The Thorn and the Yogh

The "original" text of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight as provided above substitutes modern English letters for two letters in Middle English that have now died out. One of these, the letter č ("thorn"), was sounded very much as we sound the letter "ch" today. The other, ȝ ("yogh"), various representations sound that we represent with "gh", "y", and "j." Following is the first part of the poem with Middle English letters:

Sippen pe sege and noo manere wes al at Troye. Bave leedt brave and beseed to barding and al ale.
Be talkat beÜer to meusen sowen.
Warle truat his trichere, be treuere on epe.
Hit ware Raenel be aloth, and ul his highe kynde,
Pur ȝippen despered præsens, and pat rauus biaume.
Wente of al pe were he wente the.
Fro ëric Kænole to Reuæ siclin hyn wynpe.
With get bohoassne pur bæte ȝe bipes your fynne.
And remes hit hit his stane mone, as hit now hat:
Tatuit to Jukan and rodes biynane,
Langbridge to Lazandra lyfers up bones,
And for ore ol French Rod Felix Berus.
On many brecresoul brode Becwyn he swete wyth wytre,
Where were melde and woole, and al his highe lynde.
Bl eysræ hare went þesetone, and eft sope blöwe and blodend
Ful showe hæst skryful snean.

GEORFFREY CHAUCER
C. 1343 – 1400

Little is known about the private life of the greatest English author of the Middle Ages, but because Chaucer spent most years of his adult life in service to the Crown and to the government, medieval records tell us much about his working life. There records, in which Chaucer's name is mentioned some 500 times, document decades of work for various royal households—as a page, a controller of customs, and a justice of the peace, among other positions. What few details about Chaucer's education, linear life, or personal life.

As the author of the exquisite Troilus and Criseyde and of a variety of shorter poems and prose works, Chaucer would be regarded among the most important medieval English writers. But it is The Canterbury Tales that has secured his place as one of the greatest English authors of any era. From the time of its first appearance in the late fourteenth century, this linked series of stories has remained one of the most popular works of literature of the Middle Ages. The Tales were, in fact, written over a period of some three decades after Gower's invention of moveable type. In his Preface to The Canterbury Tales, written in 1386, John Fareman called Chaucer the "father of English poetry" not only for his great influence upon future generations, but also for the fact that he was one of the first poets to compose his works in English, rather than French, Latin, or Anglo-Norman. Indeed, like Dante before him, Chaucer used the everyday language of the common people and proved its poetic capacity.

Chaucer was born at a time that saw the beginnings of a breakdown in strict divisions between the aristocracy, the Church, and the commoners. Although he was not born into the nobleclass, he was able to transcend the restrictions of the old social order and to procure a variety of high positions. Chaucer was born in Agnes Canopin and John Chaucer just a few years before the beginning of the Hundred Years' War between France and England; his childhood also saw the outbreak of the Black Death in England (which eventually killed between thirty and forty percent of the population). Both of his parents held court positions; a series of letters, but his father was primarily a prosperous wine merchant in London. With his knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian, the young Chaucer was likely educated in a good London grammar school; many he may have attended university. Court documents show that in his early teens he held a position at age 11 in the household of the Courtesan of Lydgate and Prince Luton, son of the royal nun, Edward III.

In 1559 Chaucer took part in the war in France and was captured and ransomed to the king, who procured his release in 1366. Speculation has it that during this period on the continent Chaucer began his literary career, translating from the French the popular and influential allegorical poems Le Roman de la Rose (The Romance of the Rose), written by Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meun. In 1366 Chaucer married Philippa Roet, a lady-in-waiting to the queen. The couple had six children; Chaucer addressed A Treatise on the Hoste (1391) to "little Lewis," and another son, Thomas, was eventually knighted.

The Tales were, in fact, written over a period of some three decades after Gower's invention of moveable type. In his Preface to The Canterbury Tales, written in 1386, John Fareman called Chaucer the "father of English poetry" not only for his great influence upon future generations, but also for the fact that he was one of the first poets to compose his works in English, rather than French, Latin, or Anglo-Norman. Indeed, like Dante before him, Chaucer used the everyday language of the common people and proved its poetic capacity.

Chaucer was born at a time that saw the beginnings of a breakdown in strict divisions between the aristocracy, the Church, and the commoners. Although he was not born into the nobleclass, he was able to transcend the restrictions of the old social order and to procure a variety of high positions. Chaucer was born in Agnes Canopin and John Chaucer just a few years before the beginning of the Hundred Years' War between France and England; his childhood also saw the outbreak of the Black Death in England (which eventually killed between thirty and forty percent of the population). Both of his parents held court positions; a series of letters, but his father was primarily a prosperous wine merchant in London. With his knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian, the young Chaucer was likely educated in a good London grammar school; many he may have attended university. Court documents show that in his early teens he held a position at age 11 in the household of the Courtesan of Lydgate and Prince Luton, son of the royal nun, Edward III.

In 1559 Chaucer took part in the war in France and was captured and ransomed to the king, who procured his release in 1366. Speculation has it that during this period on the continent Chaucer began his literary career, translating from the French the popular and influential allegorical poems Le Roman de la Rose (The Romance of the Rose), written by Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meun. In 1366 Chaucer married Philippa Roet, a lady-in-waiting to the queen. The couple had six children; Chaucer addressed A Treatise on the Hoste (1391) to "little Lewis," and another son, Thomas, was eventually knighted.
Over the course of the next twenty years, Chaucer continued his work for the royal household, serving in the army in France under John of Gaunt and in 1372 traveling on a diplomatic mission to Italy, where he probably acquired his knowledge of the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. The Book of the Duchess (1368), written when he was about twenty-five, is already an accomplished work. After his trip to Italy, however, Chaucer’s writing began to show a new level of maturity and innovative technique, as well as a vast knowledge of both classical and contemporary literature and the various languages associated with these writings. The House of Fame (c. 1377) was a satire in Dante, The Parliament of Fowls (1380) to Boccaccio and Cino, and Troilus and Criseyde (c. 1385) again to Boccaccio; it is a rewriting of Boccaccio’s Il Filisteo.

Troilus, a long narrative poem recounting the love life of the Trojan Prince Troilus for Criseyde, has often been considered the most perfectly realized of all Chaucer’s works. Although it exhibits less range than The Canterbury Tales, its elegant and simple verse, sustained narrative accomplishment, and depth of characterizations are unsurpassed in medieval poetry in English.

In his next (and unfinished) work, The Legend of Good Women, written as a series of tales, Chaucer parodies his own authorial persona, taking himself as task for the writing of Criseyde’s betrayal of Troilus by telling the story of famous women who were themselves deceived by men.

Although the beginning of the 1380s were difficult times for Chaucer and for the country (the excommunication of the Pope was raised in England by a young woman named Cecilia Chaucer), and 1381 saw the uprising against the poll tax, he seemed to gain inspiration in the latter part of the decade, as he held some important positions in the court. He became Constable of Customs and Justice of the Peace, and in 1386 was elected Member of Parliament for Kent. In 1389 Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the King’s Works, a vital and challenging position in which he oversaw repairs and improvements of government buildings. During these years he began work on The Canterbury Tales, generally considered his masterpiece. Rather than adapting old legends or rewriting ancient stories of heroes, as was the norm, Chaucer told the stories of a gallery of English characters from knight to clerk, priest to cook, nobility and commoner alike. Frequently comic, sometimes bawdy, and other times tragic, The Canterbury Tales claim to be a series of stories told by a group of pilgrims on their way from London to Canterbury to visit the shrine of the martyr St. Thomas Becket. Similar framing devices had been used by other writers of the Middle Ages, but Chaucer’s inclusion of such a wide range of classes and types of people, as well as his vast range and his melding of diverse styles, were without precedent in English.

