展開する個々の「物語」を、独立させた用語索引として掲載していない。しかし、各「物語」を独立した作品と考え、そこでの使用語彙のより詳細な言葉の環境を捉えるには、それぞれについての用語索引が是非とも必要となる。

『カンタベリー物語』の中で展開する個々の「物語」の中に登場する多様な語彙が、その前後の言語環境を通して作品の中で、どの様な語義の広がりと機能を果たしているかを探ることが先ず ‘Concordance’ 作成によって可能となる。又、それぞれの ‘Word List’ 作成によって、如何様な語彙が作品の中で分布しているか、個々の語彙環境を総合的に鳥瞰することが可能となる。Chaucer の『カンタベリー物語』の一部を形成するこの “The Wife of Bath’s Prologue and Tale” の文学世界を文体と語彙の面において一層効率的に把握することの助けとなるはずである。

この “The Wife of Bath’s Prologue and Tale” の ‘Concordance’ と ‘Word List’ を作成するためにあたり、テキストは “The Riverside Chaucer” を使用した。又、沖田電子技研（有）的文章解析プログラム・Micro-OCP を使用し、東個人が手で打ち込んだものと、同技研から出されている Electronic Text Library Line-up の中の “Chaucer, Complete Works” を使用した。

“The Wife of Bath’s Prologue and Tale” の中に登場する各語彙について、先ず ‘Concordance’ を作成した。次にアルファベット順による ‘Word List (1) (Alphabetical Order)’ と、頻度順による ‘Word List (2) (Sorted by Frequency)’ を作成し、最後に The Riverside Chaucer 版の ‘The Text of The Wife of Bath’s Prologue and Tale’ を掲載する。Text 作成では、その序、物語のそれぞれ第一行目を 1 として表記し、その右側に ‘The Riverside Chaucer’ 版による相当行を記入した。この Concordance, Word List の作成に際しては、総て「序」と「物語」を個別に扱うこととした。

今回は “The Wife of Bath’s Prologue and Tale” の用語索引（その 4）を作成した。
A Concordance to *The Wife of Bath’s Prologue and Tale*

in *The Canterbury Tales* based on *The Riverside Chaucer* (4)

A Concordance to *The Wife of Bath’s Prologue*

in *The Canterbury Tales* (4)
As taketh not agrrief of that I seye
al seye soothe; tho housbondes that I hadde
In which that they were bounden unto me
That I ne tolde no deyntee of hir love
That many a nyght they sungen Wolawey
That som men han in Essex at Dunmowe
That ech of hem ful blissful was and faw
Ye wise wyves, that kan understonde
I sey nat this by wyves that been wyse
A wys wyf, if that she kan hir good
If that I walke or pleye unto hys hous
And if that she be riche, of heigh parage
Thanne seistow that it is a tormentrie
And if that she be fair, thou verray knave
Thou seyst that every holour wol hire have
That is assailed upon ech a syde
And if that she be foul, thou seist that she
that she be foul, thou seist that she
Covelleth every man that she may se
Til that she fynde som man hire to chepe
A thynge that no man wole, his thankes, helde
And that no wys man nedeth for to wedde
Ne no man that entendeth unto hevene
Thow seyst that dropping houses, and eek smoke
Wel may that be a proverbe of a shreve
Thou seist that oxen, asses, and houndes
Thou seist that every honour wol hire have
Thou seist also that it displeseth me
But if that thou wolt presye mynne beautee
That I was born, and make me fressh and
Now by that lord that called is Seint Jame
Now by that lord that called is Seint Jame
Thou shalt nat bothe, though that thou were woode
That oon thou shalt forgo, maugree thyn
We love no man that taketh kep or charge
Wher that we goon; we wol ben at oure lage
That setteth this proverbe in his Almages
That reketh nevere who hath the world
How myrily that othere folkes fare
He is to greet a ngard that wolde werne
Thou seyst also, that if we make us gay
That it is peril of oure chastitee
Thou seydeth this, that I was lyk a cat
Thou seydeth eek that ther been thynge thre
And that no wight may endure the furthe
That ye may like yeoure parables to
To consume every thynge that brenn wolde be
This knowe they that been to wyves bonde
That thus they sedyen in hir dronkeness
And al was fals, but that I took witnesse
Whoso that first to mille comth, first grynt
Whan that for syk unnethes myghte they stond
Yet tikeled I his herte, for that he
Wende that I hadde of hym so greet chiertee
I swoor that al my walkeynge out by nyghte
Was for t'espye wenches that he dighte
Under that colour hadde I many a myrthe
To wommen kyndely, whil that they may lyve
If that I felte his arm over my syde
That made me that evere I wolde hem chi
That that evere I wolde hem chide
I ne owe hem nat a word that it nys quit
That they moste yeve it up, as for the
That it is fair to have a wyf in pees
That with a staf biraute his wyf hir ly
Yet it remembreth me
That I have had my world as in my tyme
But age, alas, that al wole envenyme
That he of any oother had delit
That in his owene grece I made hym frye
Whan that his shoo ful bitterly hym wrong
as no wight, save God and he, that wiste
Which that Appelles wroghte subtilly
That feele I on my ribbes al by rewe
Whan that he wolde han my bele chose
That though he hadde me bete on every bo
I trowe I loved hym best, for that he
We wommen han, if that I shal nat lye
Forbe de us thynge, and that desieren we
This knoweth every womman that is wys
Which that I took for love, and no richesse
Or doon a thynge that sholde han cost his lyf
And to my nece, which that I loved weel
That made his face often reed and hoot
And so bife that ones in a Lente
That lankyn clerk, and my gossyb dame A
n housbonde was at Londoun al that Lente
This clerk and I, that of my purveyance
spak to hym and seyde hym how that he
That hath but oon hole for to sterke to
And if that faille, thanne is al ydo
My dame taughte me that soulditee
But yet I hope that ye shal do me good
Whan my fourthe housbonde was on beree
But for that I was purveyed of a make
I wepte but smal, and
With neighbores, that for hym maden sorwe
As help me God, whan that I saugh hym go
That al myn herte I yaf unto his hoold
Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me weel
Allas, allas! That evere love was synne
That made me I koude noght withdrawe
That he liked me
I took no kep, so
This joly clerk, Jankyn, that was so hende
That evere was me yeven therbifoore
For that I rente out of his book a leef
That of the streok myn ere wax al deef
That, for his wyll was at a somere game
That ilk proverbe of Ecclesiaste:
Whoso that byuldeth his hous al of salwes
I hate hym that my vices telleth me
That I rente out of his book a leef
For which he smoot me so that I was deef
He hadde a book that gladly, nyght and day
A cardinal, that lighte Saint Jerome
That made a book agayn Jovinian
That was abbesse nat fer Fro Parys
That any clerk wol speke good of wyves
That wommen kan nat kepe hir mariage
That I was beten for a book, pardee
Upon a nyght Jankyn, that was our sire
Of Eva first, that for hir wikkednesse
For which that I hede Crist hymself was slayn
That boughte us with his herte blood aga
That womman was the los of al mankynde
Tho redde he me, if that I shal nat lyn
That caused hym to sette hymself afyre
That Socrates hadde with his wyves two
But Er that thonder stynte, comth a reyn
Of Phasipha, that was the quene of Crete
That falsely made hire housbonde for to
Eriphilem, that for an ouche of gold
Wher that hir housbonde hidde hym in a place
That oon for love, that oother was for
That oon for love, that oother was for hate
Empoysoned hath, for that she was his fo
That, for he sholde alwey upon hire thy
That he was deed er it were by the morw
That in his gardyn grewed swich a tree
On which he seyde how that his wyves thre
That somme han slayn hir housbondes in
When that the cors lay in the floor upright
Whil that they slepte, and thus they had hem
They haten that hir housbondes loven ay
The wo that in myn herte was, and pyne
That in our fyr he fil bakward adoun
That in the floor I lay as I were dead
That I lay
And whan he saugh how stille that I doon
That I have doon, it is thyself to wyte
Foryeve it me, and that I thee biseke
And whan that I hadde geten unto me
And that he seyde, Myn owene trewe wyf
After that day we hadde never debaat
I prey to God, that sit in magestee
Now, by my feith I shal, er that I go
That alle the folkshal laughen in this
That I shal make thyn herte for to morn
Oure Hooste cridepees! And that anon
Ye fare as folk that dranken ben of ale
, telle forth youre tale, and that is best

