『修道士の話』の序と物語」用語索引（3）

AZUMA Yoshio

物語」の中で展開する個々の「物語」を独立させた用語索引として掲載しておらない。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、如何様々な語彙が作品の中で分布しているか、個々の語彙環境を各「物語」の中で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 Monk’s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales"の文学世界を、文体と語彙の両面において、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 Monk’s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales"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、最後に“The Riverside Chaucer”版を元に手打ちした'Text of The Monk’s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales’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。

今回は“The Monk’s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tale”の‘Concordance’として、（その3）の作成を試みた。
A Concordance to The Monk’s Prologue and Tale
in The Canterbury Tales based on The Riverside Chaucer (3)

A Concordance to The Monk’s Tale in The Canterbury Tales
based on The Riverside Chaucer (3)
A Concordance to The Monk's Tale in The Canterbury Tales
based on The Riverside Chaucer (3)

heigh 12
heigh degree
heigh degree yet fel he for his synne
heigh degree
for his strength and for his heigh bountee
heigh maistrie
heigh estaat Fortune awey hym carf
heigh degree, and emperour hym calle
Ne moore pompous in heigh presumpcioun
And why he fil fro heigh prosperitee
So ful was his corage of heigh emprise
Which that he knew in heigh sentence habounde
heigh degree
heigh degree
ty fel the for this synne
Hadde nevere worldly man so heigh degree
Syngen his werkes laude and heigh renoun
for this strengthe and for this heigh bountee
That Alisandre wan by heigh maistrie
From heigh estaat Fortune awey hym carf
In heigh degree, and emperour hym calle

heir 1
Fortune hym made the heir of hire honour
heires 1
As heires of hir fadres regnes alle
held 1
Of Rome, and with strong bond held hem ful faste
helle 3
Doun into helle, where he yet is inne
To labour, and to helle, and to meschaunce
ow out Cerberus, the hound of helle
helmed 1
And she that helmed was in stanke stoures
helpe 1
Allas, who shal me helpe to endite
hem 26
The harm of hem that stooede in heigh degree
To brynghe hem out of hir adversitee
And on his bak ycarde hem hath hee
on an hill whereas men myghte hem see
made hym as hire fool biffon hem pleye
gothe shooke and made hem falle.
And maked ech of hem to been his thrall
Upon a tyme and bad hem blithe bee
Mishap wol maken hem enimys, I gesse
With arwes brode that she to hem sente
he was so swift that she anon hem hente
And in hir armes weelde hem at hir wille
Al were it so that she hem longe taried
For ech of hem hadde oother oother lief and deere
oother caas, if that men with hem pleyde
me, and with strong bond held hem ful faste
nevere myghte hir foomen doon hem flee
Hir batailles, whoso list hem for to rede
Lest that she wolde hem with hir handes slen
Or with hir meigene putten hem to flighte
Hir names were, as Persiens hem calle
They leyde hem in his lappe adoun and deyde
Hem wolde he sleen in torment and in pa
che he conquerd, and broghte hem into wo
And unto Rome made hem tributarie
hou thrugh thy knyghthod hast hem take and slawe

hente 3
as so swift that she anon hem hente
ire flee, and atte laste hire hente
And in the Capitolie anon hym hente
her 1
Thanne wayteth she her man to overthrowe
Hercules 2
Of Hercules, the sovereyn conquerour
hus starf this worthy, myghty Hercules
herd 2
As ye han herd, and mete and drynke he hadde
Hath herd somwhat or al of his fortune
hers 2
Whoso wol here it in a lenger wise
here 1
That with his erys herde he how they seyde
he made to clippe or shere his
lik an egles fetheres wax his heres
Hermanno 1
And Hermanno and Thymalao
herte 4
For proud he was of herte and of array
And in his herte anon ther fil a thought
So manly was this Julius of herte
That in vengeance he al his herte sette
hertes 1
And many a wilde hertes she shedde
heryst 1
And heryst false goddes cursedly
hethen 1
Ful many an hethen wroghtesrow ful wo
hevene 2
And bar the hevene on his nekke longe
That God of hevene hath domynacioun
hey 2
And eet hey as an oxe, and lay theroute
And eet hey as a best in weet and drye
highte 4
That highte Dianira, fressh as May
By oon that highte Nessus, that it maked
His sone, which that highte Balthasar
That highte Dant, for he kan al devyse
hille 2
Hye on an hille whereas men myghte hem see
And in an hill how wrecedly he deyde
him 1
o boond with which men myghte him bynde
himself 1
Tho wiste he weel, he hadde himself mysgyed
hir 33
To brynge hem out of hir adversitee
And alle hir tayles he togydre bond
And slepyng in hir barm upon a day
That no men telle hir conseil til hir wyves
no men telle hir conseil til hir wyves
If that it touche hir lymes or hir lyves
f that it touche hir lymes or hir lyves
As written Persiens of hir noblesse
But of hir shap she myghte nat been amended
nd in hir armes weelde hem at hir will
Ther myghte no thynge in hir armes stonde
She kepeth hir maydenhod from every ewght
But atte laste hir freendes han hiremaried
But ones, for it was hir pleynt entente
Hir riche array ne myghte nat be told
How she in vertu myghte hir lyf dispende
So doghty was hir housbonde and eck she
Ne nevere myghte hir loomen doon hem flee
Hir batailles, whoso list hem for to re
And after, of hir meschief and hire wo
Agayn hir loos she faught so cruelly
Lest that she wolde hem with hir handes slen
Or with hir meignee putten hem to flighte
In kynges habit wente hir sones two
As heires of hir fadres regnes alle
Hir names were, as Persiens hem calle
Fortune out of hir regne made hire falle
Hir chaar, that was with gold wroght an
Coroned was she, as after hir degree
Shal on hir heed now were a vitryme
Thus kan Fortune hir wheel governe and gye
And with his heed unto hir toun she wente
hire 37
Ther may no man the cours of hire withholde
And alle hire olyveres, and vynes eke
And made hym as hire fool biforn hem pleye
But nathelesses somme clerkes hire excusen
Be as be may, I wol hire noght accusen
Ay drokken, whil hire appetises laste
That no wight passed hire in hardynesse
From hire childhede I fynde that she fledde
To no man deigned hire for to be bonde
t atte laste hir freendes han hire maried
By no wey, that he sholde by hire lyce

