A Concordance to The General Prologue in The Canterbury Tales (3)

Yoshio AZUMA

で展開する個々の「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語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。

"The Canterbury Tales" 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することが先ず '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 "The Canterbury Tales" の一部を形成するこの "The General Prologue" 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 'Concordance' と 'Word List' を作成するにあたり、テキストは "The Riverside Chaucer" を使用した。又、沖田電子技研（有）の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 General Prologue" の中に登場する各語彙について、先ず 'Concordance' を作成する。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)' を作成して、最後に "The Riverside Chaucer" 版を元に手打ちした 'The Text of The General Prologue' を掲載する予定である。Text 作成では、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する。ここでは "The General Prologue" の 'Concordance' として（その 3）の作成を試みた。

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A Concordance to *The General Prologue*

*in The Canterbury Tales* based on *The Riverside Chaucer* (3)
A Concordance to *The General Prologue*

in *The Canterbury Tales* based on *The Riverside Chaucer* (3)

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— 58 —
His hors were good, but he was nat gay
And short and quyk and ful of hy sentence
In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat
that he fought and hadde the hyer hond
With hym ther was his sone, a yong SQUIER

At that tyne, for hym liste ride so
Lat Austyn have his swynk to hym reserved
He may nat wepe, althogh hym soore smerte
sooth to seyn, I noot how men hym calle
For he hadde gotten hym yet no benefice
For hym was severely have at his beddes heed
Of hem that yaf hym wherwith to scoleye
Al was fee symple to hym in effect
His stremes, and his daungers hym besides
l this world ne was ther noon hym lik
To sende hym drogges and his letuaries
Ful looth were hym to cursen for his tithes
To seken hym a chaunterie for soules
Hym wolde he snybben sharply for the no
hym ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother
To make hym lyve by his propre good
hym list desire
Ther koude no man bryuge hym in arrerage
They were adrad of hym as of the deeth
To yeve and lene hym of his owene good
That hym myghte helpen of his whelkes white
t whose koude in oother thyng hym grope
A twelf month, and excuse hym atte fulle
And also war hym of a Significavit
A bokeleer hadde he mad
hym of a cake
With hym ther rood a gentil PARDONER
This Somonour bar to hym a stif burdyoun
Hym thoughte he rood al of the newe jet
His walet, biforn hym in his lappe
Upon the see, til Jhesu Crist hym hente
Upon a day he gat hym moore moneye
Eck Plato seith, whoseo kan hym reede
And of manhood hym lakede right naught
And granted hym withouten moore avys
d bad hym seye his voirdit as hym leste
And which of yow that bereth hym best of all
h ful glad herte, and preyden hym also

As seyde hymself, more than a curat
Crist spak hymself ful brode in hooly writ

thanne his neighborhood right as hymself
hat sholde he studie and make hymselven
And evere he rood the kyndreste of oure route
allif, ne hierde, nor oother hymne
He sette nat his benefice to hymre

In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon
That I was of hir felaweshepe anon
To take oure wey ther as I yow devyse
But natbelee, whil I have tym and space
Er that I fether in this tale pace
And at a knyght than wol I first bigynne
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse
A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse
t was almost a spanne brood, I trowe
Ful fetyes was hir cloke, as I was war
And I seyde his opinion was good
I seigh his sleves purfylle at the hond
I noot how men hym calle
But, sooth to seyn, I undertake
And he nas nat right fat, I no lenger tale
For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe
I dorse swere they weyeden ten pound
thfolk was this Reve of which telle
But wel I woot he leyed right In rede
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare
Now have I told you soothly, In a clause
And after won I telle of our viage
But first I pray yow, of youre cureisye
Though that I pleyly speke In this maitere
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely
r this ye knowen al so wel as I
Also I prey yow to foryeve It me
Al have I nat set folk In hir degree
For by my trouthe, If that I shal nat lye
I saugh nat this yeer so myrie a compai
ode I doon yow myrthe, wise I how
And of a myrthe I am right now bythghht
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye
And thorefor wol I maken yow disport
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort
And for to werken as I shal yow seye
But ye be myrrie, I wol yeve yow myn heed
But tak that I prye yow, In desdyem
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene I it so
I wol myselfen goodly with yow ryde
And I wol erly shape me thercfor
Ye woot youre forward, and I t. yow recorde
As evere moter I drynyke wyn or ale
He seyde, Syn I shal bigynne the game
at us ryde, and herknheth what I seye

She wolde wepe, if that she saugh a mous
Kauht in a trappe, if it were deerd or bledde
But soore wepte she if oon of hemen were deed
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte
For if he sad, he dorcste make avaunt
Wo was his cook but if his sauce were
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if that he fouth and hadde the hyer ho
And if ther dide, certeyn so wrooth was she
That if gold rysts, what shal iren do
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste
And shame it is, if a prest take kepe
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In honour dethelles but if he were wood
And if he foun owere a good felawe
But if a manus solewere in his purs
Everich a word, if it be in his charge
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye
And if yow liketh alle by oon assent
And if ye vouche sauff that it be so
d seyde, Lordynges, herkneth, if yow leste
if even-song and morwe-song accordre

like

This like worthy knyght hadde been also
This like Monk leet olde thynges pace

How that we baren us that

in

And bathed every veyne
Inspired hath
Hath
So priketh hem nature
To ferne halwes, kowthe
Bill that
in this tale pace
And eek
Ful worthye was he
As wel in cristendom as

Aboven alle nacion
In Truche
In Ruce
In Ruce
In Ruce
In Ruce
In Ruce
In Ruce
In Ruce
In Ruce
In lystes thires, and ay slayn his foo
In Turkye
In al his lye unto no maner wight

