

<County: Staffordshire>

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<Text: Miracles connected to Mary>

<Tranche 1>

<fol. 87r>a+cry þat many crysten~ men@ come yn@-to wete what  
 she eyled Then seid she how hir~ husband had brent  
 hir~ chyld in þe hote owen~ Then þei vndid þe owen@  
 mouth and segh þe chyld playng w<sup>t</sup> þe leme of þe  
 fyr~ And whan@ he was taken@ oute þei asket hym  
 how he was saued in þe owen@ And he said how  
 þat A fair~ lady þat stode on þe hie Auter~ and gaue  
 hym his housell She come to hym in þe owen@  
 and saued hym from~ þe fir w<sup>t</sup> hur mantill lapped  
 a-bou3t~ hym Now knewle we all a-downe~ and  
 pray to *our* lady þat she will helpe vs so in your~ nede  
 þat we may haue þe blisse þat hir~ Son@ bought~ to vs <sup>amen</sup>

<lat>miraculum de natiuitate beate marie</lat>

We reden@ in þe miracles of hur how þ<sup>t</sup> þer was a  
 widowe þat had bot on~ Son@ þe wich she loued  
 as hir~ lyfe and was taken@ w<sup>t</sup> enemyes & done  
 in prison@ & put to gret distresse Wher~-fore his modur  
 cryed on~ ourr~ lady ny3t and day to helpe hir~  
 þat she my3t~ haue hur Son@ delyuered oute of þat  
 dissesse þat he was yn@ But for hir~ þough þat hir~  
 prair~ a-valed no3t~ she yede into þe church to an  
 jmage of our~ lady and seid thus to hir~ Blessed  
 mayden@ oft haue j prayd ye þe for þe deliuerince  
 of my son@ & am not holpen@ Wher~-forr~ so as þe  
 wol not help me to haue my son@ j will take  
 yours in stede of myn@ til þe send myn@ home and  
 toke þe jmage þat was on~ our~ lady knew & bar h<sup>t</sup>  
 hom & lapped hit in whyt clothes clene and

<fol. 87v>loked h<sup>t</sup> vp in hur cofur then in þe ny3t~ aftur our lady  
 appered to hir sonn in prison@ & vndid his hondes and opend  
 all þe dorres and seid to hym Go hom to þi modur  
 & sey j+pray hir~ as j send to hur hir~ Son@ hole & sounde  
 So bryng she my son@ ayen@ to me w<sup>t</sup>-out harme  
 þen@ was þis womonn g wondur glade of þ<sup>e</sup> commyng  
 of hir~ Son and anone she yede to þe jmage and  
 h bare hit ayen@ to þe church and set h<sup>t</sup> ayen@  
 and seyð Blessed laidy j+thonk þe w<sup>t</sup> all my hert  
 þe send me my son@ and now j bryng you@ your Son@  
 & j will be þi seruantes w<sup>t</sup> a gud will þe þerd tyme  
 our lady was borne to ioy passing For whe~ she  
 pased out of this worde hir~ Son@ jhesu~ was redy  
 w<sup>t</sup> gret multitude of anglus & oþer seyntes & brogh  
 hir w<sup>t</sup> gret worschip in-to heuen@ and þer crowed  
 hur quene of heuen@ and emperesse of hell and  
 lady of all þe worde So þat she is nowe in blesse  
 þat euer shall last and hath power to do in heuen@ and  
 in hell and in this worde what þat euer hir~ list wher~  
 for~ j tell þou@ þis ensampull **Narracon** J rede in  
 þe miracles of our~ lady how yer was a jewe þat  
 was borne in fraunce and come to london@ for certen@  
 nedes þat he had to do w<sup>t</sup> oþer of his nacion@ and so  
 fromm þens he wente to Gloucester and so to bristou@  
 and as he wold haue gone fromm Bristow to wilton@  
 he was taken@ w<sup>t</sup> thefes and foule ferd w<sup>t</sup> and so  
 <fol. 88>brought in-to An-n+old howse þ<sup>t</sup> was an out-sytte place  
 and bounden@ hym to a post <sup>[bi]</sup> þe fete and his hondes  
 behinde and laft him þer all ny3t~ An þen@ as he fell  
 in a slepe he swegh a fair~ lady ~~and~~ cald all in+wytte  
 seche anodur of bewte he segh neuer er~ þe wich come  
 to hym & vnbounde hym and yer~ whe~ he woke & loked  
 a-bou3t~ & fond hym-selfe louce he wondred gretely  
 how þat myght be þen@ sagh he our lady so bryght~  
 þat hym thou3t~ þat she passed þe son@ in bryght~  
 nesse Then seid he to hir~ what gentill lady be þe  
 þat yus gudly hande holpen@ me þus tyme of þe  
 ny3t~ Then answed she j am marie þ<sup>t</sup> þ<sup>u</sup> and all  
 thy naicon@ dispicen@ and sayn@ j<smudged> ber~ neuer goddes

