

*the verie
first
hower of
his con-
ception,
vntill his
death.*

For like as all thinges both past, & to come, were present before the eies of thy diuine vnderstandinge: euen so also were all the martirdomes, and instrumentes of thy passion. There were the crosse, the nailles, the scourges, the thornes, the cruell speare, with al other thy most bitter paines, and tormentes, at all tymes as lively present before thy sight, as when thou sawest them with thy eies the verie same frydaie, that thou wast crucified on the Crosse. We, though we suffer neuer so greate, and extreme paines, yet we haue alwaies some tyme of ease, either by meanes of phisicke, or other comforte: but thy paine was alwaies in a maner continuall, or at the least it did verie often times torment thee in thy soule, duringe the tyme thou diddest liue here in this worlde. And albeir this consideration of thy bitter tormentes, and passion, had not tormented thee, yet was the verie zeale of thy fathers honor, and desire of the saluation of our soules, a continuall torment vnto thee: which vndowtedlie did eate, and rente thy pittiefull louinge harte, and was a more cruell martirdome vnto thee, than the verie death it selfe. Whereunto was also added the obstinate malice, which thou sawest in that rebellious people, (the Iewes:) and withall the stubbornes and ingratitude of all other sinners, (for whose remedie and redemption thou wast sent) which would not helpe themselves with the benefite

thereof

thereof, nor yet acknowledge the tyme of their visitation. This was the cause of those pittiefull teares, thou diddest sheide vpon Ierusalem: and hereof rose the complainte thou madeest by thy Prophet Esaie, sayenge: *In vaine haue I trauayled, and in vaine haue I consumed my strength.*

Luc. 19.

Esa. 49.

Wherefore O my soule, thou hast here with whom thou maist keepe companie, & take comforte in thy longe paines & troubles. For althoughe the last paines, and tormentes, of the holie bodie of our Sauour were shorte, yet were the greifes, and paines, of his pittiefull harte and soule verie longe, and continuall.



SATTVRDAIE MORNINGE.

THIS daie (when thou hast made the signe of the Crosse, and prepared thy selfe hereunto) thou hast to meditate vpon the pearcinge of our Sauours syde with a speare. Of his takinge downe from the Crosse. And withall of the pittiefull bewaylinge, and lamentation of our blessed Ladie. And of our Sauours buriall.

THE TEXT OF
THE HOLIE EVAN-
GELISTES.

Ioan. 19.



HEN the Iewes (be-
cause it was the feaste
of Easter) that the bo-
dies shoulde not re-
maine vpo the Crosse
on the Sabboth daie, (for that daye
of the Sabboth was verie sollemme
emonge the) besoughte Pilate that
their legges might be broken, and
that they might be taken downe
from the Crosse. Then came the
souldiars, and brake the legges of
the first, and of the other, that was
crucified with Iesus. But when they
came to Iesus, and sawe that he was
alredie dead, they brake not his leg-
ges. But one of the souldiars with a
speare pearced his syde, and forth-
with there issued out bloude, and
water. And he that sawe it, bare
witnes, and his witnes is true.

And

And when the euening was come,
there came a certeine worshipfull
knight, called Ioseph of Ari-
mathia, (one that looked for the
kingedome of God,) and entered
boldlie vnto Pilate, and demaunded
the bodie of Iesus. And Pilate mer-
ueiled, if he were alreadie dead: and
called vnto him the Centurion, and
asked of him, whether he had bene
anie while dead. And when he vn-
derstoode the truthe of the Centu-
rion, he gaue the bodie to Ioseph.

Marc. 15.

Mat. 17.

Luc. 23.

There came also with him, one
called Nicodemus, who was wonte
to resort to Iesus by night: and he
brought with him of Myrre, and
Aloes mingeled together, about a
hundred powndes. And Ioseph
bought a linnen clothe, and toke
him downe from the crosse, and
wrapped him in that linnen with
those sweete sauours, accordinge to
the custome, which the Iewes ob-
serue in the buriall of the dead.

Ioan. 18.

Marc. 15.

And in that place where Iesus was

X

MEDITATION FOR

crucified, there was a garden, and in the garde a new sepulchre, wherein was neuer man yet layed. There they layd Iesus, by reason of the Passecouer of the Iewes: for the sepulchre was neare.

Luc. 23.

And Marie Magdalene, and Marie the Mother of Ioseph marked the place, where they layd him.



MEDITATIONS
VPON THESE POINTES
OF THE TEXT.

Ierem. 1.