kkes crule as they were leyd
And he hadde been somtyme
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Pycardie
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Pycardie
In hope to stonden
In his lady grace
And he was clad in hope to stonden in his lady grace
cote and hooft of grene
his hand he baer a myghty bowe
hir nose ful semely
hir sauce depe
curtesie was set ful mouchel hir les
hir coppe ther was no forthyng sene
in a trappe, if it were deed or bledd
in stable
in a whistyngne wynd as cleere
cloystre alwey to poure
in flight
in the gretter ende ther was
in poynyt
in greet estaat
in alle the ordres foure is noon that k
in stede of wepyngne and preyeres
in evry toune
in his hous
in principio
in love-dyayes ther koude he muchel help
in his harpyng, than that he hadde song
in his heed aeryght
in the frosty nyght
in motelee, and hye on horse he sat
echeuange sheeldes selle
deete
in blak or reed
in coffre
in forme and reverence
in moral vertu was his speche
in assise
in effect
in tormes hadde he caas and doomes alle
in a medlee cote
in his compaignye
in wyn
in delit was evere his won
in his contre
in his hous of mete and drynke
in muwe
in stuwe
in his halle alway
in o lyveree
in a yeldehalle on a deys
in a gowne of faldyng to the knee
in Britaigne and in Spayne
in al this world ne was ther noon hym
in astronomye
in houres by his magyk natureel
in sangwyn and in pers he clad was al
in pesstilence
in phisilk is a cordial
in special
in al the parishe wif was ther noon
in youthe
in Felawe shipes wyle koude she laughe and
in astronomie
in adversitee ful pacient
in litel thynge have suffisance
in silknesse nor in meschief to visite
in his parishe, muche and lite
in his hand a staf
in the myre
in his techyngh discreet and benyngne
in pees and parfit charitee
in his myght
in a tabard he rood upon a mere
in brynyng of vitaille
in his achaat
in good staat
in that hous
in Engeland
in honour detelee but if he were wood
in any caas that myghtes faille or happe
in this Reveres governyng
in arrerage
in youthe he hadde lerned a good myster
in that place
in oother thyngh hym grope
in swich caas of the ercedekenes curs
in his purrs
in his purrs he sholde ypunysshed be
in dede
in daanger hadde he at his owene gise
For it was trussed up in his walet
His walet, biforn hym in his lappe
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-heer
And in a glas he hadde piggys bones
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste
Now have I toold you soulyth, in a clause
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrye
in that hostelrye alght
Whan we were in this mateere
Thoghe that I pleyntly speke in his charge
Everich a word, if it be in hoosy writ
Crist spak hymself ful brode in hir degree
Al have I nat set folk in this herberwe as is now
Heere in this talle, as that they shold stond
For to been a marchald in an halle
faier burgeys was ther noon in Chepe
Atones in this herberwe as is now
t taik it nought, I prey yow, in desdeyn
That is to seyn, that telleth in this viage shal telle tales tweye
That is to seyn, that telleth in this caas
in this place, sittynge by this post
Heere in heigh and lough: and thus by oon ass
And gadrde us togidre alle in a flok

is purchaseyng myghte nat been

in what array that they were

is

Of which vertu engendred is the flour
And of his port as meke as is a mayde
Ne that a monk, whan he is the month of May
Is likned til a fissh that is reccheles
This is likned til a fissh that is waterlee
His palfrey was as broun as is a bery
In alle the ordres foure is noon that kan
Is signe that a man is wel ysyrve
For many a man so hard is his ferte
Is nat honest; it may nat avance
With a thredbare cope, as is a pove scoler
As leene was his hers as is a rake
Whit was his herd as is the dayesye
It is ful fair to been ycleped madame
For gold in phsiak is a cordial
As brood as is a bokerel or a target
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste
And shame it is, if a prest take keep
Now is nat that of God a ful faur grace
Of any lord that is in Engeland
Tukked he was as is a frere aboute
No wonder, is, he berde it al the day
Purs is the ercedekehelles helie, seyde he
But now is tyne to yow for to teile
And wel ye woot no vlynye
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde
Atones in this herberwe as is now
or trewely, confort me mythe
Now, by my fader soule that is noon
This is deed
That is to seyn, that telleth in this caas
I paye for al that by the wey is spent
Now draweth cuth, for that
The sothe is this: the cut fil to the Knyght

Me thynketh it acordaunt to resoun
Of ech of hem, so as it seend me
At Alsaundre he was whan it was wonne
Embroound was he as, it were a meede
Kauth in a trappe, if it were deed or bledd
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe
It was old and somdel strett
It is nat honest; it may nat avance
It may nat avance

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And rage he koude, as it were right a whelp.
On bookes and on lernynge he it spente.
And eek hir wyves wolde it being was assent.
But grett harm was it ful fair to been ycleped madame
But grett harm was it, as it thoughte me.
Were it of hoot, or coold, or moyste, or dry
For it was of no superfuite.
And shame it is, if a prest take keep
So that the wolf ne made it nat myscarie.
But it were any persone obstinat
taughte; but first he solwed it hymselfe.
Without hir hire, if it lay in his myght.
Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed.
And therto brood, as though it were a spade
No wonder is, he herde
As grett as it was for an ale-stake
But smoothe it heeng as dooth a strike of flex
But thynne it lay, by colpons oon and oon
For it was trussed up in his walet
As smoth it was as it were late shave.
That ye n'arette it nat my vilyne
Everich a word, if it be in his charge
nd wel ye woot no vilyne is it.
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me
To doon yow ese, and it shul coste noght
Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys
But taalk it nought, I prey yow, in desdeyn
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so
And if ye vouche sauf that it be so.
Ye woot youre foreward, and I it yow recorde
And shortly for to tellen as it was.
Were it by aventur, or sort, or cas
han this goode maught that it was so.

