thrice
 deny.

39

Cedron he passit syne enterit in the yard
 He bad thame walk for he to pray wald pas
 Methink this king had bot one sempill gard
 That zaid to sleep quhen he to battall was
 The feir of ded him put in sic adiestres
 Bot he sweet bled for he knew perfislie
 That him behaffit to be richt cruelie.

40

Thai sleippit thris and thus he wes yit thaim
 He bad him walk for he to pray wald pas
 Sayand be blith for sone sall your pane
 Dubilk your fader directit hes to bring
 The banist man agane hane unto his ring
 Till his discipillis he said lat us ga
 For he is neir that sikis me to slaa

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

⁴¹
 Judas said guham that ye se me kiss
 Hald him fast and rycht warly him leid
 He halsit Crist as a discipill of his
 Bot with his hert he soucht him to the ded
 O god above in guhom begane this seed
 Maid nocht him Crist in his court cardinall
 For anerie ~~was~~ safer into his hert he gat a fall

⁴²
 Thai laithly leppit ~~scat~~ ^{until} with fals tressoun
 Kissit his mouth for sweeter than balm
 That iwarnit wolf wild fra wit and resoun
 Passit to the lambe quhelk maid him na demand
 Bot with that face, mair sweeter than ye lawn
 Sweetlie resauit the sone of lucifer
 Sayand freind guhat maid the cam heir

⁴³
 At the Jewis he sperit guhom thai soucht
 Thai said we seik Jesus of Nazareth
 I am Jesus he said that all thing wrocht
 Bot with that woce thai fell upon the greyne
 For be vertue of his godheid unseyne
 Under the clath of his huminite
 Mycht nocht susteyne mannis fragilitie

⁴⁴
 Luken he tham ~~said~~ ^{ever} to do guhat thai wald
 As seik unthankfull to the medicinar
 With all thair mycht, thai schup him for to hald
 Castand ~~him~~ him down quhill his body wes seir
 Luken Peter saw his hert wes full of care
 Thairfor to his kind King he wes boun
 Fra Malcuss sone the richt eir cutit down

Then in to him from M.L.

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

45

Thai strengit thai fair handis with a string
 Tuhill his fingers quibit wof bla,
 Methink thai schew him sentpill cherising
 For lang labour quibit he cou^t for thame ma
 His apposthis all fra dreid fled him fra
 Left him allane full feindles in the feild
 With cruell men quibit handillit he full wild

46

Thai gart him syn tho^t he wes never so soit
 Agane the mill quibit that thai maid him faynt
 Inhill his ded becauss thai had conspait
 Thai gart thame haist for ony sald thai saynt
 I haue ^{thoult} wit thair wickednes to paynt
 For in thair deidis is sic Innocence
 That all meins thai soucht to gar him de

At Matynnes

Waik of thi sleep o man at matyn hour
 With bitter teis remember gif you may
 The cruel painis quibit Crist thi Salvatour
 The to redeme susteinis nycht and day
 With heit for think syne with get prete say
 I am get causse of all the cruell pane
 I stau the fute thocht you restoit agane

40

Annas hows wes first into the gart
 Thairfor Crist wes first sic him present
 Johne entent in Peter stude at the get
 Off his discipilles and his document
 Annas spent him richt deligent
 Crist said agane I secht into plane
 The Jewis herd thair of requine at thame

49

Tra on this wise had said our saluour
 And seruant of the bischopis that wes by
 Said to the bischop make thou see answer
 Als on the cheik strait him unceortasly
 Crist said againe gif euer spoken have I
 Offe ewill witness and gif I ewill have said
 Luby shrikes you me sen I na fals have maid

50

Now every prince and lord of dignite etc
 At Crist your king leir to have patience
 Courroune meiknes in your nobillite
 Revenge nocht your injure nor offence
 With patience use your magnificence
 Contemp all prid gif ye will cum to glorie
 To Cayphas thai gart him go but moire

51

Peter for dreid of ded him this denyit
 Or the cok this renewit had his sange
 Syne he seid furth a preva place and spyt
 Lohaw he grat and all handis wrange
 To se Crist de the Jewis throucht full lange
 Thanfor witnes to him condampne thai broucht
 Bot thai fand nane to law that him hurt moucht

52

Cayphas bad that he sould answer make
 Till thai witnes guilts accusit swa
 Crist held his tounge and nathing till he spak
 Cayphas said gif you be god werray ^{him} be
 I command ye speik and als ye tuth to say
 Gif you be Crist the sone of god eterne
 Crist said I am tho^t you now me disperne

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Ye shall me se stand on his right hand
 As judge entrand in judgement
 Than cayphas raif his claspis sayand
 He blasphemus now what is your intent
 Thai him condampnit to de with ane assent
 Sayand that he is guilty and be law seld de
 Now thai him trettis is gyt pieto to se

Thair but delay apounn all thai schot
 Preiffand ~~round~~ thair pith quha fastest count
 That nobill prince thai defoulit under fute
 Brisand his breistis round his tender haire
 Sum on the cheik sum on the wessage bare
 Spot in his face filit his cristall eyne
 And filit his sight as he a fule had bene

Thai hunt his and all his body thai fet
 Saris his sensuris and stoundis all his waris
 Pullit his berd his tender heid thai rat
 Throewis him down sein persis him without painis
 Thai ire as fire upoun his body raris
 Thai brist his breast full ston thai mak his face
 Thair cruell painis this lord will sla allaw

O man main cruell than ever wes wild lion
 Lulit with his pith ay punches he his pray
 He is than gid seid flemes him fra resoun
 Will is thair law inwy thair mak ~~Beff~~
 Prid is the prime quhilk seikis him to sla
 Cupid is king quhilk him sa mair dois stand
 Falset is faith quhilk ~~hand~~ ^{hand} lankis his hand

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Man be thou kind guborn for this pane he dries
 Lorrow thy hert and all thi bowellis ~~corred~~ cery
 And now behald how purachi that he dies
 Lust-bivis thy breist pant all thi parties perfis
 His gret trublane without reuth the mynd regrest
 Into the tyme as you had present bene
 Off all his passoun and all his pains sene

At Prime

With pietus hert at prime thou suld behald
 How thai tham dres for to condampe the King
 The cruell painis gubelt befor it tauld
 May tham nocht mess gubill thai to ded him
 Thai gadderit alsone as the day coll^{bring} spring
 In thair countait thai gart him to present
 For in his ded thai wald agane consent

Gif you be Crist thai said us schaw plainly
 The sone of god promittit Salviour
 Crist said I am as the haue tald trewly
 Thocht now I stand dispiht as a prou
 The sone of man ye sall se haue in cure
 To gife gude glorie and ewill eternall pane of
 Cum in the clude to jugement agane

Off witnes quod thai we haue no need
 For we haue ^{herd} of his mouth blasphemacoun
 The king to bind without delay thai speid
 As of befor thai had him hunt na thing
 His fair handis thai strengit with a strong
 And thus to Pilot thai him bunden leid
 As be thair law he had scrut the deid

There is a great deal of
writing in this book
and it is very interesting
to read. The author
has written a great
deal of history and
it is very well written.

The first part of the book
is a history of the
United States and
it is very well written.
The second part of the
book is a history of the
world and it is very well
written.

The third part of the book
is a history of the
future and it is very well
written. The author
has written a great
deal of history and
it is very well written.

The fourth part of the book
is a history of the
present and it is very well
written. The author
has written a great
deal of history and
it is very well written.

61

Na thing my^h cule the hate of thair hert
 Dubill he to de to Pilot wes present
 Dubill be the law wes justice in that art
 In cause of blude to schaw the sentence
 Thai gied nocht in the Pilot furth he went
 Spirit at thair gif ony cause thai had
 As bund to ded as thai him burden had

62

Fals occasion richt reddely thai fand
 To gar him de thai had sa gret ferour
 Than said thai we find him pervertand
 Forbidand tribut to gift to the emperour
 Calland him King and Crist-our salvetour
 Pilot said of your awne ye have lawis
 Juge him thair^{by} for I brow nocht your
 Lawis

63

Thai with ire answerit and said agane
 It is nocht lauchfull that we ony shaa
 Judas for thought and restorit agane
 The thretty pennyis and syne a cord cou^t to
 Hangit him self his ^{chord} bust in twa
 Take the reward of his iniquite^{is}
 His avoice and falsit sa ^{punit} ~~pervert~~ verite

64

With thai pennyis the priestis of the Law
 To berry pilgrames bocht ane sepulchour
 Na cheite nor pieto gart thai schaw
 Bot gret malice gart thair hert indure
 That thai thought ever be thai pilgrames pure
 In straing landis the same for to gar sle
 Als fals prophet thai had gart him de

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a letter or manuscript page.]

65

In the tolbutth Pilot entent in ^{that}
 callit on Crist and speit gif he wes king
 Crist answerit inquirand first at him
 Gif of himself or ^utheris rehersing
 He sa inquirit gif he als prince suld ring
 Pilot answerit I am na Jew to know
 Thy awne pepill hes brocht thee to my Law

66

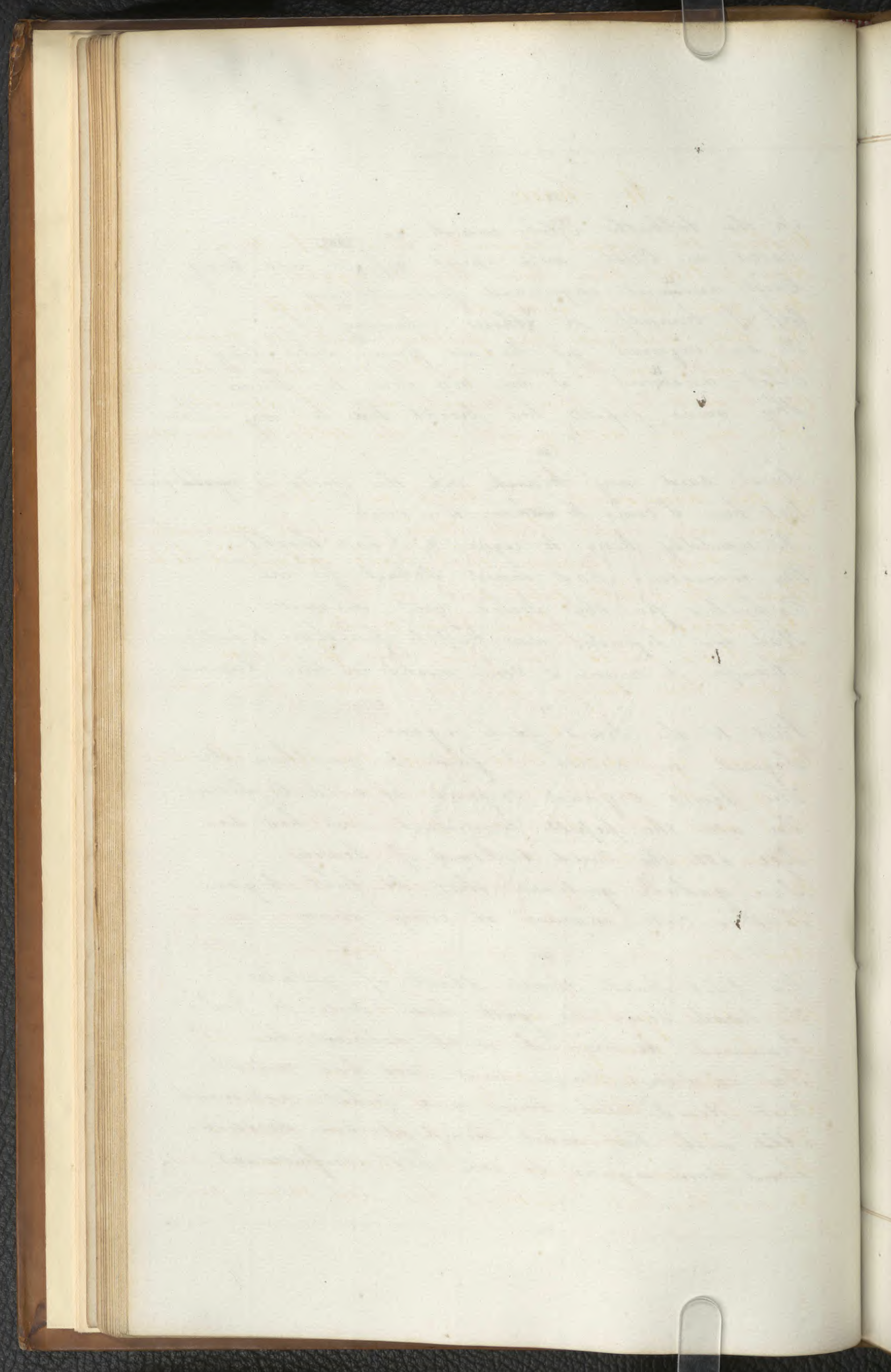
Crist said my kinnack into this world is ~~expens~~ nocht
 Bot hein I come to schaw the verite
 As worldly king to regne & I had thocht
 My ministeris had maid debait for me
 Dubilkeis fra the Jewis gret iniquite
 Had me defendit and keepit fra thair Landis
 Thairfor to regne I come nocht in thir landis

67

Pilot to the Jewis ^uold agane
 Sayand no caus I find to gar him de
 The Jewis cryand sayand he suld be blame
 For all the pepill commouit now hes he
 Till all the land heheard of Jewry
 Tra galale quhair that he first begane
 To this cite inquire at every man.

68

Tra Pilot hard thair speik of galalei
 To herod sone he gart him sone be put
 Trowand to him he suld delucent be
 For as sime sayis that wes his entent
 Bot Herod cled him in a quhit vestiment
 Als with his court maid at him derision
 Send him agane to cite his confusion



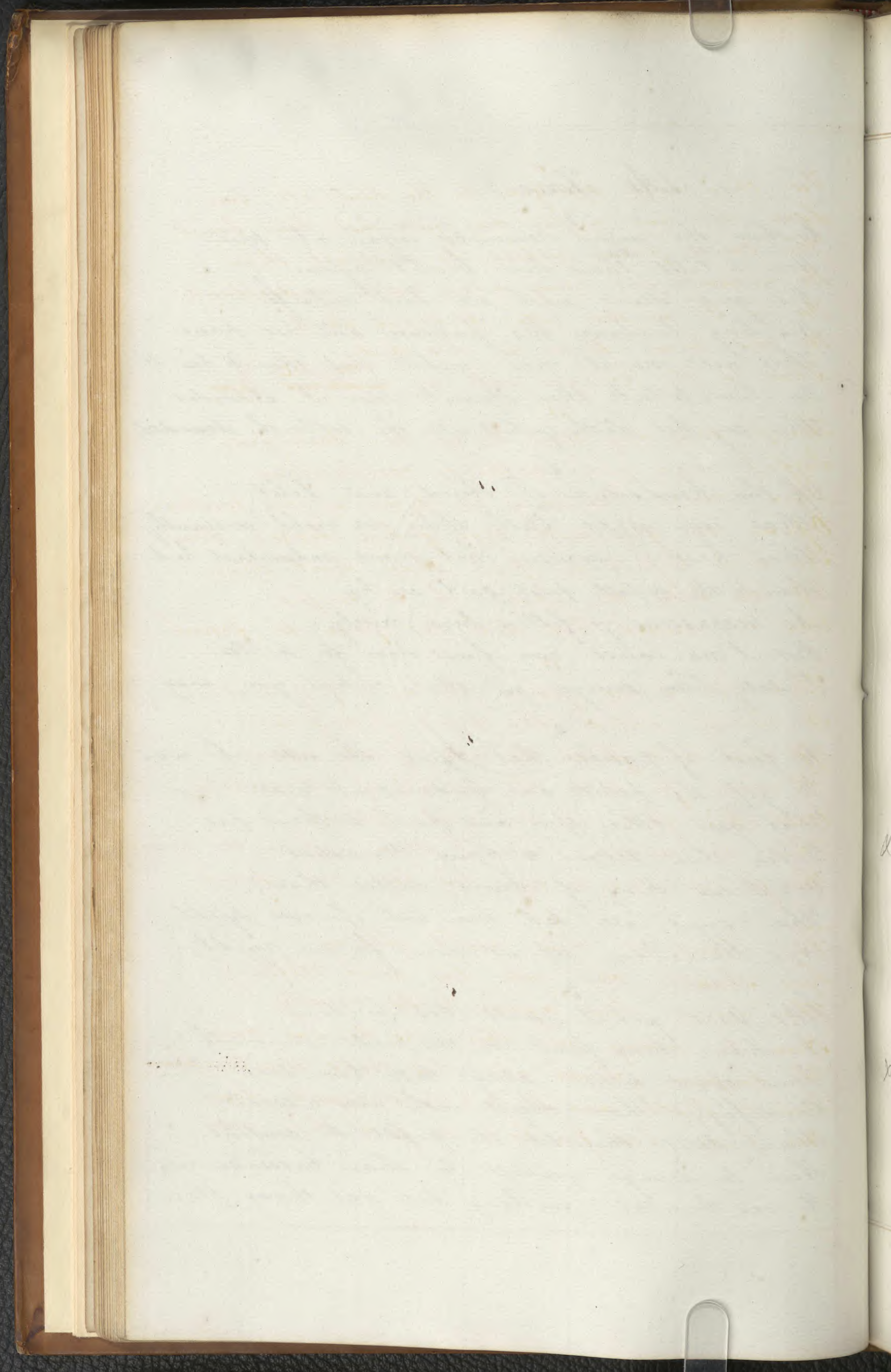
At Terce

⁶⁹
 Within thi mynd remember man at terce
 How to Pilot thair him brocht agane
 His gret desies with all hert reherse
 His long labour his patience and his pane
 Thair will nocht cuss quhill that thair se him slane
 On him to luke thair stormot sair it stoundes
 Thair cry his deth quhill all the tolboith soundes

⁷⁰
 Off the kindness of Herod and Pilot
 Thair wer recht blith thair for richt constantly
 Thair kest excuse that name condampnit he had
 Than to the pepill pilot said in hy
 As trespassour ye follow him cruelly
 Bot I na causse can find him for to slea
 I sall him scourge gif that content you may

⁷¹
 In fest of pasche that tyme the use it was
 To gif the pepill ane condampnit man
 That gart Pilot speir and furth to tham pas
 Duken thair likit to haue Barrabas
 Or Jesus King of Jewis callit tham
 Thair cryit all tak him out of our sycht
 And Barrabas gif us now for our ryght

⁷²
 Pilot said quhat ewill hes he done
 I haue him fund in all richt innocent
 Thair cryit tollie away take him sone
 Crucifyg, thair cryit with ane assent
 Than Pilot thought the pepill to content
 Him to scourge quhill he thair passoun mesit
 He was begillet nathing bot ded tham plesit



73

For thai have spulzen to the heid all bair
 Syne till ane pillar thai full fast him band
 The cruell painis quhilt he sustent than
 Be naturall wit may nane well understand
 For as I witten into doctours fand

