

# SHORT STORY AMERICA

## THE MILLER'S TALE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

### THE PROLOGUE

When that the Knight had thus his tale told  
In all the rout was neither young nor old,  
That he not said it was a noble story,  
And worthy to be \*drawen to memory\*; \*recorded\*  
And \*namely the gentles\* every one. \*especially the gentlefolk\*  
Our Host then laugh'd and swore, "So may I gon,\* \*prosper  
This goes aright; \*unbuckled is the mail;\* \*the budget is opened\*  
Let see now who shall tell another tale:  
For truely this game is well begun.  
Now telleth ye, Sir Monk, if that ye conne\*, \*know  
Somewhat, to quiten\* with the Knighte's tale." \*match  
The Miller that fordrunken was all pale,  
So that unnethes\* upon his horse he sat, \*with difficulty  
He would avalen\* neither hood nor hat, \*uncover  
Nor abide\* no man for his courtesy, \*give way to  
But in Pilate's voice<1> he gan to cry,  
And swore by armes, and by blood, and bones,  
"I can a noble tale for the nones\* \*occasion,  
With which I will now quite\* the Knighte's tale." \*match  
Our Host saw well how drunk he was of ale,  
And said; "Robin, abide, my leve\* brother, \*dear  
Some better man shall tell us first another:  
Abide, and let us worke thriftily."  
By Godde's soul," quoth he, "that will not I,  
For I will speak, or elles go my way!"

Our Host answer'd; "*\*Tell on a devil way\**;                   *\*devil take you!\**  
 Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome."  
 "Now hearken," quoth the Miller, "all and some:  
 But first I make a protestatioun.  
 That I am drunk, I know it by my soun':  
 And therefore if that I misspeak or say,  
*\*Wite it\** the ale of Southwark, I you pray:                   *\*blame it on\*<2>*  
 For I will tell a legend and a life  
 Both of a carpenter and of his wife,  
 How that a clerk hath *\*set the wrighte's cap\**."   *\*fooled the carpenter\**  
 The Reeve answer'd and saide, "*\*Stint thy clap\**,   *\*hold your tongue\**  
 Let be thy lewed drunken harlotry.  
 It is a sin, and eke a great folly  
 To apeiren\* any man, or him defame,                   *\*injure*  
 And eke to bringe wives in evil name.  
 Thou may'st enough of other thinges sayn."  
 This drunken Miller spake full soon again,  
 And saide, "Leve brother Osewold,  
 Who hath no wife, he is no cuckold.  
 But I say not therefore that thou art one;  
 There be full goode wives many one.  
 Why art thou angry with my tale now?  
 I have a wife, pardie, as well as thou,  
 Yet *\*n'old I\**, for the oxen in my plough,                   *\*I would not\**  
 Taken upon me more than enough,  
 To deemen\* of myself that I am one;                   *\*judge*  
 I will believe well that I am none.  
 An husband should not be inquisitive  
 Of Godde's privity, nor of his wife.  
 So he may finde Godde's foison\* there,                   *\*treasure*  
 Of the remnant needeth not to enquire."

What should I more say, but that this Millere  
 He would his wordes for no man forbear,  
 But told his churlish\* tale in his mannere;                   *\*boorish, rude*  
 Me thinketh, that I shall rehearse it here.  
 And therefore every gentle wight I pray,  
 For Godde's love to deem not that I say  
 Of evil intent, but that I must rehearse  
 Their tales all, be they better or worse,

Or elles falsen\* some of my mattere. \*falsify  
 And therefore whoso list it not to hear,  
 Turn o'er the leaf, and choose another tale;  
 For he shall find enough, both great and smale,  
 Of storial\* thing that toucheth gentiless, \*historical, true  
 And eke morality and holiness.  
 Blame not me, if that ye choose amiss.  
 The Miller is a churl, ye know well this,  
 So was the Reeve, with many other mo',  
 And harlotry\* they tolde bothe two. \*ribald tales  
 \*Avise you\* now, and put me out of blame; \*be warned\*  
 And eke men should not make earnest of game\*. \*jest, fun

### Notes to the Prologue to the Miller's Tale

1. Pilate, an unpopular personage in the mystery-plays of the middle ages, was probably represented as having a gruff, harsh voice.
2. Wite: blame; in Scotland, "to bear the wyte," is to bear the blame.

### THE TALE.

Whilom there was dwelling in Oxenford  
 A riche gnof\*, that \*gwestes held to board\*, \*miser \*took in boarders\*  
 And of his craft he was a carpenter.  
 With him there was dwelling a poor scholer,  
 Had learned art, but all his fantasy  
 Was turned for to learn astrology.  
 He coude\* a certain of conclusions \*knew  
 To deeme\* by interrogations, \*determine  
 If that men asked him in certain hours,  
 When that men should have drought or elles show'rs:  
 Or if men asked him what shoulde fall  
 Of everything, I may not reckon all.

