And alle þe kynne þ 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'oute wo , & sorewe & synne
Seyson~ to Adam delyuerd wes þo
To wonnen~ in blysse euer & oo
In myche murhe & 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 þe appull 3ete
Goddys hest he dede forlete
And seþyn his lawes he breke
þe lawe of kynde & þe lawe set<?> eke
and raþer dede aftur is wyfys bode
þen he heoled þe hest of gode
Thus is Adam þorwh jnfoill<?> rage
cast out of his eritage

And oute of paradys j-dryuen~
jn swynk & swot in þe world to lyvyn~
The blysse of lyfe he hap for-sakyn~
And to dylfull deth hi@-self jtakyn~
Carfullyche he hap hym~ boryn~
Mirth wyth ry3ht he hap 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 trespast so
For all þe fendes hadyn horowr~<?>
þt mon~ shuld wonyn in þe blessed honowr~
hit he hade þowgh prude forlore
woll it lyked hem~ þerfor~
So mychel wom her~ my3ht þo
That all þe world most aftur hem go
And when mon hade jlyved her~ longe in car~
at þe last he most dye & forþfar~
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 þis þis world forles
That vche þyng vnder hevyn dry3ht
So mychell les of strengthe & my3ht
God whrowght neuer þis þyng
but hit peyrred þowgh his wonnyng
but for þis wonnyng of him hit was not long
Ne~ þis 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 won þo anon
Tho he goddys hest breke
And eke þo þe appul he 3ete
Thorwh wonhe lost is seysine
Thorwh wonhe browght hym~self to pyne
<fol. 6v>byn kynkescourt 3et vche day
Me vsyth þilke selue lay
Now is adam wiþ wo j-name
synnes thrall he is become
That feyror wes then~ eny thynk
That lyued vnder heuyn kyng
Now is he þorgh ry3ht is seruant & þrall
To whos seruise he vnderstondeth wþ all
And when he him seruid þorgh thewdome
he dede w'oute fredome
   And serveise ne þrall þey moweþt craue
Thorgy 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 anoþer seche
That my3ht swewe for hi@ his speche
That my3ht his eritage craue
And þ' he þ' kynde haue
<fol. 7a>That he be born fre
And þ' he 3ete non~ of þ' tre
And þ' haue jwyst w³ wynne
The thre lawes w'outyn synne
Theko<ill><faint text, c. 1 word></ill> of paradys
And þ' toþer of þe mownt of Synays
That to moysen 3euen wes
That neuer 3et jholdyn nes
Of mon þ' evir dede synne
who my3ht þenne of Syche mon mynne
Opera þenk opera knowe
who seche a wonur my3ht do or showe
Sey j may in þis stede
as j before dede
For now is tymey þ' 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 bolþ' þei were~ of on my3ht
Thurgh þ² sone þe fadur all be-goon
That be lye to his kyndome
All þat was of his begynnynge
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' pes wysen
Ne w' ry3ht justisyn~
<fol. 8r>Good is to nomen hem for þi
The furst dowghtur is merci
The kynges eldest heo is
That oþr hette Soþe j-wys
The thridde systur we clepon~ ry3ht
And pes hette þe fourth apli3ht
w'oute þese four~ w' worship
Ther may no kyng lede gret lordship
This kyng as þe herdest er þis
hede a þrall þe dede a-mys
That for his gult boþe strong & gret
wyth his lord wes so j-vet
That þorgh insy3ht of ry3h' dome
To strong pryson he wes j-done
And deluyer~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 pris0n~ of deþ
And pyned hi@ w'oute meth
<fol. 8v>MErcy þe a-noon she sy3h
The pris0n hede her~ hert swyth ny3h
She my3ght her~ no lenger hold
To-fore þe kyng come sho e wold
To shewe forth her~ reson~
For to deluyer þe pris0n
vnderstonde qd sho fadur myne
Thow wost þþ j am dowghtur þyne
And am full of bucsomnesse
Of grace & of goodnesse
And all þ have fadur þorgh the
j beseche þþ þþ her~ me
That þe sorfull wrecche þe prison~
Mote come to som~ rawnsom~
That among alle his foon~
þn strong pyne þu hast hi@ doon~
Thei maden~ hi@ agulte in þþ þe gret synne
Thorgh her~ feyr~ behest w'oute blynne
And seyden~ & he wolde þþ appull eten~
And goddis lawes forleten~
þþ þu shuld haue all þe my3ht of god
Therfore þey seyde þþ 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~ þþ 3eve to me
For thow art kyang of bucsomnes
Of grace And of swetnesse