Although the work as it stands includes 24 tales and runs to over 17,000 lines, The Canterbury Tales was far from complete at the end of Chaucer’s life. The General Prologue, in which the narrator introduces some thirty pilgrims, suggests that Chaucer intended to write more than 100 tales, with each narrative telling two tales on the journey to Canterbury and two on the way back. Chaucer must have known that such a project was entirely unrealistic, however. Perhaps he allowed it to stand in the General Prologue, which he probably revised on several occasions, to indicate that The Canterbury Tales was a work that could never be finished. The narrative we do have are fleshed out by linking passages recounting exchanges among the pilgrims. Although these selections are fictional, the text provides a wealth of insight into the customs and practices of the time. Many of the pilgrims are medieval types, but by varying narrative style with each speaker, Chaucer breathes imaginative life into the characters as individuals and into their world as a whole.

Chaucer’s moral stance in The Canterbury Tales has been the subject of much discussion. The Retrospective that follows The Parson’s Tale discours on moral grounds not only the Tales, but virtually all his more secular writings. In this "Geoffrey Chaucer" merely another imaginary personage, or did
A Balade

madame, ye bent of a beneficient grace,
As far as credited is the mapamonde,\(^3\)
For as the crystal glorious ye shine,
And lyte ruby ben your chothes rounde.

Therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund\(^4\) pointes joyfull
That at a revel when that ye are danceth,
It is an eymement\(^5\) unto my wounds,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.\(^6\)

For thoug I wepe of tress ful a synne,\(^10\)
Yet may that weyne horte nat confounden;
Your syme\(^7\) synes that ye so smal out
Serve the wynde.

Maken thyn thought in joy and thy llabourd,\(^8\) whereof, be folde.
So curtseyd I go with love bocade.
That to myself I say in any permutaunce,
"Suffreth me to love you, Rosemonde;
Though ye to me ne do no daunelsse,\(^11\)

Noes neuer synke walved in galantone\(^9\)
As I in love am walved and yow wedde.

\(^1\) je bon d'el.... mapamonde. You are the shine of all beauty throughout the world.

\(^2\) Thogh.... daunelsse. Even though you give me no encouragements.

\(^3\) madame, ye bent of a beneficient grace. As far as credited is the mapamonde, For as the crystal glorious ye shine, And lyte ruby ben your chothes rounde.

\(^4\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.

\(^5\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.

\(^6\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.

\(^7\) your syme synes. You so smal out your synes that ye smal out.

\(^8\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.

\(^9\) nos neuer synke walved in galantone. As I in love am walved and yow wedde.

\(^10\) for though I wepe of tress ful a synne. Yet may that weyne horte nat confounden.

\(^11\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.

The General Prologue

Chaucer’s account of meeting a group of twentie-nine pilgrims at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, on the south bank of the Thames, has such an air of verisimilitude that it was once read as an account of an actual pilgrimage, with much attention devoted to determining just when it took place (1387 being the most frequent date), how many days it took the pilgrims to get to Canterbury, and who the pilgrims were in real life. In fact, The Canterbury Tales draws on a tradition of medieval estates, poems that describe the members of the three estates (those who pray, i.e. monks and nuns; those who fight, i.e. knights; and those who work, i.e. peasants) in terms of their characteristic voices. Many of Chaucer’s most memorable and vivid characters, including his Friar and the Wife of Bath, are drawn from satirical figures found in such works as Le Roman de la Rose (The Romance of the Rose), in which a lover’s quest for his lady

\(^3\) madame, ye bent of a beneficient grace. As far as credited is the mapamonde, For as the crystal glorious ye shine, And lyte ruby ben your chothes rounde.

\(^4\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.

\(^5\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.

\(^6\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.

\(^7\) your syme synes. You so smal out your synes that ye smal out.

\(^8\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.

\(^9\) nos neuer synke walved in galantone. As I in love am walved and yow wedde.

\(^10\) for though I wepe of tress ful a synne. Yet may that weyne horte nat confounden.

\(^11\) therewith ye ben so merry and so jocund. Pointes joyfull. That at a revel when that ye are danceth, It is an eymement unto my wounds, Thogh ye to me ne do no daunelsse.
(the role) serves as an occasion for broad social commentary. Chaucer knew the work well, having translated it from French, and also knew the major example of English estate verse, William Langland's *Piers Plowman*, which Langland composed and then repeatedly rewrote in the 1370s and 1380s.

Chaucer includes a Knight and a Plowman among the pilgrims, but for the most part they are drawn from the middle ranks of society, including prosperous members of the clergy, a friar, the Monk, and the Friar, and those of the third estate who no longer lived among the peasants, such as the five prosperous Guildsmen, the Wife of Bath, the Merchant, the Physician, the Sergeant of Law, and the Manciple. Energetic and often clever, or at least sophisticated, the pilgrims are all professionally successful and— with a few exceptions—they thrive in the verbose monkey society of the later fourteenth century. To describe these people, Chaucer employs an affable and natively enthusiastic narrator, who mingles easily with them, admiring and even echoing their speeches, all apparently uncritically. As George Lyman Kittredge has observed, however, Chaucer was a professional tax collector and “in a staff collector of customs would be a paradoxical monster.” The poet and his narrator must not be confused.

The framing device of the pilgrimage allows Chaucer to explore the social tensions and moral debates of his day more freely than would otherwise be possible, transposing all conflict into a seemingly innocuous tale-telling competition. The question of who will tell the tale that offers the “best sense and most color” (line 798), i.e., the best moral meaning and the most enjoyment, is a standing invitation to probe beneath the surface and see what the meaning of each tale really is. The pilgrimage frame also allows Chaucer to experiment with almost every major literary genre of his day and to assemble an encyclopedic compilation of ancient wisdom, history, and moral lessons. The learned aspect of this compilation is reinforced in the Ellesmere manuscript by the large number of marginal glosses, which identify the source for quotations and draw attention to particularly scannable passages.
From The Canterbury Tales

THE GENERAL PROLOGUE

Who that Apoll with nice shoures

The daughter of Marsch hath peryshed to the moone

And bathed every yere in swida "konax" sett in such a liquid

Of which water englandeth is the foyre

When Zepherus with his sweete breth inspired bathe in every holy and herceh

The tender croppes and the yonge sone

Hath in his hayle four herceyre

And desire fooleth makes melancholy

That depe the saile with open eye, So prakhet "bren natio in his corage.

Therne beginne folk to growe" on pilgrimages and penalties for to seke strange monstors

To ferne places howethe in sundry loodes

And specially, from every shires end

Of England to Camberwell they wende, wende

The holy blifful martris" to seke

That herte hath holpether when that they were seekes-

Bild in that is" at southwark a day

In Southwark at the Tabard as yie

Redy to wenden" on my pilgrimage

In Camberwell with ful devoute carze,

At nyght were come into that heweke

Wil graven and twenty in a compagnie

Of scowdry" folk by avenall yffle.

In shewinesse, and pilgremes were they alle that toward Camberwell wendeth yede.

The chamberes and the nobles were wyde, wyd is,

And we were wondred" arte buse.

