

<County: Worcestershire>

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<Text: Castle of Love>

<fol. 5r>And alle þ^e kynne þ^t of hym come
 shulde haue þe same dome
 and 3if he heoled his hest a-ry3ht
 God hym 3ef so mychel my3ht
 To welde all þis world-is wynn~
 w^toute wo . & sorewe & synne
 Seyson~ to Adam delyuerd wes þo
 To wonnen~ in blysse euer & oo
 In myche murþe & ioy he wes
 A-way full sone he hit all forles
 his worship & his well far~
 And browght vs alle in myche car~
 Tho he of þ^e appull 3ete
 Goddys hest he dede forlete
 And seþyn his lawes he breke
 þ^e lawe of kynde & þ^e lawe set<?> eke
 and raþer dede aftur is wyfys bode
 þen he heoled þ^e hest of gode
 Thus is Adam þorwh jnfoill<?> rage
 cast out of his eritage
 <fol. 5v>And oute of paradys j-dryuen~
 jn swynk & swot in þ^e world to lyvyn~
 The blysse of lyfe he haþ for-sakyn~
 And to dylfull deth hi@-self jtakyn~
 Carfullyche he haþ hym~ boryn~
 Mirth wyth ry3ht he haþ forloryn~
 That Murthe he my3ht well have
 whom shall he now to help craue
 Of his eritage he is j-pult
 For synne & for his owne gult

lucyfer~ con well lyke þo
 That adam had trespass so
 For all þ^e fendes hadyn horowr~<?>
 þt mon~ shuld wonyn in þ^e blessed honowr~
 hit he hade þow^tgh prude forlore
 woll it lyked hem~ þerfor~
 So mychel wox her~ my3ht þo
 That all þ^e world most aftur hem go
 And when mon hade jlyved her~ longe in car~
 at þe last he most dye & forþfar~
 <fol. 6r>Ne my3ht hi@ helpe her~ no good+dede
 That his soule ne most to helle nede
 For so hit was to Adam be-spekyn
 And god wold not foreward brekyn
 Full evull & hard & mychel he wes
 The synne þ^t þis world forles
 That vche þyng vnder hevyn dry3ht
 So mychell les of strengthe & my3ht
 God whrowght neuer þ^t þyng
 but hit peyred þowrgh his wonnyng
 but for þ^e wonnyng of him hit was not long
 Ner~ þ^t synne was so harde & strong
 For god 3ef vche þyng all his ry3ht
 And synne woned her~ by+all his my3ht
 For synne & wone is all oon
 And adam dede wone þ^o anon
 Tho he goddys hest breke
 And eke þo þ^e appul he 3ete
 Thorwh wone he lost is seysine
 Thorwh wone he browght hym~-self to pyne
 <fol. 6v>jn kynkescourt 3et vche day
 Me vsyth þilke selue lay
 Now is adam wiþ wo j-nome
 synnes thrall he is become
 That feyror wes then~ eny thynk
 That lyuede vnder heuyn kyng
 Now is he þorgh ry3ht is *seruant* & þrall
 To whos *seruise* he vnderstondeth w^t all
 And when he *him seruid* þorgh thewdome

he dede w^toute fredome
 And *seruise* ne þrall þey mow+not craue
 Thorgh ry3ht non eritage to haue
 As sone as he þrall be-come
 So sone his eritage is *him* be-nome
 Ne nou3t ne in noo londe
 Me owed not to answer~ ne hi@ vnderstonde
 Then~ he mote ano^{per} seche
 That my3ht swewe for hi@ his speche
 That my3ht his eritage craue
 And þ^t he þ^t kynde haue
 <fol. 7a>That he be boren fre
 And þ^t he 3ete non~ of þ^e tre
 And þ^t haue jwyst w^t wynne
 The thre lawes w^toutyn synne
 Theko<ill><faint text, c. 1 word></ill> of paradys
 And þ^e to^{per} of þe mownt of Synays
 That to moysen 3euen wes
 That neuer 3et jholdyn nes
 Of mon þ^t evir dede synne
 who my3ht þenne of Syche mon mynne
 O^{per} þenk o^{per} knowe
 who seche a wondur my3ht do or showe
 Sey j may in þis stede
 as j before dede
 For now is tyme þ^t j hit telle
 For it behovyþ to our~ spelle
 ThEr wes a kyng of myche my3ht
 Of good wyll & gret in sy3ht
 And þis kyng hede a sone
 Of all seche wyt of all syche wone
 <fol. 7v>Of all seche cher~
 As was his fadur der~
 Of oon~ wylle þey wer~ boo
 And of oon~ studfastnes all so
 Of oon volnes þey wer~ ful ry3ht
 And boþ^e þei weren~ of on my3ht
 Thurgh þ^e sone þe fadur all be-goon
 That be lye to his kyndome

