She began to wash His feet with tears and wipe them with the hairs of her head

Her eyes’ flood licks His feet’s fair stain,
Her hairs’ flame licks that up again.
This flame thus quenched hath brighter beams;
This flood thus stained fairer streams.

Th’ have left thee naked, Lord, O that they had!
This garment too I would they had denied.
Thee with thyself they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of thy side.

O never could be found garments too good
For thee to wear, but these, of thine own blood.