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かった。しかし、各「物語」を独立した作品と考え、そこでの使用用語のより詳細な言葉の環境を捉えるには、それぞれについての用語索引が是非とも必要となる。

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

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

今回は“The Wife of Bath’s Prologue and Tale” の用語索引（その 3）を作成した。
A Concordance to The Wife of Bath’s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales based on The Riverside Chaucer (3)

A Concordance to The Wife of Bath’s Prologue in The Canterbury Tales (3)
A Concordance to The Wife of Bath’s Prologue in The Canterbury Tales
based on The Riverside Chaucer (3)

1 That I was born, and make me fressh and gay
2 And for he squiereth me bothe up and doun
3 But tel me this: why hydestow, with sorwe
4 keyes of thy cheste awey fro me
5 What helpith it of me to enquire or spyen
6 I thowe thou woldest loke me in thy chiste
7 In feith, he shal nat kepe me but me lest
8 eith, he shal nat kepe me but me lest
9 And thus of o thyngh I avaunte me
10 he had maad his rauson unto me
11 And make me a fyned appetit
12 That made me that evere I wolde hem chide
13 As helpe me verray God omnipotent
14 Com neer, my spouse, lat me ba thy cheke
15 He sholde nat han daunted me fro drynke
16 rist! whan that it remembreth me
17 It tikelth me aboute myn herte roote
18 Hath me biraft my beautee and my pith
19 And yet was he to me the mooste shrewe
20 nd therewithal so wel koude he me glose
21 That thogh he hadde me bete on every bon
22 Was of his love daungerous to me
23 Had toold to me so greet a pryvetee
24 ol I tellyn forth what happed me
25 If I were wydwe, sholde wedde me
26 m on bonde he hadde enchanted me
27 My dame taughte me that soulditsee
28 He wolde han slayn me as I lay upright
29 ut yet I hope that ye shal do me good
30 For blood bitokeneth gold, as me was taught
31 But nowe, sire, lat me se what I shal seyn
32 As helpe me God, whan that I saugh hym go
33 After the beere, me thoughte he hadde a paire
34 -tothed I was, and that bicam me weel
35 -As helpe me God, I was a lusty oon
36 ely, as myne housbondes tolde me
37 Venus me yaf my lust, my likerousnesse
38 And Mars yaf me my sturdy hardynesse
39 That made me I koude noght withdrawe
40 took no kep, so that he liked me
41 Hath wedded me with greet solempnitye
42 That evere was me yeven therbifoure
43 But afterward repented me ful soore
44 By God, he smoot me ones on the lyst
45 And me of olde Romayn geestes teche
46 Another Romayn tolde he me by name
47 ate hym that my vices telleth me
48 This made hym with me wood al outrely
49 For which he smoot me so that I was deef
50 Who peynete the leon, tel me who
51 Tho redde he me how Sampson loste his heres
52 Tho redde he me, if that I shal nat lyen
53 He tolde me eck for what occasion
54 Of Lyvya tolde he me, and of Lucye
55 Thanle tolde he me how oon Latuppy
56 Yf me a plante of thilke blissed tree
57 And with his fest he smoot me on the heed
58 O! hastow slayn me, false theef? I seyde
59 r my land thus hastow mordred me
60 As helpe me God, I shal thee neveere smyte
61 Forveyve it me, and that I thee biseke
62 He yaf me al the bridel in myn hond
63 than that I hadde geten unto me
64 God helpe me so, I was to hym as kynde
65 also trewe, and so was he to me
66 this Somonour, and I bishrewe me
67 meene 1
68 Ye woote wele what I meene of this, pardee
69 meke 1
70 Ye sholde been al pacient and
71 meke
72 mekely 1
73 How mekely looketh Wilkyn, ourse sheep
74 membres 1
75 Were membres maad of generacion
76 men 19
77 And alle were worthy men in hir degree
78 Men may devyne and glosen, up and doun
79 Why sholde men thanne speke of it vileynye
80 Men may conselle a womman to been oon
81 Why sholde men elles in hir bookes sette
82 Thanne sholde men take of chastiteit no cure
oso that nyl be war by othere men
By hym shul othere men corrected be
And leche ye yonge men of youre praktike
The thre were goode men, and riche, and olde
That som men han in Essex at Dunmowe
Thou seyst men may nat kepe a castel wal
And chidyng wydes maken men to fayne
Bacyns, lavours, er that men hem bye
Of alle men yblessed moote he be
Of alle men his wysdom is the hyeste
With empty hand men may none haukes lure
They wolde han written of men moore wikkednesse
Lo, goode men, a flye and eek a freere

mencion 1
But of no nome mention made he
mente 2
What that he mente therby, I kan nat seyn
He mente as in his bed or in his couche

Mercurie 4
The children of Mercurie and of Venus
Mercurie loveth wyseblam and science
And thus, God woot, Mercurie is desolat
And Venus felleth ther Mercurie is reyseyd
mercy 1
So blesse his soule for his mercy deere
meschances 1
Yrekened is for oon of thise meschances
meschaunce 1
Namely abedde hadden they meschaunce
meschief 1
hou seist to it me is a greet meschief
Metellius 1
Metellius, the foule cherl, the swyn
mette 1
And eek I seyde I mette of hym al nyght
mille 1
Whoso that first to mille comth, first grynt
mo 7
I trowe he hadde wyves mo than oon
And ech of hem hadde wyves mo than two
For I shal telle ensamples mo than ten
663. And so doo mo, God woot, of us than I
686. He knew of hem mo legendes and lyves
773. noon oother womman never the mo
777. And therwithal he knew of mo proverbes

monthes 1
hat sholde I seye but, at the monthes ende
mooder 1
Sholde lete fader and mooder and take to me
Moore 7
Moore parfit than weddyng in freletee
374. The moore it brenneth, the moore it hath de
374. The moore it brenneth, the moore it hath desir
441. And sith a man is moore resonable
584. of this as of otherh thynges moore
695. They wolde han written of men moore wikkednesse
772. He spak moore harm than herte may bithynke
mooste 1
And yet was he to me the mooste shrewere
moost 3
Of alle men yblessed moost he be
361. Yet koude I make his herd, so moost I thee
532. than ooure parisse preest, so moost I thee
moote 2
As evere moote I dryken wyn or ale
Moote thy welked nekke be tobroke
mooten 1
As wyves mooten, for it is usage
mordred 1
And for my land thus hastow mordred me
I shall make thy herte for to morne 1

