



Texts to Accompany the Readings of Old, Middle, and Early Modern English

Listen to the spoken performances of the following readings on this companion site.

Old English

Reading 1 The Wanderer

Read by Gernot Wieland, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

The Wanderer

Oft him anhaga are gebideð,
lone-dweller mercy awaits

metudes miltse, þeah þe he modcearig
of the Creator kindness although troubled-in-heart

geond lagulade longe sceolde
sea

hreran mid hondum hrimcealde sæ,
row hands rime-cold sea

5 wadan wræclastas. Wyrð bið ful aræd!
paths-of-exile fate determined

 Swa cwæð eardstapa earfeþa gemyndig,
land-stepper of hardships mindful

wraþra wælsleahta, winemæga hryre:
of cruelslaughters about friendly-kinsmen fall

‘Oft ic sceolde ana uhtna gehwylce
alone daybreak each

mine ceare cwīpan. Nis nu cwicra nan
speak not-is living

10 þe ic him modsefan minne durre
soul I-dare

2 The English Language: A Linguistic History

- sweotule asecgan. Ic to soþe wat
clearly to tell know
- þæt biþ in eorle indryhten þeaw,
noble trait
- þæt he his ferðlocan fæste binde,
breast-enclosure
- healde his hordcofan, hycge swa he wille.
protect heart-chamber think
- 15 Ne mæg werig mod wyrde wiðstandan,
fate
- ne se hreo hyge helpe gefremman.
troubled mind furnish
- Forðon domgeorne dreorigne oft
eager-for-renown sadness
- in hyra breostcofan bindað fæste;
breast-chamber
- swa ic modsefan minne sceolde,
mind
- 20 oft earmcearig eðle bidæled,
wretchedly-sorrowful native-landseparated-from
- freomægum feor feterum sælan,
noble-kinsmen far with-fetters seal
- sipþan geara iu goldwine minne
after long-time-ago goldfriend
- hrusanheolstre biwrah, ond ic hean þonan
darkness of-the-earth covered downcast
- wod wintercearig ofer waþema gebind,
departed winter-sorrowful of-the-waves expanse
- 25 sohte seledreorig sinces bryttan,
homesick of-treasures dispenser
- hwær ic feor oþþe neah findan meahte
far ornear
- þone þe in meoduhealle mine wisse,
who mead-hall mind know
- oþþe mec freondleasne frefran wolde,
friendless console
- wenian mid wynnum. Wat se þe cunnað,
entertain joys knows he who has-experience

- 30 hu slīpen bið sorg to geferan,
cruel sorrow as companion
- þam þe him lyt hafað leofra geholena:
few confidants
- warað hine wræclast, nales wunden gold,
attends path-of-exile not-at-all twisted
- ferðloca freorig, nalæs foldan blæd.
breast frozen of earth glory
- Gemon he se se secgas ond sincþege,
remembers hall-warriors treasure-receiving
- 35 hu hine on geoguðe his goldwine
youth
- wenede towiste. Wyn eal gedreas!
accustomed feasts joy all vanished
- ‘Forþon wat se þe sceal his winedryhtnes
therefore he-knows wine-lord
- leofes larcwidum longe forþolian,
dear counsel forgo
- ðonne sorg ond slæp somod ætgædre
sorrow both together
- 40 earmne anhogan oft gebindað.
wretched lone-dweller bind
- þinceð him on mode þæt he his mondryhten
seems liege-lord
- clyppe ond cysse, ond on cneo lecge
embraces kisses
- honda ond heafod, swa he hwilum ær
at times before
- in geardagum giefstolas breac.
days-of-old ceremony-of-giftgiving-enjoyed
- 45 Ðonne onwæcneð eft wineleas guma,
awakens friendless man
- gesihð him biforan fealwe wegas,
sees before fallow waves
- baþian brimfuglas, brædan feþra,
bathing seabirds spreading wings
- hreasan hrim ond snaw, hagle gemenged.
falling hoarfrost with-hail mingled