He wes main tender in his body

Than is the scheyne into a ~~madman~~ ^{manis} ~~mad~~ ^E 

74

Thaunfor thai say that he in his scourging
 Sufferit main paine without comparisoun
 Than sanct Lawrence in tyme of his roisting
 Apoun the fire with crne fakes douring down
 Fra heid to fute na part thai levit soan
 Off his body the spirit fra to confort
 Wes na remed bot ded his paine to schort

75

That fair young prync the sone of God etern
 In manly natour the prent of perfetnes
 Off sair heid floure the rute of rote etern

Verroun for man the ground of all gudnes
 With his fais is now not allan

That he ~~unquiss~~ ^{quiss} mycht stand apoun the ground
 His fell woundes sa sair his hert can stound

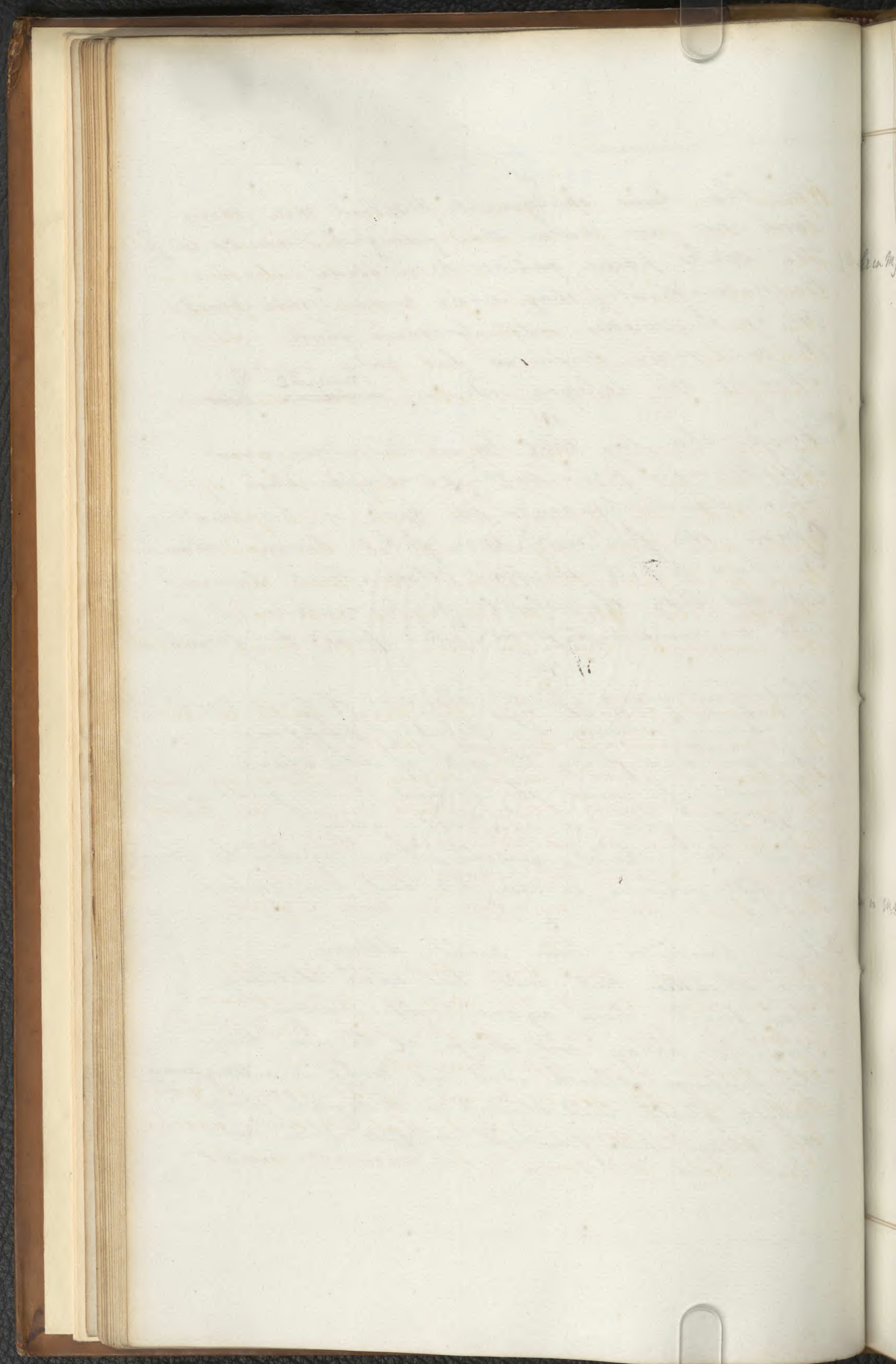
76

Thai handellit him recht felony
 Syne skantlie cled into his awne clething
 Thai twit him agane recht cruelly

Wim to array and scorn as he war king

The pumpour claith about his corps thair ~~thring~~ ^{thring}
 Inhilt flesh and blide & claith togidder claife

His tender hid fra heid to fute thai raise
 raise



77

Upoun his heid the crowne of thorn thai threw
 With sa gret preiss quhill thai his harms perfit
 Fra the⁺ pane thai all the blude out thrang
 With all thair pisk him for to pane thai preissit
 His gret meeknes nathing thair malice cessit
 Intill his hand a Reid put for a ceptour
 Thairfor thy said was stornet our salvitour

78

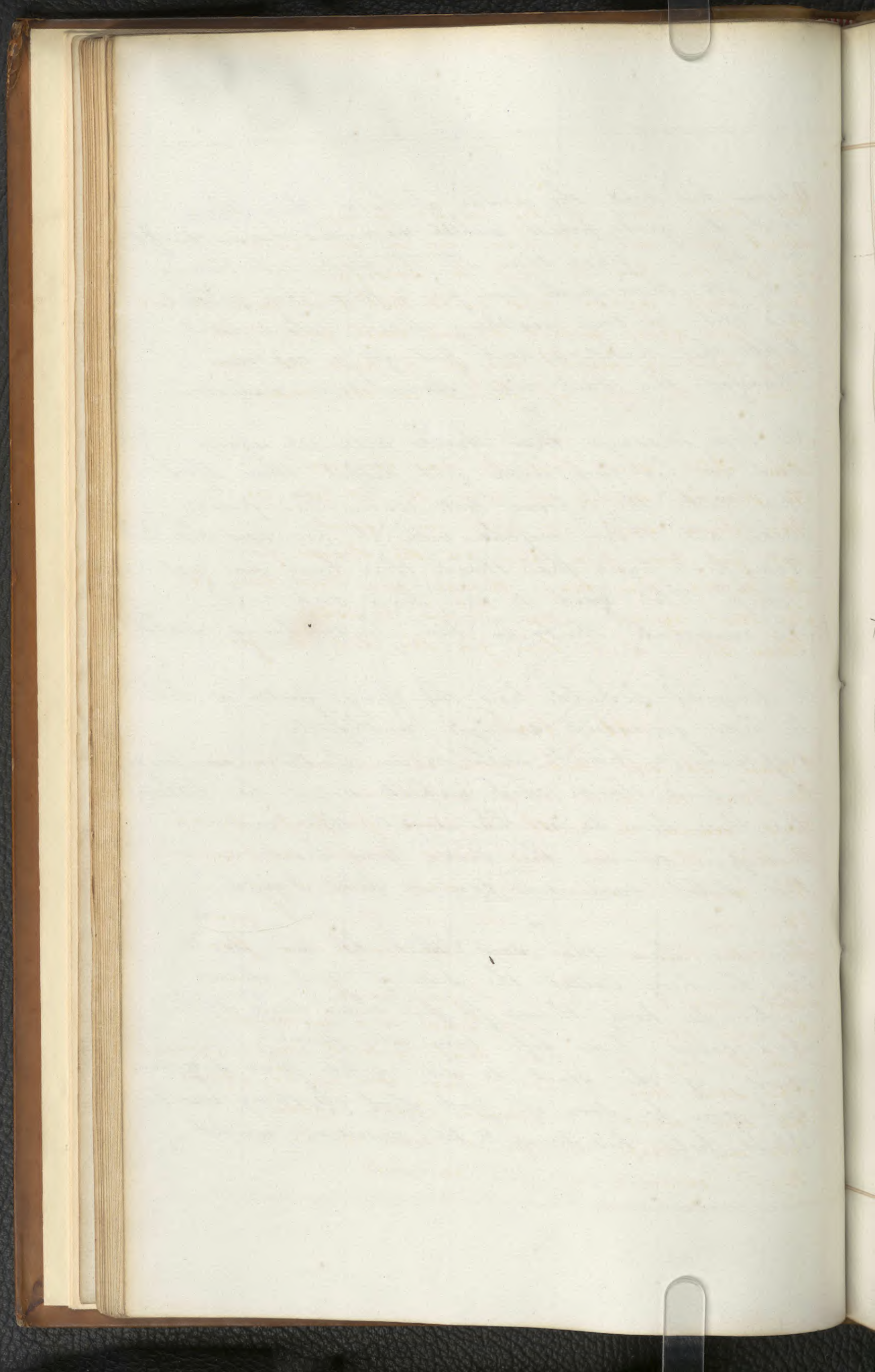
His fair message thai strack with ire agone
 And on his face with gret dispit thai spyt
 Thai take the ceptour till renew his pane
 With all thair mycht with it his heid thai hit
 Him for to pyne thai think thai have na wit
 Thairfor Pilot said to the Jewis and cald
 As innocents that he him furth bring wald

79

O knyght behald how thi king furth is led
 In new garmond arrayit reuthfully
 Ceptour in hand with crown of thorn on heid
 In purpoure clath cled quhill noyis he fellony
 Fra thai him se as thai word thai cry
 Crucifige apoun the croce him bind
 Bot Pilot said na can in him I find

80

Efter our law thai said that he mon de
 For he him callit the sone of god eterne
 Loken he herd thame for feir main dreid it he
 And callit Jesus befor him into derne
 Said of thi stait to wit rycht-fare I yarne
 Gif you be sone of god that all thing wrocht
 Crist held his tounge & till ^{him} ansuerit nocht



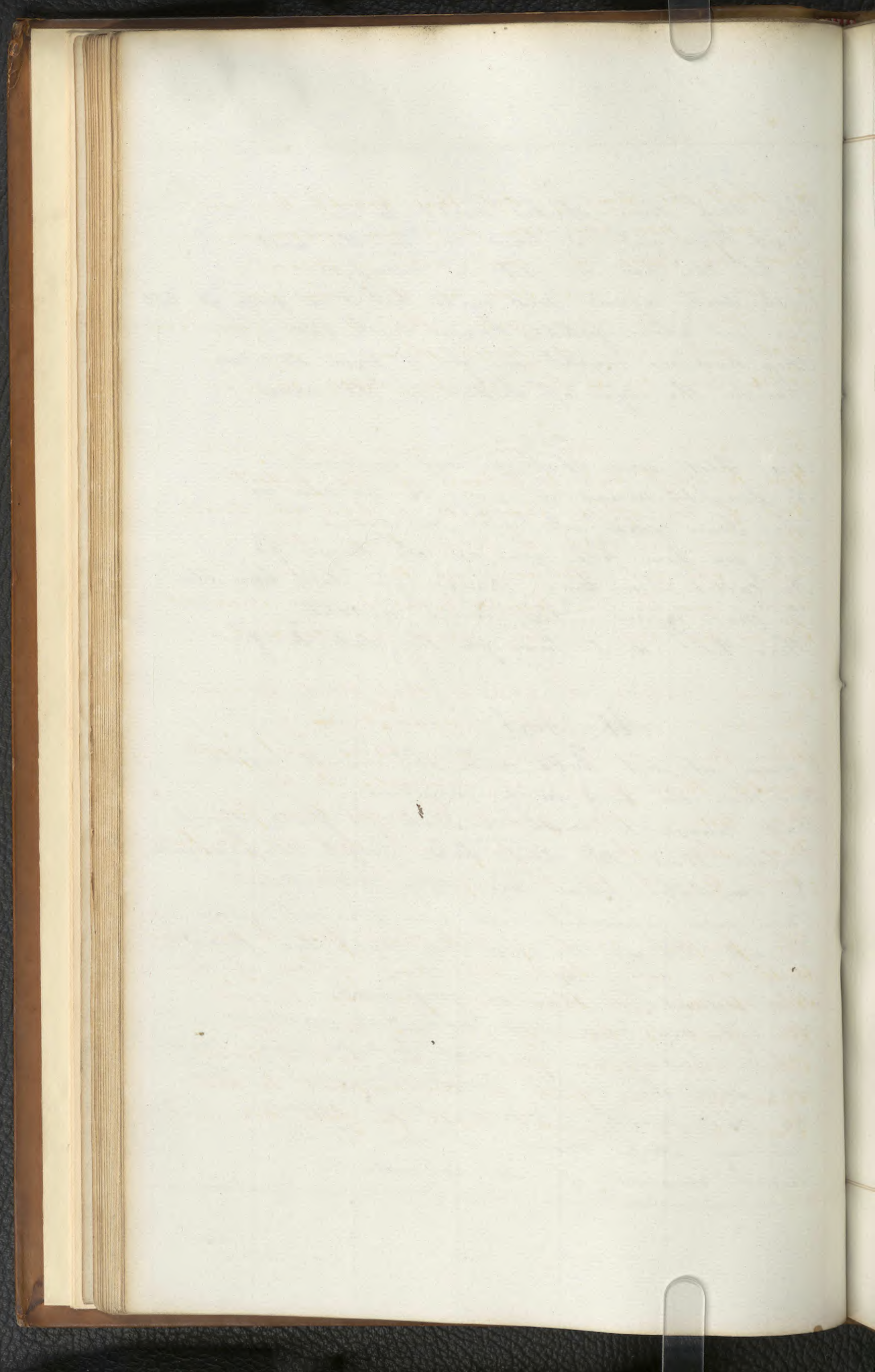
Pilot said thou speikis nocht to me
 Wait ^{thou} you not I have ^{the m. my} me in thi will see in text
 To let the pas or yet to crucifye
 Crist said agane wes nocht that it is gevin ^{the} ye all
 Fra God above quhilk knows baith gud & ill
 Thou had na mycht me fa to pyne so sair
 Thairfor the syn of Judas is the mair

Pra Pilot saw that he was innocent
 He sought menis all way to let him ga
 The Javis said all with one assent
 Lat you him pas you are the Kingis fa
 He callit him king thairfor you suld him sla
 + For that ryndis the Lordis maistie
 Than Pilot dred him fra the ded to fre

Act sext

A man at sept ³³ luke with thi inward syght
 Now thair thi lord led to confusion
 Mak rewnie to reuth a place for piety dycht
 Quhill that thi hert have perfet compassion
 His mychtlie pane his daly dispectoun
 Thair ever refreschit with new torment gaue
 To eik his wo the more thair leuch his pane

Pilot sitand in place of judgement
 His wif till him sent send ane messenger
 Quhill bad him sene that he suld nocht consent
 Scho said this nycht I have bene rycht affeir
 Into this nycht a visoun couth affeir
 Into my sleep thairfor I brow he be
 Right innocent of all iniquite

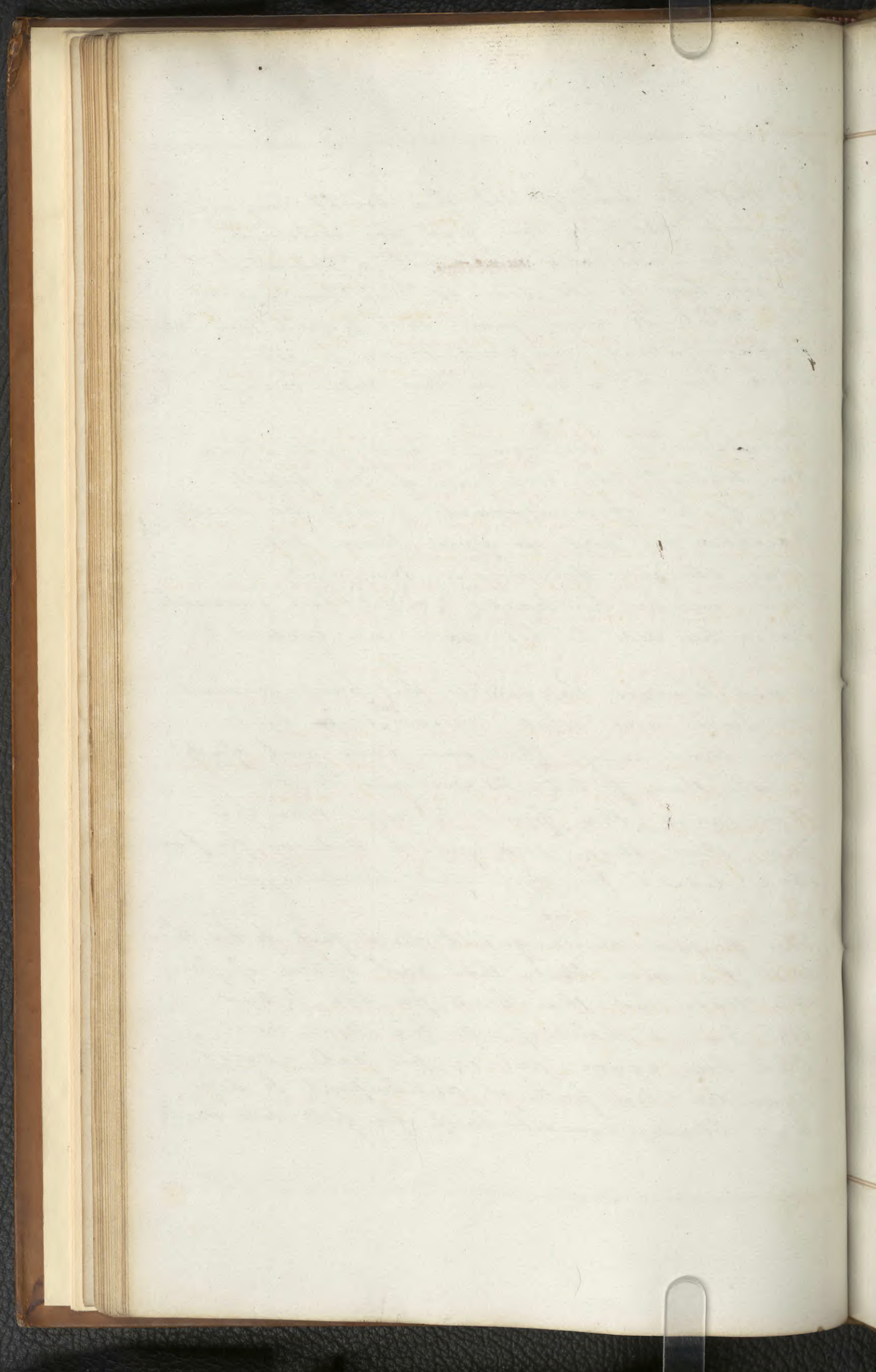


To tholl the dome of ded thai brocht him out
 His wife till him sone send ane messenger
 Than the Jewis all cryit with a schewt
 To gar him de als sone as thai him saw
 Thai think so lang quhile thai to deid him draw
 That impatience compellit thame to cry
 Tolle him tolle him on the crosse crucify