HETHERTO (ô my soule) thou hast celebrated the death and grievous paines of the sonne: It is now tyme for thee to beginne to celebrate, and bewaile the grievous sorowes of the mother. Wherefore sit downe a while at the feete of the prophet Ieremie, and takinge the wordes out of his mowthe, and sighinge deeplie with a bitter, and sorrowfull harte, saie thus vnto her. How happeneth it (ô most innocent virgin)

that

SATTVRDAIE MORNINGS.

that thou arte now alone: How is it) ô ladie of the worlde) that thou arte become a widow? What? haue they set so sore a penaltie vpon thee, without hauinge committed anie offence at all? O most holie virgin, I woulde gladly comfort thee, and I knowe not how! I woulde gladly ease some parte of thy great greifes, and anguishes, and I knowe not which waie! O Queene of heauen, if the cause of thy sorrowes, were the sorrowes of thy blessed sonne, and not thine owne, (for that thou diddest loue him more than thy selfe,) his sorrowes are now ended, forsomuch as his bodie suffereth no more, and his soule is now altogether glorious! Cease therefore (I beseech thee) the multitude of thy sorrowfull sighes, and bewailings, seinge the cause of thy sorowe is alreadie ceased, and gonne. When he wepte, thou diddest weepe also: reason it is therefore, that thou shouldest reioyce with him, now that he reioyceth. Shut vp the springes of thy most pure eies, more cleare than the waters of Efebon, and now sore troubled, and dymmed with the showers of so manie teares. The wrath and anger of almightie God is now pacified with the sacrifice of the true Noe. Cease therefore the floude of thy most holie eies, and let the earthe be cleared agayne with new brightnes.

Cantic. 7.

Genes 8.

The doue is now departed out of the arke, and when she retourneth, she will bringe with her signes of the mercie, and clemencie

Cant. 2.

of almightie God. Reioyce therefore
 ô blessed virgin, and comforte thy selfe
 with this hope, and cease now I praie thee
 these thy mournfull sobbinges, and sighes.
 Thy owne deerelie beloued sonne him selfe
 putteth thy dolefull mourninge, and teares,
 to sylence, and inuitheth thee to a newe ioye
 in his Canticles: sayeing: *The winter is now
 past, the showers and tempesteous stormes are cea-
 sed, the flowers do appeare in our lande. Rise vp
 therefore my welbeloued, my darlinge, and my
 turtle dove, that abidest in the holes of the rocke,
 and in the cleiftes of the walle. That is to saie,
 in the strookes and woundes of my bodie.
 Leauē now this habitation, and come and dwell
 with me.*

I see well ô blessed Ladie, that none of
 all these thinges are able to comforte thee:
 because thy sorrowe, & greife is not hereby
 taken awaie, but onely changed. One mar-
 tirdome I see is ended, and an other nowe
 beginneth. The tormentes of thy harte are
 renewed continuallie, and though some
 goe awaie, yet others do succede with new
 kindes of tormentes: that by such changes,
 the torment of the Passion maie be dow-
 nled vnto thee. Hetherto thou hast lamen-
 ted his paines, and sorrowes: now thou la-
 mentest his death. Hetherto thou hast la-
 mented his passion: nowe thou lamentest
 thine owne solitarines. Hetherto thou hast
 lamented his greifes, and troubles: and now
 thou mournest for his absence. One waue

is past,

is past, and an other commeth on to ouer-
 whelme thee. So that the ende of his paine,
 is a beginninge of thyne.

And as though this thy paine were to
 litle, I see that these cruell tormentors pre-
 pare yet an other paine for thee, no lesse
 than this. Close vp thine eies therefore ô
 blessed Ladie: close them vp out of hande I
 beseech thee: and loke not vpon that longe
 terrible speare, which goeth with greate
 violence in the aier, to strike the place
 whereunto it is leuelled. Now hast thou ô
 holie virgin thy desire fulfilled. For nowe
 arte thou become a buckler to thy sonne,
 forsomuch as this blowe striketh not him,
 but thee. Thou diddest desire the nailes, and
 thornes, and they were ordeined for his bodie:
 but the pearcinge speare was reserued
 for thee. O yee cruell ministers! O yee hartes
 of iron! Were the paines, and tormentes to
 litle (trowe yee) which his bodie suffered
 beinge aliue, that yee woulde not pardon it
 euen after it was dead? What furie and ran-
 cor of enmitie is there so outragious, but
 that it is pacified when it seeth his enemye
 dead before him? Lifte vp your cruell eies
 a litle ô yee vnmercifull and cruell mini-
 sters, and beholde our Sauour? Beholde I
 saie his deadlie face, his dymme eies, his
 fallinge countenance, his pale and wanne
 colour, and shadowe of death. For though
 you be more harde than either iron, or the
 Adamante stone: yea though ye be more

hard, than your owne felues, yet it maie be, that in beholdinge him, your furie and malice wilbe appeased. Wherefore are ye not contented with the woundes yee haue geuen to the sonne, but that ye will wounde his blessed mother also? Her ye do wound with that speare: vnto her ye geue the stroke: and against her sorowfull hart threatneth the sharpe poynt of that cruell lawnce.