the 106

To weddung, in the Cane of Galilee
That by the same ensample taughte he me
k, lo, which a sharpe word for the nones
Spak in repreeve of the Samaritan
But that I axe, why that the fiftie man
Was noun housbonde to the Samaritan
Lo, heere the wise kyng, daun Salomon
The firste nyght had many a myrie fit
Welcome the sixte, whan that evere he shal
Whan myn housbonde is fro the world ygon
hadde he dumphned weddung with the deede
The dart is set up for virginitee
that he hadde, and gyve it to the poore
I wol bisteowe the flour of al myn age
In the actes and in fruyt of mariage
The experience woot wel it is nought so
So that the clerkes be nat with me wrothe
And many a seint, sith that the world bigan
I have the power durynge al my lyf
Right thus the Apostel tolde it unto me
Up stirte the Pardoner, and that anon
is to seyn, myselfe have been the whippe
the same wordes writeth Ptholomee
The thre were goodes men, and riche, and
Unnethe the myghte they the statut holde
The bacon was nat fet for hem, I trowe
To bryngye me gaye thynges fro the fayre
Shal beren on honde the cow is wood
Thus gith al to the devel, by thy tale
on so grey goos gooth ther in the lake
The keyes of thy cheste awey fro me
The wisest astrologien, Daun Ptholome
Of alle men his wysdom is the hyeste
That reketh neveare who hath the world in honde
He shall have never the lasse light, pardee
And sayse thise wordes in the Apostles name
Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in his in
And if the cattes skyn be slyk and gay
The whiche thynges troublen al this ert
And that no wight may endure the ferthe
The moore it brenneth, the moore it hat
The moore it brenneth, the moore it hath desir
O Lord! The peyne I didde hem and the wo
ord! The peyne I didde hem and the wo
koude pleyne, and yit was in the gil
Atte ende I hadde the bettre in ech degree
I wolde no lenger in the bed abyde
For thogh the pope hadde seten hem biseide
tytheye yeve it up, as for the beste
Metellius, the foule cherl, the swyn
Metellius, the foule cherl, the swyn
Lat go. Farewel. The devel go therwith
The flour is goon; ther is namoore to t
The breyn, as I best kan, now moste I se
I made hym of the same wode a croce
And lith ygrave under the roode beem
As was the sepulcre of hym Daryus
And yet was he to me the mooste shrewe
And I myselfe, into the feeldes wente
I hadde the bettre leyser for to pleye
I seye that in the feeldes walked we
After the beere, me thoughte he hadde a paire
I hadde the pretene of seinte Venus seel
I hadde the beste quoniam myghte be
What showde I seye but, at the monthes ende
And to hym yaf I al the londe and fey
By God, he smoot me ones on the lyst
That of the strook myn eryn wax al deeff
prieketh his blynde hors over the falwes
Is worthy to been hanged on the galwes
And eek the Parables of Salomon
Than been of goode wyves in the Bible
e of noon oother womman never the mo
Who peynete the leon, tel me who
Than al the mark of Adam may redresse
The clerk, whan he is oold, and may nog
dde on his book, as he sat by the fire
By God, he smoot me ones on the lyst
That womman was the los of al mankynde
No thyng forgot he the care and the wo
thyng forgot he the care and the wo
Of Phasisipa, that was the queene of Crete
or shrewedness, hym thoughte the tale swete
Hath priekely unto the Grekes told
hat he was deed er it were by the morwe
e hir lecchoure dighte hire al the nght
Whan that the corps lay in the floor upright
Whan that the corps lay in the floor upright
Bet is, quod he, hye in the roof abyde
han with an angry wyf doun in the hous
The wo that in myn herte was, and pyne
I with my fest so took hym on the cheke
with his fest he smoot me on the heed
That in the floor I lay as I were deed
yet eftsoones I hitte hym on the cheke
He yaf me al the bride in myn hond
To han the governance of hous and lond
By maistrie, al the soveraynetee
Do as the lust the terme of al thy lyf
The Frere lough, whan he hadde herd al
And whan the Somonour herde the Frere gale
And whan the Somonour herde the Frere gale
Lo, quod the Somonour, Goddes armes two
oltow so, sire Somonour? quod the Frere
That alle the folk shal laughen in this place
And seyde, Lat the womman telle hire tale

Thebes 2
Amphiorax at Thebes loste his lyf
For which he hadde at Thebes sory grace

thee 15
d that like man that now hath thee
And whan that I have toold thee forth my tale
Have thou ynoth, what that thee recche or care
Have thou ynoth, thee thou nat pleyne thee
u ynoth, thee thy nat pleyne thee
with sorwe! thou most enforce thee
Sire olde fool, what helpeth thee to spyen
de I make his berte, so moot I thee
re parisse preest, so moot I thee
ut now to purpos, why I tolde thee
Er I be deed, yet wol I kisse thee
As help me God, I shal thee nevere smyte
Foryeye it me, and that I thee biseke
Do as thee lust the terme of al thy lyf

theef 2
O! hastow slayn me, false thee? I seyde
And seyde, Theef, thus muchel am I wreke

Theofraste 1
He cleped it Valerie and Theofraste

ther 17
And certes, if ther were no seed ysowe
But ther as God lust gyve it of his myght
Of engendrure, ther we nat God displese
To gete hire love, ye, ther as she hath noon
For half so boldely kan ther no man
She is honoured overal ther she gooth
Ne noon so grey goos gooth ther in the lake
Thou seydest eek that ther been thynes ther
Been none uther maner resemblances
To bareyne lond, ther water may nat dwelle
Ther wolde I chide and do hem no plesau
The flour is goon; ther is namoore to telle
Ther was no wight, save God and he, tha
And eek ther was somtyme a clerk at Rome
In which book eek ther was Tertulan
And Venus falleth ther Mercurie is reysed
Than in this world ther grownen gras or herbes
Therafter 1
Therafter wol we crie al day and crave

therbifoore 1
That evere was me yeven therbifoore

therby 1
What that he mente therby, I kan nat seyn

there 1
in his Almageste, and take it there

therfore 3
And therfore every man this tale I telle
Therfore I made my visitaciouns
Therfore no womman of no clerk is preys

therinne 1
ascendent was Taur, and Mars therinne

therof 1
He seyde that precept therof hadde he noon

therwith 1
Lat go. Farewel! The devel go therwith

therwithal 2
And therwithal so wel koude the me glose
And therwithal he knew of mo proverbes

they 30
Trusteth right wel, they were nat maad for noght
That they were maked for purgaciuon
I sey this: that they made ben for bothe
Thanne were they maad upon a creature
Yet lyved they evere in parfit chastitee
Unnethe the myghte they the statut holde
In which they were bounden unto me