This clerk was called Hendy\* Nicholas;  
 Of derne\* love he knew and of solace;  
 And therewith he was sly and full privy,  
 And like a maiden meek for to see.  
 A chamber had he in that hostelry  
 Alone, withouten any company,  
 Full \*fetisly y-dight\* with herbes swoot\*,  
 And he himself was sweet as is the root  
 Of liquorice, or any setewall\*.  
 His Almagest,<1> and bookes great and small,  
 His astrolabe,<2> belonging to his art,  
 His augrim stones,<3> layed fair apart  
 On shelves couched\* at his bedde's head,  
 His press y-cover'd with a falding\* red.  
 And all above there lay a gay psalt'ry  
 On which he made at nightes melody,  
 So sweetely, that all the chamber rang:  
 And Angelus ad virginem<4> he sang.  
 And after that he sung the kinge's note;  
 Full often blessed was his merry throat.  
 And thus this sweete clerk his time spent  
 After \*his friendes finding and his rent.\* \*Attending to his friends,  
 and providing for the  
 cost of his lodging\*

\*gentle, handsome  
 \*secret, earnest

\*neatly decorated\*  
 \*sweet  
 \*valerian

\*laid, set  
 \*coarse cloth

This carpenter had wedded new a wife,  
 Which that he loved more than his life:  
 Of eighteen year, I guess, she was of age.  
 Jealous he was, and held her narr'w in cage,  
 For she was wild and young, and he was old,  
 And deemed himself belike\* a cuckold.  
 He knew not Cato,<5> for his wit was rude,  
 That bade a man wed his similitude.  
 Men shoulde wedden after their estate,  
 For youth and eld\* are often at debate.  
 But since that he was fallen in the snare,  
 He must endure (as other folk) his care.  
 Fair was this younge wife, and therewithal  
 As any weasel her body gent\* and small.  
 A seint\* she weared, barred all of silk,  
 A barm-cloth\* eke as white as morning milk

\*perhaps

\*age

\*slim, neat  
 \*girdle  
 \*apron<6>

Upon her lendes\*, full of many a gore\*\*.                   \*loins \*\*plait  
 White was her smock\*, and broider'd all before,                   \*robe or gown  
 And eke behind, on her collar about  
 Of coal-black silk, within and eke without.  
 The tapes of her white volupere\*                   \*head-kerchief <7>  
 Were of the same suit of her collere;  
 Her fillet broad of silk, and set full high:  
 And sickerly\* she had a likerous\*\* eye.                   \*certainly \*\*lascivious  
 Full small y-pulled were her browes two,  
 And they were bent\*, and black as any sloe.                   \*arched  
 She was well more \*blissful on to see\*                   \*plesant to look upon\*  
 Than is the newe perjenete\* tree;                   \*young pear-tree  
 And softer than the wool is of a wether.  
 And by her girdle hung a purse of leather,  
 Tassel'd with silk, and \*pearled with latoun\*.                   \*set with brass pearls\*  
 In all this world to seeken up and down  
 There is no man so wise, that coude thenche\*                   \*fancy, think of  
 So gay a popelot\*, or such a wench.                   \*puppet <8>  
 Full brighter was the shining of her hue,  
 Than in the Tower the noble\* forged new.                   \*a gold coin <9>  
 But of her song, it was as loud and yern\*,                   \*lively <10>  
 As any swallow chittering on a bern\*.                   \*barn  
 Thereto\* she coude skip, and \*make a game\*                   \*also \*romp\*  
 As any kid or calf following his dame.  
 Her mouth was sweet as braket,<11> or as methe\*                   \*mead  
 Or hoard of apples, laid in hay or heath.  
 Wincing\* she was as is a jolly colt,                   \*skittish  
 Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.  
 A brooch she bare upon her low collere,  
 As broad as is the boss of a bucklere.  
 Her shoon were laced on her legges high;  
 She was a primerole,\* a piggesnie <12>,                   \*primrose  
 For any lord t' have ligging\* in his bed,                   \*lying  
 Or yet for any good yeoman to wed.

Now, sir, and eft\* sir, so befell the case,                   \*again  
 That on a day this Hendy Nicholas  
 Fell with this younge wife to rage\* and play,                   \*toy, play the rogue  
 While that her husband was at Oseney,<13>  
 As clerkes be full subtle and full quaint.