Now commeth the wicked minister with a longe sharpe speare in his hande, and pearceth the verie naked syde of our Sauour with great furie. The crosse shaken in the aier with the mightie force of the stroke: and from thence issued water, and bloude, wherewith are wasshed the sinnes of the worlde. O riuer that runnest out of paradise, and waterest with thy streames all the face of the earthe! O wounde of the precious syde of my sweete Sauour, made rather with his feruent loue towards mankinde, than with the sharpe iron of the cruell speare! O gate of heauen! O windowe of paradise! O place of refuge! O tower of strength! O sanctuarie of iust persons! O sepulchre of pilgrimes! O neist of cleane doues! O flourishinge bed of the spouse of Salomon! Alhaile O wounde of the precious syde of our Sauour, that woundest the hartes of deuout persons! O stroke that striketh the soules of the iust! O rose of inspeakeable bewtie! O rubie of inestimable price! O entrance into the harte of my sweet

Sauour

Sauour Iesus Christ! O wimes of his loue, and pledge of euerlastinge life! Throwghe thee doe all liuinge thinges enter into the Arcke of the true Noe, to be preserued from the floude. Vnto thee doe all such as are tempted repair: In thee doe all those that are heauie, and sad finde comforte: by thee are the sicke persons cured: throwgh thee doe sinners enter into heauen: and in thee doe all banished persones, and pilgrimes, sleepe sweetlie, and take their rest. O furnace of loue! O house of peace! O treasure of the Catholicke Church! O veyne of liuely water, that springest vp euen vnto life euerlastinge! Open O most louinge Lorde, I beleache thee, this gate vnto me: receaue my harte into this most delitefull habitation: geue me passadge through the same vnto the tender bowells of thy loue: let me drinke of this sweite fountaine: let me be wasshed with this holie water: let me be made dronke with this most precious licour. Let my soule sleepe in this sacred breste. Here let it forget all the cares of the worlde: here let it sleepe: here let it eate: here let it singe sweetly with the Prophet: sayeing: *This is my resting place for euer, and euer: here will I dwell: for this place haue I chosen for my habitation.*

Ioan. 4.

Psal. 132.

X 4

HOW OUR SAVIOUR *Christ was taken downe from the Crosse.*

§. III.

AFTER this, consider how the holie bodie of our Saviour was taken downe from the crosse: and how the blessed virgin receaued it in her armes.

Now the verie same daie in the euening, there came those two holie men, Ioseph, and Nicodemus, who reared vp their ladders vnto the crosse, and tooke downe the blessed bodie of our Saviour into their armes. The holie virgin then perceiuing that the torment of the crosse was now ended, and that the sacred bodie of our Saviour was comminge towards the earthe, she setteth her selfe in a readines to geue him a secure haue in her lappe, and to receyue him from the armes of the crosse, into her owne armes. And so she wryngeth her handes verie pittiefullie, and requesteth of those noble men with great humilitie, and instancie, that forsomuch as she had taken no leaue of her dearelie beloued sonne, nor receaued those last embracings of him vpon the crosse at the tyme of his departure, they woulde now suffer her to

come

come vnto him, & not increase her discomfort on euerie syde. She beseecheth them, that they woulde not deale so straitly with her, as the enemies had done, takinge her sweete sonne from her being now dead, as the enemies did, whiles he was yet aliue. O blessed Ladie, how voide of comfort arte thou on euerie syde! For if they denie thee thy request, thou wilt be sore discomforted: and if they graunte thee thy petition (accordinge to thy earnest desire) yet shal thy discomfort be neuer a whit diminished. Thy miseries haue no comfort at all, but onely in thy patience. If thou go about on the one side to diminishe thy sorrowe, on the other side it increaseth double. Now ye holie men, what will yee do in this case? What is your best aduice, and counsell, in this matter? To geue a flat deniall vnto such lamentable teares, and to so blessed a Ladie, in so iust and reasonable a request, were certainly an vnseemlie acte: and to graunt her the thinge she demaundeth, were peraduenture to ende her life. You are afraid on the one syde to discomfort her: and on th'other syde you feare also least perhappes you shoulde be murderers of the mother, as the enemies were of the sonne. In conclusion the pittieful earnestnes of the holie virgin ouercometh them, and those noble men thought best, that consideringe her great dolefull bewaillinge, and lamentation, it shoulde be a greater crueltie to take her owne deare

sonne from her, than to bereiue her of her life. And so they were enforced to graunte her request.