Pilot saw he cou^d nocht cum gude speed
 Him to saif but tribulance of the pepill
 And of his offic becauss he had sic deid
 Barabain he gart be gevin thame till
 Jesus sturget deliverit in thair will
 Syne wesche his handis & callit him innocent
 For in his ded he hes gevin na consent

A wode blindnes the quhilk that blind so maid
 The Jewis eie that reason ^{put} thair fra
 Thai blind inwy thair awne lawis gart fald
 Quhilk thame forbad all innocents to sla
 Thai wrang thair freind to confort thair law
 Thai slaa thair lord quhilk did eis fra pane
 And lousset the thief quit to sla agane

The purpoun claith quhilk clewit fast to his hie
 With his awne blude thai raif of him of force
 His tender hie thai brak fra bat to syde
 Na part is hail of all his tender croce
 Cled him agane put on his bak a corss
 Syne led him furth as condampnit to ded
 Full bludy woundit baith fra fute till heid



89

His tender bak beris that hevy croce
 Pressis the flesche and bevis all his bavis
 Thocht he bi faynt thai haue na gret pietie
 Thai cruell men to rusche at him at and
 To confort him among thaim neid ane. So
 To gas him vyn all deligence thae ma
 He is so maid thai may no farther ga

90

When he wes tyrit and myght do no mair
 He wald full fane haue refreschit his bak
 He schupe to rest at a stane that wes thair
 Bot thai wald nocht that he suld bary onak
 Thairfor symcoun thae compellit to tak
 His croce to beir that thai myght fast him leid
 To mont Calvary to put him to the dede

91

Many followit of diuers nation
 Dubelk to the ciete come in tyme of pasche
 Sum makand scorne sum deuision
 Sum drawand him sam spitand in his face
 To se this prince it was a pietie allane
 On every side sustene fell torment
 Syne for all syn beand so innocent

92

To the women that maid sa he a mane
 He turnit him and schew the prophesie
 I saw that the ciete of Ierusalem
 Suld be destroyit for the innouimate
 Said dochters of Ierusalem let be
 Gret nocht on me bot on you and your seid
 Gret & mak cair for this rycht cruell dede

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

93

For the ~~maid~~ day sall cum that ye sall say
 Women are blis that na barons beir
 Ye sall se hillis fall and hed in wa
 Dubill the romans have cessit fra the waris
 This cruell painis our hertes full fell deris
 For gif but Causs Crist wes slane cruelly
 O Lord what sall worth of us that ar giltly

94

Thai saw an ded compleit this prophacy
 The twa and forty yir after his passoun
 For quhen the romans segit the cite
 The women eit thair barons in the town ~~the~~
 Jerusalem wes brint and castin down
 Ten hundreth thousand of the Jewis slane
 Nyne thousand and seven led quik with thame

95

And as Crist wes for thretty penyis sauld
 Dubillk all the world redemit with his blood
 Sa thretty Jewis wer for a penny tauld
 The romans to ~~leid~~ ^{leid thame} ~~leid~~ ^{wer} sa ~~leid~~ ^{irkit}
 Sa thus endit the malice and the feid
 Aganis Crist quhilk held sacklelie
 Thai for be ~~war~~ and lief in cherite

96

Toa ~~the~~ ^{his} with him to the ded thai led ~~w~~
 To mont Calvary as he giltly had bene
 Better wye myst with gale thai had
 That thai him gif to slokin his thirsting
 He tast it and put it fra him syne
 Drank nocht of it thai him despayt agane
 To mydowis maid him eke in pane

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a historical document or letter. The text is mirrored across the page, suggesting bleed-through from the reverse side.]

12

97

Loken thai his clething take fra him agane
 Thai drew the blude fra all his precious woundis
 Fra heid to fute now all is bot in pane
 For of his flesche thair is na place that sound is
 His blisid body his nobill hart throw stoundis
 Wald ded now tak him he come now com to tyme
 Him for to lous fra his gret wa and pyne

98

O pyne unkind gubie art thou main kil him
 Than ony knyght thou had befor in hand
 To breik the law suld at him begyn
 Quhelk he trespass is subiect to thi wand
 Thou art nocht just this law ^{can} ~~could~~ nocht stand
 For thou his grace of tyme to synneis send
 And of his wa thou wilt nocht mak an end

99

Apounne the croce all nakit thai him bund
 With sa gret force quhelk thair new hand him sla
 With irne nalis quhen thai in stik so fast
 Throw the handis than he began to pray
 Sayand Fader na vengeance on thame be
 Bot for my sake forget thair crueltie
 For thame blindis thair gret iniquite

100

On leuth and breid with scharpe cordis thai tak
 That nobill corps quhill thai the bannis wryn
 Now all the lethis on his tender bak
 Thai sa depart quhill that his eue was dyme
 Fra heid to fute thai brak baithid & ryme
 Twynis his joyntouris and roris all his banis
 Bressis his brest and all his bowellis panis

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

17

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

18

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

101

Many painis he thocht of befor
 Bot to this pane is na pane to be fear
 Now he is maet now he may do no mair
 Now flesh blude & banis is all on steir
 Now dede fra pane hes tane him presouner
 Dukelis him handillis full sair in every part
 Fra hie to fate him persis with a dart

102

O man now luke how deir is thi ransoun
 How he is punist for the that did na myght
 Thurst in the hert his bitter passoun
 Murring in mynd for thou art causse of this
 Say Lord my syn & thi gret lufe I wiss
 Gais the now by stentit on the tre
 I did the miss Lord have mercy on me

103

Duken thai had drawn his handis & his feet
 On lenth and heid to mak his body lang
 To the bris thai maid his body met
 Syne with gret face the nalis throw thai dange
 * To plentifully quhell it his body wet
 Syne thai the croce uponne the end it set
 * Fra handis and feet the pretius blud out ran

104

O man on kne befor the tre thou kneill
 With hert and eye luke to the tre & say
 Duka the soffre hes for me my sell
 All game and gle is gane fra me away
 Na will me sla throw dollow or my day
 I may nocht luke bot thou aboue me draw
 To kiss thi feet with blud all wets our aw

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

105

O my kind king of this parting allane
 Fra me all thing of conforting is tane
 O I unding of all helping so naice
 May seik and sing als dulfull doring allane
 Naist fa to bring me into thi regne some name
 For so I the hung on the tre me fro
 Death with his dart will smyt my hert in two.

106

^{And} And trespassour thai put on every hand
 As he had beyne partaker with thair cryme
 Now is compleit the prophecy sayand
 With evill men he is deput to pyne
 Thai his clothing parties with cuffed syne
 As the prophet lang tyme had said
 My claithe arpartit and thai cuttis laid

107

Pilot wait the titill aboue his heid
 Jesus of Nazareth of the Jewis King
 Syne on the croce stak it aboue his heid
 Written in greik Ebrew and Latyn
 This titill reid many baith ald & young
 Off the Jewis for neir the cirkles wes
 Mont Calvary quhair he to ded cou^t pas

108

Thairat the Jewis gett inwy thai had
 Thairfor thai said wit nocht king am I
 Bot wit that he King of Jewis him maid
 Pilot answerit and said to thaim in hy
 That I have written may nocht deny
 He said full trew for sa behaffis to be
 For he be law wes King of all Jewry.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely from a 17th or 18th-century manuscript. The text is written in dark ink on aged, slightly discolored paper. The handwriting is fluid and characteristic of the period.

111

Continuation of the handwritten text. The script remains consistent, showing a high level of literacy and a formal style of writing. The lines are closely spaced, and the overall layout is neat.

112

Further handwritten text, maintaining the same cursive style. The ink shows some signs of fading and the paper has some minor staining, typical of old documents.

The final section of handwritten text on this page. The script is consistent with the rest of the document. There is a small, dark ink mark or smudge on the left margin near the bottom of this section.

Thought Pilot understode nocht quhat he wrought
 He commendit Cristis nobillite
 Calland him King he extollet his stait
 For till his crowne all kingis moist subiect be
 And every man in his realme crownis he
 Predestinat quhilk is to hevins blis
 For be his ded our realme restorit is

Ihu

~~Let~~ in oure leid is callit salvitour
 And that may well be applyit to him
 For the manly natour he take in cure
 Quhilk to the ded wes now woundit be syn
 The Joy thair tyne agane thair gart thairmorn
 The quhilk scheip on his bak brocht hame
 Thanfor ~~Let~~ ^{Ihu} we will call his name

As Nazareth in Inglis tounq is to say
 As youth fair heid innocence or new
 Quhilk till our King apply we may
 That wes the flour quhilk fra the Jesse grew
 His haly life his gret patience schew
 That nazareth full will tell him ^{ye} might gane
 That did no myss and bore the hevy pane

Four kind of folk we fand that stornit him
 Off whom sum zeid sum stude sum hung
 Quhilk betakenis folk in four kind of syn
 That nycht and day ever to Crist dois wrang
 And him blasfemis thair gret synnis amang
 Als sweet name in ded thair ever deny
 Doand thair cure him now to crucify

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

113

The first that scorned Crist into his ded
 Was the pepill that the cite passit by
 This folk for scorne uppon him schut thair heed
 Layand on the and all thi doctryne fyne
 Thou said this temple I sall destroy in hy
 And ane othir in daie thoue upbring
 Now help thy self gif thou be Crist our king

114

This men that gais are men of covatise
 Dubelt in this world wanderis nycht and day
 For evill wyrring thair followis syn & vice
 As of this world thair never seld pas away
 The more thair have the more thair covatise
 Thair syn in syn as thair wold first blasfeme
 With avaice so felix is thair eyne

115

The second folk that scorned Crist our king
 Was the Scribis into the law perfite
 With thair ault men gubelt in gouerning
 All the pepill of the temple at
 And the bischoppus gubelt had at him dispit
 This folk stude upe & for scorne cryit him till
 He traistis in god - help him gif he will

116

This folk that standis an lik men of pride
 Dubeltis standis stif be inobediene
 Als lukis up be ambucoun all tyed
 To clyme above is all thair deligence
 In thair power is all thair confidene
 Throu hecht and prid thair brow the hevin to clyme
 Bot Lucifer thair resoun makis dyme

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a letter or manuscript page.]

117

The third that sat wes thair cruell knyghtis
 The gubelt at Crist maid gret derisoun
 Thouch he wes god he wald nocht schaw his
 He is man for man wald shoull passoun mychle
 Thairfor thou malice and indiscreitoun
 Thair scornit him in his mortalite
 Thowand him nocht the sone of god to be

118

Thir folk at sat betokenis cruell men
 Dubilt the body haldis into des
 Thair fleschely lust garris them Crist myghten
 Thair cruell will for man than god thair pleis
 To sit ever soft and by without dresse
 In all thair tyme to amysse the caroun
 Now to tholl pane thair think it no restoun

119

Crist and Sanctis thir folk scornis all way
 Dubilt wan the hevin with meikill waifane
 In cold hunger walkand nycht & day
 To by that joy with all sorrow war fane
 To sum wer heidit sum stant and sum slane
 Thair thocht all sweet with hevinly to wyn
 Thair for may nane but pane that place eid in

120

The fount blasphemit Crist wes the thief
 Dubilt on the croce hang on his left syde
 He said O Crist with impatience & grief
 Gif thou be king gubelt signe in this land
 Be to thi self and als till us warand
 The tother thief him repentit & said
 We seue oure ded thocht he na falt have maid

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the page]

[Small handwritten mark or signature]

[Small handwritten mark]

[Small handwritten mark]

[Faint handwriting visible on the right edge of the page]

121

This crabbit thief that hang on his ryght hand
 Dubilt but prophay completit his penance
 The sayne of god ay reput myschance
 Betakens men quhilt ~~ella~~ mair is murnand
 Tha mune ever be thair in trouble
 Be Impatience thair ment geyt thair tyne
 And mynissis na thing of all thair pyne

122

To the guile thief our Lord said thou sall
 This sarne day with me in ~~radice~~^{or}
 Till his moder as sone deliuent he
 A power seruand for the gret prince of price
 Sche him as sone resanit in service
 He hir as moder and lady take in cure
 Fra that tyme forth quhilt his life can endure

123

Now dollo³~~x~~ ~~me~~ ^{one} ever ilk ~~and~~ ^{are} syid
 In departing of thir tender frendis
 Dubilt lufe quhilt pane waris thair woundis wide
 And ay ilk ^{one} full sair for othir menis
 Now pane now all confort fra thair flames
 Sair garris thame grant all thair the best thair
 Quhilt wo quhilt dule this part to thair ^{thirles} now troubles

124

Fra Crist our King quhilt is the lampe of lycht
 Inclynit him the spirit wes till expire
 Phebus for us to luke had nocht mycht
 But drew abak his beames in his ire
 Fra twelf hie thre he let no thing espire
 As he wald say I sall revengit be
 Apoun the man quhilt garris his maker de

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint handwriting visible along the right edge of the page, possibly from an adjacent page.]

125

Zuhen noch drew neir he cryet swiss ely
 Sayand fader geby hes thou left me sa
 Thou lettis me pyne & after confort cry
 Sa that the Jewis haldis me for thi fa
 To thi materis thou sendis confort in wa
 Till me thi done thou sendis no remeid
 Bot in my wo refreischis me with ded -

woe (waine)

126

woe

O woe of ruth o woe of most dollow
 Off lamentation and gret-piete
 Off all the world generall salviour
 But ony help now deis on the tre
 Cry gebyat he will he gettis na supply
 For god him puttis in the will of man
 And man wait nocht how torment he him can

127

Zuhen Jesus saw his torment draw to end
 And will now neir completit the propheie
 He said satis that is to thurst I spend
 For mannis saule my saule & my body
 Now causis me thi lufe & na pane to cry
 Thame to rede me I haue sa gret desire
 That lufe and pane my hert birnis in a fire

128

Zuhen that wes by herd that of thurst he spak
 Reynand in haist tuk ane reid that wes bone
 Syne a spung fast upon it stak ~~the wong~~
 Als intill roynakar tha saupit it full some
 Syne till Jesus thai rait it above
 Sayand now cust mak for thi self remeid
 Cum of the Crow & saufe the fra the ded

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

129

Fla he tuko he wald nocht drink of it
 Bot tastit it and put it fra him syne
 Sayand all thing in me is consurnit
 Quhilk I suld shole to lose the man fra pyne
 In cold & hunger I have spendit my tyme
 To gar the man me lufe as souerane
 And for my lufe I get no thing bot pane.

At none

130

A man at none with mynd behald
 The well of lufe throu drought quhilk is gane dry
 His eyne wox deym his flesche wox stif & cold
 In all the blude is roun fra his body
 In every part ded can his palis spy
 Him for to rest within a litill quhile [space]
 Syne with his dart him for to sla allate

131

Quhen ded entent within the breist of blis
 His nobill hart he graipit in his hand
 Sayand o King ^{ze} ~~the~~ have done no mys
 For your pepull ^{ze} ~~the~~ mone bow till our wand
 For your fader hes gart us understand
 That he your ded man is restorit to grace
 Bot your sarkles I dreed to sla allate

132

O he full blycht obeyit to the ded
 For saik of man he in his armes braist
 Syne on his breist he enclynit his heid
 As he wald say now man I gif the gaist
 He thocht full lang the better ded till fast
 For mannis saule quhilk man hes maid mait
 Off hevyns blis quhilk him ^{cry} ~~any~~ allate

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

133

With ane gret voce cryit our saluour
 Sayand fader I commend on thi handis
 My punist spirit now tak into thi cure
 Du hilt ded handis heid in his handis
 That none my wo bot thou that understandis
 And this sayand he incl^{yd} his face
 syne with gret pane he gaif the gaist allaw

134

And fra my hert wald bludy teris spring
 In thy passour to mune bath day I mycht
 My wofull mynd it wald to confort bring
 Off all solace thou had tynt the sicht
 And I faller lery with all my mycht
 And sale nocht cuss to any quhill I wath haue
 For my kind kingis ded to say allaw

135

O cruell ded with the I think to flie
 Du hilt me bot reuit all my conforting
 Allaw my hert is now souper in site
 Fra be shaddid it happinit this parting
 Thou art ⁱⁿ ~~undricht~~ as ^{justice} ~~in steen~~ for to bring
 The son of God into thi handis thou braue
 Fra me pure knyght to sla my lord allaw

136

O cruell ded so bald how durst thou be
 To put handis on him that aucht the nocht
 Speik gif thou dar and make answer to me
 Thou foull of reit to end that kes him brocht
 He synnit neuer on word ded nor thocht
 But cryme to de it is ane hevy cair
 Thou kes him slane thair for but law allaw

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a letter or manuscript page.]

