Glosses

midðy ecosð 3econdned pere haelend in dær byrið indaðum herodes cynin3es
heonu ða tun3ulcreaft3a of east dael cpomun to hierusalem. hia cpodon ð cuoedende huer is ðe
accenned is cyni3 iudeana ðeseðon pe forðon sterra ð tun3ul his in eastdale 7 pe cuomon to porðianne
hine.
3eherde piototlice herodes ðe cyni3 3edroefed peþ & alle ða ierusalemisca ða bur3pæras midð him.
7 ðesomnade al le ða aldormenn biscopæ ð mesapreasta 7 ðu uutta ðæs folces 3eorne 3efræi3nade ð
3eascade ð 3efrasade frö him huer crist accenned pere.
soðlice hia ða saeðdon him suæ forðon apritten is ðerh ðone ðit3o. 7 ðu bethlem eordu unðæerfe ðin3
lyttel arð in aldormonnum iudæs frö ðe ðön ofcymes aldormon ð latua ðe rices folc min.

Translation of the Latin

When Jesus was born in the village of Bethlehem in Judea, Herod was king. During this time some wise
men from the east came to Jerusalem and said, “Where is the child born to be king of the Jews? We saw
his star in the east and have come to worship him.” When King Herod heard about this, he was worried,
and so was everyone else in Jerusalem. Herod brought together the chief priests and the teachers of the
Law of Moses and asked them, “Where will the Messiah be born?” Then said they to him in Bethlehem,
in Judea because thus it is written by the prophet. And you Bethlehem, in the land of Judah are not the
least among the princes of Judah. Of you comes forth a ruler who rules my people of Israel.

Wanderer

| OFT him anha3a . are 3ebideð metudes miltse þeahþe | Often him solitary kindness waits God’s mildness though |
| he mod cearig 3eond la3u lade lon3e sceolde hran | he heart troubles through sea ways long should stir |
| mid hondum him cealde sæ padan præc lastas pyrd | with hands frost cold sea travel exile tracks fate |
| bið ful ared . Spa cpæð eard stapa earfeþa 3emyndi3 | is fully determined. So says earth walker hardship |
| praþra pæl sleahta pine mæ3a hryre . Oft ic sceolde | mindful angry slain slaughters loyal kin fall. Often I should |

Often the solitary dweller waits for favor, for the mercy of the creator, although he, troubled in heart,
has for a long time, across the sea-ways, had to stir with his hands the ice-cold sea, travel the paths of
an exile. Fate is fully determined. Thus spoke the wanderer, mindful of troubles, of cruel battles, of the
fall of loyal kinsmen. Often, alone at each dawn, I have had to lament my sorrows; now there is no one
alive to whom I dare reveal my thoughts openly. I know too truly that it is a noble virtue in man that he
should bind his heart and hold the treasury of his thoughts, think as he will. The weary mind cannot
withstand fate nor can the troubled mind provide help. Therefore those eager for glory must bind fast a
heavy heart sorrowfully.