Ay Questio quid juris wonde he crie
He was a janglere juris.
hus. with feyned flatere and janglere and a goliardeys.
eek ye knownen wel how that a japes.
And thries hadde she been at Jerusalem.
oughte he rood al of the newe jet.
Upon the see, til Jhesu.
But hoo, for Jhesu Crist hym hente.
And ofoure tales jolitee.
And to stonden at my juge.
We been acorded to his juge and reporteur.
Whosoe rebe to my juggement.
Seint Julian Julian he was in his contree.
Juste Juste and eek daunce, and weel purtreye.
Justice Justice he was ful ofte in assise.
kan 7.
the ordres foure is noon that kan.
erich, for the wisdom that he kan.
rd was Shane as ny as ever he.
Kan clepen Watte as wel as kan the pope.
oot reherece as ny as ever he.
Eek Plato seith, whoseo kan hym rede.
145  Kaught  
   Kaught in a trapp, if it were deeth or
   keep  2
   keepshame it is, if a prest take
   keep
398  kene  1
   ef of peck arwes, bright and
503  kene
104  kepe  3
   de she carie a morsel and wel
593  kepe
852  kepe a gerner and a bynyne
To kepe his forward by his free assent
172  kepere  1
   Ther as this lord was kepere of the celde
276  kept  1
   He wolde the see were kept for any thyng
386  kepte  3
   He kepte his pacient a ful greet deel
415  He kepte that he was in pestilence
442  kepte kepte wel his folde
512    
549  knarre  1
   or-esholdred, brood, a thikke
391  knarre
   In a gowne of fuldyng to the
knee  1
knee
240  knew  7
   He knew the tavernes wel in every toune
407  He knew alle the havenes, as they were
419  He knew the cause of everich maladye
429  knew he the olde Esculapius
475  Of remedies of love she knew per chaunce
604  That he ne knew his sleights and his coynde
665  And knew hir conseil, and was al hir reed
   knowes  1
382  knowes a draughte of Londoun ale
   knobbess  1
Nor of the knowen 2
knobbes sittynge on his chekes
642  knowen wel how that a jay
730  knowen al so wel as I
   knowen 2
   And eek ye
42   knyght  7
   And at a knyght than wol I first bigynne
43   A KNYGHT ther was, and that a worthy man
64   This like worthy knyght hadde been also
72   knyght
356  knyght of the shire
537  Sire Knyght, quod he, my mayster and my lord
845  knyght
   knyves  2
233  knyves is typet was ay farsed ful of
366  knyves Hir
   knyves were chaped noght with bras
   koude  31
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   Wel koude he sitte on hors and faire ryde
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   He koude songes make and wel endite
106    
   Wel koude he dresse his takel yemanly
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   Of wodecraft wel koude he al the usage
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   Wel koude she carie a morsel and wel kepe
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   And rage he koude, as it were right a whelp
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   In love-dayes ther koude he muchel help
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   Wel koude he in eschauge sheeldes selle
378    
   Therto he koude endite and make a thyng
325    
   Ther koude no wight pyche at his writyng
326    
   And every statut koude he pleyn by rote
327    
346    
   Of alle deyntees that men koude thynke
382    
   Wel koude he knowe a draughte of Londoun al
383    
   He koude rooste, and sethe, and broile, a
417    
   Wel koude he fortunen the ascendent
467    
   She koude muchel of wandrynge by the weye
474    
   In felaweshipe wel koude she laughe and carpe
476    
   For she koude of that olde dauncce
490    
   He koude in litel thynge have suffisunce
562    
   Wel koude he stelen corn and tollen thries
563    
   A baggepipe wel koude he blowe and sowme
593    
   Wel koude he kepe a gerner and a bynyne
594    
   Ther was noon auditour koude on him wynne
602    
   Ther koude no man brynge hym in arrerage
He koude bettre than his lord purchase
His lord wel koude he plesen subtilly
But whoso koude in oother thyng hym grope
Ful privlye a fynch eek koude he pulle
Wel koude he rede a lessoun or a storie
o wynne silver, as he ful wel koude

He rood upon a rouny, as he kouthe
To ferne halwes, kowthe
He was a gentil harlot and a kynde
That from the tymbe of kyng
A daggere hangynge on a laas
swynken with his handes, and labour
In hope to stonden in his lady
Which that he seyde was Oure Lady veyl
Cometh neer, quod he, my lady Prioresse
And of manhod hym lakked right naught
muchel of daliaunc and fair langage
His walet, biforn hym in his lappe
foot-mantel aboute hir hips large
 eke he never so rudeliche and large
A large man he was with eyen stepe
But trewely to tellen atte laste
Lat Austyn have his swynk to hym reserv lat
And ye, sire Clerk, Now lat he youre shamefastnesse
For he was late ycmo from his viage late shave
As smothe it was as it were latoun
He hadde a croys of Latyn
ne wolde he speke no word but Latyn
In felaweshepe wel koude she laughe
A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE
That weren of lawe expert and curious
Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Without hire, if it lay in his myght
But thynne it lay, by colpons oon and oon
Bet than a lazor or a beggestere
To have with sike lazars
As hoot he was and lecherous
That stemed as a forneys of a leed
leene

As leene was his hors as is a rake
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle
This ilke Monk leet olde thynges pace
And leet his shepe encombred in the myre

But he ne lefte nat. for reyn ne thonder

Ful longe were his legges legges and ful lene
d he garlek, oynons, and eek lekes 1
longe were his legges and ful lene
To yeve and lene

Of his array telle I no lenger tale
Withouten any lenger taryynge

f his stature he was of evene lengthe
And gladly wolde he lerne 1
And gladly teche

He was also a lerned 4
The wisdom of an heep of lerned men
In youthe he hadde lerned a good myster
That he had lerned out of som decre

On bookes and on lernynge he it spente

Wel koude he rede a lessoun
or a storie

teisie was set ful muchel hir lest 1
the wyn, and wel to drynke us leste 3
, Lordynge, herkneth, if yow leste
In Lettow 1
Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce

To sende hym drogges and his letuaries 1
For hym was levere 1
For his beddes heed levered have at his beddes heed

No wonder is a lewed 2
That swich a lewed man to ruste
lewed manes wit shal pace

Ne studieth noght: ley 1
ley hond to, every man

th lokkes crulle as they were leyd 1
leyd in presse

For of his ordre he was licenci 1
licenci

d bathed every veyne in swich licour 1
licour

is world ne was ther noon hym ilk 1
ilk

And if yow liketh 1
liketh alle by oon assent

Is likned 1
likned til a fish that is waterless

She leet no morsel from hir lippes
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle

Somwhat he lipsed, for his wantonnesse lipsed 1

Or lyve as scarsly as hym list 1
list desire
liste 1
liste ride so
lite 1

litel 5
And born hym weel, as of so
Yet hadde he but
Hys studie was but
He koude in
And forth we tiden a
ludemenge 1
herberwe, and his moone, his

logyk 1
That unto
With
lokkes 2
lokkes crulle as they were leyd in pres
lokkes that he hadde

lond 4
ys, and that the fyneste of a
er he sente hem hoom to every
o been stywardes of rente and
A povre person dwellynge upon
londes 1
erne halwes, kowthe in sondry

