A Concordance to The Miller’s Prologue and Tale  

in The Canterbury Tales (1)

AZUMA Yoshio

"Concordance to the Riverside Chaucer"\(^5\)である。しかしこれらはいずれも『カンタベリー物語』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、"The Miller'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。


今回の ‘Concordance’ として、（その 1）の作成を試みた。
A Concordance to The Miller’s Prologue and Tale in The Canterbury Tales based on The Riverside Chaucer (1)

A Concordance to The Miller’s Prologue in The Canterbury Tales
A Concordance to *The Miller's Prologue* in *The Canterbury Tales*  
Based on *The Riverside Chaucer*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>That he ne seyd it was a noble storie</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
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<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Oure Hoost answere, Tel on, a devel wey</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
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<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>For I wol tell a legende and a lyf</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Bothe of a carpenter and of his wyf</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>How that a clerk hath set the wrightes cappe</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>It is a synne and eek a greet folye</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>And eek to a thousand goode ayeyns oon badde</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>I have a wyf, pardee, as wel as thow</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>The Millere is a cherl; ye knowe wel this</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>And seyde, Abyd, Robyn, my leve brother</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>23</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
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<td>dronke Millere spak ful soone</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
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<td>That I am dronke; I knowe it by my soune</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>I wol bileve wel that I am noon</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>73</td>
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<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
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<td>And worthy for to drawen to memorie</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>And namely the gentils everichon</td>
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<td>Oure Hooste lough and svoor, So moot I gon</td>
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<td>17</td>
<td>And svoor, By armes, and by blood and bones</td>
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<td>23</td>
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<td>31</td>
<td>And therfore if that I mysspeke or seye</td>
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<td>43</td>
<td>And seyde, Leve brother Osewold</td>
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<td>And eever a thousand goode ayeyns oon b</td>
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<td>63</td>
<td>And therfore every gentil wight I preye</td>
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<td>68</td>
<td>And therfore, whoso list it nat yheere</td>
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<td>70</td>
<td>or he shal lynde ynowe, grete and smale</td>
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And swoor, By armes, and by blood and bones
Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome
I sey nat therfore that thou art oon
Why arto w angry with my tale now
I have a wyf, pardee, as wel as thou
As demen of myself that I were oon
He nolde avalen neither hood ne hat
Avyseth yow, and put me out of blame
And evere a thousand goode ayeyns oon badde
And thee thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome
I sey nat therfore that thou art oon
Art thou a fool; thy wit is overcome
Avyseth thow, and put me out of blame
And evere a thousand goode ayeyns oon badde
He nolde avalen neither hood ne hat
Avyseth yow, and put me out of blame
Art thou a fool; thy wit is overcome
I sey nat therfore that thou art oon
As demen of myself that I were oon

For trewely the game is wel
I wol bileve wel that I am noon
vyseth yow, and put me out of blame
Blameth nat me if that ye chese amys
And swoor, By armes, and by blood and bones
r, By armes, and by blood and bones
And harlotrie they tolden
brother two
seyde, Abyd, Robyn, my leeve
And seyde, Leve brother Osewold
And eek to bryngen wyves in swich fame
But in Filates voys he gan to crie
But first I make a protestacioun
That knowestow wel thyself, but if thou madde
What sholde I moore seyn, but this Millere
But tolde his cherles tale in his maner
Of yvel entente, but for I moot reherce
And swoor, By armes, and by blood and bones
And swoor, By armes, and by blood and bones
That I am dronke; I knowe it by my soun
a clerk hath set the wrightes
carpenter two
Bothe of a carpenter and of his wyf
brother two
The Millere is a cherl; ye knowe wel this
But tolde his cherles tale in his manere
Turne over the leef and chese another tale
Blameth nat me if that ye chese anys

clappe

clappe

clerk

clerk hath set the wrightes cappe

cokewold

cokewold

clerk

cris

cris

curteisie

curteisie

defame

defame

demen

demen of myself that I were oon

demeth

demeth nat that I seye

devel

devel wey

drawn

drawn to memorie

dronke

dronke of ale

Oure Hooste saugh that he was dronke; I knowe it by my soun

This dronke Millere spak ful soone ageyn

dronken
dronken was al pale

dronken harlotrye

eek

It is a synne and eek a greet folye

And eek to bryngen wyves in swich fame

And eek moralitee and hoolynesse

So was the Reve eek and othere mo

And eek men shal nat maken ernest of game

elles

For I wol speke or elles go my wey

Or elles falsen som of my mateere

enquere

Of the remenant nedeth nat

entente

Of yvel entente, but for I moot rehere

ernest

And eek men shal nat maken ernest of game

evere

And eevre a thousand goode ayeyns oon badde

everichon

everichon

And namely the gentils

every

And therfore every gentil wight I preye

Or elles falsen som of my mateere

fame

eek to bryngen wyves in swich fame

first

first another

But first I make a protestacioun

folye

It is a synne and eek a greet folye

fool

Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome

for

And worthy for to drawnen to memorie

For trewely the game is wel bigonne

The Millere, that for dronken was al pale

Ne abyde no man for his curteisie

I kan a noble tale for the nones

For I wol speke or elles go my wey

For I wol telle a legende and a lyf

Yet nole I, for the oxen in my plogh

He nole his wordes for no man forhere

For Goddes love, demeth nat that I seye

Of yvel entente, but for I moot rehere

For he shal fynde ynowe, grete and smal
forbere

foyson

ful

fynde

game

fynde Goddes foyson there

For he shal fynde ynowe, grete and smale

For trewely the men shal nat maken ernest of

gan

go

gon

goode

This gooth aright; unbokeled is the male

This dronke Millere spak ful soone ageyn

Ther been ful goode wyves many oon

For Goddes love, demeth nat that I seye

Goddes By Goddes soule, quod he, that wol nat I

Of Goddes pryvetee, nor of his wyt

So he may fynde Goddes foyson there

For he shal fynde ynowe, grete and smale

For Goddes love, demeth nat that I seye

Goddes By Goddes soule, quod he, that wol nat I

Of Goddes pryvetee, nor of his wyt

So he may fynde Goddes foyson there

For he shal fynde ynowe, grete and smale

He nolde this wordes for no man forbere

He nolde his wordes for no man

So he may fynde Goddes foyson there

For he shal fynde ynowe, grete and smale

He nolde his wordes for no man forbere

He nolde avalen neither hoo ne

Whan that the Knyght had thus his tale ytold

And harlotrie they tolden bothe two

Lat be thy lewed dronken harlotrye

hat

hat

hat

hat

hat

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hat

hat

hat

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hat

hat

hat

hat

hay

hay
Of Goddes pryvetee, nor of his wyf
He nolde his wordes for no man forbere
But tolde his cherles tale in his manere

56
50
45
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5
1

Hood 1
Hoolynesse 1
Hoost 1
Hoost 2
Hoost 2

So that unneth the upon his hors he sat
hors 1

housbonde 1
An housbonde shal nat been inquisityf
How 1
How that a clerk hath set the rightes
hym 1

To apeyrren any man, or hym defame

Oste lough and swoor, So moot I gon
ost lough and swoor, So moot I gon

55
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1

An housbonde shal nat been inquisityf
In 5
In al the route nas ther yong ne oold

If 4
Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye konne
And therfore if that I mysspeke or sey
at knowestow wel thyself, but if thou madde
Blameth nat me if that ye chase amys

2
16
40
51
61

Inquisityf 1

An housbonde shal nat been inquisityf
This gooth aright; unbokeled is the male
For trewely the game is wel bigonne
Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome
It is a synne and eek a greet folye
Who hath no wyf, he is no cokewold
The Millere is a cherl; ye knoue wel this

it 6

That he ne seyde it was a noble storie
That I am dronke; I knowe it by my soun
Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I you preye
It is a synne and eek a greet folye
Athynketh that I shal reheerce it heere
And therfore, whoso list it nat yheere

kan 1
I kan a noble tale for the nones

knowe 2
That I am dronke; I knowe it by my soun
The Millere is a cherl; ye knowe wel this

knowestow 1
That knowestow wel thyself, but if thou madd

Knyght 1

Whan that the Knyght had thus his tale ytold
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Somewhat to quite with the Knyghtes 2 Knyghtes tale Knyghtes tale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>leth ye, sir Monk, if that ye konne 1 konne 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Lat 3 Lat se now who shal telle another tale</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Abyd, and Lat us werken thriftily Lat be thy lewed drunken harlotrye leef 1 leef and chese another tale leeeve 1 leeeve brother</td>
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<td>21</td>
<td>And seyde, Abyd, Robyn, my legende 1 For I wol telle a legende and a lyf Leve 1 Leve brother Osewold lewed 1 lewed drunken harlotrye list 1 list it nat yheere lough 1 lough and swoor, So moot I gon love 1 For Goddess love, demeth nat that I seye</td>
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<td>64</td>
<td>And therfore, whoso list 1 it nat yheere lough 1 Oure Hooste love, demeth nat that I seye</td>
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<td>r I wol telle a legende and a lyf madde 1 stow wel thyself, but if thou madde 1</td>
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<td>48</td>
<td>But first I make 1 make a protestacioun make 1 maken 1 maken ernest of game</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>And eek men shal nat maken 1 ernest of game male 1 male 1</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>ooth aright; unbokeled is the 1 ooth aright; unbokeled is the</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>Ne abyde no man 4 for his curteisie man 4 for his curteisie</td>
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<td>tolde his cherles tale in his manere 1 manere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Ther been ful goode wyves many 1 many oon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>Or elles falsen som of my mateere 1 mateere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>M athynketh 1 M athynketh that I shal reherce it heer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>So he may 1 fynde Goddes foysone there mayst 1 ynowg of other thynges seyn Mayst 1 ynowg of other thynges seyn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Thou me 3 Take upon me moore than ynowg me 3 Take upon me moore than ynowg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>Blameth nat me 3 if that ye chese amys me 3 if that ye chese amys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>Avyseth yow, and put me out of blame Avyseth yow, and put me out of blame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>And worthy for to drawen to memorie 1 memorie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>And eek men shal nat maken ernest of game men 1 men 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>The Millere 5 Millere, that for drokken was al pale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Now herkneth, quod the Millere, alle and some Millere 5 Millere, alle and some</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>This drokken Millere spak ful soone ageyn Millere spak ful soone ageyn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>sholde I moore seyn, but this Millere spak ful soone ageyn sholde I moore seyn, but this</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>The Millere spak ful soone ageyn The Millere spak ful soone ageyn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>o was the Reve eek and othere mo Monk 1 Monk 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye konne 1 Monk, if that ye konne</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
moore 2