Now when the blessed virgin had by her pittiefull intercession gotten the bodie of her deare sonne into her armes, what tongue is able to expresse the greates inwarde anguish and sorrowe which then she felte? O ye angells of peace, weepe with this holie virgin! O ye heauens, lament with her! O ye sterres of heauen, and all creatures of the worlde, accompanie the blessed virgin Marie in her great heauines and dolefull lamentation! The blessed mother embraceth the torne, & rent bodie of her sweet sonne. She huggeth, and clippeth him fast to her brest, (her strengthe seruinge her to this thing onely.) She putteth downe her face betweene the thornes of his sacred head. She ioyneth countenaunce with countenance. The face of the mother is embrued with the bloude of the sonne: and the face of the sonne is bathed with the teares of the mother. O sweete mother, is this happily thy sweete sonne! Is this he, whom thou conceauedst with so greates glorie, and broughtest fourthe with so greates ioye! Where are nowe thy former ioyes become? Whither is thy wonted gladnes gone? Where is nowe that mirrour of beawtie, wherein thou diddest so often times beholde thy selfe? Now thou takest no pleasure to beholde him in the face, because his

eies

eies haue lost their light. Now it auayleth thee not to speake, and talke with him, because his eares haue lost their hearinge. Now that tongue moueth not, which was wont to vtter the wordes of heauen. Now are those eies dimmed, which were wont with their sighte to reioyce the whole worlde. Howe is it, that thou speakest not now (ô Quene of heauen!) How happeneth it, that verie sorrowe, and heauines, hath thus tyed vp thy tongue! Trew it is, that the tongue of the blessed virgin was as it were dumme for a tyme: but her harte might secretly with inward greife speake vnto her sweete, and dearelie beloued sonne, and saie vnto him.

THE PITTIEFVLL LAMENTATION of the blessed Virgin Marie.

S. III.



LIFE dead! ô light obscured! ô bewtie defyled! What blouddie handes were those, that haue so disfigured thy diuine shape? What crowne is this, that my handes do feeke vpon thy head? What wounde is this, that I see in thy syde? O highe preist of the worlde! What dolefull markes, and signes, are these, that my eies doe see in thy bodie?

Note, that the intention of the author is not to represent here exactly and cisebly affected of

*blesſed
vi·gin:
but onelie
by expreſſe
ſinge her
dolefull
griefes, to
moue the
readers to
deuotion,
and pietie.*

Who hath beſpotted the cleare glaſſe, and
bewtie of heauen? Who hath diſfigured
the face of all graces? Are theſe the cies, that
were wont to dymme the ſonne with their
bewtie? Are theſe the handes, that raiſed vp
the dead, whom they towched? Is this the
mowthe, out of which the ſower Riuer of
paradiſe iſſued? Haue the handes of men
ſuch power againſt God? O my ſweete
ſonne, & bloude of my bodie, from whence
aroſe this terrible tempeſt? What raging
ſtorme hath this bene, that hath ſo bereued
thee from me? O my deare ſonne, what ſhall
I doe now without thee? Whither ſhall I
goe? Who ſhalbe able to helpe me? Manie
fathers, and brothers, when they were afflic-
ted, came to entreat thee for their children,
and brethren, that were dead, and thou with
thy infinit vertue, and clemencie, diddeſt
comforte, and helpe them: But I (alas,) that
ſee myne owne deare ſonne, my father, my
brother, and my Lorde, here dead before
me, to whom ſhall I make ſute for him?
Who ſhall comfort me? Where is the good
Jeſus of Nazareth, the ſonne of almighty
God, which comforteth the liuinge, & reſ-
toreth life vnto the dead? Where is that
great Prophet, ſo mightie both in wordes,
and workes?

O my ſweete ſonne, which heretofore
haſt bene my comfort, and reſt, but now a
verie ſharpe knife to my ſorowfull and
heauie harte. What haſt thou done, why

the

the Iewes ſhoulde thus crucifie thee on the
croſſe? What cauſe had they to put thee to
ſo cruell and ſhamefull a death? Is this the
thankes for ſo manie good workes, as thou
haſt wrought emonge them? Is this the re-
warde, that is giuen vnto vertu? Is this the
recompence, for ſuch diuine doctrine? Hath
the wickednes of the worlde extended it
ſelfe ſo farre? Hath the malice of the deuill
bene ſo furioſlie bent? Hath the goodnes,
& clemencie of almighty God yelded ſo farre
forthe? Is the horror, and hatred, which al-
mighty God beareth againſt ſynne ſo paſ-
ſinge great? What was ſo great a ſatisfac-
tion requiſite, to ſatiſſie for the ſynne of
one? Is the rigour of godes iuſtice ſo ſtreit?
Doth almighty God make ſo great accōpt
of the ſaluation of men?