And sherty what the iuan was to seke,

So hede i have spoken with her" erenith

That was i of his ierewake howe soon

And made youre" eyche for to ryde

To take oute way that as you deste,

But unthankfully what i have ryme to you are, somewhere

Er that i ferkehe in this tale panc

Me shyneth her" accedentee to seem as i were to see according

To take yow at the condition, ee, dethome and estas

Of ech of hem, as it is wenned wyre

And whicke they were end of what degre

And seke in what erry that they were time,

And at a knyght was he" I first bignace.

A Knyght ther was and that a worthy man,

That for the ryme that he first began

To ride out, he loved chivalry,

Tourthe and honour, freedom and curteisie,

Ful worthy was he in his lordes weare,

And seke hede he ride no man form, war further

As in Cristendom as in herethume

And erce houneder for his wyzechewe

As Alexander he was when it was woman,

Ful of theyn he hede the best biggees

Aboven all nacions in Peace.

In Latene hede he rysened, and in Rome,

As in Latene he hede he rysened, and in Rome,

In Greznde at the teegh rike" hede he is

Ol of Algiez, and rizned in Ieremeye.

At Lywyas he was and at Sealety

In Westminster were they and in the Genere, Genere

At many a noble seer he hede he

At mortale burdale he hede fifteene

And foughen for oure feith at Trinquayce

In lyznes thightes and ny sleay therefoo

Thoket" seerly knight he hede been also

And of his poet" seerly in a mayde

He nyved oute ny offices seyde

At so lyf wynter no more wight

He was a veryr," perfet" genitl knight

But for to telle wyrm of his arwys

His horis" perrot onkyd, onkyd knight

Fow his wyrm so yeom" from his sterge,

And wente for to dyseen his pilgrymage

By wyth his hede was his, a yong Squire,

A Knyght and a fowty bachelor

With lokkes crulle" as they were leped in presse.

Of tweny year of age he was, I genmeth

Of his stene he was of eveunte lengthe


1 The Canterbury Tales: "The presence of instructions to, and quotations from The Canterbury Tales have been prepared for The Longman Anthology of British Literature by Robert Bruxelles and Andrew Taylor from their edition of the complete Tales (Broadview, 2001).

2 Zepherus: The same given to the personified wind.

3 The Sign of the Zodiak for the spring.

4 The holy blisful martris: St. Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was killed on 29 December 1179 during a dispute with the King, Henry II, by his knights who thought Becket was uniting the church.

5 Southwark: Southwark is the right, now officially part of London, but not until Chaucer's time, so the southern Becket and Andrew Taylor from their edition of the complete Tales (Broadview, 2001).

6 Tabard: This is the name of Henry Bally's inn. A "tabard" was a type of tunic often worn over other than adult.

7 Style: Enthusiastic by chance.

8 Troth: "true." Chaucer's use of the word, presenting one's reputation to another, so moderately and coronary are not measured in the card of chancery.

9 Bindeth the hede bise: See at the first table—an honor in victory banquet.
In hours by his magic nature.

Wol he be he taketh the accosted
abode a plene position
Of hys yeeres for his patients.

He knoweth the cause of each malady.
Very

Wor he of hooe he could or could not on day or day.
And whereas they enquired of and of what

He was a vertue, parfit proctor,

Hoo doth he myn wynne
And his harme to him.

Thus queme the hooe or the dreyne
And treynes.

Full roy nobly he bide sportes of joye

To sheede hym dronges and his lesones.

For eek of hooe made another to yeven: swet is to developer his
Hoo he fyske tyme was moste newe to

Inferius.

Wol he be the old escalpuli.

On eek of dreyne.

Yet doth he soode fayre to eye.

Upon an unngle whyth the sat.

Wol he be the olde Escapulius?

And Desponditodes and risk Radus,
Oldo Vespas, Heli, and Galgali.

I, in memorte: Hoo are the citie in this day when the various
plagues and pestilences were spreaded when the physitian woxed ever
(kept) his patients. Natural signe is opposed to black magic,
which suteben contain of mensal spirit.

Of this image. The prouce of artifielly-bred medicinae
existed of the use of images of the planeteres or others.

He, Al.

Medieval medicine was also based on a theory
of medicine. The physicians took in the sense Chaucer mentions below, of the balance of the four bodily humors (black, yellow bile, phlegm, black bile, and red bile) and their qualitative of hot, cold, dry, and moist in this line.

Wol, Escapulius, Ascapulius was a mythologic demi-god of
Apollo, Asclepius, Khufu, and Hippocrates (associated with the Hippocratian ethics). The Holy Grail, the so-called Black Grail, and the Grail were famous Greek physicians. Galen (129-199) was particularly influential, since he set out the theory of four humors which was the basis of medieval medicine. "Hale" is probably the Persian physician, Ali ibn al-Mattar al-Dehbari (d. 912). Ibn al-Dehbari was an African but Persian in style. The Arabian medicine, the Chinese medicine, the Indian medicine, and the Greek medicine all had a great influence on the development of medieval medicine. The term "Dehbari" is derived from the Greek word "debari," which means "earth." According to medieval sources, Dehbari was a great physician who lived in the seventh century. His name was also associated with the city of Dehbari, which is located in what is now Afghanistan.

II.

In the Middle Ages, physicians were often thought
to be able to diagnose and treat illness, partly because of their knowledge of classical anatomy.

Apostol, it, synod: Tablet and order are types of ecclesiastical book, from which the modern Bible is derived.

He, synod: Possibly a reference to the Black Death, which killed in less than a third the population of England between 1348 and 1350, although there were later outbreaks of plague in 1369, 1376, and 1380.

Bark, Lo., Bosh, is a town in southwest England near Bristol. It is famous for its old market (now a museum) and Roman ruins. The city is the capital of St. Michael's, just south of Bath, which was famous for its warm springs.

Bys, yst, yst, Grum in Flandres (now northwestern Belgium) known for its cloth traders. There were also skilled weavers from these cities working in England.

Gif wither, we know what was said during the council, or during any other meeting.

Guise: According to medieval physiognomy, no gap between the teeth could be a sign that a woman was bold, lacerous, fatuous, and ambitious.

Yeast: Wearing a wig.
That he knew his deceit and his crafty. 541 They were adored of hymn as of the death. 547 His meaning was "full faire upon an heath", 548 With grief men shadowed was his place. 549 He knew better than his lord purchase. 550 Full ride he was, unrested peryly. 551 His heart well knew his pleasant sinne. 552 To yere and lose of hym of his owen good. 553 And here a thank and yet a gowre and koue. 554 In yowthe he iodised his goute. 555 He was a well weightyn gout a carpenter. 556 Henceforth he sat upon a full good seate. 557 That was al poyndy "greyyd" and hight. Scowle. 558 A long smownd of poyrs upon he lyde. 559 And by his side bare a ramp blache. 560 Of Norfolke was this Rese of Whose that. 561 Buildt a men, deyns Baldewelle. 562 Tidhek" he was as to a "frenct shoonem." 563 And ever he rode the hyssopeth of seuse spynen. 564 A Sermonise was ther with us in shut place. 565 That had a fyrde "ere", chausenfeynt "tref", for of shoklesyfe. 566 For rasonable" he was with eyes sternet. 567 As boke he was and waschynge as a "scywer." 568 With waled browen blate and paled bor. 569 Of his visage children were stred. 570 faste afraid

The General Prologue 247
And Emelye lyrics love so tenderly,
And he her research so gently.
This never was that no mood him blemishes
Of idle or any other term.