137

And in thi hert reuth had any rourne
 Thi lang laboure & pane mycht have set
 Dubelt sustenit this king of gret renown
 Syne his godheid no man in luff applesit
 He had sic pane thocht it him nocht displeit
 That all his life to that was bot a raiss
 And his confort is now ded allane

138

Into thi band as bond thou had him bund
 Tuhen in the yard he enterit for to pray
 His fair body with blude wes all surerun
 The deid of him put the in sic affray
 His discipellis thou gart fle him fra
 Syne thair knyghtis him dang gubell he was hail
 This fairs cruell new hand him strew allane

139

Tuhen thou saw that he was clegne of syn
 And be in stait exemptit fra the law
 Fals wtnes thou gocht to challenge him
 Sum cause of ded agais him to schaw
 Thair band him saw gubell his fingeris wer haw
 With stoundis scharpe put fra him all solace
 The crown of thorne thuris his heid allane

140

The purpore claithis gubell clais fast all his hede
 With his awne blude thair raift it fra him on face
 His tender flesche thair bak fra bak to syde
 Na part wes hail of all his tender coge
 Sled him agane put on his bak a cross
 With twa thevis to ded syne gart him pas
 His fairs leuch his femdis said allane

trans- for ibid

141

Upone the crosse all naked thai him hung,
 With a gret fore quhelk thai neir him sla
 To the bois his armes wes nocht lange
 Thanfor with cordis thai his body drew
 Fra heid to fute thai all his pains renew
 To twynn his wains wes his besynis
 Syne my kind king to sla me fra allace

142

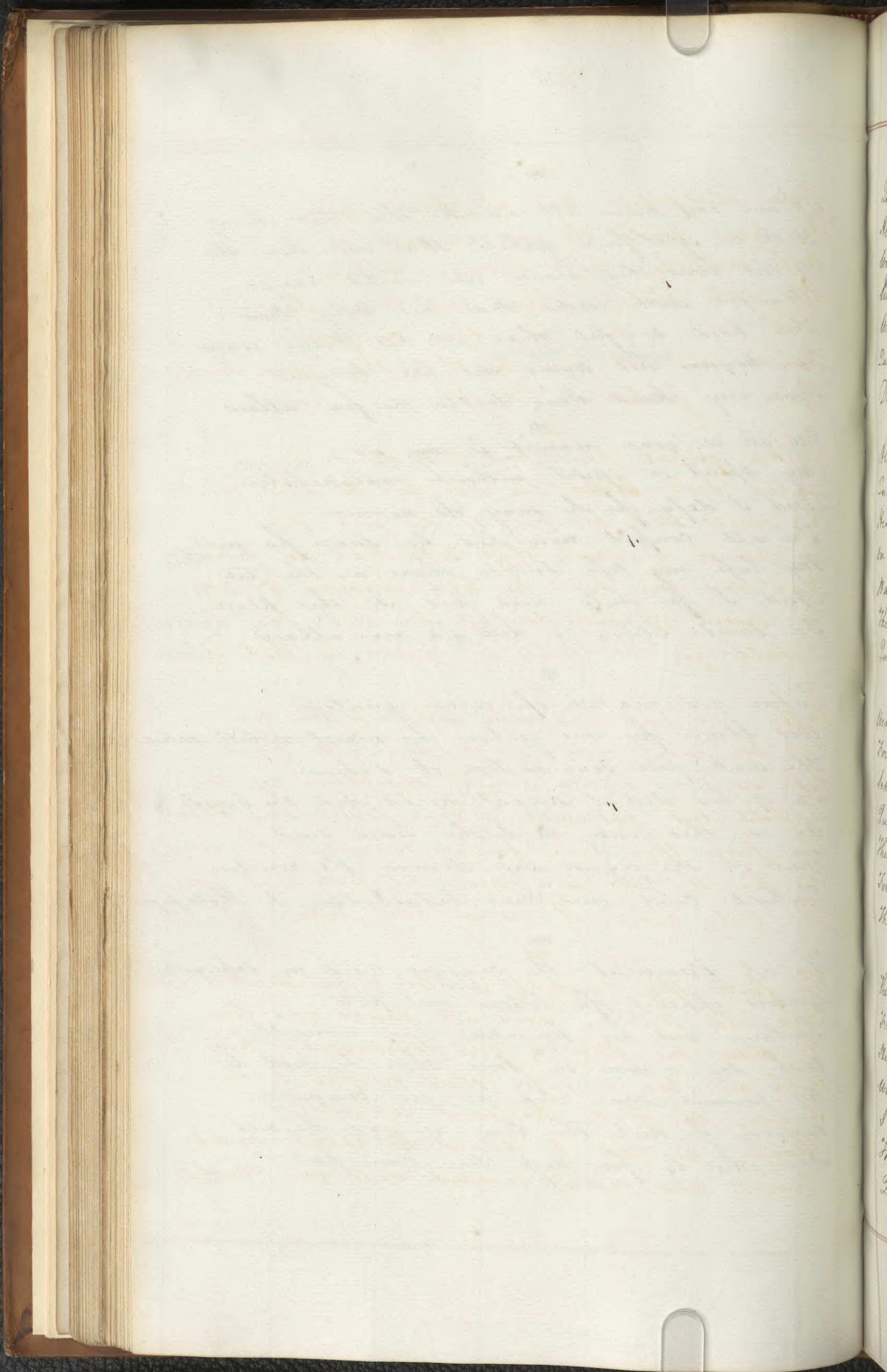
My gle is gone renewit is my wo
 My spirit is spilit without malancholie
 Ded I defy for he may do no mo
 For all confort now hed he taue fra me
 My lufe my life he hes slane on the tre
 And I for dule neir deis in this place
 For sweet Iesus is ded fra me allace

143

Taken god make of every creatour
 Wes slane for me quhom he maist nobill maid
 The wake full sone in twa it schue
 For of his ded it mycht nocht bid the braid
 As in this wise he to the Jewis said
 That of the figour was drawin the countin
 Dubiet crist our king betaken to tholepyne

144

The erd trembillit the craggis raif in schunder
 Grawis oppenit for dollow and prete
 Centurio and his knyghtis had wounder
 With sic a voce sa sone that he sald do
 He throwit sune and all his company
 Sayand for such the sone of god he wes
 And othir by for ded sone can pas



145

Taken the peill wes all passit away
 His awne moder the croce remanit by
 With madalyn and Salame also
 Lik with sanct Johne and Mary Jacob
 With othir ma into thair company
 Dubilt followit him ryght as thair awne Souverane
 Doand for dule of his yet wo & pane

146

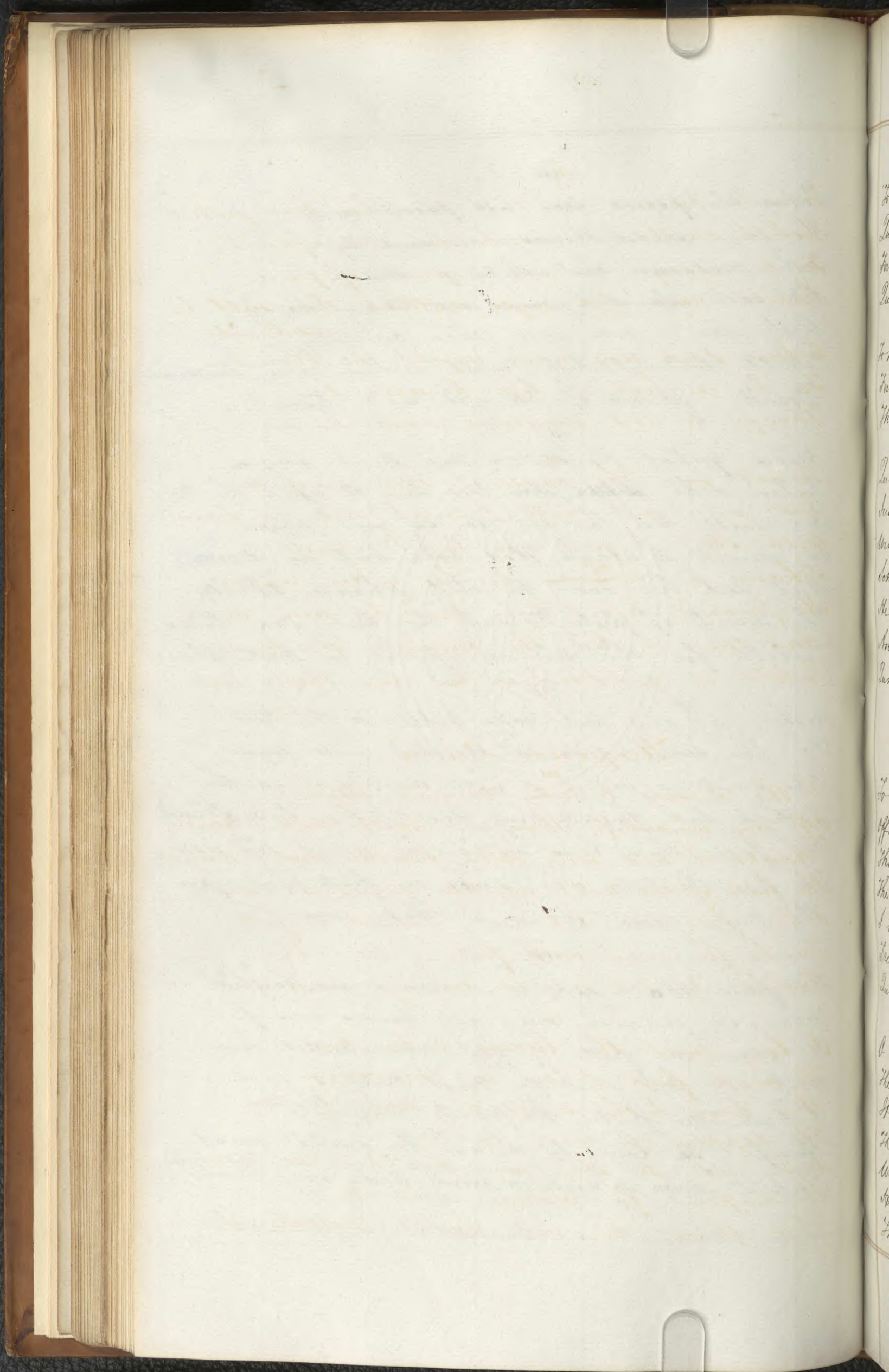
Allaw guhat pane had this sweet virgin
 Taken scho ~~down~~ her sone saw de upon the tre
 His cruel ded hir put in sa yet pyne
 On ground to stand that sche had na powte
 Had ded hir tane he had schawin rheute
 The sword of dule sa said his hert can braue
 Dubilt for hir sone hir pynt in that place

147

With arg and hut scho lukit to the tre 2 1/2
 For hir sweet sone all bolden into pyne
 Scho said o croce I will compleyne on the
 Dubilt but justice my sone Jesus has shone
 The frute thou beir be law is nocht thi awne
 For fra the rote wes never sic frute that grew
 The haly gaist it in my body sew

148

The frute the gabilt I cleir virgin bair but syn
 Fra ald Adame and all lawes wes free
 He staw the frute & god commandit him
 With all his seid for that trespass to do
 I bair the frute keepand virginite
 Thairfor be law to adam he aueht nocht
 Dubilt never synnit in word dede nor thocht



149

To wile persons sen that thou has bene justice
 Luthik ewill lif was halden ever infamit
 For to ressave the nobill prince of price
 Luthik never did myss methink thou suld be
 aschamit
 To have said may name mycht the blamit
 For he is lord of life be vera law—
 Thanke to ded obedience name he aw—

150

Luthat wes the causs of thin inequyte
 Just men and ewill to mak elik in paine
 With strif I quit now lufe & cherite
 Schame for ~~howe~~^{no} he has gotten agane
 He procurit lif to him that has him slane
 And thou of ded the minister the bene
 Luthik is goddis sone put twa thewis had
 between

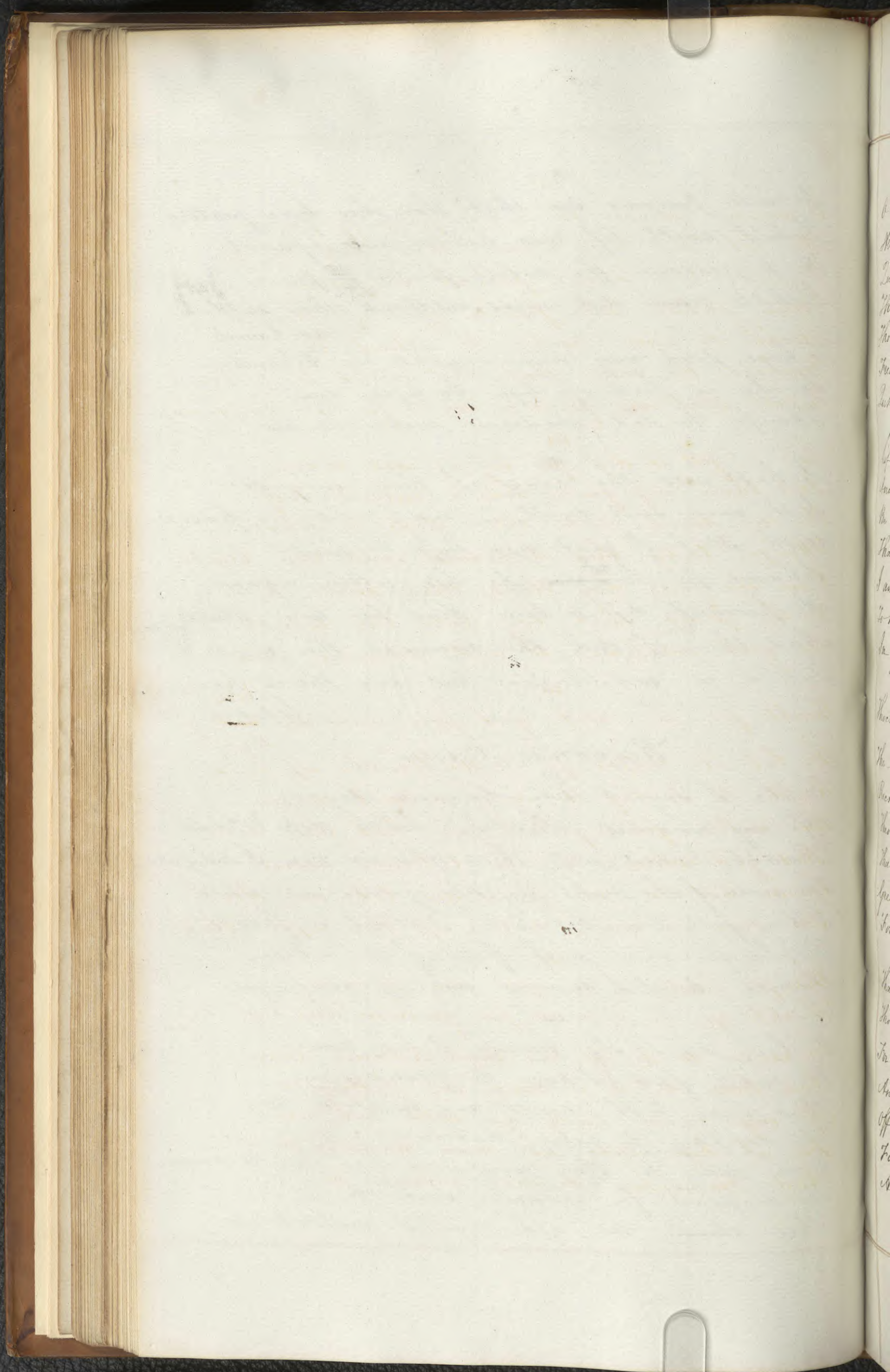
Risponso Crucis

151

To the I say O Lady virgine cleyne
 Off my worschip thou art baith crop & rute
 Thouert I wes wile thou flewour now I thyne
 The frute of the richt mychty garris me mute
 I lay full law bot now I stand on fute
 Breche flurisand with frute of see a kyn
 Luthik to ded men is verray medicyne

152

O lady sweet the biding I beir now
 The nobill frute I have in possession
 It is borne to the world and ~~tocht~~ to you
 The supply of every nation
 With ded to sla your sone had no resoun
 He disponsit for mannis saits to de
 That thou his ded mycht restorit be



153

O hevinly queyne the nobill prince of pice
 He set me croce agane that note the tre
 Lufelt god above plantit in ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{far} ~~far~~
 Throu guhilt men fell in gret perplexite
 Thocht he saw nocht he restout be me
 Trechand the man that had nocht to lay down
 Twill that my fute is doul for his ransoun

154

Lif fell in ded for luf of ald Adam
 And thou my fute ded is restout to lye
 Be my sweet fute bitter dede is slane
 Thanfor lady this ded suld mak you blyth
 I am the first day steen that gart kith
 To the fader that lay into the lymbe ^{faber}
 In gret mixt nes be ald Adames syn

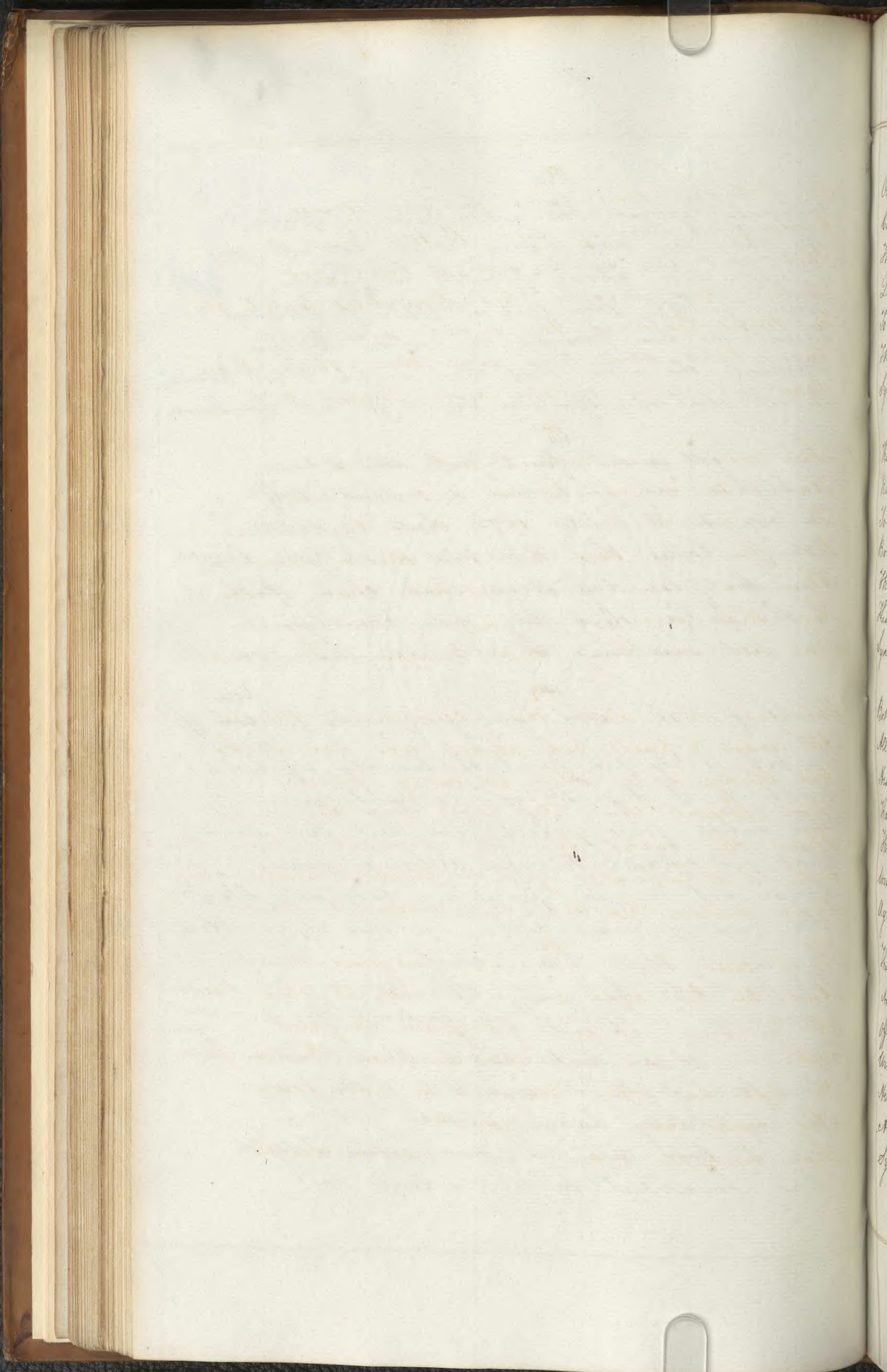
155

bobe

Thocht fra the stok gret grew nocht the ~~bot~~ ^{wyne} of
 The bot it helpis for it the branche up beus
 Richt so I say to you o sweet virgin
 Thuo nobill fute guhilt your hert sair deris
 That god ordanit to cress Adames overis
 Grewe not on me for I am bot ane stok
 For saik of man to beir up this wyne blok