Londoun 2
koude he knowe a draughte of
And ran to
Londoun unto Seinte Poules

long 1
A long surcote of pers upon he hade

longe 5
rt was his gowe, with sleves
Stood redy covered at the
Ful longe were his legges and ful lene
Oure conseil was nat
longe for to seche

longen 1
Thanne
longen folk to goon on piligrimages

looked 1
But
looked holwe, and therto sobrely

loore 1
loore and his apostles twelve

looth 1
Ful looth were hym to cursen for his tithes

lord 9
Somtyme with the
Ther as this
He was a
At sesiouns ther was he
Of any
Syn that his
He koude bettre than his
His

lordes 2
Ful worthy was he in his
His
lordes sheep, his neet, his dayere

lyndynes 3
lord of Palatyne
lord was keperere of the celle
lord ful fat and in good poynyt
lord and sire
lord that is in Engeland
lord was twenty yeer of age
lord purchase
lord wel koude he pisen subtilly

loude 3
And eek as
loude as dooth the chapel belle
Ful
fore he song the murierly and
loude

lough 2
What so he were, of heigh or
In heigh and
lough: and thus by oon assent

love 2
Of remedies of
love she knew per chaunce

Ful loude he soong Com hider, love, to me

To riden out, he loved 5
A fat swan loved he best of any roost
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn
God loved he best with al his hoole herte
Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes

love-dayes 1
In love-dayes ther koude he muchel help

loved 3
So hoote he lovede that by nyghtertale
An outrider, that lovede venerie
Therefore he lovede gold in special

love-knotte 1
A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther wa

lovryere 1
A lovryere and a lusty bacheler

lowe 1
s drouped noght with fetheres
lowe 2

lovely 2
Curteis he was, lovely, and servysable
Curteis he was and
lovely of servysye

Loy 1
Loy untse ooth was but by Seinte

luce 1
luce in stuwe

luc 1
And many a breem and many a

lust 1
Was al his
lust, for no cost wolde he spare

lusty 1
A lovryere and a

lye 1
lusty bacheler

lye 1
y trouthe, if that I shal nat

lyed 1
lyed But wel I woot he
right in deede

Lyseys 1
At
Lyseys was he and at Satalye

lyf 1
lyf In al his
unto no maner wight

lyk 3
For ther he was nat
lyk a cloysterer
But he was
lyk a maister or a pope
His top was dokked
lyk a preest biforn

lymytour 2
A lymytour, a ful solempne man

lymytour 2
This worthy
lymytour was cpleed Huberd

lyned 1
Lyned In al his
with taffata and with sendal

lystedes 1
In
lystedes thries, and ay sleyn his foo

lytyarge 1

Ther nas quyk-silver, lytyarge, ne brymstoon

lyve 4
he was a worthy womman al hir
lyve se, how that his sheep sholdes

lyve By his propre good
To make hym

lyve as scarsly as hym list desire
Or

lyven 1
To
lyven in delit was evere his wone

lyveree 1
d they were clothed alle in o

Lyvynge 1
Lyvynge in pees and parfit charitee

maad 4

He hadde
maad ful many a mariaghe

The hoote somer hadde maad his hewe al broun
A bokeleer hadde he

maad hym of a cake

Whan that we hadde maad oure rekenynes
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne
madame is ful fair to been ycleped madame

made 6
made forward erly for to ryse
made he with the beste
For blankmanger, that
made oother for to wynne
For ech of hem
made it nat myscarie
So that the wolf ne
He made the person and the peple his apes
He Greet chiere made oure Hoost us everichon

magyk 1
magyk natureel

maister 1
But he was lyk a maister or a pope

maistres 1
Of maistres hadde he mo than thries ten

MAISTRIE 1
MONK ther was, a fair for the

make 8
He koude songes
to make and wel endite
What shold he studie and make hymselfe wood
For if he yaf, he dorste make avaut
To make his English sweete upon his tongue
Therto he koude endite and make a thynge
To make hym lyve by his propre good
houghte it was nought worth to make it wys
And for to make yow the moore mury

maked 1
Ne maked him a spiced conscience

maken 3
And smale fowles maken melodye
What shold he studie and make hymselfe wood
And therfore wold maken yow diisport

maladye 1
He knew the cause of everich maladye

male 1
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-heer

man 28
T ther was, and that a worthy
And therto hadde he ridden, no
No Cristen
A manly
A lymytour, a ful solempne
He was an esy
Is signe that a
He wiste that a
For many a
For unto swich a worthy
Ther nas no
This worthy
For sothe he was a worthy
Nowhar so blys
A bettre envyned
Anon he yaf the sike
A good
He was also a lerned
No wonder is a lewed
Ther koude no
Of cursyng oghte ech gilty
oso shai telle a tale after a
A semely
A large
k therto he was right a myrie
eth noght; ley hond to, every
And whan this goode

Manciple 1
And yet this Manciple sette hir aller cappe

maner 1
In al his lyf unto no
maner wight

manere 1
urt, and to been estatlich of

manhod 1
And of manhod hym lakkede right naught
manly 1
manly man, to been an abbot able

mannes 2
mannes wit shal pace
But if a
mannes soule were in his purs

mantel 1
mantel rcialiche ybore

many 12
At
many a noble armee hadde he be
Ful
many a deynette hors hadde he in stable
He hadde maad ful
many a mariaghe
For
many a man so hard is of his herte
Of fees and robes hadde he
many oon
Ful
many a fat partrich hadde he in muwe
And
many a bream and
many a luce in stewe
350
With
many a tempest hadde his berd been shak
396
She hadde passed
many a straunge strem
406
That hadde ylad of dong ful
many a father

March 1
The droghte of
March hath perced to the roote

marchal 1
marchal in an halle

MARCHANT 1
A MARCHANT was ther with a forked berd

mare 1
trowe he were a geldyng or a

mariage 1
He hadde maad ful many a
mariage

martir 2
The hooly blisful
martir for to seeke
The blisful
martir quite yow youre meede

marybones 1
o boille the chiknes with the
marybones

mateeere 1
that I pleynly speke in this
muaeleyne

Maudelayne 1
His barge ycleped was the

MAUNCIPLE 2
A MAUNCIPLE, and myself ther were namo
MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple

Maure 1
The reule of Seint
Maure or of Seint Benefit

May 6
as fressh as is the month of
He
may nat wepe, althogh hym soore smerte
It is nat honest; it
may nat avance
He
may nat spare, althogh he were his brot
My wit is short, ye
may wel understonde
is tale anon, and seyde as ye
may heere

mayde 1
of his port as meeke as is a
mayde

mayster 1
Sire Knyght, quod he, my
mayster and my lord

Me 8
Me thynketh it acordaunt to resoun
Of ech of hem, so as it sended
me
that harm was it, as it thoughte
he soong Com hides, love, to
me
Also I prey yow to forvyee it
me
Ye been to
me right welcome, hertely
And I wole shape the
me anon, withouten wordes mo

medlee 1
Ic rood but hoomly in a
medlee cote

meede 2
mbrouded was he, as it were a
lisful martir quite yow youre
And of his port as meeke
meeke as is a mayde