Take upon me
moore 2
moore than ynogh
What sholde I
moore seyn, but this Millere

moort 2
re Hooste lough and swoo, So
Of yvel entente, but for I
moort reherce

moralitee 1
And eek
moralitee and hoolynesse

my 6
And seyde, Abyd, Robyn,
my leeve brother

my 6
For I wol speke or elles go
my wey

my 6
Why artow angry with
my tale now

my 6
Yet nolde I, for the oxen in
my plogh

my 6
Or elles falsen som of
my mateere

myself 1
As demen of
myself that I were oon

mysspeke 1
And therfore if that I
mysspeke or seye

namely 1
And
namely the gentils everichon

nas 1
In al the route
nas ther yong ne oold

nat 8
ddes soule, quod he, that wol
nat 1
But I see
nat therfore that thou art oon

55
An housbonde shal nat been iniquityf

58
Of the remenant nedeth nat enquere

68
And therfore, whoso list it
nat ythere

73
Blameth nat me if that ye chese amys

78
And eek men shal nat maken ernest of game

ne 4
In al the route nas ther yong ne oold

That he
ne seyde it was a noble storie

14
He nolde avalen neither hood
ne hat

Ne abyde no man for his curteisie

nedeth 1
Of the remenant
nedeth nat enquere

neither 1
He nolde avalen
neither hood ne hat

no 4
Ne abyde no man for his curteisie

44
Who hath no wyf, he is no cokewold

60
He nolde his wordes for no man forbere

18
That he ne seyde it was a noble storie

I kan a noble tale for the nones

14
He nolde avalen neither hood ne hat

51
Yet nolde I, for the oxen in my plogh

60
He nolde his wordes for no man forbere

18
I kan a noble tale for the
nones

54
I wol bileve wel that I am
noon

nones 1
I kan a noble tale for the
nones

56
Of Goddess pryvetec,
nor of his wyf

now 5
Lat se
now who shal telle another tale

10
Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye ko

19
With which I wol
now quite the Knyghtes tale

28
Now herkneth, quod the Millere, alle an

49
Why artow angry with my tale

14
ost saugh that he was dronke
of ale

32
Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I you preye

34
Bothe of a carpenter and of his wyf

41
Bothe of a carpenter and
of his wyf

53
Thou mayst ynogh of other thynges seyn

56
As demen of myself that I were oon

56
Of Goddess pryvette, nor of his wyf

58
Of Goddess pryvette, nor
of his wyf

65
Of the remenant nedeth nat enquere

67
Of yvel entente, but for I moot reherce

71
Of storial thyng that toucheth gentille

77
Avyseth yow, and put me out
of blame

78
eek men shal nat maken ernest of game
on  1  Oure Hooste answerde, Tel on, a devel wey
old  1  al the route nas ther yong ne
old  4  ey nat therfore that thou art
oon  4  her been ful goode wyves many
oon  4  evere a thousand goode ayeys
oon  4  s demen of myself that I were
or  5  For I wol speke
dtherefore if that I mysspeke
or  5  To aperyren any man,
se  5  or hym defame
or  5  ir tales alle, be they bettre
verse  5  Or elles falsen som of my mateere
Osewold  1  And seyde, Leve brother
Osewold  1  Thou mayst ynogh of
othere  2  So was the Reve ek and
othere  2  othere thynges seyn
othere mo  2  Oure
pale  1  Oure Hooste lough and swoor, So moot I
oxen  1  Oure Hooste saugh that he was dronke of
oxen  1  Oure Hooste saugh that he was dronke of
out  1  Oure Hooste
out of blame  1  So was the Reve eek and othere mo
over  1  Avyseth yow, and put me
over  1  out of the leaf and chese another tale
overcome  1  Thou art a fool; thy wit is
overcome  1  lere, that for dronken was al
pale  1  Yet nolde I, for the
pale  1  oxen in my plogh
pardee  1  I have a wyf,
pilates  1  But in Pilates voys he gan to crie
plogh  1  t nolde I, for the oxen in my
preye  2  t the ale of Southwerk, I you
preye  2  therfore every gentil wight I preye
protestacioun  1  But first I make a
protestacioun  1  theale of Southwerk, I you
pryvetee  1  Of Goddes pryvetee, nor of his wyf
put  1  Avyseth yow, and
put  1  me out of blame
quite  2  Somwhat to
quite  2  with the Knyghtes tale
quite  2  With which I wol now
quod  2  By Goddes soule,
quod  2  quod he, that wol nat I
quod the Millere, alle and some
reherce  2  M'athynketh that I shal
reherce  2  it heere
yvel entente, but for I moot
reherce  2  Of the remenant nedeth nat enquere
remenant  1  Reve
remenant  1  The Reve answerde and seyde, Stynt thy clap
Robyn  1  So was the Reve eek and othere mo
Robyn  1  And seyde, Abyd, Robyn, my leve brother
route  1  In al the
route  1  nas ther yong ne oold
sat  1  that unnethe upon his hors he
sat  1  saugh  1  Oure Hooste
saugh  1  that he was dronke of ale
Lat se now who shal telle another tale

How that a clerk hath the wrightes cappe
But I sey nat therefore that thou art oon
That he ne seye it was a noble storie
And seye, Abyd, Robyn, my leave brother
And seye, Leve brother Osewold

herfore if that I mysspeke or
oddes love, demeth nat that I

What sholde I moore seyn, but this Millere

Lat se now who shal telle another tale
Som bettre man shal telle us first another
An housbonde shal nat been inquisityf
M'athynketh that I shal reherce it heere
For he shal fynde ynowe, grete and smale
And eek men shal nat maken ernest of game

What sholde I moore seyn, but this Millere

Sir Monk, if that ye konne

Oure Hooste lough and swoor,
So that unnethe upon his hors he sat
So he may fynde Goddes foyson there
So was the Reve eek and othere mo
Som bettre man shal telle us first anot
Or elles falsen som of my mateere

h, quod the Millere, alle and

Somwhat to quite with the Knyghtes tale
This dronke Millere spak ful soone ageyn
By Goddes soule, quod he, that wol nat I

I am dronke; I konw it by my

Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I you preye
This dronke Millere spak ful soone ageyn
For I wol speke or elles go my wey

Of storial thyng that toucheth gentillesse

at he ne seye it was a noble

The Reve anserwede and seye, Stynt thy clappe
And eek to bryngen wyves in swich fame
Oure Hooste lough and swoor, So moot I gon
And swoor, By armes, and by blood and bones
It is a synne and eek a greet folye
Take upon me moore than ynogh
tale ytoold
se now who shal telle another tale
at to quite with the Knyghtes tale
I kan a noble tale for the nones
Why artow angry with my tale now
But tolde his charles tale in his manere
er the leef and chese another tale
tales 1
Hir tales alle, be they bettre or worse	Tel 1

Oure Hoost answerde, Tel on, a devel wey
telle 3
Som bettre man shal telle us first another
tell us a legende and a lyf
tellethe 1
Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye konne
than 1
Take upon me moore than ynogh

Whan that the Knyght had thus his tale toold
That he ne seyde it was a noble storie
Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye konne
The Millere, that for dronken was al pale
So that unnethe upon this hors the sat
Oure Hooste saugh that he was dronke of ale
By Goddes soule, quod he, that wol nat I
That I am dronke; I knowe it by my soun
And therfore if that I mysspeke or seye
How that a clerk hath set the wrightes capp
But I sey nat therfore that thou art oon
That knowestow wel thyself, but if thou
As demen of myself that I was oon
I wol believe wel that I am noon
M'athynketh that I shal reherce it heere
For Goddes love, demeth nat that I seye
Of storial thynge that toucheth gentillesse
Blameth nat me if that ye chese amys

I kan a noble tale for the nones
In al the route nas ther yong ne oold
And namely the gentils everichon
is gooth aright; unbokeled is the male
For trewe ly the game is wel bigonne
Somwhat to quite with the Knyghtes tale
The Millere, that for dronken was al pa
I kan a noble tale for the nones
With which I wol now quite the Knyghtes tale
Now herkneth, quod the Millere, alle and some
Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I you preye
How that a clerk hath set the wrightes capp
The Reve anwerde and seyde, Stynth thy
Yet noldre I, for the oxen in my ploghe
Of the remenat nedeth nat enquire
Turne the leef and chese another tale
The Millere is a chert; ye knowe wel th
So was the Reve eek and othere mo

In al the route nas ther yong ne oold
Ther been ful goode wyves many oon
So he may fynde Goddes foyson

And therfore 4
But I sey nat therfore that thou art oon
And therfore every gentil wight I preye
And therfore, whoso list it nal yheere
they 2
Hir tales alle, be they bettre or worse
And harlotrie they tolden bothe two

This 4
This gooth aright; unbokeled is the male
This dronke Millere spak ful soone agey
What sholde I moore seyn, but this Millere
lere is a chere; ye knowe wel this
Thou 4
Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome
Thou mayst ynogh of othere thynges seyn
But I sey nat therfore that thou art oon
knowestow wel thyself, but if thou madde
thousand 1
And evere a thousand goode ayeyns oon baddhe
thow 1
have a wyf, parde, as wel as
thriftily 1
Abyd, and lat us werken thriftily
Whan that the Knyght had thus his tale tyeold