And of all þi dowghtryn~ j am þe aldest
Ouer hem alle þ j am baldest
They dowghtur þ ne wer~
But my swetnesse toward hi@ wer~
Grace & merci he shall haue
Thorgh swetnes þ chull þþ prison crave
And þorh þy nowne pyte
þ chull hi@ brynge sanite
Thi grace for hi@ þ crie euer-mor~
Tyll he haue þunde þyne or~
SO sone soþ þis werk sy3th
how mercy her~ sistur heor~ herte 3y3th
þþ þe shuld þe thrall of þe prison~ brynge
That ryght hade demyd with-owten~ eynde
All heo changed her~ mode
And be-fore þþ kyang a-non~ vp stode
Fadur þ beseche þþ to her~ me
j may not forbere to telle þþ
hoow me þynkeþ wonder þyng
Of my syster~ mecyes wylnyng
That wolde wþ her~ wylsfull sermon
Delyuer þþ þrall of prison~
That suche agult þþ j hit sy3h
And tolde hit to ry3ht þþ stode me ny3h
Fadur j sey for-thi
Thow owest not to her~ mercy
Of noo bone þþ she besecheþ þþ
But sothe & ry3ht þþ per-wþ be
Thow louest sothe & hatest les
For of þi volnesse j-comyn~ j wes
And eke þþ art kyng ry3htwys
And mercies herte so rufull is
<fol. 10r>That 3ef sheo may . wþ her~ mylde speche
Savyn alle þþ she wolle for besechyn~
Then neuer mysdede shulde býn~ abowght
And þþ fadur shuldest be dreded ry3ht nowght
And þþ art all sothefaste kyng
And stabull of thought in all thyng
Therfore me thynkeþ mercy wylneþ wowgh
And spekeþ aþeysns me j-nowgh
For ry3ht hi@ con jn prison bynde
That he neuer grace jfynde
Grace he haþ all for-lore
he wes jwarned þþ per-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-herþ þis talkyng
And vp her stode be-fore þþ kyng
Thi dowghtur j am~ heo seyth j wol be þon~
For þþ art kyng & ry3ht domesmon~
<fol. 10v>Ry3ht domes byth wþ the
And alle þþ 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 wî him boþ merci & pes
And sothe & ry3ht he hede hem boo
And wip his wyll he went hem fro
And be-toke hym~ to wrath & wo
And to synne & wrecchedome his fo
So þi 3i̇f ry3ht geth
he shall for euer þole deþ
For þo þu to hi@ þy hest hestyst
Thorgh sothe þen~ deth to hi@ þu hettyst
and he dede þi hestes breke
And oon [him] þu 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 þu shuldest sone her~
<fol. 11r>For ry3ht ne spareth not to jugge
What-so-euer sothe woll sygge
Thorgh wysdame heo demeþ alle
Aftur her~ gult as hit heor~ dop be-falle
SOpe & 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@ nolpyng wherser~ he wynde
And his foon fy3htyþ wî hi@ in vche eynde
And han stripte hi@ all startnaked
Of my3ht & strengthe hi@ all bar~ maked
And hi@ & all þ of hi@ sprong
They thenkeþ he shall be in prisœn strong
his foon~ maden~ hi@ agultyn~ wonþer sone
& Ry3ht comyth aftur wyth her~ dome
wyth-outen~ mercy & pes hym~ heo juggeþ
Euer aftur sothe þu wolles sygge
And pes wî 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 þe world<?></> j-leuyd
no þyling but it wes dystryed & to-dreuyd
And drownt . for-lore~ & fordemed
Saue viij soules þ犅 wher~ j3emed
jn noe-is flood in þe shippe wer~ heo
Noe & his sonys threo
& here wyfes þ犅 heo haden~ by-fore
Of all þe world is þer leved no mor~
Carfull hert hi@ owght to come
That thenkeþ on so drury dome
And all it is þorgh ry3ht & soth
That w~oute pes & mercy doþ
SO longe þ犅 pes atte last vp breke
And þus to her~ fadur she speke
j am þy dowghtur & of þe j-name
And of thi volnesse j am jcome
<fol. 12r>To-for~ þe my playnt j make
My too systren me han forsake
wþowten 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 kynnesþþying
j my3ht not come hem amyng
And þe dome is all her~ owne
Ther-for~ j am~ owt of londe jflowene
And woll w~ þe lede my lyfe
Euer tyll þ犅 jlke Stryfe
That a-mong my sustres is awake
Thorgh sawghtnes mowe so ende take
And what is hit euer þe bet
Thawgh ry3ht & solpe 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><i1><faint text; 1 line></i1>
<i1><faint text; 1 line></i1>
<i1><faint text; 1 line></i1>
<i1><faint text; 1 line></i1>
Of vs four~ fadur j chylle telle þ
he me þynkeþ hit oweþ to be
when four~ byth to-geder jsend
To don~ a evyn juggement
And shullen~ þowrgh skyle alle & som