And smale foweles maken
melodye
melodye

Or if
men

And whan he rood
men smoot it with a yerde smerte
men myghte his brydel here

th that hunters ben nat hoole
men

I noot how
Men moote yeve silver to the povre frer
men hym calle
men koude thynke
men nat despitous

Of alle deyntees that
men clepen Baldeswelle

He was to synful
men noght ynde

e wisdom of an heep of lerned
men

A bettre felawe sholde
men e

To Cauterbury-ward, I mene it so
mene
mene

e was a shepherde and noght a mercenarie
mercenarie
mercenarie

In a tabard he rood upon a merye
mere
merye

RE ther was, a wantowne and a merye
merye

In siknesse nor in meschief
meschief
meschief to visite
meschief

Of his dite
mesurable
mesurable was he
mesurable

At
mete

Ful semely after hir
mete wel ytaught was she with alle
mete she raughte
mete was nevere his hous

Withoute bakes
mete and drynke

It sneued in his hous of
mete and his soper

So chaunged he his
Middelburgh
Middelburgh and Orewelle

Bitwixe

With rosted flesh, or milk
milk
milk

at his girdel, whet as morne
milk and wastel-breed

Ther was also a REVE, and a Ther was also a REVE, and a MILLERE
MILLERE

The
MILLERE was a stout carl for the nones

Of maistres hadde he
mo

Tel me anon, withouten wordes
mo

han herd; what nedeth wordes
mo

Upon a day he gat hym moore
moone
moone

moone, his lodemenage

A
MONK
MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrie

This like
Monk keet olde thynges pace

Ne that a monk, when he is recolees

This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre

He was as fressh as is the
month

A twelv month of May

and, excus hym atte fulle
monthes
monthes tweye

Than that the person gat in

moore
moore

moore than a curat
moore than was neede

moore moneye
moore speche

Id up youre hondes, withouten
moore avys

And grantyd hym withouten
moore mury

And for to make yow the
moore than paas

And forth we tiden a litel

moost
doost cure and moost heede
doost cure and moost heede

Of studie took he
moost
moost
And that was moost of synne and harlotries
moost solas
moost 3
He moost reherce as ny as evere he kan
Or ellis he moost telle his tale untrew
He moost as wel seye o word as another
moote 2
Men moote yeve silver to the povere freres
The wordes moote he cosyn to the dede
moral 1
Sowynge in moral vertu was his speche
That on his shyne a normal 1
normal hadde he
morne 1
Heeng at his girdel, whit as morn folk
She leet no morsel 2
Wel koude she carie a morsel from hir lippes fall
Wel kepe morsel and wel kepe
mortal 1
At mortaal batailles hadde he been fiftene
morteaux 1
Maken morteaux, and wel bake a pye
morwe 1
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn
morwe-song 1
If even-song and morwe-song accorde
moste 2
He moste preche and wel affile his tonge
And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun
mote 1
As evere mote I drynke wyn or ale
mottelee 1
In mottelee, and bye on horse he sat
mous 1
Ide wepe, if that she saugh a mous
mouth 2
Hir mouth ful smal, and therto softe and re
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneyes
moyste 2
streite yteyd, and shoes ful moyste, or drye
moyste and newe
mucho 1
The ferreste in his parisshe, mucho and lute
muchel 4
In curteisie was set ful muchel hir lest
So muchel of daialunce and fair langage
In love-dayes ther koude he muchel help
She koude muchel of wandrynge by the weye
muriery 1
Therefore he song the muriery and loud
mury 1
And for to make yow the moore mury
murye 1
And certeyny he hadde a murye note
muwe 1
ny a fat partrich hadde he in muwe
my 11
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimmage
That ye n'arette it nat my vileynye
My wit is short, ye may wel understande
my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye
my judgement
For by my failer soule that is deed
For to stonden at my judgement
Now, by my judgement withsye
And whoso wole my judgement
Whoso be rebel to my judgement
Sire Knyght, quod he, my mayster and my lord
yght, quod he, my mayster and my lord
Cometh neer, quod he, my lady Prioresse
houten hire, if it lay in his
myght
myght
6
myghte
myghte his brydel heere
myghte of his freendes hente
myghte nat been infect
myghte take example
myghte false or happe
myghte helpen of his whelkes white
And in his hand he baar a
myghty
myghty bowe
myyn
myyn heed
Right at
myyn owene cost, and be youre gyde
myn accord
myre
myre
Eek therto he was right a
myrie man
I saugh nat this year so
myrie a compaignye
But ye be
myrie, I wol yeve yow myn heed
myrthe
myrthe amonges other thynge
myrthe, wiste I how
And of a
myrthe I am right now bythoght
myrthe is noon
that the wolf ne made it nat
myscarie
myscarie
myself
myself ther were namo
myselfen
myselfen goodly with yow ryde
myster
myster
youthe he hadde lerned a good
mystere
And he began with right a
mystere cheere
Aboven alle
micions
micions in Pruce
name
name
welcome be the cut, a Goddes
namo
namo
A YEMAN hadde he and servantz
namo
 UNCIPLE, and myself ther were
namo
namoore
namoore than dooth a nyghtynagle
n'arette
n'arette it nat my vileynye
sauceleem he was, with eyn
narwe
narwe
nas
Ther
nas no man nowher so vertuous
Ther
nas nat right fat, I undertake
wher so bisy a man as he ther
nas
nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage
Hir frendshipe
nas nat newe to bigynne
Ther
nas baiiff, ne hierde, nor other hyne
Ther
nas quyk siluer, lytarge, ne brynstoon
s hors were goode, but he was
nat gay
For, hardily, she was
nat undergrove
He yaf
nat of that text a pulled ben
That seith that hunters ben
nat hooly men
But thilke text heeld he
nat worth an oystre
He was
nat pale as a forpyned goost
He may
nat wepe, although hym soore smerte
Ascorded
nat, as by his facultee
It is
nat honest; it may nat avaunce
It is nat honest; it may
nat avauce
For ther he was
nat lyk a clowsyster