He get namore of hire, for thus she sayde

As wel in vessell as in hire clothynge

To lerne booke was al likyng

nd after, of hir meschief and hire wo

The regnes heeld, and with hire propre bond

With hire they maden alliance by bond

To been in pees, and let hire ride and pleye

ne the feeld that dorse with hire fytte

But ay Fortune hath in hire hony galle

Fortune out of hir regne made hire falle

He made hire ffe, and atte laste hire hente

ade hire ffe, and atte laste hire hente

And fettred hire, and eek hire children tweye

And fettred hire, and eek hire children tweye

With gite cheynes on hire nekke hangyngne

And ful of perree charged hire clothynge

Now gaurthern all the people on hire, alias

Shal bere a distaf, hire cost for to quyte

For he hire wombe slitte to biholde

Be domesman of hire deede beautee

Fortune hym made the heir of hire honour

No man ne truste upon hire favour longe

But have hire in awayt for everemoo

He had hire telle hym what it signyfye

For whan men trusteth hire, thanne wol she faille

And covere hire brighte face with a clowde

m heigh degree yet fel he for his synne

By th’angel longe er his nativitee

But to his wyves tooldhe he his secrete

But to his wyves tooldhe he his secrete

Withouten wepen save his handes tweye

Toward his weddylg walkynghe by the weye

His false wyf koude hym so plese and pr

Til she his conseil knew; and she, untrewhe

Unto his foos his conseil gan biwreye

Unto his foos his conseil gan biwreye

thousand men he slow eek with his hond

That God wolden on his peyne han some pitee

And on his bak ycaried hem hath hee

Ne on his heed cam rasour noon ne sheere

For alle his strengthes in his heeres weere

For alle his strengthes in his heeres weere

Unto his lemmman Dalida he tolde

That in his heeris al his strengthe lay

That in his heeris al his strengthe lay

And falsly to his foomen she hym solde

She made to clippe or shere his heres away

And made his foomen al his craft espyen

And made his foomen al his craft espyen

unde hym faste and putten out his yen

But er his heere were clipped or yshave

His foomen made a feeste upon a day

And slow hymself, and eek his foomen alle

Syngen his werkes laude and heigh renoun

For in his tymne of strengthe he was the flour

And made his hirs to frete hym, flessh and boon

And bar the hevene on his nekke longe

Thurghout this wyde world his name ran

What for his strengthe and for his heigh bountee

hat for his strengthe and for his heigh bountee

It made his flessh al from his bones falle

But on his bak this sherte he wered al naked

Til that his flessh was for the venym blaked

At Babiloigne was his seoret see

In which his glorie and his delit he hadde

And maked ech of hem to been his thral

That wiste to what fyn his dremes sownded

Daniel ne his yonge felawes tweye

Ne myghte hym nat birewe of his estaat

But sodeynly he loste his dignytee

And lik an egles fetheres wax his heres

His myghtes lyk a briddes claws weere

He thanked God, and evere his lyf in feere

til that tymne he leyd was on his beere

His sone, which that highte Balthasar

That heeld the regne after his fader day

He by his fader koude noght be war

His hye estaat assured hym in pryde

And sodeynly his regne gan divide

A feeste he made unto his lordes alle

And thanne his officeres gan he calle

Whiche that my fader in his prosperitee

Hys wyf, his lordes, and his concubynes

Hys wyf, his lordes, and his concubynes

And on a wal this kung his eyen caste
The world was his what sholde I moore devyse
Of his knyghthood, it myghte nat suffise
That al the world weelde in his demeyne
So ful was his corage of heigh emprise
Til that Fortune weex his adversarie
I seye, oon of his men, a fals traitour
His heed of smoote, to wynnen hym favour
With his triumpe, lauriat ful hye
That evere hadde of his hye estaunt envye
This false Brutus and his othere foon
Or elles at two, but if his storie lye
That though his deedly woundes soore smerte
His mantel over his hypes caste he
His mantel over his hypes caste he
For no man sholde seen his privatree
Yet was he caught amyddes al his pryde
That of his loos he myghte nat be slayn
That in vengeance he al his herte sette
en hym with; and therfore wax his pryde
And to his dogther, that stood hym bisyde
And she his dreem bigan right thus expounder
And Phebus, with his towaile so clene
His dogther, which that called was Phan
His roial trone myghte thyn nat availle
homydice
us hath this robbour and this homydice
sand men he slow eek with his homydice
s heeld, and with hire propre homydice
honestee
And so wel lovede estaatly honestee
Of honestee yet hadde he remembraunce
honour
Of honour thatoure eldres with us lafte
Glorie and honour, regne, tresour, rente
Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorike
une hym made the heir of hire honour
hony
But ay Fortune hath in hire hony galle
hoom
And wan the land, and hoom to Rome he wente
hoost
Amydde his hoost he dronke lay a-nyght
But bad anon apparaillen his hoost
To al his hoost and to hymself also
hoote
In hoote coles he bath hymselfen raked
hones
Of Acheloyes two hones he brak oon
horrible
And in this stynek and this horrible peyne
horribly
And therwithal he stank so horribly
hors
And made his hors to frete hym, flessh and boon
hound
He drow out Cerberus, the hound of helle
hour
d on a day bifil that in that hour
housbonde
So doghty was hir housbonde and eek she
How
How that in lordshiphe is no sikernesse
And ye shul understande how that he
How she in vertu myghte hir lyf dispand
And how that al this proces fil in dede
How that she was biseged and ytak
But why ne how noot I that thou were slawe
To heere how that men wolde wepe and crie
Greet wonder is how that he koude or myghte
That with his erys herde he how they seyde
And in an hill how wrecchedly he dedye
How that to thys grete conquerours tw
Hugelyn  1
Off the Erl Hugelyn of Pyze the langour

humble  1
From humble bed to roial majesteey

hundred  2
Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo

hunger  4
That they for hunger wolde doon hym dyen
Thanne shold nat hunger in my wombe crepe
is children wende that it for
Hymself, desperieth, eek for hunger starf

hungry  1
I am so hungry that I may nat slepe

huntyng  1
eek she lafte noght, for noon

hyde  1
And ran into a gardyn hym to

hym  94
Was drynen out of hys hym prosperitee
Hye on an hill whereas men myghte hem s
His hym estaat assured hym in pryde
And tooure hym goddess thanke we
Whom Fortune heeld so hym in majesteey
n estaat thow clumbe were so hym
The hym pryde of Nero to cherice
To telle his hym roial majesteey
His hym pride, his werkis venymus
wan by strengthe, or for his hym renoun
His hym entente in armes and labour
ith his triumpe, lauriat ful hym
That evere hadde of his hym estaat enyve

hym wol I bigynne
And nat a man, at hym so plese and preye
And hym forsook, and took another newe
they were slayn, so thursted hym that he
And sende hym dryneke, or elles moste he deye
Thus help hym God, as Judicum can telle
For wommen shal hym bryngen to meschaunce
And falsy to his foomen she hym solde
And whan that they hym fount in this array
They bounde hym faste and putten out his yen
Where-as they made hym at the queene grynde
And made hym as hire fool biforn hem pleye
And made his hors to frete hym, flessh and boon
so stroong that no man myghte hym lette
She hath hym sent a sherte, freshs and gay
For with no venym deigned hym to dye
For hym that folweth al this world of prees
vessel of the temple he with hym lade
Ne myghte hym nat bireve of his estaat
And lyk a beest hym semed for to bee
Til God releesed hym a certeyn yeres
And yaf hym wit, and thanne with many a teere
His hym estaat assured hym in pryde
And made hym as hire fool biforn hem pleye