And strutted\* as a fanne large and broad;                   \*stretched  
 Full straight and even lay his jolly shode\*.               \*head of hair  
 His rode\* was red, his eyen grey as goose,               \*complexion  
 With Paule's windows carven on his shoes <16>  
 In hosen red he went full fetisly\*.                       \*daintily, neatly  
 Y-clad he was full small and properly,  
 All in a kirtle\* of a light waget\*;                       \*girdle \*\*sky blue  
 Full fair and thicke be the pointes set,  
 And thereupon he had a gay surplice,  
 As white as is the blossom on the rise\*.               \*twig <17>  
 A merry child he was, so God me save;  
 Well could he letten blood, and clip, and shave,  
 And make a charter of land, and a quittance.  
 In twenty manners could he trip and dance,  
 After the school of Oxenforde tho\*, <18>               \*then  
 And with his legges caste to and fro;  
 And playen songes on a small ribible\*;               \*fiddle  
 Thereto he sung sometimes a loud quinible\*           \*treble  
 And as well could he play on a gitern.\*               \*guitar  
 In all the town was brewhouse nor tavern,  
 That he not visited with his solas\*,                   \*mirth, sport  
 There as that any \*garnard tapstere\* was.           \*licentious barmaid\*  
 But sooth to say he was somedeal squaimous\*       \*squeamish  
 Of farting, and of speeche dangerous.  
 This Absolon, that jolly was and gay,  
 Went with a censer on the holy day,  
 Censing\* the wives of the parish fast;               \*burning incense for  
 And many a lovely look he on them cast,  
 And namely\* on this carpenter's wife:               \*especially  
 To look on her him thought a merry life.  
 She was so proper, and sweet, and likerous.  
 I dare well say, if she had been a mouse,  
 And he a cat, he would \*her hent anon\*.           \*have soon caught her\*  
 This parish clerk, this jolly Absolon,  
 Hath in his hearte such a love-longing!  
 That of no wife took he none offering;  
 For courtesy he said he woulde none.  
 The moon at night full clear and brighte shone,  
 And Absolon his gitern hath y-taken,  
 For paramours he thoughte for to waken,





For though that Absolon be wood\* or wroth  
Because that he far was from her sight,  
This nigh Nicholas stood still in his light.  
Now bear thee well, thou Hendy Nicholas,  
For Absolon may wail and sing "Alas!"

\*mad

And so befell, that on a Saturday  
This carpenter was gone to Oseney,  
And Hendy Nicholas and Alison  
Accorded were to this conclusion,  
That Nicholas shall \*shape him a wile\*  
The silly jealous husband to beguile;  
And if so were the game went aright,  
She shoulde sleepen in his arms all night;  
For this was her desire and his also.  
And right anon, withoute wordes mo',  
This Nicholas no longer would he tarry,  
But doth full soft unto his chamber carry  
Both meat and drinke for a day or tway.  
And to her husband bade her for to say,  
If that he asked after Nicholas,  
She shoulde say, "She wist\* not where he was;  
Of all the day she saw him not with eye;  
She trowed\* he was in some malady,  
For no cry that her maiden could him call  
He would answer, for nought that might befall."  
Thus passed forth all thilke\* Saturday,  
That Nicholas still in his chamber lay,  
And ate, and slept, and didde what him list  
Till Sunday, that\* the sunne went to rest.  
This silly carpenter \*had great marvaill\*  
Of Nicholas, or what thing might him ail,  
And said; "I am adrad\*, by Saint Thomas!  
It standeth not aright with Nicholas:  
\*God shielde\* that he died suddenly.  
This world is now full fickle sickerly\*.  
I saw to-day a corpse y-borne to chirch,  
That now on Monday last I saw him wirch\*.  
"Go up," quod he unto his knave\*, "anon;  
Clepe\* at his door, or knocke with a stone:

\*devise a stratagem\*

\*knew

\*believed

\*that

\*when

\*wondered greatly\*

\*afraid, in dread

\*heaven forbid!\*

\*certainly

\*work

\*servant.

\*call

Look how it is, and tell me boldly."  
 This knave went him up full sturdily,  
 And, at the chamber door while that he stood,  
 He cried and knocked as that he were wood:\* \*mad  
 "What how? what do ye, Master Nicholay?  
 How may ye sleepen all the longe day?"  
 But all for nought, he hearde not a word.  
 An hole he found full low upon the board,  
 Where as the cat was wont in for to creep,  
 And at that hole he looked in full deep,  
 And at the last he had of him a sight.  
 This Nicholas sat ever gaping upright,  
 As he had kyked\* on the newe moon. \*looked <24>  
 Adown he went, and told his master soon,  
 In what array he saw this ilke\* man. \*same

This carpenter to \*blissen him\* began, \*bless, cross himself\*  
 And said: "Now help us, Sainte Frideswide.<25>  
 A man wot\* little what shall him betide. \*knows  
 This man is fall'n with his astronomy  
 Into some woodness\* or some agony. \*madness  
 I thought aye well how that it shoulde be.  
 Men should know nought of Godde's privity\*. \*secrets  
 Yea, blessed be alway a lewed\* man, \*unlearned  
 That \*nought but only his believe can\*. \*knows no more  
 So far'd another clerk with astronomy: than his "credo."\*  
 He walked in the fieldes for to \*pry  
 Upon\* the starres, what there should befall, \*keep watch on\*  
 Till he was in a marle pit y-fall.<26>  
 He saw not that. But yet, by Saint Thomas!  
 \*Me rueth sore of\* Hendy Nicholas: \*I am very sorry for\*  
 He shall be \*rated of\* his studying, \*chidden for\*  
 If that I may, by Jesus, heaven's king!  
 Get me a staff, that I may underspore\* \*lever up  
 While that thou, Robin, heavest off the door:  
 He shall out of his studying, as I guess."  
 And to the chamber door he gan him dress\* \*apply himself.  
 His knave was a strong carl for the nonce,  
 And by the hasp he heav'd it off at once;  
 Into the floor the door fell down anon.