O my ſweete ſonne, what ſhall I doe with-
out thee? Thou arte my ſonne, my father,
my ſpouſe, my maiſter, & al my companie?
I am now become, as it were an Orphan
without a father: a widowe without a huſ-
bande: I am now alone, and depriued of
ſuch a maiſter, and of ſuch a ſweete compa-
nion. Now ſhall I not ſee thee anie more to
enter in at my gates, wearied with the diſ-
cources, and preachinge of the goſpell.
Now ſhall I no more wye of the ſweate
from thy face, which was ſo often tymes
ſonneburned, & tyred with painfull trauels,
and Iourneis. Now ſhall I ſee thee no more
ſittinge, and eatinge at my table, and

ministringe foode to my soule with thy diuine presence. Now Alas, this glorie is finished: this daye is this ioye ended, and my solitarines beginneth presently.

O My deare sonne, why speakest thou not vnto me? O tonge of heauen, that hast comforted so manie with thy wordes, & geuen speache, and life, to so manie persons: who hath put thee to such a great silence, that thou speakest not to thy louinge mother? How is it, that thou hast not at the least left me some legacie, wherewithall I might comfort my selfe? Well, I will take it by thy licence. This Royall crowne shalbe my legacie. Of these nayles, & of this speare will I be thy heyre. These so pretious Iewels will I kepe alwaies in my harte. There shall thy nailles be knocked in. There shall thy crowne, thy scourges, & thy crosse, be kepte, and preserued. This is the inheritance which I haue chosen to enioye all the daies of my life.

O how litle while doe the ioyes of the earthe endure! And how fore doth that greife smarte, which commeth after muche prosperitie? O Bethelhem, ô Ierusalem, how farre do these daies differ from those, which I haue had in you! What a cleare night was that! and what an obscure daie is this! What a great ioye, and riches had I then! and what a greate greife and penurie haue I now! The losse of so great a treasure can not be litle. O blessed Angell, where are now

those

those great praifes of thy olde salutation! It was not in vayne, that I was in such a great trouble, and feare, at that tyme. For after great praifes, there must needes followe, either some great faulle, or some greate crosse, and tribulation. Our Lorde will not haue his giftes to be in vaine, Idle, & without exercise. He neuer geueth honor without charge: nor superioritie without seruitude: nor great aboundance of grace, but to make vs able to suffer great trouble, and persecution. Then thou diddest calle me *Full of grace*: and now am I full of sorrowe. Then thou diddest calle me *Blessed amonge all women*: & now am I the most afflicted of all women. Then thou diddest saie, *our Lorde is with thee*: now he is also with me, howbeit not aliue, but dead, as I now holde him here in myne armes.

LUC. I.

O my sweete redeemer, and sauiour, was it anie offence in me to holde thee in my armes with so great ioye, whē thou wast but newlie borne, that I shoulde now come to holde thee in them so fore tormented? Was it anie faulte in me, to take so great pleasure in geuinge thee the sweete milke of my brestes, that now thou shouldest geue me to drinke of such a bitter cuppe? Was it anie fault in me to beholde my selfe in thy face, as in a bright glasse, that thou hast thus ordeined, that I shoulde now see thee thus cruellie rente, and tormented? Was it anie offence in me to loue thee

so entierly, that thou shouldest now cause my loue to become my tormentor? And that I shoulde now suffer so much the greater greife, be how much I loued thee more entierly?

O heauenly father! ô loue of men! which art mercifull towards them, and rigorous towards thyne onelie and dearlie beloued sonne. Thou knowest ô Lorde how great the waues, and tempesteous sourses are, which lye bearinge at this presente against my dolefull harte. Thou knowest that this harte of myne hath abidden so manie deathes, as there haue bene whippes, and strokes, geuen vnto this holie bodie of thy sweete sonne. Howbeit, although I be the most afflicted of al creatures, yet doe I geue thee infinite thanks for this greate sorowe, and greife, that I sustaine. It is a sufficient comfort vnto me, to vnderstande that it is thy blessed will that it shoulde so be. Anie thinge that commeth from thy handes I must needs take in good worth, though it were a sharpe knyfe, and woulde thrust it euen into my bowells. I geue thee most humble, and hartie thanks, both for my prosperitie, and aduersitie: and as well and euen in as equal wise for the one, as for the other. And for the vse, and commoditie of thy benefittes, which I haue hitherto enioyed, I blesse thee: And I am nothinge discontented, that thou doest now take the away from me. I mislyke not of that, but I doe