herfore God greet wreche upon hym sente
And hym birafte the regne that he hadde
And thanne hadde God of hym compassioun
Thanne wolde she suffre hym doon his fantasye
Thanne wolde she ones suffre hym do the same
Lat hym unto my maister Petruk go
Ne hym bifoere, the Romayn Galien
Hath with hym lad, for that men sholde it see
And with hym been his litel children thre
Haddre on hym maad a fals suggestioun
urgh which the peple gan upon hym rise
And putten hym to prisoun in swich wise
at they for hunger wolde doon hym dyen
Unio hym seyde, Fader, why do ye wepe
ete ynoogh right thus they to hym seyde
rom heigh estaat Fortune awey hym carf
To fissshe in Tybre, whan hym liste pleye
For Fortune as his freend hym wolde obeye
The wyn to bryngen hym comanded he
Hym samong Feversum, whan hym letterice and curteisy
Hym was a fayr host, and to hym maister
Hym was to the peple al so glad
Hym maistre
He made hym so konnyng and so sowple
Or any vice dorste on hym uncowple
By cause Nero hadde of hym swich drede
For he fro vices wolde hym ay chastise
For which he in a bath made hym to blode
Which afterward hym thoughte a grete greuance
Therefore he made hym dyen in this wise
In heigh degree, and emperour hym calle
By God, out of his sete I wol hym trice
The peple roos upon hym on a nyght
Out of his dores ane he hath hym dight
For drede of this hym thoughte that he deye
d And ran into a gardyn hym to hyde
to sleen hym and to girden of his heed
So likerously, and ladde hym up and doun
toonly that this world hadde hym in awe
Fortune hym hadde enhauenced so in pride
God for his manace hym so soore smoth
For al his smert, he wolde hym nat restreyne
But in a chaymer men aboute hym bar
The wrecche of God hym smoot so cruelly
at noon of al his meynee that hym kepte
Ne myghte noght the stynk of hym endure
No man ne myghte hym bero te ne fro
They waren glad for pees unto hym sende
Bitwixe hym and another conquerour
or al this world for drede of hym hath quaked
Fortune made the heir of hire honour
What pris were it to hym, though I yow tolde
And yet hym thoughte it myghte nat suffise
His heed of smoot, to wynnen hym favour
Of Julius, and hym the heed he broghte
And in the Capitolie anon hym hente
And stilked hym with boydekyns anoon
a wounde, and thus they lete hym lye
Of which Cressus Cirus soore hym dradde
nd to be brent men to the fyr hym ladde
That slow the fyr, and made hym to escape
t Fortune on the galwes made hym gape
e wende wel, for that Fortune hym sente
Upon a tree he was, as that hym thoughte
Ther Jupiter hym wessh, bothe bak and syde
d Phebus eek a fair towaille hym broughte
d to dryen hym with; and therfore wax his pryde
nd to his doghter, that stood hym bisyde
He bad hire telle hym what it signyfye
Thus warned hym ful plat and ek ful pleyn
His roial trone myghte hym nat availle
Thurgh which he slow hymself
And slow hymself, and eek his foomen alle
Hymself, despeired, eek for hunger star
Hymself he slow, he koude no bettre ree
To al his hoost and to hymself also
In hoote coles he bath hymselven raked
Ful wys is he that kan hymselven knowe
His mantel over his hymes caste he
Was drywen out of hys hye prosperitee
Hys wyf, his lorde, and his concubynes

I wol biwaille in manere of tragedie
And nat a man, at hym wol I bigynne
he ende of this caytyf was as I shal seye
Of Sampson now wol I namoore sayn
Be as be may, I wol hire noght accusen
Mishap wol maken hem enemies, I gesse
seye nat that she hadde moost fairnes
From hire childhede I fynde that she fledde
I seye, so worshipful a creature
That wrat enough of this, I undertake
Why sholde I nat thyn infortune acontue
But why ne how noot I that thou were slawe
Alas! quod he, Alas, that I was wroght
I am so hungry that I may nat slepe
Now wolde God that I myghte slepen eve
And seye, Farewel, fader, I moot dye
Thy false wheel my wo al may I wyte
This Seneca, of which that I devyse
She thoughte thus: By God! I am to nyce
By God, out of his sete I wol hym trice
t pris were it to hym, though I yow tolde
I seye, as fer as man may ryde or go
The world was his what sholde I moore devyse
For though I write or tolde yow everemo
Dampned was he to dyen

If

That ilke clooth that he hadde wered o day

That his peynes weren importable

"『修道士の話』の序と物語" 用語索引 (3)（東 好男）
This proverb is ful sooth and ful commune
Of kynges blood of Perce is she descended
Is ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe
Ther is no thyng, but breed, that me were le
Thus ended is this myghty Erl of Pize
Greet wonder is how that he koude or myghte
Whan myght is joyned unto crueltee
To settte a man that is fulfild of vice
Where is this false tiraunt, this Neroun
Withinne his tente, large as is a berne
The storie of Alisaundre is so commune
he tree, quod she, the galwes is to meene

Is ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe
Of kynges blood of Perce is she descended
Thus ended is this myghty Erl of Pize
Greet wonder is how that he koude or myghte
Whan myght is joyned unto crueltee
To settte a man that is fulfild of vice
Where is this false tiraunt, this Neroun
Withinne his tente, large as is a berne
The storie of Alisaundre is so commune
he tree, quod she, the galwes is to meene

Israel
He hadde of Israel the governaunce
Of Israel he leet do gelde anoon
it
n fil temple and al, and ther it lay
If that it touche hir lymes or hir lyves
That er that he had wered it half a day
It made his flessh al from his bones fa
oon that highte Nessus, that it maked
But Daniel expowned it anoon
Dyvyded is thy regne, and it shal be
Al were it so that she hem longe taried
But ones, for it was hir pleyn entente
It was to wyves lecherie and shame
hym lad, for that men sholde it see
Allas, Fortune, it was greet crueltee
And therwithal it was ful povre and badde
He herde it wel, but he spak right noght
Til in his fadres barm adoun it lay
And whan the woful fader deed it say
His children wende that for it hunger was
Of this tragedie it oghte ynough suffice
Whoso wol here it in a lenger wise
After that tyne he noble it nevere see
That longe tyme it was er tiranne
Now fill it so that Fortune liste no lenger
For his defaute, and whan he espiesd
For socour, but it myghte nat bityde
What nedeth it of kyng Anthiochus
To wrecken his ire on it ful cruellly
That in his güttes carf it so and boot
And sodeynly, er he was of it war
That it his limes and his skyn totar
What pris were it to hym, though I yow tolde
Of his knyghthod, it myghte nat suffise
And yet hym thoughte it myghte nat suffise
He bad hire telle hym what it signyfyde

Jerusalem
He tweyes wan Jerusalem the citee
Out of the temple of Jerusalem birafe
Unto Jerusalem he wolde estsoone

Jewes
Of Jewes weren venquysshed myghtily
Unto the Jewes swich an hate hadde he
dooye
They lyved in joye and in felicitee
And out of joye brynge men to sorwe
What myght is joyned unto crueltee

Judicum
Thus heelp hym God, as Judicum can telle

Judith
O whilom judic, a woman, as he lay upright

Julius
Up roos he Julius, the conquerour
Of Julius, and hym the heed he broghte
To Rome agayn repaireth Julius
Agayns this Julius in subtil wise
This Julius to the Capitolie vente
So manely was this Julius of herte

Juppiter
Ther Juppiter hym wessh, bothe bak and syde
And Juppiter bitokneth snow and reyn
Ful wys is he that kan hymselfen knowe
Thus kan Fortune hir wheel governe and gy
That highte Dant, for he kan al devyse
Whanne he escaped was, he kan nat stente
Ne kan in syngyng crie ne biwaille
wys
to kan thymselven knowe
kan
hymselfen knowe
That kan knowe the he kan hymselfen knowe
Ful wys is he that kan
wys
to kan
hymselfen knowe
Ful wys is he that kan
wys
to kan
hymselfen knowe
Ful wys is he that kan

kan 5

That highte Dant, for he kan al devyse
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kan 5