1

Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome

27

eve anserde and seyde, Stynt thy clappe

36

Lat be thy lewed dronken harlotrye

37

Of storial thyng that toucheth gentillesse

71

Thou mayst ynogh of other thynges seyn

41

That knowestow wel thyself, but if thou madde

48

And worthy for to drawen to memorie

4

Somwhat to quite with the Knyghtes tale

11

But in Pilates voys he gan to crie

16

To aperyren any man, or hym defame

39

And eek to bryngen wyves in swich fame

40

tolden his cherles tale in his manere

61

And harlotrie they tolden bothe two

76

Of storial thyng that toucheth gentillesse

71

trewely the game is wel bigonne

9

Turne over the leef and chese another t

69

d harlotrie they tolden bothe

76

This gooth aright; unbokeled is the male

7

So that unnethe upon his hors he sat

13

So that unnethe upon his hors he sat

13

Take upon me moore than ynogh

52

Som bettre man shal telle us first another

22

Abyd, and lat us werken thriftily

23

voys he gan to crie

16

That he ne seyde it was a noble storie

3

The Millere, that for dronken was al pale

12

Oure Hooste saugh that he was dronke of ale

20

So was the Reve eek and othere mo

75

For trewely the game is wel bigonne

9

That knowestow wel thyself, but if thou madde

48

I have a wyl, pardee, as wel as thou

50

I wol bivele wel that I am noon

54

Millere is a cherl; ye knowe wel this

74

were oon

53

As demen of myself that I were werken thriftily

23

tales alle, be they bettre or worse

66

or I wol speke or elles go my ost answere, Tel on, a devel

25

Whan that the Knyght had thus his tale

1

What sholde I moore seyn, but this Mill

59

With which I wol now quite the Knyghtes tale

19

who shal telle another tale

2

Lat se now who hath no wyf, he is no cokewold

1
whoso 1
And threfore, whoso list it nat yheere

Why 1
Why artow angry with my tale now

wight 1
wight I preye
And therfore every gentil

wit 1
wit is overcome

Why 1
Why artow angry with my tale now

wol 5
With which I wol now quite the Knyghtes tale

Somewhat to quite with the Knyghtes tale

With which I wol now quite the Knyghtes tale

He nolde his wordes for no man forbere

worthy 1
And worthy for to drawen to memorie

wrightes 1
How that a clerk hath set the wrightes cappe

the of a carpenter and of his wyf 4
Who hath no wyf, he is no cokewold

I have a wyf, pardee, as wel as thow

f Goddes pryvetee, nor of his wyf

Wyte 1
Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I you pre

wyves 2
And eek to brynge wyves in swich fame

Ther been ful goode wyves many oon

ye 4
Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye konne

telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye konne

Blameth nat me if that ye chese anys

ye knowe wel this

The Millere is a cherl; ye knowe this

Yet 1
Yet nolde I, for the oxen in my plough

d therfore, whoso list it nat

yheere 1
yheere

ynogh 2
Thou mayst ynogh of othere thynges seyn

Take upon me moore than ynogh

ynowe 1
For he shal fynde ynowe, grete and smale

yongh 1
In al the route nas ther yong ne oold

you 1
te it the ale of Southwerk, I you preye

you 1
you othel yow, and put me out of blame

ytould 1
the Knyght had thus his tale

yvel 1
Of yvel entente, but for I moot reheare

TOTAL WORDS READ = 602
TOTAL WORDS SELECTED = 602
TOTAL WORDS PICKED = 602
TOTAL WORDS SAMPLED = 602
TOTAL WORDS KEPT = 602
TOTAL VOCABULARY = 285
A Concordance to *The Miller’s Prologue and Tale* in *The Canterbury Tales*
based on *The Riverside Chaucer* (1)

A Concordance to *The Miller’s Tale* in *The Canterbury Tales* (1)
A Concordance to *The Miller's Tale* in *The Canterbury Tales*

- **A** 112
  - A riche grof, that gestes heeld to bord
- **2** And of his craft he was a carpenter
- **3** With hym ther was dwellynge a poure scoler
- **4** And koud he a certeyn of conclousions
- **5** And lyk a mayden meke for to see
- **6** A chambre hadde he in that hostelrye
- **7** His presse covered with a faldying reed
- **8** And al above ther lay a gey sautrie
- **9** s carpenter hadde wedded newe a wyf
- **10** And demed hymself been lik a cokewold
- **11** A ceynt she werede, barred al of silk
- **12** Upon hir lendes, ful of many goor
- **13** And sikerly she hadde a likerous ye
- **14** d softer than the wolfe is of a wether
- **15** And by hir girdel beeng a purs of lether
- **16** So gay a popelote or swich a wenche
- **17** So gay a popolote or swich a wenche
- **18** As any swalwe sittynge on a berne
- **19** Wynnyng she was, as is a joly colt
- **20** Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt
- **21** ong as a mast, and upright as a bolt
- **22** A brooch she haer upon hir lowes coler
- **23** As brood as is the boos of a bokeler
- **24** She was a prymerole, a piggesnye
- **25** She was a prymerole, a piggesnye
- **26** That on a day this hende Nicholas
- **27** And she sproong as a colt dooth in the trave
- **28** A clerk hadde litherly biset his whyle
- **29** But if he koude a carpenter bigyle
- **30** To wayte a tyme, as I have told biforn
- **31** Now was ther of that chyrche a parish clerk
- **32** And strouted as a lanne large and brode
- **33** Al in a kirtel of a lyght wadget
- **34** Al in a kirtel of a lyght wadget
- **35** And therupon be hatte a gay surprys
- **36** A myrie child he was, so God me save
- **37** And maken a chartre of lond or acquittance
- **38** And playen songs on a smal rubible
- **39** Therto he song som tymne a loud quynnyble
- **40** And as wel koude he pleye on a giterne
- **41** Gooth with a sencer on the haliday
- **42** And many a lovely look on hem he caste
- **43** To looke on hire hym thoughte a myrie lyf
- **44** r wel seyn, if she hadde been a mous
- **45** And he a cat, he wolde hire hente anon
- **46** Hath in his herte swich a love-longynge
- **47** A litel after kokkes hadde ycrowe
- **48** And dressed hym up by a shot-wyndowe
- **49** He synget, brokkynge a nyghtynyngale
- **50** He playeth Herodes upon a scaffold hye
- **51** e ne hadde for his labour but a scorn
- **52** And al his ernest turneth til a jape
- **53** And so bifel it on a Saterday
- **54** That Nicholas shal shapen hym a wyle
- **55** Bothe mete and drynyke for a daye or tweye
- **56** I saugh today a cors yborn to chyrche
- **57** e at his dore, or knokke with a stoon
- **58** ut al for noght; he herde nat a word
- **59** hole he found, ful lowe upon a bord
- **60** at the laste he hadde of hym a sight
- **61** A man woot litel what hym shal bidade
- **62** Ye, blessed be alwey a lewed man
- **63** Til he was in a marle-pit yfalle
- **64** Get me a staf, that I may underspore
- **65** His knave was a strong carl for the nones
- **66** And broghte of myghty ale a large quart
- **67** That now a Monday next, at quarter nyght
- **68** Shal falle a reyn, and that so wilde and wood
- **69** That she hadde had a ship hiself alone
- **70** A knedyng trogh, or ellis a kymelyn
- **71** In which we movie swynnme as in a barge
- **72** But for a daye fy on the remenant
- **73** To han as greet a grace as Noe hadde
- **74** That noon of us ne speke nat a word
- **75** Lo, which a greet thynge is afeccisoun
- **76** He siketh with ful many a sory swogh
- **77** He gooth and geteth hym a knedyng trogh
- **78** And after that a tubbe and a kymelyn
- **79** And after that a tubbe and a kymelyn
- **80** d, and these, and good ale in a jubbe
- **81** Suffysynge right ynoynge as for a day
- **82** They sellen stilfe wel a furlong way
- **83** And axed upon cas a cloisterer
- **84** And dwellen at the grange a day or two
- **85** That is a signe of kissyng atte leeste
- **86** I nght me mette eek I was at a feeste
- **87** Under his lunge a trewe-love he beer
- **88** And softe he cougheth with a semy soune
- **89** I moorne as dooth a lamb after the tete
- **90** That lik a turtel trewe is my mornynge
- **91** I may nat ete na moore than a mayde
- **92** forth thy wey, or I wol caste a ston
- **93** And lat me stipe, a twenty devil wey
And seyde, I am a lord at alle degrees