4 The English Language: A Linguistic History

- 'Þonne beoð þy hefigran heortan benne,
heavier-of-heart wounds
- 50 sare æfter swæsne. Sorg bið geniwad,
loved one renewed
- þonne maga gemynd mod geondhweorfeð;
of-kinsmen memory mind roves-through
- greteð gliwstafum, geornegeondsceawað
greet joyfully eagerly examines-every-part
- secga geseldan. Swimmað eft on weg!
hall-companions drift
- Fleotendra ferð no þær fela bringeð
of-the-floating ones spirit many
- 55 cuðra cwidedgedda. Cearo bið geniwad
well-known spoken-utterances renewed
- þam þe sendan sceal swiþe geneahhe
very frequently
- ofer waþema gebind werigne sefan.
weary spirit
- 'Forþon ic geþencan ne mæg geond þas woruld
think
- for hwan modsefa min ne gesweorce,
why become-gloomy
- 60 þonne ic eorla lif eal geondþence,
of-noblemen meditate-on
- hu hi færlice flet ofgeafon,
suddenly hallgave-up
- modge maguþegnas. Swa þes middangeard
courageous young-thanes of-this earth
- ealra dogra gehwam dreoseð ond fealleþ,
of-all days each perishes
- forþon ne mæg weorþan wis wer, ær he age
because wise man possesses
- 65 wintra dæl in woruldrice. Wita sceal geþyldig,
of-winters share earthly-kingdom counselor patient
- ne sceal no to hatheort ne to hrædwyrde,
too hot-hearted hasty-of-speech
- ne to wac wiga ne to wanhydig,
weak of-warriors reckless

- ne to forht ne to fægen, ne to feohgifre
fearful elated wealth-greedy
- ne næfre gielpes to georn, ær he geare cunne.
never of-boasting eager before clearly-knows
- 70 Beorn sceal gebidan, þonne he beot spricedð,
man wait vow
- oþþæt collenferð cunne gearwe
until bold-spirited-one knows really
- hwider hreþragehygd hweorfan wille.
whither of-his-heart thought turn
- Ongietan sceal gleaw hæle hu gæstlic bið,
realize prudent man ghostly
- þonne ealre þisse worulde wela weste stondeð,
riches waste
- 75 swa nu missenlice geond þisne middangeard
various-places
- winde biwaune weallas stondaþ,
by-wind beaten
- hrime bihrorene, hryðge þa ederas.
covered-with snowsweptbuildings
- Woriað þa winsalo, waldend licgað
crumbles wine-hall ruler lies-dead
- dreame bidrorene, duguþ eal gecrong,
of-joys bereft company-of-nobles fallen
- 80 wlonc bi wealle. Sume wig fornóm,
proud some battle taken-away
- ferede in forðwege, sumne fugel oþbær
carried ways-forth certain-one bird bore-off
- ofer heanne holm, sumne se hara wulf
high sea grey wolf
- deaðe gedælde, sumne dreorigheor
with-death shared sad-faced
- in eorðscræfe eorl gehydde.
earth-cave nobleman hid
- 85 Yþde swa þisne eardgeard ælda scyppend
laid-waste of-men creator
- oþþæt burgwara breahntma lease
of-citizens of noises deprived

- eald enta geweorc idlu stodon.
of-giants buildings
- ‘Se þonne þisne wealsteal wise geþohte
wall-foundation wisely thought-about
- ond þis deorce lif deope geondþenceð,
meditates-on
- 90 frod in ferðe, feor oft gemon
experienced mind remembers
- wælsleahta worn, ond þas word acwið:
of-slaughters great number
- “Hwær cwom mearg? Hwær cwom mago? Hwær cwom maþpumgyfa?
horse of-warriors treasure-giver
- Hwær cwom symbla gesetu? Hwær sindon seledreamas?
banqueting halls hall-joys
- Eala beorht bune! Eala byrnwiga!
alas bright beaker mailed-warrior
- 95 Eala þeodnes þrym! Hu seo þrag gewat,
of-lord glory time goes
- genap under nihthelm, swa heo no wære.
grown-dark night-helmet
- Stondeð nu on laste leofre duguþe
beloved company-noblemen
- weal wundrum heah, wyrmlicum fah.
wall wondrous with-serpentine-forms decorated
- Eorlas fornoman asca þryþe,
noblemen carried-off multitudes-of-spears
- 100 wæpen wælgifru, wyrd seo mære,
greedy-for-slaughter famous
- ond þas stanhleoþu stormas cnyssað,
rocky-slopes batter
- hrið hreosende hrusan bindeð,
snowstorm falling earth
- wintres woma, þonne won cymeð,
tumult dark
- nipeð nihtscua, norþan onsendeð
grows-dark night-shadow from-north
- 105 hreo hæglfare hæleþum on andan.”
turbulent hailstorm to-men in spite

- Eall is earfoðlic eorþan rice,
full-of-hardships
- onwendeðwyrda gesceaft weoruld under heofonum.
changes of-fate ordained-course
- Her bið feoh læne, her bið freond læne,
property transitory friend
- her bið mon læne, her bið mæg læne,
man kinsman
- 110 eal þis eorþangesteal idel weorþeð!
foundation becomes
- Swa cwæðsnottor on mode, gesæt him sundor æt rune.
wise apart at counsel
- Til biþ se þe his treowe gehealdeþ, ne sceal næfre his torn to rycene
good truth holds passion too quickly
- beorn of his breostum acyþan, nemþe he ær þa bote cunne,
make known unless remedy knows
- eorl mid elne gefremman. Wel bið þam þe him are seceð,
courage to effect for-himself favor seeks
- 115 frofre to fæder on heofonum, þær us eal seo fæstnung stondeð.
consolation from security