morne

I shall have both eve and morwe 2

morwe

he was deed er it were by the morwe

most 1

And yet with sorwe! thou most enforce thee

mothes 1

Thise wormes, ne thise mothes, ne thise mytes

mous 1

u comest hoom as dronken as a mous

mouses 1

I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek

mouth 1

A likerous mouth moste han a likerous tayl

muchel 3

I wol nat wirche as muchel as a gnat

And sydeye, Theef, thus muchel am I wreke

multyple 1

God bad us for to wexe and multiplye

murmur 1

As by continuell murmur or grucchyng

my 86

woot, this noble kyng, as to my wit

To wedde me, if that my make dye

As frely as my Makere hath it sent

Which shal be bothe my detourney and my thral

shal be bothe my detourney and my thral

I have the power durynge al my lyf

What sholde I bye it on my fleshe so deere

Abydel quod she, my tale is nat bigonne

that I have toold thee forth my tale

If that I spake after my fantasye

, sire, now wol I telle forth my tale

And, by my fey, I tolde of it no stoor

But it were for my profite and myn ese

I sette hem so a-werke, by my fey

I governed hem so wel, after my lawe

Why is my neighebores wyf so gay

What dostow at my neighebores hous

But if that thou wolt preysse my beautee

And but thou poure alwey upon my face

And but thou do to my noirc honour

And to my chamberere withinne my bour

And to my chamberere withinne my bour

And to my fadres folk and his alyses

It is my good as wel as thyn, pardeee

Be maister of my body and of my good

I wol renne out my beryl for to shewe

To be my warde-cors, as he kan best

On Janekyne, and on my nece also

I swoor that al my walkynge out by nyghte

If that I felt his arm over my syde

For, by my trouth, I quyte hem word for word

hough I right now sholde make my testament

I broghte it so aboute by my wit

Com neer, my spouse, lat me ba thy cheke

Is it for ye wolde have my queynte allone

For if I wolde selle my bele chose

Now wol I spoken of my fourthe housbonde

My fourthe housbonde was a revelour

Upon my yowthe, and on my jolitee

Upon my yowthe, and on my jolitee

That I have had my world as in my tyme

hat I have had my world as in my tyme

Hath me biraft my beautee and my pith

Hath me biraft my beautee and my pith

Now wol I tellen of my fourthe housbonde

Nat of my body, in no foul manere

Now of my fylthe housbonde wol I telle
That feele I on my ribbes al by rewe
510
Whan that he wolde han my bele chose
512
He koude wynne agayn my love anon
525
My filthe housbonde God his soule bless
529
With my gossib, dwellyng in oure toun
531
She knew myn herte, and eek my privete
533
To hire biwreyed I my conseil al
537
And to my nece, which that I loved weel
544
So often tymes I to my gossyby wente
548
That lankyn clerk, and my gossyby dame Alyes
552
lusty folk. What wiste I wher my grace
555
Therfore I made my visitaciouns
559
And wered upon my gaye scarlet gytes
561
Upon my peril, frete hem never a deel
566
This clerk and I, that of my purveiance
570
My dame taughte me that soutiltee
575
And al my bed was ful of verray blood
579
But as I folwed ay my dames loore
583
A ha! By God, I have my tale ageyn
587
Whan that my fourth housbonde was on beere
590
And with my coverchief covered my visage
593
nd with my coverchief covered my visage
596
Venus me yaf my lust, my likerousnesse
599
Venus me yaf my lust, my likerousnesse
602
And Mars yaf me my sturdy hardynesse
605
By vertu of my constellacioun
609
My chambr of Venus from a good felawe
612
Yet have I Martes mark upon my face
615
For God so wys be my savacioun
618
He nolde sufte nothynge of my list
621
And of my tonge a verray jangleresse
624
I hate hym that my vices telleth me
628
And in my garynd planted shal it bee
632
I with my fest so took hym on the cheke
635
Til atte laste out of my swoff I breyde
638
And for my land thus hastow mordred me
641
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol heere
645
Now, by my feith I shal, er that I go
649
myghte 1
78
myghte 5
24
If I so ofte myghte have ywedded bee
27
How manye myghte she have in mariage
29
Unnethe myghte they the statut holde
32
Whan that for syk unnethes myghte they stonde
35
I hadde the beste quoniam myghte be
38
myn 29
47
Yet herde I nevere tellen in myn age
50
Eek wel I woot, he seyde myn housbonde
53
Whan myn housbonde is fro the world ygon
56
Of myn estaat I nyl nat make no boost
59
I wol bistowe the flour of al myn age
62
In wyfhood I wol use myn instrument
65
Myn housbonde shal it have bothe eve an
68
Of which I am expert in al myn age
71
For myn entente nys but for to pleye
74
ut sith I hadde hem hoolly in myn hond
77
But it were for my profyte and myn ese
80
It tikleth me aboute myn herte roote
83
Unto this day it dooth myn herte boote
86
And evere shal unto myn endyng day
89
She knew myn herte, and eek my privete
92
For hadde myn housbonde pissed on a wal
95
Myn housbonde was at Londoun al that Le
98
To chirche was myn housbonde born a-morwe
101
That al myn herte I yaf unto his hoold
104
In feelyng, and myn herte is Marcien
107
Myn ascendent was Taur, and Mars therin
110
I folwed ay myn inclinacioun
113
But evere folwede myn appetit
116
That of the strook myn ere wax al deef
119
Myn housbonde hadde a legende of his wy
122
The wo that in myn herte was, and pyne
125
He yaf me al the bridel in myn hond
128
And that he seyde, Myn owene trewe wyf
131
eep thyn honour, and keep eek myn estaat
134
myne 2
375
Baer I stifly myne olde housbondes on honde
378
And treweyly, as myne housbondes tolde me
381
myries 1
42
To pleyes of myracles, and to mariages
45
myrie 2
479
The firste nyght had many a myrie fit
482
But yet to be right myrie wol I fonde
myrily 1
How myrily that othere folkes fare