156

Thanfor lady I do you na wrang
 Thocht ye be branche fra quhom this wyne bot ^{grew}
 For man to de he hes bene ordanit lang
 And him to beir I come bot of the new
 Off my suite lady ye suld not rew
 For I him take as man mortall to de
 And Immortall he sall restout be



157

On Saterdag that tyme the vice it was
 Condampnt men of croce to ta
 That gart the Jewis sone to Pilot pas
 Dubelt him besocht his knyghtes to let go
 To Mont Calvary the pyrit men to sla
 Than Pilot said thai seld thair theis brack
 Syne but delay of the croce thame tak

158

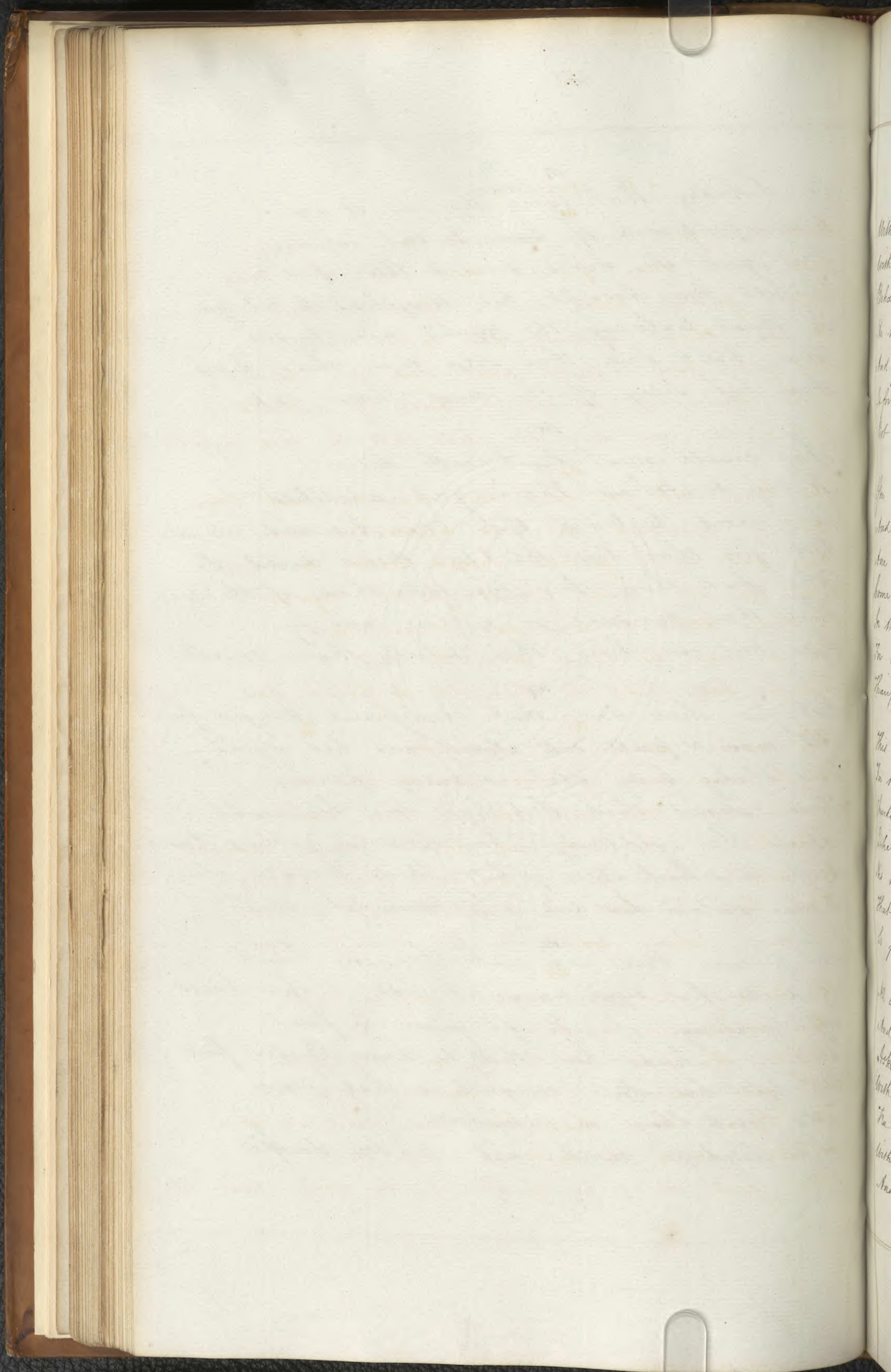
Thai cruell men obeyit with desire
 Raddy to schaw thair gut crudetite
 To mont Calvary thai come burnand in ire
 Bot fra thai saw thai twa thevis nocht do
 Thai hat thair theis syne take tham of the tre
 Hest thair carious in a place neir by
 Syne all our king thai schupe tham cruelly

159

Bot fra thai saw that custymrit Kingis face
 All wan & pail eik cloist wes his sycht
 His bludy body stif in every place
 Thai esteimt that ded had done his recht
 Threw the rycht syd him woundit a blind knicht
 With a scharp speir quhill blude & water cleir
 Agane natour he ded hert woundit suith.

160

The precius blud ran unto Longears hand
 And he his eyne anoyntit with it thro tair
 Off touching of god fit grace he fund
 With akand hert that he knew Cristis face
 He left his office resignit in that place
 Als levit lang in religiosite
 Syne bischope maid and master deifthe



At evensang

161

With reuthfull hert remember at evensang
 With cruell dede quibelt deit- hes thi king
 Behald quhat pane quhat tyme quhat place thou hang
 He hes tholit to bring the to his ring
 And quhat pane & pyne dreit hes this ding
 So for thi sake be nocht thair for unkind
 Bot nycht and day his dede call in this mynd

162

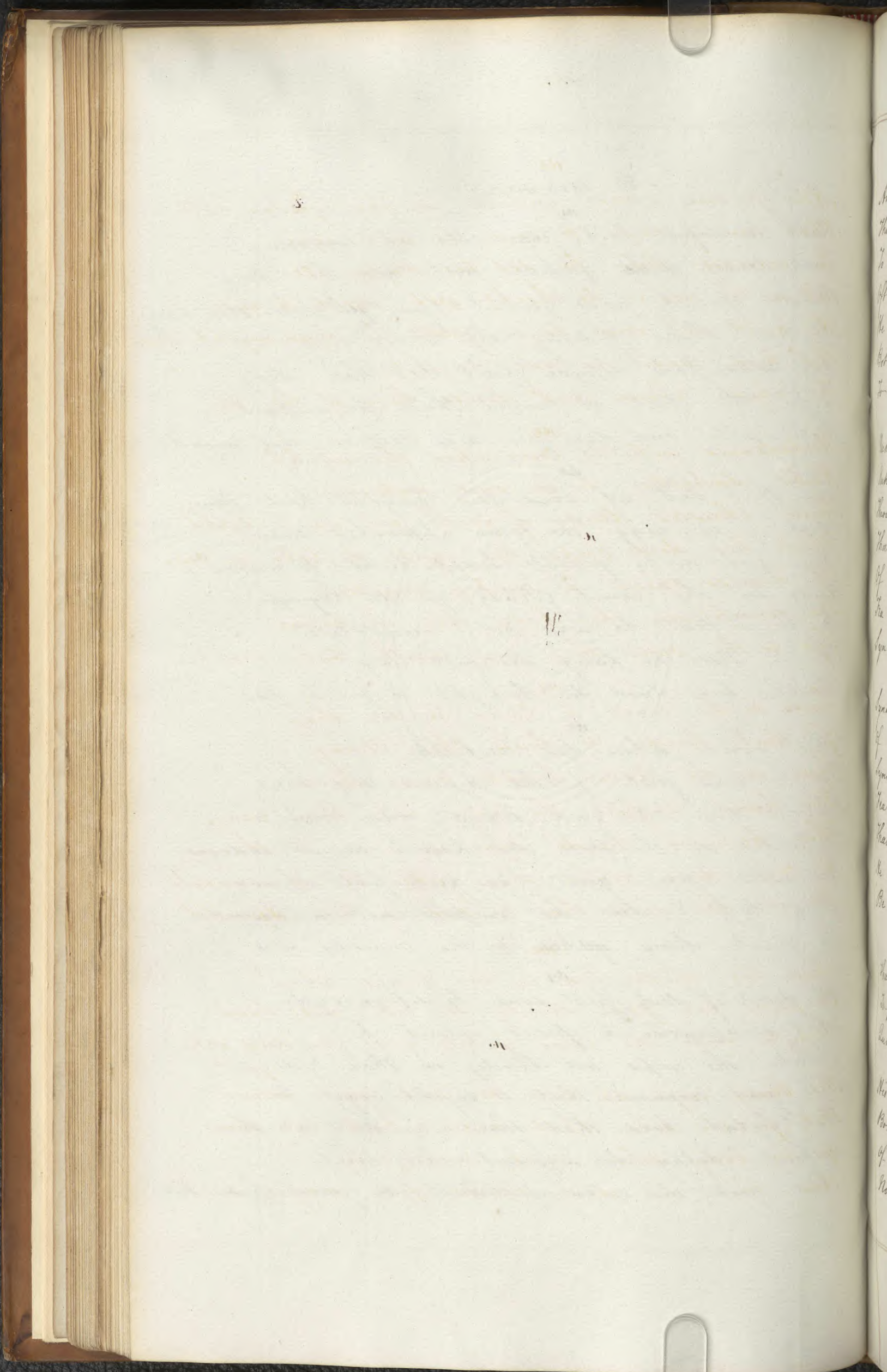
After that ded as baird this knyght had tane
 And of evensang the tyme approcht neir
 Ane gret noble quibelt Joseph hecht to name
 Come fra the count Christ for all enquire
 In theis dedis he was not counsaillour
 For to Iesu he lang disciplill wes
 Thairfor but dreid he thought to pilat pas

163

This noble schew his nobilitie
 For he was first quibelt honourit this king
 Charles him slew and scourgit him cruell
 Dukeltis in the town wes holdin maist indigne
 His nobill hart gert sa gret piete sprung
 That lyfe & ded he complet not a haw—
 So purlie hing githen he his maister saw,

164

All dreid of ded full sone he set on syde
 And constantlie to pilat enterit he
 Askit the corps all bludy in that tyde
 With gret reverence that it mycht beget be
 For Pylat herd that thair was dedis all thre
 Withouth delay he informit his will
 And gert the corps of Christ be givin him ill



165

And puttin clath gubilt we ane syⁿedon call
 That kingly corps to cover he cost syne
 To wurschip him he set his study all
 Oft on the croce he thoct get dreid to ayn
 He wald not cum down gubilt he down mycht wryn
 Bot him causit instant necessitie
 To clym above and lous him of the he

166

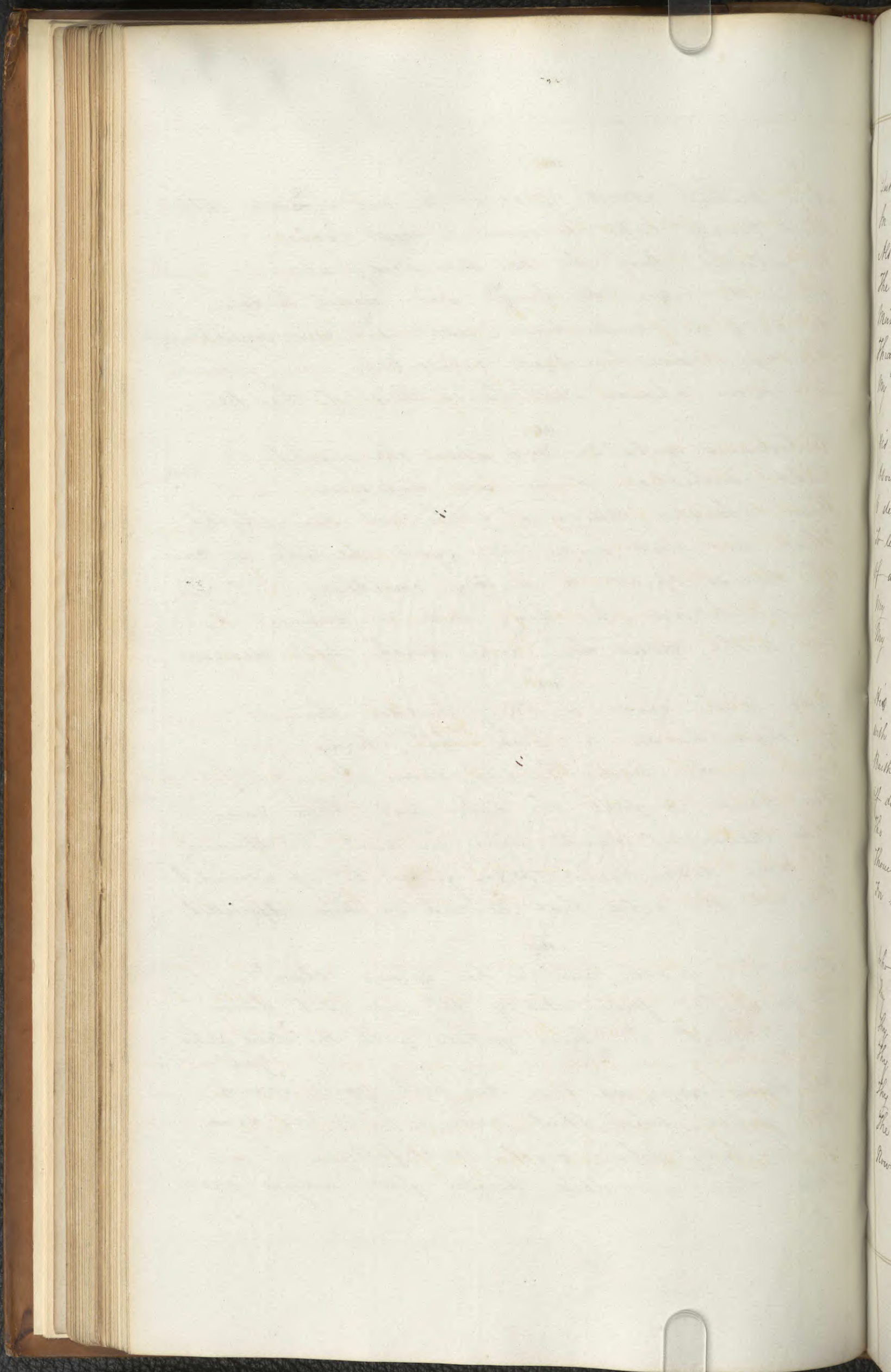
Nichodemus gubilt come upon the nycht
 Richt sacketlie to se our salviour
 Throu christis blude of faith gat sic a lycht
 That his deid corps he cynt he tute in care
 Of divers species a sundry myxtour
 Fra corruption his body till in balme
 Syn to the croce thae come baith but deman

167

Syne to the croce a lang ladder thae
 Of that hurde to lous the ^{lois} shang
 Syn on the ladder Joseph came above
 Fra hand to fute the nalis out thae dang
 Thae hevinlie hurde syne in arms he thrang
 He come down richer than quhen he up ascendit
 Be all the gold that he had on him spendit

168

Than his morder him in his armes clau^t
 To pric his pane nior by the croce sat down
 Lathyle with the Ieus gubilt with the deid scho
 His bludy corps sa sair his hert gart sound
 Bot quhen scho that never a part wes soun
 Of his body scho cryit reuthfully
 Now thou art deid thairfor full wayis me



169

When that sweet thing behold his tender hyde
 In every part broken with scurgis sharpe
 His heid and fute the wound of his ryght syde
 The sword of dule perfet his tender harte
 Mith fled fra hame Cain maid his cause invairt
 Thang throw his hert quhill scho said fetusle
 My sone is deid thairfor full wayis me

170

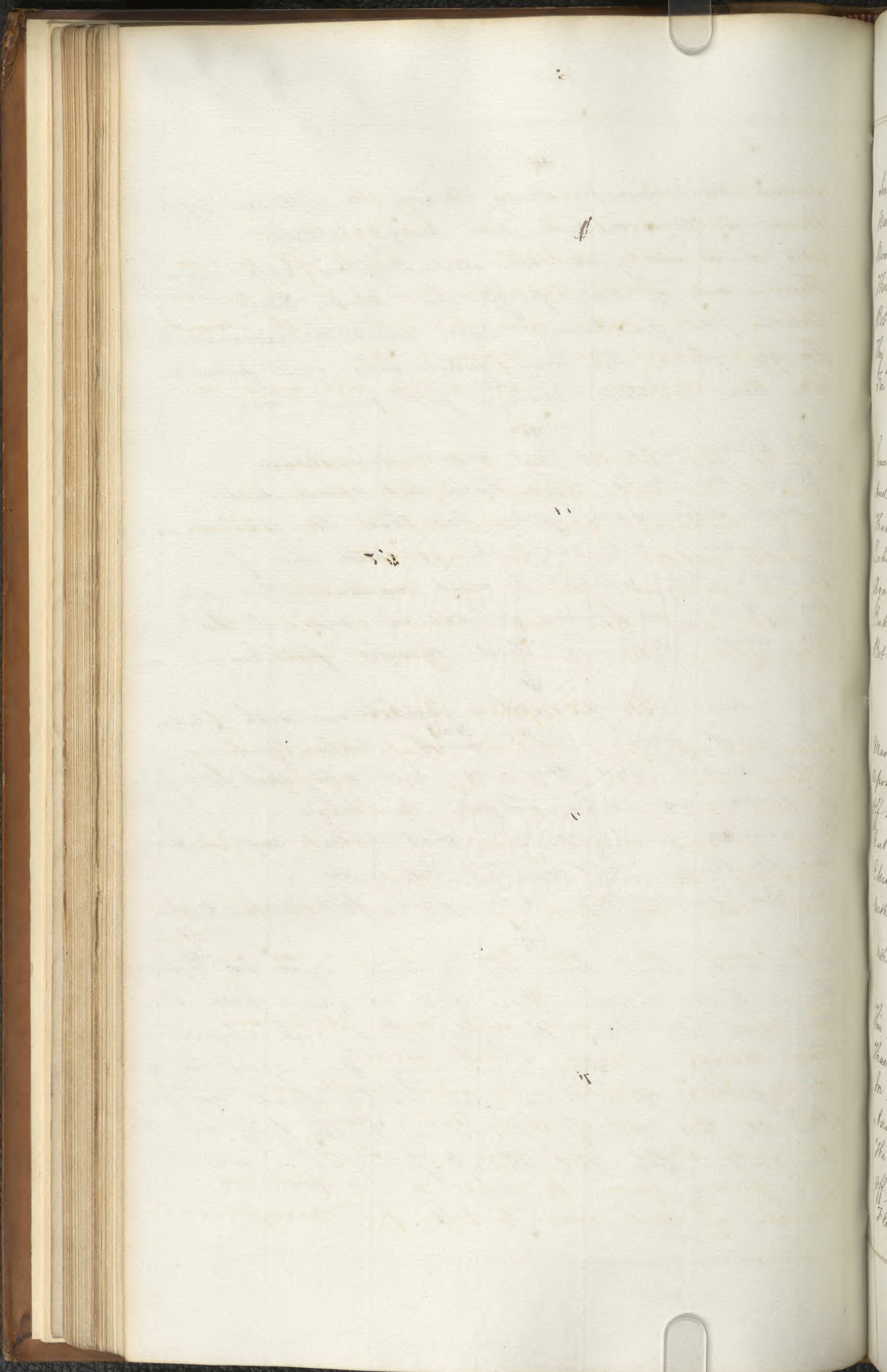
His bludy corps in his armes scho thrang
 About his hals syne laid his armes twa
 O deid sche said quhy hes thou done this wrang
 To let me leif sin he is deid me fra
 Of all this waird I wait na thing bot wa
 My pains supprice for doctours new I do
 My sweet sone is deid thairfor full wayis me

