

Epilogue

Christ

Every creature take intent 5.386
What message I shall you bring:
This wicked world away is went,
And I am come as crownèd King.
My Father in Heaven has me down sent,
To weigh your works and make ending.
Comen is the day of Judgement;
Of sorrow may every sinner sing.

The day is comen of wretchedness, 5.394
All those to cull that are unclean.
The day of battle and bitterness,
Full long awaited has it been.
The day of dread to more and less,
Of joy, of trembling, and of pain.
Every wight that wicked is
May say, alas this day is seen!

Here may ye see my Wounds wide 5.403
That I suffered for your misdeed.
Through heart, head, foot, hand and hide;
Not for my guilt but for your need.
Behold, both back, body, and side:
How dear I bought your brotherhood.
These bitter pains I would abide,
To buy you bliss thus would I bleed.

On cross they hanged me on a hill;
Bruised and bloody thus was I beat,
With crown of thorn thrust on full ill.
A spear into my heart they set;
My heart's blood spared they not to spill.

Behold, mankind, that same am I 5.422
That for thee suffered such mischief.
This was done me for thy folly:
Man, lo, thy love was all my life.
Thus was I dealt, thy hurt to heal;
To redeem thee, man, was this done to me.
In all my woe was all thy weal:
My will it was for love of thee.

All this suffered I for thy sake: 5.432
Say, man, what suffered, thou for me? 5.433

Come now forth, my children all, 5.500
I forgive you your amiss;
With me now go ye shall
To Joy and endless bliss.

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