myrthe 1
er that colour hadde I many a

mysavyse 1
But if it be whan they hem

myself 2
This is to seyn, myself have been the whippe

And I myself, into the feueldes wente

mythes 1
s, ne thise mothes, ne thise

nam 1
I wol persever; I nam nat precius

name 3
thise wordes in the Apostles name

God have hir soule! Hir name was Alisoun

Another Romayn tolde he me by name

Namely 1
Namely abedde hadden they meschaunce

nymoore 3
The flour is goon; ther is nymoore to telle

He wiped his heede, nymoore dorse he seyn

Fy! Spek nymoore it is a grisly thyng

nat 38
But me was toold, certeyn, nat longe agoon is

For sothe, I wol nat kepe me chaast in al

Poule dorse nat comanden, atte leeste

But this word is nat taken of every wight

Of myn estat I nyl nat make no boost

He nath nat every vessel al of gold

Bad nat every wight he shold go selle

ynges, by youre leve, that am nat 1

Trusteth right wel, they were na maad nor noght

So that the clerkes be nat with me wrothe

Of engendrure, ther we nat God displese

I wol persever; I nam nat precius

An housbonde I wol have I wol nat lette

Abyde! quod she, my tale is nat bigonne

Me neded nat do lenger diligence

The bacon was nat fet for hem, I trowe

I see nat this by wyves that been wyse

Thou seyst men may nat kepe a castel wal

Thou shalt nat bothe, thogh that thou were wood

Taak youre diport; I wol nat leve no talys

Have thou ynogh, thee thar nat pleyne thee

I wol nat wirche as muchel as a gnat

She wol nat dwelle in house half a day

In feith, he shal nat kepe me but me lest

bareyne lond, ther water may nat dwelle

I wolde nat spare hem at hir owene bord

I ne owe hem nat a word that it nys quit

He shold nat han daunted me fro drynke

Nat of my body, in no foul manere

We wommen han, if that I shal nat lye

Wayte what thyng we may nat lightly have

I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek

Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roule aboute

Ne I wolde nat of hym corrected be

That was abbesse nat fer fro Parys

That wommen kan nat kepe hir mariage

o redde he me, if that I shal nat lye

nath 1
He nath nat every vessel al of gold

nathelees 1
But nathelees, thogh that he wroth and sayd

naught 1
as fals; I dremed of it right

Nay 1
Nay, thou shalt drynken of another tonn

nayles 1
And somme han dryve nayles in hir brayn

ne 16
That sith that Crist ne wenet nevere but onis

That I ne sholde wedde be but ones
If he ne used his sely instrument
That I ne tolde no deyntee of hir love
Ne noon so grey goos gooth ther in the
Ne no man that entendeth unto hevene
As perles, ne with gold, ne clothes riche
As perles, ne with gold, ne clothes riche
After thy text, ne after thy rubriche
I ne owe hem nat a word that it nys quit
Thise wormes, ne thise mothes, ne thise mytes
ise wormes, ne thise mothes, ne thise mytes
I ne loved nevere by no discreioun
How poore he was, ne eek of what degree
Ne I wolde nat of hym corrected be
Ne of noon oother womman never the mo
nece  2
On Janekyn, and on my nece also
And to my nece, which that I loved weel
neded   1
Me neded nat do lenger diligence
nedeth   1
And that no wys man nededth for to wedde
neer   2
Com neer, my spouse, lat me ba thy chcke
And neer he cam, and kneled faire adoun
neighebores   2
Why is my neighebores wyf so gay
What dostow at my neighebores hous
With neighebores, that for hym maden sorwe
nekke   1
Moote thy welked nekke be tobroke
never   4
He shal have never the lasse light, pardee
Upon my peril, frete hem never a deel
Ne of noon oother womman never the mo
After that day we hadden never debaat
never   11
That sith that Crist ne wente nevere but onis
Yet herde I nevere tellen in myn age
That rekkeh nevere who hath the world in honde
Of thynge of which they nevere agilte hir lyve
And yet in bacon hadde I nevere delit
Or elles hadde we nevere been in reste
God lete his soule nevere come in belle
Yet was I nevere withouten purveinance
I ne loved nevere by no discreioun
And when I saugh he wolde nevere fyne
As help me God, Ishal thee nevere smyte
no   39
But of no nombre mencion made he
No man hath swich that in this world al
He seith that to be wedded is no synne
I woot as wel as ye, it is no drede
But conseilying is no comandemen
And certes, if ther were no seed ysowe
Of indulgence; so nys it no repreve
Al were it good no womman for to touche
Of myn esstas I nyl nat make no boost
for noon oother cause say ye no
sholde men take of chastitee no cure
I nyl envye no virginitee
Yet hadde I levered wedde no wyf to-yeere
forth youre tale, spareth for no man
And, by my fey, I tolde of it no sloor
That I ne tolde no deyntee of hir love
For halfe so boldly kan ther no man
I sitte at hoom; I have no thrify clooth
She may no while in chastitee abyde
A thynge that no man wole, his thankes, helde
And that no wys man nedeth for to wedde
Ne no man that entendeth unto hevene
youre disport; I wol nat leve no talys
We love no man that taketh kep or charge
And that no wight may endure the ferthe
Ther wolde I chide and do hem no pesausance
I wolde no lenger in the bed abyde
In wommen vinolent is no defence
Nat of my body, in no foul manere
Ther was no wight, save God and he, that wiste
ich that I took for love, and no riches
For certainly I say for no bobance.
I love not ever by no discrecion.
I took no kep, so that he liked me.
Therefore no woman of no clerk is preysed.
Therefore no woman of no clerk is preysed.
No thyng forget he the care and the wo.
Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke.

God woot, this noble kyng, as to my wit.
Ye been a noble prechour in this cas.

Of marriage, of other thynges eek.
Of his proverbes of his olde sawe.
Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol heere
Now dame, quod he, so have I joye or bl
Now, by my feith I shal, er that I go
Now elles, Frere, I bishrew thy face

ny 1
Be war of it, er thou to
ny approче

nyce tee 1
nne wolde I suffre hym do his

nygard 1
He is to greet a nyard that wolde werne

nyght 8
The firste
That many a nght they sorgen Weilawe

nyght 1
He hadde a book that gladly,
yght and day was his custume

nyght
Upon a nght Jankyn, that was oure sire

nyght 1
r lechour dighte hire al the
reden on this cursed book al

nyghte 1
or that al my walkynge out by

nyghtyngale 1
And synge, ywis, as any

nyl 3
Of myn estaat I nyl nat make no boost
142 I nyl envye no virginitee
180 Whoso that nyl be war by othere men

nys 5
Al nys but conseil to virginitee
84 Of indulgence; so nys it no repreve
192 For myn entente nys but for to pleye
425 ne owe hem nat a word that it nys quit
500 If nys but wast to burye hym precisely

O 6
O leeve sire shrewe, Jhesu shorte thy l
384 O Lord! The pynye I dyde hem and the wo
403 And thus of o thynge I avaunte me
681 nd alle thise were bounden in o volume
762 O leeve brother, quod this Arrius
800 O! hastow slayn me, false theef? I seyd

occaison 1
He tolde me eek for what occasion

occupacioun 1
From oother worldly

octogamy 1
Of bigamy, or of octogamy

of 152
To speke of wo that is in mariage

of ynges, sith I twelve yeer was of age

of Galilee
Spak in repreeve of the Samaritan

But of no nombre mencion made he

Of bigamy, or of octogamy

Of bigamy, or of octogamy

Why sholde men thanne speke of it vilynye

Which ylfe of God hadde he for alle his wvyys

With ech of hem, so wel was hym on byve

Of shrewed Lameth and his bigamy

And ech of hem hadde wyves mo than two

Th’apostel, whan he speke of maydenhede

A thynge of which his maister yaf noon heeste

But this word is nat taken of every wight

But ther as God lust gyve it of his myght

Of indulgence; so nys it no repreve

Withouten excepcion of bigamy

Of myn estaat I nyl nat make no boost

He nath nat every vessel al of gold

Somme been of tree, and doon hir lord servyse

And everich hath of God a propre yfte

But Crist, that of perfecion is welle

I wol bistowe the flour of al myn age

In the actes and in fruyt of marriage

Were membres maad of generacion

And of so parfit wys a wright ywroght

Of uryne, and oure bothe thynges smale

Of engendrure, ther we nat God disples
Thanne sholde men take of chastitee no cure
Lat hem be breed of pured whete-seed
Nay, thou shalt dryken of another tonne
Of tribulacion in mariage
Of which I am expert in al myn age
Of thilke tonne that I shal abroche
Be war of it, er thou to my approche
And teche us yonge men of youre practike
As taketh not agrief of that I seye
As thre of hem were goode, and two were badde
Ye woot wel what I meene of this, pardee
And, by my fay, I tolde of it no stoor
That I ne tolde no deynette of hir love
That ech of hir fel blisful was and fawe
And take witnesse of hir owene mayde
Of hir assent. But herketh how I sayde
And if that she be riche, of heigh parage
Out of hir owene houses; a, benedictee
Wel may that be a proverb of a shrewe
But folk of wyves maken noon assay
Thus seistow, olde barel-fal of lyes
And yet of oure apprentice Janekyn
What, wenestow make al of oure dame
Be maister of my body and of my good
Be maister of my body and of my good
What helpith it of me to enquire or spyen
Of alle men yblessed moot he be
Of alle men his wysdom is the hyeste
That it is peril of our chastitee
Yrekened is for oon of thise meschances
But if a selwy be oon of tho
Of thynge of which they nevere agilte hi
Of thynge of which they nevere agilte hir lye
Of wenches wolde I beren hem on honde
Wende that I hadde of hym so gret chiertrte
And thus of o thynge I avaunte me
Yet sholde he faille of his conclusion
Sith ye so preche of Jobes pacience
Oon of us two moste bowen, doutelees
Now wol I spoken of my fourthe housbonde
And I was yong and ful of Ragere
Whan I had dronke a draughte of sweete wyn
Now wol I tellen of my fourthe housbonde
That he of any oother had delit
I made hym of the same wode a croce
Nat of my body, in no foul manere
As was the sepulcre of hym Daryus
Now of my fiftie housbonde wol I telle
Was of his love daungerous to me
He som tyme was a clerk of Oxenford
Of lusty folk. What wiste I wher my gra
To pleyes of myracles, and to marriages
This clerk and I, that of my purveitance
Of marriage, n'of othere thynges eek
And eek I seyde I mette of hym al nyght
And al my bed was ful of verray blood
And al was fals; I dreme of it right naught
As wel of this as of othere thynges moore
As wel of this as of othere thynges moore
But for that I was purveyed of a make
d Jankyn, oure clerk, was oon of tho
Of legges and of feet so clene and fair
I hadde the prente of seinte Venus seel
By vertu of my constellacioun
My chambre of Venus from a good felawe
How poore he was, ne eek of what degree
He nolde suffre nothing of my list
For that I rente out of his book a leef
That of the stryk myn ere was al deef
And of my tonge a verray jangerlesse
And me of olde Romayn geestes teche
And hire forsook for terme of al his lyf
That ilke proverb of Ecclesiaste
oso that buyldeth his hous al of salwe
Of his proverbes n'of his olde sawe
Ne I wolde nat of hym corrected be
And so doo mo, God woot, of us than I
Why that I rente out of his book a leef
And eek the Parables of Salomon
To reden on this book of wikide wyves
He knew of hem mo legendes and lyes
Than been of goode wyves in the Bible
That any clerk wol speke good of wyves
But if it be of hooly seinte lyes
Ne of noon oother womman never the mo
They wolde han wren of men moore wikkidenesse
Than al the mark of Adam may redresse
The children of Mercurie and of Venus
The children of Mercurie and of Venus