All þat was of his begynnnyng
 The fadur hit wolde to ende brynge
 & four~ dowghtryn~ hede þis kyng
 And to vche he wes lovyng
 he 3ef one dole of his fulnes
 Of his wit and of his wysnes
 As wolde befalle to vchon
 And 3et wes all þis volnesse oon
 That to hi@-self be lay
 wyth-oute whom he ne may
 his kyndam w^t pes wysen
 Ne w^t ry3ht justisyn~
 <fol. 8r>Good is to nomen hem for þi
 The furst dowghtur is merci
 The kynges eldest heo is
 That oþer hette Soþe j-wys
 The thridde systur we clepon~ ry3ht
 And pes hette þ^e fourth apli3ht
 w^toute þese four~ w^t worship
 Ther may no kyng lede gret lordship
 This kyng as þ^u herdest er þis
 hede a þrall þ^t dede a-mys
 That for his gult boþe strong & gret
 wyth his lord wes so j-vet
 That þorgh insy3ht of ry3ht dome
 To strong pryson he wes j-done
 And delyu^{er}d to all his foon
 That in sorewe hi@ pyned jchoon~
 And of noo þing thei hadyn~ dowte
 But hadde hi@ in her~ rowte
 Thei deden~ hi@ in prison~ of deþ
 And pyned hi@ w^t-oute meth
 <fol. 8v>MErcy þ^t a-noon she sy3h
 The prison hede her~ hert swyth ny3h
 She my3ght her~ no lenger hold
 To-fore þ^e kyng come sheo wold
 To shewe forth her~ reson~
 For to delyuer þe prison
 vnderstonde qd sheo fadur myne

Thow wost þ^t j am dowghtur þyne
 And am full of bucsomnesse
 Of grace & of goodnesse
 And all j have fadur þorgh the
 j beseche þ^t þ^u her~ me
 That þe sorfull wrecche prison~
 Mote come to som~ rawnsom~
 That among alle his foon~
 jn strong pyne þu hast hi@ doon~
 Thei maden~ hi@ agulte in þ^eke gret synne
 Thorgh her~ feyr~ behest w^oute blynne
 And seyden~ & he wolde þ^e appull eten~
 And goddis lawes forleten~
 <fol. 9r>he shuld haue all þe my3ht of god
 Therfore þey seyde þ^t tre wes hi@ forbode
 And lyed to hi@ þerof . & lytell rowghton
 For falsnes euer 3et þey sowghten
 Therfor~ let falsnes 3olden be
 And the prisoner~ þ^u 3eve to me
 For thow art kyng of bucsomnes
 Of grace And of swetnesse
 And of all þi dowghtryn~ j am þ^e aldest
 Ouer hem alle j am baldest
 They dowghtur j ne wer~
 But my swetnesse toward hi@ wer~
 Grace & merci he shall haue
 Thorgh swetnes j chull þ^e prison crave
 And þorgh þy nowne pyte
 j chull hi@ brynge sanite
 Thi grace for hi@ j crie euer-mor~
 Tyll he haue jfunde þyne or~
 SO sone soþe þis werk sy3th
 how mercy her~ sistur heor~ herte 3y3th
 <fol. 9v>And wolde this thrall of prison~ brynge
 That ryht hade demyd with-owten~ eynde
 All heo changed her~ mode
 And be-fore þ^e kyng a-non~ vp stode
 Fadur j beseche þ^e to her~ me
 j may not forbere to telle þ^e

hoow me þynkeþ wonder þyng
 Of my syster~ mecyes wylnyng
 That wolde w^t her~ wylsfull *sermon*
 Delyuer þ^e þrall of *prison*~
 That suche agult þ^t j hit sy3h
 And tolde hit to ry3ht þ^t stode me ny3h
 Fadur j sey for-thi
 Thow owest not to her~ *mercy*
 Of noo bone þ^t she besecheþ þ^e
 But sothe & ry3ht þer-w^t be
 Thow louest sothe & hatest les
 For of þi volnesse j-comyn~ j wes
 And eke þ^u art kyng ry3htwys
 And mercies herte so rufull is
 <fol. 10r>That 3ef sheo may . w^t her~ mylde speche
 Savyn alle þ^t she wolde for besechyn~
 Then neuer mysdede shulde byn~ abowght
 And þ^u fadur shuldest be dreded ry3ht nowght
 And þ^u art all sothefaste kyng
 And stabull of thowght in all thyng
 Therfore me thynkeþ *mercy* wylneþ wowgh
 And spekeþ a3eyns me j-nowgh
 For ry3ht hi@ con jn *prison* bynde
 That he neuer *grace* jfynde
 Grace he haþ all for-lore
 he wes jwarned þer-of befor~
 Whi shulde we helpe thike mon~
 That pyte of hym~-self hade non~
 hes dome he mot stonde to as soþe con~ sygge
 And all his mysdede a-bygge
 Ry3ht j-hereþ þis talkyng
 And vp her stode be-fore þ^e kyng
 Thi dowghtur j am~ heo seyth j wot be þon~
 For þ^u art kyng & ry3ht domesmon~
 <fol. 10v>Ry3ht domes byth w^t the
 And alle þy werkys byth full of wytte
 This thrall of whom~ my sustren~ menyn~
 haþ dome deserued as 3e 3evyn~
 For in tyme whill he fre was