The Miller's Prologue and Tale

When the Knight has finished his tale, much applauded by the "knights," the King turns to the pilgrim who, after the Priests, sits next to the social hierarchy: the Monk, a senior brother from a wealthy monastery. But the Miller, who has already placed himself at the head of the pilgrims to lead them out of town with his loquacious bagpipes, has no respect for social hierarchy. He insists that he will "quarry" the Knight, that is, reprove him or match him, and his tale does just that. With the invention of The Miller's Tale, Chaucer breaks decisively from less dynamic frame narratives such as Boccaccio's Decameron, in which the stories are told by a homogeneous and harmonious group of sinners, and launches a social comedy in which the various tellers will contrast each other's authority and values.

The Miller's Tale belongs to the medieval genre of the fabliau, a short tale of trickery often set among lower-class or bourgeois characters. These tales may have circulated orally, but they were also written down, and the written versions were enjoyed by aristocratic, not peasant, readers. Chaucer draws on two well-established fabliau plots. In the first, a young scholar cuckolded an old husband by making him believe that a second flood is coming in the second, a younger lover humiliates a rival by tricking him into a mind-erected kiss. Chaucer may have drawn on a source that had already combined these two plots or may have combined them himself. Early critics, embarrassed by the tale's vulgarity, tended to regard it as a memorable lyrics and take Chaucer at his word when he apologizes in The General Prologue for his bawdy lower-class characters, whom he designates as "knights" who insist on telling churlish stories. But Chaucer defends all his powers of comic timing, sexual description, and social satire to expanding the basic story. Thus enrolls Palamon and Emelye. And God save all this faire compagny! Amen.

Here is the beginning of the Knight's Tale

and list into a comic masterpiece, in which the two plots come together when Nicholas calls for water.

The Miller tells his tale, a "legend or a life" (which would normally mean a saint's life) of the cuckolded of an old carpenter, in part to attack the Reeve, who is also a carpenter—and a professional rival, since they were expected to catch dishonest millers. The Miller's rivalry with the Knight, however, and his claim that he will "quarry" him, insist readers to observe how extraneously his tale parallels that of the Knight. These parallels serve to subvert the values of The Knight's Tale, calling into question the lengthy tributes to cosmic order, its chivalric dignity, and its depiction of refined love. A faire. Whereas Palamon and Emelye are almost interchangeable, Nicholas, who is "bride" or handy with his words, is completely unlike the squ awish Absolon; and Alison, in complete contrast to the passive Emelye, is a energetic scheme, who participates gloriously in Absolon's humiliation.

Set in Oxford, The Miller's Tale gives a vivid sense of medieval student life and reveals the tensions between the more prosperous members of the peasantry and cunning clerics. Most cantankerously, the old cuckolded husband, becomes a complex and often sympathetic character. John the carpenter is allowed to expand upon his philosophy of life, warning against paying into God's secret, just as the Miller wants the Reeve not to pay into his wife's secrets. With the fast pace of burlesque or a modern situation comedy, The Miller's Tale is filled with vivid details of domestic life; it could not bare more different from the Knight's, and in its insistence that decent or proximity will triumph over high ideals is one of the many possible outcomes. The tale offers visions, and scenes, but exactly what this vision is remains the source of continual debate.

[What, Ely? Thomas here identifies Ely as the King of the classical gods, with the First Move.]

And... among. And again this is of no use for any living creature, of whatsoever race, to struggle.
THE MILLER’S PROLOGUE

HERE FLOWETH THE WORLDS MAIST
THE HOOT AND THE MILLER

When that the Kynges hath thus his tale ynowld,* 31
It be al the worsst he was ther wong 32
ere oold company / there was nat nor
That he be so sayde: it was a noble stone
And worthy fer to drawen to memorie.
And namely de worthi* 33
70 everiownd.* 34
82 Our hous laught and seyed, ‘So muot I
got.’
94 This good night! Unbekeld* 96 is the tale.*
Sung wel / unwelkeld a piece
106 in neart
118 Now tell to on, Sir Monk, if that ye kowste,** 120
9 Somewat to quito with the kynges tale 132 11 5
124 The Millere, talebreker* 136 good he ale.
138 So that zowthe upon his he, he speke,
142 He noble* zwelken* neither hede he hat
146 Ne abode* no man for his cumpaynt.*
158 But in Plato’s* waye* he gan to crie
And asow. ‘By arms and by blood and bones,*’
164 I kan* a noble tale for the noone* 170
176 With which I wol now quito the Kynges tale 178
184 Once upon a tyme, that he was drunk of ale
188 And sowy, ‘Alyke!’ Robin, my kere* brother, 198
202 Som beere man shall tell us another.
214 Aleyde, 218 and lu at weches* thirthing;**
230 For I wol speke or elles* go my waye.***
242 For Oure Hous answere, ‘Jesse on a deyle waye’* 250
Thou art a fool! Thy wit is overcom**
264 Now hereketh,* quide the Millere, ‘alle and
272 This is a noble* tale and stone*’

1 284 So ... say. 1 ac. as a hope to live.
3 284 But in Polite. 1 ac. Flanders, the Roman governor who
30 considered him to be a friend. In medieval religious plays he was
depicted as a kind, magnanimous villain.
4 284 By ... blast. Swearing during the Middle Ages and Renaissance
40 often involved taking oaths on various parts of God’s body—loke
44 God’s feet, blood, and bones.
5 284 But see also: 1 ac. a hope to live.
6 284 Normally a “woman’s life,” or biography of a
250 Christmas saint.
7 284 But see also: 1 ac. a hope to live.
8 284 And by also: 1 ac. a hope to live.
9 284 But see also: 1 ac. a hope to live.
10 284 But see also: 1 ac. a hope to live.
11 284 But see also: 1 ac. a hope to live.
12 284 But see also: 1 ac. a hope to live.

*... 31 Ac., as a hope to live.
** 36 Ac., as a hope to live.
*** 38 Ac., as a hope to live.
And therefore every greed, night that I see,
  For God's love demesn't that I may see
  Of yet assent, but that I most retrench
  All they better is vain. Or else fail
  And therefore, whose but it is not
  Famed over the and then another name
  For I shall finishly, wise, great and
  And then no thing that不可能 perennial
  And relict mortality, and broodness.
  Jill saw me in love, they chased any
  She well a shew, to know this.
  So was the Bow, and where many a
  And horridly they saddle brother, two.
  And each one she shall make ered of all, are
  The Miller's Tale

Here Beginneth the Miller's Tale

Whilom [that was dwelleth] at Overford

A rich gear [that] gerahe held to be 1
And of his cait, he was a corporate, profession
With hym that was dwelleth a poor, sad, poor, sad
Said a few, a few, a few, a few, a few
Was turnd to to make any
And knok a convenience of conditions,
To demence by unreasonings.
If that men asked hym in certain lawer,
When that men should have dother or else shewer,
Or if men asked hym what should behove
Of every thing, I may not maketh here all.

This clerk was clapped [because] Nicholus

Of derree, love he koude, and of solas, he warest a knowing pleasure.
And where he was slight and ful povert, he seareth and searcheth
At my dores there will be none, there will be none, there will be none.

At Amund [sic] there was a bache in that house, in that house, in that house.
Alone without any compagny, for

Full heridly with akere, and he bysself
Ou and he himself as more as in the manor.

Of theyr or any creature.
His alyngess and he booked gester and smale, and he made some notable for his ames.
Nine smyrer made jumps late in space, as
On shelves coacheb at his beddes bord, as
His pressyse, you're of a fuld
And al abouthe that lay a gay surtey, as
On which he made a myghty melodie, as
So weethy that the chamber song, as
Angelo and adstrecc, he song,
And after that he song, The Tyger. No

Fallen offt he was of his myt, as
And thus she wert he cles her styne spene.
After his 'memeres'feeding' and his memere.

