For comune folk of engelonde
Shulde þe bettur hit vndirstonde
þe speche þe moost vs may spede
Moost to speke hit were greet nede
Selden hit is for any chaunce
Englishe tunge preched in fraunce
3yue we vche lond his langage
þenne do we noon outrage
To lewed men englishe J spelle
þe vndirstonded þat J con telle
And to hem speke J alþer moost
þe ledeþ her lyues in pride & boost
And spenden her lyues in trewandise
And myȝte amenden in mony wise
wo shal+hem be her lif so spende
þe fynde þeroft no fruyt at þe ende
Now of þis prologue wol we blynne
Jn cristis nome oure book bigynne
Cours of þis world men shul hit calle
For almeþ hit reherþeþ alle
Take we oure bigynnynge þan
At him þe al þis world bi-gan
Hereþ now of þe triniite dere
And of þe makyng of þis world here
Alle men owe þe lord to drede
þe made mon to haue mede
þe euere was & euere shal be
wiþouten ende in trinite
he þ' lorde boþe god and mon
Al maner þing of him bigan
þou3e he bigan al opere þing
him-self hadde neuer bigynnyng
Of him coom al in him is al
Al holdeþ he vp fro doun fal
he holdeþ heuen & erpe studfaste
wiþouten ende may no þing laste
þis lord þ' is so mychel of my3te
Purueide al in-to his si3t
And þ' he ord[el]yned wiþ his witt
he multepli<gap>ed & gouerneþ hit
<fol. 2vb>þerfore he is þe trinite
þ' is o god & persones þre
And if þu wenest hit may not be
Biholde þe sonne þenne maistou se
Jn þe sonne þ' shynþ clere
Js o þing & þre sere
A body rounde hoot & li3t
þese þre we fynde at a si3t
þese þingis þre wiþ noon art
Mow not fro opere be depart
For if þu take þe li3t awey
þe erpe haþ no sunne perfey
And if þe heete awey be goon
Sonne for-søpe hastou noon
But vche maner man wel wote
þe kynde of sonne is to be hote
þe sonnes body þ' J neuene
Bitokeneþ þe fadir god of heuen
And bi þe li3t þ' lastynge is
hit is þe son kyng of blis
And bi þe hete vndirstonde hit so
þe holy goost comeþ of hem two
And fadir is he calde for-þi
For he is welle þ' neuer is dry
And ouer þis him-self wrou3t
Alle þingis whenne þei were nou3t
his son is wisdom þe alle þinge wate
For al þe world he halt in state
Alle þinges he halt fro mysfare
þe not turne <gap> to sorwe & care
þe holy <gap> goost is þe godhede
þe 3yueþ lyf to alle we rede
þis lord þe J bifore of seide
Firste in his witt he al purueide
his werkes he doþ as sotil wriþt
And siþen he reiseþ hit in si3t
For-þi is god as seiþ scripture
Noon elder þen is creature
Elder of tyme is not he
But elles more in dignite
<Fol. 3ra>þis wriþte þe J speke of here
Js prince ouer alle wipouten pere
For oþere wriþtes mot tymber take
But he him-self con tymber make
For of him-self he toke þe euene
þe he made wiþ boþe erþe & heuene
But we shul vndirstonde
þe he wrouþt not al werke wiþ his honde
But seide wiþ worde & also soone
Al his biddyng hit was done
Smartliere þan 3e may wynke
Or any mannens herte may þinke
And as clerkes say þe are wise
he wrouþte hit not bi partise
But he þe made alle þing of nou3t
Al þe world to-gider he wrouþt
To be set in lengþe & brede
þe matere furst þe of J rede
þat is þe elamentis to say
þe firste shaples to-gidur lay
he dalt hem ful in sex dayes
Jn parties as þe scripture sayses
þe elementes firste in dayes þre
þre þingis wipynne hem þer be
þe elementis þe al þing byndes
Foure þer ben as clerkes fyndes
þe lowest hit is watir and erþe
þe þridde is eyr & fuyr þe ferþe
And we seye þis he þus bigan
As austyn seïþ þat holy man
As we in his bokis fynde
Furste he wrou3te aungel kynde
þe world & tyme þese þingis þre
Bifore al oþere þing made he
þe world J calle in myne ententis
þe matere of foure elementis
þis 3itt was þenne of forme vnshapen
wherof siþ was parties taken
Al shaples was hit not forþy