This Nicholas sat aye as still as stone,  
 And ever he gap'd upward into the air.  
 The carpenter ween'd\* he were in despair,      \*thought  
 And hent\* him by the shoulders mightily,      \*caught  
 And shook him hard, and cried spitously;\*      \*angrily  
 "What, Nicholas? what how, man? look adown:  
 Awake, and think on Christe's passioun.  
 I crouche thee<27> from elves, and from wights\*.      \*witches  
 Therewith the night-spell said he anon rights\*,      \*properly  
 On the four halves\* of the house about,      \*corners  
 And on the threshold of the door without.  
 "Lord Jesus Christ, and Sainte Benedight,  
 Blesse this house from every wicked wight,  
 From the night mare, the white Pater-noster;  
 Where wonnest\* thou now, Sainte Peter's sister?"      \*dwellest  
 And at the last this Hendy Nicholas  
 Gan for to sigh full sore, and said; "Alas!  
 Shall all time world be lost eftsoones\* now?"      \*forthwith  
 This carpenter answer'd; "What sayest thou?  
 What? think on God, as we do, men that swink.\*"      \*labour  
 This Nicholas answer'd; "Fetch me a drink;  
 And after will I speak in privity  
 Of certain thing that toucheth thee and me:  
 I will tell it no other man certain."

This carpenter went down, and came again,  
 And brought of mighty ale a large quart;  
 And when that each of them had drunk his part,  
 This Nicholas his chamber door fast shet\*,      \*shut  
 And down the carpenter by him he set,  
 And saide; "John, mine host full lief\* and dear,      \*loved  
 Thou shalt upon thy truthe swear me here,  
 That to no wight thou shalt my counsel wray\*:      \*betray  
 For it is Christes counsel that I say,  
 And if thou tell it man, thou art forlore:\*      \*lost<28>  
 For this vengeance thou shalt have therefor,  
 That if thou wraye\* me, thou shalt be wood\*\*."      \*betray \*\*mad  
 "Nay, Christ forbid it for his holy blood!"  
 Quoth then this silly man; "I am no blab,\*      \*talker  
 Nor, though I say it, am I \*lief to gab\*.      \*fond of speech\*

Say what thou wilt, I shall it never tell  
To child or wife, by him that harried Hell."

<29>

"Now, John," quoth Nicholas, "I will not lie,  
I have y-found in my astrology,  
As I have looked in the moone bright,  
That now on Monday next, at quarter night,  
Shall fall a rain, and that so wild and wood\*,  
That never half so great was Noe's flood.  
This world," he said, "in less than half an hour  
Shall all be dreint\*, so hideous is the shower:  
Thus shall mankinde drench\*, and lose their life."

\*mad

\*drowned

\*drown

This carpenter answer'd; "Alas, my wife!  
And shall she drench? alas, mine Alisoun!"  
For sorrow of this he fell almost adown,  
And said; "Is there no remedy in this case?"

"Why, yes, for God," quoth Hendy Nicholas;  
"If thou wilt worken after \*lore and rede\*;  
Thou may'st not worken after thine own head.

\*learning and advice\*

For thus saith Solomon, that was full true:  
Work all by counsel, and thou shalt not rue\*.

\*repent

And if thou worke wilt by good counsel,  
I undertake, withoute mast or sail,  
Yet shall I save her, and thee, and me.  
Hast thou not heard how saved was Noe,  
When that our Lord had warned him befor,  
That all the world with water \*should be lorn\*?"

\*should perish\*

"Yes," quoth this carpenter, " \*full yore ago\*."

\*long since\*

"Hast thou not heard," quoth Nicholas, "also  
The sorrow of Noe, with his fellowship,  
That he had ere he got his wife to ship?<30>

\*Him had been lever, I dare well undertake,  
At thilke time, than all his wethers black,  
That she had had a ship herself alone.\*

\*see note <31>

And therefore know'st thou what is best to be done?

This asketh haste, and of an hasty thing  
Men may not preach or make tarrying.

