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<Tranche 1>

<fol. 2va>For comune folk of engelande

Shulde þe bettur hit vndirstonde

þ^t speche þ^t moost vs may spede

Moost to speke hit were greet nede

Selden hit is for any chaunce

Englisshe tunge preched in fraunce

3yue we vche lond his langage

þenne do we noon outrage

To lewed men englisshe J spelle

þ^t vndirstondeþ what J con telle

And to hem speke J alþer moost

þ^t ledeþ her lyues in pride & boost

And spenden her lyues in trewandise

And my³te amenden in mony wise

wo shal+hem be her lif so spende

þ^t fynde þerof no fruyt at þe ende

Now of þis prolouge wol we blynne

In cristis nome oure book bigynne

Cours of þis world men shul hit calle

For almost hit reherseþ alle

Take we oure bigynnyng þan

At him þ^t al þis world bi-gan

Hereþ now of þe triniite dere

And of þe makyng of þis world here

Alle men owe þ^t lord to drede

þ^t made mon to haue mede

þ^t euer was & euer shal be

wiþouten ende in trinite
 he þ^t lorde boþe god and mon
 Al maner þing of him bigan
 þou3e he bigan al oþere þing
 him-self hadde neuer bigynnyng
 Of him coom al in him is al
 Al holdeþ he vp fro doun fal
 he holdeþ heuen & erþe studfaste
 wiþouten ende may no þing laste
 þis lord þ^t is so mychel of my3te
 Purueide al in-to his si3t
 And þ^t he ord^[e]lyned wiþ his witt
 he multepli<gap>ed & gouerneþ hit
 <fol. 2vb>perfore he is þe trinite
 þ^t is o god & persones þre
 And if þ^u wenest hit may not be
 Biholde þe sonne þenne maistou se
 In þe sonne þ^t shyneþ clere
 Js o þing & þre sere
 A body rounde hoot & li3t
 þese þre we fynde at a si3t
 þese þingis þre wiþ noon art
 Mow not fro oþere be depart
 For if þ^u take þe li3t away
 þe erþe haþ no sunne perfey
 And if þe heete away be goon
 Sonne for-soþe hastou noon
 But vche maner man wel wote
 þe kynde of sonne is to be hote
 þe sonnes body þ^t J neuene
 Bitokeneþ þe fadir god of heuen
 And bi þe li3t þ^t lastyng is
 hit is þe son kyng of blis
 And bi þe hete vndirstonde hit so
 þe holy goost comeþ of hem two
 And fadir is he calde for-þi
 For he is welle þ^t neuer is dry
 And ouer þis him-self wrou3t
 Alle þingis whenne þei were nou3t

his son is wisdom þ^t alle þinge wate
 For al þe world he halt in state
 Alle þinges he halt fro mysfare
 þ^t þei not turne <gap> to sorwe & care
 þe holy <gap> goost is þe godhede
 þ^t 3yueþ lyf to alle we rede
 þis lord þ^t J bifore of seide
 Firste in his witt he al purueide
 his werkes he doþ as sotil wri3t
 And siþen he reiseþ hit in si3t
 For-þi is god as seiþ scripture
 Noon elder þen is creature
 Elder of tyme is not he
 But elles more in dignite
 <fol. 3ra>þis wri3te þ^t J speke of here
 Js *prince ouer* alle wiþouten pere
 For oþere wri3tes mot tymber take
 But he him-self con tymber make
 For of him-self he toke þe euene
 þ^t he made wiþ boþe erþe & heuene
 But we shul vndirstonde
 þ^t he wrou3t not al werke wiþ his honde
 But seide wiþ worde & also soone
 Al his biddying hit was done
 Smartliere þan 3e may wynke
 Or any mannes herte may þinke
 And as clerkes say þ^t are wise
 he wrou3te hit not bi partise
 But he þ^t made alle þing of nou3t
 Al þe world to-gider he wrou3t
 To be set in lengþe & brede
 þe matere furst þerof J rede
 þat is þe elamentis to say
 þ^t firste shaples to-gidur lay
 he dalt hem ful in sex dayes
 In parties as þe scripture sayes
 þe elementes firste in dayes þre
 þre þingis wiþynne hem þer be
 þe elementis þ^t al þing byndes