Therfore no woman of no clerk is preyed
Of Venus werkes worth his olde sho
Of Eva first, that for hir wikkednesse

Lo, heere expres of womman may ye fynde
That womman was the los of al mankynde
Of Hercules and of his Dianyre

Of his Dianyre
Of Phasipha, that was the queene of Crete
Of hire horrible lust and hir likyng
Of Clitermystra, for hire lechery

Myn housbonde hadde a legende of his wyf
Eriphilem, that for an ouche of gold
Of Lyvia tolde he me, and of Lucye
Of Lucye
Yif me a plante of thilke blissed tree
Of latter date, of wyves hath he red
Of wyves hath he red
And therewithal he knew of mo proverbs
When she cast of hir smok and forthermo
Out of his book, right as he radde, and eke
Til atte laste out of my sowgh I breyde
To han the governance of hous and lond
And of his tounge, and of his hond also
Do as thee lust the terme of al th tyf
This is a long preambel of a tale
What spekestow of preambulaciuon
Tele of a somonour swich a tale or two
Of freeres er I come to Sidynborne
fare as folk that dronken ben of ale
If I have licence of this worthy Frere

That is to seye, for of office and for ese
If I so ofte myghte have ywedded bee
To be refresshed half so ofte as he
For, God it woot, he sat ful ofte and song

Or elles often tyne hadde I been spilt
And so I dide ful often, God it woot
That made his face often reed and hoot
So often tymes I to my gossyb wente
For which he often tymes wolde preche

What eyleth swich an old man for to chide

ere goode men, and riche, and olde
Sire olde kaynard, is this thyn array
Sire olde lecchour, lat thy japes be
Til they be wedded olde dotard shrewre
Thus seistow, olde barel-ful of lyes
For, certeyn, olde dotard, by youre leve
Sire olde fool, what helpefh thee to spyen
Baar I stilyf myne olde housbondes on honde
And me of olde Romayn gesstes teche
Of his proverbs n’of his olde sawe
Of Venus werkes worth his olde sho

As helpe me verry God omnipotent

Thonked be God that is eterne on lyve
th ech of hem, so wel was hym on lyve
What sholde I bye it on my flessh so deere
e ye speke and bere hem wrong on honde
Shal beren hym on honde the cow is wood
And prechest on thy benches, with yvel preef
For as a spanyel she wol on hym lepe
And but thou make a feeste on thilke day
I stilyf myne olde housbondes on honde
On Janekyn, and on my nece also

On Janekyn, and on my nece also
Of wenchys wolde I beren hem on honde
Swiche manere wordes hadde we on honde
And after wyn on Venus moste I thinke
Upon my yowthe, and on my jolitee
That feeleI on my ribbes al by rewe
That thogh he hadde me bete on every bon
Freesse on us faste, and thanne wol we fle
or hadde myn housbonde pissed on a wal
I bar hym on bonde he hadde enchanted me
that my fourthe housbonde was on beere
634 By God, he smoot me ones on the lyst
638 Is worthy to been hanged on the galwes
685 Ovides Art, and booke many on
714 Redde on his book, as he sat by the fire
750 Lyvia hir housbonde, on an even late
760 On which he seyde how that his wyves th
789 To reden on this cursed book al nyght
792 I with my fest so took hym on the cheke
795 And with his fest he smoot me on the heed
808 And yet etsoones I hitte hym on the cheke
ones 3
13 hat I ne sholde wedded be but
ones
543 And so bifel that ones in a Lente
634 By God, he smoot me ones on the lyst
10 hat Crist ne wente nevere but
ones
290 e was, I trowe, twenty wynter
old 2
707 The clerk, whan he is old, and may noght do
oon 12
trowe he hadde wyves mo than
oon
ay conseille a woman to been
oon
omman wol bisye hire evere in
oon
315 That thou shalt forgo, maugree thyne yen
367 Yrekened is for of thise meschances
370 But if a sely wyf be
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of tho
440 On of us two moste bowen, doulees
573 That hath but
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hole for to sterte to
595 And Jankyn, oure clerk, was
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of tho
605 As help me God, I was a lusty
oon
749 That for love, that oother was for hate
oon Latamyus
846 By sleighte, or force, or by som maner thynge
936 By sleighte, of octogamyne
or
30
62 Or where comanded he virginitee
88 He mente as in his bed or in his couche
190 As evere moote I dryken wyn or ale
209 To wyme hir love, or doon hem reverence
243 And if I have a gossib
or a freend
245 If that I walke or pleye unto his hous
259 som for she kan outher synge or daunce
316 t helphith it of me to enquere or spyen
321 e love no man that taketh kep or charge
329 ynoh, what thar thee recche or care
388 Or elles often tyme hadde I been spilt
405 By sleighte, or force, or by som maner thynge
406 As by continueel murmure or grucchiniyn
428 Or elles hadde we nevere been in reste
535 Or doon a thynge that sholde han cost hi
554 Was shapen for to be, or in what place
624 Al were he short, or long, or blak, or whit
624 e he short, or long, or blak, or whit
774 n this world ther growen gras or herbes
776 Be with a leon or a foul dragoun
786 Who wolde wene, or who wolde suppose
836 Dame, quod he, so have I joye or his
838 What! amble, or trotte, or pces, or go sit doun
838 What! amble, or trotte, or pces, or go sit doun
842 le of a somonour swich a tale or two
846 But if I telle tales two or thre
oratories 1
694 As clerkes han withinne hire
oratories
180 Whoso that nyel be war by
other 6
181 By hym shul other men corrected be
330 How myrily that other folkes fare
368 Been ther none other maner resemblances
571 Of mariage, n’ of other thynges eek
584 As wel of this as of other thynges moore
otheres 1
Ech falleth in otheres exaltacioun
ouche 1
Eriphilem, that for an ouche of gold
oure 25
He putte it in oure owene juggement
Of anyne, and oure bothe thynge smale
Oure Lord Jhesu refresshed many a man
And bad oure housbondes for to love us weel
What rowne ye with oure mayde? Benedicite
Somme for oure shap, and somme for oure fairnesse
Thow seyst we wyves wol oure vices hide
And thanne, seistow, we wol oure vices shewe
And yet of oure apprentice Janekeyn
at, wenestow make an ydiot of oure dame
r that we goon; we wol ben at oure large
That it is peril of oure chastitee
I pleyned first, so was oure worre yatnt
r al swich yt is yeven us in oure bythe
How mekeley looketh Wilkyn, oure sheepe
But in oure bed he was so fressh and gay
With daunger oute we al oure chaffare
With my gossib, dwelnyng in oure tou
Bet than oure parisshe preest, so moot I thee
And Jankyn, oure clerk, was oon of tho
Upon a nyght Jankyn, that was oure sire
That in oure fyr he fil bakward adoun
Thow lestest oure disport in this manere
Oure Hooste cripees! And that anon
Out 8
Out of hir owene houses; a, benedicitee
I wol renne out my borel for to shewe
I swoor that al my walkynge out by nyghte
For that I rence out of his book a leaf
Lookynge out at his dore upon a day
Why that I rence out of his book a leaf
Out of his book, right as he radde, and
Til atte laste out of my swogh I breyde
oute 1
With daunger oute we al oure chaffare
outrely 1
This made hym with me wood al
If that I felte his arm out my syde
And priketh his blynde hors over the falwes
She is honoured overlal ther she gooth
T may so longe assaileth been overlal
Ovides 1
Ovides Art, and bookes many on
owe 1
I ne owe hem nat a word that it nys quit
owene 7
He putte it in oure owene juggement
And take witness of hir owene mayde
Out of hir owene houses; a, benedicitee
I wolde nat spare hem at hir owene bord
But I wol kepe it for youre owene tooth
That in his owene grece I made hym frye
And that he sayde, Myn owene trewe wyf
oxen 1
Thou seist that oxen, asses, hors, and houndes
Oxenford 1
He som tyme was a clerk of Oxenford
pacience 2
Sith ye so preche of Jobes pacience
For wyl I woot thy pacience is gon
pacient 1
Ye sholde been al pacient and meke
paiement 1
w wherwith sholde he make his paiement
beere, me thoughte he hadde a

