

Pearl

Medieval Bibles

The dubberment dere of down and dales
Of wode and water and wlonk plaines
Bilde in me bliss, abated my bales
Forbidden my stress, destroyed my paines
Down after a strem that drightly hailes
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 erthly herte might not suffise
To the tenthe dole of tho gladness glade
For thy I thought that paradise
Was there other gain tho bonkes brade
I hoped the water were a devise
Between mirthes by meres made
Beyond 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
About 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 thought 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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