Foure þer ben as clerkes fyndes
 þe lowest hit is watir and erþe
 þe þridde is eyr & fuyr þe ferþe
 And we seye þ^t he þus bigan
 As austyn seiþ þat holy man
 As we in his bokis fynde
 Furste he wrou3te aungel kynde
 þe world & tyme þese þingis þre
 Bifore al opere þing made he
 þe world J calle in myne ententis
 þe matere of foure elementis
 þ^t 3itt was þenne of forme vnshapen
 wherof siþ was parties taken
 Al shaples was hit not for-þy
 For hit of shap had sum party
 <fol. 3rb>But þerfore shaples hit was how
 For hit had not as hit haþ now
 he wrou3te vpon þe opere day
 þe firmament þat is to say
 The sky wiþ sterres grete & smale
 wiþ watir shynynge as cristale
 þ^t is on he3e & þat is vndir
 In þis he souned al to wondir
 þe þridde day god dud bi grace
 þe wattres drawe in-to a place
 And bad a drye place shulde be
 þe wattres alle he calde þe see
 þe drye he calde erþe þat kyng
 And bad hit grifyng fruyt forþ bryng
 Al þing to be waxinge þere
 And in hem-self her seed to bere
 þe ferþe he bad & was done
 Boþe were made sonne & mone
 Eiþer wiþ his dyuerse li3t
 To parte þe day fro þe ny3t
 In tokenynge of tides to stonde
 Dayes & 3eres boþe dwellonde
 And þe sterres grete & smale
 þ^t we may se wiþouten tale

In þe he3est element of alle
 þer-ynne fuyr hap his stalle
 þe fyueþe day he failed nou3t
 Of watir foule & fisshe he wrou3t
 þe fisshe to watir as we fynde
 þe foules he toke to þe wynde
 Alle goynge beestis þe sixte day
 And adam als he made of clay
 he was last made as lordyng
 To be maistir ouer al þing
 In a dale he wrou3te Adame
 þ^t Ebron hett in ebrew name
 þese sixe dayes he wrou3t his wille
 þe seuenþe of werke he helde *him* stille
 he vs 3af Ensanple þore
 þ^t we shulde holde hit *euermore*
 <fol. 3va>þe firste werke as 3e herde neuen
 God wrou3te þe aungels of heuen
 And set hem in his he3e pales
 wiþouten pride to ben in pees
 For þis paleis was so riche
 As my3ty kyng noon oþere liche
 he ordeyned hym two creatures
 To serue him þere wiþ honures
 þ^t shulde a hool noumbre be
 Mony a þousonde to telle & se
 þe whiche tale no weye shulde be more
 And nedeful bihoued hit wore
 þis noumbrary he ordeyned þon
 Shulde be boþe of aungel & mon
 For he wolde be þ^t kyng of craft
 worsheped wiþ two maner shaft
 þe ton wiþ aungel þ^t is goostly
 And als wiþ mannes body
 Of aungels wolde he serued be
 þ^t ordres shulde haue þries þre
 he chees to him þ^t lorde hende
 þ^t man þe ordre shulde be tende
 But þe aungels he wrou3t formast

Ouer alle he made her pouste past
 þei were boþe faire & wyse
 Somme of lasse summe of more prise
 he 3af oon moost to knowe & fele
 Jf þ^t he coupe haue borun *him* wele
 And sett *him* beste in his halle
 As prynce & sire of oþere alle
 And for he was so wondir li3t
 Lucifer to name he hi3t
 And whenne he hadde perceyued þis
 þ^t he was ouer alle oþere in blis
 Allas caitif he knew nou3t
 þ^t god him-seluen had him wrou3t
 Ful sorweful sawe he þ^t tyde
 A3eynes god he toke a pride
 Li3tly he lette of al his fere
 To god hym-self wolde he be pere
 <fol. 3vb>Not pere alone but mychel more
 For vndir him he wolde alle wore
 And he him-self her commaundour
 who herde euer of suche traitour~
 þ^t he þ^t not hadde but of him
 A3eyn his lord shulde wexe so grym
 he seide sett my sete J shal
 A3eynes him þ^t is best of al
 Jn þe norþ syde shal sitte my sete
 Seruise of me shal he noon gete
 why shulde J him seruyse 3elde
 J shal be at myn owne welde
 But he was marred of his wille
 Ful+soone he fonde hit ful grille
 For lenger þen he þou3te þ^t pride
 Jn heuen my3te he not abide
 For in þ^t court þ^t is so clene
 No fulþe may dwelle ne be sene
 Seynt Michael for her aller ri3t
 Ros a3eyn him to fi3t
 A3eyn him 3af he batail grym
 Out of þ^t court cast he him

Lucifer furste doun he+brou3t
 And siþ þ^t wiþ him helde ou3t
 And scoured þ^t court of hem so clene
 þ^t siþ her stude was þere not sene
 þis was þe fend þ^t formest felle
 For his pride from heuen to helle
 For þenne his name chaunged was
 Fro lucifer to Sathanas
 Fro ful he3e he fel lawe
 þ^t of his lorde wolde stonde noon awe
 wiþouten coueryng of his sore
 For mercy geteþ he neuer more
 For god oweþ not 3if him mercy
 þ^t þer-aftir wolde not cry
 And þus he lost þ^t he3e tour
 þere was he not fully an hour
 For soone aftir þ^t he was made
 he fel wiþouten lenger abade