✠ Text from Bruce Mitchell and Fred C. Robinson, *A Guide to Old English*, 6th edn. Oxford and Cambridge, MA: Blackwell, 2001, pp. 271–5. (long marks omitted)

The Wanderer

A MODERN TRANSLATION

Often the solitary man prays for favour, for the mercy of the Lord, though, sad at heart, he must needs stir with his hands for a weary while the icy sea across the watery ways, must journey the paths of exile; settled in truth is fate! So spoke the wanderer, mindful of hardships, of cruel slaughters, of the fall of kinsmen:

‘Often I must bewail my sorrows in my loneliness at the dawn of each day; there is none of living men now to whom I dare speak my heart openly. I know for a truth that it is a noble custom for a man to bind fast the thoughts of his heart, to treasure his broodings, let him think as he will. Nor can the weary in mood resist fate, nor does the fierce thought avail anything. Wherefore those eager for glory often bind fast in their secret hearts a sad thought. So I, Sundered from my native land, far from noble kinsmen, often sad at heart, had to fetter my mind, when in years gone by the darkness of the earth covered my gold-friend, and I went thence in wretchedness with wintry care upon me over the frozen waves, gloomily sought the hall of a treasure-giver wherever I could

find him far or near, who might know me in the mead hall or comfort me, left without friends, treat me with kindness. He knows who puts it to the test how cruel a comrade is sorrow for him who has few dear protectors; his is the path of exile, in no wise the twisted gold; a chill body, in no wise the riches of the earth; he thinks of retainers in hall and the receiving of treasure, of how in his youth his gold-friend was kind to him at the feast. The joy has all perished. Wherefore he knows this who must long forgo the counsels of his dear lord and friend, when sorrow and sleep together often bind the poor solitary man, it seems to him in his mind that he clasps and kisses his lord and lays hands and head on his knee, as when erstwhile in past days he was near the gift-throne; then the friendless man wakes again, sees before him the dark waves, the sea-birds bathing, spreading their feathers; frost and snow falling mingled with hail. Then heavier are the wounds in his heart, sore for his beloved; sorrow is renewed. Then the memory of kinsmen crosses his mind; he greets them with songs; he gazes on them eagerly. The companions of warriors swim away again; the souls of sailors bring there not many known songs.¹ Care is renewed in him who must needs send very often his weary mind over the frozen waves. And thus I cannot think why in this world my mind becomes not overcast when I consider all the life of earls, how of a sudden they have given up hall, courageous retainers. So this world each day passes and falls; for a man cannot become wise till he has his share of years in the world. A wise man must be patient, not over-passionate, nor over-hasty of speech, nor over-weak or rash in war, nor over-fearful, nor over-glad, nor over-covetous, never over-eager to boast ere he has full knowledge. A man must bide his time, when he boasts in his speech, until he knows well in his pride whither the thoughts of the mind will turn. A wise man must see how dreary it will be when all the riches of this world stand waste, as in different places throughout this world walls stand, blown upon by winds, hung with frost, the dwellings in ruins. The wine halls crumble; the rulers lie low, bereft of joy; the might warriors have all fallen in their pride by the wall; war carried off some, bore them on far paths; one the raven bore away over the high sea; one the grey wolf gave over to death; one an earl with sad face hid in the earth-cave. Thus did the Creator of men lay waste this earth till the old work of giants stood empty, free from the revel of castle-dwellers. Then he who has thought wisely of the foundation of things and who deeply ponders this dark life, wise in his heart, often turns his thoughts to the many slaughters of the past, and speaks these words:

“Whither has gone the horse? Whither has gone the man? Whither has gone the giver of treasure? Whither has gone the place of feasting? Where are the joys of hall? Alas, the bright cup! Alas, the warrior in his corslet! Alas, the glory of the prince! How that time has passed away, has grown dark under the shadow of night, as if it had never been! Now in the place of the dear warriors stands a wall, wondrous high, covered with serpent shapes; the might of the ash-wood spears has carried off the early, the weapon greedy for slaughter—a glorious fate; and storms beat upon these rocky slopes; the falling storm binds the earth, the terror winter. Then comes darkness, the night shadow casts gloom, send from the north fierce hailstorms to the terror of men. Everything is full of hardship in the kingdom of earth; the decree of fate changes the world under the

¹ An obscure passage.

heavens. Here possessions are transient, here friends are transient, here man is transient, here women is transient; all this firm-set earth becomes empty.”