They had me yeven hir lond and hir tres
They loved me so wel, by God above
And sith they hadde me yeven al hir lond
That many a nyght they songen Weilawe
They were ful glad whan I spak to hem f
But if it be whan they hem mysavys
They been assayed at diverse stoundes
Til they be wedded olde dotard shrewes
This knowe they that been to wyves bonde
That thus they seyen in hir dronkenesse
They were ful glade to excuse hem blyve
Of thyng of which they nevere agylte hir lyve
That for syk unnethes myghte they stonde
To wommen kyndely, whil that they may lyve
Namely abedde Hadden they meschaunce
That they moste yeve it up, as for the beste
And wostow why? For they were used weel
They wolde han writen of men moore wikk
They bothe made hir housbondes for to d
Whil that they slepte, and thus they had hem slay
il that they slepte, and thus they had hem slayn
They been so wikked and contrarious
They haten that hir housbondes loven ay

thilke 3

Of thilke tonne that I shal abroche
And but thou make a feast on thilke day
Yif me a plante of thilke blissed tree

---

Ye been a noble prechour in this cas
Seyde this Pardoner, as ye bigan
But yet I praye to al this compaignye
Ye woot wel what I meene of this, pardee
I sey nat this by wyves that been wyse
Sire olde kaynard, is this thyn array
But tel me this: why hydestow, with sorwe
That seith this proseber thou shalt understande
Thou seydest, that I was lyk a cat
This is to seye, if I be gay, sire shre
he whiche thynges troublen al this erthe
This knowe they that been to wyves bond
And therfore every man this tale I telle
This is to seyn, he hadde a paramour
This knowen lewckens by experience
Unto this day it dooth myn herte boote
In this matere a queynte fantasye
This knoweth every womman that is wys
This clerk and I, that of my purveyance
As wel of this as of other thynges moore
This joly clerk, Jankyn, that was so he
This made hym with me wood al outrely
To reden on this book of wikked wyves
This sely man sat stille as he were dee
O levee brother, quod this Arrius
Than in this world ther growen gras or herbes
To reden on this cursed book al nyght
lough, whan he hadde herd al this

This is a long preamble of a tale
Thou lettest oure disport in this manerre
alle the folk shal laughen in this place
Quod this Somonour, and I bishrew me
If I have licence of this worthy Frere

---

I shal seye sooth; tho housbondes that I hadde
But a sely wyf be oon of tho
ankyn, our clerk, was oon of tho
Tho redde he me how Sampson loste his h
Tho redde he me, if that I shal nat lye
ym brenne his book anon right tho

Though 10
What reketh me, though folk seye vileynye
But nathelees, though that he wroot and sayde
Though maydenhede prefere bigamyne
I wol hym noght, though thou were deed to worlome
Thou shalt nat bothe, though that thou were wood
Though thou preye Argus with his hundred
For though the pope hadde seten hem biside
For though he looked as a wood leon
For she drank wyn, though I hadde been his wyf
That though he hadde me bete on every bon

Thomas 1
ol I seye yow sooth, by Seint Thomas

Thunder 1
But Er that thonder stynte, cometh a reyn
Thunder-dynt 1
With wilde thunder-dynt and firy leve

Thonked 1
Thonked be God that is eterne on lyve

Thou 36
Thou hast yhad fyve housbondes, quod he
Nay, thou shalt drynken of another tonne
Than maystow chose whether thou wolt sippe
Be war of it, er thou to ny approche
Withouten gilit, thou chistest as a feend
Thou comest hoom, as dronken as a mous
And if that she be fair, thou verry knave
Thou seyst that every holour wol hire h
Thou seyst som folk desiren us for rich
Thou seyst men may nat kepe a castel wa
And if that she be foul, thou seist that she
Thou seist that oxen, asses, horis, and
Thou seist also that it displeseth me
But if that thou wolt preye my beautee
And but thou poure alwey upon my face
And but thou make a feeste on thilke day
And but thou do to my norice honour
I wol hym noght, though thou were deed to morwe
U shalt nat bothe, though that thou w
That oon thou shalt forgo, maugree thyne yen
I trowe thou woldest loke me in thy chiste
Thou sholdest seye, Wyf, go wher thee l
By this proverbe thou shalt understonde
Have thou ynogh, what thar thee recche or ca
Have thou ynogh, thee that nat pleyne thee
Thou seyst also, that if we make us gay
And yet with sorwe! thou most enforce thee
Thou seyst this, that I was lyk a cat
Thogh thou preye Argus with his hundred yen
Thogh seystest eek that ther been thynges
Thogh liknest eek wommenes love to helle
Thogh liknest it also to wilde fyr
Thogh seyest, right as wormes shende a t
Thogh lettest oure disport in this maner

Though 2
Experience, though noon auctoritee
Though I right now sholde make my testa

Thought 2
After the beere, me thoughte he hadde a paire
For shrewdesnesse, hym thoughte the tale swete

Thow 3
Thus seistow, lorel, whan thow goost to bedde
Thow seyst that droppynge houses, and ee
Thow seyst we wyves wol oure vices hide

Thral 1
al be bothe my dettour and my thral

Thre 6
As thre of hem were goode, and two were ba
The thre were goode men, and riche, and old
St eek that ther been thynges thre
H he seye how that his wyves thre
Al sodicyne thre leves have I pleyght
But if I telle tales two or thre

Thrifty 1
I sitte at hoom; I have no thrifty clooth
Thurgh 1

Thurgh which treson loste he bothe his

thus 16

19 Is noght thyn housbonde, thys seyde he certeyn
160 Right thus the Apostel tolde it unto me
226 Thys shulde ye speke and bere hem wrong
262 Thus goth al to the devel, by thy tale
273 Thus seistow, lorc, whan thou goost to
302 Thus seistow, olde barel-ful of lyes
379 Lordynges, right thus as ye have understonde
381 That thus they seyden in hir dronkenesse
403 And thus of o thyn I avaunte me
443 What eyleth yow to grucche and grone

Thurgh 2

Thus seistow, thus thyng to the devel, by thy tale
Thus shulde ye speke and bere them wrong
Thus goth al to the devel, by thy tale
Thus the Apostel tolde it unto me
Thus seistow, lorc, whan thou goost to
Thus seistow, olde barel-ful of lyes
Lordynges, right thus as ye have understonde
That thus they seyden in hir dronkenesse
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Thus seistow, olde barel-ful of lyes
Lordynges, right thus as ye have understonde
That thus they seyden in hir dronkenesse
And thus of o thyn I avaunte me
What eyleth yow to grucche and grone

thy 13

242 Sire olde lechour, lat thy japes be
247 And prechest on thy bench, with yvel preef
262 Thus goth al to the devel, by thy tale
277 Moote thy welked nekke be tobroke
307 The keyes of thy cheste awey fro me
317 trowe thou woldest loke me in thy chiste
346 After thy text, ne after thy rubriche
346 After thy text, ne after thy rubriche
365 eve sire shrewe, Jhesu shorte thy lyf
381 That they seyden in thir dronkenesse
403 And thus, God woot, Mercurie is desolat
443 What eyleth yow to grucche and grone