<Tranche 2>

<fol. 5va>Boþe þei be on o party
 To ouercom man wiþ tricchery
 þe wily fende him helde on he3e
 him geyned nou3t com Adam ne3e
 Namely in his owne shap
 To spede he hoped haue no hap
 þerfore a messangere he sende
 Bi whom best to spede he wende
 þenne he chees a litil beest
 whiche is not vnwiliest
 þe neddre þ^t is of suche a shaft
 Moost of queyntise & of craft
 Queyntly tau3te he him þe gynne
 At þe wif to bigynne
 And þour3e þe wif to wynne þe man
 þenne goþ þis neddre & not blan
 Jn þis slou3e Sathan þenne was
 wondir is he entred in þ^t plas

But of his suffraunce he *him* lete
 þ^t best wist how þ^t bale to bete
 For mon he made þ^t he mou3t
 Synne or leue as *him* good þou3t
 And bi skil of his owne dede
 Shulde be merked þenne his mede
 To bowe & lyue Wiþouten ende
 Or elles to de3e & to wo wende

**How adam brak goddus commaundement
 wherfore kynde of mon was shent**

Adam wandride in þ^t wele
 In mychel myrþe ioye & hele
 whenne adam was fro eue a-þrawe
 þe nedder ne3e to hir gon drawe
 And seide wommon telle mi whi
 þ^t 3e eten not al comynly
 In paradys of euer-vche tre
 She seide certis so now do we
 Of alle trees but of one
 þ^t is out-taken to vs allone
 Oure lord in forbode haþ hit laide
 wost þ^u þe why ; nay she saide
 <fol. 5vb>But she seide if we com þer ny3e
 On double deep shul we dy3e
 þis o tre shulde *him*-seluen haue
 And alle þe opere to vs he 3aue
 And trowes þ^u þ^t hit so be
 As he 3ou seide ; She seide 3e
 Nay seide he wiþ greet tresoun
 But þerynne liþ suche resoun
 But for he wolde not 3e were
 Paringal to him nor pere
 þe soþe fro 3ou wol J not hide
 he wot wel þ^t what tyme or tide
 þ^t 3e had eten of þat tre
 As goddes shulde 3e boþe be
 To knowe boþe good & ille
 3e shulde be lordis at 3oure wille
 Of hit 3e ete so rede J 3ow

And 3e shul fynde hit for 3oure prow
 þis hetynge was þ^t tyme ful mykel
 But his was ful fals & fikel
 Sone so she þis fruit bi-helde
 She 3erned hit to haue in welde
 She let not for drede nor blame
 But toke & ete & 3af Adame
 what bote is longe þis tale to drawe
 þei eet hit boþe in litil þrawe
 Al for nou3te þei eet hit boþe
 wherfore oure lord god was wroþe
 For þ^t ilke appels bit
 her sones teeþ eggen 3it
 And so shul do til domes-day
 here a3eyn may no man say
 whonne eiþer say oþere naked
 For shame þei stode boþe & quaked
 þenne þei say þ^t bare þei were
 In welþe & ioye þ^t were clad+ere
 þei hiled hem J telle hit þe
 wiþ leues of a fige tre
 whenne þe fend þus had hem nomen
 wel he wende haue god ouercomen
 <fol. 6ra>And seide wiþinne his sory þou3t
 J haue made him worche for nou3t
 his heuen shal he haue his one
 Of Adam part geteþ he none
 To bringe into þat heritage
 þ^t J haue lost bi myn vtrage
 he li3ed fals þeof for-why
 3itt had god of Adam mercy
 þ^t he were lost god wolde nou3t
 For he wiþ tricchery was sou3t
 þe fend was wel more to blame
 þ^t so falsly giled Adame
 God wist þe fend had Adam blent
 3itt wolde he not þ^t he were shent
 But þou3e he wolde 3yue Adam grace
 Furst shulde he bie dere þ^t trespass

Of þe astate þe world was Jnne

Aftir tyme of Adames synne

Als faste as þei had don þ^t synne
 Oure wo bigan to bigynne
 Al maner blis fro hem was went
 For þei brak þ^t *commaundement*
 Soone bigan he vengeaunce kipe
 As lord þ^t first was meke & bliþe
 Al bigan to stire & strif
 A3eyn adam & eue his wif
 Bitwene hem-self roos strif also
 þe strenger beest þe weyker dud slo
 vchone of opere to make his pray
 As we may se now vche day
 Fro þ^t tyme furst coom deþ to man
 And þ^t tyme al oure wo bigan
 þese wrongis þ^t ben of euel wrake
 þere bigynnynge dud þei take
 Synne & sake shame & strif
 þ^t now ouer al þe world is rif
 Mercy lord strong wickedhede
 Made Adam do so foul a dede
 him-self had lost & al his kyn
 But oure lord had raunsonde him
 <fol. 6rb>On suche a wise as he had þou3t
 Bifore ar he þe world wrou3t
 But þ^t was not done al for nede
 But þou3e his owne nobel-hede
 For if he had wolde he my3te man
 wel bettur haue made þen he was þan
 wiþ flesshe þerfore he coom in place
 And hilled þis world of his grace
 his grace hit was & noon opere
 þ^t he wolde bicom oure broþere
 wiþ þe fend þerfore he fau3t
 And wiþ his fadir he made vs sau3t
 ¶ Leue we now of þis spelle
 Of oure story furþere to telle
 whenne Adam say he had mysdone