That ye may likne youre
And eek the Parables of Salomon

f that she be riche, of heigh

This is to seyn, he hadde a

That I was beten for a book,

Up stirte the Pardoner, and that anon
Seyde this Pardoner, as ye bigan

Moore
And of so parfit
parfit
parfit
parfitly
parfitly
parisshe
parisshe prest, so moot I thee

That was abbesse nat fer fro
That hym list come forth and
paye
paye his dette

that it is fair to have a wyf in
What! amble, or trolte, or
pees
pees
pees, or go sit doun
perfeccion
perfeccion
peril
peril
peril of oure chastitee
Upon my peril, frete hem never a deel
perles
perles, ne with gold, ne clothes riche
perree
perree
nought in tressed heer and gay
I wol persevere; I nam nat precius
Peter
Peter! I shrew he yow, but ye love it wee
peyne
peyne I dice hem and the wo
peyntede
peyntede the leon, tel me who
Phasipha
Phasipha, that was the queene of Crete
To prechyng eek, and to thise
Pisces
Pisces, wher Venus is exaltat
pisse
pisse upon his heed
pissed
pissed on a wal
For hadde myn housbonde
pith
pith

h me biraft my beautee and my
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<td>or which he often tymes wolde <em>preche</em></td>
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And prechest on thy bench, with yvel preef

prechestow and seyst an hateful wyf

Ye been a noble prechour in this cas

To prechyng eek, and to thise pilgrimages

With clothynge, and with preceiously array

It nys but wast to burye hym

I wol persevere; I nam nat

chest on thy bench, with yvel preef

Greet prees at market maketh deere ware

Preesse on us faste, and thanne wol we

Bet than oure parisshye preest, so moot I thee

Thogh maydenhede preferre bigamye

I hadde the prente of seinte Venus seel

prey to God, that sit in magestee

Thogh thou prey Argus with his hundred yen

But if that thou wilt preyse my beautee

fore no womman of no clerk is preyed

To soffre hire pride and hire malencolie

And priketh his blynde hors over the falwes

And also in another privee place

Hath prively unto the Grekes told

he knew myn herte, and eek my

To vigilies and to processiouns

But it were for my profit and myn ese

And everich hath of God a propre yfte

Upon his propre body, and noght he

Now herkneth hou I baar me

Wel may that be a proverbe of a shrewye

That seith this proverbe in his Almageste

By this proverbe thou shalt understande

That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste

Of his proverbs n’of his olde sawe

And therwithal he knew of mo proverbs
523  greet cheep is holde at litel

prys  1

542  Had toold me so greet a

prytetee  1

324  The wise astrologien, Daun

Ptholome  1

182  The same wordes writeth

Ptholomee  1

143  Lat hem be breed of

pured  1

pured white-seed  1

120  That they were maked for

purgacioun  1

purgatorie  1

489  By God, in erthe I was his

purge  1

To purge uryne, and eek for engendrure

purpos  1

But now to purpos, why I tolde thee

566  This clerk and I, that of my

purveiance  2

Yet was I nevere withouten

purveiance  2

591  But for that I was

purveyed  1

purveyed of a make

570  But now to purpos, why I tolde thee

68  He putte it in oure owene judgement

putte  1

pye  1

urn and strong, and joly as a

pyne  2

I giltelees, by Goddes sweete

queene  1

wo that in myn herte was, and

queene of Crete

733  Of Phasipha, that was the

queyne  3

332  Ye shul have

queynte  3

444  Is it for ye wolde have my

queynte fantasye

483  But he was quit, by God and by Seint Joce

quit  2

we hem nat a word that it nys

quitte  1

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

quitte  1

422  For, by my trouthe, I quitte hem word for word

411  Til he had maad his

raunson  1

455  And I was yong and ful of

ragerye  1

840  Ye, woltow so, sire Somonour?

quod the Frere

854  Al redy, sire, quod she, right as yow lest

856  Yis, dame, quod he, tel forth, and I wol heere

quoniam  1

I hadde the beste quoniam myghte be

608  I hadde the beste

radde  1

Out of his book, right as he

radde, and eke

791  And I was yong and ful of

ragerye  1

455  And I was yong and ful of

raunson  1

411  Til he had maad his

raunson unto me

329  ve thou ynogh, what thar thee

recche  1

or care
latter date, of wyves hath he red

Redde 4
Redde on his book, as he sat by the fir
Tho redd he me bow Sampson loste his heres
Tho redd he me, if that I shal nat lyen
He redd it with ful good devocioun

Rede 2
Rede in his Almageste, and take it ther
Redden 2
To reden on this book of wikked wyves
To reden on this cursed book al nyght

redresse 1
Than al the mark of Adam may redresse

redy 1
Al redy, sire, quod she, right as yow lest

reed 1
That made his face often reed and hoot

refresshed 2
To be refresshed half so ofte as he
Oure Lord Jhesu refresshed many a man

rekketh 2
What rekketh me, thogh folk seye vileyny
That rekketh nevere who hath the world in ho
remembrith 1
But Lord Crist! whan that it remembrith me
renne 1
I wol renne out my borel for to shewe

renneth 1
Cacche whoso may, who renneth best lat see
rente 2
For that I rente out of his book a leef
Why that I rente out of his book a leef
repented 1
But afterward repented me ful soore
repreeve 1
Spak in repreeve of the Samaritan
repreeve 1
Of indulgence; so nys it no repreeve

resemblances 1
Been ther none othere maner resemblances
resemble 1
knowe what this ensample may resemble
resonable 1
And sith a man is moore resonable

reoste 2
eles hadde we nevere been in reste
fare wel; God yeve his soule reste
revelour 1
My fourthe housbonde was a revelour
reverence 1
o wynne hir love, or doon hem reverence
rewe 1
at feele I on my ribbes al by rewe
reyn 1
that thonder stynte, comth a reyn
reysed 1
enus falleth ther Mercurie is reysed

ribbes 1
That feele I on my ribbes al by rewe

riche 4
The thre were goode men, and riche, and olde
And if that she be riche, of heigh parage
les, ne with gold, ne clothes riche
And faire, and riche, and yong, and wel bigon

richesse 2
seyst som folk desiren us for richesse
that I took for love, and no richesse

right 14
Were in this world, is right ynoth for me
Trusteth right wel, they were nat maad for noght
Right thus the Apostel tolde it unto me
Ye shul have queynte right ynoth at eve
Thou seyst, right as wormes shende a tree
Right so a wif destroyeth hire housbond
Lordynges, right thus, as ye have understonde
Though I right now sholde make my testament
But yet to be right myrie wol I fonde
d al was fals; I dremed of it right naught
Thanne wolde he seye right thus, withouten doute
Out of his book, right as he radde, and eke
made hym brenne his book anon right tho
Al redy, sire, quod she, right as yow lest