[...]
And yeide. "Lemaun," saide me al "sight";

Or wey sale "fyls" in "God me see!

And she spak as a sult deoth in the
cave,

137 And with his hand his sylwes fayr sway;

That she, weyle me nat time, by my ey

Why loke, be good, whay? he be Nicholas,

Or we quaye: "Ome, harrow, and all!" he say

So wey speake handes, by sylwes rare nupt: 139

This Nicholas ges agoyse mony to cry

And spak so fayre and preuy "see see" wey

That she his armes been greunted last 140

And swoe her werke. "By sec Thomas of

That she was been as somedon monday

What thay she may be joyous "wey saye!"

"She wyth a sylwes fayr saue, saue, saue,

My house weyne is so full of jocundites

That but "ye wyll" weyl and been printed, 143

"Now ther efere thee noth, thou sayd, 144

"Ye were full deo deo deo in this 145

"A clerk deeld blythly beat his whyle,

"But if he doo a carpenciar blythly, 146

And that they been accorded and yonercen

To wyatre a sylwes in I et I havd, 147

"When Nicholas had done thys excelent 148

And whilked out al to the liver" wyle. 149

He leit his vicerow and taket his sylwes 150

And playdles trewe and muhyly melodiar.

Thoure hany he 151 "knowe that to the prynt chirche is

Cotyns overwe worken, 152

Who wys syze out on a buildyng.

This goodly wyf wynter on a buildyng.

O he fowther 153 "as bright as any day, 154

So wyl it wynter when she met her work, 155

"good hide" Both Ecorgray and Hugger say "alth, kyn, 162

Yet sylwes estemmat in "the," under the exception that Chaucer is here stepping in and out of direct discourse. The manuscript readings can be defended on the basis of her uttering three words: "Let me be, I say, let me be, Nicholas."...
Bothe men ... dryshake a day or twoes.
And so hire househouse be hitte for eyes.

If he had any in Nicholases, 
She did almesse out a great grace where he was.
Of al that she said she was a great wet eye.
She trewe it that he was in solace.
For she did say she wept in very sore.
He holde an answer for dryshaking that reading.
And thus fell.

This passeth forth in dilate Saturday.
That Nicholase standle in his chamber lay quiedy.
And eat and sleepes and dide what he would.

Till sunday that the is of good as more.
This selfe carpenter hath great serreynety.
Of Nicholase or what thing naghe nyghte clyde.
And sayde, I am asad by Saint Thomas.
It remembre me with Nicholase.
God sholdth that he dryde self-somely.

This world a newe ful sikly.
I sough this yere a dyrre about to chamber.
That now on cold day but I may wynh windth.

Goe up, good soke him knetr.

Clape at his done or knizzle with a stoon.
Looke how he is and set me hollye.

This knizzle growth hym ful stafedly.
And at the chamber done what that he stoode.
He creste and lisseled as that he were wool.
What nowe! What do ye, master Nicholase?

How may ye slypen al the longe day?
But al for nyghte. He lisse erre a word.
As he had found full leave upon a bode.

Then thee was sent in so to no crepe.

And to beth he lisseide at hym a slynte.
This Nicholase sayd, cappe gnepste little.
And evere caped upon the stoon.

This carpenter were he in despise, beloved.
And hente hym by the shokkles mightily,
And shokk hym letters and caste spoyly.

What Nicholase! How, how! What Looketh adoeth.

Atehke and chouke on Caucii Pecce.

Crouche stant from thises and fues.

With the nyghte spele seyde be attakyongeth.

Thyse carpenter by his wordes.

The Miller's Prologue and Tale

On four halues of the house abode.
And on the thousandd of the done without.

The eye of Eydevynd.
This man is ful of his astonynge.
And I varie meddly of his sowe.
I though aye wel how that it sholde he.

Man sholde not knowe that Cowndy prokeyste.

He sholde a slawe a slawe man.

This vayres in his booke.

I said, he spake.

This carpenter answeres, "Whay sawey?

What Thynk on God as we dor, men that nyghte.

This Nicholase, teethes, me dryshaky.

After all I spake in speyere.

And in the chamber done he gan hym dressen.

And when that ech of hem had done his parte.

And downe the carpenter by hym he sette.

He sayes, "John, thyne hoof, hast, and downe.

That to no wyght he sholde his counsell?" wyntes, swear, knee.

For to it a Cawes consente that I wynt.

And if thou tolle them, thou art forsere.

This veynagene thou sholde thyn forthere.

"Nay, Cawes Hercbeede for his hoolly spoye!

Quoth this the sayes, "I nam no talex.

Whay thou sayes, thou sholde do no more.

To child nyghte, by hym that hawide hail.

For to it a Cawes consente that I wynt.

And if thou tolle them, thou art forsere.

Thyse carpenter by his wordes.

Then that he blythe hymselfe alone.

And therfore wreteyno that best to doo.

As skylke hymseyn, sholde all he wertes.

That she blythe had a shippe howling.

As skylke hymseyn, sholde all he wertes.
This is my hand, and on it here biting: 

McManus out pricks or markes righting, 

"Ain, go gett me awe into this turk," box bow. 

A landyng turg about a lynding tray, 

For eft of all—be looke that they be large— 

In which we stive somnyt, 

And ban thynyn vitee roundant. 

But for a day. Fly on the serenity. 

The water shal shine! and gone away. 

About prynce upon the same day. 

But Babby may nat waste of this, thin knowe. 

Ne eke thine Guille I may see now. 

Aye, what, for though thou saye me, 

I wol nat selle Goddes preye. 

Suffint thou, but, shy shynest nolle, 

To ha as great a grace as unto Nove halle. 

Thy wyf shal I well sone, out of deere. 

Go now thy way, and speed theer she aboute. 

But when show here for hire and that stend me. 

Vipers as shrikenyng rubbe shen. 

Thynsho shallow hanges hem in the rue ful fay, hang hem. 

That no man of our percevence appre. 

And that which show here that I have sere. 

And have some vitalle fate in him yeald, 

And suck an ar to styre thee. sere ar. 

When that the water comis, thin we may go. 

And brooke a holde unslight on the gable. 

Upon the ground as euershale stockings. 

That we may feyll passen out wyre. 

When that the gane shaw is gone wyare. 

That thynsh shall myssynce as repyn. 

"I understand," mercur. 

As deth the white doke after hit arke. 


Be myyte, for the flood wyll passe awone. 

And thow war, rest! Rest! maitnes Nodley. 

Good anowr! I se the wel, for it is day. 

And thanne shul we be lonel as eure lyf. 

Of the world, as bem and his wyf. 

But of his wyf I seeme to welle fayre. 

Re be wyllow on that er thyghte. 

Thus seen encreed amongst shppers lord. 

That moone, all as he speke it word, 

Nowe! the holt, it encreed for you (i.e., you shold be grefhwelle, unless you were in no way to have so much favour in prose dea (by being wyse of the Flood). 

"Suffyste—able to. It is enough for you (i.e., you shold be grefhwelle, unless you were in so way to have so much favour in prose dea (by being wyse of the Flood)."

"Thy wyf and thou movy hange far anymer? for sport. 

Has that bewyn wyw shall be now wyre."

Nauyvyn to byuying thy wyw thor he sere deke."

"This essenrece it seyd, God, God as spele. 

And in thynyn vitee slone saucy was. 