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wys
to kan
hymselfen knowe
Ful wys is he that kan

kan 5
Of kynges, princes, dukes, erles bolde

labour  4
To labour, and to helle, and to meschaunce

Ne moore labour myghte in wrere endure

Hath with hym

lad  2
for that men sholde it see

laddie  3
hym up and doun

ladde  3
sel of the temple he with hym

ladde  3
o be brent men to the fryr hym

lafe  2
noth, for noon huntyng

lant  4
in all that

and wan the land, and hoom to Rome he wente

That wan al th'occident by land and see

langour  1
f the Erl Hugelyn of Pyze the

lapp  1
They leyde hem in his

large  2
And wys therwith, and

large with mesure

Withinne his tente, large as is a berne

laste  5
But atte

laste he made a foul affray

and hir freendes than hir maried

He made hire flee, and atte

Law  2
Lat no man truste on blynd prosperitee

Lat hym unto my maister Petrak go

laude  1
Syngen his werkes

laude and heigh renoun

lauriat  1
With his triumpe,

law  1
Agayn Pompeus, fader thyne in

lawe  3
therto hadde neither right ne

his lustes were al lawe in his decree

he made every man reneyen his

lay  9
n his heiris al his strenthe

il temple and al, and ther it

And eet hey as an oxe, and

thero the

e caste hym doun, and ther he

in his fadres barm adoun it

is brother, and by his suster

Amyddie hoo he dronke

and as he

by of dyling in a traunce

lecherie  1
It was to wyves

lecherie and shame

leest  2
By swich a wey as he wolde

leest suppose

Whan he leest weneth, sonnest shal he falle

leet  2
Of Israel he

leet do gelde anoon

This proude kyng

leet maken a statue of gold

legions  1
And with his

legions he took his weye

leman  2
Unto his leman Dalida he tolde

A leman hadde this noble champioun
Whoso wol here it in a lenger 3
it so that Fortune liste no lenger
And wente his wey; no lenger dorste he calle

seyde, Kyng, God to thy fader lente
lente

So was he ful of leonyn 1
leonyn leonyn
courage

Leouns, leopards, and beres al torente leoun 2
leoun leoun

He slow and al torente the
low and raffe the skyn of the

Leouns 1
Leouns, leopards, and beres al torente

To lerne bookes was al hire likyng lerne 1
lerne

his freendes, bothe moore and
lesse 1
lesse

Lest 1
Lest that she wolde hem with hir handes

For lesynge of richesse or libertee lesynge 1
lesynge

But of his purpos he was let ful soone let 1
let

To been in pees, and lete hire ride and pleye
many a wounde, and thus they lete hym lye

troong that no man myghte hym lettre 1
lette

To teche hym
letterure 1
letterure and curteisy

That koude expoune what this lettre 1
lettre lettre
mente

whiche she kepte in vertu and
letrure 1
letrure

hyng, but breed, that me were
levere 1
levere

And til that tyme he
leyd 1
leyd was on his beere

He of Centauros leye 3
leyde the boost adoun

They leye hem in his lappe adoun and deyde
leyde adoun

Whan that she leysyr 1
leysyr hadde; and for to entende

For lesynge of richesse or libertee libertee 1
libertee

O noble, almyghty Sampsoun, lief 2
lief lief and deere

For ech of hem hadde oother lief and deere

Of which thyne owene liges 1
liges

hadde envie

And lik an egles fetheres wax his heres lik 1
lik

So likerously 1
lierously, and ladde hym up and doun

To lerne bookes was al hire likyng 1
likyng

That it his limes 1
limes limes and his skyn totar

list 3
list

or certein, when that Fortune list to flee
修道士の話 の序と物語 用語索引（3）（東 好男）

th war, for whan that Fortune list to glose
Hir batailles, whoso list hem for to rede

lisle 2
To fisse in Tybre, whan hym liste pleye
Now fil it so that Fortune liste no lenger

hite 4
But hitel out of Pize stant a tour
And with hym been his hitel children thre
That he so hitel of his mooder tolde
But now a hitel while I wol biallere

lith 1
As any feend that lith ful lowe adoun

Lo 1
Lo, who may truste on Fortune any throw

lond 3
rende alle the cornes in that lond
nas kying ne prynce in al that lond
That she ne wold upon his lond werreye

long 1
Sixty cubites long and sevne in brede

longe 5
By th'angel longe er his natiuette
d bar the hevne on his nekke longe
Al were it so that she hem longe taried
That longe tyme it was er tirannye
an ne truste upon hire favour longe

Loo 2
Loo Adam, in the feeld of Damyssene
Loo Sampsoun, which that was annunciat

lord 1
And knew God lord of every creature

lordes 2
A feeste he made unto his lordes alle
Hys wyf, his lordes, and his concubynes

lordshipe 1
How that in lordshipe is no sikernesse

Lordynge 1
Lordynge, ensample hereby may ye take

lorn 1
Was wel ny lorn, for which he gan to preye

loste 1
But sodeynly he loste his dignytee

lough 1
Of which Fortune lough, and hadde a game

loute 1
Comanded he to loute, and have in drede

lovede 1
And so wel lovede estaatly honeste

lowe 2
r he be war is ofte yleyd ful lowe
As any feend that lith ful lowe adoun

Lucan 1
Lucan, to thee this storie I recomende

Lucifer 2
At Lucifer, though he an angel were
O Lucifer, brightest of angels alle

Lumbardye 1
God of delit and scourge of Lumbardye

lustes 1
His lustes were al lawe in his decree

Lyde 1
riche Cresus, whilom kying of Lyde

lye 4
o wey, that he sholde by hire lye
As in his tyme, but if bookes lye
ounde, and thus they lete hym lye
les at two, but if his storie 
lyf
2
He thanked God, and evere his 
lyf in feere 
How she in vertu myghte hir 
lyf dispende 
lyk
2
And lyk a beest hym semed for to bee 
His nayles lyk a briddes claws weree 
If that it touche hir 
lymes
1
lymes or hir lyves 
Caught with the 
lymrod
1 
lymrod coloured as the gleede 
Ne in lynage, ne in oother gentillesse 
They lyved
1
They lyved in joye and in felicitee 
at it touche hir lymes or hir lyves 
maad
2
Hadde on hym maad a fals suggestioun 
Ful prively hath maad conspiracye 
Rede which that he was in 
Machabee
2 
Machabee 
Machabee 
Machabee 
Machabee 
Machabee 
Machabee 
Fortune out of hir regne maad hire falle 
He maad hire fle, and atte laste hire hen 
Out of thy land thy brother maad thee fle 
Withinne his prisoun maad thee to dye 
His mooder maad he in pitous array 
drank anon noon oother wo he maad 
For which he in a bath maad hym to blede 
Therefore he maad hym dyen in this wise 
But he maad every man reneyen his lawe 
That many a man maad to wepe and pleyne 
Fortune hym maad the heir of hire honour 
And unto Rome maad him tributarie 
That slow the fyr, and maad hym to escape 
Til Fortune on the galwes maad hym gape 
maden
1 
With hire they maden alliance by bond 
he glorious ceptre, and roial 
magestee
6 
Wende that God, that sit in magestee 
Apertenaunt unto the 
magestee 
Whom Fortune heeld so bye in 
magestee 
To telle his bye roial 
magestee 
From humble bed to roial 
magestee 
magicien
1 
In all that land 
magicien was noon 
maister
5 
Lat hym unto my 
maister Petruk go 
In yowthe a maister hadde this emperour 
And whil this maister hadde of hym maistrye 
In yowthe agayns his 
maister for to ryse 
And thus hath Nero slayn his 
maister deere 
maistrie
1 
That Alisandre wan by heigh 
maistrie 
maistrye
1 
hil this maister hadde of hym 
maistrye
maked 4
n that highte Nessus, that it
maked
And maked ech of hem to been his thral
He maked hym so konnyng and so sople
risoun myghte never yet been maked