son@ of my body But neuer þe lese J am comen@  
 for to bring þe out of thyn error þat art now in@  
 Wher~for~ come now w<sup>t</sup> me and stond on@ yonder~  
 stone bifor~ þe & loke downward So whe~ he loket  
 do<sup>n</sup>ward he segh þe horhebly paynes of hell þat  
 he was negh out of his witte for fer~ Then  
 seid our ~~lord~~ lady to hym Thes paynes byn@  
 ordennyd to all pilk wol not leue on~ crist faith  
 yet come forth and swe me and she set hym  
 on~ a hie hill and ther~ she sweed hym places  
 of so gret ioy & blisse þ<sup>t</sup> he couth not tell þe ferth  
 parte þer-of þat he segh and of þe swet smeale  
 that he feld Then said our~ lady to hym þus  
 <fol. 88v>þis place is ordened to hem þat leuen in þe  
 carnacounn and how goddes Son@ of heuen@ was  
 borne of me and j ~~eh~~ clene mayden@ befor~ and  
 aftur and aftur he shed his blod on@ þe crosse for  
 mankynd but now j haue shewed both þe ioy and  
 þe payn@ chese whedur þe is leuer and so passet  
 from~ hym þen@ yede moche of þe ny3t he wist  
 neuer whedur But in þe morowe he come to Bathe  
 & þer was foloed of þe bischopp and called John@  
 and was aftur ann holy man@ and euer-mor~ full  
 deuoute aftur to our~ lady Now þe shall knew don@  
**<lat>Fabula de assumpt conceptone beate marie</lat>**  
 J rede þer was a lord þat had a peny Reve þe  
 wicg had gadered his lordes rent and yede to  
 ber~ hit to him Then wer~ þer~ sette s the-ues  
 for hym in a way þat most nede go throgh but  
 whe~ he come to þe wode he bithought~ him þat  
 he hadde not saide our~ lady Sauter þat was  
 wont to sey ech day Then anone he knewled  
 downe and bygane for to sey Then a-nonn come  
 our~ lady lyke a fair~ mayden@ and sette a  
 garland on~ his hed and at eche aue  
 she set a rose in þe garlond þat shone as  
 bryght~ as a sterr~ So by þat he had said  
 þo garlond was made het was so brygh þat  
 all þe wold shone ther~-of Thus whe~ he

<fol. 89r>hadde done he kyssed þe erth and whent his  
 wey Then wer~ þees thevys redy and broughten~  
 hym to hor~ Master þ<sup>t</sup> had seen@ all þus doynge~  
 Then seid þe theve to him j wot þ<sup>u</sup> art such a  
 lordes *servant* and hase þis mony w<sup>t</sup> the But tell  
 what womann þ<sup>t</sup> was þat set þis garland on~ thi  
 hed For-soth he seid j+segh no womann ne haue  
 no garland þ<sup>t</sup> j know But for j had for-yeten@  
 for to sey our~ lady sauter j was a-drede of you@ j  
 knewled a-downe and seid hit *praying* to hir~ to  
 help me at my nede Then seid the theve for hur  
 loue now go thy wey and *pray* hur for vs and  
 so he yede sounde & saue his wey by *succour* of  
 our~ lady But now shall þe her~ how þes fest  
 was furst foun an@ ther~ was in london@ a  
 kyng was called william conquerour~ þat sent  
 þe Abbot of Ramesey to þe kyng~ of dennemark  
 on~ mesage But whe~ he was in þe Se ther~  
 come~ a derkenes to hym and sich a tempest  
 w<sup>t</sup> þat þ<sup>t</sup> he and all þat wer~ w<sup>t</sup> hym wend to  
 haue bynn spyld anon right~ Then ech man@  
*prayed* besely on his syde to diuerse Seyntes  
 in heuen@ to haue help and a *succour* in þat gret  
 nede Then as this abbot *prayed* deuotely to god  
 <fol. 89v>Ther~ come a fair~ man@ to hym a said þus woldest  
 þ<sup>u</sup> haloue the concepcon@ of our~ lady þat is þe  
 secunde day aftur Sancte ~~Nicolas~~ Nicholas shew  
 wold *succur* the and thy meyne now in this nede  
 Sir saed he w<sup>t</sup> a hertely will So þat you@ tell me  
 what þat *seruice* be þen@ seid he same word for  
 word þat is in hur natiuite in-to þe concepcon~  
 Ful gladly said he þis shall be done and  
 anone ceset þe tempest and cler~ wedur come  
 ayen@ and dyde þis message and spede well  
 in all his doynge J and jhe hadde told  
 þe king of þis vision~ the king~ made for to  
*preche* hit ouer all þe reme and so hit was  
 halowed for euer mor~ in holy church and so  
 out of þe reme h<sup>t</sup> is now canony3ed in cortte