Sre nynce at wyght, when folk ben alle stepe, 

Here eke landyng rubbe wel we epe, 

And sit in tham abydynge good grace. 

Go now thy wyw. I have no longe spreare. 

To make of this no longere serengyng. 

Men seyn thus: "Sente the, wise and wy sere wyne. 

That se as wy, it walseth that ne to preche."

Goe save wy sere wyne, and that I the bleesse."

This sedy gardner goth for thy wyw. 

Fal ofte he siker "Allaf" and "Wellepor."

And to the wyf he tylde he preyere. 

"And she sere wy and tawere it ben than she sere wy. 

What al this quyere case was for to se. 

But methed the forde she siker. It sere wy, 

And sere. "Allaf goth for thy wyw asane."

Help us to sere wy or we been learnt sere wy. 

I am thy wywe, verwy welde wyf. 

Go, dere spore, and help to save vory wyf."

Lo, whiche a great thing is effecwallysh. 

Some man deyght of ymagynacyon. 

So depe stoy impression to sey. 

This sedy gardner beynow wyre. 

Thynsho denderly verwyWelde wyf. 


The wyf, waseth, wydeke siker care wy. 

He siker with ful many a sory wyng. 

He greteth and geth wyft a landyng troth. 

And after that wyf, and a kyndlywyft. 

And siperly he siker to hem."

And bring hem in the roof in preyere. 

She owythe hande staiden thurfe. 

This rythemyng by the roynes and the wolker 

Into the rubbes hanges in the holde, 

And hem vytallée, bothe tughe and tughe, 

With brood and chred and good sere in a rubbe. 

Sufferwyng right wyw as a day. 

But or that he haddel madit this sty, litye prophesyer. 

He sere his kynge and eek his weyeche also. 

Upon his sde Aer London fer to gete. 

"I am thy wyw wyt wy in the wyft. 

"Fay sere wy, he shul be in his wyft. 

"Thynsho denderly verwyWelde wyf. 


The wyf, waseth, wydeke siker care wy. 

He siker with ful many a sory wyng. 

He greteth and geth wyft a landyng troth. 

And after that wyf, and a kyndlywyft. 

And siperly he siker to hem."

And bring hem in the roof in preyere. 

She owythe hande staiden thurfe. 

This rythemyng by the roynes and the wolker 

Into the rubbes hanges in the holde, 

And hem vytallée, bothe tughe and tughe, 

With brood and chred and good sere in a rubbe. 

Sufferwyng right wyw as a day. 

But or that he haddel madit this sty, litye prophesyer. 

He sere his kynge and eek his weyeche also. 

Upon his sde Aer London fer to gete. 

"I am thy wyw wyt wy in the wyft. 

"Fay sere wy, he shul be in his wyft. 

"Thynsho denderly verwyWelde wyf. 


The wyf, waseth, wydeke siker care wy. 

He siker with ful many a sory wyng. 

He greteth and geth wyft a landyng troth. 

And after that wyf, and a kyndlywyft. 

And siperly he siker to hem."

And bring hem in the roof in preyere. 

She owythe hande staiden thurfe. 

This rythemyng by the roynes and the wolker 

Into the rubbes hanges in the holde, 

And hem vytallée, bothe tughe and tughe, 

With brood and chred and good sere in a rubbe. 

Sufferwyng right wyw as a day. 

But or that he haddel madit this sty, litye prophesyer. 

He sere his kynge and eek his weyeche also. 

Upon his sde Aer London fer to gete.
And on his lipes he gan for anger burnes.  

On his lipes he gan for anger burnes.  

And to hymself he sayde, "I shall shote quere."  

Who noddes now, who frotches now his lipes.  

With dust, with wind, with snow, with cloth, with chippes.  

But Absocon, that stille ful of colour, "Allas."  

My soule brynte.  

But notwere lesse (loste) than the moon.  

"Orfik desprit" swereken for to be.  

"Allas, quod Absocon, "Allas, je hagge blygent."  

His hose love was cowld and al squirreys.  

For fre thy tyde that he blytke he his ear.  

Of promoures" he sette nat a kere.  

For he was blyed of his moolde.  

Ful oft parameurs he gan deffe.  

And werpe as doeth a child that is ystane.  

A noble paste" he wore over the strete.  

"Ach, a noble paste" clopplid ake.  

Geuvet.  


To thy face," sayde.  

To thy face," sayde.  

"Chrestopher, Absocon al rote."  

"Absocon is konneth al rote."  

"Geuvet, sithen.  

Ther in his forgeyn syghtes plought burnes.  

He sharpest sharpest and blygent blygent.  

This Absocon krooketh al rote.  

"And synde," Geuvet, and that samyn.  

"What Wo alien?" I am blee Absocon.  

"What Absocon, for Geuvet me swere."  

What synde y te rote? Kyne! benediction!  

What synde y te rote? Kyne! benediction!  

What synde y te rote? Kyne! benediction!  

Hath breach rowe thou upon the vision.  

By Sainct Nic, ye were wel what I meyn.  

This Absocon ne rebate not a bone.  

Of his plye, No word appyll he sayde.  

He hadde mɂcklove now" on his shyp.  

That Geuvet knew, and synde.  

That house" bourneth in the chymere bace.  

As he stite it. I have thoroweth to done.  

And I wol brenche it ye agayn ful sounes.  

And soffte of the skin" so handre broke.  

A bone!  

The bonea blygent bridle as his nose.  

And for the smyte he smode" for to smyle.  

At he was sodden for we, he gan so crys.  

"Help, warre, warre, help, for Geuvet sweer."  

This carpenter out of his blymber sturne.  

Ther is selfe a bone a nevye made.  

"Oh, geuvet, that was handre wood, handre wood."  

And thought, "Alas, now eneth Newellis Boffen."  

Geuvet answerde, "Cerses, werre it gold."

Or in a pake?" qued she."  

"Cerses, werre it gold."

The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale

With the opening words of her extremely long prologue, the Wife of Bath introduces one of her central themes, the conflict between the experience of life, which for the Wife means sexual experience foremost, and "worstashion," the written commentary of learned men on religious, moral, and philosophical issues. These men, who included both the patrician writers (such as Saint Ambrose and Isidore) and classical philosophers, have little good to say about women, whom they repeatedly depict as deceitful, quarrelsome, and lecherous. Escape from this tradition, as the Wife herself indicates in her account of the debate between the man and the lion, is not easy. Just as all paintings of lions will always be painted by men, so in classical and medieval society almost all writing, especially writing that has had official authority, was done by men. The Wife herself, in one of the tale's many layers of vestralism, places traditional criticisms of women in the mouths of her first three husbands, whose actions are abusive. The Wife herself, in her fifth husband's book, is a compilation of misogynistic texts from Jerome and others, all counseling against marriage.

The great irony is that the Wife herself is drawn from this tradition. Her character is based on part on the Old Woman in The Romance of the Rose, a sexually experienced woman who teaches young people the tricks of love, and both the Wife's history and the literary shape of her prologue and tale conform to many of the traditional misogynistic stereotypes found in her husband's book. The subtle layering of the tale makes its final moral elusive. Readers continue to argue whether the Wife should be taken as a moral warning against unlabeled carnality or admired for her independence, courage, and vitality. The glosses in the Ellesmere manuscript tend to support the first view, but the Wife herself has some telling comments to offer on men who write glosses.