he hede w^t *him* bop^e merci & pes
 And sothe & ry3ht he hede *hem* boo
 And wiþ his wyll he went *hem* fro
 And be-toke hym~ to wrath & wo
 And to synne & wrecchedome his fo
 So þ^t 3if ry3ht geth
 he shall for *euer* þole dep
 For þo þ^u to hi@ þy hest hestyst
 Thorgh sothe þen~ deth to hi@ þ^u hettyst
 and he dede þi hestes breke
 And oon ^[him] þ^u woldest by ry3ht . be wreke
 and j myself hi@ 3ef þe dom
 As sone as ^[he] hede the gylt jdon~
 and sothe beryþ wytnesse þer-to
 And els ned yche no dom~ jdo
 3ef he in court be-foren~ vs wer~
 Then~ dome þ^u shuldest sone her~
 <fol. 11r>For ry3ht ne spareth not to jugge
 What-so-*euer* sothe woll sygge
 Thorgh wysdame heo demep alle
 Aftur her~ gult as hit heor~ doþ be-falle
 SOþe & ry3ht lo þis heo syggeth
 And allso þis þrall to deth þey juggeþ
 Ner~ nowþer spekeþ hi@ good
 Ne non~ of hem~ mercy vnderstod
 As a diswaryed mon~ mys-rad
 On~ vche half he his mys-lad
 Ne helpyth hi@ noþyng wherser~ he wynde
 And his foon fy3htyþ w^t hi@ in vche eynde
 And han stripte hi@ all startnaked
 Of my3ht & strengthe hi@ all bar~ maked
 And hi@ & all þ^t of hi@ sprong
 They thenkeþ he shall be in *prison* strong
 his foon~ maden~ hi@ agultyn~ wondur sone
 & Ry3ht comyth aftur wyth her~ dome
 wyth-uten~ mercy & pes hym~ heo juggeþ
 Euer aftur sothe þ^t wolle sygge
 And pes w^t *hem* may not byn~
 Out of londe he mot flyn~

<fol. 11v>For pes ne bydyth in no londe
 Ther as werr~ is ny3h honde
 ne merci my3ht not a-mong hem lyve
 And so of londe þey byn~ jdryve
 Ther wher~ not in þ^e world<?> j-leuyd
 no þyng but it wes dystryed & to-dreuyd
 And drownt . for-loren~ & fordemed
 Saue viij soules þ^t wher~ j3emed
 jn noe-is flood in þ^e shippe wer~ heo
 Noe & his sonys threo
 & here wyfes þ^t heo haden~ by-fore
 Of all þ^e world is þ^{er} leved no mor~
 Carfull hert hi@ owght to come
 That thenkeþ on so drury dome
 And all it is þorgh ry3ht & soth
 That w^t-oute pes & mercy doþ
 SO longe þ^t pes atte last vp breke
 And þ^{us} to her~ fadur she speke
 j am þy dowghtur & of þ^e j-nome
 And of thi volnesse j am jcome
 <fol. 12r>To-for~ þ^e my playnt j make
 My too systren me han forsake
 wyþowten me þey doþ her~ dome
 Ne mercy among hem neuer come
 For thing that eny mon~ may do
 Mercy my3ht not hem come to
 And for no kynnes+þyng
 j my3ht not come hem amyng
 And þ^e dome is all her~ owne
 Ther-for~ j am~ owt of londe jflowene
 And woll w^t þ^e lede my lyfe
 Euer tyll þ^t jlke Stryfe
 That a-mong my sustres is awake
 Thorgh sawghtnes mowe so ende take
 And what is hit euer þ^e bet
 Thawgh ry3ht & soþe byn~ set
 Bote heo wyten~ & knowe pes
 Ry3htes maystur sheo is & wes
 jn reste & pes j con maken~