rather

rather restore to thee the thinge again, that was committed to my custodie, and doe yeelde vnto thee most humble and hartie thanks. Both for the one, and the other, the angelles blesse thee, and with them my teares also blesse thee for euermore. Howbeit I beseech thee ô my most louinge and mercifull father (if it maye stande with thy blessed will, and pleasure,) that the martirdome which I haue alreadie suffered for these thirtie and three yeares maie content thee. Thou knowest ô Lorde, that from the daie, that holie Simeon signified this martirdome vnto me, all my pleasures haue bene mingled with bitter gaule. And from that tyme hitherto, I haue had that sorrowfull daie euer lyenge ouerthwart my heauye hart. In the midst of my Ioyes, I haue bene alwaies assaulted with the remembrance of this dolorous sorowe: & I neuer had anie Ioye so pure, but that it was myngled with the terrible sorrowes, and feares of this daie. I knowe well that al this was directed by thy diuine prouidence, and that it was thy blessed will, that from that tyme I shoulde haue knowledge of this misterie, to the ende, that as the sonne caried the crosse euermore before his eies, (euen from the verie daie of his conception:) so shoulde his mother carie it also. For thy will, and pleasure is, that those that be thyne shoulde alwaies suffer, and be afflicted in this transitorie life: And thou wilt not that

Luc. 2.

Our Lord
will haue
them that
be his se

*wantes,
euer to
suffer and
beafflic-
ted in this
life.*

our ioyes shoulde be great, or perpetuall, in this vale of teares, though they be such as we take in thee.

Wherefore ô my kinge, vouchsaſſe now I beseech thee, if it maie so stande with thy blessed will, that this maie be the verie last of my martirdomes: if not, thy holie will be fulfilled both in this, & in al other thinges. If thou thinke one martirdome be to litle for a poore feelie woman, thou knowest verie well ô Lorde, that I haue bene so oftentimes a Martir, as there haue bene woundes, and strokes, geuen to the most blessed bodie of my Sauour. His martirdomes are now all ended, but myne in beholdinge him thus cruellie tormented doe beginne afreshe. Commaunde deathe to retourne againe, to take the spoyle, which he hath left behinde him: and let him carie the mother also with the sonne to the graue. O happie sepulchre that succiedest me in myne office! The crowne that they take from me, they geue vnto thee, for so much as thou enclosedst him within thee, whom I haue had enclosed in my bowelles. My verie bones woulde reioyce, if they might see them selues laied vp there, and certainly there shoulde my lyfe be laied also. My harte, and my soule, will I burie there, (for that maie I doe,) but as for my bodie, burie thou it there also (ô Lorde) I beseeche thee, for that I maie not doe without thee. O death, why arte thou so cruell, as to sepe-

rate

rate me from him, in whose life my whole life consisteth? Thou arte sometimes more cruel in pardoning, than in killinge. Suerly thou haddest shewed thy selfe verie pittieful towardes me, if thou haddest taken vs both together: But now alas, thou hast bene cruell in killinge the sonne; but farre more cruell in sparinge the mother.

Such wordes as these woulde the blessed virgin speake priuely in her harte: and the like might those holie Maries, that accompanied her speake also. All that were present wepte very tenderly with her. Those holie Matrones wepte: Those noble Gentilmen wepte: Heauen and earthe wepte: Yea all creatures accompanied the teares of the blessed virgin Marië.

The holie Euangelist also wepte verie lamentable, and embracinge the blessed bodie of his maister, sayd: O my good Lord, and maister, who shalbe my teacher from henceforthe? To whom sha'l I resort to be resolued in my dowtes? Vpon whose brest shal I rest my selfe? Who shall impart to me the secretes of heauen? O what a straunge chaunge, & alteration is this! The last euening thou sufferedst me to rest vpon thy holie brest, and gauest me the Ioyes of life: and now doe I recompense that great benefit, with holdinge thee dead on my brest. Is this the face, which I sawe transfigured vpon the mownte Thabor? Is this that figure, which was more cleare, thā the

*The lamentation of
S. Iohn the
Euangelist.*

sonne at noone daie?

Lykewise that holie sinner Marie Magdalen wepte full bitterlie also, and embracing the feete of our Sauour said: O light of myne eies, and redeemer of my soule: if I shall see my selfe overcharged with sinnes, who shall receaue me? Who shall cure my woundes? Who shall answer for me? Who shall defende me agaynste the Pharisees? O how farre otherwise helde I these feete, and washed them, when thou receauedst me, lyenge prostrate at them! O my sweete hart roote, and most entierly beloued, who coulde bringe to passe, that I might now die with thee? O life of my soule, how can I saie, that I loue thee, seinge I see thee here dead before myne eies, and yet doe remaine aliue?

After the like maner did all that holie companie weepe, and lamente, watering and washing his holie bodie with their teares. Now when the hower of his buriall was come, they wynde his holie bodie in a cleane linnen clothe: They bynde his face with a napkin. And layinge his bodie vpon a beere, doe carie it to the place of his buriall, and there they laye in that most precious treasure. The sepulchre was couered with a stone: and the harte of the blessed mother with a darke clowde of heauines, and sorowe. There is she once agayne bereued of her sonne. There beginneth she a fre she to lamente her solitarines. There she

seeth

The buriall of
our Sauiours
bodie in
the sepulchre.

seeth her selfe dispossessed of al her treasure. And there her harte remaineth buried, where her treasure was left.