He felte a thynge al rough and long yherd

And Absolon gooth forth a sory pas

A berd! A berd! quod hende Nicholas

Of paramours he sette nat a kers

And weep as dooth a child that is ybet

Until a smyth men cleped daun Gerveys

This Absolon ne roghte nat a bene

hat knokketh so? I warante it a thee

And Absolon gooth forth a sor yspas

A berd! A berd! quod thende Nicholas

Of paramours the sette a kers

And weep as dooth a child that is ybete

Aberd! Aberd! quod thende Nicholas

Of paramours the sette a kers

And weep as dooth a child that is ybete

Aberd! Aberd! quod thende Nicholas

Of paramours the sette a kers

And weep as dooth a child that is ybete

Aberd! Aberd! quod thende Nicholas

Of paramours the sette a kers

And weep as dooth a child that is ybete

Aberd! Aberd! quod thende Nicholas

Abak 1

Abak he stirte, and thoughte it was amy

For tymbre, ther oure abbot hath hym sent

And sitten there, abidynge Goddes grace

aboute 7

And eek bihynde, on hire coler aboute

On foure halves of the hous aboute

Aboute pryme upon the nexte day

Aboute corfew-tyme, or litel moore

Aboute his dore, syn day bigan to spryn

hadd hadde henged in the roof above

The which that was ycleped Absolon

This Absolon, that jolif was and gay

This parissh clerk, this joly Absolon

That Absolon may blowe the bukses horn

And thus she maketh Absolon hire ape

For though that Absolon be wood or wrooth

For Absolon may waille and syng ellas

s parissh clerk, this amorous Absolon

This Absolon ful joly was and light

Up rist this joly lover Absolon

Wel bet than thee, by Jhesu, Absolon

Allas, quod Absolon, and weylawey

Ye, certes, lemmen, quod this Absolon

This Absolon doun sette hym on his knees

This Absolon gan wype his mouth ful drie

And Absolon, hym fil no bet ne wers

And Absolon gooth forth a sory pas

This seith Absolon herde every decl

But Absolon, that seith ful ofte, Allas

This Absolon knokketh al esily

What, who artow? It am I, Absolon

What, Absolon! for Cristes sweete tree

This Absolon ne roghte nat a bene

Therow, quod Absolon, be as be may

I am thyn Absolon, my deereelyng

herwith spak this clerk, this Absolon

And Absolon hath kist hir nether ye

accorded 1

And thus they been accorded and ysworn

acordaunt 1

Ful wel acordaunt to his gyternyng

Acorded 1

Acorded been to this conclusioun

acquitaunce 1

nd maken a chartre of lond or acquitaunce

ad 1

And Angelus ad virginem he song

Adoun 5

holay! What, how! What, looke adoun

sorwe of this he fil almoost adoun

And Alisoun ful softe adoun she spedde

h othes grete he was so sworn adoun

And seyde, I am adrad 1

Adoun he gooth, and tolde his maister s

Adoun, by Seint Thomas

affeccioun 1

Lo, which a greet thynge is a affeccioun
He was August so of Nowelis flood

Of al his pley; no word
And I wol brynye it thee

And eighteteene year she was of age
Arpenter goth doun, and comth

And this Carpenter, ful yore

In some woodnesse or in some

Hadle lerned art, but his fantasye
And al above ther lay a gay sautrie
hit was hir smok, and broyden of silk
In this world, to seken up and doun
And seyde, Lemman, love me
In a kirtel of a lyght waget
In al the toun nas brewhous ne teverne
He waketh at the nyght and at the day
He waketh at the nyght and at the day
And his ernest turneth til a jape
She sholde slypem in his arm
Of al that day she saugh hym nat with ye
This passeth forth
How may ye slepen at thilke Saterday
But for noght; he berde nat a word
Shal at the world be lost eftsoones now
Shal at the world be dreynyt, so hidos is the shouer
Werk al by conseil, and thou shalt nat rewe
That al the world with water sholde be lorn
And thanne shul we be lorde
Of the world, as Noe and his wyf
What this quyntey cast was for to seye
But er that he hadde mae
Thoghhte, Now is tymé to wake
To Alison now wol I telle
My mouth hath icched
At myght me mette eck I was at a feeste
And al the nyght thanne wol I wake and pley
hust, and thou shalt laughe
He felte a thyng al rough and long yherd
But me were levere than this toun, quod he
His hoote love was coold and yqueynt
This Absolon knokketh eal sily
Of al his pley; no word agayn he yaf
And thoughte he wolde amenden
And doun gooth
That he was holde wood in al the toun
For his kepyng and his jalousye
is tale is doon, and God save

ire pyment, meeth, and spiced
And broughte of myghty
th breed, and cheese, and good
Ne breed ne, til he cam to the celle

What! Alison! Herestow nat Absolon
Thanne wol I clepe, How, Alison! How, John
And thus lieth Alison and Nicholas
To Alison now wol I telle
This Alison answere, Who is ther
Up stirte hire Alison and Nicholay

And hende Nicholas and
shal she drench? Allas, myn
To drenchen. Alison, his honye deere
m! quod John, and Clom! seyde
And Alison ful softe adoun she spedde
What do ye, hony-combe, sweete
With hende Nicholas and
So swetely that all the chambré rong

Or I wol crie out, harrow and all

Absolon may waille and synge

This carpenter answerde, Allas, my wyf

And shal she drenche? Allas, myn Alisoun

Ful ofte he seide Allas and weylawe

And seyde, Allas! go forth wy, wy anon

Or I wol crié out, tharrow and all

Absolon, that seith ful ofte, Allas

Allas, quod he, allas, I ne hadde ybley

Allas, quod he, allas, I ne hadde ybleynt

And thoughte, Allas, now comth Nowelis flood

Or I wol dye, also God me save

This is for love so two bigon

What, who artow? It am I, Absolon

I am thyn Absolon, my deerelyng

And thoughte, thoughte, the wolde al the jape

That is for love alwey a lewed man

Therfore I wol go slepe an houre or tweye

And of gooth the skyn an hande-brede aboute

And of his craft he was a carpenter

And koude a certeyn of conclusiouns

Of deerne love he koude and of solas

And thereto he was sleigh and ful privee

And thereto he was sleigh and ful privee

And lyk a mayden meke for to see

And he hymself as sweete as is the root

And al above ther lay a gay sartie

And Angelus ad virginem he song

And after that he song the Kynges Noote

And thus this sweete clerk his lyme spe

And his rente

Jalous he was, and heeld hire narwe in cage

For she was wylde and yong, and he was old

And demed hymself been lik a cokewold
He ride
Looke how it is,
Bothe mete
And tho were bent
And thow were bent
And the were bent
And softer than the wolle is of a wether
And by girdel beeng a purs of lethe
Tasseled with silk
In al this world, to seken up
doun
of hir song, it was as loude and verne
Therto she koude skippe
and make game
Long as a mast,
upright as a bolt
Now, sire, so bifele the cas
I with this yonge wyf to rage
As clerkes ben ful subtle
and pleye
And prively he caughte hire by the quey
And seyde, Ywis, but if ich have my wil
And hevel hire harde by the haunchebone
And seyde, Lemman, love me al atones
And she sprong as a colt dooth in the
And with hir heed she wryed faste away
And seyde, I wol nat kisse thee, by my
Or I wol crie out, harrow
and alias
And spak so faire, and proffed him so faste
And proffed him so faste
That but ye wayte wel
and been privye
And thus they been accorded
and ysworn
And thakked hir aboute the lendes weel
He kiste hire sweete
and taketh his sawtrie
And pleyeth faste, and maketh melodie
And pleyeth faste,
and maketh melodie
Crul was his heer,
and as the gold it shoon
And strouted as a fanne large and brode
And strouted as a fanne large and brode
Ful straighte
evene lay his joly shode
Yclad he was ful smal and properly
Ful faire
and thikke been the poyntes set
And therupon he hadde a gay surpris
Wel koude he laten blood, and cliffe and shave
de he laten blood, and clippe and shave
And make a char'tre of lond or acquitau
twenty manere koude he trippe
danne
And with his legges casten to and fro
And with his legges casten to
and fro
Pleyen songs on a smal rubble
And as wel koude he pleye on a giterne
Of fartyng, and of speche daungerous
This Absolon, that jolif was gay
and
And many a lovely look on hem he caste
to and
and namely on this carpenteris wyf
She was so propre
and sweete and likerous
She was so propre and sweete
and likerous
And he a cat, he wolde hire hente anon
And Absolon his gyterne hath ytake
And forth he gooth, jolif and amorous
And forth he gooth, jolif and amorous
And dressed hym up by a shot-wyndowe
He syngyth in his voys gentil
and smal
This carpenter awook,
and herde him syngle
And spak unto his wyf, and seyde anon
And spak unto his wyf, and seyde anon
And she answered hire housbonde therwith
He waketh al the nyght
and al the day
He kembeth his lokkes brode,
and made hym gay
He wooweth hire by meenes and brocage
He sente hire pyment, meeth,
and spiced ale
And wafres, pipyngh hooit out of the glee
And, for she was of town, he profed me
And somme for strokes, and somme for ge
And somme for strokes, and somme for gentillesse
tyme, to shewe his lightnesse
and maistre
And thus she maketh Absolon hire ape
And al his ernest turneth til a jape
For Absolon may waile
and synghe alias
And so bifele it on a Saterday
And hende Nicholas and Alisoun
And hende Nicholas and Alisoun
And if so he the game wente aright
For this was his desir
and hire also
And right anon, withouten wordes mo
Bothe mete and drynke for a day or twee
And to hire housbonde bad hire for to s
And eet and sleep, or diete what hym les
And eet and sleep, or diete what hym les
And seyde, I am adrad, by Seint Thomas
lookke how it is, and tel me boldely
And at the chambr dore whil that he st
He cride and knooked as that he were wound
And at that hole he looked in ful depe
And at theaste he hadde of hym a sigh
Adoun he gooth,
and tolde his maister some
And seyde, Help us, Seinte Frydeswyde
For Jhesus love,
Allas, quod Absolon,
I love another
But first he cheweth greyn
This Absolon ful joly was
And shook hym harde,
Awak, and thenk on Cristes passioun
I crouche thee from elcs and fro wightes
And on the threshhold of the dove with
Jhesu Crist and Seinte Benedight
And atte laste this hende Nicholas
Gan for to silk soore, and seyele, Alisoun
And after wol I speke in pryvete
erteyn thynq that toucheth me and thee
This Absolon ful joly was
h compaignye, hym to disporte and pleye
And axe upon cas a cloisterer
And he drough hym apart out of the chir
And seyde, I noot, I saugh hym heere na
And dwelten at the grange a day or two
This Absolon ful joly was
And thonghte, Now is tymte to wake al nyng
And at the nyght thanne wol I wake and pleye
I the nyght thanne wol I wake and pleye
and hym arraith gay, at poyn-devys
But first he cheweth greyn and bycurys
And stille he stant under the shot-wynd
And softe he coucheth with a semy soune
Awaketh, lemman myn, and speketh to me
wonder is thoght that I swelte and swete
I love another and elles I were to blame
And lat me slepe, a twenty devel wey
Allas, quod Absolon, and weylawey
For Jhesus love, and for the love of me
And unto Nicholas she seyele stille
232 He holde
657 r what so this carpenter
593 Ger veys
306 This Nicholas
304 This carpenter
301 This Nicholas
579 eyde, Undo, Ger veys, and that anon
577 eyde, allas! go forth thy way
392 yrie, for the flood wol passe
421 eyde, Allas! go forth thy way
501 at the firste cok hath crowe, anon
398 answere, Certes, were it gold
367 r what so that this carpenter
232 He holde
On which he made a-nyghtes melodie
This Nicholas sat ay as he hadde his day
And if so be the game wente
He sholde sleepe in his arm.