thyn 6

19 Is noght thyn housbonde, thus seyde he certeyn
235 Sire olde kaynard, is this thyn array
310 It is my good as wel as thyn, pardee
775 Bet is, quod he, thyn habitiacioun
821 Keep thyn honour, and keep eek myn estaat
848 That I shal make thyn herte for to morne

thyne 1

315 oon thou shalt forgo, maugree thyne yen

thyng 12

74 A thyn of which his maister yaf noon hee
271 And seyst it is an hard thyn for to welde
272 A thyn that no man wole, his thankes, he
375 To consume every thyn that brent wolde be
392 Of thyn of which they nevere agitle hir l
403 And thus of o thyn I avaunte me
405 te, or force, or by som maner thyn
517 Wayte what thyn we may nat lightly have
519 Forbede us thyn, and that desiren we
535 Or doon a thyn that sholde han cost his lyf
727 No thyn forgat he the care and the wo
735 ! Spek namoore it is a grisyly thyn

thynes 6

121 Of uryne, and oure bothe thynes smale
221 To brynge me gaye thynes fro the fayre
362 ou seydest eek that ther been thynes hre
363 The whiche thynes troublen al this erthe
571 Of mariage, n'of othere thynes eek
584 As wel of this as of othere thynes moore

thyne 3

201 help me God, I laughe whan I thyne
464 nd after wyn on Venus mooste I thyne
753 for he sholde alwey upon hire thyne

thynke 1

806 That I have doon, it is thyself to wyte

thynke 3

201 help me God, I laughe whan I thyne
464 nd after wyn on Venus mooste I thyne

thynke 1

471 It thyTHE me aboute myn herte roote

Tilked 1

395 Yet tilked I his herte, for that he

Tikled 1

471 It tikled me aboute myn herte roote

Til 6

268 Til that she fynde som man hire to chep
283 Til we be fast, and thanne we wol hem s
291 Til they be wedded olde dotard shrewe

411 Til he had maad his rausson unto me
565 Til trewely we hadde swich dallance
799 Til atte laste out of my swogh I breyde
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Fro house to house, to heere sondry talys
I hadde the bettre leyser for to playe
And for to se, and eek for to be seye
And for to se, and eek for to be seye
Was shapen for to be, or in what place
To vigilies and to processiouns
To vigilies and to processiouns
To prechyng eek, and to thise pilgrimag
To prechyng eek, and to thise pilgrimag
To pleyes of myracles, and to mariages
To pleyes of myracles, and to mariages
I spak to hym and sedye hym how that he
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to
To chirche was myn housbonde born a-mor
And to hym yaf I al the lond and fee
And suffreth his wyf to go seken halwes
Is worthy to been hanged on the galwes
To reden on this book of wikked wyves
But now to purpos, why I tolde thee
Was al mankynde brought to wrecchednesse
That caused hym to sette hymself afyre
alsly made hire housbonde for to dye
bothe made hire housbondes for to dye
Than with a womman usynge for to chyde
To reden on this curse d book al nyght
at I have doon, it is thyself to wyte
To han the governace of hous and lond
God helpe me so, I was to hym as kynde
And also trewe, and so was he to me
I preyed to God, that sit in magestee
Of freres er I come to Sidynghorne
at I shal make thyne herte for to morne

Moote thy welked nekke be
tobroke
Hath prively unto the Grekes
told
toldly
ath swich harneys as I to yow
told
Right thus the Apostel
told
And, by my fuy, I
told
That I ne
told
no deyntee of hir love
d trewely, as myne housbondes
told
Another Romayn
told
he me by name
But now to purpos, why I
told
He
told
me eek for what occasioun
Of Lyvia
told
he me, and of Lucye
Thanne
told
he me how oon Latumyus
tombe
Al is his
tombe
noght so cyrus
tomorwe
m noght, thogh thou were deed
tomorwe
tonge
And of my
tonge
a verray jangleresse
And of his
tonge,
and of hir housbond
and of his hond also
tonne
thou shalt drynken of another
tonne
Of thilke
tonne
that I shal abroche
took
And al was fals, but that I
took
Which that I
took
for love, and no richesse
I
took
no kep, so that he liked me
I with my fuy
took
hym on the cheke
told
But me was
told,
toold,
latyng, nat longe agoon is
And whan that I have
told
thec forth my tale
I wolde han
told
his conseil every deel
Had
told
to me so greet a pryvetee
tooth
I wol kepe it for youre owene
tooth
ut yet I hadde alwey a coltes
tooth
tormentrie
Thanne seistow that it is a
tormentrie
touche
were it good no womman for to
toun  1
my gossib, dwellynge in oure

529
tow  1
For peril is bothe fyr and
tow 'tassemble

to-yeere  1
t hadde I levere wedde no wyf
to-yeere

tree  4
Somme been of
tree, and doon hir lord servyse

168
t's, right as worms shende a
tree

376
in his gardyn growed swich a
tree

759
me a plante of thilke blessed

763
treson  1
Thurgh which
treson loste he bothe his yen

tresoor  1
had me yeven hir lond and hir

tressed  1
And noght in
tressed heer and gay perree

344
trewely  2
Til
trewely we hadde swich daliance

565
And
trewely, as myne housbondes tolde me

607
tribulacion  2
And have his
tribulacion withal

156
Of
tribulacion in mariage

173
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What! amble, or
trotte, or pees, or go sit doun