So spoke the wise man in his heart, and sat apart in thought. Good is he who holds his faith; nor shall a man ever show forth too quickly the sorrow of his breast, except he, the early, first know how to work its cure bravely. Well is it for him who seeks mercy, comfort from the Father in heaven, where for us all security stands.

✠ Text from R.K. Gordon, trans., *Anglo-Saxon Poetry*. London: J.M. Dent & New York: E.P. Dutton, 1954, pp. 73–5.

The following is a website devoted to the poem, containing commentary, text, examples of manuscript pages, and so on: <http://www.aimsdata.com/tim/anhaga/edition.htm>

Middle English

Reading 2 Morte Arthur

Read by Sian Echard, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

Alliterative Morte Arthure

Now he takes his leve and lenges no longer
stays

At lordes, at lege-men that leves him behinden;
vassals

And senn that worthiliche wye went unto chamber
then worthy man

For to comfort the queen that in care lenges.
sorrow remains

5 Waynor waikly weepand him kisses,
weakly weeping

Talkes to him tenderly with teres ynow;
enough

'I may werye the wye that this war moved,
curse man

That warnes me worship of my wedde lord;
denies wedded

All my liking of life out of land wendes,
pleasure goes

10 And I in langour am left, leve ye, forever!
in misery

Why ne might I, dere love, die in your armes,

Ere I this destainy of dole sholde drie by mine one!
destiny misery suffer alone

....

'Greve thee not, Gaynor, for Goddes love of heven,

Ne grouch not my ganging; it shall to good turn!
grudge going

15 Thy wandrethes and thy weeping woundes mine herte;
sorrowing

I may not wite of this wo for all this world rich;
know

I have made a keeper, a knight of thine owen,
guardian

Overling of Yngland, under thyselven,
overlord

And that is Sir Mordred, that thou has mikel praised,
much

20 Shall be thy dictour, my dere, to do what thee likes."
spokesman

....

.... Then he takes his leve at ladies in chamber,
from

Kissed them kindlich and to Crist beteches;
kindly *entrusts*

And then sho swoones full swithe when he his sword asked,
she *quickly* *asked for*

Sways in swooning, swelte as sho wolde!
as if she would die

25 He pressed to his palfrey, in presence of lordes,
hastened *riding-horse*

Prikes of the palais with his pris knightes
spurs from *palace* *worthy*

With a real rout of the Round Table,
company

Sought toward Sandwich; sho sees him no more.
went *she*

....

There the grete were gadered with galiard knightes,
jolly

30 Garnished on the green feld and graitheliche arrayed;
drawn up *suitably*

Dukes and douspeeres daintely rides,
high noblemen

Erles of Yngland with archers ynow.

Shirreves sharply shiftes the commouns,
sheriffs *move the common soldiers*

Rewles before the rich of the Round Table,
orders

35 Assignes ilk a countree to certain lordes,
soldiers from each county

In the south on the se bank sail when them likes.

Then barges them buskes and to the bank rowes,
prepare

Bringes blonkes on borde and burlich helmes
horses aboard *stately helmets*

Trusses in tristly trapped steedes,
securely equipped

40 Tentes and other tooles, and targes full rich,
siege-engines *shields*

Cabanes and cloth-sackes and cofferes full noble,
cabins *sacks of clothes*

Hackes and hackeneys and horses of armes;
kinds of horses

Thus they stow in the stuff of full steren knightes.

. . . .

When all was shipped that sholde, they shunt no lenger,
hold back

45 But unteld them tite, as the tide runnes;
untied *quickly*

Cogges and crayers then crosses their mastes,
large ships and small boats then hoist their sails

At the commaundement of the king uncovered at ones;
unfurled

Wightly on the wale they wie up their ankers,
Stoutly on the gunwale they weigh up their anchors

By wit of the watermen of the wale ythes.
handsome waves

50 Frekes on the forestaine faken their cables
men *bow* *coil*

In floynes and fercostes and Flemish shippes,
small ships *merchantmen (i.e. ships)*

- Titt sailes to the top and turnes the luff,
pull *windward side of the ship*
- Standes upon steerbord, sterenly they songen.
starboard sternly sang
- The pris shippes of the port proven their deepness,
prove
- 55 And foundes with full sail over the fawe ythes;
go *variagated waves*
- Holly withouten harm they hale in botes,
wholly haul boats
- Shipmen sharply shutten their portes,
shut portholes
- Launches lede upon luff latches their deepes,
launch the lead on the luff ... to measure the depths
- Lookes to the lode-stern when the light failes,
North Star
- 60 Castes courses by craft when the cloud rises
- With the needle and the stone on the night tides.
compass
- For drede of the dark night they dreched a little
slowed down
- And all the steren of the streme steken at ones.
And all the stern men of the stream ... struck sail at once
- The king was in a grete cogge with knightes full many,
ship
- 65 In a cabane enclosed, clenlich arrayed;
cabin *completely*
- Within on a rich bed restes a little,
- And with the swogh of the se in swefning he fell.
swaying *dreaming*
- Him dreded of a dragon, dredful to behold,
- Come drivand over the deep to drenchen his pople,
driving *drown*
- 70 Even walkand out the West landes,
directly *walking*

