

Christ in Gethsemane

an anonymous medieval devotional poem (13th-14th century)

translated by ADAM F MCCUNE

Original Middle English

A sory beverage it is
and sore it is about, ght,
Now in this sharp tyme
this brewing hath me brought.
Fader, if it mowe ben don
as I have besought
Do away this beverage
that I ne drink it nought.

And if it mowe no better ben
for allē mannēs gilt,
That it ne mustē nedē
that my blod be spilt,
Swetē Father, I am Thy sone
Thi wil be fulfilt,
I am her, thin owen child,
I wil don as thou wilt.

Modern English Translation

A cup of sorrow is this drink,
And with great pain it's bought,
And to this bitter time
This brew now has me brought.
Father, if it may be done
As I have besought,
Take away this cup from me
That I may drink it not.

But if there is no better way
Because of all man's guilt,
And if it must be so,
If my blood must be spilt,
Sweet Father, I am thine own Son,
Let thy will be fulfilled.
I am here, I am thy child,
I will do as thou wilt.