For hit of shap had sum party
But þerfore shaples hit was how
For hit had not as hit haþ now
he wrou3te vpon þe oþere day
þe firmament þat is to say
The sky wiþ sterres grete & smale
wiþ watir shynyng as cristale
þis is on he3e & þat is vndir
Jn þis he souned al to wondir
þe þridde day god dud bi grace
þe wattres drawe in-to a place
And bad a drye place shulde be
þe wattres alle he calde þe see
þe drye he calde erþe þat kyng
And bad hit grifyng fruylt forþ bryng
Al þing to be waxinge þere
And in hem-self her seed to bere
þe ferþe he bad & was done
Boþe were made sonne & mone
Eiþer wiþ his dyuere li³t
To parte þe day fro þe ny³t
Jn tokenyng of tides to stonde
Dayes & 3eres boþe dwellonde
And þe sterres grete & smale
þis we may se wiþouten tale
In þe heighest element of alle
þer-ynne fuyr hap his stalle
þe fyueþe day he failed nouȝt
Of watir foule & fisshhe he wrouȝt
þe fisshhe to watir as we fynde
þe foules he toke to þe wynde
Alle goynge beestis þe sixte day
And adam als he made of clay
he was last made as lordyng
To be maistir ouer al þing
Jn a dale he wrouȝtæ Adame
þe prem hett in ebrew name
þese sixe dayes he wrouȝt his wille
þe seuenþe of werke he helde him stille
he vs ȝaf Ensanple þore
þe we shulde holde hit euermore
<fol. 3va>Þe firste werke as ȝe herde neuen
God wrouȝtæ þe aungels of heuœn
And set hem in his heȝe pales
wiȝtouen pride to ben in pees
For þis paleis was so riche
As myȝty kyng noon ȝære liche
he ordeyned hym two creatures
To serue him þere wiȝhonures
þȝȝ shulde a hool nouȝmbre be
Mony a ȝousonde to telle & se
þe whiche tale no weye shulde be more
And nedeful bihoued hit wore
þis nouȝmbrary he ordeyned þon
Shulde be boȝe of aungel & mon
For he wolde be þȝȝ kyng of craft
worshed wiȝ two maner shaft
þe ton wiȝ aungel þȝȝ is goostly
And als wiȝ names body
Of aungels wolde he serued be
þȝȝ ordres shulde haue þries þȝȝ
he chees to him þȝȝ lorde hende
þȝȝ man þe ordre shulde be tende
But þȝȝ aungels he wrouȝt formast
Ouer alle he made her pouste past
þei were boþe faire & wyse
Somme of lasse summe of more prise
he 3af oon moost to knowe & fele
Jf þþ he couþe haue borun him wele
And sett him beste in his hall
As prynce & sire of opere alle
And for he was so wondir li3t
Lucifer to name he hi3t
And whemne he hadde perceyued þis
þþ he was ouer alle opere in blis
Allas caïtif he knew nou3t
þþ god him-seluen had him wrou3t
Ful sorweful sawe he þ þ tyde
A3eynes god he toke a pride
Li3tly he lette of al his fere
To god hym-self wolde he be pere
<fol. 3vb>Not pere alone but mychel more
For vndir him he wolde alle wore
And he him-self her commaundour
who herde euer of suche traitour~
þþ he þþ not hadde but of him
A3eyns his lord shulde wexe so grym
he seide sett my sete J shal
A3eynes him þþ is best of al
Jn þe norþ syde shal sitte my sete
Seruise of me shal he noon gete
why shulde J him seruyse 3elde
J shal be at myn owne welde
But he was marred of his wille
Ful+soone he fonde hit ful grille
For lenger þen he þou3te þþ pride
Jn heuen my3te he not abide
For in þþ court þþ is so clene
No fulþe may dwelle ne be sene
Seynt Michael for her aller ri3t
Ros a3eyn him to fi3t
A3eyn him 3af he batail grym
Out of þþ court cast he him
Lucifer furste doun heþ-brouȝt
And siþ þiþ wþþ him helde ouȝt
And scoured þiþ court of hem so clene
þiþ siþ her stude was þere not sene
þis was þe fend þiþ formest felle
For his pride from heuen to helle
For þemne his name chaunged was
Fro lucifer to Sathanas
Fro ful heȝe he fel lawe
þiþ of his lorde wolde stonde noon awe
wiþouten coueryng of his sore
For mercy geteþ he neuþer more
For god oweþ not ȝif him mercy
þiþ þer-ȝaft wolde not cry
And þus he lost þiþ heȝe tour
þere was he not fully an hour