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And he nas nat right fat, I undertake
His purchasing myghte nat been infect
Hir frendshiphe nas nat newe to bigynne
But thereof nedeth nat to speke as nowthe
But he ne lefte nat, for reyn ne thonder
Hir his beneficce to hyre
So that the wolfe ne made it nat myscearie
He was to synful men nat despitous
Nat that of God a ful fair grace
That ye n’arette it nat myvilenye
He may nat sparé, althogh he were his brother
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye
I saugh nat this yeer so nyrie a compaignye
Oure conseil was nat longe for to seche
natthelees 1
But natthelees, whil I have tyume and space
nature 1
So priketh hem nature in hir corages
natureel 1
In houres by his magyk natureel 1
naught 23
He nevere yet no vilenye ne sayde
That no drope ne fille upon hire brest
Ne that a monk, when he is recchelees
Ne was so worldly for to have office
In all this world ne was ther noon hym lik
In al the parishe wif ne was ther noon
But he ne lefte nat, for reyn ne thonder
So that the wulf ne made it nat myscearie
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne
Ne made him a spiced conscience
Ther nas baillif, ne hierde, nor oother hyne
That he ne knew his sleighthe and his coyne
her nas quyk-silver, lytarge, ne brymstoone
Bosas, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon
Oynement that wolde clense and byte
No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholdhe have
Ne was ther swich another pardoner
Ne thogh I speke hire wordes proprely
For treweely, confort ne myrthe is noon
Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every m
nedeth 2
But thereof nedeth nat to speke as nowthe
As ye ha han herde; what nedeth wordes mo
neede 1
o word spak he moore than was neede 1
Cometh neer 1
neer, quod he, my lady Prioresse
His lorde sheep, his neet 1
neet, his dayere
And thanne his neighebor 1
neighebor right as hymselfe
His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys 2
Aboute his nekke, under his arm adoun
never 1
Al speke he never so rudeliche and large
never 4
He nevere yet no vilenyene sayde
nevere his houes
Wax nevere trompe of half so greet a soun
No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholdhe have
newe 6
And heeld after the newe world the space
Ful fressh and newe hir geere apiked was
hir frendshiphe nas nat newe to bigynne
eyd, and shoes ful moyste and newe
ym thoughte he rood al of the newe jet
feyne thyng, or fynde wordes newe
And therto hadde he ridden,  
no 25  
man ferre  
man ferre  
Crieten man so ofte of his degree  
no villeynye ne sayde  
no maner wight  
She leet  
o morsel from hir lippes falte  
That  
o drope ne fille upon hire brest  
That in hir coppe ther was  
no ferthyng sene  
Was al his lust, for  
no cost wolde he spare  
For to deele with  
no swich poraille  
Ther nas  
no man nowher so vertuouse  
Ther wiste  
no wight that he was in dette  
For he hadde geten hym yet  
no benefice  
Ther kouda  
no wight pynche at his writyng  
Of his array tele I  
no longer tale  
Of nyce conscience took he  
no keep  
For it was of  
no superducite  
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste  
He waited after  
no pompe and reverence  
Ther was  
no dote that he nolde heve of harre  
Ylyk a staf; ther was  
o calf ysenne  
no man bryngye hym in arrerage  
Ther kouda  
no word but Latyn  
Thanne wolde he speke  
No wonder is, he herde it al the day  
Ther wiste  
No hirde hadde he, ne nereve sholde have  
And wel ye woot  
no villeynye is it  
At many a  
noble 4  
Unto his ordre he was a  
noble armee hadde he be  
This  
noble post  
He was in chirche a  
noble ensample to his sheep he yaf  
noble ecclesiaste  
His arweis drouped  
noght 9  
For thogh a wydwe hadde  
noght with fetheres lowe  
noght a sho  
Noght o word spak he moore than was nee  
Hir knyves were chaped  
noght with bras  
He was a shephearde and  
noght a mercenarie  
A bettre felawe sholde men  
noght fynde  
on yow ese, and it shal coste  
noght  
Us thoughte it was  
noght worth to make it wys  
Ne studeith  
noght; ley hond to, every man  
nolde 1  
Ther was no dote that he  
nolde heve of harre  
nombre 1  
Th’estaat, th’array, the  
nombre, and eek the cause  
K they hadde with hem for the  
nones 2  
LERE was a stout carle for the  
nones  
nones  
Ther was also a  
nonne, a PRIORRESSE  
Another  
noNNE with hire hadde she  
de he snybben sharply for the  
nonys 1  
In alle the ordres four  
noon 13  
four that kan  
greet a purchasour was nowher  
noon  
bettey envyned man was nowher  
noon  
Ther nas  
noon swich from Hulle to Cartage  
In al this world ne was ther  
noon hym lik  
the parisse wif ne was ther  
noon  
re prest I trowe that nowher  
noon ys  
Ther was  
noon auditour koude on him wynne  
s, ceruce, ne oille of tartre  
noon  
He wolde techen him to have  
noon awe  
t hooed, for jolitee, wered he  
noon  
A fairer burges was ther  
noon in Chepe  
trewely, confort ne myrthe is  
noon  
But, sooth to seyn, I  
noot 1  
maner hym calle  
nor 3  
It sooth to seyn  
nor in meschief to visite  
Ther nas baillif, ne hierde  
nor oother hyne  
Nor of the knobbes sittyng on his chek  
norissyng 1  
But of greet  
norissyng and digestible  
Northfolk 1  
Of northfolk was this Reve of which I tell
Entune in hir nose 3 nose ful semely
Hir nose trelys, hir eyen greye as glas
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
nosethirles 1 His nosethirles blake were and wyde
note 1 not 1 not heed hadde he, with a broun visage
note nought 1
nd certeynly he hadde a murye But taenk it nought, I prey yow, in desdeyn
now 13 now certeynly he was a fair prelaat
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace
Now have I taold you soothi, in a clau
But now 6 is tymne to yow for to telle
now, lordynges, trewele
And seye this:
Atones in this herberwe as is now
And of a myrthe I am right now bythought
Lordynges, quod he, now now who shal telle the firste tale
Lat se Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twyn
Now draweth cut, for that is myn accord
Now lat us ryde, and herketh what I se
nowher 6