Anon go get us fast into this inn\*

\*house

A kneading trough, or else a kemelin\*,

\*brewing-tub

For each of us; but look that they be large,

In whiche we may swim\* as in a barge: \*float  
 And have therein vitaille suffisant  
 But for one day; fie on the remenant;  
 The water shall aslake\* and go away \*slacken, abate  
 Aboute prime\* upon the nexte day. \*early morning  
 But Robin may not know of this, thy knave\*, \*servant  
 Nor eke thy maiden Gill I may not save:  
 Ask me not why: for though thou aske me  
 I will not telle Godde's privity.  
 Sufficeth thee, \*but if thy wit be mad\*, \*unless thou be  
 To have as great a grace as Noe had; out of thy wits\*  
 Thy wife shall I well saven out of doubt.  
 Go now thy way, and speed thee hereabout.  
 But when thou hast for her, and thee, and me,  
 Y-gotten us these kneading tubbes three,  
 Then shalt thou hang them in the roof full high,  
 So that no man our purveyance\* espy: \*foresight, providence  
 And when thou hast done thus as I have said,  
 And hast our vitaille fair in them y-laid,  
 And eke an axe to smite the cord in two  
 When that the water comes, that we may go,  
 And break an hole on high upon the gable  
 Into the garden-ward, over the stable,  
 That we may freely passe forth our way,  
 When that the greate shower is gone away.  
 Then shalt thou swim as merry, I undertake,  
 As doth the white duck after her drake:  
 Then will I clepe,\* 'How, Alison? How, John?' \*call  
 Be merry: for the flood will pass anon.'  
 And thou wilt say, 'Hail, Master Nicholay,  
 Good-morrow, I see thee well, for it is day.'  
 And then shall we be lordes all our life  
 Of all the world, as Noe and his wife.  
 But of one thing I warne thee full right,  
 Be well advised, on that ilke\* night, \*same  
 When we be enter'd into shippe's board,  
 That none of us not speak a single word,  
 Nor clepe nor cry, but be in his prayere,  
 For that is Godde's owen heste\* dear. \*command  
 Thy wife and thou must hangen far atween\*, \*asunder

For that betwixte you shall be no sin,  
No more in looking than there shall in deed.  
This ordinance is said: go, God thee speed  
To-morrow night, when men be all asleep,  
Into our kneading tubbes will we creep,  
And sitte there, abiding Godde's grace.  
Go now thy way, I have no longer space  
To make of this no longer sermoning:  
Men say thus: Send the wise, and say nothing:  
Thou art so wise, it needeth thee nought teach.  
Go, save our lives, and that I thee beseech."

This silly carpenter went forth his way,  
Full oft he said, "Alas! and Well-a-day!,"  
And to his wife he told his privity,  
And she was ware, and better knew than he  
What all this \*quainte cast was for to say\*.  
But natheless she fear'd as she would dey,  
And said: "Alas! go forth thy way anon.  
Help us to scape, or we be dead each one.  
I am thy true and very wedded wife;  
Go, deare spouse, and help to save our life."  
Lo, what a great thing is affection!  
Men may die of imagination,  
So deeply may impression be take.  
This silly carpenter begins to quake:  
He thinketh verily that he may see  
This newe flood come weltering as the sea  
To drenchen\* Alison, his honey dear.  
He weepeth, wailleth, maketh \*sorry cheer\*;  
He sigheth, with full many a sorry sough.\*  
He go'th, and getteth him a kneading trough,  
And after that a tub, and a kemelin,  
And privily he sent them to his inn:  
And hung them in the roof full privily.  
With his own hand then made he ladders three,  
To climbe by \*the ranges and the stalks\*  
Unto the tubbes hanging in the balks\*;  
And victualed them, kemelin, trough, and tub,  
With bread and cheese, and good ale in a jub\*,

\*strange contrivance  
meant\*

\*drown  
\*dismal countenance\*  
\*groan

\*the rungs and the uprights\*  
\*beams

\*jug

Sufficing right enough as for a day.  
 But ere that he had made all this array,  
 He sent his knave\*, and eke his wench\*\* also,      \*servant \*\*maid  
 Upon his need\* to London for to go.      \*business  
 And on the Monday, when it drew to night,  
 He shut his door withoute candle light,  
 And dressed\* every thing as it should be.      \*prepared  
 And shortly up they climbed all the three.  
 They satte stille well \*a furlong way\*.      \*the time it would take  
 "Now, Pater noster, clum,"<32> said Nicholay,      to walk a furlong\*  
 And "clum," quoth John; and "clum," said Alison:  
 This carpenter said his devotion,  
 And still he sat and bided his prayere,  
 Awaking on the rain, if he it hear.  
 The deade sleep, for weary business,  
 Fell on this carpenter, right as I guess,  
 About the curfew-time,<33> or little more,  
 For \*travail of his ghost\* he groaned sore,      \*anguish of spirit\*  
 \*And eft he routed, for his head mislay.\*      \*and then he snored,  
 Adown the ladder stalked Nicholay;      for his head lay awry\*  
 And Alison full soft adown she sped.  
 Withoute wordes more they went to bed,  
 \*There as\* the carpenter was wont to lie:      \*where\*  
 There was the revel, and the melody.  
 And thus lay Alison and Nicholas,  
 In business of mirth and in solace,  
 Until the bell of laudes\* gan to ring,      \*morning service, at 3.a.m.  
 And friars in the chancel went to sing.