The tale that the Wife finally tells is an Arthurian romance. It follows a well-established folktale plot in which a knight is given the task of finding a woman who can answer a question and who can only get the answer from an old and ugly woman. A woman who will not give it to him unless he promises either to marry her or, as in Chaucer's version, to give her whatever she wants, which later turns out to be marriage. In several versions, including The Tale of Heriot in John Gower's Confessio Amantis, the question the knight must answer is what women most desire. Chaucer modifies the familiar story in a number of ways, so that the tale contributes to the argument the Wife has been making in her prologue. The knight in the Wife's version is not innocent—he is a wily—and he objeccts to the marriage as far because the woman is old and ugly, but also because she is of low birth, an objection the narrator in a long tradition on the nature of use gadfly. Even the knight's final choice, which in the other versions takes the form of "God be my guide and faith be my night" or the reverse, is subtly altered in keeping with the Wife's interests.
The Wife of Bath's Prologue

The Wife of Bath: a Prologue

Within the world, was the yeare of our Lord MCCCCLXIII. 

Although the prologue is a speech by the Wife of Bath, it is not directly translatable into a meaningful natural text due to the medieval English language and poetic style used. It describes the setting of the tale, the couple's journey to Canterbury, and the Wife of Bath's role as a storyteller.

---

The Wife of Bath's Tale

The Tale begins with the Wife of Bath recounting her marriage and the death of her first husband. She then tells a series of stories about her previous three marriages, each more disastrous than the last. The tale concludes with a moral: that a man should never marry a woman just because she is pretty, as beauty can be deceptive.
But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

And also, that to wit and on no
consideration, and say both up and down.

Of conceivation. The phrase "office and care of
concievation" means that the name of the concievation of children.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

And also, that to wit and on no
consideration, and say both up and down.

The wise in substantiation from 1 Corinthians 7:8.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.

But Crie that of perfection in's age
profess'd at will, and on no
consideration.

And in swich wise sey his friends
and his fayre
He seythat such a wise, yet that not iust, parfitly.

And, as any, as your lover, as, and even this, is not our
wild, that all wise, that to concieve children, and
for the pleasure of concievation.
Ye shall have quarel1 right youngly at eve2 enough of night

He is to go3 enough a neglect that wise4 gentle

A man to abide his counsell at his pleasure5

He shall have never the laisse6 light, poud7 Have those young ones, then that pale Sight.8

"He says no more that if he make so gay With clapping and with precious array,9

Then is it to your charit.10

And yet with some throw must enforce11 that12

And says his word in the apostice name.13

In habit14 with charit and shame Ye women shall appear more,15 quod he

And negrit in troved16 heat and gay2 perris,17

As petis18 no gold with his clothes ride.19

After the trove20 we after thy substite

Quod at whites doth her her in the in

And if she skyns and goes a courting,11

This is to see, if I beg you, sir, else I will send out my horse for soe shell.

"Sue old look what eychis ther to suppose?" say I

235 She is never to say that he drunk, but this expression was common in mediak English.

235 That youngly a man is not clear which wise are thought to be drunk, but the expression was common in mediak English.
Though there prove Argus with his hundred eyes,
To be my watchward as he laid it down:
I know he could know me not the less,
In feath, he shall not keep me but the less.  

Yon knaps I make his herd, so move I dust. 

Thus spake my cattle then they thumped their hooves,  
That the which thynges smothered at this tide. 

Whilom it is fare and when they to thee 
Some mirth might ensue your company.  

I will scot your walkings out by your sight. 

I was for expostulation doth that doth sight. 

Under that colour, hide me in a mystick.”

For al swich dray was ye wynd on our byres,

And thither sit, thing I vaine or man.

At this ende, I hide the bettre in such decent.

By sightling, or face, or by some manner doyng.

That ye cannot say of me: 

That you may not hear my heart.

How meke they looketh Willyyn our sheere.

As, by my sight, ye shall see the sheare.

Ye holden al our paient and mefr.

Lost, lost, of us without a care.

This is no more, of us without a care.

What yolke to, whos nothes thus and place;

You may be patient of this ye may.

As ye were yoke, ye may have your quest.

Why, rat it all, do ye have it everyday?

You shew me yet ye love it well.

I would walke as fierce as it were a rose.

But I wolde holde it for youre owne towde.

Ye be to blame, by God, I say you soode;

Tis no more wholesome weede wee hold.

Now well I spoken of my faithful sheerehouse.

My fourthe houshoise was an excedente;

This is no more, he makes a pynne.

I am a strong and red rayed, SIHOUNNE and strong and red raye as a pyre.

The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale

Wel knothe I chanced to an hare stede.

And spede, "yes," as any eyeberger.

What I had done a doughter of owre wemen.

Mordellius, the soule shed, the swyer.

That with a swart bristhe his wyffe by the.

But she drewe wyth, I thought he were his wyth.

He shold not haue Draws me fro dysamed.

And after wyen, on Venuss mome I thesw.

For this alter as cold ergynnynge halbey.

A liounnesse moyse house hath a liounnesse.

In womenen visioton is no defounct.

That knowen lechbey by experience.

But, Lord Crist, whan that it remembe me.

Upon my yorde and on my kynes.

It ditted as above myne herte mere roune.

Uns this day is dooth wyte beeper broune.

That I have haue my wyde as my wyne, as tyme.

But age, alas, that al wyte swere.

That this was bondy my benefyce and my god.

Bout God I was kedyn of the gode and my sake, for me monooth.

Now well I tellen of my fourth houseshote.

"I say I hadde it better greet draphe.

That he of any other bad dels.

But he was quity, by God and by Sint Joes.

I have made hym of the same wode a cresce.

Not of my body in our ful maner.

But cerisse I made folk eskil excle.

In his owenye grace I made hym frite.

Far angre and for weerry plashis.

By God, in erthe I was the pynne.
The wife of Bath's prologue and tale

The tale, which is a part of Geoffrey Chaucer's "The Canterbury Tales," describes the story of the Wife of Bath. The Wife of Bath tells her tale to the other pilgrims during the journey to Canterbury and is known for her resourcefulness and wisdom. The tale is an allegory and a satire, using humor and exaggeration to critique the roles and perceptions of women in medieval society.
The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale

In this wytting full contrivance, I
Memorie, lether wylys, and science,
And to have asked, red, and disposed:
And for hire divers disposicions,
Ech falke in otheres malocions.
And thus, God were, Memorie is dere.
In Peccas, where Venus is ender.
And Venus fallah to ther Memorie is seynt.
Therefore no woman of no clack a preyd.
The clark, whos he is cold and mooyly 'nought':
Of Wolutely weymour, worth his ole age.
Thanne set he druid and will his deyrung.
That wamanen kan ne kepe his memery.
"Beu now to propery" I wyll take that:
That I was bennon for a book, packes, and
Upon a wynter, that was more seyn.
Redde his doode at the stye for the
Of Kent, last, that for his wilfullnesses.
Was at mankynde brought to wretchednesse,
For whiche Colte wasmean was slayn.
That begoker us with his blood againg:
Lo, heere, exerpt of wamanes may ye wondere.
That wamanen was the losse of al mankynde.
There, rode he me that Sampson lost his
eye:
Stepping, his lemenz kine it with his
deye:
Thogh' which unnaun lott he bore him.
"Eche rode me he, if that I sholde not hym."
Of Hercules end of his Disarmes.
That causeth hym to sene himselfe frye.
Though wyndyng forgethe the sorowe and wo.
That Socratic hedged with blooming two,
A strife of lyres and maces, four
Lysian sceptre, in his hand, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.

The paradox of the Socratic wise man,
Wisdom and folly in his mouth, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.