Ther nas no man Ther no man
So greet a purchasour was nowher 6 nower so vertuous
Now her in sky a man as he ther nas
A bettre envyned man was nowher 6 nower noon
nowher noon
Was nowher schwch a worthy vavasour
A bettre preest I trowe that nowher noon ys
nowthe 1 nowthe
hereof nedeth nat to speke as
ny 2
His berd was shave as ny as ever he kan
He moot reherce as ny as ever he kan
nyce 1 nyce Of
nyce conscience took he noo keep

nyght 4 nyght with open ye
That slepen al the nyght
At nyght was come into that hostelrye
oon the sterres in the frosty nyght
ow that we baren us that like
nyghtertale 1
So hoote he lovethe that by
nyghtyngale 1
nyghtyngale

He sleep namore than dooth a
nyne 1 Wel
nyne and twenty in a compaignye

3 o 3 o word spak he moore than was neede
And they were clothed ale in o lyvere
o word as another

851 As he that wys was and obedient 1
obedient

obstynat 1
But it were any persone obstynat

201 of
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote
Of which vertu engendred is the flour
Of Engelond to Caunterbury they wende
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfaile
That I was of hir folawshiphe anon
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me
And whiche they weren, and of what degree
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree
Of Algeair, and ridden in Belmarye
Somtyne with the lord of Painlye
And of his port as meeke as is a mayde
But for to tellen yow of his array

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75 Of fustian he wered a gypon
82 Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse
82 of age he was, I gesse
83 Of his stature he was of evene lengthe
84 And wonderly delievre, and
85 And born hym weel, as
86 Al ful was as fresh as is the month
87 he was clad in cote and hooe
88 Of grene
89 Of pecok arwes, bright and kene
90 Of wodecraft wel koude he al the usage
91 neised weel and sharp as point
92 A Cristopher on his brest
93 horn he bar, the bawdryk was
94 Of hir smyling was ful symple and coy
95 After the sole
96 For Frensh
100 Of Parys was to hire unkowne
101 Of grece, when she drunken hadde hir dr
102 And sikerly she was
103 Of greet desport
104 court, and to been estatlich
106 Of manere
107 And to hent holden dinge
108 But for to spoken
109 Of hire conscience
110 Of smale houndes hadde she that she fed
111 But soore wepte she if oon
112 of hem were deede
113 Of smal coral aboute hire arm she bar
114 A peire
115 And theron heng a broobc
117 Ther as this lord was kepere
118 The reule
119 The reule of Seint Maure or of Seint Beine
120 Of that text a pulled hen
121 This is to seyn, a monk out
122 Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
123 Of huntyng for the hare
124 th grys, and that the fyneste
125 He hadde
126 That stemed as a forneys
127 A fat swan loved he best
128 So muchel
129 Of dailancie and fair languag
130 Of yonge wommen at his owene cost
131 And eek with worthy wommen
132 For he hadde power
133 For many a man so hard is
134 Therfore in stede
135 His typet was ay farsed ful
136 ut al with riche and saleeres
137 Curteis he was and lowely
138 That rouynd as a belle out
139 Sowynge alwey thencress
140 So estatyly was he
141 A CLERK ther was
142 Of Oxenford also
143 Of Aristotle and his philosophie
144 But al that myghthe
145 Of his frendes hente
146 Of hem that yaf hym wherwith to scoleye
147 Of studie took he most cure and moost
148 And short and quyk and ful
149 Ther was also, ful riche
150 Discreet he was and
151 That from the tyme
152 Girth with a ceint
153 of silke, with barres smale
154 Of his array telle I no longer tale
155 Of his complexioun he was sanywyn
156 Of flash and flesch, and that so plente
157 It sneyed in his hous
158 Of mete and drynke
159 Of alle deyntees that men koude thynke
160 After the sondry sesons
161 Ful ofte tyme he was knyght
162 An anlaas and a gispering al
163 Of a solenpe and a greet fraternitie
164 Wel semea ech
165 Wel koude he knowe a draughte
166 For aught I woot, he was
167 In a gowne
168 Ful many a draughte
169 With us ther was a DOCTOR
170 Of PHISIK
171 To speke of phisik and of surgerie
172 To speke of phisik and of surgerye
173 Of his ymage for his pacient
174 He knew the cause
175 of everich maladye
And where they engendred, and