This parish clerk, this amorous Absolon,  
 That is for love alway so woebegone,  
 Upon the Monday was at Oseney  
 With company, him to disport and play;  
 And asked upon cas\* a cloisterer\*\*      \*occasion \*\*monk  
 Full privily after John the carpenter;  
 And he drew him apart out of the church,  
 And said, "I n'ot;\* I saw him not here wirch\*\*      \*know not \*\*work  
 Since Saturday; I trow that he be went  
 For timber, where our abbot hath him sent.  
 And dwellen at the Grange a day or two:

For he is wont for timber for to go,  
 Or else he is at his own house certain.  
 Where that he be, I cannot \*soothly sayn.\*"      \*say certainly\*  
 This Absolon full jolly was and light,  
 And thought, "Now is the time to wake all night,  
 For sickerly\* I saw him not stirring      \*certainly  
 About his door, since day began to spring.  
 So may I thrive, but I shall at cock crow  
 Full privily go knock at his window,  
 That stands full low upon his bower\* wall:      \*chamber  
 To Alison then will I tellen all  
 My love-longing; for I shall not miss  
 That at the leaste way I shall her kiss.  
 Some manner comfort shall I have, parfay\*,      \*by my faith  
 My mouth hath itched all this livelong day:  
 That is a sign of kissing at the least.  
 All night I mette\* eke I was at a feast.      \*dreamt  
 Therefore I will go sleep an hour or tway,  
 And all the night then will I wake and play."  
 When that the first cock crowed had, anon  
 Up rose this jolly lover Absolon,  
 And him arrayed gay, \*at point devise.\*      \*with exact care\*  
 But first he chewed grains<34> and liquorice,  
 To smelle sweet, ere he had combed his hair.  
 Under his tongue a true love <35> he bare,  
 For thereby thought he to be gracious.

Then came he to the carpentere's house,  
 And still he stood under the shot window;  
 Unto his breast it raught\*, it was so low;      \*reached  
 And soft he coughed with a semisoun'.\*      \*low tone  
 "What do ye, honeycomb, sweet Alisoun?  
 My faire bird, my sweet cinamome\*,      \*cinnamon, sweet spice  
 Awaken, leman\* mine, and speak to me.      \*mistress  
 Full little thinke ye upon my woe,  
 That for your love I sweat \*there as\* I go.      \*wherever  
 No wonder is that I do swelt\* and sweat.      \*faint  
 I mourn as doth a lamb after the teat  
 Y-wis\*, leman, I have such love-longing,      \*certainly  
 That like a turtle\* true is my mourning.      \*turtle-dove



I may not eat, no more than a maid."  
 "Go from the window, thou jack fool," she said:  
 "As help me God, it will not be, 'come ba\* me.'                   \*kiss  
 I love another, else I were to blame",  
 Well better than thee, by Jesus, Absolon.  
 Go forth thy way, or I will cast a stone;  
 And let me sleep; \*a twenty devil way\*.                   \*twenty devils take ye!\*"

"Alas!" quoth Absolon, "and well away!  
 That true love ever was so ill beset:  
 Then kiss me, since that it may be no bet\*,                   \*better  
 For Jesus' love, and for the love of me."  
 "Wilt thou then go thy way therewith?" , quoth she.  
 "Yea, certes, leman," quoth this Absolon.  
 "Then make thee ready," quoth she, "I come anon."  
 [And unto Nicholas she said \*full still\*:                   \*in a low voice\*  
 "Now peace, and thou shalt laugh anon thy fill."]<36>

This Absolon down set him on his knees,  
 And said; "I am a lord at all degrees:  
 For after this I hope there cometh more;  
 Lemman, thy grace, and, sweete bird, thine ore.\*"                   \*favour  
 The window she undid, and that in haste.  
 "Have done," quoth she, "come off, and speed thee fast,  
 Lest that our neigheighbours should thee espy."  
 Then Absolon gan wipe his mouth full dry.  
 Dark was the night as pitch or as the coal,  
 And at the window she put out her hole,  
 And Absolon him fell ne bet ne werse,  
 But with his mouth he kiss'd her naked erse  
 Full savourly. When he was ware of this,  
 Aback he start, and thought it was amiss;  
 For well he wist a woman hath no beard.  
 He felt a thing all rough, and long y-hair'd,  
 And saide; "Fy, alas! what have I do?"  
 "Te he!" quoth she, and clapt the window to;  
 And Absolon went forth at sorry pace.  
 "A beard, a beard," said Hendy Nicholas;  
 "By God's corpus, this game went fair and well."  
 This silly Absolon heard every deal\*,                   \*word  
 And on his lip he gan for anger bite;  
 And to himself he said, "I shall thee quite\*.                   \*requite, be even with