of Rome and hallowed thor3t~~out *cristen*@dome  
 Now pray we to *our* lady w<sup>t</sup> gud intende of our~  
 leuyng~ to haue a-mendemet~ // &c~

<lat>**Fabula de purificacone**</lat>

J rede in þe life of a Sancte ~~st~~ donstane how  
 þat his modur whan@ þat she was grete <exp>w<sup>t</sup></exp>  
 w<sup>t</sup> she conne on~ candilmasse day to þe church  
 and whe~ all þe peple~ hadde gone on~ processon@  
 w<sup>t</sup> candels ~~brennyng~~ brennyng~ & stoden@ all in  
 þe church ech on~ w<sup>t</sup> his light~ in his honde

<Tranche 2>

<fol. 94r>Then þis woman@ repentid and turned  
 ayen@ to hur deuocion~ þat she had done  
 by-for~ and was a true *seruant* to katern  
 euer aftur and had þe blisse of heuen@ to hir  
 mede **Narracon** J rede that in  
 Sainte *gregerii* tyme was a woman@ þat high  
 lasma and made bred that þe pope song~  
 w<sup>t</sup> and houseled þe peple~ ~~w<sup>t</sup> he come~~  
~~to þe~~ Then on~ a day whe~ þe pope house  
 led þe peple~ he come to þis woman@ lasma  
 and seid Take her~ goddes body and þen@ she  
 smyled But when þe pope segh hur smyle  
 he w<sup>t</sup>-drewe his honde and leid þe ost on~  
 þe auter and turned to þis woman@ & seid  
 lasma whi smylest þ<sup>u</sup> whe~ þ<sup>u</sup> shuld haue  
 taken@ thy goddes body Then seid she for  
 þ<sup>u</sup> called goddes body þat at j+made w<sup>t</sup> my  
 owne honde Then was *greger* sorry for hur  
 mysbyleue and j bade þe peple~ pray to god  
 for to shew so his miracle~ þat þe woman@  
 my3t~ be holpen@ oute of hir misbyleue  
 and whe~ thei had *praied greger* yede to þe  
 <fol. 94v>auter and fond þe oost turned into raw flessch  
 bledyng~ þe wich he toke and showed þis  
 woman@ Then she cried and seid lord now  
 j be-leue þat þ<sup>u</sup> art *cristes* goddes Son@ of heuen@