whi shall j þenne be forsaken~
 <fol. 12v><ill><faint text; 1 line></ill>
 <ill><faint text; 1 line></ill>
 <ill><faint text; 1 line></ill>
 <ill><faint text; 1 line></ill>
 Of vs four~ fadur j chylle telle þ^e
 he me þynkeþ hit oweþ to be
 when four~ byth to-geder jsend
 To don~ a evyn juggement
 And shullen~ þowrgh skyle alle & som
 3euyn & demyn euyn dome
 Ther ouht no dome forþ gon
 Er þen~ we four~ byn at oon
 At oon heo moten stonden alle
 And loke sethin<?> how dome woll falle
 By vs four~ fadur þis j+telle
 we ne byth not of oon spelle
 But j & Merci
 we clepyn a3eyne þe dome for-þi
 hit is as soþe & ry3ht wold deme
 To mercy & me hit doth not queme
 with-owtyn vs þer is bale to breme
 Ther-fore fadur nyme þ^u hit 3eme
 <fol. 13r>Of vche goodnesse pes is ende
 Ther wonteþ no wele þer pes woll lende
 wyt ne wysdam is not worþ an hawe
 But pes þer-wyth be felawe
 And who-so pes louyth w^t-oute gabbe
 Pes w^t-oute ende he shall habbe
 My word oweth to byn of gret reles
 For þ^u art kyng & lord of pes
 Ther-fore þ^u owest to here me
 And mercy my systur þ^t preyeth þ^e
 That þ^e prison delyuerd shuld be
 And j chul flyn & neuer come
 Tyll my systryn byn at oone
 The kynges+sone all þis con heren<?>
 how is sustren <ill><1 word></ill> bere
 And sye þis stryfe so strong a-waken

And<?> pes & mercy wer~ forsakyn
 That w^t-outen help of his wysdome
 Thei my3ht neuer to-gedur come
 leue fadur qd he j am þi sone
 Of þi wyt & of þy wysdome
 <fol. 13v>Thi wysdam men clepeth me
 And so mychell þu louest me
 That all þ^e world for me þ^u wrowghtest
 And so þ^u me in þy werk browghtest
 For we byth oon in oon volnesse
 jn my3ht & strengthe & hyennesse
 All j chull don þ^t þy wyll is
 For þ^u art kyng more ^[of] ry3ht-wesnys
 jn so myche fadur j+take more 3eme
 Of þis stryf þ^t is so breme
 þ^t furste tale þ^t mercy tolde þe
 Full sor~ of þ^e prison rueth me
 And ther-fore me rueth well þ^e mor~
 For mercy euer clepeth þyn ore
 Fadur þ^u art so mekefull kyng
 heer~ we shall her~ ouer all þyng
 All her~ wyll j chull don
 And make at oon~ soth & heer~ full son~
 Taken~ j chull þ^e þralles weden
 As sothe & ry3ht wollen it & beden
 <fol. 14r>And j all-one woll dome the dome
 As a justice oweth to don~
 And make j chull pes to londe come
 And pes & ry3ht to cusse & be sawght sone
 And dryvyn out werre w^t myn~ honde
 And saven all thi folk in londe
 Who-so þis A-fore bese con
 he may openly j-se be thon
 That all þis ilke betokenyng
 js þ^e insy3ht of god almy3hti kyng
 Fadur w^toute god is maked nowght
 Thorwgh god þ^e sone hap all þing wrowght
 And all þyng hap fulled vtry3ht
 Thorgh good þe holygostes my3ht

And all þre beth oon þawgh it be so
 jn oon~ volnesse & in no mo
 he 3eve his blesseng w^t mowþ & honde
 To all þ^t þis wryt vnderstonde
 3E han jherd as j owe tolde
 For-whi god þ^e world make wolde
 <fol. 14v>And how for-les^t [hit was] thorgh synne
 The world & heuyn & all mokynne
 That for my3ht ne strengthe ne for no þing
 Mon~ my3ht not hi@-self do keueryng
 Ne angell ne my3ht him help on~ no wyse
 And mon~ my3ht not hi@-self fro deþ aryse
 Then most it nede be þorgh vche dome
 That goddys sone shuld mon be-come
 and mon shuld deþ tholyn w^t sorewe ryue
 And god shuld vp rysen a3eyn~ fro deþ to lyu<ill><rest of word></ill>
 For ells were all for-loren to nowght
 That god hede in þ^e world jwrowght
 HErkeneth wheche loue wych bucsomn<ill><rest of word></ill>
 whiche grace & whiche swetnesse
 That good from hevyn to aly3ht ches
 For oon seke shepe þ^t he les
 his fadur blysse he leuede & þerfro 3eode
 To seche þeke shepe in vncowthe 3ode
 Ther is not seche an herd-mon
 Ne so mercyfull a lord as he is oon
 <fol. 15r>whoso wolde his herte on syche a lord holde
 That so meche loue on him kythe wolde
 That j-lyke hi@-self hi@ wolde make
 And sothen~ suffre deþ for his sake
 Sore he awght his handys to wrynge
 That þis lord wold greue for eny thyng
 HErketh now forþer at þis frome
 how this sheperd wolde come
 To Abraham þ^e tydyngus comyn~
 The prophetys hit vndernomyn
 That is Moyses & jonas
 Abacus & Elias
 Ant danyell & jeromie