Who rubbeth now, who frotteth\* now his lips \*rubs  
 With dust, with sand, with straw, with cloth, with chips,  
 But Absolon? that saith full oft, "Alas!  
 My soul betake I unto Sathanas,  
 But me were lever\* than all this town," quoth he \*rather  
 I this despite awroken\* for to be. \*revenged  
 Alas! alas! that I have been y-blent\*." \*deceived  
 His hote love is cold, and all y-quent.\* \*quenched  
 For from that time that he had kiss'd her erse,  
 Of paramours he \*sette not a kers,\* \*cared not a rush\*  
 For he was healed of his malady;  
 Full often paramours he gan defy,  
 And weep as doth a child that hath been beat.  
 A softe pace he went over the street  
 Unto a smith, men callen Dan\* Gerveis, \*master  
 That in his forge smithed plough-harness;  
 He sharped share and culter busily.  
 This Absolon knocked all easily,  
 And said; "Undo, Gerveis, and that anon."  
 "What, who art thou?" "It is I, Absolon."  
 "What? Absolon, what? Christe's sweete tree\*, \*cross  
 Why rise so rath\*? hey! Benedicite, \*early  
 What aileth you? some gay girl,<37> God it wote,  
 Hath brought you thus upon the viretote:<38>  
 By Saint Neot, ye wot well what I mean."  
 This Absolon he raughte\* not a bean \*recked, cared  
 Of all his play; no word again he gaf\*, \*spoke  
 For he had more tow on his distaff<39>  
 Than Gerveis knew, and saide; "Friend so dear,  
 That hote culter in the chimney here  
 Lend it to me, I have therewith to don\*:" \*do  
 I will it bring again to thee full soon."  
 Gerveis answered; "Certes, were it gold,  
 Or in a poke\* nobles all untold, \*purse  
 Thou shouldst it have, as I am a true smith.  
 Hey! Christe's foot, what will ye do therewith?"  
 "Thereof," quoth Absolon, "be as be may;  
 I shall well tell it thee another day:"  
 And caught the culter by the colde stele\*. \*handle  
 Full soft out at the door he gan to steal,

And went unto the carpentere's wall  
 He coughed first, and knocked therewithal  
 Upon the window, light as he did ere\*.      \*before <40>  
 This Alison answered; "Who is there  
 That knocketh so? I warrant him a thief."  
 "Nay, nay," quoth he, "God wot, my sweete lefe\*,      \*love  
 I am thine Absolon, my own darling.  
 Of gold," quoth he, "I have thee brought a ring,  
 My mother gave it me, so God me save!  
 Full fine it is, and thereto well y-grave\*:      \*engraved  
 This will I give to thee, if thou me kiss."  
 Now Nicholas was risen up to piss,  
 And thought he would \*amenden all the jape\*;      \*improve the joke\*  
 He shoulde kiss his erse ere that he scape:  
 And up the window did he hastily,  
 And out his erse he put full privily  
 Over the buttock, to the haunche bone.  
 And therewith spake this clerk, this Absolon,  
 "Speak, sweete bird, I know not where thou art."  
 This Nicholas anon let fly a fart,  
 As great as it had been a thunder dent\*;      \*peal, clap  
 That with the stroke he was well nigh y-blent\*;      \*blinded  
 But he was ready with his iron hot,  
 And Nicholas amid the erse he smote.  
 Off went the skin an handbreadth all about.  
 The hote culter burned so his tout\*,      \*breech  
 That for the smart he weened\* he would die;      \*thought  
 As he were wood\*, for woe he gan to cry,      \*mad  
 "Help! water, water, help for Godde's heart!"

This carpenter out of his slumber start,  
 And heard one cry "Water," as he were wood\*,      \*mad  
 And thought, "Alas! now cometh Noe's flood."  
 He sat him up withoute wordes mo'  
 And with his axe he smote the cord in two;  
 And down went all; he found neither to sell  
 Nor bread nor ale, till he came to the sell\*,      \*threshold <41>  
 Upon the floor, and there in swoon he lay.  
 Up started Alison and Nicholay,  
 And cried out an "harow!" <15> in the street.