maken 3
And as thise clerkes maken mencion
This proude kyng leet maken a statute of gold
Mishap wol maken hem enemys, I gesse

man 18
Ther may no man the cours of hire withholde
Lat no man truste on blynd prosperitee
And nat a man, at hym wol I bigynne
He was so stroong that no man myghte hym lette
Thanne wayteth she her man to overthowre
For whan Fortune wole a man forsake
With any yong man, were he never so wight
To no man deigned hire for to be bonde
To sette a man that is fulfild of vice
But he made every man reneyen his lawe
No man ne myghte thym bere to ne fro
That many a man made to wepe and pleyne
The pride of man and beest he leyde adoun
I seye, as fer as man may ryde or go
For no man sholde seen his privatte
No man ne truste upon hire favour longe

manace 1
God for his manace hym so soore smoot

Mane 2
Wroot Manec, techel, phares, and namoore
Wroot Manec, techel, phares, truste me

maner 1
I wol biwaille in maner thyng

manere 2
I wol biwaille in manere of tragedie
hees in a bath to dye in this manere

manhede 1
By wisedom, manhede, and by greet labour

mankynde 1
noble Sampsoun, strongest of mankynde

manly 1
So manly was this Julius of herte

mannes 3
And nat bigeten of mannes sperme uncleane
He was out cast of mannes compaignye
For many a mannes guttes dide he peyne

mantel 1
His mantel over his hypes caste he

many 8
But soone shal he wepe many a teere
yaf hym wit, and thanne with many a teere
And many a wild hertes blood she shedde
In the orient, with many a fair citee
Ful many a hethen wrogtresrow ful wo
For many a mannes guttes dide he peyne
That many a man made to wepe and pleyne
With many a wounde, and thus they let hym l

many 2
That slow so manye monstres as dide he

manye 2
That they conquered manye regnes grete

maried 1
e laste hir freendes han hire

Maugree 1
Maugree Philistiens of that citee

may 13
Ther may no man the cours of hire withholde
For though Fortune may noon angel dere
hat highte Dianira, fressh as May
Be as be may, I wol hire noght accusen
Lo, who may truste on Fortune any throwe
With tonge unnethe may discryved bee
Lordynges, ensample heerby may ye take
This myghty queene may no while endure

Ther may no tounge telle for pitee

So smal that we are unnethe it may suffice

I am so hungry that I may nat slepe

Thy false wheel my wo al may I wyte

I seye, as fer as man may ryde or go

She kepe hir maydenhod from every wight

Now artow Sathanas, that mayst nat twynne

Now maystow wenep with thyn eynen blynde

Mane, techel, phares, truste me is no thynge, but breed, that me were lever

Who shal me yeven teeris to compleyne

Allas, who shal me helpe to endite

Medes me

Genylon-Olyver, corrupt for meede

e, quod she, the galwes is to meene

Or with hir meignee putten hem to flighte

Melan Off Melan grete Barnabo Viscounte

A thousand men he slow eek with his hond

Hye on an hill whereas men myghte hem see

That no men telle hir conseil til hir wyves

In oother caas, if that men with hem pleyde

as noon, though al this world men sholde seke

Hath with hym lad, for that men sholde it see

Wel ogthen men thy pitous deeth complayne

And out of joye brynge men to surwe

To heere how that men wolde wepe and crye

But in a chayer men aboute hym bar

I seye, oon of his men, a fals traitour

And to be brennt men to the fyr hym ladde

For whan men trusteth hire, thanne wol she faill

And as thise clerkes maken mencioun

oude expoune what this lettre

labour, and to helle, and to or wommen shal hym bryngen to

And after, of hir meschief and hire wo

In this meschief he wayled and eek wepte

By precept of the messager

wys therwith, and large with mesure

As ye han herd, and mete and drynke he hadde

Whan that his mete wont was to be broght

eek a sweven upon a nyght he mette

That noon of al his meyne that hym kepte

Out of miserie, in which that thou art falle

Mishap Mishap wol maken hem enimys, I gesse
「修道士の話」の序と物語 用語索引(3)(東 好男)

mo 3

330 ayn Sapor the kyng and othere
562 That regnes mo putte in subjeccioun
658 rius, and an hundred thousand

monsters 1

122 That slow so manye monsters as dide he
274 And rennen in the montaignes al the nyght
596 And in balance weyen ech montayne
637 He starf ful wrecchedly in a montayne

mooder 2

493 His mooder made the in pitous array
496 That he so litel of his mooder tolde

moore 9

190 Was he to doon amys or moore trespace
553 And eek his freendes, both moore and lesse
311 Ne moore labour myghte in werre endure
481 Moore delicat, moore pompous of array
482 Moore proud was nevere emperour than he
541 He knokked faste, and ay the moore be cried
565 Ne moore pompous in heigh presumpcioun
662 e world was his what sholde I moore devyse

moost 2

263 I seye nat that she hadde moost fairnesse
598 And Goddess peple hadde he moost in hate

moot 2

493 And sayde, Farewel, fader, I moot dye
517 e, wolde he seyn, an emperour moost nede

moralitee 1

507 For of moralitee he was the flour

morwe 1

406 thy bed han slayn thee by the morwe

moste 2

52 nd sende hym drynkne, or elles moste he dye
520 On bothe his armes, til he moste dye

multiplye 1

292 To have a child, the world to multiplye

my 4

205 Whiche that my fader in his prosperitee
335 Lat hym unto my maister Petراك go
447 Thanne sholde nat hunger in my wombe crepe
456 Thy false wheel my wo al may I wyte

myght 4

192 He knew that God was ful of myght and grace
270 n, by verray force and verray myght
503 Whan myght is joyned unto crueltee
580 , for al his pompe and al his myght

myghte 26

28 And stood in noblesse whil he myghte see
61 Hye on an hill whereas men myghte hem see
82 r was no boond with which men myghte him bynde
126 He was so stroong that no man myghte hym lette
179 Ne moore hym nat bireve of his estaat
264 But of hir shap she myghte nat been amended
278 Ther myghte no thyng in hir armes stonde
293 And also soone as that she myghte caype
311 Ne moore labour myghte in werre endure
320 Hir riche array ne myghte nat be told
327 Ne nevere myghte hir foomen doon hem fle
446 Now wolde God that I myghte slepen evere
499 onder is how that he koude or myghte
550 For socour, but it myghte nat bityde
594 That verrally he wende he myghte attayne
600 Wenyngte that God ne myghte his pride abate
622 So that he neyther myghte go ne ryde
630 Ne myghte nought the stynk of hym endure
635 No man ne myghte hym bere to ne fro
649 Comparisoun myghte nevere yet been maked
Save wyn and wommen, no thing myghte aswage
Of his knyghthood, it myghte nat suffise
And yet hym thoughte it myghte nat slayn
That of his foos he myghte nat be slayn
His roial trone myghte hym nat availle

Whan Odenake was deed, she myghtily
Of this knyghthood, it myghte nat suffice
And yet hym thoughte it myghte nat suffice
This myghty queene may no while endure
Of Jewes weren venquysshed myghtily

Thus starf this worthy, myghty Hercules
Thus ended is this myghty Eur of Pize
O myghty Cesar, that in Thessalie