171

His sair vissage all barkit our with blude
 With greit ferour scho ^{junit} ~~united~~ to his face
 Baith mouth and chyn to kiss scho shot full gude
 Off deddit no scho forget his solace
 Tho coult nocht cuss that blisset corps to have
 Thought bludy kens me leif him to se
 For his sweet sone scho said full wais me

172

Scho said sweet sone thi cristall cyne an dyne
 Thy luffin lippis with ded ar maid full bla
 Thy teth is haw thought cheik and chyne
 Thy toung is cheng you may no speik nor na
 Thy feet is sair thou may nocht stand nor ga
 The scurgis sharp hes ruin baith body and the
 Now art thou ded thairfor full wa is me



173

Jerusalem thou ceist nocht of thi syn
 Name sall restit to thi transgression
 Now is he dede gubilt wes wont oft to syn
 Throu all Jewry transgression is fa to expound
 Bot of his woice now decressit is the sound
 Thy fals lawis not reformit be
 For thi doctour is ded allow full waie me

174

Thocht his moder in aid lamentacion
 And for his ded murmur richt pictuourlike
 That naturall greif wes subiect^{ie} to resoun
 Dubilt geddit ay to natur^{ite}
 Agane resoun faucht ay sensualite
 Dubilt gart him murmur baith in ded & tho
 Bot resoun this quife offendit nocht

At complin tyme

175

Man at complin behald that hevinly king
 Upon his bak he did ey on suppyne
 Off his maye beset him to bring
 Out of this wairld prolixite that in pyne
 Eternally to ring in glorie divyne
 With him thy lord gubilt with the bocht that
 With cruell ded the thoch he did no mys^{bles}

176

Thir two knyghtis with ded and deligence
 Thair kinges corps spicit richely
 In syndoun claithe him waird with gret reverence
 And as the use of that into Jewry
 The gret lordis and men of dignite
 Off precious spice to make a conspectoun
 Flesche of ded men to keip fra corruption

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177

Besid the place quhair he wes crucifyit
 In all ane yard thair wes ane sepulchur
 Out of ane Craig Carrit rycht perfittly
 Now ~~crucifyit~~^{crucifyit} with ony creatour
 That hevynly hurd thair but delay thair bue
 For skant of tyme thair mycht nocht mak duelling
 Half as thair wald for to be held thair king

178

That hevynly hurd of god the Tabernakell
 As metall man to ~~say~~^{very} thair thame boun
 Under the cure of dedis umbrakell
 To duell agahill richt law is now laid down
 This nobill prynces of all other glorie the crown
 Quhilk the Justies suld sit in throne to regne
 Now under fate into ane Coif thair thung

179

Into the coife quhen this ded kycht brocht
 To bury it befor him the munit all
 Thocht he wes ded yet sum comfort thair thocht
 With E ~~man~~^{ic} to se that corps de~~fall~~^{ic}
 Bot his moder virgin angelicall
 That that parting of ded bare nei the bradd
 Quhen scho the graif saw with a stane cloiss laid

180

Off his keeping Josaph had gut cure
 Thairfor ane stane that wes baith grät & laing
 Fra best and man to cloiss the sepulchur
 With richt grät face befor the graif thair thung
 At his moder syne askit, leif to gang
 Till herby for him neut the mycht
 Thus for his king partit this Cristin kycht

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Bot
Luhel

101

Sanct Iohanne gubilt care had tane of this origin
 Be estonnet with gret perplexite
 The sepulcher gart hie his hert pyne
 Heufor full meit he said o sweet lady
 Beiss for to sich now your regrait lat be
 And mak you boun or that the nycht draw neir
 For till umbeschew the Jewis grab danger

102

It hevrit him of that departing
 Bot nocht obstant scho wes obedient
 Scho brast the graif and salist his swait body
 Syne but delay scho to the ciety went
 In hir allane remant the fundament
 Off cristin faith to schew wevrally
 Him goddis sone predestinat to be

103

In his clout scho brastit uth handes wa
 Thai dais thre scho maid her Inhabitanee
 A band wes dule of hir sonis wa
 Lufilt nycht & day scho had in remembrance
 The tother wes profound confidance
 Thatt immortall he suld rais in haist
 Thus betwene pyne and faith hir hert is braist

104

The Magdalen besid the sepulcher
 With othir ma throw hir devocioun
 Baid for to spy how scho our saviour
 Mycht se cum out uthouten suspicioun
 Scho passit byn and maid raddy hir unchoun
 Bot the ladyis hir causit mak resisting
 Lufilt the thrid day that scho the day saw Spring

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105

On Saterdag the priestis of the law
 To Pilot come and said thai had in mynd
 That cast suld to the pepill schaw
 On the thud day that he suld riss fra pyne
 Thanfor thai said send kingis some of thin
 Quhilk nycht and day have of the croce the cure
 That ay ane walt and keep the sepulture

106

For and his folk out of the graif him to
 Thai will proclaime that he is cust our King
 To quhome the ded may nocht resistance ma
 Sa be see meyne thai may in enow bring
 All the pepill quhilk bow suld of our ring
 Sa this last crow may we main confound
 Than did the first withoutin compassound

107

Pilot said tak of myn autours
 Men of armes of his corps to have cure
 Thai maid na laid bot hillaule
 With thai knuchtis toward the graif thi fare
 For sickar armes thai toucht in the sepulture
 Syne him to keep left knychtis deligent
 So left the graif and to the cete went

108

Within a crage now closit is etern
 Off all the world the generall salvitoun
 Throu dispensacoun the god superne
 Unfaithfull men his corps now hes in cure
 The body lyes in the sepulture
 Into the lymbe the saulis ^{giffis} comfortour
 Till the guile thief that knew him cust our King

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189

Thocht cruell ded had with his bludy dart
 Off saule and body had lowsit the unroun
 He had no pith his godheid for to part
 Fra one of them be ded in his passoun
 For sone wes went tede a persoun
 Saule and body to diuine
 Fra thame the godheid bak never ~~unle~~ ^runle

190

Thus in the graif lippis this woundit knyght
 Under the cure of dedis dark umbrakill
 Into the lymbe the soules giffis licht
 To the fadders gubilt had the habitakill
 Thairfor the knyghtis but dreid sluppil sone
 For his body sall riss in na corruptioun

191

And to my will ansuent wit and resoun
 Mon sweet to speik of my saluatioun
 Thow mycht me arge of a point of tressoun
 Thy hunde to hid to skaille I take na cure
 Bot sen thou wait my wit is febill & pure
 Thy cruell ded with pietie to recorde
 Ende vice for ded restane sweet Jesus my Lord

The Resurrectioun

192

This blissit prince baid giffand conforting
 To the fadders gubilt in the lymbe that lay
 Duhill fetherday had rungin at evening
 And of the Sonday new cumyn wes the day
 Than be thair led out of the lymbe away
 To Paradyce with gret sollemnite
 His nobill corps to ryss syne ~~lowit~~ ^{ri}lowit [he]

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page]

[Faint handwriting visible along the right edge of the page, possibly from the adjacent page]

193

With multitudes he come of angelles Sange
 And raisit up the temple of Salomoun
 Tohilke the Jewis on gude fuday down thrang
 The cruell ded and pane of his passion
 As he befor had said in his sermone
 Ye sall the temple sla of my body
 And I it sall rais in daies three

194

Wisha that the graif alost wes wounder fast
 This nobill knyght throw his angelite
 On pasche day rais and so of the graiff out past
 Richt glorious with nobill wectory
 Till his moder than first appert he
 As restoun was for gif scho far his ded
 Wist maist in pane scho suld haue fast remeid

195

This hevinty queyne for hir suet sonis dede
 Remaith stille in lamentacioun
 His Jesus for all wofull remeid
 Come for to gif hir consolacioun
 Till hir he maid his salutacioun
 Sayand haill haill beary of the king
 Tohilke hevyn and erd bes into governing

c 196

Off Jesus hevinty vowe full blith scho was
 Thairfor on kne scho knellit reverandly
 And kalsit him syne hel him cou^t scho pas
 And he his met with gret humilite
 In his armes scho braissit his body
 In his fervour tohilke all the duels and wa
 Tohilke for his ded scho sufficient fled hir fra

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

197

Syne in this place togidder sat thae down
 Off hevily, talk makand a riall pace
 Tuken he his schew that his body soun
 Bork heid and feet his body and his face
 Tu hilt crewell men had all changit thow pame
 Ryght gloriously remant all agane

198

After this thame schew our salvitour
 To his moder how Mary Magdalene
 Had bene and sought him at the sepulture
 And fand him nocht and had the angellis sone
 As wofull wyght scho said weipand her eue
 About the graif tho wanderis to and fro
 To confort his thairfor wald I go

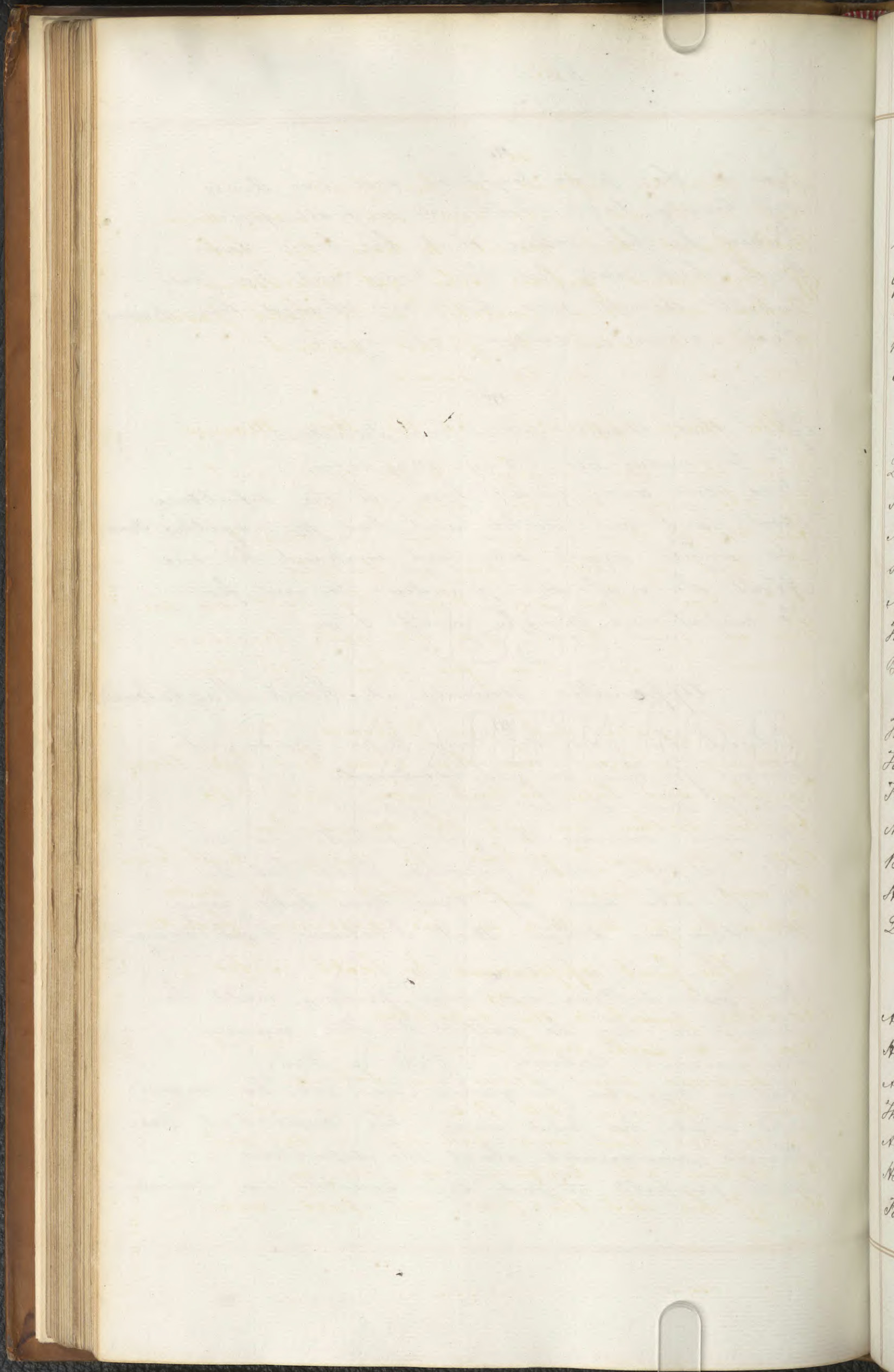
Apperatio secunda ad Mariā Magdalenam

199

Seikand his Lord so lang scho persewent
 Plungit for him in gret perplexite
 Tu hilt that he till her appairt
 Als said woman to gret gubat alis the
 Scho estiment that gardenar bene had he
 Thairfor scho said gif thou him take away
 The place me schaw that I returne hym may

200

Ni gret dollour na man prolong wald he
 Thairfor on him he callit be his name
 Scho answerit tabone (sic in ms.)
 That is maister for quhom wes all his mane
 Scho went the Jewis away his corps had bare
 Thairfor wanderand about the sepulture
 With carefull mynd scho sought our salvitour



201

That hevinlie refrent so his spreit
 That to the end richt law scho lowlet down
 With fewent hert pressit to trace his feet
 Off his synnis guhair scho got remission
 Duken scho thame waschet or he tholit passoun
 Bot him to nesh he fubad pretend
 Till his fader he had ascend

The thrid apperacion to the thre Maryis
 Duken this thre Maryis to the croce went
 Into the way to thame apperit he
 And halst thame syne said incontinent
 Sa lyed my brethir pas in Galilee
 As I have thame said thair thair sall me see
 Than on than knees thair fell with devocion
 Braussit his feet than fur thair to the town

203

This Magdalen and her followis twa
 To thame rehersit how thair thair lord had seene
 Fro that heird Peter he baid nocht clif to sa
 As his brethir na yit the Magdalen
 Bot to the graif guhair the Maryis had bene
 He went on haist to find that nobill duke
 Duken he for dredour in his passion forsake

The fourt apperacion to Saact Peter

204

As Peter passit to the sepultura
 Him for to seek with mind I will present
 As doctouris sayis Jesus our salour
 Than in the way till Peter him present
 All confort him and bad him be deligat
 His brethir all hongre on the fay
 For of his ded the pane wes past away

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a letter or manuscript page.]

The fift to Sanct James

To Sanct James last apperit he
 205
 Duhill wouit had that he suld et na breid
 Fra Thursday fra he herd he suld de
 Duhill he him saw agane riss fra ded
 Than Crist tell him apperit in that skid
 Duhair he fastit and bad a burd be brocht
 Als braid he put that his bethin mycht et

The sext to the discipillis passand till Emaus
 Als to the castill seven myll fra the citte
 206
 Off his discipillis passand on pasche day
 His cruell paines rehersand with piety
 To thair Jesus apperit in the way
 In pilgrim weed als to thair coutht he say
 Duhill in the sarmonis quhilk he at othir spec
 Gangand the way as ye all canfull war

Ane to name wes callit Cleophas
 207
 Said now all is that you unknowis allane
 This cruell dedis quhilkenn this daw wes
 To Jesus wes done into Jerusalem
 Be our punis how he was tane slane
 Als brunt with many painis fell
 To whom we browit to redeme Israell

He said O fulis and slaw in hert to brow
 208
 Can ye prophay quhilk spoken is of me
 Behuffit nocht cost this paine to tholl for you
 Als rise fra ded syne in his glove enter
 Syne he to thame expouit the prophay
 Duhill spokin bad that he suld suffer paine
 And riss fra ded on the thrid day agane

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible handwriting visible along the right edge of the page, possibly from the adjacent page.]

209

When to the castell near enterin thair war
 He sent yet thim or he wald for this pas
 Thair him besoucht his Jorney to defer
 For it was late and the nycht enterin was
 Thair feble mynd he let napair increas
 Into despair quhanfor with him thair fue
 In the castell and schew him salvatour.

210

He wes oft went or he passit to ded
 With his discipillis quhom he held company
 With his handis als cleyne to brak the breed
 As with an knyff and wald it therein by
 {2} Thair throw thair knew that he wes god of mycht
 {1} He did so than syne delt thame him by
 Rasit for ded bot he went for thair sight.

211

This twa discipillis sone haustit thame agane
 To the cite and to the postillis schew
 Into the way how he talkit with thame
 Breikand the breed syne how thair him knew
 All bot Thomas till ane closet him drew
 Thairfor that tyme with thame was nocht present
 Throu disposicion of god Omnipotent

The sevint apperacioun

212

Thocht thair the douris had stit all exclude
 The cruell Jewis for thair iniquite
 Jesus come and in the myddis stude
 And to thame said peace not to yow be
 Thair presumpt that a spirit bene had he
 Bot he thame schew his handis and his feet
 To gar thame know that he wes nocht a
 Speit

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a list or ledger entry.]

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a list or ledger entry.]

