

# Pearl

## MediÃ½val BÃ½bes

The dubberment dere of down and dales  
Of wode and water and wlone plaines  
Bilde in me bliss, abated my bales  
Forbidden my stress, destroyed my paines  
Down after a strem that drightly hales  
I bowed in bliss, bredful my branes  
The firre I folwed those floty vales  
The more strength of joye myn herte straines  
As fortune fares theras ho fraines  
Whether solace ho sende other elles sore  
The wye to wham hir wille ho waines  
Hittes to have ay more and more

More of wele was in that wise  
Than I couth telle thagh I tom hade  
For ertly herte might not suffise  
To the tenthe dole of tho gladness glade  
For thy I thoght that paradise  
Was there other gain tho bonkes brade  
I hoped the water were a devise  
Between mirthes by meres made  
Beyonde the brook, by slent other slade  
I hoped that mote inerked wore  
Bot the water was depe, I dorst not wade  
And ever me longed ay more and more

More and more and yet well mare  
Me liste to see the brook beyonde  
For if hit was fair there I can fare  
Well loveloker was the firre londe  
Aboute me con I stote and stare  
To finde a forth faste con I fonde  
Bot wothes mo ywis there ware  
The firre I stalled by the stronde  
And ever me thoght I shokle not wonde  
For wo there weles so winne wore  
Thenne newe note me com on honed  
That meved my minde more and more

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