Thanne shaltou swymme
And whan thou thus hast done
to an grace in this cas
And stroouted as a fanne large and brode
rode was reed, his eyen greye as goos
As whit as is the blosme upon the rys
As whit is the blosme upon the rys
And as wel koude he pleye on a giterne
He syntheth, brokkyng as a nyghtyngale
But what availleth hym as in this case
He erde and knokked as that he were wood
Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe
As he had hikked on the newe moone
And he hysmell as sweete as is the roote
And he hysmell as sweete as is the roote
He moste endure, as oother folk, his care
Any wezele hir body gent and smal
Any slywe sittynge on a berne
As any kyde or call fowlynge his dame
For any lord to leggen in his bedde
Or yet for any good yeman to wedde
ir forheed shoon as bright as any day
And dressed alle thyng as it sholde be
Fil on this carpenter right, as I gesse
Ther as the carpenter is wont to lye
I moorne as dooth a lamb after the tete
As help me God, it wol nat be com pa me
Derk was the nyght as pich, or as the cole
And weep as dooth a child that is ybete
Thou sholdest have, as I am trewe Smyth
Therof, quod Absolon, be as be may
Upon the wyndowe, right as he dide er
As greet as it had been a thunder-dent
As he were wood, for wo he gan to crye
And herde oon crien water! as he were wood
aske 1
Axe nat why, for though thou asked 2
asked 2
If that men asked hym, in certein houres
Or if men asked hym what sholde bifalle
asketh 1
This asketh haste, and of an hastif thynge
aslake 1
The water shal aslake and goon away
aslepe 1
e at nyght, when men ben alle aslepe
astrelabie 1
His astrelabie, longynge for his art
astrologye 2
Was turned for to lerne astrologye
I have yfounde in myn astrologye
astromye 2
This man is falle, with his astromye
So ferde another clerk with astromye
aswowne 2
Upon the floor, and ther aswowne he lay
That yet aswowne lay, bothe pale and wan
at 25
Whilom ther was dwellynge at Oxenford
On shelves couched at his beddes heed
For youte and elde is often at debaat
Whil that hir housbonde was at Oseneye
That she wol been at his comandement
Clepe at his dore, or knokke with a stoon
And at the chambrere dore whil that he stood
And at that hole he looked in ful depe
And at the laste he hadde of hym a sight
That now a Monday next, at quarter nyght
At thilke tyne, than alle his wetheres
Tomorwe at nyght, when men ben alle aslepe
aslepe 1
At Oxeneye
at debaat
at Oseneye
at his hous, certeyn
at cockes crowe
at his wyndowe
That at the leeste wey I shal hire kisse
at the dore he gan to stele
That at the leeste I shal hire kisse
That at the leeste wey I shal hire kisse
at the wyndow out she putte hir hole
At this styf
atones 2
And seyde, Lemman, love me al atones
and by the haspe he haat it of atones
hat she hir love hym graunted atte 3
And atte laste this hende Nicholas
That is a signe of kissying atte leeste
atwo 2
eek an ax to smyte the corde atwo
ith his ax he smoot the corde atwo
atwyme 1
wyf and thou moote hange fer atwyme
augrym 1
His augrym stones layen faire apart
availleth 1
But what availleth hym as in this cas
avysed 1
Be wel avysed on that ilke nyght
Awaitynge 1
Awaitynge on the reyn, if he it heere
Awak 1
Awak, and thenk on Cristes passioun
Awaketh 1
Awaketh, lemmamyn, and speketh to me

he water shal aslake and goon
that the grete shour is goon
away 2
away
away

with hir heed she wyred faste
awey 1
awey
awey

This carpenter
awook 1
awook, and herde him synge

awroken 1
Of this despit
awroken for to be

ax 2
And eek an
ax to smyte the corde atwo
with his
ax be smoot the corde atwo

Axe 1
Axe nat why, for though thou aske me

axed 2
If that he
axed after Nicholas
And
axed upon cas a cloisterer

ay 2
I thoughte
ay wel how that it shold be

This Nicholas sat
ay as stille as soone

A brooch she
baar 1
baar upon hir lowe coler

That
bad 2
bad man sholde wedde his simylitude
And
to hire housbonde
bad hire for to seye

balkes
balkes 1
to the tubbes hangyng in the

barge 1
which we mowe swymme as in a

barmclooth
barmclooth 1
A barmclooth as whit as morne milk

barred
barred 1
A ceynt she wered,
barred al of silk

be 30
Why, lat be!
quod she. Lat be, Nicholas

And therupon
be hadde a gay surpysly

Now, dere lady, if thy wille
be

For though that Absolon
be wood or wrooth
And
if so be the game wente aright

hte ay wel how that it shold be
Ye, blessed
be alwey a lewde man

Maketh the ferre leewe to
be looth

For though that Absolon
be wood or wrooth
And
if so be the game wente aright

Shal al the world
be lost eftsoones now

if thou wreye me, thou shalt
be wood
Shal al
be dreynyt, so hidous is the shour

l the world with water sholde
be lorn

Hym hadde
be lever, I dar wel undertake
ch of us, but looke that they
be large

Be myrie, for the flood wol passe anon
And thanne shal we
be lordes al oure lyf

Be wel avysed on that ilke nyght
Ne clepe, ne crie, but
be in his preyere

For that bitwixe yow shal
be no synne

So depe may impressioun
be take

essed alle thyng as it shold be

Syn Saterday; I crowe that he
be went

Where that he
be, I kan nat soothly seyn

As help me God, it wol nat
be com pa me

Thanne kyss me, syn it may
be no bel

Of this despit awroken for to be

Therof, quod Absolon, be as be may
Therof, quod Absolon, be as be may

For any lord to leggen in his
bedde 2
houten wordes mo they goon to
bedde

On shelves couched at his
beddes 1
beddes heed

been 11
And demed hymself
been lik a cokewold
That she wol
been at his comandement
That but ye wayte wel and
been privy
Ye moste
been ful deerne, as in this cas
And thus they been accorded and ysworn

Ful faire and thikke been the poyntes set
I dar wel seyn, if she hadde been a mous
And swoor he wolde been hir owene page
Acorded been to this conclusioun
Help us to scape, or we been dede echon
As greet as it had been a thonder-dent

And by hir girdel been a purs of lether
der his tonge a trewe love he been

Til that the belle of laudes gan to rynge
As clerkes been ful subtile and ful queynte
For som folk wol been wonnen for richesse
That we been entred into shippes bord
Tomorrow at nyght, whan men been alle aslepe
For therby wende to been gracious

This Absolon ne roghte nat a ben
Why rise ye so rathe? FY, benedicitee
Jhesu Crist and Seinte Benedight
And tho were bent and blake as any sloo
And thee wel, thou hende Nicholas bent
wel he wiste a womann hath no berd
A berd! A berd! quod thende Nicholas
A berd! A berd! quod hende Nicholas berne
As any swalwe sittynge on a berne
And therfore, woostou what is best to doone
is passeth forth; what wol ye bet than weel
And she was war, and knew it bet than he
Wel bet than thee, by Jhesu, Absolon bet
And Absolon, hym fil no bet ne wers
And stille he sit, and biddeth his preyere
if men asked hym what sholde bifalle
the sterres, what ther sholde bifalle
Now, sire, and eft, sire, so bifel
And so bifel it on a Saterday
was hir smok, and broyden al bifoore
bifal to bifoore
at oure Lord hadde warned hym biforn
This carpenter to blesseen hym bigan
Aboute his dore, syn day bigan
to sprynge
So woweth hire that hym is wo bigon
That is for love alwey so wo bigon
But if he koude a carpenter bigyle
This sely jalous housbonde to bigyle
This sely carpenter bigynmeth quake
And eek bifal to bihynde, on hir coler aboute
That noght but oonly his bileve
save oure lyf, and that I the biseche
A clerk hadde litherly
trew love was evere so yvel
biset
biset
his whyle
biset
bisely
bisely

He sharpeth shaar and kultour
bisynesse
bisynesse

The dede sleep, for very
ipisynesse
of myrthe and of solas

My soule
bitake
unto Sathanas

For that
bitwixe
yow shal be no synne

man woot litel what hym shal
blake
blake
as any sloo
tyme, than alle his wetheres
blake

e another and elles I were to
blame
blame

Blesse
Blesse
this hous from every wikked wigh

Ful often
blessed
blessed
was his myrie throte

Ye,
blessed
be alwey a lewed man

This carpenter to
blessen
blessen
hym bigan

She was ful moore
blisful
blisful
on to see

Wel koude he laten
blood
blood
ist forbede it, for his hooly
blood

As whit as is the
blosme
blosme
upon the rys

That Absolon may
blowe
blowe
the bukkes horn

As any wezele hir
body
body
genti and smal

As brood as is the boos of a
bokeler
bokeler

Looke how it is, and tel me
boldely
boldely

bog as a mast, and upright as a
bolt
bolt

His Almageste, and
bookes
bookes
grete and smale

As brood as is the
boos
boos
of a bokeler

he gnof, that gestes heeld to
bord
bord
ole he fooned, ful lowe upon a
bord
bord
at we ben entred into shippes
bord
bord

For whan he spak, he was anon
bore
bore
doun

Bothe
Bothe
mete and drynke for a day or twey
neit vitailled,
bothe
trough and tubbe
bothe
smale and grete
That yet aswowe lay,
bothe
pale and wan

hat chaunteth thus under oure
boures
boures
wal

That stant ful lowe upon his
boures
boures
wal

Hir mouth was sweete as
bragot
bragot
or the meeth

With
breed
breed
and chese, and good ale in a jub

Ne
breed
ne ale, til he cam to the celle

And
breke
breke
an hole an heigh, upon the gable

The hoote kultour
brende
brende
so his toute
Unto his brest it raughete, it was so lowe