838
Trotula  1
Crisippus, Trotula, and Helowys

troublen  1
The whiche thynge

troublen at this erthe

363
trouthe  1
For, by my
trouthe, I quitte hem word for word

422
trowe  5
I
trowe he hadde wyves mo than oon

36
baco was nat fet for hem, I
trowe

217
I
trowe thou woldest loke me in thy chist

317
I
trowe I loved hym best, for that he

513
He was, I
trowe, twenty wynter oold

600
Trusteth  2
Trusteth right wel, they were nat maad

118
For
trusteth wel, it is an impossible

688
twelve  1
For, lordynge, sith
	twelve yeer was of age

4
He was, I trowe,
twelve wynter oold

600
twist  1
In many wise, how soore I hym

twist

494
two  8
ch of hem hadde wyves mo than
two

57
s thre of hem were goode, and
two were badde

196
Oon of us
two moste bowen, doutelees

440
Socrates hadde with his wyves
two

728
We fille acorded by us selven
two

812
od the Somonour, Goddes armes
two

833
of a somonour swich a tale or two

842
But if I telle tales
two or thre

846

tyme  3
Or elles often
tyme hadde I been spilt

388
I have had my world as in my
tyme

473
He som
tyme was a clerk of Oxenford

tymes  2
So often
tymes I to my gossyb wente

544
For which he often
tymes wolde preche

641
Under  2
Under that colour hadde I many a myrthe
And lith ygrave under the roode beem

understonde 4
understonde
understonde
understonde

I wepte but smal, and that I

understand
understand

That gentil text kan I wel

That al myn herte I yaf unto his hoold

Ye wise wyves, that kan understand

If I walke or pleye unto his hous

225
225
225
225

By this prouerbe thou shalt understand

Ne no man that entende unto me

ynges, right thus, as ye have

as ye have

ye have

ye have

ye have

ynges, right thus, as ye have

ye have

ynges, right thus, as ye have

ye have

ynges, right thus, as ye have

ye have

ynges, right thus, as ye have

ye have

ynges, right thus, as ye have

ye have

ynges, right thus, as ye have

ye have
And wostow why? For they were used weel

used 1

To goon and used hem in engendrure

usen 1

Than with a womman usen usynge for to chyde

usynge 1

Whan he hadde leyser and usynge

vacacioun 1

He cleped it Valerie and Theofraste

Valerie 1

For certes, I am al Venerien

Venerien 1

And after wyn on Venus moste I thynke

Venus 9

I hadde the prente of seinte Venus seele

Venus seel 1

My chambre of Venus from a good felawe

Venus 7

e children of Mercurie and of Venus

Venus 1

And Venus loveth ryot and dispence

Venus 1

In Pisces, wher Venus is exaltat

Venus 1

And Venus falleth ther Mercurie is reysed

Venus 1

Of Venus werkes worth his olde sho

Venus 1

And if that she be fair, thou verray knave

verray 6

As helpe me verray God omnipotent

verray 1

For angre, and for verray jalousye

verray 1

For verray shame, and blamed hymself for he

verray 1

And al my bed was ful of verray blood

verray 1

And of my tonge a verray jangleresse

vertu 1

By vertu of my constellacioun

vessel 1

He nath nat every vessel al of gold

vices 3

Thow seyst we wyves wol oure vices hide

vices hide 1

thanne, seistow, we wol oure vices shewe

vices shewe 1

I hate hym that my vices telleth me

vices 1

To vigilies and to processiouns

vigilies 1

sholde men thanne speke of it vileynye

vileynye 2

t rekketh me, thogh folk seye vileynye

vileynye 1

In wommen vinolent is no defence

vinolent 1

Or where comanded he virginitee

virginitee 7

Virginitee, thanne wherof sholde it gro

virginitee 1

The dart is set up for virginitee

virginitee 1

Al nys but conseil to virginitee

virginitee 1

This is al and som: he heeld virginitee

virginitee 1

Virginitee is gret perfeccion

virginitee 1

I nyl envye no virginitee

visage 1

with my coverchief covered my visage

visage 1

Therfore I made my visitaciouns

visitaciouns 1

alle thise were bounden in o volume

volume 1

I koude wake as fresh as is a rose

wake 1

If that I walke or pleye unto his hous

walke 3

And for to walke in March, Averill, and May

walke 3

And walke I wolde, as I had doon biforn

walke 3

I seye that in the feeldes

walked 1
That of the stroke myne ere wax deft

To bareyne bond, ther walter maynd dethle

Itys but want to bareyne prencely

Thate the stroke myn ere wax deft

I woot that at my walkynge out by nyghte

To be my worde cers as as kan best

pieces at market made ther were
agast and wolde han fled his

Wayte 1
Wayte what thyng we may nat lightly hav

we 22
Of engendrure, ther
Thow seyst we wyves wol oure vices hide
Til we be fast, and thanne we wol hem shewe
And thanne, seistow, we wol oure vices shewe
We love no man that taketh kep or charg
Wher that we goon; we wol ben atoure large
And thanne, seistow, we wol oure vices shewe
And but ye do, certein we shal yow teche
Swiche manere wordes hadde we on honde
Wayte what thyng we may nat lightly have
Therafter wol we criye tal day and crave
de us thyng, and that desiren we
e on us faste, and thanne wol we fle
With daunger oute we al oure chaffare
ye that in the feeldes walked we
Til treuly we hadde swich daliance
We fille acorded by us selven two
After that day we hadden never debaat

wedde 8
Som Cristen man shal wedde me anon
To wedde, a Goddes half, where it liketh m
To wedde me, if that my make dye
I was about to wedde a wyf; alias
Yet hadde I levere wedde no wyf to-yere
To wedde a povre womman, for costage
that no wys man nedeth for to wedde
If I were wydwe, sholde wedde me

wedded 6
That I ne sholde wedded be but ones
Yblessed be God that I have wedded fyve
He seith that to be wedded is no synne
Bet is to be wedded than to brynne
Til they be wedded olde dotard shrewe
Hath wedded me with greet solempnytee

weddyng 3
To weddyng, in the Cane of Galilee
Thanne hadde he damped weddyng with the dede
Moore parfit than weddyng in freletee

weel 5
ure housbondes for to love us
I shrewe yow, but ye love it weel
o my nece, which that I loved weel
ostow whyn? For they were used weel
thed I was, and that bicam me weel

weep 1
I weep algate, and made sory cheere

Weilawey 1
That many a nyght they songen

wel 24
But wel I woot, expres, withoute lye
That gentil text kan I wel understande
Eek wel I woot, he seyde myn housbonde
With ech of hem, so wel was hym on lyve
I woot wel Abraham was an hooly man
I woot as wel as ye, it is no drede
I woot wel that th’apostel was a mayde
I graunte it wel; I have noon envie
For wel ye knowe, a lord in his houshold
Trusteth right wel, they were nat mad for noght
The experience woot wel it is noght so
Ye woot wel what I meene of this, pardece
They loved me so wel, by God above
I governed hem so wel, after my lawe
Wel may that be a proverbe of a shrewe
It is my good as wel as thyng, pardece
Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in his in
Suffreth alwey, syn ye so wel kan preche
Lat hym fare wel; God yeve his soule reste
And therewithal so wel koude he me glose
As wel of this as of othere thynges moore
ire, and riche, and yong, and wel bigon
For trusteth wel, it is an impossible
For wel I woot thy pacience is gon

Welcom 1
Welcom the sixte, whan that evere he s
welde 1
st it is an hard thyng for to
welde 1
Moote thy
welked 1
welked nekke be tobroke
welle 2
Biside a welle, Jhesus, God and man
107 Crist, that of perfeccion is welle
wenches 2
Of wenches wolde I beren hem on honde
398 Was for t'espys wenches that he digith
Wende 1
Wende that I hadde of hym so greet chie
wene 1
Who wolde wene, or who wolde suppose
wenestow 1
What, wenestow make an ydiot of oure dame
wente 4
That sith that Crist ne wente nevere but onis
528 And hadde left scole, and wente at hom to bord
544 So ofte tymes I to my gossyb wente
549 nd I myself, into the feeldes wente
wepte 1
I wepte but smal, and that I undertake
wepyng 1
Deceite, wepyng, spynnyng God hath yive

Were 28
Were in this world, is right wyngh for
2 And alle were worthy men in hir degree
87 Al were it good no womman for to touche
118 Were membres mad of generacion
122 Were eek to knewe a female from a male
133 Thanne were they maad upon a creature
184 de praye yow, if youre wyl it were
196 As thre of hem were goode, and two were badde
199 In which they were bounden unto me
214 But it were for my profit and myn ese
222 They were ful glad when I spak to hem faire
307 I wol hym noght, thogh thou were deyd tomorwe
313 It nat bothe, thogh thou were wood
391 They were ful glade to excuse hem blyve
562 And wostow why? For they were used weel
568 If I were wydwe, shold ye wedde me
624 Al were he short, or long, or blak, or whi
681 And alle thise were bounden in o volume
730 his sely man sat stille as he were deyd
755 That he was deed er it were by the morwe
796 That in the floor I lay as I were deed

wered 1
And wered upon my gaye scarlet gytes
werkes 1
Of Venus werkes worth his olde sho
333 to greet a nygard that wolde werne
werre 1
I pleyned first, so wasoure werre ystyn
wexe 1
God bad us for to wexe and multiplye

whan 26
Welcome the sixte, whan that evere he shal
Whan myn housbonde is fro the world ygo
Th'apostel, whan he speketh of maydenhede
Whan that hym list come forth and paye
And what that I have toold thee forth my ta