A DECLARATION WHY

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARIE, and all iust persones, are afflicted in this present transitorie life, with diuers aduersities, and tribulations.

§. IIII.



Heauenly father, sith of thy infinit goodnes, and mercie, thou wouldest that thy blessed sonne shoulde thus suffer for our synnes: why wouldest thou that this holie virgin his blessed mother shoulde suffer also, who neither deserued death for the sinnes of others, (for so much as thy sonnes death sufficed for them:) neither yet for her owne, seinge she neuer committed anie maner of synne in all her whole life? How easelie might this her tribulation haue bene tempered, if at that tyme she had bene forthe of the citie of Ierusalem, where if she had bene absent, she shoulde not haue seene with her eies the cruell death of her onelie and dearlie beloued sonne, neither haue so greatlie augmented her sorowe, and grieve,

Y 3

with the sighte of the present obiecte, and with beholdinge him sufferinge his so manifolde, & cruell tormentes vpon the crosse. O wonderfull dispensation, and counsell of almightie God! Thy will was o Lorde, that the blessed virgin shoulde suffer, not for the redemption of the worlde, but because there is nothinge in the worlde more acceptable vnto thee, than to suffer for the loue of thee. Emonge all thinges created there is nothinge more pretious than in heauen the glorious loue of the blessed Sainctes, and in earth the troubled and afflicted loue of iust persons: I meane: than the loue of iust persons, that is tried with aduersitie, affliction, and tribulation. In the howse of almightie God there is no greater honor, thā to suffer for the loue of God. Emonge all the good workes, and seruices, that our sauour did vnto thee in this world, this was that which thou hast appoynted, and accepted, for the most cheefe, and principal worke, to be the meane of our reparation, & redemption. This was the iewel, and pretious stone, that emonge all the riches of vertues, which that riche marchant laide before thee, liked thee best: for the which thou gauest vnto him whatsoever he demaunded: which was the redemption of the worlde. Now then, if this iewel be of so great vawlew & estimation in the sight of almightie God, it were not meete, that such a riche peece as this is, should be wan-

tinge

Note that nothing is more pretious in earthe thā the loue of God, tryed in iust persons with sufferinge affliction, and tribulation, for Gods sake.

tinge in our blessed Ladie, who was of all perfect women, the most perfecte, and most acceptable in the sight of almightie God.

Moreouer, there is no worke in this world that maketh a more manifest, and perfecte shewe of true vertue, than to suffer tribulations for the loue of God. For the proufe, & tryall of true loue is to haue true patience for the beloued And there is no triall, and proufe, so farre from all suspicion, as this is. And like as almightie God him selfe did neuer discover the greatnes of his loue vnto men so clearelie, & perfectly, (though his other benefittes which he bestowed vpon the were verie great) vntill he came to suffer for them: euen so shall they neuer discover their loue towards him fully, and perfectly, (be there other seruices they doe vnto him neuer so manie, and great,) vntill they come to suffer tribulations for his sake. *Tribulation (as S. Paule saith) is the occasion, and matter of patience:* And patience is the proufe, and triall of true vertue. And this proufe geueth vs a hope of glorie. For this cause therefore, a man ought alwayes to suspecte all vertue, and holines, which he perceaueth in him selfe, vntill it be tryed and prooued with the testimonie of tribulation. For as the Wise man saith: *The vessels of claye are tried in the furnace: but the hartes of the iust in the furnace of tribulation.*

Almightie God in all the workes of nature hath not made anie one thinge that

The most manifest, and perfecte shewe, and proufe, of true vertue, is to suffer tribulations for the loue of God.

Rom 5. Patience is the proufe of true vertue, if it be exercised in sufferinge for defence of a iust godlie cause: not for respect of other vniust causes

Eccles. 27

Psal. 79.
He that
is greatest
and most
singular
in the loue
of fauour
of God, is
commonlie
most affli
cted with
tribula
tions in
this life.
Exod. 24.