In al the toun nas brewhous ne taverne

Hir forheed shoon as bright as any day

As I have looked in the moone bright

moone, whan it was nyght, ful brighter shoon

Ful brighter was the shynynge of hir hewe

He woweth hire by meenes and brocage

strouted as a fanne large and brode

He kembeth his lokkes brode, and made hym gay

Hath broght yow thus upon the virtoot

Of gold, quod he, I have thee broght a ryng

And broghte of myghty ale a large quart

He syngeth, brokkyng as a nyghtyngale

A brooch she baar upon hir lowe coler

As brood as is the boos of a bokerel

For with the fal he brosten hadde his arm

de, The man is wood, my leve

Ful smale ypulled were hire brooses

Whit was hir smok, and broyden

A brooch she baar upon hir lowe coler brood

As brood as is the boos of a bokerel

And I wol brynge it thee agayn ful soone

That Absolon may blowe the bukkes horn

but al his fantasye

But sith that he was fallen in the snar

But of hir song, it was as loude and ye

And seyde, Ywis, but if ich have my wille

That but ye wayte wel and been privee

I woot right wel I nam but deed, quod she

If he koude a carpenter bigyle

But sooth to seyn, he was somdeel squay

What availeth hym as in this cas

And I wol brynge it thee agayn ful soone

He ne hadde for his labour but a scorn

But dooth ful softe unto his chambr ca

But al for noght, he herde nat a word

But oonly his blieve kan

He saugh nat that. But yet, by Seint Thomas

For ech of us, but looke that they he large

But for a day fy on the remenant

But Robyn may nat wite of this, thy kna

Suffiseth thee, but if thy wittes madde

But whan thou hast, for hire and thee a

But of a thyng I warne thee ful righr

Ne clepe, ne crie, but be in his preyre

But natheses she ferde as she wolde de

But er that he hadde maad al this array

But first he cheweth greyn and lycorys

But with his mouth he kiste hir naked e

But Absolon, that seith ful ofte, Allas

But we were leverne than al this toun, q

But stonde he moste unto his owene harm

buttock, to the haunchche-bon

by 23
To demen by interrogaciouns
And by hir girdel beeng a purs of letter
And prively he caughte hire by the queynte
And heeld hire harde by the hauncebones
seyde, I wol nat kissye thee, by my fey
And swoor hir ooth, by Seint Thomas of Kent
And dressed hym up by a shot-wyndowe
He wooweth hire by meenes and brocage
By cause that he fer was from hire sigh
And seyde, I am adrad, by Seint Thomas
And caughte the kultour by the colde stele
By Goddes corpus, this goth fair and w
By Seinte Note, ye woot wel what I mene
And抽取 the kultour by the colde stele
on his lippe he gan for anger
As any kyde or calf folwynge his dame
or no cry hir mayde koude hym
Til he cam to the carpenteres hous
Ne breed ne ale, til he cam to the celse
He sheteth his dore withoute
candel-lyght
the roof they kiken and they
cape
And evere capped upward into the eir
This Nicholas sat evere
capynge
This carpenter
th ful softe unto his chambre
His knave was a strong
And of his craft he was a
carpenter
This carpenter hadde wedded newe a wyf
But if he koude a
carpenter bigyle
This carpenter awook, and herde him synge
This carpenter was goon til Osenay
This sely
carpenter hath greet merveyde
This carpenter to blessen hym bigan
This carpenter wende he were in despeir
This carpenter answerde, What seystow
This carpenter gotth doun, and comth ageyn
And doun the
carpenter by hym he sette
This carpenter answerde, Allas, my wyf
Yis, quod this
carpenter, ful yore ago
This sely
carpenter goth forth his wyf
This sely
carpenter bigynmeth quaye
Fil on this
carpenter right, as I gesse
Ther as the
carpenter is wont to lye
Ful prively after John the
carpenter
This
carpenter out of his slomber sterte
For what so that this
carpenter answerde
til he cam to the
Stephencarpenteres hous
He rometh to the
Stephencarpenteres hous
And namely on this
Stephencarpenterer wyf
That was upon the
carpenteris wyl
And wente unto the
carpenteris wyl
Thus seydeth was this
carpentereris wyf
, and eft, sire, so bifel the
e been ful deerne, as in this
e, Is ther no remedie in this
And axed upon
「『粉砕き屋の話』の序と物語」用語索引(1)（東 好男）

cast 1
What al this queynte cast was for to seye

caste 2
many a lovely look on hem he caste
Go forth thy wey, or I wol caste a ston

casten 1
And with his legges casten to and fro

cat 2
And he a cat, he wolde hire hente anon
Ther as the cat was in for to crepe

Catoun 1
He knew nat Catoun, for his wit was rude

coughte 2
And privly he coughte hire by the queynte
And coughte the kultour by the colde stele

cause 1
By cause that he fer was from hire sight

celle 1
eed ne ale, til he cam to the celle

certain 1
If that men asked hym, in certein houre

certes 2
Ye, certes, leman, quod this Absolon

certeyn 4
And koude a certeyn of conclusiouns
If elles was at this hous, certeyn

Cetewale 1
Of lycorys or any cetewale

ceynt 1
A ceynt she werede, barred al of silk

chambre 6
A chambre hadde he in that hostelrye
So swetely that all the chambre rong
But dooth ful softe unto his chambre carie
That Nicholas stille in his chambre lay
And at the chambre dore whil that he stood
And to the chambre dore he gan hym dresse

chartre 1
And maken a chartre of lond or acquitaunce

chauncel 1
And freres in the chauncel gonne syngye

chaunteh 1
That chaunteh thus underoure bours wal

cheere 1
wepeth, weyleth, maketh sory

chese 1
With breed, and chese, and good ale in a jubbe

cheweth 1
But first he cheweth greyn and lycorys

child 3
A myrie child he was, so God me save
To child ne wyf, by hym that harwed helle
And weep as dooth a child that is ybet

chippes 1
with straw, with clooth, with chippes

chirche 4
it thus, that to the paryssh
Now was ther of that
I saugh today a curs yborn to chirche
e drough hym apart out of the chirche

chymenee 1
That hoote kultour in the chymenee heere

clapte 1
Tehee! quod she, and clapte the wyndow to

Clepe 3
Clepe at his dore, or knokke with a sto
Thanne wol I clepe, How, Alison! How, John
Ne clepe, ne crie, but be in his preyere

cleped 2
This clerk was cleped hende Nicholas
Until a Smyth man cleped daun Gervey
clerk 9
And thus this sweete clerk hadde litherly biset his whyle
A clerk hadde litherly biset his whyle

her of that chirche a parishsh clerk
This parishsh clerk, this joly Absolon

This parishsh clerk, this amorous Absolon
And therwith spak this clerk, this Absolon

For every clerk anonright heeld with oother

clerkes 1
As clerkes ben ful subtile and ful queynte

clippe 1
Wel koude he laten blood, and

And axed upon cas a

clom 3
Now, Pater-noster, clom! seyde Nicholay
And Clom! quod John, and Clom! seyde Alisoun
And Clom! quod John, and Clom! seyde Alisoun

clomben 1
And shortly, up they clomben alle thre

clooth 1
, with sond, with straw, with clooth, with chippes

clymben 1
To clymben by the ronges and the stalkes

cogheth 1
He cogheth first, and knokketh therwithal

cok 1
Whan that the firste cok hath crowe, anon

ckewold 1
cokewold 1
And demed hymself been lik a

ckkes 2
A litel after ckkes hadde ycrowe
So moot I thryve, I shal, at ckkes crowe

col-blak 1
Of col-blak silk, withinne and eek without

colde 1
nd caughte the kultour by the colde stele

cole 1
the nyght as pich, or as the

colet 3
And eek bihynede, on hir coler aboute
Were of the same suyte of hir coler
brooch she baar upon hir lowe

colt 2
And she sproong as a colt dooth in the trave

com 2
As help me God, it wol nat be com pa me
Have do, quod she, com of, and speed the haste

comandement 1
comandement 1
That she wol been at his

com 2
Noees flood com wol wynge as the see
e make thee redy, quod she, I com anon

cometh 1
For after this I hope ther cometh moore

compaignye 3
Allone, withouten any compaignye
With compaignye, hym to disporte and pleye
to sitten in the roof, par compaignye

comth 3
This carpenter goth doun, and comth ageyn

comth 3
Whan that the water comth, that we may go
And thoughte, Alas, now comth Nowelis flood

comth 3
Acored been to this

conclusioun 1
conclusioun 1
This carptroo goth doun, and comth ageyn

conclusioun 1
And koude a certeyn of conclusiouns

confort 1
Som maner confort shal I have, parfay

conseil 4
t to no wight thou shalt this conseil wreye
318 For it is Cristes conseil that I seye
344 Werk al by conseil, and thou shalt nat rewe
d if thou werken wolt by good conseil
568 His hoote love was
cold 1
cold and al yqueynt
corde 2
And eek an ax to smyte the
corde atwo
583 And with his ax he smoothe the
corde aitwo
459 Aboute corfew-tyme, or litel moore
corporus 1
By Goddes
cors 1
I saugh today a
corven 1
With Poules wyndow
couched 1
On shelves
couched at his beddes heed
cougheth 1
And softe he
cougheth with a semy soun
craft 1
And of his
craft he was a carpenter
crepe 2
as the cat was wont in for to
crepe
t o u re knedyng-tubbes wol we
crepe
250 He
crude 2
And shook hym harde, and
crude spitously
630 And
crien 1
And herde oon
crien water! as he were wood
297 Jhesu Crist and Seinte Benedight
322 Nay, Crist forbede it, for his holy blood
Cristes 5
122 Cristes owene werkes for to wirche
292 Awak, and thenk on
Cristes passioun
318 For it is Cristes conseil that I seye
581 What, Absolon! for Cristes sweete tree
e, Cristes foo! What wol ye do therwith
crouche 1
I
crouche thee from elves and fro white
crowe 2
t I thrive, I shal, at cokkes
crowe
crowe, anon
489 Whan that the firste cok hath
crowe
501
crowe
128 Crul
Crul was his heer, and as the gold it s
cry 1
For, for no
cry hir mayde koude hym calle
crye 2
628 his Nicholas gan mercy for to
crye
165 For
curteisie, he seyde, he wolde noon
curteisie 1
101 o wey youre handes, for youre
curteisye
cynamome 1
513 My faire bryd, my sweete
cynamome
dame 1
any kyde or calf folwynge his
dame
74 dar 2
I
dar wel seyn, if she hadde been a mous
dar wel undertake
355 Hym hadde be levere, I
daun 1
575 Until a smyth men cleped
daun
daunce
1
daunce
ty manere koude he trippe and
Of fartyng, and of speche daungerous 1
dangerous