218

Luken Thomas come the discipellis him schew
 That thai had sene the Lord in verbe
 He said I sall nocht traist that it is he
 Bot on his handis and his feet I see
 All the tackennis of the nalis thre
 And als my hand syne put into his syde
 Luken that the speir schair a wound deek &
 wid

Octavo appra^o St Thome

214

His febill hert quhelk drew him in despair.
 In main enour out wald nocht let him enes
 Thanfu quhen thai place gaddent war
 And Sanct Thomas als with tham felt was
 The durress steikit and clout the entre
 Crist entent in be gret agilitie
 He stude in the myddis of his communitie

215

Syn Thomas quhelk was herdest in trouthe
 Whist his sermone directit specialie
 His saule to syne this pious prince had ruth
 Lukenfu him shotecht him for to certify
 That he wes ressin in saule and in body
 Thanfu he said in my syde put thi hand
 And as no man bot be in faith constant,

216

Thy finger als put in my syde & know
 The place yet of the nalis is patent
 Than Thomas browit quhelk he tairkeness saw
 That our Lord wes in his sight present
 Als in his hert wof recht penitent
 He said Thomas blessit most thai be
 Quhelk stawe me neuer and howis into me

[Faint, illegible handwriting across the page]

[Faint handwriting visible on the right edge of the page]

: Novo apperatio

After that Crist our ²¹⁷ blessed saluator
 Sustenit had his better passoun

His discipelles in temporall gudies pure
 Dubilk kepit straitlie the way of perfectoun
 Efter his glorious resurrection
 The ~~fact~~ supplejis of thair poverties
 Be this labours and industry

For Sanct Peter passit to the fisching
 With other seven into his company
 And all that nycht wrocht and thair luke no thing
 Bot quhen thair war in maist perplexite
 Our Lord apperit on land besyd the see
 And on the land he put to thame schew
 Bot nane of thame him perfittlie knew

He askit thame gif any fische thair had
 Raddy graithis refectoun for to be
 Thair answer maid Crist thaim full meeklie bad
 Thair nettis put agane into the see
 Thair ded commands fand fische abundantlie
 Knew he wes Crist to quhom moir need obey
 All kind of creatours in hevin in erd and see

For Peter saw for Crist-camin wes he
 His hevinly grace kindellit his ferfowr
 Out of the schip that he lap in the see
 That he mycht first speik with our saluour
 Than Crist him maid baith heid & gouernour
 Till all the laif quhen thair wer all present
 In his dedis becauss he wes fervent

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a letter or manuscript page.]

221

O man behald the maker & thy King
 Duhilt his seruandis wisseis into shes
 Than all the nycht had bene at the fishing
 And tane nathing bot into labour w^{cs}
 Duks thai wer tont and thocht away to pas
 He come and schew how thai the fische suld tak
 Als on the land with shame baith eit and spak

The tent apperacioun

222

Bye to five hundred and ma apperit he
 Off his discipellis or his ascencioun
 And till mak end of daies founte
 Efter his glorious resurrection
 He come and gaif tham consolacioun
 Als eit and drank and tham schew the way
 How thai othir mycht conserve into the day

223

He thocht it tyme to schaw his maiestie
 Throu his awin mycht ascendand to the flore
 That he wald pas to the hevin so his
 Thanfor the tyme he wald prolong no more
 Bot he ascendit all the pepell before
 To set his manheid on his faderis rycht hand
 Duhilt for his will to ded was obeyand

224

Than all the sanctis in bodie that wes mak
 Als eit and drank and schaw tham finalie
 That he fra shame as than his lif wald tak
 And till him pas gubilt send him heir to de
 * Duhilt ye be cled be hevin of the lycht
 Duhilt ye sall get throu the guide spirittis mycht
 * Bot ye he said sall find in the cete

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely a historical document or letter. The text is written in a single column across the page.]

225

He took his leif als Peter Commandit tham
 To mont Olivit als bad thai suld ascend
 Thai did richt sua and thai apperit agane
 His ambassat to bring to finall end
 For he full ord for his fader wes send
 To do for man and man to grace restoir
 Out of the meiknes the man to ged to glore

226

With wictory and triumph celistiall
 With angellis sang and angellis in ^u company
 He ascendit quhen thai war ^{present} ~~present~~ all
 For mont Olivit throw his agilitie
 Baith handis and face in hevin directit he
 And thai behaldand & sa ascendit on hiecht
 To hill a bucht clude him tak out of thair
 sycht

227

Thocht I wer also fair in eloquens
 As any ordour of angell cherubyn
 I culd not schaw quhat cure and deligence
 Had suet ^{the} ~~the~~ the mannys saule to wyn
 Born for our saik and syn slane for our syn
 Till hevin ascendit til him agid to be
 His blude in drink in meit left his bodie

228

His discipillis baid with that hevynly queyne
 Intill fyoun at thair devocoun
 Straithand thair mynd consciens makand cleyn
 Off the gude speit to tak remission
 For Jesus said on his ascencion
 For ye sall all here ~~in~~ in the ^{ciete} ~~same~~ remane
 The haly gaist quhill I you send agane

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

229

The tent day fra his ascencion
 Luken tere wes evenen gubilt 1x is of the hour
 Out of the heven was maid a suddane soun
 Like to the cumin of ane felloun schour
 And thair remanet in that felloun stour
 Luken thair remanet a hundret and twenty
 Off his discipelles bidand that secht to se

230

In forme of fire this haly spirit apperith
 Thair chudgy mynd with fire wer to attend
 Dubilt dreid of dede had sa thair trublanes spend
 That Crist to grant wes nane that durst pretend
 Bot fra to thame that confort wes send
 As thame inflamit to with cheite
 That for the faith thair wer redde to de

231

O Etern god gude heis wit to expreme
 The subtile working of the haly gaist
 Dubilt man fra evill to god turnit sa cleyne
 Off his cumin and he have hap to taist
 He gavis occourar leit his god in haist
 And him follow in gret powerte
 Ane hind aftir a propheet makis he

232

Off ane persewar he makis a protectour
 And of a coward gubilt denyt his name
 Thus for ane word or ^uryng wes ane hour
 He gavis contempne all erdly pane and thame
 Aganis knyghtis and pryncis him allane
 Stand constantly and cristis faith defend
 Leit as ane possill syn as a marte end

[Faint, illegible handwriting in a cursive script, likely a historical document or letter. The text is written in a single column across the page.]

233

With sic a man of trass aquent to be
 Dubhilt is so without process of tyme
 It is richt gude till him that suddantie
 Wald be dischaigit of all the syn and cryme
 Dubhilt for he suld susteyne etaxinall pyne
 And his gret grace in schort tyme to retour
 The lang offence done to this salutar

234

And every man is sicker of his grace
 And he sa gret be of contumace
 That he putend and he have tyme & spae
 Off his synnis to mak confessoun
 Als he ^{may} mak satisfactoun
 And syne no mair his maker to offend
 And be with me unto the worldis end

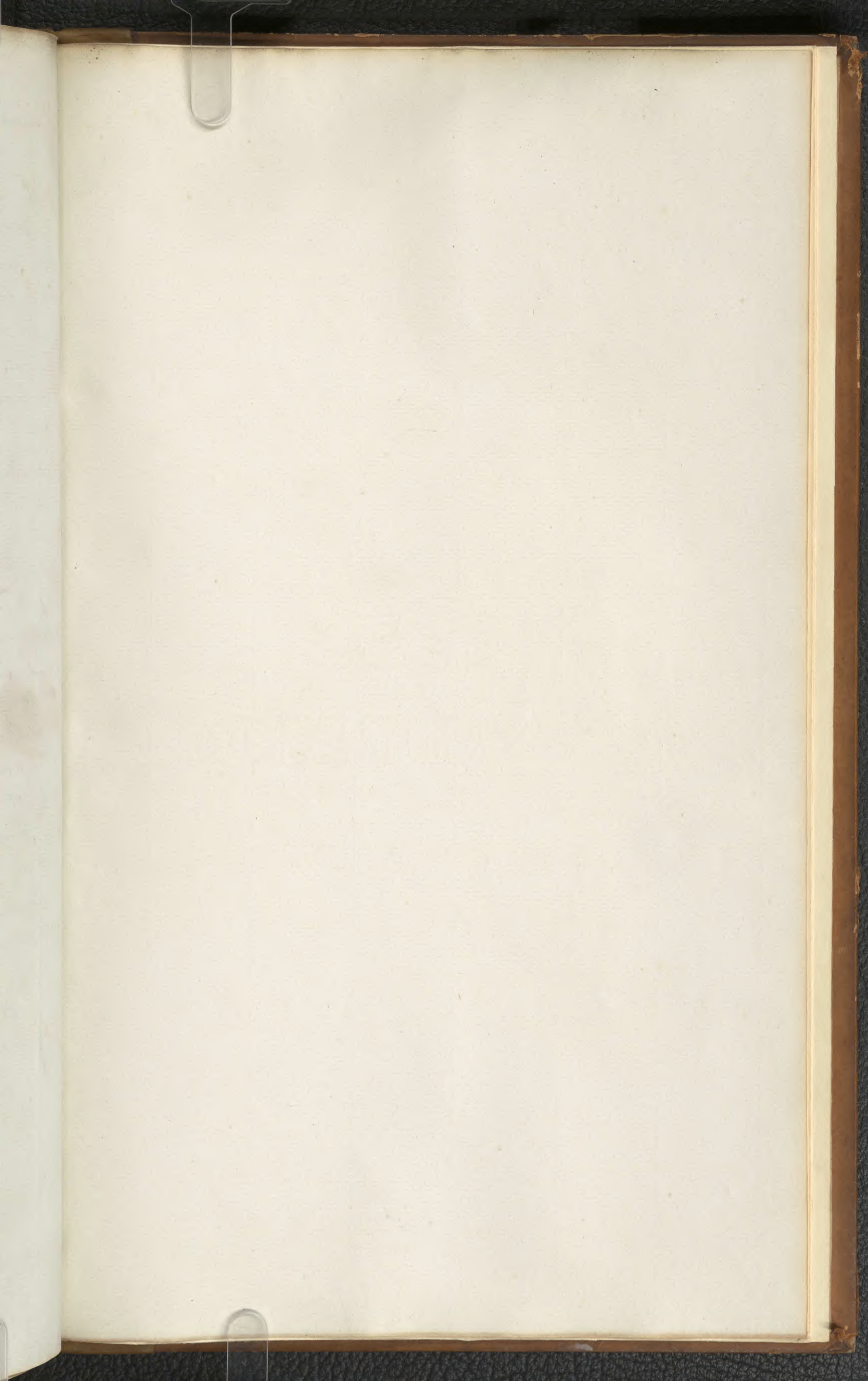
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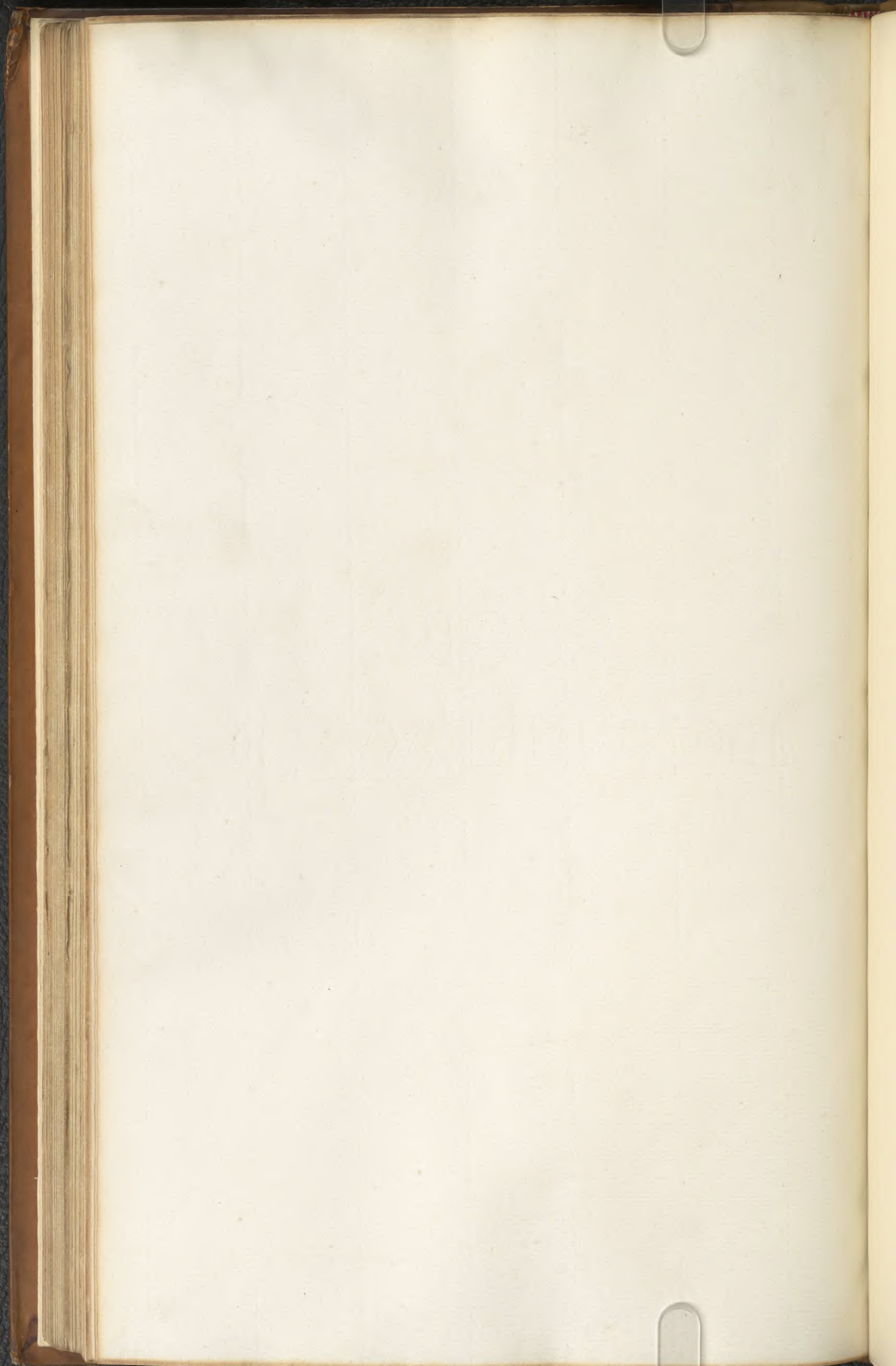
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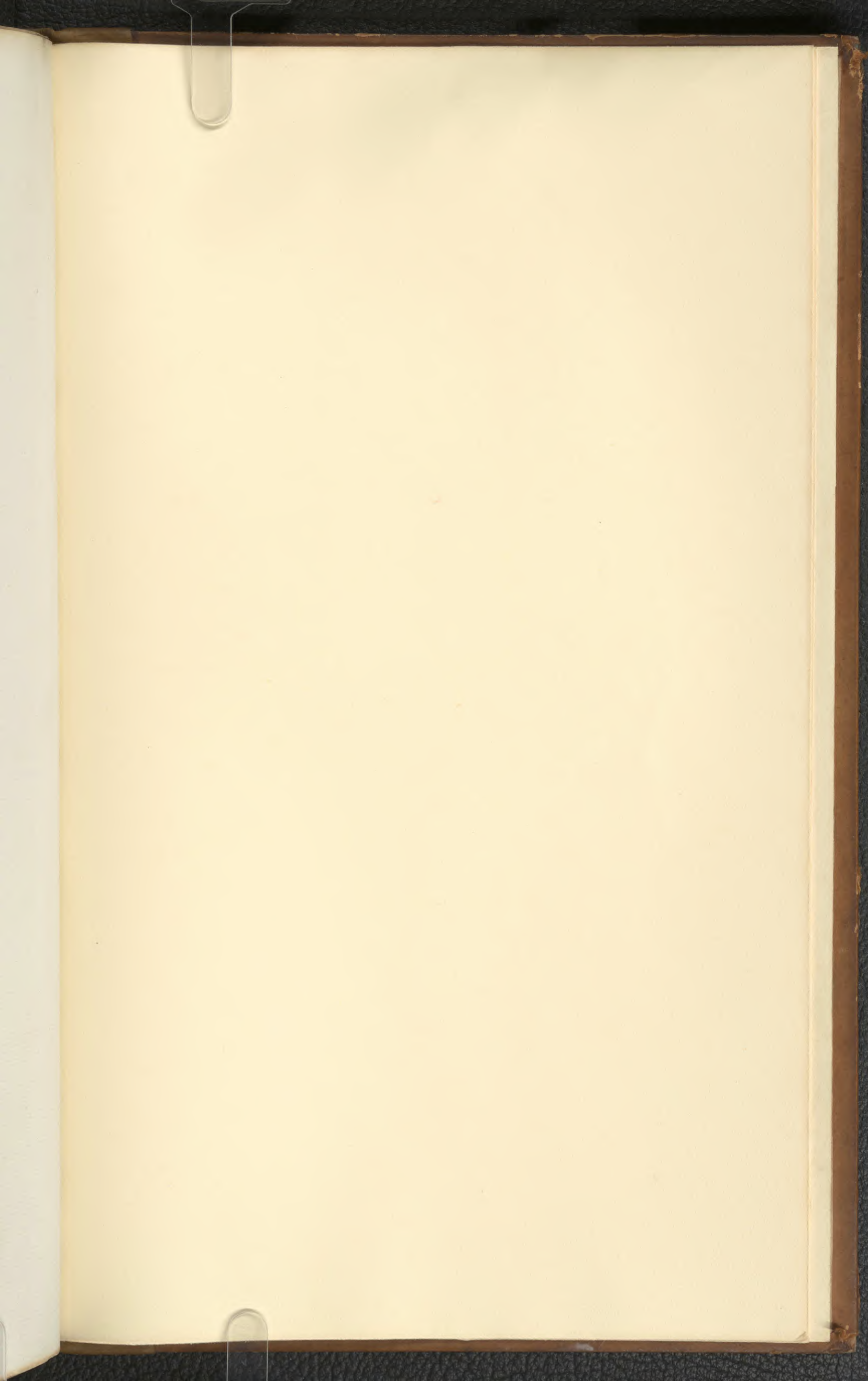
O sweet ~~Jesus~~ o saluour souerane
 A goddis sone in manheid immortell
 Dubhilt on the croce sufferit pane
 The banist man to graue for to reabill
 Into thi grace the cristin pepill statill
 In hevin empire that thou thi face may se
 Without end amen for thi mercy

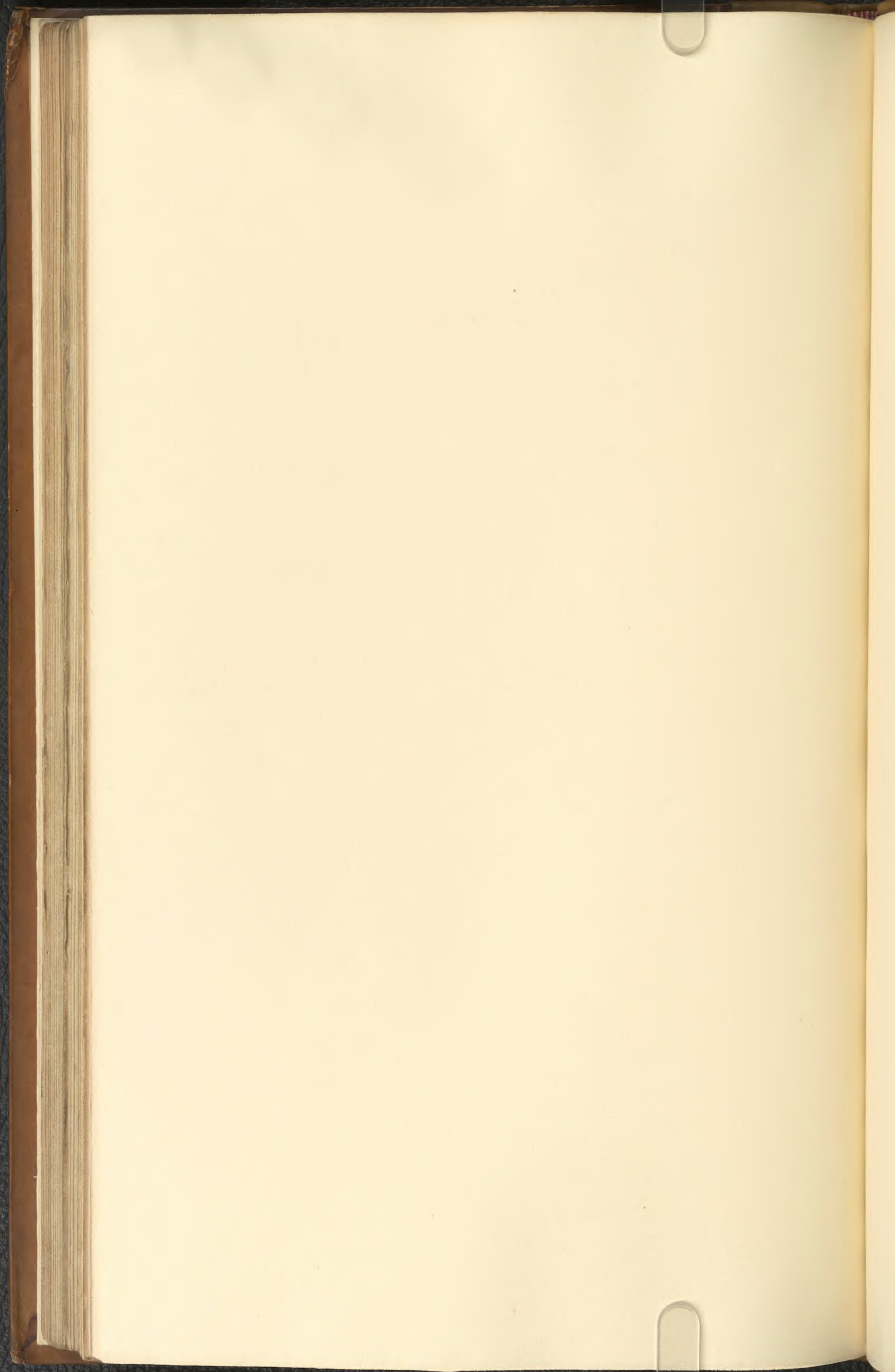
Heir endis the passioun of our
 Lord Iesus crist compilit be
 Maister Walter Kennedy.