Wanderand unworthyly over the wale ythes;
wandering *handsome waves*

Both his hed and his hals were holly all over
but his head and his neck were completely all over

Ounded of azure, enamelled full fair;
with waves of azure enameled very fair

His shoulders were shaled all in clene silver
covered in scales of pure silver

75 Shredde over all the shrimp with shrinkand pointes;
clothed the monster with shrinking points (i.e. like mail)

His womb and his winges of wonderful hewes,
belly

In marvelous mailes he mounted full high.

Whom that he touched he was tint forever!
lost

His feet were flourished all in fine sable
decorated

80 And such a venomous flaire flow from his lippes
flame flow

The flood of the flawes all on fire seemed!
sea flames

....

Then come out of the Orient, even him againes,
then came out of the east directly against him

A black bustous bere aboven in the cloudes,
a wild black bear above in the clouds

With ech a paw as a post and paumes full huge
with each paw as big as a post and palms very huge

85 With pikes full perilous, all pliand them seemed;
with perilous claws that seemed all curling

Lothen and lothly, lockes and other,
hateful and loathly hair and the rest

All with lutterd legges, lokkerd unfair,
with legs all bowed covered with ugly hair

Filtered unfreely, with fomand lippes
that was churlisly matted with foaming lips

The foulest of figure that formed was ever!

90 He baltered, he blered, he braundished thereafter;
danced about grimaced

To batail he bounes him with bustous clawes;
prepares himself wild

He romed, he rored, that rogged all the erthe,
bellowed rocked

So rudely he rapped at to riot himselven!

....

Then the dragon on dregh dressed him againes
then the dragon from afar went toward him

95 And with his duttes him drove on dregh by the welken;
blows afar sky

He fares as a faucon, frekly he strikes;
falcon boldly

Both with feet and with fire he fightes at ones.

The bere in the batail the bigger him seemed,
bear

And bites him boldly with baleful tuskes;

100 Such buffetes he him reches with his brode klokes,
blows reaches claws

His breste and his brayell was bloody all over.
breast waist

He ramped so rudely that all the erthe rives,
struck with his claws

Runnand on red blood as rain of the heven!
running

He had weried the worm by wightness of strenghe
wearied serpent boldness

105 Ne were it not for the wild fire that he him with defendes.

....

Then wanders the worm away to his heightes,

Comes glidand fro the cloudes and coupes full even,
strikes directly

Touches him with his talones and teres his rigge,
tears back

Betwix the taile and the top ten foot large!

110 Thus he brittened the bere and brought him o live,
beat down from life (i.e. killed)

Let him fall in the flood, fleet where him likes.
float

So they thring the bold king binne the ship-borde,
they (the dreams) so oppress the brave king ... aboard the ship

That ner he bristes for bale on bed where he ligges.
that he nearly bursts for pain ... on the bed where he lies

....

Then waknes the wise king, wery fortravailed,
wakens weary

115 Takes him two philosophers that followed him ever,

In the seven science the sutelest founden,
seven liberal arts most subtle

The cunningest of clergy under Crist knowen;
book learning

He told them of his torment that time that he sleeped:

'Dreched with a dragon and such a derf beste,
harassed dire beast

120 Has made me full wery, as wisse me Our Lord;
guide

Ere I mon swelt as swithe, ye tell me my swefen!
before I must die quickly ... interpret my dream for me!

....

'Sir,' said they soon then, these sage philosophers,
immediately

'The dragon that thou dredmed of, so dredful to shew,

That come drivand over the deep to drenchen thy pople,
driving people

- 125 Soothly and certain thyselven it is,
 That thus sailes over the se with thy seker knightes.
trusty
 The coloures that were casten upon his clere winges
clear
 May be thy kingrikes all, that thou has right wonnen,
kingdoms
 And the tattered tail, with tonges so huge,
- 130 Betokens this fair folk that in thy fleet wendes.
 The bere that brittened was aboven in the cloudes
beaten down
 Betokenes the tyrauntes that tormentes thy pople
people
 Or elles with some giaunt some journee shall happen,
else *day's fight*
 In singular batail by yourselve one;
battle *alone*
- 135 And thou shall have the victory, through help of Our Lord,
 As thou in thy vision was openly shewed.
 Of this dredful dreame ne drede thee no more,
 Ne care not, sir conquerour, but comfort thyselven
 And these that sailes over the se with thy seker knightes.'
-
- 140 With trumpes then tristly they trussen up their sailes
trumpet calls *boldly*
 And rowes over the rich se, this rout all at ones;
company
 The comly coste of Normandy they catchen full even
 And blithely at Barflete these bold are arrived,