he went to hide him als sone
 he wende to hide him among þe trees
 Fro his si3te þat al sees
 Al for nou3t him hud Adame
 Oure lord him called bi his name
 lord he seide whenne J þe herde
 For J saw þ^t J mys-ferde
 J & my wif went vs to hide
 Shame vs þou3te þe to abide
 For oure bodyes al bare were
 Adam he seide so tolde J þe ere
 J þe tolde mest & leest
 what hit was to breke my heest
 But now is þis appul eten
 And my biddyng is for3eten
 And þ^t þ^u hast þus don þis mis
 þi-seluen is to wite J-wis
 lorde he seide of þis gult here
 Js she to wite þ^t is my fere
 þ^t þ^u me 3af my wif to be
 For *principaly* she bed hit me
 She bede hit me wiþouten blynne
 She haþ me fuyled wiþ her synne
 Al þis may she not 3eyn-sey
 She owe to bere þe gilt away
 <fol. 6va>Jhesu seide to hir a-noon
 whi duest þ^u þis dede wommon
 She seide þe worm me drou3e þer-tille
 þ^t J haue doue a3eyn þi wille
 To þ^t worm of wrapþe & wrake
 Oure lord þenne þus he spake
 þ^u worm þ^u shalt acursed be
 More þen any opere beest to se
 For on þi wombe þ^u shalt slide
 More þen any opere beest in tyde
 Fro þis day forþ shal hate be
 For-soþe bitwene wommon & þe
 Erþe shal be þi mete for nede
 Bitwene þin & wommonnes sede

wommon to styngē awayte þ^u shal
 And þin heed to breke 3it she shal
 þou3e þ^u in hete euer wolde be sted
 In colde shal euer be þi bed
 And þ^u wommon for þis dere
 In sorwe shal þ^u þi children bere
 þ^u shal+be slayun wiþ double dede
 harde hit is for to rede
 þou shal be vndir mannes hest
 To hem be buxom meest & leest
 þ^u shalt haue euer þi heed hud
 þi shame shal not be vnkud
 And 3itt þ^t þ^u now hast mys-goon
 hit shal be bet bi a wommon
 Of synneles mon made J þe
 In wommon shal 3it my wonyng be
 But hit shal not 3itt be so ne3e
 To couer my loos furst mot J hy3e
 ¶ And þ^u man þ^t hast vndirtaken
 þi wyues rede & myn forsaken
 No þing shal þou þerwiþ wyne
 þe world is cursed of þi synne
 In erþe shal þou swete & swynke
 wyne þ^t þ^u shalt ete & drynke
 Alle þe dayes of þyn elde
 Breres & þornes hit shal þe 3elde
 <fol. 6vb>þerof shal þou ete gresses sere
 þ^u shal bye þi breed ful dere
 Til þ^u turne a3eyn in quake
 To þ^t erþe þ^u were of take
 For þ^u art now but pouder pleyn
 To pouder shal þ^u turne a3eyn
 he turned þenne his wyues name
 And Eue fro þenne hir calde Adame
 Eue she hett fro þat day
 þ^t modir of mony is to say
 God made hem þenne curteles of hide
 þerwiþ her flesshe for to shride
 Lo he seide Adam how



likeþ þe þis dede now
J made euel & good to 3ou knowen
But 3e were sone ouer-þrowen
3e trespassed at þe tre of lif
þerfore 3e ben in woo & strif
he put hem out of þ^t plas
Into þe world þere þei made was
Adam dere hit shal be bou3t
Til hit be bet þ^t þ^u hast wrou3t
Take þi wyf in þi honde
Leue 3e shul þis lufsome londe
Into þe wrecched world to be
þi lif shal þinke longe to þe
Longe peyne þere shal þ^u dre3e
And siþen on doubel deþ to de3e
3e shul be flemed fro my face
Til þ^t J 3ou sende my grace
þe oile of mercy 3e mot abide
J hete to sende hit 3ou sum tide
Alas seide Adam wo is me
þ^t J trowed not lord to þe
lorde my lif is me ful loop
þ^t J euer made þe wroop
J woot but þe J haue no frende
Telle me ar J fro þe wende
what maner & wiþ what þing
May J gete þi sau3telyng