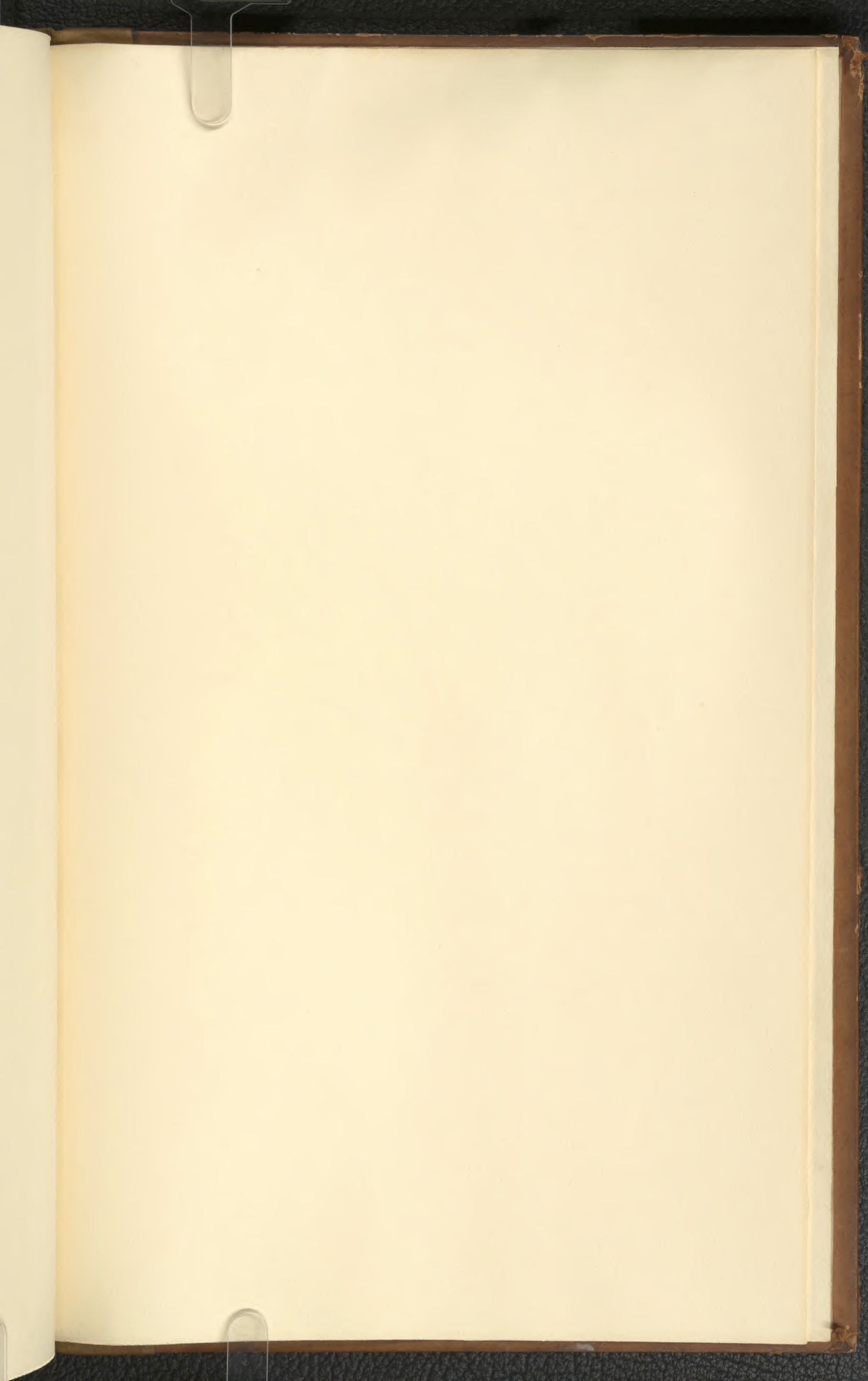
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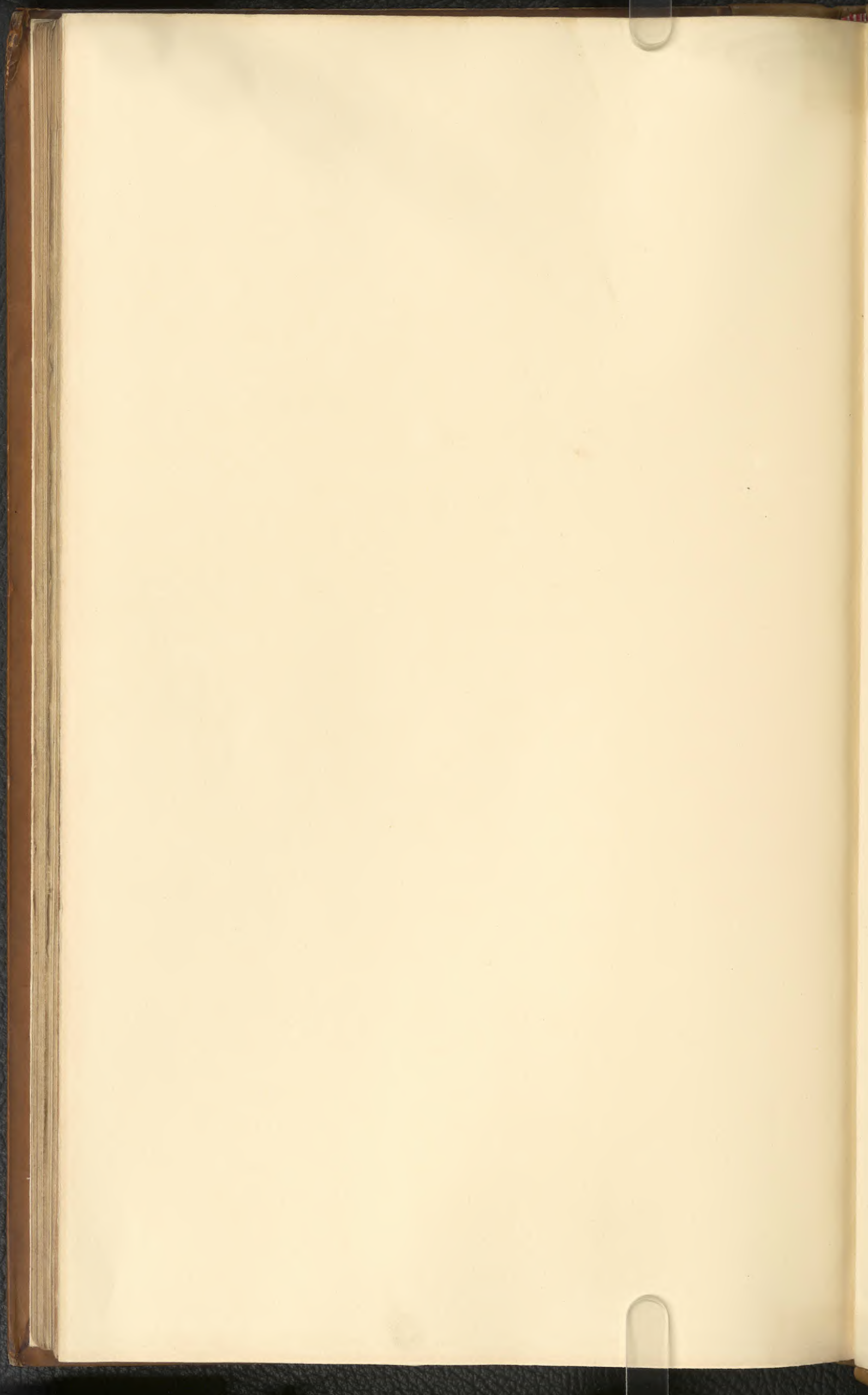


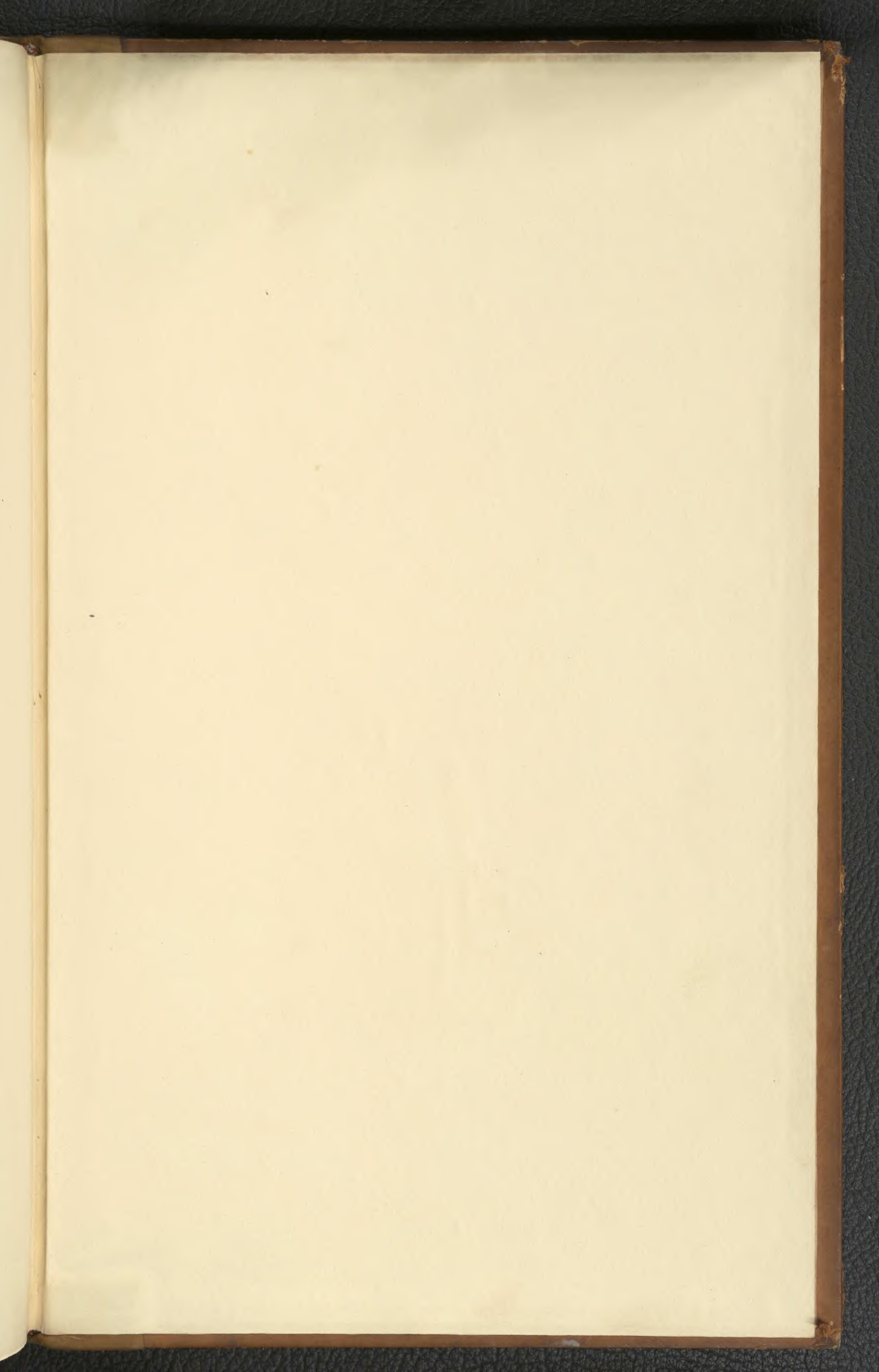


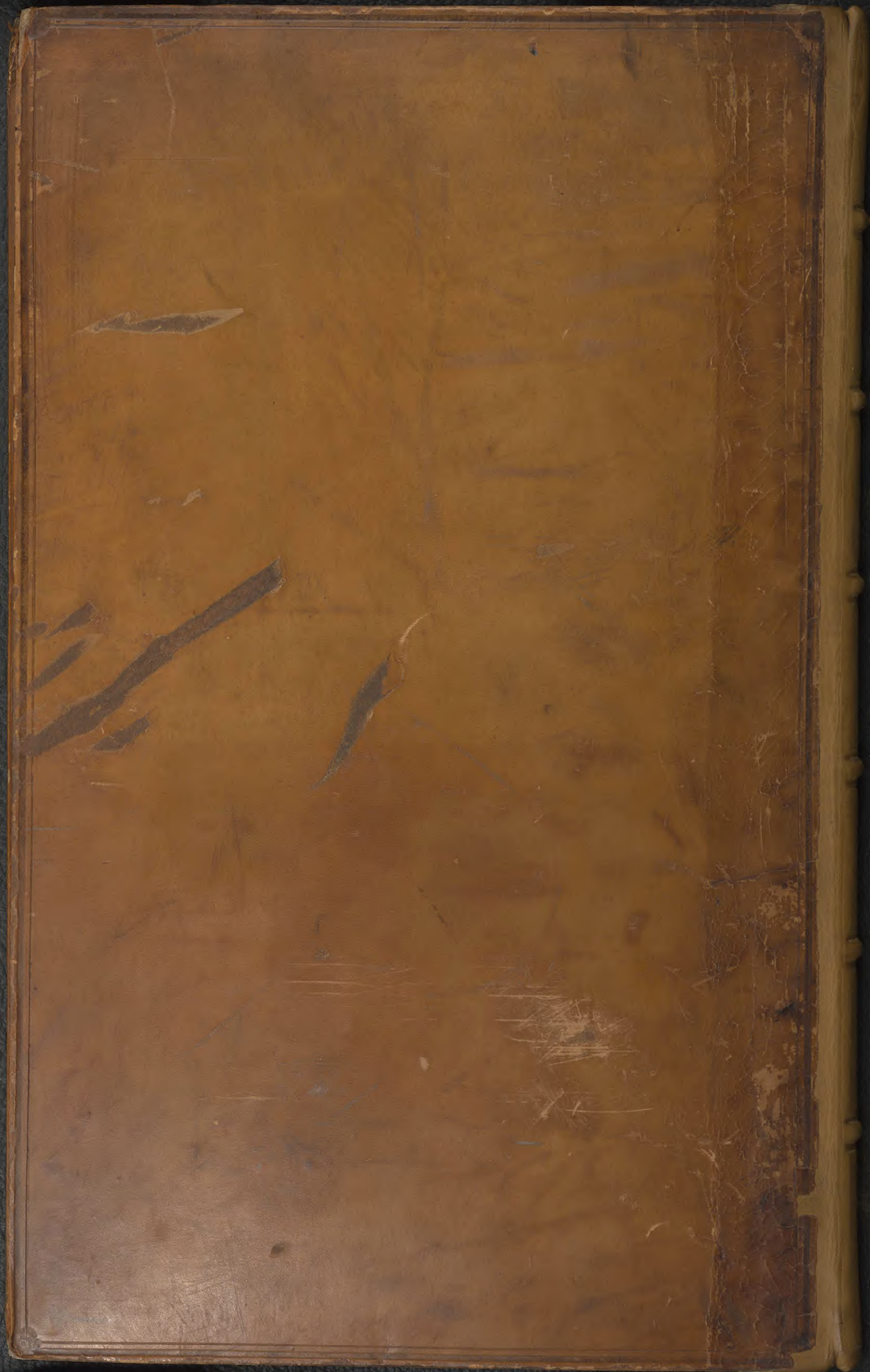












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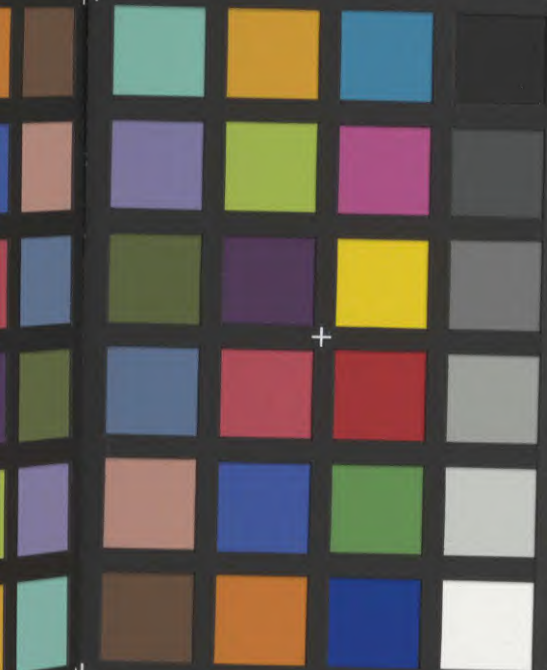
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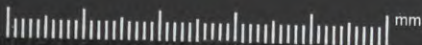


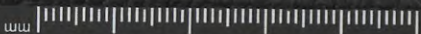
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