in forme & of bred Then bade he þe ~~plep~~  
 peple~ pray eft ones that hit my3t~ turne  
 ayen@ in-to ~~bred~~ þe likenesse of bred and so  
 hit did and with þe same ooste he housel<cropped>  
 this woman@ **Narraconn** ~~j-rede~~ Jn deue<cropped>  
 ssehir~ biside axbirie ther~ dwelled an holy  
 vicar and had in his paresse a woman@ þat  
 lay syke at þe ponte of deth halfe a myle  
 from~ hym þe wiche woman@ at mydne3th sen<cropped>  
 aftur him to do hir~ ryhtes Then þis ~~woman@~~  
 w<sup>t</sup> all þe hast þat he mi3t~ he rose vp and  
 yede to þe church and toke godes body in  
 a box of jerry and put hit in his spair~  
 For þat tyme men@ vsed spairis and so  
 he yede toward this woman@ and went  
 on~ a medow þe nexte way Then as he  
 hyed on~ his wey er~ euer he wist þe boxe  
 shogget out of his bowsu@ & fell downen@  
 on~ þe erth and in þe falling~ þe boxe open<cropped>  
 <fol. 95r>and þe oost trendelet i on þe erth Then whe~  
 he had shreven@ this woman@ he asket  
 hir yf she wold be ~~shryven~~ houseled and she  
 seid ye Then put he his honde in his  
 bosom@ and so3t~ þe boxe and whan@ he fond  
 it <ill>./ill> not he was highly aferd and seid  
 to þe woman@ Dame j shall feche goddes  
 body and hie me ayen@ in all that j may  
 and so yede ayen@ weping~ full sor~<?> for h<sup>s</sup>  
 necligens And so he come by a wethen@  
 tre and made ther~-of a gud yerde and didde  
 hym-selfe all naket and bet hym-selfe as  
 fast as he my3t~ þat þe blud ran@ downen@  
 by his sides and seid to hym-selfe thus  
 Thou folle thefe þat hast lost thi creatur~  
 þou shall abyge and whe~ he had betten@  
 hym-selfe thus þen~ kest he on~ his cloþes  
 & ran@ forth an þan@ was he war~ of a  
 pillar~ of fir~ þat last from~ to heuen@ Then  
 was he first agast but aftur he blessed

hym and yede ner~ hit Then segh he  
 all þe bestes of þe medow a-bought~ þat piller~  
 <fol. 95v>in compase So whe~ he come to þis piller~ h<sup>t</sup>  
 shone as bryght~ as any son@ Then was he  
 war~ of goddes body liing on~ þe grene and þe  
 piller~ of fir from~ h<sup>t</sup> vp into heuen@ Then  
 fell he downe on~ knewes and asket *mercy* w<sup>t</sup>  
 all his hert weping~ sor~ for h<sup>s</sup> necligens But  
 whan@ he had made his *praers* he rose vp  
 and loket a-bought and segh all þe bestes  
 kneying~ on~ hor both forþer knees and worschip<cropped>  
 goddes body saf oone blak horse þat knelet ⁊ bu<cropped>  
 oone kne Then seid this gode man@ to him  
 þus yf þ<sup>u</sup> be any beste þat may speke j bede the  
 in þe *vertute* of þis body þat her~ his þat þ<sup>u</sup> spek<cropped>  
 and tell me whi þ<sup>u</sup> knelest but on~ kne while  
 all þees oþer bestes kneying~ on~ both hir~ knewes  
 Then vnswared he and seid J am a+fende of  
 hert and woll not knele on~ noþer kne my wyl<cropped>  
 but j am made do so ayne~ my will For h<sup>t</sup>  
 is wreton@ that ech kne of heuen@ and erth  
 and hell shall ~~kne~~ bowe to hym Then seid  
 he why art þ<sup>u</sup> lyke an horse For to make  
 men@ to stele me and and þus was a  
 <fol. 96r>man@ at sich a towen@ honget for me and  
 eft a-noþer and at sich a towen~ the thryd  
 Then seid this vicar j *commande* þe in þe  
 virtute of this body þat her~ is þat þ<sup>u</sup> go  
 to þe wilderness ther~ no man@ *commeth* and  
 be ther~ til domes-day and so anone he  
 vaneshed a-wey and w<sup>t</sup> all þe reuerence  
 þat he couth he toke þe oste and put hit  
 in þe boxe and so yede ayen@ to þe woman@  
 and hou-seled hir~ ther~-w<sup>t</sup> and so he yede  
 home thonyng~ god w<sup>t</sup> all his hret <sic> for  
 sheyng his miracle~ **Narracon**  
 Then take ensampull of *ser* ambrek that  
 was erle of venyse and loued god as he  
 couth But whe~ he shuld dye he mi3t~ not