Barfleur

And findes a fleet there of frendes ynow,

145 The flowr and the fair folk of fifteen rewmes,

For kinges and capitaines kepted him fair,
awaited

As he at Carlisle commaunded at Cristenmass hisselven.

.....

✠ Text from Larry D. Benson, ed., *King Arthur's Death: The Middle English Stanzaic Morte Arthur and Alliterative Morte Arthure*. Rev. by Edward E. Foster. Kalamazoo, MI: Medieval Institute Publications, University of Michigan, 1994, ll. 693–839, pp. 152–7.

Reading 3 From *Troilus and Criseyde*

Read by Stephen Partridge, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

☞ Geoffrey Chaucer ☞

From *Troilus and Criseyde*

BOOK II

Incipit prohemium secundi libri

['Here begins the prologue of the second book']

<p>Owt of this blake wawes forto saylle, O wynde, o wynde, the weder gynneth clere, For in this see the boot hath swych trauaylle^o Of my connyng^o, that unneth^o I it steere. 5 This see clepe^o I the tempestous matere Of disespeir^o that Troilus was inne; But now of hope the kalendes bygynne^o. O lady myn, that called art Cleo, Thow be my speed^o fro this forth, and my Muse, 10 To ryme wel this book til I have do; Me nedeth here noon othere art to use. Forwhi^o to every lovere I me excuse, That of no sentement I this endite^o, But out of Latyn in my tonge it write.</p> <p>15 Wherfore I nyl have neithur thank ne blame Of al this werk, but prey yow mekely, Disblameth me if any word be lame,</p>	<p>^olabor ^oskill ^owith difficulty ^ocall ^odispair ^othe beginning of the month ^ohelp ^otherefore ^ocompose</p>
--	--

- For as myn auctour seyde, so sey I.
 Ek though I speeke of love unfelyngly,
 20 No wondre is, for it nothyng of newe is;
 A blynd man kan nat juggen° wel in hewis°.
- Ye knowe ek that in forme of speche is chaunge
 Withinne a thousand yeer, and wordes tho
 That hadden pris°, now wonder nyce° and straunge
 25 Us thinketh hem°, and yet thei spake hem so,
 And spedde as wel in love as men now do;
 Ek for to wynnyn love in sondry ages,
 In sondry londes, sondry ben usages.
- And forthi° if it happe in any wyse,
 30 That here be any love in this place
 That herkneth, as the storie wol devise,
 How Troilus com to his lady grace,
 And thenketh, 'So nold° I nat love purchase°,'
 Or wondreth on his speche or his doynge°,
 35 I noot°, but it is me no wonderynge.
- For every wight which that to Rome went
 Halt nat o° path, or alwey o manere;
 Ek in som lond were al the game shent°,
 If that they ferde in love as men don here,
 40 As thus, in opyn doynge or in chere°,
 In visytyng in forme or seyde hire sawes°;
 Forthi men seyn, 'Ecch contree hath hise lawes.'
- Ek scarsly ben ther in this place thre
 That have in love seid lik, and don, in al;
 45 For to thi purpos this may liken the,
 And the right nought; yet al is seid, or schal;
 Ek som men grave° in tree, som in ston wal,
 As it bitit°. But syn I haue bigonne,
 Myn auctour shal I folwen, if I konne.

Explicit prohemium secundi libri

['Here ends the prologue of the second book']

Incipit liber secundus

['Here begins the second book']

- 50 In May, that moder is of monthes glade,
 That fresshe floures, blew and white and rede,
 Ben quike° agayn, that wynter dede made,