As help me God, I laugh I thinke what I spak to hem faire

They were ful glad what I spak to hem mysayse

But if it be what they hem mysayse

Thus seistow, lore, what thou goost to bedde

What that for syk unnethes myghte they

What I had dronke a draughte of sweete

But Lord Crist! what that it remembreth me

What that his shoo ful bitterly hym wro

He deyde what I cam fro Jerusalem

What that he wolde han my bele chose

What that my fourthe housbonde was on b

As help me God, what that I saugh hym go

What he hadde leyser and vacacioun

The clerk, what he is oold, and may noght do

What that the corps lay in the floor up

What she cast of hir smok and forthermo

And what I saugh he wolde nevere fyne

And what he saugh how stille that I lay

And what that I hadde geten unto me

The Frere lough, what he hadde herd al this

What the Somonour herde the Frere gale

What that he mente therby, I kan nat se

What reketh me, thogh folk seye vileyn

Ye knowe what this ensample may resemble

Telle me also, to what conclusion

Ye woot wel what I meene of this, pardee

What sholde I bye it on my flessh so de

That I meene of this, pardee

What sholde I taken keep hem for to ple

What dostow at my neibbores hous

What rowne ye with oure maybe? Benedici

What eyelth swich an old man for to chi

What, wenestow make an ydifo of oure da

What helpith it of me to enquire or spy

Have thou ynogh, what that thee recche or care

Sire olde fool, what helpeth thee to spyen

What eyelth yow to grucche thus and gro

Wayte what thyng we may nat lightly have

Of lusty folk. What wiste I wher my grace

Was shapen for to be, or in what place

Now wol I tellen forth what happed me

But now, sire, lat me se what I shal seyn

How poore he was, ne eek of what degree

What sholde I seye but, at the monthes

What ocassion

What spekestow of preambulacioun

What! amble, or trotte, or pees, or go

Whether 1

Than maystow chese whether thou wolt sippe

Wher 6

Wher can ye seye, in any manere age

Thou sholdest seye, Wyf, go wher thee liste

What that we goon; we wol ben at oure l

Of lusty folk. What wiste I wher my grace

In Pisces, wher Venus is exaltat

Wher that hir housbonde hidde hym in a

where 3

To wedde, a Goddes half, where it liketh me

Or where comanded he virginitee

Where he comandedeth and forbedeth faste

wherof 1

Virginitee, thanne wherof sholde it growe

wherewith 1

Now wherof sholde he make his paiement

whete-seed 1

Lat hem be breed of pure

whete-seed

which 19

Herkne eck, lo, which a sharp word for the nones

Which yihte of God hadde he for alle hi

A thyngh of which his maister yaf noon heeste

Which shal be bothe my dettour and my t

Of which I am expert in al myn age

In which that they were bounden unto me

Of thyngh of which they nevere agile hir lyve

For which I hope his soule be in glorie

Which that Appelles wroghte subtly

Which that I took for love, and no rich

And to my nece, which that I loved weel

For which he ofteymes wolde preche

For which he smoot me so that I was deef

At which book he lough alwey ful faste
In which book eek ther was Tertulan

For which that Jhesu Crist hymself was slay

Thurgh which treson he bothe his yen

For which he hadde at Thebes sory grace

On which he seyde how that his wyves thre

whiche 1

The whiche thynge throublen at this erthe

whil 3

Upon his flessh, whil that I am his wyf

To wommen kyndely, whil that they may lyve

Whil that they slepte, and thus they ha

while 1

She may no while in chastitee abyde

whippe 1

to seyn, myself have been the whippe

whit 1

e short, or long, or blak, or whit

who 6

Cacche whoso may, who renneth best lat see

That reketh nevere who hath the world in honde

Who peynte the leon, tel me who

Who wolde wene, or who wolde suppose

Who wolde wene, or who wolde suppose

whoso 7

Cacche whoso may, who renneth best lat see

Glose whoso wole, and seye bothe up and doun

Whoso that nyl be war by other men

For whoso wolde senge a cattes skyn

Whoso that first to mille comth, first

Wyne whoso may, for al is for to selle

Whoso that buyldeth this hous al of salw

why 8

But that I axe, why that the fipthe man

Why sholde men thanne speke of it viley

Why sholde men elles in hir bookes sett

Why is my neighebores wyf so gay

But tel me this: why hydestow, with sorwe

And wostow why? For they were used weel

Why that I rente out of his book a leef

But now to purpos, why I tolde thee

whyne 1

r as an hors I koude byte and whyne

wight 6

is word is nat taken of every wight

He wolde that every wight were swich as he

Bad nat every wight he sholde go selle

But I seye noght that every wight is holde

And that no wight may endure the ferthe

Ther was no wight, save God and he, that wiste

wikked 2

To reden on this book of wikked wyves

They been so wikked and contrarious

wikkednesse 2

wolde han writen of men moore

wikkednesse

Of Eva first, that for hir wikkednesse

wilde 2

With wilde thunder-dynt and fry levene

Thou liknest it also to wilde fy

Wilkyne 1

How mekely looketh Wilkyne, oure sheep

wiped 1

He wiped his heed, namoore dorse he seyn

wirche 1

I wol nat wirche as much as a gnat

wirkyng 1

Been in hir wirkyng ful contrarius

wise 5

Lo, heere the wise kyng, daun Salomon

And in swich wise folwe hym and his foore

Ye wise wyves, that kan understonde

The wise astrologien, Daun Ptholome
In many wise, how soore I hym twiste

wiste 2 wist 3
wight, save God and he, that Of lusty folk. What
wiste I wher my grace
ot, this noble kyng, as to my
For al swich wit is yeven us in oure byrthe
I braghte it so aboute by my

With 33
With ech of hem, so wel was hym on lyve
That with a staf biraffe his wyf hir lyf
With daunger oute we al oure chaflaire
With my gossib, dwelmyng in oure toun
And with my coverchief covered my visage
With empty hand men may none haukes lir
That with a leon or a foul dragoun
With my myght, dwelmyng in oure toun
That Socrates hadde with his wyves two
He redde it with ful good devocioun
Be with a leon or a foul dragoun
Than with a womman usynge for to chyde
Than with an angry wyf down in the hous
I with my fest so took hym on the cheke
And with his fest he smoot me on the heed
But atte laste, with muchel care and wo

withal 1
That made me I koude noght
That boghete us with his herte blood agayn
Slepynge, his leman kitte it with hir sheres
That Socrates hadde with his wyves two
As, seistow, wol been withoute make

withdrawe 1
That made me I koude noght
And to my chamberere
As clerkes han

withoute 2
But wel I woot, expres,
As, seistow, wol been

Withouten 5
Excepcon of bigamye
Withouen gilt, thou chistest as a feend
Yet was I nevere
Withouen his wityng, he forsook hire e
nne wolde he seye right thus, withouten douete

witnessse 2
And take of hir owene mayde

wo 5
To speke of
The peyne I dide hem and the
ng forgot he the care and the
The
e laste, with muchel care and wo