Romayn 2
And me of olde Romayn geestes teche
Another Romayn told he me by name

Rome 1
k ther was somtyme a clerk at Rome
And lith ygrave under the roode 1
And rombe under the roode beem
Bet is, quod he, bye in the roof 1
roote 1
t tikleth me aboute myn herte roote
koude wake as freash as is a rose
an shal nat suffre his wif go roule 1
What rowne 1
rowne ye with oure mayde? Benedicite

rubriche 1
After thy text, ne after thy rubriche

ryng 1
Is lyk a gold rynge in a sowes nose
ryot 1
And Venus loveth ryot and dispence
Salomon 2
Lo, heere the wise kyng, daun Salomon
And eek the Parables of Salomon
Salomon 1
that buyldeth his hous al of salwes

Samaritan 2
Spak in repreeve of the Samaritan
Was noon housbonde to the Samaritan

same 3
That by the same ensample taughte he me
The same words wrieth Ptholomee
I made hym of the same wode a croce
Sampson 1
Tho rede he me how Sampson loste his heres

sat 3
For, God it woot, he sat ful ofte and song
Redde on his book, as he sat by the fire
This sely man sat stille as he were deed
saugh 3
As help me God, whan that I saugh hym go
And whan I saugh he wolde nevere fyne
And whan he saugh how stille that I lay

savacioun 1
For God so wys be my savacioun
Ther was no wight, save God and he, that wiste

And for noon oother cause t but for open-heveded he hir

lees, thogh that he wroot and

ir assent. But herkneth how I

And wered upon my gaye

Mercurie loveth wysdam and

And hadde left, scol, and wente at hom to bord

eiteth every man that she may

But now, sire, lat me

oso may, who renneth best lat

And certe, if ther were no

de the prente of seinte Venus

And many a

dame, quod he, by God and by

ut he was quit, by God and by

Now wol I seye you sooth, by

A cardinal, that highte

I hadde the prente of

But if it be of hooey

Thou seist to me it is a greet meschief

And if that she be foul, thou

Thou seist that oxen, asses, hors, and hound

Thou seist also that it displeseth me

Thanne seistow that it is a tormentrie

As, seistow, wol been withoute make

Thus seistow, lorel, whan thou goost to bedd

And thanne, seistow, we wol oure vices shewe

Thus seistow, olde barel-ful of lyes

For thanne th'apostle

He seith that to be wedded is no synne

That seith this proverbe in his Almageste

hanne wolde he upon his Bible

And suffreth his wyf to go

nat every wight he sholde go

e whoso may, for al is for to

n, as I best kan, now moiste l

We fille acorded by us

If he ne used his

But if a sely wyf be oon of tho
This sely man sat stille as he were deed

senge 1
For whoso wolde senge a cattes skyn
sent 1
As frely as my Makere hath it

sentence 1
At this sentence me liketh every deel

sepulcre 1
As was the sepulcre of hym Daryus

cervyse 1
en of tree, and doon hir lord

set 1
The dart is set up for virginitee

seten 1
For thogh the pope hadde seten hem biside

sette 4
holde men elles in hir bookes sette
I sette hem so a-werke, by my fey
But al for nought, I sette nought an hawe
That caused hym to sette hymself afyre

sey 4
I say this: that they maked ben for bothe
I say nat this by wyves that been wyse
Ye be to blame, by God! I say yow sooth
For certeiny I say for no bobance

seyde 13
Is noght thyn housbonde, thus seyde he certeyn
Eek wel I woot, he seyde myn housbonde
He seyde that precept therof hadde he noon
Speak this Pardoner, as ye bigan
I spak to hym and seyde hym how that he
And eek I seyde I mette of hym al nyght
On which he seyde how that his wyves thre
Se he seyde, A womman cast hir shame away
stow slayn, false theef? I seyde
And seyde, Deere suster Alisoun
And seyde, Thorf, thus muchel am I wreke
And that he seyde, Myn owene trewe wyf
And seyde, Lat the womman telle hire tale

seyden 1
That thus they seyden in hir dronkenesse

seydest 2
Thou seydest this, that I was lyk a cat
Thou seydest eek that ther been thynges thre

seye 19
What reketh me, thogh folk seye vileynye
Wher can ye seye, in any manere age
Glose whoso wolde, and seye bothe up and doun
That is to seye, for office and for ese
But I seye noght that every wight is holde
s taketh not agrief of that I seye
I shal seye sooth; tho housbondes that I hadde
Thou sholdest seye, Wyf, go wher thee liste
And seye thise wordes in the Apostles name
This is to seye, if I be gay, sire shrewe
Thanne wolde I seye, Goode lief, task keep
I seye, I hadde in herte greet despit
for to se, and eek for to be sey
I seye that in the feeldes walked we
And I was fourty, if I shal seye sooth
What sholde I seye but, at the monthes ende
Thanne wolde he seye right thus, withouten doue
Now wol I seye yow sooth, by Seint Thomas
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol heere

seyest 1
Thou seyst, right as wormes shende a tree

seyyn 5
at he mente therby, I kan nat sey
This is to seyn, myself have been the whippe
This is to seyn, he hadde a paramour
, sire, lat me se what I shal seyn
d his heed, namoore dorste he seyn

seyyst 8
Thou seyst that every honoure wol hire have
Thou seyst som folk desiren us for richesse
Som Cristen man shal wedde me anon
That man shal yeilde to his wyf hire dette
Myn housbonde shal it have bothe eve and morwe.
Which shal be bothe my dettour and my theal
Er that I go, shal savoure wors than ale.
Of thilke tonne that I shal abroche.
For I shal telle ensamples mo than ten.
I shal seye sooth; tho housbondes that I
Shal beren hym tonde the cow is wood.
He shal have never the lasse light, pardee.
In feith, he shal nat kepe me but me lest.
And the sixte, whan that evere he shal
t now, sire, let me se what I seyn.
And I was forthy, if I shal seye sooth.
Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roule aboute.
Thow seyst that droppyng houses, and teek smo.
Thow seyst we wyves wol oure vices hide.
Thou seyst also, that if we make us gay.
Yet prechestow and shyst an hateful wyf.
Shal