- And ful of bawme^o is fletyng every mede,
 Whan Phebus^o doth his bryghte bemes sprede
 55 Right in the white Bole^o, it so bitidde,
 As I shal synge, on Mayes day the thrydde,
- That Pandarus, for al his wise speche,
 Felt ek his parte of loves shotes keene,
 That, koude he nevere so wel of lovyng preche,
 60 It made his hewe a-day ful ofte greene.
 So shop^o it that hym fil that day a teene^o
 In love, for which in wo to bedde he wente,
 And made, er it was day, ful many a wente^o.
- The swalowe Proigne^o, with a sorowful lay,
 65 Whan morwen com, gan make hire waymentyng^o
 Whi she forshapen^o was; and ever lay
 Pandare abedde, half in a slombering,
 Til she so neigh hym made hire cheteryng^o
 How Tereus gan forth hire suster^o take,
 70 That with the noyse of hire he gan awake
 And gan to calle, and dresse hym^o up to ryse,
 Remembryng hym his erand was to doone
 From Troilus, and ek his grete emprise^o;
 And caste^o and knewe in good plit^o was the moone
 75 To doon viage^o, and took his way ful soone
 Unto his neces palays ther biside.
 Now Janus, god of entree, thow hym gyde!
- Whan he was come vnto his neces place,
 'Wher is my lady?' to hire folk quod^o he;
 80 And they hym tolde, and he forth in gan pace,
 And fond two othere ladys sete and she,
 Withinne a paved parlour, and they thre
 Herden a mayden reden hem the geste^o
 Of the siege of Thebes, while hem leste.
- 85 Quod Pandarus, 'Madame, God yow see^o,
 With youre book and al the compaignie!
 'Ey, uncle myn, welcome iwys,' quod she;
 And vp she roos, and by the hond in hye^o
 She took hym faste, and seyde, 'This nyght thrie^o,
 90 To goode mot it turne, of yow I mette^o.'
 And with that word she doun on benche hym sette.
- 'Ye, nece, yee shal faren wel the bet,
 If god wol, al this yeere,' quod Pandarus;

^obalm
^othe sun
^oTaurus

^oit was destined ^ogrief
^oturning

^oProcne
^olamentation
^otransformed
^otwittering
^osister (Philomela, the
 nightengale)
^odress himself

^otask
^oforecast ^oposition
^ovoyage

^osaid

^ostory

^oGod look after you

^oquickly
^othrice
^odreamed

- 95 'But I am sory that I haue yow let^o
 To herken of youre book ye preysen thus.
 For Goddes love, what seith it? telle it us!
 Is it of love? O, som good ye me leere^o!
 'Uncle,' quod she, 'youre maistresse is nat here.'
- 100 With that thei gonnen laughe, and tho she seyde,
 'This romaunce is of Thebes that we rede;
 And we han^o herd how that kyng Layus deyde
 Thorough Edippus his sone, and al that dede^o;
 And here we stynten^o at thise lettres rede^o—
 How the bisshop, as the book kan telle,
 105 Amphiorax, fil thorough the ground to helle.'
 Quod Pandarus, 'Al this knowe I myselve,
 And al th'assege^o of Thebes and the care^o;
 For herof ben ther maked bookes twelve.
 But lat be this and telle me how ye fare.
 110 Do wey youre barbe^o and shew youre face bare;
 Do wey oure book, rys up, and lat us daunce,
 And lat us don to May som obseruaunce.'
- 115 'I^o! God forbede!' quod she, 'Be ye mad?
 Is that a widewes lif, so God yow save?
 By God, ye maken me ryght soore adrad^o!
 Ye ben so wylde, it semeth as ye rave.
 It satte me wel bet^o ay^o in a cave
 To bidde and rede on holy seyntes lyves;
 Lat maydens gon to daunce, and yonge wyues.'
- 120 'As evere thrive I,' quod this Pandarus,
 'Yet koude I telle a thyng to doon yow pleye^o.'
 'Now, uncle deere,' quod she, 'telle it us
 For Goddes love; is than th'assege^o aweye?
 I am of Grekes so fered that I deye.'
 125 'Nay, nay,' quod he, 'as evere mote I thryve,
 It is a thing wel bet than swyche fyve^o.'

✠ Text from Larry Benson, ed., *The Riverside Chaucer*. ll. 1–126, pp. 489–91.

Early Modern English

Reading 4 Sonnet 18

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

William Shakespeare

Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
 5 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed°; °divested of beauty
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 10 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st°; °ownest
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

✂ Text from Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor, eds, *William Shakespeare: The Complete Works*.
 Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986.

Reading 5 Sonnet 29

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

William Shakespeare

Sonnet 29

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless° cries, °futile
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 5 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least:
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,

- 10 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings'.

✠ Text from Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor, eds, *William Shakespeare: The Complete Works*.
 Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986.