þeuyn & 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 cleyn a3eyne þe dome for-þi
hit is as sope & ry3ht wold deme
To mercy & me hit doth not queme
with-owtyn vs þer is bale to breme
Ther-fore fadur nyme þu 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-oute gabbe
Pes w-oute ende he shall habbe
My word oweth to byn of gret reles
For þu art kyng & lord of pes
Ther-fore þu owest to here me
And mercy my systur þþ preyeth þe
That þe prison deluyerþ shuld be
And j chul flyn & neuer come
Tyll my systryn byn at oone
The kynges+sone all þis con heren<?>
how is sustren <i1><faint text; 1 line></i1>
bere
And sye þis stryfe so strong a-waken
And<?> pes & mercy wer~ forsakyn
That w1-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
 Thi wysdam men clepeth me
And so mychell þu louest me
That all þe world for me þu wrowghtest
And so þu me in þy werk browghtest
For we byth oon in oon volnesse
jn my3ht & strengthe & hyenesse
All j chull don þi þy wylle is
For þu art kyng more [of] ry3ht-wesnys
jn so myche fadur j+take more 3eme
Of þis stryf þu is so breme
þu furste tale þu mercy tolde þe
Full sor~ of þe þu prisoon rueth me
And ther-fore me rueth well þe mor~
For mercy euer cleputh þyn ore
Fadur þu art so mekefull kyng
heer~ we shull her~ ouer all þyng
All her~ wyll j chull don
And make at oon~ soth & heer~ full son~
Taken~ j chull þe þralles weden
As sothe & ry3ht wollen it & beden
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 w1 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 þe insy3ht of god almy3hti kyng
Fadur w1oute god is maked nowght
Thorwgh god þe 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 pis wryt vnderstonde
3E han jherd as j owe tolde
For-whi god þ^t world make wolde
<fol. 14v>And how for-les^[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 dep aryse
Then most it nede be þorgh vche dome
That goddys sone shuld mon be-come
and mon shuld dep tholyn w^t sorewe ryue
And god shuld vp rysen a3eyn~ fróm deþ tholyn w^t sorewe ryue
For ells were all for-lore to nowght
That god hede in þ^t world jwrowght
He(rkeneth wheche loue wych bucsonn<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 blysshe 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 dep for his sake
Sore he awght his handys to wrynge
That þis lord wold greue for eny thyng
He(rketh now forþer at þis frome
how this sheperd wolde come
To Abraham þ^t tydyingus 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 prophethys to him 3euyyn~
3Ef 3e wolle heryn telle j+chulle
how þe child is wondurfulle
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~
Achilld that ry3ht lymed ner~
That þre fete & þre honden ber~
And anoþer that oþer weys wer~
That hede his fote or his hond forloren
And he weren so bothe jborn
<fol. 16r>wher~ thei wondurfull these too
Nay sotheli þei ner~ not soo
For þawgh þe toon hede of kynde to myche
And þe 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 þe he were all soþefast mon
þe no forshapon thynyg wer~ him oon~
And eke wer~ [4] good hors w' all
Seche thyng may never befall
For whoso jsy3h seche a shapynge
he my3ht it clepon a wonderfull þyng
And 3et is hit mor~ wondur a þousondfold
Of þe child þysaye of told
And clepud hi@ wondurfull for thonne
That he is sothefast god & monne
For of monhede wonteþ hi nowght
And eke þorgh hym all þyng is wrowght
<fol. 16v>And w'-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 þis 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' 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 castell þi is comlyche
Mychell & louelyche
This is the castell mychell of þe flour~
Of solace & of socuor
<fol. 17r>jn the meer~ he stont be-twynnen too
he haþ no feyrelac for no fo
For þe tour~ is so well w'-owntyn
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 beth his foon
That thei fleþ hi@ euer-jchon
four~ smale tour~ þer beþ abowte
To wyte þe hole tour~ w'-owte
And allso þer beþ thre baylys w'-alle
Feyr~ jdy3ht w'-stronge walle
as heo beth her~ aftur jwryte
Ther may no man her~ feyrship wyte