wode 1
I made hym of the same

wole 37
For sothe, I wol nat kepe me chaast in al
I wol bistowe the flour of al myn age
I wol persevere; I nam nat precius
In wyfhod I wol use myn instrument
An housbonde I have l wol nat lette
An housbonde I wol have 1 wol nat lette
Now, sire, now wol I telle forth my tale
A wys woman wol bisyre hire evere in oon
Thou seyst that every holour wol hire have
For as a spanyel she wol on hym lepe
As, seistow, wol been withoute make
Thow seyst we wyves wol oure vices hide
Til we be fast, and thanne we wol hem shewe
And thanne, seistow, we wol oure vices shewe
I wol hym noght, thogh thou were deed tom
Taak youre dispot; I wol nat leve no talys
Wher that we goon; we wol ben at oore large
I wol nat wirche as muchel as a gnat
She wol nat dwelle in house half a day
I wol renne out my borel for to shewe
But I wol kepe it for youre owene tooth
Now wol I spoken of my fourthe housbonde
But yet to be right myric wol I fonde
Now wol I tellen of my fourthe housbonde
Now of my fiftthe housbonde wol I telle
Therafter wol we crie al day and crave
ee so on us faste, and thanne wol we fle
Now wol I tellen forth what happe me
Now wol I seye ow yow south, by Seint Thomas
That any clerk wol speke good of wyves
Er I be deed, yet wol I kisse thee
Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol heere
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol heere
A frere wol entremette hym everemo
Wol falle in every dyssh and eek mateer
me, quod he, tel forth, and I wol heere

wolde  32
As wolde God it leveful were unto me
He wolde that every wight were swich as he
Wolde leden al hir lyf in chastitee
He spak to hem that wolde lyve parfly
Dame, I wolde praye yow, ifoure wyl it were
He is to greet a nygward that wolde werne
For whoso wolde senge a cattes skyn
Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in his in
Of wenchel wolde I beren hem on honde
Ther wolde I chide and do hem no plesaunce
I wolde no lenger in the bed abyde
Thanne wolde I suffre hym do his nectee
For wynnynge wolde I al his lust endure
That made me that evere I wolde hem chide
I wolde nat spare hem at hir owene bord
Thanne wolde I seye, Goode lief, task keep
Is it for ye wolde have my queynte allone
For if I wolde selle my bele chose
Whan that he wolde han my bele chose
I wolde han toold his conseil every deel
He wolde han slayn me as I lay uprigh
And walke I wolde, as I had doon biforn
For which he offen tymes wolde preche
And thanne wolde he upon his Bible seke
Thanne wolde he seye right thus, withouten dou
Ne I wolde nat of hym corrected be
For his despote he wolde rede alway
They wolde han wrenne of men moore wikkednes
Who wolde wene, or who wolde suppose
Who wolde wene, or who wolde suppose
And then I saugh he wolde nevere fyne
He was agast and wolde han fled his way

woldest  1
I trowe thou woldest loke me in thy chiste

wolde  5
Glose whoso wolde, and seye bothe up and doun
A thynge that no man wolde, his thankes, helde
But forth she wolde, er any day be dawed
onsume every thyng that brent wolde be
But age, alasse, that al wolde envenyme

wolt  2
n maystow chewe whetherth thou wolt sippe
But if that thou wolt preye my beateee

woltow  1
Ye, woltow so, sire Somonour? quod the Frer

woman  15
Men may conselle a woman wol to been oon
Al were it good no woman wol for to touche
A wys woman wol bisyre hire evere in oon
Swere and yren, as a woman wan
To wedde a povre woman wol, for costage
442 Than woman is, ye moste been suffrable
524 This knoweth every woman that is wys
691 Ne of noon oother woman never the mo
706 Therfore no woman of no clerk is preseds
719 Lo, heere expres of woman may ye fynde
720 That woman was the los of al mankynde
777 Than with a woman usenyng for to chyde
782 He seyde, A woman cast hir shame away
784 A fair woman, but she be chaast also
851 And seyde, Lat the woman telle hire tale

wommen 6
Ye woman shul apparaille yow, quod he
To woman kyndely, whil that they may lyve
In woman violeint is no defence
We woman han, if that I shal nat lye
By God, if woman hadde writen stories
That woman kan nat kepe hir mariag

wommenes 1
Thou liknest eek womannes love to helle

wood 5
beren hym on honde the cow is wood
t bothe, thogh that thou were wood
For thogh he looked as a wood leon
This made hym with me wood al outrely
And he up stirte as dooth a wood leoun

woot 14
But wel I woot, expresse, withoute lye
Eek wel I woot, he seyde myn housbonde
God woot, this noble kyng, as to my wit
I woot wel Abraham was an hooly man
I woot as wel as ye, it is no drede
I woot wel that th'apostel was a mayde
The experience woot it is noght so
Ye woot wel what I meene of this, pardee
For, God it woot, I chidde hem spitously
For, God it woot, he sat ful ofte and song
d so I dide ful ofte, God it woot
And so doo mo, God woot, of us than I
And thus, God woot, Mercurie is desolat
For wel I woot thy pacience is gon

word 6
Herkne eek, lo, which a sharpe word for the nones
By expres word? I pray yow, tellethe me
But this word is nat taken of every wight
, by my trouth, I quyte hem word for word
routhe, I quyte hem word for word
I ne owe hem nat a word that it nys quit

wordes 3
The same wordes writeth Ptholomee
And seye thise wordes in the Apostles name
Swiche manere wordes hadde we on honde

world 7
Were in this world, is right ynoth for me
o man hath swich that in this world alwy is
Whan myn housbone is fro the world ygon
d many a seint, sith that the world bigan
t rekketh nevere who hath the world in honde
That I have had my world as in my tyme
Than in this world ther grownen gras or herbes

worldly 1
From oother worldly occupacioun

wormes 2
Thou seyest, right as wormes shende a tree
Thise wormes, ne thise mothes, ne thise myte

wors 1
Er that I go, shal savoure wors than ale

worth 2
I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek
Of Venus werkes worth his olde sho

worthy 4
And alle were worthy men in hir degree
To hire, and to another worthy wyf
Is worthy to been hanged on the galwes
If I have licence of this worthy Frere

wostow 1
And wostow why? For they were used weel
Was al mankynde broght to wrecchednesse

wreke

And of so parfit wys a wright ywroght

Thanne sit he doun, and writ in his dote
g

By God, if wommen hadde written stories

They wolde han written of men moore wikkednesse

The same wordes written Ptholomee

Which that Appelles wroghte subtly

shulde ye speke and bere hem wrong

hat his shoo ful bitterly hym wrong

But nathelees, thogh that he wroot

and sayde wrothe

at the clerkes be nat with me wrothe

Wy, taak it al! Lo, have it every deel wydde

If I were wydde, sholde wedde me wyf

That man shal yelde to his wyf hire dette

I was aboute to wedde a wyf; allass

Yet hadde I levere wedde no wyf to yeere

A wys wyf, if that she kan hir good

Why is my neigbebores wyf so gay

Thou sholdest seye, Wyf, go wher thee liste

I knowe yow for a trewe wyf, dame Alys

echestow and seyst an hateful wyf

But if a sely wyf be oon of tho

Right so a wyf destroyeth hire housbonde

That it is fair to have a wyf in pees

That with a staf biraite her wyf hir lyf

k wyn, thogh I hadde been his wyf

o hire, and to another worthy wyf

e Symplicius Gallus lefte his wyf

That, for his wyf was at a someres game

Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roule aboute

And suffreth his wyf to go seken halwes

sbonde hadde a legende of his wyf

Than with an angry wyf doun in the hous

hat he seyde, Myn owene trewe wyf

As any wyf from Denmark unto Ynde wyfhod

In wyfhod I wol use myn instrument wyf

, I wolde praye yow, if youre wyl it were

As evere moote I drynken wyn or ale

d dronke a draughte of sweete wyn

For she drank wyn, thogh I hadde been his wyf

And after wyn on Venus moste I thynke wynne

To wynne hir love, or doon hem reverence

Wyne whoso may, for al is for to selle

He koude wynne agayn my love anon

For wynnynge wolde I al his lust endure wynnynge

He was, I trowe, twenty wynter oold

And of so parfit wys a wright ywroght wynter

A wys womman wol bisye hire evere in oon wys
A wys wyf, if that she kan hir good
And that no wys man nedeth for to wedde
knoweth every womman that is wys
For God so wys be my savacioun