To wrecchednesse and to
As Adam, til he for

Iste he wel, he hadde himself naked
That hadde the kyng Nabugodonosor 2
Nabugodonosor was god, seyde hee
s bak this sherte he wered al naked
name 1
Thurghout this wyde world his name ran

Names 1
Hir names were, as Persiens hem calle

Namoore 4
Of Sampson now wol I namoore sayn
oot Mane, techel, phares, and namoore
Namoore sholde he pleyen thilke game
He gat namoore of hire, for thus she seyde

n 3
And fillen so that ther nas no remedie
That ther nas kyng ne prynce in al that lond
That he nas glad, if he that grace fond

341
I am so hungry that I may nat slepe
Thanne sholde nat hunger in my wombe crepe
That he his arnes gnow, and nat for wo
And seyde, Fader, do nat so, allas
Fro point to point; nat o word wol he faillle
Discreetly, as by word and nat by dedy
For socour, but it myghte nat bityde
Nat oonly that this world hadde hym in
or al his smert, he wolde hym nat restreyne
Of his knyght hod, it myghte nat suffise
And yet hym thoughte it myghte nat suffise
Whanne he escaped was, he kan nat stente
That of his foos he myghte nat be slayn
His roial trone myghte hym nat availle

But natheless sonne clerkes hire excusen

But natheless, what they were knyt in-feere
But natheless this Seneca the wise

By th'angel longe er his

His nayles lyk a briddes clawes weere

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<td>nekke</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>With gilte cheynes on hire nekke hangynge.</td>
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<td>Nero</td>
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<td>Although that Nero were as vicius.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nero</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By cause Nero hadde of hym swich drede.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nero</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Nero hadde eek of acustumaunce.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nero</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And thus hath Nero slayn his maister deere.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nero</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The hye pryde of Nero to cherice.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neroun</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e is this false tiraunt, this Neroun.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nessus</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By oon that highte Nessus, that it maked.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nest</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The wikked nest was werker of this nede.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nettes</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nettes of gold threeed hadde he greet pl.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>never</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With any yong man, were he never so wight.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And for thee ne weep she never a teere.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nevere</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hadde nevere worldly man so heigh degree.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was nevere swich another as was hee.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Sampson nevere ciser drank ne wyn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was nevere wight, sith that this world biga.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But nevere wolde asente to that dede.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Save o thyng: that she wolde nevere asente.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne nevere myghte hir foomen doon hem fle.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne dorste nevere been so corageus.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore proud was nevere emperour than he.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After that tyme he nold it nevere see.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was nevere capiatyn under a kyng.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comparisoun myghte nevere yet been maked.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But nevere gronte he at no strook but oon.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
For he thy nevew was and sone-in-lawe newe

hym forsook, and took another newe

For to bigynne a newe werre agayn nevew

So that he neyther myghte go ne ryde neyther

Nichanore And for that Nichanore and Thymothee Nichanore

And fillen so that ther nas no remedie no

Ther may no man the cours of hire withholde no

Lat no man truste on bylynd prosperitee no

And hadde no wepen but an asses cheke no

Ther was no boond with which men myghte him bynd no

For with no venym deigned hym to dye no

That no wight passed hire in hardynesse no

Ther myghte no thyng in hir armes stonde no

To no man deigned hire for to be bonde no

By no wy, that he sholde by hire lyke no

This myghty queene may no while endure no

And for no thyng but for thy chivalrie no

Ther may no tonge telle for pitee no

Is ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe no

Ther is no thyng, but breed, that me were lever no

No teere out of his eyen for that sight no

fil it so that Fortune liste no lenger fil

And wente his wy; no lenger dorse he calle fil

Were no despit ydoon for his defame fil

Hymself he slow, he koude no bettre reed fil

Agayns his heeste no wight dorst trespac fil

No man ne myghte hym bere to no frot fil

Save wyn and wommen, no thing myghte aswage fil

But nevere gronte he at no strook but oon fil

For no man sholde seen his privete fil

But to be war no grace yet he hadde fil

Sampsoun, this noble almyghty champioun noble

O noble, almyghty Sampsoun, lief and deer noble

O noble Sampsoun, strongest of mankynde noble

A lemman hadde this noble champioun noble

Out of thise noble vessels sondry wynes noble

This Pompeus, this noble governour noble

And stood in noblesse whil he myghte see noblesse

As writen Persiens of hir noblesse noblesse

Be as be may, I wol hire noght accusen noght

He shall be brent that wolde noght obeye noght

He by his fader koude noght be war noght

hy regne is doon; thou wyest noght at al noght

And eek she lathe noght, for noon huntyng noght

Noght Charles Olyver, that took ay heed noght

Ne myghte noght the stynk of hym endure noght

rde it wel, but he spak right noght

Ne myghte noght the stynk of hym endure noght

After that tymne he nole it nevere see nole

For though Fortune may noon angel dere noon

Ne on his heed cam rasour noon ne sheere noon

And when he saugh noon other remedye noon

in Chaldeye clerk ne was ther noon noon

Was noon, though al this world men sholde s noon

And eek she lathe noght, for noon huntyng noon

Ne noon Ermyn, ne noon Egipcien noon

Ne noon Ermyn, ne noon Egipcien noon

Ne Surrien, ne noon Arabyen noon

And drank anoon noon oother wo he made noon

Noon oother god sholde adoured bee noon

For swich another was ther noon as he noon

That noon of al his meyneee that hym keppe noon

Tragedies noon oother maner thyng noon

But why ne how noon I that thou were slawe noon
And he was proud and God ne dradde

Now

Now ar tow Sathanas, that maest nat twyn
But now is he in prison in a cave
Now maistow wepen with thyn eyen blynd
Of Sampson now wol I namoore sayn
But now unto oure tale tunwe we
Now gaureth al the peple on hire, alas
Shal on hir heed now were a vitemyte
Now wolde God that I myghte slepen ever
Now fil it so that Fortune list no len
But now a litel while I wol biwaille

ny 1
Was wel ny lorn, for which be gan to preye

nyce 1
houghte thus: By God! I am to

nyght 5
By verray force at Gazan on a
And thilke same nyght this kyng was slawe
nnen in the montaignes al the
The peple roos upon hym on a
And eck a sweven upon a nyght he mette

O 13
O Lucifer, brightest of angels alle
O noble, almyghty Sampsoun, lief and de
O noble Sampsoun, strongest of mankynde
O whilom juge, in glorie and in richess
O noble, O worthy Petro, glorie of Spayne
O worthy Petro, kyng of Cipre, also
Fro point to point; nat o word wole faille
ke clooth that he hadde wered o day
O worthy, gentil Alisandre, alas
O myghty Cesar, that in Thessalie

obeye 2
rtune as his freend hym wolde

occupieth 1
And Darius occupieth his degree

Odenake 4
To Odenake, a prynce of that contree
Al were this Odenake wide or tame
Two sones by this Odenake hadde she
Whan Odenake was deed, she myghtily