3. "Augrim" is a corruption of algorithm, the Arabian term for numeration; "augrim stones," therefore were probably marked with numerals, and used as counters.
4. Angelus ad virginem: The Angel's salutation to Mary; Luke i. 28. It was the "Ave Maria" of the Catholic Church service.
5. Cato: Though Chaucer may have referred to the famous Censor, more probably the reference is merely to the "Moral Distichs," which go under his name, though written after his time; and in a supplement to which the quoted passage may be found.
6. Barm-cloth: apron; from Anglo-Saxon "barme," bosom or lap.
7. Volupere: Head-gear, kerchief; from French, "enveloppeur," to wrap up.
8. Popelet: Puppet; but chiefly; young wench.
9. Noble: nobles were gold coins of especial purity and brightness; "Ex auro nobilissimi, unde nobilis vocatus," (made from the noblest (purest) gold, and therefore called nobles) says Vossius.
10. Yern: Shrill, lively; German, "gern," willingly, cheerfully.
11. Braket: bragget, a sweet drink made of honey, spices, &c. In some parts of the country, a drink made from honeycomb, after the honey is extracted, is still called "bragwort."
12. Piggesnie: a fond term, like "my duck;" from Anglo-Saxon, "piga," a young maid; but Tyrwhitt associates it with the Latin, "ocellus," little eye, a fondling term, and suggests that the "pigs-eye," which is very small, was applied in the same sense. Davenport and Butler both use the word pignie, the first for "darling," the second literally for "eye;" and Bishop Gardner, "On True Obedience," in his address to the reader, says: "How softly she was wont to chirpe him under the chin, and kiss him;

how prettily she could talk to him (how doth my sweet heart, what saith now pig's-eye)."

13. Oseney: A once well-known abbey near Oxford.

14. Trave: travis; a frame in which unruly horses were shod.

15. Harow and Alas: Haro! was an old Norman cry for redress or aid. The "Clameur de Haro" was lately raised, under peculiar circumstances, as the prelude to a legal protest, in Jersey.

16. His shoes were ornamented like the windows of St. Paul's, especially like the old rose-window.

17. Rise: Twig, bush; German, "Reis," a twig; "Reisig," a copse.

18. Chaucer satirises the dancing of Oxford as he did the French of Stratford at Bow.

19. Shot window: A projecting or bow window, whence it was possible shoot at any one approaching the door.

20. Piment: A drink made with wine, honey, and spices.

21. Because she was town-bred, he offered wealth, or money reward, for her love.

22. Parish-clerks, like Absolon, had leading parts in the mysteries or religious plays; Herod was one of these parts, which may have been an object of competition among the amateurs of the period.

23 . "The nighe sly maketh oft time the far lief to be loth": a proverb; the cunning one near at hand oft makes the loving one afar off to be odious.

24. Kyked: Looked; "keek" is still used in some parts in the sense of "peep."

25. Saint Frideswide was the patroness of a considerable priory

at Oxford, and held there in high repute.

26. Plato, in his "Theatetus," tells this story of Thales; but it has since appeared in many other forms.

27. Crouche: protect by signing the sign of the cross.

28. Forlore: lost; german, "verloren."

29. Him that harried Hell: Christ who wasted or subdued hell: in the middle ages, some very active exploits against the prince of darkness and his powers were ascribed by the monkish tale-tellers to the saviour after he had "descended into hell."

30. According to the old mysteries, Noah's wife refused to come into the ark, and bade her husband row forth and get him a new wife, because he was leaving her gossips in the town to drown. Shem and his brothers got her shipped by main force; and Noah, coming forward to welcome her, was greeted with a box on the ear.

31. "Him had been lever, I dare well undertake,  
At thilke time, than all his wethers black,  
That she had had a ship herself alone."

i.e.

"At that time he would have given all his black wethers, if she had had an ark to herself."

32. "Clum," like "mum," a note of silence; but otherwise explained as the humming sound made in repeating prayers; from the Anglo-Saxon, "clumian," to mutter, speak in an undertone, keep silence.

33. Curfew-time: Eight in the evening, when, by the law of William the Conqueror, all people were, on ringing of a bell, to extinguish fire and candle, and go to rest; hence the word curfew, from French, "couvre-feu," cover-fire.

34. Absolon chewed grains: these were grains of Paris, or Paradise; a favourite spice.

35. Under his tongue a true love he bare: some sweet herb; another reading, however, is "a true love-knot," which may have been of the nature of a charm.

36. The two lines within brackets are not in most of the editions: they are taken from Urry; whether he supplied them or not, they serve the purpose of a necessary explanation.

37. Gay girl: As applied to a young woman of light manners, this euphemistic phrase has enjoyed a wonderful vitality.

38. Viretote: Urry reads "meritote," and explains it from Spelman as a game in which children made themselves giddy by whirling on ropes. In French, "virer" means to turn; and the explanation may, therefore, suit either reading. In modern slang parlance, Gerveis would probably have said, "on the rampage," or "on the swing" -- not very far from Spelman's rendering.

39. He had more tow on his distaff: a proverbial saying: he was playing a deeper game, had more serious business on hand.

40. Ere: before; German, "eher."

41. Sell: sill of the door, threshold; French, "seuil," Latin, "solum," the ground.