day 16
That on a day this hende Nicholas
day
orheed shoon as bright as any day
day
day to day this joly Absolon
day
day to day this joly Absolon
day
aketh al the nyght and al the day
day
Bothe mete and drynyke for a day or tweye
day
Of al that day she saugh hym nat with ye
day
But for a day fy on the remenant
day
Aboute prynte upon the nexte day
day
rwe, I se thee wel, for it is day
day
fissyng right ynogh as for a day
day
And dwelien at the grange a day or two
day
Aboute his dore, syn day bigan to sprynge
day
uth hath iched al this longe day
day
al wel telle it thee to-morwe day
day

Help us to scape, or we been dede 2
dedeen
to save, or we been dede echon
dedee
The dede sleep, for verry bisynesse
dedee

I woot right wel I nam but dede, quod she
dedee
deed 1
in lookyng than ther shal in deed
deed
woot, John, I heere it every deed
deele
This sely Absolon herde every deed
deele

deere 6
Now, deere lady, if thy wille be deere
deere
deere
For it is Goddes owene heest deere
deere
deede spouse, and help to save oure lyf
deere
deede
To drenchen Alisoun, his hony deere
deere
deede
ys knew, and seyde, Freend so deere
deede
deede

I am thyn Absolon, my deerelyng 1
deere
deere
Of deere love he koude and of solas
deere
deede
Ye moste been ful deere, as in this cas
deere

deffie 1
Ful ofte paramours he gan deffie
deffe
degrees 1
nd seyde, I am a lord at alle degrees

demed 1
And demed hymself been lik a cokewold
demen
demen
To demen by interrogacions
depse 2
at that hole he looked in ful depe
depa
So depe may impressioun be take
derk 1
Derk was the nyght as pich, or as the c
desir 1
For this was his desir and hire also
desir

despeir 1
is carpenter wende he were in despeir
despeir
Of this despit awroken for to be
despit
And lat me slepe, a twenty desvit wey
desvit
This carpenter seyde his desvioun 1
desvioun

deyde 1
God shilde that he deyde sodeynly
deyde
helees she ferde as she wolde deye
deye
And eet and sleep, or dide what hym lest deide

dide 3
And up the wyndowe dide he hastily
disporte 1
With compaignye, hym to

distaf 1

Do 6
Do wey youre handes, for youre curteisy

do ye, maister Nicholay

do ye, hony-comb, sweete Alisoun

Have do, quod she, com of, and speed the fas

seyde, Fry! alas! what have I do

do ther with

Ey, Cristes foo! What wol ye do ther with

As dooth the white

dook 1

dooke after hire drake

doon 4

When Nicholas had
doone 2

This tale is

doone 2

And as I have seyde

This is, and God save al the rowte

doone 2

fore, woostou what is best to doone

doo 1

e ne it me; I have ther with to
doo 1

And she sproong as a colt

dooth 5

But dooth ful softe unto his chambe carie

doon 2

As dooth the white doke after hire drake

This is, and God save al the rowte

doon 2

I moorne as
dooe 5

And, and God save al the rowte

Men that swynke

doon 2

Thus Nicholas had
done 4

This Absolon
doon 2

This Absolon

doon 2

This Absolon

doon 2

This Absolon

This Absolon
doon 2

Doun of the laddre stalketh Nicholay

droghte 1

Whan that men sholde have

dronke 1

And whan that ech of hem had
droghte 1

Or elles shoures

dronke 1

Nicholas answerde, Fecche me

dynke 2

Bothe mete and

dynk 2

for a day or tweye

dus 1

With
dus 1

With sond, with straw, with cloot
dwellen 1
And dwellen at the grange a day or two

1
Whilom ther was dwellynge at Oxenford

4
With hym ther was dwellynge a poure scoler

dye 1
for the smert he wende for to
dye 2
Or I wol dyen, also God me save

Men may dyen, of ymaginacioun

dyen 2
And when that dyen of hem had dronke his part

For dyen of us, but looke that they be large

us to scape, or we been dede
echon 1

eek 6
And eek bihynde, on hir coler aboute

t col-blak silk, withinne and eek withoute

f col-blak silk, withinne and eek withoute

Ne eek th by mayde Gille I may nat save

And eek an ax to smyte the corde atwo

He sente his knave, and eek his wenche also

Al nyght me mette eek I was at a feeste
echt 1
And echt and sleep, or dice what hym lest

eft 2
Now, sire, and eft, sire, so bifel the cas

And eft he routeth, for his heed mislay
eftsoones 1
Shal al the world be lost
eighteteene 1
Of eighteteene yeer she was of age
cir 1
d evere caped upward into the
cir 1

clde 1
For youthe and elde is often at debaat

ten 3
at men sholde have droghte or elles shoures

Or elles he is at his hous, certeyn

I love another and elles I were to blame

eeellis 1
A knedying trogh, or ellis a kymelyn
eelde 1
I crouche thee from elves and fro wightes

endure 1
He moste endure, as oother folk, his care

entred 1
That we ben entred into shippes bord

Er 6
Er that he myghte gete his wyf to shipe

But er that he hadde maad al this array

To smellen sweete, er he hadde kembd his heer

Ful savourly, er he were war of this

the wyndowe, right as he dide er

He sholde kisse his ers er that he scape

ernest 1
And al his ernest turneth til a jape

er 5
his mouth he kiste hir naked

t tyme that he hadde kist hir ers

He sholde kisse his ers er that he scape

And out his ers he putteth pryvely

And Nicholas amyddle the ers he smoot

esily 1
This Absolon knokketh al

esily 2

n that she may hir leyser wel

st that oure neighebores thee

especie 1
at no man of oure purveiaunce

estatant 1
Men sholde wedden after hire

cete 1
I may nat ece na moore than a mayde
evene 1
  Ful streight and evene lay his joly shode

evre 3
  This Nicholas sat evre capyng upright
  And evre caped upward into the eir
  That trewe love was evre so yvel bist

everideel 1
  Whan Nicholas had doon thus everideel

every 7
  Of every thyng; I may nat rekene hem alle
  Blesse this hous from every wikked wight
  This sely Absolon herde every deel
  They tolden every man that he was wood
  And every wight gan laughen at this stryf

Ey 1
  Ey, Cristes foo! What wol ye do therwit

eyen 1
  His rode was reed, his eyen greye as goos

eyle 1
  las, or what thyng myghte hym eyle

eyleth 1
  What eyleth yow? Som gay gerl, God it woot

Fair 1
  Fair was this yonge wyf, and therwithal

faire 6
  His augrym stones layen faire apart
  And spak so faire, and profred him so faste
  Ful faire and thikke been the poynetes set
  And hastoure vitalic faire in hem yleyd
  My faire bryd, my sweete cynamome
  By Goddes corpus, this gos faire and weel

fal 1
  For with the fal he brosten hadde his arm

faldyng 1
  His presse ycovered with a faldyng reed

falle 3
  answere for thyng that myghte falen
  This man is falle, with his astroyme
  Shal falle a reyn, and that so wilde and woo

fallen 1
  But sith that he was fallen in the snare

fanne 1
  And strouted as a fanne large and brode

fantasie 1
  Thourgh fantasie that of his vanytee

fantasye 2
  Hadde lerned art, but al his fantasye
  The folk gan laughen at his fantasye

fart 1
  This Nicholas anon leet fle a fart

fartynge 1
  Of fartynge, and of speche daungerous

faste 7
  And with hir heed she wryed faste awey
  so faire, and profred him so faste
  And pleyeth faste, and maketh melodie
  nge the wyves of the parisshe faste
  This Nicholas his dere faste shette
  Anon go gete us faste into this in
  od she, com of, and speed the faste

Fecche 1
  This Nicholas answerede, Fecche me drynke

feclides 1
  He walked in the feclides for to prye

feeste 1
  nyghte me mette eek I was at a feeste

felaweshipe 1
  The sorwe of Noe with his felaweshipe

felte 1
  He felte a thyng al rough and long yherd

fer 2
  By cause that he fer was from hire sight

Thy wyf and thou moote hange fer atwynne
ferde 2
So ferde another clerk with astromye