Reading 6 From *King Richard II*

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

☞ William Shakespeare ☛

From *King Richard II*

ACT III, SCENE II

KING RICHARD

- What must the king do now? Must he submit?
 The King shall do it. Must he be deposed?
 The King shall be contented. Must he lose
 The name of King? A° God's name, let it go. °in
 5 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads°, °rosary
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
 My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
 My figured° goblets for a dish of wood, °ornamented
 My sceptre for a palmer's° walking staff, °pilgrim's
 10 My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little, little grave, an obscure grave;
 Or I'll be buried in the King's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 15 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
 For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live,
 And buried once, why not upon my head?
 Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin.
 We'll make foul weather with despisèd tears.
 20 Our sighs and they shall lodge° the summer corn, °beat down
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons° with our woes, °be unrestrained
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears;
 As thus to drop them still° upon one place °still
 25 Till they have fretted° us a pair of graves °worn
 Within the earth, and therein laid? 'There lies

Two kinsmen digged their graves with weeping eyes.
 Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you [laugh] at me.
 30 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says King Bolingbroke? Will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg^o, and Bolingbroke says 'Ay'. ^ocurtsy

✂ Text from Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor, eds, *William Shakespeare: The Complete Works*.
 Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986.

Reading 7 From *King Henry V*

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

☞ William Shakespeare ☛

From *King Henry V*

ACT IV, SCENE I

KING HARRY

Upon the King.
 'Let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our care-full^o wives, ^oanxious
 Our children and our sins lay on the King.'
 We must bear all. O hard condition,
 5 Twin-born with greatness: subject to the breath^o ^ospeech
 Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
 But his own wringing^o. What infinite heartsease ^ostomach ache
 Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy?
 And what have kings that privates have not too,
 10 Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?
 15 O ceremony, show me but thy worth.
 What is thy soul of adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree and form^o, ^ogood order
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy being feared,
 20 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out

- 25 With titles blown^o from adulation? °inflated
 Will it give place to flexure^o and low bending? °obsequious bowing
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
- 30 I am a king that find thee, and I know °orb
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball^o,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farcèd title running fore the king,
- 35 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp °exalted places
 That beats upon the high shore^o of this world—
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
- 40 Who with a body filled and vacant mind °gained by toil
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful^o bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lackey from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
- 45 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour, to his grave.
 And but for ceremony, such a wretch,
- 50 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the forehand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
- 55 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

✠ Text from Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor, eds, *William Shakespeare: The Complete Works*.
 Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986.

Reading 8 Song ('Go and catch a falling star')

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

✠ John Donne ✠

Song ('Go and catch a falling star')

Go and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me, where all past years are,

Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
 5 Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind
 Serves to advance an honest mind.

10 If thou be'st born to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see,
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
 15 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear,
 Nowhere
 Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
 20 Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
 Yet do not, I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet;
 Though she were true, when you met her,

And last, till you write your letter,
 25 Yet she
 Will be
 False, ere I come, to two, or three.

✠ Text from John Carey, ed., *John Donne* (The Oxford Authors). Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1990, pp. 73–5.

Reading 9 Holy Sonnet 10 ('Death be not proud')

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

☞ John Donne ☞

Holy Sonnet 10 ('Death be not proud')

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so;
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me;
 5 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,

And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
 Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 10 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more; Death thou shalt die.

✠ Text from John Carey, ed., *John Donne* (The Oxford Authors). Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1990, pp. 175–6.

Reading 10 A Hymn to God The Father

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

✠ John Donne ✠

A Hymn to God the Father

I
 Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive [that sin], through which I run,
 And do run still: though still I do deplore?
 5 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

II
 Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
 Others to sin? and, made my sin their door?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 10 A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

III
 I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
 15 [But s]wear by thyself, that at my death thy Sun
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
 And having done that, thou hast done,
 I fear no more.

✠ Text from John Carey, ed., *John Donne* (The Oxford Authors). Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1990, p. 333.

Reading 11 On My First Son

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

☞ Ben Jonson ☛

On My First Son

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
 My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy.
 Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
 Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
 5 Oh, could I lose all father^o now! For why
 Will man lament the state he should envy?
 To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
 And if no other misery, yet age?
 Rest in soft peace, and, asked, say, Here doth lie
 10 Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.
 For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such
 As what he loves may never like too much.

^oshake off all paternal feeling

✦ Text from Ian Donaldson, ed., *Ben Jonson* (The Oxford Authors). Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1985, pp. 236–7.

Reading 12 Epitaph on Elizabeth

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

☞ Ben Jonson ☛

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L.H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
 In a little? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die;
 5 Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,
 10 The other let it sleep with death:
 Fitter, where it died to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

✦ Text from Ian Donaldson, ed., *Ben Jonson* (The Oxford Authors). Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1985, p. 272

Reading 13 From *The Silent Woman*

Read by Bryan Gooch, Professor of English, University of British Columbia

☞ Ben Jonson ☜

From *The Silent Woman*

ACT I, SCENE I ('CLERIMONT'S SONG')

Still to be neat, still to be dressed,
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powdered, still perfumd:
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 5 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 10 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all the adulteries of art:
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

✦ Text from Ian Donaldson, ed., *Ben Jonson* (The Oxford Authors). Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1985, p. 491.