The aforesaid boy, whose name was Wilbert, still said, ‘Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.’ He answered, ‘It is well, write it.’ Soon after, the boy said, ‘Now it is written.’ And he said, ‘It is well, thou hast said truly, it is finished. Take my head in thy hands, for I rejoice greatly to sit facing my holy place where I was wont to pray, that I too, sitting there, may call upon my Father.’ And thus on the pavement of his little cell, chanting ‘Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,’ and the rest, he breathed his last.

Cuthbert to Cuthwin, on the death of Bede