But natheles she ferde as she wolde dye

ferre 1
Maketh the ferre levee to be looth

Fetisly 2
Fetisly ydight with herbes swoote

Fey 1
Ful fetisly ydight with the herbes sweete

Fil 7
With this yonge wyf to rape and ple

Fille 1
And thou shalt laughen al thy fille

First 2
But first he cheweth greyn and lycorys

Fle 1
This Nicholas anon leet fle a fart

Floor 2
Into the floor the dore fil anon

Flood 5
Half so greet was nevere Noes flood

Folk 3
He moste endure, as oother folk, his care

Follwyng 1
As any kyde or calf follwyng his dame

Fool 1
Go fro the wyndow, Jakke fool, she sayde

Fond 2
An hole he fond, ful lowe upon a bord

For 86
Was turned for to lerne astrologye

And lyk a mayden meke for to see

His astrelacie, longynge for his art

For she was wynde and yong, and he was

He knew nat Catoun, for his wyte was rude

For youte and elde is often at debaht

For any lord to leggen in his bedde

Or yet for any good yeman to wedde

For deern love of thee, leman, I spile

Do wey youre handes, for youre curteisye

This Nicholas gan mercy for to crye

Cristes owene werkes for to wirche

For curteisie, he syde, he wolde noon

For paramours he thoghte for to wake

And, for she was of town, he profred meede

For som folk wol ben wonnen for richesse

For som folk wol ben wonnen for richesse

And somme for strokes, and somme for gentillesse

Somme for strokes, and somme for gentillesse

He ne hadde for his labor but a scorn

He tolde that Absolon was wood or wroo

For Absolon may waille and syng alle aloue

For this was his desyer and hire also

Both me and drynk to hire housbonde bad hire for to seye

For, for no cry hir mayde koude hym cal

For, for no cry hir mayde koude hym cal

He tolde answere for thynge that myghte falne

But al for noght; he herde nat a word

Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe

He walked in the feeldes for to pryde
His knave was a strong carl for the none

Gan for to skil sore, and seyde, Allas

For it is Cristes conseil that I seye

For this vengeance thou shalt han ther

Nay, Crist forbede it, for his holy blood

For sorwe of this he fil almooest adoun

Why, yis, for Gode, quod hende Nicholas

For thus seith Salomon, that was ful tr

For ech of us, but looke that they be l

But for a day fy on the remenant

Axen nat why, for though thou ask me

As when thou bast, for hire and thee and me

Be myrie, for the flood wol passe anon

For it is day

Good morwe, I se thee wel, for it is day

For it is Goddes owene heeste deere

For that bitwixe you shal be no synne

What al this queynte cast was for to seye

Suffisynge right ynoh as for a day

Upon his pede to London for to go

The dede sleep, for very bisynesse

And eft he routeth, for his heed myslay

That is for love alwey so wo bigon

For tyster, ther oure abbot hath hym se

For he is wont for tyster for to go

For he is wont for tyster for to go

For sikerly I saugh hym nat stirynge

My love-longynge, for yet I shal nat mysse

For therby wende he to ben gracius

That for youre love I swete ther I go

For Jhesus love, and for the love of me

For after this I hope ther cometh moore

For wel he wiste a woman hath no berc

And on his lippe he gan for angre byte

Of this despit awroken to be

For fro that tymne that he hadde kist hi

For he was heeld of his maladie

What, Absolon! for Cristes sweete tree

This Nicholas was risen for to pissee

And for the smert he wende for to dye

As he were wood, for wo he gan to crye

Help! Water! Water! Help, for Goddes herte

In ronnen for to gaueren on this man

For with the fa he brosten hadde his a

For whan he spak, he was anon bore doun

And that he preyed hem, for Goddes love

What for so that this carpenter anwered

It was for noght; no man his reson herde

For every clerk anonright heeld with oo

For al his kepyng and his jalousye

forbede 1

forge 1

That in his forge smythed plough harneys

forheed 1

Hir forheed shoon as bright as any day

forlore 1

f thou telle it man, thou art forlore 1

forth 8

And forth he gooth, jolif and amorous

This passeth forth; what wol ye bet than weel

This passeth forth at thilke Saterday

That we may frely passen forth our way

This sely carpenter goth forth his wey

And seyde, Allas! go forth thy wey anon

Go forth thy wey, or I wol caste a ston

And Absolon gooth forth a sory pas

foure 1

On foure halves of the hous aboute

Froend 1

Than Gerveys knew, and seyde, Froend so deere

freendes 1

After his freendes fyndyng and his rente

frely 1

That we may frely passen forth oure way

freses 1

And freses in the chauncel gonne synge

fro 5

with his legges casten to and fro

Fro day to day this joly Absolon

I crouche thee from elves and fro wightes

Go fro the window, Jakke fool, she sayde

For fro that tymne that he hadde kist hir er
By cause that he fer was from hire sight
I crouche thee from elves and fro wightes
Bless us this hous from every wikked wight

Frothe now, who frothe now his lippes

And seyde, Help us, Seinte Frydeswyde

Ful and privy
Ful fetisly tydight with therbes swoote
Ful often blessed was this myrie throte

Ful of many a goore ful of hye
Ful oft many a goore ful oft
Ful filet brood of silk, and set ful
Ful brighte and ful of morys

Ful more blisful on to see ful sturdily
Ful brighter was the shynyng of thir wight
Ful brighter was the shynyng of thir wight
This world is now ful tikel, sikerly

Ful softe unto thir chambre carie ful fyn it is, and therto wel ygrave
Ful softe out at the dore he gan to ste ful fyn it is, and therto wel ygrave
Ful ofte he seide Allas and weylawey ful ofte
Ful oft he were warne thee ful right
Ful oftly knokken at his wyndowe ful oftly, gan deffie
Ful oft he seide Allas ful oftly

And al above ther lay a gay sautrie gay sautrie
And al above ther lay a gay sautrie gay
And al above ther lay a gay sautrie gay
And al above ther lay a gay sautrie gay
And al above ther lay a gay sautrie gay
And al above ther lay a gay sautrie gay
And therupon he hadde a gay surplys
s Absolon, that jolif was and gay
is lokkes brode, and made hym gay, at poyn-devys
And hym arraieth gay gerl, God it woot
gaylard 1
Gay
Quote
Ther any gaylard tappestere was
gent 1
As any wezele hir body gent and smal
gentil 1
He syngeth in his voys gentil and smal
gentillesse 1
me for strokes, and somme for gentillesse
geri 1
What eyleth yow? Som gay gerl, God it woot
Gerveys 4
Until a smyth men cleped daun Gerveys
And seyde, Undo, Gerveys, and that anon
Gerveys knew, and seyde, Freend so deer
Gerveys answerde, Certes, were it gold
gesse 2
hal out of his studiyng, as I gesse on this carpenter right, as I gesse
gestes 1
gestes heeld to bord
Get 1
Get me a staf, that I may underspore
gete 2
Er that he myghte Anon go gete his wyf to shipe
gete us faste into this in
geteth 1
He gooth and geteth hym a knedyng trogh
Gille 1
Ne eek thy maybe Gille I may nat save
girdel 1
And by hir girdel beeng a purs of letter
giterne 1
nd as wel koude he pleye on a giterne
gleede 1
afres, pipyng hoot out of the gleede
2
A riche gnof, that gnof 1, that gestes heeld to bord
Go 16
Go up, quod he unto his knave anoon
Anon go gete us faste into this in
Go now thy wyf, and speed thee heer-abo
This ordinance is seyd. Go, God thee speede
Go now thy wyf; I have no lenger space
Go, saveoure lyf, and that I the bisec
And seyde, Allas! go forth thy wyf anon
Go, deere spouse, and help to save oure
pon his nede to London for to go
he is wont for tymber for to go
for youre love I swete ther I go
Go fro the wyndow. Jakke fool, she sayd
Go forth thy wy, or I wol caste a ston
Wiltow thanne go thy wy therwith? quod she
God 11
Or I wol dyn, also God me save
A myrie child he was, so God me save
Yis, God woot, John, I heere it every deel
God shilde that he dyede sodeynly
What! Thynk on God, as we doon, men that swyneke
This ordinance is seyd. Go, God thee speede
hat eyleth yow? Som gay gerl, God it woot
Why, say, quod he, God woot, my swete leef
My moorder yaf it me, so God me save
This tale is doon, and God save al the rowte
Goddes 7
Men sholde nat knowe of Goddes pryvete
I wol nat tellen Goddes pryvete
For it is Goddes owene heeste deere
And sitten there, abidyng Goddes grace
By Goddes corpus, this goth faire and weel
Help! Water! Water! Help, for Goddes herte
And that he preyed hem, for Goddes love
Why, yis, for
Gode, quod hende Nicholas

Crul was his heere, and as the gold it shoon
eye answered, Certes, were it gold
Of gold, quod he, I have thee brought a ryn

And freres in the chauncel
gonne 1
gonne sygne

Or yet for any good yeman to wedde
And if thou werken wolt by good consel
Good morwe, I se thee wel, for it is da
With breed, and chese, and good ale in a jubbe

This good wyf went on an haliday

This carpenter was
goone 1
goone til Osenay
The water shal aslake and goon away

When that the grete shour is goon away
Withouten wordes mo they goon to bedde

pon hir lendes, ful of many a

For travaile of his

goost 1

goost he groneth soore

goost with a sencer on the haliday

Til Sunday, that the sonne goost to reste
This knave goost hym up ful sturdily
Adoun he goost, and tolde his maister soone
He goost and geteth hym a knedyng trogh
And Absolon goost forth a sory pas

Of goost the skyn an hande-brede aboute
And down goost al; he lound neither to selle

This carpenter
goth 3

goth doun, and comth ageyn

By Goddes corpus, this
goth faire and weel

To han as greet a grace as Noe hadde
Lenman, thy grace, and sweete bryd, thyn oore

For therby wende he to ben

grange 1
grange a day or two

That she hir love hym
graunted 1
graunted atte laste

This sely carpenter hath

greet 5

greet mervyele
That half so greet was nevere Noes flood
To han as greet a grace as Noe hadde
Lo, which a greet thynge is affeccioun

As greet as it had been a thunder-dent

His Almageste, and booke

grete and smale

Whan that the grete shour is goon away
neighebores, bothe smale and
grete

With othes grete he was so sworn adoun

His rode was reed, his eye

greye 1
greye as goos

But first he cheweth
greyen 1
greyen and lycorys

For travaile of his goost he

groeneth 1
groeneth soore

And Absolon his

gytenne 1
gytenne hath ytake

Ful wel accordaunt to his

gytenynge 1
gytenynge

haaf 1

And by the haspe he

t haaf it of atones