And dauyd & jsaye
 And Elisen And samuell
 Thei seyn goddys comyng ry3ht well
 long it wer~ of hem alle to telle
 But herkynth how ysay con spelle
 A child þer is j-boryn~ to vs
 And a sone j-3euyn~ vs
 <fol. 15v>That shall vpholden his kyndome
 and all þis shall byn his nome
 wondurfull god & of my3ht
 And rewfull & fadur of ry3ht
 Of þe world that her~-aftur shall byn
 and prince of pes me shall hi@ seyn~
 These buþ þe nomes as 3e mowe j-leven
 That þe prophetys to him 3evyn~
 3Ef 3e wolle heryn telle j+chulle
 how þt child is wondurfull
 Seche wondur wes neuer herd ny saye
 Ne neuer weryn by no+mon-is day
 Ne neuer shall come
 As was when~ god . mon be-come
 For whoso now sye her~
 Achildd that ry3ht lymed ner~
 That þre fete & thre honden ber~
 And anoþer that oþer weys wer~
 That hede his fote or his hond forloren
 And he weren so bothe jboren
 <fol. 16r>wher~ thei wondurfull these too
 Nay sotheli þei ner~ not soo
 For þawgh þe toon hede of kynde to myche
 And þt oþer to lytell . & beþ of diuerse lyche
 3et hit is as it mot byn
 Of vnmete kynde a forshapon lym
 And that my3ht mychill wondur byn
 3ef me my3ht seche mon j syn
 That monkynde hade vwtry3ht
 That he ner~ to mychill ne to lytyll in sy3ht
 So þt he were all soþefast mon
 þt no forshapon thyng wer~ him oon~

And eke wer~ [[&]] good hors w^t all
 Seche thyng may neuer befall
 For whoso jsy3h seche a shapyng
 he my3ht it clepon a wonderfull þyng
 And 3et is hit mor~ wondur a þousondfold
 Of þ^e child þ^t ysaye of told
 And clepud hi@ wondurfull for thonne
 That he is sothefast god & monne
 For of monhede wonteþ him nowght
 And eke þorgh hym all þyng is wrowght
 <fol. 16v>And w^t-oute synne he is euer
 For wone þer-of dede he neuer
 Ne shap þer-to non nes
 As by-foren jred wes
 Oþer god nys non þen he þ^t is of so gret my3ht
 That from hevyn to erthe a-ly3ht
 And vndur oour~ wede oour~ kynde nome
 And sothfast mon wes be-come
 And when he als wolde be-come mon
 he most be boryn of a wymmon
 That same shap to vnderfonge w^t alle
 That owght to monskynde by-falle
 And god my3ht not in no maner~
 Aly3ht bote in feyr~ stede & cler~
 jn feyr~ stede & clene he wes
 Ther god jnne to a-ly3hte ches
 jn a castel þ^t is comlyche
 Mychell & louelyche
 This is the castell mychell of þ^e flour~
 Of solace & of socuor
 <fol. 17r>jn the meer~ he stont be-twynnen too
 he haþ no feyrelac for no fo
 For þ^e tour~ is so well w^t-owtyn
 And so depe jdyched all a-boutyn
 That [^{no}] maner a-saylyng
 Ne may him harme for no þyng
 he stont on hie roche & sownde
 And is planed from rofe to grownde
 Ther may non euyll þyng



Ther-to do eny grevyng
And eke hit is so levelych
So dredfull & comlyche
To alle tho þ^t beth his foon
That thei fleþ hi@ euer-jchon
four~ smale tour~ þer beþ abowte
To wyte þ^e hole tour~ w^t-owte
And allso þer beþ thre baylys w^t alle
Feyr~ jdy3ht w^t stronge walle
as heo beth her~ aftur jwryte
Ther may no man her~ feyrship wyte