The paradox of the Socratic wise man,
Wisdom and folly in his mouth, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.

The paradox of the Socratic wise man,
Wisdom and folly in his mouth, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.

The paradox of the Socratic wise man,
Wisdom and folly in his mouth, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.

The paradox of the Socratic wise man,
Wisdom and folly in his mouth, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.

The paradox of the Socratic wise man,
Wisdom and folly in his mouth, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.

The paradox of the Socratic wise man,
Wisdom and folly in his mouth, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.

The paradox of the Socratic wise man,
Wisdom and folly in his mouth, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.

The paradox of the Socratic wise man,
Wisdom and folly in his mouth, the gilded
Flute of Pierre, on his lyre he sang.
THE WIFE OF BATH'S PROLOGUE AND TALE

In the old days of King Arthur, all the men and women knew how to make love. Earth was full of joy and happiness. The old man of the forest, who was just a simple man, was the oldest and wisest of them all. He was loved and respected by all. But one day, the old man was approached by a young woman who proceeded to tell him the story of her own Prologue and Tale. She spoke of her own experiences and how she had fallen in love with a young man named Bath. She described how she had finally found happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. The tale was full of wisdom and love, and it ended with a message of hope for all who were searching for their own happiness.

In the Prologue, the woman spoke of her own experiences and how she had finally found happiness. She described how she had fallen in love with a young man named Bath and how she had finally found her own happiness. In the Tale, she spoke of her own experiences and how she had finally found happiness. She described how she had fallen in love with a young man named Bath and how she had finally found her own happiness. She ended with a message of hope for all who were searching for their own happiness.

In the Prologue, the woman spoke of the joys of life and the happiness that comes from true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. In the Tale, she spoke of the joys of life and the happiness that comes from true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. She ended with a message of hope for all who were searching for their own happiness.

In the Prologue, the woman spoke of the importance of finding one's true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. In the Tale, she spoke of the importance of finding one's true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. She ended with a message of hope for all who were searching for their own happiness.

In the Prologue, the woman spoke of the joys of life and the happiness that comes from true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. In the Tale, she spoke of the joys of life and the happiness that comes from true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. She ended with a message of hope for all who were searching for their own happiness.

In the Prologue, the woman spoke of the importance of finding one's true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. In the Tale, she spoke of the importance of finding one's true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. She ended with a message of hope for all who were searching for their own happiness.

In the Prologue, the woman spoke of the joys of life and the happiness that comes from true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. In the Tale, she spoke of the joys of life and the happiness that comes from true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. She ended with a message of hope for all who were searching for their own happiness.

In the Prologue, the woman spoke of the importance of finding one's true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. In the Tale, she spoke of the importance of finding one's true love. She described how she had finally found her own happiness and how she had become the wife of Bath. She ended with a message of hope for all who were searching for their own happiness.
The Wife of Bath’s Prologue and Tale

He walked, and he summed to teas.
His old wife by simpering ev’ry mo.
And spoke, “O, do, do hear me, do, do hear me.
Eurip’s every knight thus with his wife at ye?
Is this the law of Kynge Arthur’s house?”
Is every knight of his dangerous?
I am your own man love and you’re wife,
I am the one that saved you from ye.
And certes, yet I do see your nearest ushe.
What fare ye thus with me this faire soraph?
Ye form lik a man had lost his wit.
What is my glint? For Goddes love, tell it,
And is it lest be amended 111 may?
Anmended? Good this knight’s answer.
Alas, and Nat!,
I was not ever amended never mo.
Thus are us knyghts, and so are al,
And therfore cannot of a knight a kynge.
That lit a wonder is doubt I thought, thought.
And so wilde God my blinde heartes!”
“Is chit, good the, “the course of your answer”.
“Ye certainly, good he, “no wonder al”.
“A newe, good the, “I knowe inmendal al this”.
If this be true or er we went dawes tho,
So we may ought be were you more unto me.
But for ye speaketh of us other gentle.
As is a desused one of old richesse.
That therefore sholdd ye be great and mighty,
Sithhynge synneth is not worth in that.
Looke who that is most vertuous alway,
Praye and pray and pray estecheffly.
To do the great deside that he beaks.
That kynge for the gretest gentilman.
We calleth us your knyghtes’ and never.
Richesse, but never diddoure.
For you th they us heere at his heghte,
For which we crymes in beyn of heghte pare.
That may ye nes betteshe for nothing.
That is of no vertuus lyving.
That mayde gentilmen yalleth be,
And bad us femyn femyn in swich degree.
161 Win such mannes consej” he answereth.
That highte Dame’s spokens in this sentence.
Lo, in swich manere may” he answereth.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
That femyn femyn in swich degree.
1348 Of thyse won soueres for hire heigh boosynesse,  
  *their high greatness*
  Which is a strenghe *dying to the presens*
  magnifice
  Thy penetrable cornche, God, alleven.
  Thomas corneth now erry gentileusse of grace;  
  a gentleman of grace
  It was elowryng bisparesse  
  *with some place*
  [bequeathed as a social position]
  Thoketh how nobly, as with Valerein,  
  *with that*
  Was allered Tullian Hesilurin,  
  that
  That it out of povertes root to begheth nobly.
  bee
  Reid horned and redeth erke Boreth  
  *quickly 1 doubt*  
  Ther shal yx seen gratet  
  *no doubt*  
  That he in gentile doth great deeds.
  *Wry* I doubt it
  And thercin, ther horned bngle, I do also conclude.
  *doubt*
  If were it that myne uncoryte were not
  my
  Yet may the lyn God, and we hope,
  *high*  
  By aught of heigh  
  *of this kind*  
  Gyneste grace to hyxet mumurage.
  *to your*  
  That arte I gyoneth when that hyxet mumurage
  *begins*  
  Lyest veneryngly and myne specyse,  
  *on the other hand*
  And thercin yx yxion coryte.
  *now*  
  The lyn God on whom we believe.
  *alone*  
  In wylful power the shal to hire heif  
  *willingly 1 believe*  
  And Corin, every man, maister, or wyf.
  *all men*  
  May understonde that Jesu Hesiluru lyn.
  *Jesus Hesiluru*
  Ne wold nat duxeth victors byrung.
  *never*  
  Glad*  
  *joyful*  
  panteth an honeste thyng, carrie.
  *thirsts for*  
  This wole Beere and wolde cloffere sweyly.
  *will give*  
  Whoso thot hath hym payed of  
  *he pays*  
  *paid*  
  I holde hym rote, al hubbe he nat a shirte,  
  *although*  
  He that overotheth *is a poorer knight.*
  *whoever*  
  But he wolden shal not  
  *he won't*  
  *he does not*  
  But he that neith bathe ne considereth have  
  *nor does not*  
  It is riche, althogh ye holde hym but a knave.
  *though*  
  This power as, it sertngh properly.
  *This power is, it serves properly.*  
  Addent *with of power medicat*  
  *with the aid of power,*  
  The pore folk, what he payth of the wayes...  
  *Along the road*  
  Bring the thres they must ryve and starne.
  *Bring the three that must reap and bear.*
  Povertes is hysnful good and, as I gynest.*

1 Valerein = Hesilurin Tullian Hesilurin started life as a peasant and rose to become King. The story is told by the Roman writer Valerian Maximus.

2 Hesilurin = Hesilurin Tullian Hesilurin

3 Senec = Seneca, Roman philosopher (c. 4 BC – AD 65).

4 Beere = Beere. See his Genealogia Principum, book 3, proper 33. and 33.

5 Addent = Addent.