For soone afþer þiþ he was made
he fel wiþouten lenger abade

<Tranche 2>

<fol. 5va>Boþe þei be on o party
To ouercom man wiþ tricchery
þe wily fend þe helde on heȝe
him geyned nouȝt com Adam neȝe
Namely in his owne shap
To spede he hoped haue no hap
þerfore a messangere he sende
Bi whom best to spede he wende
þemne he cheeus a litil beest
whiche is not vnwiliest
þe neddre þiþ is of suche a shaft
Moost of queyntise & of craft
Queyntly tauȝte he him þe gynne
At þe wif to bigynne
And þourȝe þe wif to wyȝne þe man
þemne gop þis neddre & not blan
In þis slouȝe Sathan þemne was
wondir is he entred in þiþ plas
But of his suffraunce he him let
þe best wist how þe bale to bete
For mon he made þe mou3t
Synne or leue as him good þou3t
And bi skil of his owne dede
Shulde be merked þe nne his mede
To bowe & lyue Wipouten ende
Or elles to de3e & to wo wende

**How adam brak goddus commandement**

**wherefore kynde of mon was shent**

Adam wandride in þe wele
Jn mychel myrpe ioye & hele
whemne adam was fro eue a-prawe
þe nedder ne3e to hir gon drawe
And seide wommon telle mi whi
þe 3e eten not al comynly
Jn paradis of euer-vche tre
She seide certis so now do we
Of alle trees but of one
þe is out-taken to vs allone
Oure lord in forbode hap hit laide
wost þe why ; nay she saide
<fol. 5vb>But she seide if we com þer ny3e
On double deep shul we dy3e
þis o tre shulde him-seluen haue
And alle þe oþere to vs he 3aue
And trowes þ þ hit so be
As he 3ou seide ; She seide 3e
Nay seide he wip greet tresoun
But þerynne lip suche resoun
But for he wolde not 3e were
Paringal to him nor pere
þe soþe fro 3ou wol J not hide
he wot wel þ what tymne or tide
þe 3e had eten of þat tre
As goddes shulde 3e boþe be
To knowe boþe good & ille
3e shulde be lordis at 3oure wille
Of hit 3e ete so rede J 3ow
And 3e shul fynde hit for 3oure prow
þis hetynge was þ' tyme ful mykel
But his was ful fals & fikel
Sone so she þis fruit bi-helde
She 3erned hit to haue in welde
She let not for drede nor blame
But toke & ete & 3af Adame
what bote is longe þis tale to drawe
þei eet hit boþe in litil þrawe
Al for nou3te þei eet hit boþe
wherfore oure lord god was wroþe
For þ' ilke appels bit
her sones teeþ eggen 3it
And so shul do til domes-day
here a3eyn may no man say
whomme eiþer say òpere naked
For shame þei stode boþe & quaked
þene þei say þ' bare þei were
Jn welþe & ioye þ' were clad+ere
þei hiled hem J telle hit þe
wiþ leues of a fige tre
whenne þe fend þus had hem nomen
wel he wende haue god ouercomen
And seide wiþinne his sory þou3t
J haue made him worche for nou3t
his heuen shal he haue his one
Of Adam part getþ he none
To bringe into þat heritage
þ' J haue lost bi myn vtrage
he li3ed fals þeof for-why
3itt had god of Adam mercy
þ' he were lost god wolde nou3t
For he wiþ tricchery was sou3t
þe fend was wel more to blame
þ' so falsly giled Adame
God wist þe fend had Adam blent
3itt wolde he not þ' he were shent
But þou3e he wolde 3yue Adam grace
Furst shulde he bie dere þ' trespass
Of þe astate þe world was Jnne
Aftir tyme of Adames synne
Als faste as þei had don þ' synne
Oure wo bigan to bigynne
Al maner blis fro hem was went
For þei brak þ' commandement
Soone bigan he vengeauce kipe
As lord þ' first was meke & blipe
Al bigan to stire & strif
A3eyn adam & eue his wif
Bitwene hem-self roos strif also
þe strenger beest þe weyker dud slo
vchone of ópere to make his pray
As we may se now vche day
Fro þ' tyme furst coom dép to man
And þ' tyme al oure wo bigan
þese wrongis þ' ben of euel wrake
þere bigynnynge dud þei take
Synne & sake shame & strif
þ' now ouer al þe world is rif
Mercy lord strong wickedhede
Made Adam do so foul a dede