The cause yknowe, and

For ech

For it was

But

And yet he was but eys

A good WIP was ther

She passed hem

She passed hem of Ypres and

That she was out

Ir coverchiefs ful fyne weren

Hir hosen weren

Hir face, and fair, and reed

She koude muchel

And on hir feet a pieare

of remedies

For she koude

A good man was ther

And was a povre PERSON

But riche he was

ut rather wolde he yeven, out

of his offryng and eek

Out of the gospel he tho words caughte

Ne

What so he were,

That hadde ylad

Bothe

Ful byg he was

byg he was of brawn, and eek

as no dote that he nolde heve

Upon the cop right

ere, and theron stood a toft

Reed as the bristles

And that was moste

And yet he hadde a thombe

therewithal he broughhte us out

A gentil MAUCHIPLE was ther

It to be wise in byynge

Now is nat that

The wisdom

The wisdom

That weren

Worthy to been stywarde

of hoo, or coold, or moyste, or drye

of what humour

of his harm the roote

of hem made oother for to wynne

Of his diete mesurable was he

of no superfluite

of greyt norisayng and digestible

of dispence

of biside BATHE

Of clouth-making she hadde swich an hau

of Ypres and of Gaunt

of Gaunt

of alle charitee

of ground

of lyn scarlet reed

of heewe

of wandrynge by the weye

of spores sharpe

of remedies of love she knew per chaunc

of love she knew per chaunc

of that art the olde daunce

of religioun

of A TOUN

of hooly thoght and werk

of dute

Of his offryng and eek of his substaunc

of his substaunc

of the gospel he tho words caughte

of his speche dangerous ne digne

of heig or lough estat

of dong ful manya a fother

of his propre swynk and his catel

of brawn, and eek of bones

of bones

of harre

of his nose he hade

of herys

of a sowes erys

of syrne and harlorstes

of gold, pardeee

of towe

Of which achatours myghte take exemple

Of vitallie

Of God a ful fair grace

of an heep of lerned men

of an heep of lerned men

Of maisters hadde he mo than thresen

Of lawe expert and curious

Of which ther were a dusseyne in that h

Of rente and lond

Of any lord that is in Engelond

Of his seed and of his gryn

of his gryn

of age

of hym as of the deeth

of the deeth

of his owene good

of pers upon he hade

Of Northfolk was this Reve of which I t

d evere he rood the hyndreste

of oure route

Of his visage children were aferd

Of tartre noon

of his wheelkes white

of the knobbes sittynge on his chekes

Of som decree

of wyn

of the ercedekenes curs

Of cursyng oghte ech giltly man him dred

Of a Significavit

Of the diocese

Of a cake

Of Rouncivale, his frend and his compe

eight was comen fro the court

Was nevere trompe

he it heeing as dooth a strike

Hym thoughte he rood al

Brethfull

of pardoun comen from Rome al hoot

But

Of his craft, fro Berwyk into Ware

He seyde he hadde a gobet

He hadde a croys

e hadde a croys of latound ful

He and after wol I telle

And at the remenant

But first I pray you,

Boold

of his speche, and wys, and wel ytaught

And

of manhood hym lakkeide right naught

And spak

of myrthe amonges othere thynges

And

of a myrthe I am right now bythought
That ech of yow, to shorte with oure were
Of aventures that whilom han bifalle
h of yow that bereth hym best of alle
of alle
Tales of best sentence and moost solaas
And of oure tales jugge and reportour
Unto the Waterynge
Of Seint Thomas
Of which ful blithe and glad was every
offertorie

But alderbest he song an
offertorie

Ne was so worldly for to have
office

of his
offrynge
And of his substaunce
offrynge
That to the
offrynge before hire sholde goon

oft
Ful oft tyne he hadde the bord bigonne
oft of his degree
No Cristen man so
Ful oft tyne he was knyght of the shire
And swich he was ypreved
oft sithes

often
That
often hadde been at the Parvys
often in assise

oghete
Wel
oghete a preest ensample for to yive
oghete ech glitty man him drede

oille
Boras, ceruce, ne
oille of tartre noon

old
By cause that it was
old and somdel streit

old
This like Monk leet
Wel knew he the
old Esclapius
Olde Ypocras, Haly, and Galyen

For she koude of that art the
old daunce

omnia
And after Amor vincit
omnia

on
Thanne longen folk to goon
on piligrimages
Bill that in that seison
on a day
Redy to wenden
Wel koude he sitte
on my pilgrymage
hors and faire ryde
And
on that oother syde a gay daggere

A Cristopher
on his brest of silver sheene
On which ther was first write a crowned

Wel koude he synghe and pleyen
on a rote
In mottelle, and hye
on horse he sat
On bookes and on lernynge he it spente

To sitten in a yeildehalle
on a deys
That
on his shyne a mormal hadde he
A dallgere hangynghe
on a laas hadde he
His studie was but litle
on the Bible
That
on a Sunday weren upon hir heed
Ywympled wel, and
on hir heed an hat
And
on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe
For if a preest be foul.
On whom we truste
Ther was noon auditour koude
on him wynne
Nor of the knobbes sittynghe

on
But soore wepte she if
on of hem were deed
fees and robes hadde he many
oon
ed, his ale, was always after
oon
But thynne it lay, by colpons
oon and oon
ne it lay, by colpons
oon and oon
And if yow liketh alle by
oon assent
heigh and lough; and thus by
oon assent

ooth
Hire gretteste
ooth was but by Seinte Loy

oother
And on that
oother syde a gay daggere
For ech of hem made
oother for to wynne
Withouten
oother compaignye in youthe
r nas bailiff, ne hierde, nor
oother hyne
But whoso koude in oother thynge hym grope

That slepen al the nyght with open ye
And I seyde his opinion
That heeld opinion

Syngynge he was, or 32
in a trappe, if it were deed or floytynge, al the day
With rosted flesch, or bleode
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte
The reule of Seint Maure or of Seint Benet
Or swynken with his handes, and laboure
Bel than a lazare or a biggestere
But he was lyk a maister or a pope
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sartrie
Were it of hoot, or coold, or gay sartrie
Of hoot, or coold, or coold, or moyste, or drye
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe
What so he were, of heigh or with a brethered to been wiloke

t alle tymes, thogh him gamed or lough estat
his bed as any sowe or smerte
For whether that he payde or breke it at a rennyng with his heed
In any cas that myghte faile or fox was reed
A fewe termes hadde he, two or byve as scarsly as hym list desire
I trowe he were a geldynge or thre
Wel koude he rede a lessoun or a mare
Or ellis he mout telle his tale untrew
Or feye thynge, or fynde wordeis newe
As evere mote I drynke wyn or ale
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas

Unto his ordre
For of his ordre he was a noble post
For unto a pove ordre
ordre he was licenciat
ordre for to yive
In alle the ordres
Orewelle 1
Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle
And spek of myrthe amonges others
And homeward he shal tellen others two
thyng was graunted, and oure others swore
By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde

And after wol I telle of oure
To take oure wey ther as I yow devyse
And foughten for oure feith at Tramyssene
vere he rood the hyndrest of oure route
Which that he seyde was oure lady vey
And at the remenaunt of oure pilgrimage
Greet chiere made oure Hoost us everichon
A semely man oree HOOSTE was withalle
Whan that we hadde maad oree rekenynge
Oure conseil was nat longe for to seche
at eche of yow, to shorte with oree wey
Shal have a soper at oeree aller cost
This thyng was graunted, and oree othes swore
And that he woode been oree gouvernor
And of oree tales juge and reportour
Up roos oree Hoost, and was oree aller cok
Up roos oree Hoost, and was oree aller cok
And there oree Hoost bigan his hors areste
with that word wyd wyden forth oree wey
out, 8
out, he loved chivalrie
out of his cloystre
out of the presse
out of alle charitee
out of doute
out of towne
out of som decree
outrely 1
outrely the pris
outridere 1
outridere, that lovede venerie
over 3
over al in his contree
over al ther as profit sholde arise
over al ther he cam
overeste 1
overeste courtepy
over- lippe 1
over- lippe wyped she so clene
overspradde 1
overspradde
owene 5
owene cost
owene sone
owene good
owene gise
owene cost, and be youre gyde
owher 1
owher a good felawe
Oxenford 1
Oxenford also
oynement 1
oynement that wolde clense and byte
oynons 1
oynons, and eek lekes
oystre 1
oystre
paas 1
paas
pace 3
pace
pace
pacient 3
pacient a ful greet deel
pacient
pacient
paire 1
paire of spores sharpe
Palatye 1
Palatye
pale 1
pale as a forpyned goost
palfrey 1
palfrey was as broun as is a berye
paumeres 1
paumeres for to seken straunge strondes
pardee 1
pardee
PARDONER 4
PARDONER also
PARDONER
PARDONER
pardoner
pardoner
pardoner
pardoner

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