

From the anonymous 8th century poem *Miracula Nynie Episcopi*.

The divine grace in the saint's body could not die and be buried in Earth's bosom, but it began to spread far and near, running through the ranks of the faithful and shedding light on the generations through many ages ... This is the house of the Lord which many are eager to visit ... Many who have been afflicted with a disease of long-standing hurry there. They eagerly accept the ready gifts of ... healing, and they grow strong in all their limbs by the power of the saint ...

A man ... disfigured over his whole body, hurried to the tomb, in which the saintly bishop rests ... This man prostrated himself, stretching out his discoloured limbs at the holy feet, worshipping and praying ...: "See, wasting disease has beset my flesh and made it all hideous. The affliction of leprosy has broken out and discoloured my skin, but I pray that I may be relieved of that disease through you ..."

This he said, and quickly the heavenly power of the kindly one of God cleansed his ghastly limbs ... and he returned to his former appearance ... When he realised what living power had done, he showered him with praises, while marvelling at the gifts of healing.

Translated from Latin by Winifred MacQueen.