Odenakes 1
Ay whil that Odenakes dayes laste

of 172
I wol biwaille in manere of tragedie
To brynge hem out of hir adversitee
Ther may no man the cours of hire withholde
O Lucifer, brightest of angels alle
Out of miserie, in which that thou art fall
Loo Adam, in the feeld of Damysseene
And nat bigeten of mannes sperme uncleene
Was dryven out of hys hye prosperitee
To speke of strengthe, and therwith hardynesse
And of this asses cheke, that was dreye
Out of a wangle tooth sprang anon a welle
Of which he drank ynogh, shortly to sey
Maugree Philistens of that citee
The harm of hem that stoode in heigh degree
Of Sampson now wol I namoore sayn
The ende of this caytyf was as I shal seye
And this was in a temple of gret array
With fallynge of the grete temple of stoon
Of Sampson now wol I namoore sayn
Of swich theynge as they wolde han secrey
Of Hercules, the sovereyn conquerour
For in his tyme of strengthe he was the flour
He slow and raffe the skyn of the leoun
He of Centauros leyde the boost adoun
He golden apples raffe of the dragoun
drow out Cerberus, the hound of helle
And he slow Cacus in a cave
Of Acheloyes two hornes he brak oon

In stode of boundes he a pileer sette

ym that folweth al this world of prees

The vessel of the temple he with hym ladde

The faireste children of the blood ruital

Of Israel he leet de gelde anoon

And made ech of hem to been his thral

That was the wiseste child of everychon

For hee the dremes of the kyng expowned

oude kyng leet maken a statue of gold

Or in a fourneys, ful of flambes rede

This kyng of kynges proud was and elaat

Ne myghte hym nat bireve of his estaat

He knew that God was ful of myght and grace

For proud he was of herte and of array

For proud he was of herte and of array

Out of the temple of Jerusalem biraft

Out of the temple of Jerusalem biraft

Out of these noble vessels sondry wynys

For feere of which he quook and sikoore sooke

He was out cast of mannes compaignye

That God of hevene hath domynacioun

And thanne hadde God of hym companionsoun

Thou drank eek of his vessels boldely

Dromke of the same vessels sondry wynys

Cenobia, of Palymerie queene

As written Persiens of hir noblese

Of kynges blood of Perce is she descend

Of kynges blood of Perce is she descend

But of hir shap she myghte nat been amended

Office of wommen, and to wode she wente

To Odenake, a prynce of that contree

For ech of hem hadde oother lief and deere

soone, and nat but oones, out of drede

He gat namoore of hire, for thus she seyde

To have of sondry tinges ful knowynge

And shortly of this storie for to trette

Of Rome, and with strong bond held hem

And after, of hir meschief and hire wo

That writ ynoogh of this, I undertake

The Emperour of Rome, Claudius

As heires of hir fadres regnes alle

Fortune out of hir regne made hire falle

Of Rome cam into his handes tweeye

And ful of perree charged hire clothynge

d she that bar the ceptre ful of florres

noble, O worthy Petro, glorie of Spayyne

Out of thy land thy brother made thee flee

The feeld of snow, with th'egle of blak therinne

The wikked nest was werkynge of this nede

Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorikoe

O worthy Petro, kyng of Cipre, also

Of which thyne owene liges hadde envie

And out of joye bryngye men to sorwe

God of delit and scourge of Lumbardyke

God of delit and scourge of Lumbardyke

Off the Erl Hugelyn of Pyze the langour

But litel out of Pyze stant a tour

e eldest scarsly fyf yeer was of age

Roger, which that bishop was of Pyze

The gayler shette the dores of the tour

onge sone, that thre yeer was of age

Thus ended is this myghty Erl of Pyze

Of this tragedie it oghte ynoogh suffis

Redeth the grete poete of Ytaile

Of rubies, saphires, and of peerles whi

Of rubies, saphires, and of peerles white

Moore delicat, moore pompous of array

Nettes of gold threed hadde he gret pleente

That he so litel of his moonder tolde

No teere out of his eyen for that sighte

Be domesman of hire dede beateu

For of moralitee he was the flour

And whil this maister hadde of hym maistrye

This Seneca, of which that I devyse

By cause Nero hadde of hym swich drede

This Nero hadde eek of acustumaunce

The hye pryde of Nero to cherice

o sette a man that is fulfilld of vice

By God, out of his sete I wol hym trice

Out of his doones anon he hath hym dight

For fere almoost out of his wit he breyde

For drede of this hym thoughte that he deyde

To sleen hym and to girden of his head

Of which Fortune lough, and hadde a gam

Ne strenger was in feeld of alle thyng
As in this tyme, ne gretter of renoun
Til that his heed was of er that he wiste
Where Eliachim a preest was of that place
But taak kep of the deth of Oloferne
But taak kep of the deth of Oloferne
Slepyng, his heed of smoout, and from his tente
What nedeth it of kyng Anthiuchus
And alle the floodes of the see restrayne
Of Jewes weren venquysshed myghtily
But of his purpous he was let ful soone
And sodeynly, er he was of it war
For he so soore fil out of his char
The wreche of God hym smoout so cruelly
That noon of al his meyne that hym kepte
Ne myghte noght the stynk of hym endure
And knew God lord of every creature
Ful wlatson was the stynk of his careyne
The storie of Alisaundre is so commune
Hath herd somewhat or al of his fortune
For al this world for drede of hym hath quaked
He was of knygthod and of fredom flour
He was of knygthod and of fredom flour
 Fortune hym made the heir of hire honour
So was he ful of leonyn corage
Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo
Of kynges, princes, dukes, erles bolde
Of his knygthod, it myghte nat suffise
Of Macidoyne he was
Empoysoned of thy owene folk thou weere
The deeth of gentilisesse and of franchise
The deeth of gentilisesse and of franchise
So ful was his corage of heigh emprise
The whiche two of al this wo I wyte
By strengthe of hand, or elles by tretee
And sithe of Rome the emperour was he
That of the orient hadde al the chivalrie
Of Rome, which that feighe at this bata
I seye, oon of his men, a fals traitour
His heed of smoout, towynnen hym favour
Of Julius, and hym the heed he broghte
Allas, Pompeye, of th'orient conquerour
That evere hadde of his bye estaat envy
So manly was this Julius of herte
And as he lay of dyng in a trauence
Of homestee yet hadde he remembraunce
That of this storie written word and ende
 his riche Cresus, whilom kyng of Lyde
Of which Cresus Cirus soore hym dradde
That of his foos he myghte nat be slayn
Of which he was so proud and eek so way
Off 2
Off Melan grete Barnabo Viscounte
Off the Erl Hugelyn of Pyze the langour
 Office 1
Office of wommen, and to wode she wente
officeres 1
And thanne his officeres gan he calle
 ofte 1
Er he be war is ofte yeld ful lowe
oghte 1
Of this tragedie it oghte ynoough suffise
 oghten 1
Wel oghten men thy pitous deeth complayne
olde 1
by thise ensamples trewe and
olde 1
Oloferne 2
Than Oloferne, which Fortune ay kiste
But taak kep of the deth of Oloferne
Olyver 1
Noght Charles Olyver, that took ay heede
olyveres 1
And alle hire olyveres, and vynes eke
on 26
Lat no man trute on blynd prosperitee
d sette the foxes tayles alle on fire
For he on every tayl had knyt a brond
That God wolde on his peyne han some pitee
By verray force at Gazan on a nyght
And on his bak ycaryed hem hathhee
Hye on an hill whereas men myghte hem see
Ne on his heed cam rasour noon ne sheere
And bar the hevene on his nekke longe
But on his bak this sherte he wered al nake
Lo, who may truste on Fortune anythowre
And til that tyme he leyd was on his heere
By vray force at Gazan on a nyght
s hand was sent from God that on the wal
With golte cheynes on hire nekke hangynghe
Now gaureth al the peple on hire, allass
Shal on hire heed now were a vitremyte
Hadde on hym maad a fals suggestioun
And on a day bifil that in that hour
Or any vice dorste on hym uncowouple
On bothe his armes, til he moste dye
The peple roos upon hym on a nyght
To wrekenn his ire on it ful cruelly
But on a tymhe Brutus Cassius
Witnesse on alle these conqueroures stronge
Til Fortune on the galwes made hym gape
ones  2
But ones, for it was hir pleyn entente
Thanne wolde she ones suffre hym do the same