wysdam 1
Mercurie loveth wysdam and science
wysdom 1
Of alle men his wysdom is the hyeste

wysye 2
clepetb folk to hym in sondry wyse
y nat this by wyves that been wyse
wyte 1
I have doon, it is thyself to wyte
wyves 16
I trowe he hadde wyves mo than oon
And ech of hem hadde wyves mo than two
And lat us wyves hoten baru-breede
Ye wise wyves, that kan understande
I sey nat this by wyves that been wyse
And chidyng wyves maken men to flee
Thow seyst we wyves wol oure vices hide
But folk of wyves maken noon assay
This knowe they that been to wyves bonde
As wyves mooten, for it is usage
reden on this book of wikked wyves
Than been of goode wyves in the Bible
I any clerk wol speke good of wyves
That Socrates hadde with his wyves two
n which he seyde how that his wyves thre
Of latter date, of wyves hath he red

wyvys 1
of God hadde he for alle his wyvys

Xantippa 1
How Xantippa caste pisse upon his heed

yaf 8
A thyng of which his maister yaf noon heeste
And for to been a wyf he yaf me leve
That al myn herte I yaf unto his hoold
Venus me yaf my lust, my likerousnesse
And Mars yaf me my styrdy hardynesse
And to hym yaf I al the lond and fee
She yaf ym a manere love-drynke
He yaf me al the bridel in myn hond

Yblessed 2
Yblessed be God that I have wedded fyve
yblessed moote he be

ydiot 1
What, wenestow make an ydiot of oure dame

ydo 1
if that faille, thanne is al ydo

ye 29
Wher can ye seye, in any manere age
I woote as wel as ye, it is no drede
Ye knowe what this ensample may resembl
For wel ye knowe, a lord in his houshold
And for noon oother cause say ye no
Ye been a noble prechour in this cas
Seyde this Pardoner, as ye bigan
Ye woot wel what I meene of this, parde
To gete hire love, ye ther as she hath noon
Ye wise wyves, that kan understande
Thus shulde ye speke and bere hem wrong on honde
What rowne ye with oure mayde? Benedicite
Ye shul have quenyte right ynoth at eve
Ye wommen shul apparaile yow, quod he
That ye may likne youre parables to
Lordynge, right thus, as ye have understande
Ye sholde been al pacient and meke
Sith ye so preche of Jobes pacience
Suffrith alwey, syn ye so wel kan preche
And but ye do, certein we shal yow teche
Than womman is, ye moste been suffrable
Is it for ye wold have my quenyte alone
Peter! I shrewe yow, but ye love it wel
Ye be to blame, by God! I sey yow sooth
But yet I hope that ye shal do me good
o, heere expires of womman may ye fynde
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol heere
Ye, woltow so, sire Somonour? quod the
Ye fare as folk that dronken ben of ale

yeer 1
For, lordynges, sith I twelve yeer was of age

yelde 1
That man shal yelde to his wyf hire dette

yen 3
ou shalt forgo, maugree thyne yen
preye Argus with his hundred yen
ich treson loste he bothe his yen

Yet 22
Ye herd I nevere tellen in myn age
141
Ye lyved they evere in parfit chastite
145
And yet with barly-breed, Mark telle kan
168
Ye hadde I levere wedde no wyf to-yeer
189
But yet I praye to al this compaignye
303
And yet of our apprentice Janekyn
306
Ye hastow caught a fals suspicioun
340
And yet with sorwe! thou most enforce thee
361
Ye koude I make his herd, so moot I th
366
Ye prechestow and seyst an hateful wyf
395
Ye tikled I his herte, for that he
418
And yet in bacon hadde I nevere delit
430
Ye sholde he faille of his conclusion
479
But yet to be right myrie wol I fonde
505
And yet was he to me the mooste shrewes
545
For evere yet I loved to be gay
570
Ye was I nevere withouten purveiance
580
But yet I hope that ye shal do me good
602
But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth
619
Yet have I Martes mark upon my face
802
Er I be deeed, yet wol I kisse thee
808
And yet eftsoones I hitte hym on the cheke

yeve 4
If I be daungerous, God yeve me sorwe
427
That they moste yeve it up, as for the beste
501
Lat hym fare wel; God yeve his soule reste
771
Somme han hem yeve poysoun in hire drynke

yeven 4
They had me yeven hir lond and hir tresoor
204
And sith they hadde me yeven al hir lond
212
For al swich wit is yeven us in oure byrthe
631
That evere was me yeven therbifoore

ygon 1
yn housbonde is fro the world ygon

ygrave 1
And lith ygrave under the roode beem
17
Thou hast yhad fyve housbondes, quod he

Yif 1
Yif me a plante of thilke blissed tree
763
Which yifte of God hadde he for alle his wyvy
39
everich hath of God a propre yifte
103

Yis 1
Yis, dame, quod he, tel forth, and I wo
856
Yit 1
I koude pleyne, and yit was in the gilt
387
te, wepyng, spynnynge God hath yive
401
Ynde 1
As any wyf from Denmark unto Ynde
824

ynogh 4
Were in this world, is right ynogh for me
329
Have thou ynogh, what thar thee recche or care
332
Ye shul have queynte right ynogh at eve
336
Have thou ynogh, thee thar nat pleyne thee

yong 2
And I was yong and ful of rageyre
455
And faire, and riche, and yong, and wel bigon
606
yonge 1
And teche us yonge men of youre praktike
187

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And lوردyanges, by youre leve, that am nat I
Dame, I wolde praye yow, if youre wyt it were
Telle forth youre tale, spareth for no man
And teche us yonge men of youre praktike
Taak youre disport; I wol nat leve no talys
For, cereteyn, olde dotard, by youre leve
That ye may likne youre parables to
But I wol kepe it for youre owene tooth
Do, dame, telle forth youre tale, and that is best

By expres word? I pray yow, telleth me
at hath swich harneys as I to youy tolde
Dame, I wolde praye youw, if youre wyt it were
Gladly, quod she, sith it may youw like
weemen shul apparaile youw, quod he
and but ye do, certein we shal youw teche
What eyleth yow, to grucche thus and grone
Peter! I shrewe yow, but ye love it weel
Ye be to blame, by God! I say yow sooth
Now wol I seye yow sooth, by Seint Thomas
ed, sire, quod she, right as yow last

Upon my youwthe, and on my jolitee
Yrekkened is for oon of thise meschances
certes, if ther were no seed
ysowe
ysowe
yned first, so was oure werre ystent
ywedded bee
If I so ofte myghte have ywedded
And synge, ywis, as any nyghtyngale
And of so parfit wys a wright ywroght

TOTAL WORDS READ = 6762
TOTAL WORDS SELECTED = 6762
TOTAL WORDS PICKED = 6762
TOTAL WORDS SAMPLED = 6762
TOTAL WORDS KEPT = 6762
TOTAL VOCABU LARY = 1588