the sixte, whan that evere he shal
And every shal unto myn endyng day.
We wommen han, if that I shal nat ly
But yet I hope that ye shal do me good.
And I was forthy, if I shal seye sooth.
Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roule aboute.
Thow seyst that droppyng houses, and teek smo.
Thow seyst we wyves wol oure vices hide.
Thou seyst also, that if we make us gay.
sherles 1
shere 4
shewe 4
shewes 1
shewe 4
shifte 1
sho 1
sholde 18
sholdest 1
shoo 1
short 1
shorte 1
shrewed 6
shrewednesse 1
shrewed Lameth and his bigamy 1
shrynynge 1
shynynge as gold so syn 1
Sidnyngborne 1
siker 1
sippe 1
sire 10
Ye, woltow so, sire Somonour? quod the Frere
Al redy, sire, quod she, right as yow lest
sith 3
Thanne sit he doun, and wir in his dotage
I prey to God, that sit in magessee
t, or trotte, or pees, or go sit doun
sith 8
For, lordynges, sith I twelve yeer was of age
That sith that Crist ne wente nevere but oni
And many a scint, sith that the world bigan
Gladly, quod she, sith it may yow like
But sith I hadde hem hoolly in myn hond
And sith they hadde me yeven al hir lond
Sith ye so preche of Jobes pacience
And sith a man is moore resonable
sitte 1
I sitte at hoom; I have no thrifty clooth
sixte 1
Welcome the sixte, whan that eveere he shal
skyn 3
or whoso wolde senge a cattes skyn
And if the cattes skyn be slyk and gay
To shewe hir skyn and goon a-caterwawed
slayn 5
He wolde han slayn me as I lay upright
that Jhesu Crist hymself was slayn
That somme hir housbondes in hir bed
slepte, and thus they had hem slayn
O! hastow slayn me, false theef? I seyde
sleighte 1
By sleighte, or force, or by som maner thy
slepte 1
Whil that they slepte, and thus they had hem slayn
Slepyenge 1
Slepyenge, his leman kitte it with hir
slyk 1
And if the cattes skyn be slyk and gay
smal 1
I wepte but smal, and that I undertake
smale 3
uryne, and oure bothe thynges smale
for hir handes and hir armes smale
ow koude I daunce to an harpe smale
783
Whan she cast of hir smok and forthermo
smoke 1
that droppyng houses, and eck smoke
smoot 3
By God, he smoot me ones on the lyst
For which he smoot me so that I was deef
And with his fest he smoot me on the heed
smyte 1
Ip me God, I shal thee nevere smyte
so 49
If I so ofte myghte have ywedded bee
To be refresshed half so ofte as he
With eech of hem, so wel was hym on lyve
Of indulgence; so nys it no repreve
And of so parfit wys a wright ywroght
perience woott wel it is nought so
So that the clerkes be nat with me wrot
sholde I bye it on my flessh so deere
They loved me so wel, by God above
I sette hem so a-werke, by my fey
I governed hem so wel, after my lawe
For halfe so boldely kan ther no man
Why is my neighebores wyf so gay
Is she so fair? Artow so amorous
Is she so fair? Artow so amorous
It may so longe assaillé been overal
Ne noon so grey goos gooth ther in the lake
And so been pottes, clothes, and array
crispe heer, shynyng as gold so lyn
Yet koude I make his herd, so moot I thee
Right so a wyf destroyeth hire housbonde
I pleyned first, so was oure werre ystynct
Wende that I hadde of hym so greet chiere tee
I broghte it so aboute by my wit
Sith ye so preche of Jobes pacience
Al is his tombe noght so curyus
But in oure bed he was so fresh and gay
et than oure parissh ane, so moot I thee
Had toold to me so greet a pryvete
And so I did ful often, God it woot
I took no kep, so that he liked me
So ofte tymes I to my gossyb wente
Of legs and of feet so chenie and faire
For God so wys be my savioun
I with my fest so took hym on the cheke
God helpe me so, I was to hym as kynde
And also trewe, and so was he to me
So blesse his soule for his mercy deere
Now dame, quod he, so have I joye or blis
Ye, wolow so, sire Somonour? quod the Frere

Socrates 1
That Socrates hadde with his wyves two
sodeynly 1
Al sodeynly thre leves have I plyght
soffre 1
To soffre hire pride and hire malencolie
solempnyte 1
Hath wedded me with greet solempnyte

Som 12
Som Cristen man shal wedde me anon
This is al and som: he heeld virginitee
Som this, som that, as hym liketh shift
Som this, som that, as hym liketh shifte
That som men han in Essex at Dunnmowe
Thou seyst som folk desiren us for richesse
And som for she kan outher synge or daunce
And som for gentillesse and daulancie
Som for hir handes and hir armes smale
Som: man hire to chepe
Til that she fynde som man hire to chepe
By sleighte, or force, or by som maner thyng
He som tyme was a clerk of Oxenford

Someres 1
That, for his wyf was at a someres game

Somme 6
Somme been of tree, and doon hir lord s
Somme for oure shap, and somme for oure
Somme for oure shap, and somme for oure fairnesse
That somme han slayn hir housbondes in hir b
And somme han drywe nayles in hir brayn
Somme: han hem yeve poisoun in hire dryn

Somonour 5
And whan the Somonour herde the Frere gale
Lo, quod the Somonour, Goddes armes two
Ye, wolow so, sire Somonour? quod the Frere
Telle of a somonour swich a tale or two
Quod this Somonour, and I bishrew me

somtyme 1
And eek ther was somtyme a clerk at Rome

sodry 2
God clepetb folk to hym in sodry wyse
Fro hous to hous, to heere sodry talyes
song 1
it woot, he sat ful ofte and song
songen 1
That many a nyght they songen Weilawey
soore 2
In many wise, how soore I hym twiste
But afterward repented me full sore

e to blame, by God! I see yeow sooth; tho housbondes that I hadde
I was fowry, if I shal see yeow sooth
Now wol I see yeow sooth, by Seint Thomas

I be daungerous, God yeve me sorwe.
I me this: why hydestow, with sorwe.
And yet with sorwe! thuost most enforce thee.
ighebores, that for hym maden sorwe.
d thus algates housbondes han sorwe.

I shal seye sooth; tho housbondes that I hadde.
I was fowry, if I shal seye sooth.

I was forty, if I shal seye sooth.

Now wol I seye sooth, by Seint Thomas.

My dame taughte me that soutiltee.

By maistrie, al the soveraynetee.

Is lyk a gold ryng in a sowes nose.
Spak in reepeve of the Samaritan.
He spak to hem that wolde lyve parfitly.
They were ful glad when I spak to hem faire.
I spak to hym and seyde hym how that he.
He spak moore harm than herte may bithynke.

For as a spanyel she wol on hym lepe.
I wolde nat spare hem at hir owene bord.
Telle forth youre tale, sapture for no man.
Spek namoore it is a grisly thyng.
To speke of wo that is in mariaghe.
Why sholde men thanne speke of it vileynyne.
If that I speke after my fantasye.
Thus shulde ye speke and bere hem wrong on honde.
That any clerk wol speke good of wyves.
ow wol I dye, I may no lenger speke.

Now wol I spoken of my fourthe housbonde.
What spekestow of preambulacioun.
Th’apostel, whan he speketh of maydenhede.
And han a sweete spiced conscience.
elses often tyme hadde I been spilt.
or, God it woot, I chidde hem spitably.
Spoonnes and stooles, and al swich housb.
Com neer, my spouse, lat me ba thy cheke.
spyen     2
spyen     de fool, what helpeth thee to spyen
spynnyng  1
Deceite, wepyng, spynnyng God hath yive
squiereth   1
And for he squiereth me bothe up and doun
staf       1
That with a staf birafe his wyf hir lyf
statut     1
Unnethe myghte they the statut holde
sterte     1
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to
Stibourn   2
Stibourn and strong, and joly as a pye
637

stiffy     1
Baar I stiffly myne olde housbondes on honde
stille     2
This sely man sat stille as he were deed
797
And when he saugh how stille that I lay
stirte     2
Up stirte the Pardoner, and that anon
794
And he up stirte as dooth a wood leoun
stonde     1
for syk unnethes myghte they stonde
288
stooles    1
Spoones and stooles, and al swich housbondrye
stooles    2
, by my fey, I tolde of it no
203
y God, if wommen hadde writen
693
stories    1
They been assayed at diverse stories
286
stoundes   1
strong     1
Stibourn and strong, and joly as a pye
456
strook     1
That of the strook myn ere wax al deef
636
sturdy     1
And Mars yaf me my sturdy hardynesse
612
stynke     1
But Er that thonder stynke, comth a reyn
732
subtilly    1
Which that Appelles wroghte
499
suffrable  1
Than womman is, ye moste been suffrable
442
suffre     3
Thanne wolde I suffre hym do his nycetee
412
suffre     He nolde suffre nothyng of my list
633
suffre     Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roule aboute
653
Suffreth    2
Suffreth alwey, syn ye so wel kan prech
437
And suffreth his wyf to go seken halwes
657
suppose    1
Who wolde wene, or who wolde
786
suppecioun  1
Yet hastow caught a fals suppecioun
306
suster     1
And seyde, Deere suster Alisoun
804
sweete     3
Ful giyteles, by Goddes sweete pyne
385
And han a sweete spiced conscience
435
an I had dronke a draughte of sweete wyn
459