Beth war by this ensample oold  2
To which ymage bothe yong and oold
f Acheloys two hornes he brak oon  5
By on that highte Nessus, that it maked
Amonges othere Daniel was oon
1 seye, oon of his men, a fals traitour
re gronte he at no strok but oon
ones  1
Eft-soone, and nat but oones, out of drede

But oonly that this world hadde hym in awe

And whan he saugh noon oother remedye
Ne in lynage, ne in oother gentillesse
For ech of hem hadde oother lif and deere
In oother caas, if that men with hem pleyd
And drank anon noon oother wo he made
Noon oother god sholde adoured bee
Tragedies noon oother maner thyng

And sende hym drynke, or elles moste he deyye
She made to clippe or shere his heres away
But er his heer were clipped or yshave
If that it touche hir lymes or hir lyves
Or in a fourneys, ful of flambes rede
Was he to doon amys or moore trespace
Al were this Odenake wilde or tame
Or with hir meigne putten hem to fligh
nd after that, withinne a day or two
t wonder is howt that he koude or myghte
Or any vice dorste on hym uncowouple
For leynge of richesse or libertee
Wheither so he wook or ellis splete
Hath herd somewhat or al of his fortune
He wan by strengthe, or for his hie renoun
seye, as fer as man may ryde or go
For though I write or tolde yow everemo
By strengthe of hand, or elles by tretee
Or elles at two, but if his storie lye

In the orient, with many a fair citee
That of the orient hadde al the chivalrie
omes  4
Amonges other Daniel was oon
Agayn Sapor the kyg and other mo
Amonges other thynges that he wan
This false Brutus and his other foon
our  6
And to our hye goddes thanke we
Of honour that ourd elders with us lafte
But now unto our tale turne we
Whanne wol the gayler bryngen our potage
Oure flessh thou yaf us, take oure fles
Oure flessh thou yaf us, take our flessh us fro

out 19
To brynge hem out of hir adversitee
Out of miserie, in which that thou art
Was dryven out of hys hye prosperitee
Out of a wang-tooth sprang anon a welle
y bounde hym faste and putten out his yen
He drew out Cerberus, the hound of helle
Out of the temple of Jerusalem biraft
Out of thise noble vessels sondry wynes
He was out cast of mannes compaignye
Eft-soone, and nat but oones, out of drede
Fortune out of hir regne made hire falle
Out of thy land thy brother made thee f
And out of joye brynge men to sorwe
But litel out of Pize stant a tour
No teere out of his eyen for that sighte
By God, out of his sete I wol hym trice
Out of his dores anon he hath hym dight
For fere almoost out of his wit be breyde
For he so soore fil out of his char

Over 2
Over every regne and every creature
His mantel over his hypes caste he

owene 4
Thanne wayteth she her man to overthrowe
With Goddess owene fynger wroght was he
Where as he with his owene hand slow thee
Of which thyne owene liges hadde envie
Empyosoned of thyn owene folk thou weere

oxe 1
And eet hey as an oxe, and lay theroute

Palymerie 1
Cenobia, of Palymerie queene

paradys 1
And welle al paradys savynge o tree

passed 1
That no wight passed hire in hardynesse

past 1
Til fully forty wikes weren

dhe sleen in torment and in peere 1
this world ne hadde been thy peere
do rubies, saphires, and of peereles white
Of pees 2
To been in pees, and lete hire ride and pleye

they weren glad for pees unto hym sende

penyble 1
So penyble in the werre, and curteis eke

Peerce 1
Of kynges blood of Peerce is she descended

peerre 3
She was al clad in peerre and in gold
that was with gold wroght and peerre
And ful of peerre charged hire clothynge

Persiennes 2
To Medes and to Persiennes yeven, quod he

Persiens 2
As written Persiens of hir noblesse
Hir names were, as Persiens hem calle
Lat hym unto my maister
Petrak

O noble. O worthy
Petro

That God wolde on his payne han some pitee
peyne

many a mannes guttes dide he
peyne

this stykyn and this horrible
peyne

That his paynes weren importable
Phanye

oghter, which that called was
Phanye

Wroot Mane, techel,
phares

Wroot Mane, techel,
phares, truste me
phares

And Phebus eek a fair towaille hym broughte
Phebus

And Phebus, with his towaille so clene
Phebus

Philippius sone of Macidoyne he was
Philippius

Maugree
Philistiens

In stide of boundes he a
pilere

For he two
pilere

Ther may no tongue telle for
pitee

Wel oghten men thy
pitous

His moorder made he in
pitous

And to his goddes
pitous

But litel out of
Pize

er, which that bishop was of
Pize

s ended is this myghty Erl of
Pize

Eliachim a preest was of that
place

And caste the
place

Thus warned hym ful
plat

war by this ensample oold and
playn

of gold threeed hadde he greet
plente

His false wyf koude hym so
plese

er caas, if that men with hem
pleyde

e hym as hire fool biforn hem
pleye

pees, and let hire ride and
pleye

ssbe in Tybre, whan hym list
pleye

Namoore sholde he
pleyen

But ones, for it was hir
pleyen

arned hym ful plat and ek ful
pleyen

many a man made to wepe and
pleyne

gates of the toun he hath up
plyght
修道士の話の序と物語 用語索引（3）（東 好男）

紅

poete 1
Redeth the grete poete of Ytaille

point 2
Fro point to point; nat o word wol he faill

pompe 1
And yet, for al his pompe and al his myght

Pompeus 3
Agayn Pompeus, fader thyn in law
Pompeus fellede
This Pompeus, this noble governour

Pompeye 1
Allas, Pompeye, of th'orient conquerour

pomposus 2
Moore delicaat, moore pomposus of array
Ne moore pomposus in heigh presumpcioun

potage 1
e wol the gayler bryngen ourc

povre 1
And therwithal it was ful povre and badde

poysn 1
False Fortune, and poysn to despise

precept 1
By precept of the messager divyn

precious 1
The myghty trone, the precious tresor

prees 1
that folweth al this world of

preest 1
Where Eliachim a preest was of that place

presumpcioun 1
Ne moore pompos in heigh

preyde 1
And to his goddes pitusly he

preye 3
se wyf koude hym so plese and
ny lorn, for which be gan to
o thise cherles two he gan to

pride 5
His hye pride, his werkes venymus
une hym hadde enhaunced so in pride
enyng that God ne myghte his pride abate
God daunted al his pride and al his boost
The pride of man and beest he leyde adoun

princes 1
Of kynges, princes, dukes, erles bolde

pris 1
What pris were it to hym, though I yow tolde

prison 1
But now is he in prison in a cave

prisoun 4
Withinne his prisoun made thee to dye
In which tour in prisoun put was he
ampned was he to dyen in that prisoun
And putten hym to prisoun in swich wise

prively 1
Ful prively hath maad conspiracye

privetee 1
For no man sholde seen his

proces 1
And how that al this proces fil in deede

propre 1
e regnes heeld, and with hire