him-self had lost & al his kyn
But oure lord had rauonde him
<fol. 6rb>On suche a wise as he had þou3t
Bifore ar he þe world wrou3t
But þ' was not done al for nede
But þour3e his owne nobel-hede
For if he had wolde he my3te man
wel bettur haue made þen he was þan
wip flesshe þerfore he coom in place
And hilled þis world of his grace
his grace hit was & noon ópere
þ' he wolde bicom oure broþere
wip þe fend þerfore he fau3t
And wip his fadir he made vs sau3t
¶ Leue we now of þis spelle
Of oure story furþere to telle
whelne Adam say he had mysdone
he went to hide him as soon
he wende to hide him among þe trees
Fro his sise þat al sees
Al for nou3t him hud Adame
Oure lord him called bi his name
lord he seide whenne J þe herde
For J saw þi J mys-ferde
J & my wif went vs to hide
Shame vs þou3te þe to abide
Foroure bodyes al bare were
Adam he seide so tolde J þe ere
J þe tolde mest & leest
what hit was to breke my heest
But now is þis appul eten
And my biddynge is for3eten
And þi þu hast þus don þis mis
þi-seluen is to wite J-wis
lorde he seide of þis gult here
Js she to wite þi is my fere
þi þu me 3af my wif to be
For principaly she bed hit me
She bede hit me wiþouten blynne
She haþ me fuyled wiþ her synne
Al þis may she not 3eyn-sey
She owe to bere þe gilt awey
<fol. 6va>Jhese seide to hir a-noon
whi dudest þu þis dede wommon
She seide þe worm me drou3e þer-tille
þi J haue doue a3eyn þi wille
To þi worm of wraþþe & wrake
Oure lord þenne þus he spake
þu worm þu shalt acursed be
More þen any oþere beest to se
For on þi wombe þu shalt slide
More þen any oþere beest in tyde
Fro þis day forþ shal hate be
For-soþe bitwene wommon & þe
Erþe shal be þi mete for nede
Bitwene þin & wommonnes sede
wommon to styenge awayte þa shal
And þin heed to breke 3it she shal
þouþe þa in hete euer wolde be sted
Jn colde shal euer be þi bed
And þa wommon for þis dere
Jn sorwe shal þa þi children bere
þa shalþe slayun wiþ double dede
harde hit is for to rede
þou shal be vndir mannes hest
To hem be buxom meest & leest
þa shalt haue euer þi heed hud
þi shame shal not be vnkud
And 3itt þþ þa now hast mys-goon
hit shal be bet bi a wommon
Of synneles mon made J þe
Jn wommon shal 3it my wonyng be
But hit shal not 3itt be so neþe
To couer my loos furst mot J hyþe
¶ And þa man þþ hast vndirtaken
þi wyues rede & myn forsaken
No þing shal þou þerwip wynne
þe world is cursed of þi synne
Jn erþe shal þou swete & swynke
wynne þþ þa shalt ete & drynke
Alle þe dayes of þyn elde
Breres & þornes hit shal þe þelde
<fol. 6vb>þerof shal þou ete gresses sere
þa shal bye þi breed ful dere
Til þa turne aþeþyn in quake
To þþ erþe þa were of take
For þa art now but pouder pleyn
To pouder shal þa turne aþeyn
he turned þenne his wyues name
And Eue fro þenne hir calde Adame
Eue she hett fro þat day
þþ modir of mony is to say
God made hem þenne curteles of hide
þerwip her flesshe for to shride
Lo he seide Adam how
likeþ þe þis dede now
J made euel & good to 3ou knowen
But 3e were sone ouer-browen
3e trespassed at þe tre of lif
þerfore 3e ben in woo & strif
he put hem out of þi plas
Jnto þe world þere þei made was
Adam dere hit shal be bou3t
Til hit be bet þi þa hast wrou3t
Take þi wyf in þi honde
Leue 3e shul þis lufsme londe
Jnto þe wrecched world to be
þi lif shal þinke longe to þe
Longe peyne þere shal þa dre3e
And siþen on doubel deþ to de3e
3e shul be flemed fro my face
Til þi 3ou sende my grace
þe oile of mercy 3e mot abide
J hete to sende hit 3ou sum tide
Alas seide Adam wo is me
þi J trowed not lord to þe
lorde my lif is me ful loþ
þi J euer made þe wroþp
J woot but þe J haue no frende
Telle me ar J fro þe wende
what manner & wiþ what þing
May J gete þi sau3telyng