Note, how
our loue,
and fren

shoulde be idle, or in vaine: muche lesse would he, that in the workes of grace his giftes shoulde be idle, and in vaine, And therefore he deuiceth to euerie one of his electe the burthen, and charge, which he must beare, accordinge to the forces, and talente of the grace he hath receaued. So that here in this short transitorie life, it is not to be esteemed for the greater loue, and frendship, if almightie God doe geue vs greater pleasure, and ease: but rather if he geue vs greater tribulation, and aduersitie. *I how shalt geue vs o Lorde, (saith the Prophet) to drinke teares by measure.* And the measure is this, that he that is most & greatest in thy grace, and fauour, is commonly most afflicted, and troubled in this transitorie life. When Moyses made that peace, & accorde, betwene almightie God, and his people, the holie scripture sayth, that he sprinckled all the people with an Ilope dipped in bloude, and this beinge done, the rest of the bloude that remained, he sprinckled vpon the altuer. Wherefore let al those that determine to be the friēdes of almightie God vnderstande hereby, that their loue, and frendship with him must be celebrated, & dedicated with bloude: and not onelie with the bloude of Christ, but euen also with the proper bloude of euerie one: to wit: with patience, & sufferinge of troubles, and aduersities. Our Sauour Christ at that last supper which he made with his dis-

ciples,

ciples, dranke first him selfe of the Cuppe, but after he had droncke him selfe thereof, he gaue the remnāt vnto his ghestes, which he had inuited, and commaunded them, to deuide the same emonge them, and that euerie one of them shoulde also drinke his drawght of that cuppe. So that it apperteineth to all persons to haue their parte of this cuppe: and it is also requisite, that they all, as members of Christ, doe conforme them selues with our Sauour Christ in sufferinge. Howbeit herein standeth the difference, that as concerninge the common sorte of people, and those, that are imperfecte, it is sufficient if they be sprinckled with bloude: but those deuout godlie persons, that are more nearly approched, and ioyned vnto almightie God, and be such, as are worthie to be called his aulters, these must not onelie be sprinckled with bloude, but they must also be dyed, and bathed in bloude: forso-muche as to the stronge are reserued the strongest battells, and so consequentlie a greater rewarde and a greater crowne in the kingdome of heauen.

Our Sauour Christ, and his blessed mother, were the two persons, that of all others in this worlde were most entierly beloued of almightie God. Now these two as they farre passed, and excelled all creatures in vertue: so did they likewise in sufferinge. And vndowtedlie there were neuer in the worlde two better persons, nor more tossed,

All Christi
ans must
drinke
their parte
of Christes
cuppe, and
as members
of Christ
conforme
thē selues
with
Christ
their head
in suffe
ringe.
A notable
comfort
for all Ca
tholickes
that be
persecuted
by Here
tickes.

There were
neuer anie
persons
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ations
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his wor

than our
Saviour
Christe,
and his
blessed
mother.

*Psal. 50.
There is
no signe
more cer-
taine of
the loue,
and fauor
of God,
than to
haue pa-
tience in
tribulatio.*

*Thie frö-
lied, flie
the*

and turmoyled with aduersities, afflictions, and tribulations, than these two were.

Be of good comfort therefore all ye Catholickes that are in tribulation, assuringe your selues, that the more troubles, afflictions, emprisonmentes, and crosses you susteine, the more like you are vnto our Saviour Christ, and his holie mother. Be of good comfort all ye Catholickes that are troubled: For you are not therefore the more forsaken of almightie God, but rather (if you haue patience in your troubles,) you are certainlie the more in his grace, and fauour, and more singulerlie, and dearlie, beloued of him. Be of good comfort againe, and againe, I saie, all ye Catholickes that are afflicted, and troubled: For there is no sacrifice more acceptable vnto almightie God, than a troubled and afflicted harte: neither is there anie signe more certaine of his loue, and friendship, than patience in tribulation. Let no man therefore sclaunder tribulation, for that were to sclaunder our Saviour Christe, and his blessed mother: yea it were to bringe a sclaunder vpon almightie God him selfe, who alwaies sendeth tribulations and afflictions to his friendes.

What thinge is tribulation, but onely a crosse? And therefore what other thinge is it to defame tribulation, but to defame the crosse? Againe what is it elsto flie from tribulation, but to flie from the crosse? Now if we worshippe the dead crosse, which

is the

is the figure of the Crosse, why flie we than from the liuelie crosse, which is, to suffer by the crosse of tribulation? This is to imitate, and followe the Iewes, of whom our Saviour sayeth, that when they had persecuted the Prophettes, they made for them afterwarde verie great, and sumptuous sepulchers: honoring them after they were dead, and persecutinge them, whilst they were aliue. And euen so it seemeth that those wicked Christians doe likewise in a sorte imitate them, which on the one side doe worshippe the dead Crosse, and on the other side doe denie, and spit at the liuelie Crosse: which is sufferinge by the crosse of tribulation.

Luc. II.

And let no man be discomforted, & saie, that he suffereth for his sinnes, or without synne: for howsoeuer thou suffer, all is finallye in effect to suffer vpon the crosse. For if thou suffer for thy synnes, (and doe hartelie repent them) thou sufferest vpon the crosse of the good theiffe: But if thou suffer without sinne, & without deserte, thou oughtest to take the more comfort thereof, because this is to suffer euen vpon our Saviours owne Crosse.