Swere  1
Swere and lyen, as a womman kan

swete  1
dnesse, hym thoughte the tale

swich  13
No man hath
swich that in this world alyve is
swich wise folwe hym and his foore
That hath
swich harneys as I to yow tolde
In swich estiaat as God hath cleped us
What eyeth
swich an old man for to chide
Spoones and stooles, and al
swich houbondrye
For al
swich wit is yeven us in oure byrthe
But certeinely, I made folk
swich cheere
Til trewely we hadde
swich dalance
She yat hym
swich a manere love-drynke
That in his gardyn grewed
swich a tree
Telle of a somonour
swich a tale or two

Swiche  1
Swiche manere wordes hadde we on honde

Til atte laste out of my
swogh  1
swogh I breyde

swoor  1
I swoor that al my walkynge out by nyghte

sto hors, although he had it
sworn  1
swyn  1
swynke  1

tellius, the foule cherl, the
swynke

w pitously a-nyght I made hem
swynke

That is assailed upon ech a
syde  2
that I felte his arm over my syde

syk  1
Whan that for
syk unnethes myghte they stonde

Simplicius  1
How he
Simplicius Gallus lefte his wyf

syn  1
Suffreth alwey, syn ye so wel kan preche

synge  2
And som for she kan outhere
syne  2
And syne, ywis, as any nyghtyngale

seith that to be wedded is no
synne  2
s, alas! That evere love was

Taak  2
Taak youre disport; I wol nat leve no t

take  4
Wy, taak it al! Lo, have it every deel

ide lete fader and moodor and
take to me

Thanne sholde men
take of chastitee no cure
Rede in his Almageste, and
take it there

And take witnesse of hir owene maybe

But this word is nat
taken  2
What sholde I taken keep hem for to plese

As taketh not agrief of that I seye
taketh  2
We love no man that taketh kep or charge

tale  13
Abyde! quod she, my
tale is nat bigonne
at I have toold thee forth my
tale
Telle forth youre
tale, spareth for no man
ire, now wol I telle forth my
tale
goth al to the devel, by thy

And therfore every man this
tale I telle
A ha! By God, I have my
tale ageyn
hrewednesse, hym thoughte the

tale swete
Now wol I seye my

tale, if ye wol heere
This is a long preamble of a
tale
Telle of a somonour swich a tale or two
But if I tel tale, and that is best
tales 1

tales two or thre
tales 2

de,
Lat
tale
tell hire tale

re disport; I wol nat leve no
hous to hous, to heere sondry
hous
talys

talys

nne wol I seye, Goode lief,
task

or peril is bothe fyr and tow
't assemble
't' assemble

taught       
taught

od bitokeneth gold, as me was

taughte 1

That by the same ensample
My dame
daughte me that soutilte

Taur 1

Myn ascendent was
Taur, and Mars therinne

tayl

tayl

us mouth moste han a likerous
tayl

teche 3

And
teche

tecche us yonge men of youre praktike
tecche

ut ye do, certein we shall yow

tech

And me of olde Romayn geestes
tech

tel 3

But tel me this: why hydestow, with sorwe

tel me who

Who peyntede the leon,
tel me who

Yis, dame, quod he, tel forth, and I wol heere

Telle 12

Telle me also, to what conclusion

telle

nd yet with barly-breed, Mark
telle

For I shal
telle ensamples mo than ten

r is goon; ther is nameore to
telle

herfore every man this tale I
telle

Telle forth youre tale, spareth for no

telle my tale

of my fiftie housbonde wol I
telle

Telle of a somonour swich a tale or two

telle tales two or thre

But if I
telle

And seyde, Lat the womman
telle hire tale

Do, dame,
telle forth youre tale, and that is bes

tellen 3

Yet herde I neve
tellen

Now wol I
tellen of my fourthe housbonde

Now wol I
tellen forth what happe me

telleth 2

By expres word? I pray yow,
tellath me

I hate hym that my vices

tellath me

shal telle ensamples mo than ten

ten 1

shal telle ensamples mo than ten

ten

And hire forsook for

terne of al his lyf

terne of al thy lyf

Do as thee lust the

Tertulan 1

In which book eek ther was

Tertulan

't espye

Was for t'espye wenches that he dighete

testament 1

gh I right now sholde make my

testament

text

text

That gentil
text

After thy

testament, ne after thy rubriche

than 16

I trowe he hadde wyves mo

than

Bet is to be wedded

than to brynne

And ech of hem hadde wyves mo

than two

Moore parfit

than weddyng in freletee

that I go, shall savoure wors

than ale

Than maystow chese whether thou wolt s

For I shal telle ensamples mo

than ten
If Whoso of thilke tonne And whan Er Upstirte the Pardoner, and Thanne al the mark of Adam may redresse Thanne in this world ther grownen gras or Thanne with a woman usynge for to chyde Thanne with an angry wyf doun in the hous

A thynge that no man wole, his thankes, helde

\[\text{than} \text{e 18}\]

Why sholde men thanne speke of it vileynye For thanne th'apostle seith that I am free Thanne hadde he dampeyn weddyng with th\'apostel, wearof sholde it growe Thanne were they maad upon a creature Thanne sholde men take of chastitee no Thanne seistow that it is a tormentrie

Til we be fast, and thanne we wol hem shewe And thanne, seistow, we wol oure vices shew Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in his Thanne wolde I suffre hym do his nycete Thanne wolde I seye, Goode lief, task k

Preesse on us faste, and thanne wol we fle

And if that faille, thanne is al ydo And thanne wolde he upon his Bible seke Thanne wolde he seye right thus, withou Thanne sit he doun, and writ in his dot Thanne tolde he me how oon Latumyus

Th' apostel 2 Th' apostel, whan he speketh of maydenhe I woot wel that th'apostel was a mayde

th' apostle 1 For thanne th'apostle seith that I am free

thar 2 Have thou ynogh, what thar thee recche or care Have thou ynogh, thee thar nat pleyne thee

that 206 To speke of wo that is in mariage Thonked be God that is etern on lyve That sith that Crist ne wente nevere bu That sith that Crist ne wente nevere but onis That by the same ensample taughte he me That I ne sholde wedded be but ones

And that ilke man that now hath thee What he mente therby, I kan nat seyn But that I axe, why that the fiftie man But that I axe, why that the fiftie man That gentil text kan I wel understande

No man hath swich that in this world alvyse is Be god be God that I have wedded fyve

Welcome the sixte, whan that evere he shal For thanne th'apostle seith that I am free

He seith that to be wedded is no synne That lyve God defended mariaige He seyde that precept therof hadde he noon I woot wel that th'apostel was a mayde

But natheliees, thogh he wroth and sayde He wolde that every wight were swich as he To wedde me, if that my make dye

Freleete clepe I, but if that he and she Som this, som that, as hym liketh shiife But Crist, that of perfeccion is welie At that he hadde, and gyve it to the poore

And lordynes, by youre leve, that am nat I That they were maked for purgacioun

So that the clerkes be nat with me wrothe I sey this: that they maked ben for bothie That is to seye, for office and for ese That man shal yelde to his wyf hire det

But I seye noght that every wight is holde That hath swich harneys as I to yow tol And many a seint, sith that the world bigan

Whan that hym list come forth and paye his d Upon his fleshh, whil that I am his wyf Up stirte the Pardoner, and thant

Er that I go, shal savoure wyr than ale And whan that I have toold thee forth my tale Of thilke tomne that I shal abroche

Whos that nyl be war by otheres men If that I speke after my fantasye