resauyue hit for vp-casting~ then made he  
 to clanse his side and hill h<sup>t</sup> yn w<sup>t</sup> a  
 clene clopet of sandell and laid ther~-on~  
 goddes body and said þus to hym lorde  
 þ<sup>u</sup> knowes well j loue the & j durst But  
 for j may not j lay the on~ þe place þa that  
 <fol. 96v>is nexte my hert and so shewe the my hert and  
 my loue and ther-w<sup>t</sup> in sight~ of all þe men@ þe side  
 opened and oost glode in-to þe body and þen@ þe  
 syde closed ayen@ hole as hit was bifor~ and so  
 sone aftur he gaue vp the gost Thus loue þe þe  
 sacramet~ of gode in *your* life and he woll succour  
 you~ in *your* deth The iiij cause whi this sacrame<cropped>  
 is vset for grete mede geten@ to ech man@ and  
 woman@ þat perfutely bileuen@ þer-in thouþth hit  
 haue þe likenesse of bred and tast Also þit he  
 most perfutely bileue þat hit is veire cristes body  
 þe wiche he toke in þe virgen@ Marie and aftur  
 dyed on~ þe asse and rose from~ deth to life and  
 now is in heuen@ and shall come to deme  
 þe quek and þe dede Then he reseuyth hit in  
 his bileue he geth hym grete *mercy* for geth  
 hym þe kyndome of heuen@ and that bileueth  
 not thus and reseuyth *iter* he taketh hit to his  
 dampnacon~ in payn~ þat euer shall last Then sha<cropped>  
 for to sharpen@ *your* bileue þe bettur j tell you~ th<cropped>  
 ensampull **Narracon~** J rede þer was a  
 cristen@ aman@ of englond and yede into hethe  
 nesse for to se weneres of þe lond and ~~he~~ hi<sub>red</sub>  
 <fol. 97r>a Sarazin for to be his gide and so þei come  
 in-to a fair~ wode but all was still and no  
 thyng~ stiryng~ of bryddes ne of oþer follis Then  
 seid þe cristen@ man@ J merveyle moche þat ther~  
 is no noyce of bryddes in+this fair~ wode þen@  
 answered þe Sarazin ad seid þis is þe weke  
 þ<sup>t</sup> *your* gret prophet diyd yn@ wher~fore on~ palme  
 Sonday þat last was all þe briddes of þis  
 wodde wer~ dede for moreing~ and all þis weke  
 shall be But on~ estur Sonday þei shall

quyken@ ayen@ and þen@ þei shall all þe yer~  
 aftur fill þis wode w<sup>t</sup> melody of swete songes  
 wher~fore loke vp into þe trees & se and he  
 saght vche tre <sup>[ful]</sup> of bryddes lying~ vpright~  
 dede and her~ whenges sprade as þei hadde  
 byn@ stragh on~ þe crosse Then yif brede  
 haue mynde of *cristes* passion@ miche mor~  
 shuld a man~ þat was bough by his  
 passion@ The iij cause whi þe sacrament is  
 vsed in the auter is for loue þat man@  
 shuld for sigh þer-of þenke how þe fadur off  
 heuen@ hadde but on~ Son@ þat he loued  
 <fol. 97v>passing all thyng~ and þit for to buy man out  
 of þe dewelle þraldom~ he send hym into  
 þis worde and w<sup>t</sup> his owne hert blud  
 wrotte *him* a charter of fredom@ and made *him*  
 fre for-euer but hit is so be he forfet his  
 charter So þat will honeth god he kepet  
 his charter For god asketh no mor~ of a man  
 but loue wher~-for~ he seithe ynogh for me

### **Narracon**

J rede þat þe moder~ of Seinte Edmond of  
 Pountenay appered to hym ~~stonding~~ studiing an<cropped>  
 laide in his honde thre rignis eche one w<sup>t</sup>  
 in oþer and in þe forme wreton@ the fadur  
 and þat oþer þe Son@ and in þe thred the holy  
 gost and seid to hym / Mi der~ son@ to sich sign  
 take hede and lerne what thou my3t wher~  
 by we haue ensampull for to be besy to  
 lerne the bileue of þe holy *trinite* <sup>[by]</sup>-gynnyng~  
 w<sup>t</sup>-out endyng~ ther persons in oone godhede  
 But for to stuydy how this may be hit  
 is but a fowly For mannys wytte  
 may neuer comprehende hit MARI<cropped>  
 <lat>Quod Thomas Vrmeston~ Capellanus in Comitatu~ Essexere ma<cropped>  
**ESSEX**