

ENGLISH HONOURS PART I

[The revised syllabi is exclusively for students taking admission to the English Honours and General Courses in the Academic Session 2013-2014. CMEV syllabi for Part I, II & III remain unchanged. Model questions will be uploaded later for Honours & General Courses.]

Course Structure

Paper I

Old English, Middle English, Elizabethan and Jacobean Literature, and Philology

Marks- 100

Time-4 hours

Paper II

The Civil War, Restoration and Eighteenth Century Literature, Precursors of the Romantics, Rhetoric, Prosody.

Marks-100

Time-4hours

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR ALL ENGLISH HONOURS PAPERS

Students are expected to write precise answers in their own language.

As a general rule the following word limits will be enforced:

15 marks – within 500 words;

5 marks – within 200 words;

2 marks—within 60 words.

PAPER I

Course Details

Old English Literature:

- Old English Poetry- Background of the age, culture, structure of the epic, style, theme. A passage from *Beowulf* (see appendix I). The idea is to use an extract and from there work into the context and analyze how that shapes the writing.
- Non-epic, secular, elegiac poetry, theme, style, social picture, language, style : *Deor's Lament* (see appendix I)
- Christian poetry- Caedmon's hymn; Cynewulf, *Dream of the Rood* (see appendix I)
- Old English Prose - An overview

Middle English Literature:

- The Norman conquest and transition, the romance tradition, the alliterative revival (See appendix I), the Black Death, Langland, Gower, Lydgate; Chaucer, General background, literary career, extracts from the Prologue (see appendix I), Metrical Romances, Malory, Caxton. Prose, Wyclif and Mandeville.

Elizabethan and Jacobean Literature:

- The historical, political, socio-cultural background, literary/intellectual details. The generic/social history of poetry and poetic forms (to be tied up with the poems of the period that are being taught).
- The following poems are for detailed study:

Sidney, 'Loving in truth'

Spenser, 'One day I wrote her name upon the strand'

Shakespeare, Sonnets 18, 73, 130

Donne, 'Cannonization'

Marvell, 'To His Coy Mistress'

Vaughan, 'Peace'

- **Elizabethan/Jacobean Prose-** The phenomenal growth of English prose from late medieval religious prose, through the translations from Latin that culminated in the issue of *King James's Bible*. Other categories of prose, secular romances, narratives, travelogues to be tied up with a close reading of Bacon's essays *Of Friendship & Of Death*, and short extract from Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (See appendix I; online versions are available; the extract to be used has been selected)

Philology:

Sec I. Growth and Structure of English Language

- **Latin, Greek, Scandinavian, French influences, Native Resources, Philological notes.**

[Suggested Books:

- **Otto Jespersen—*Growth and Structure of the English Language***
- **C.L.Wren- *The English Language***
- **A.C. Baugh- *A History of the English Language***
- **James Bradstreet Greenough, George Lyman Kittredge- *Words and their Ways in English Speech***

Sec. II. Growth and Structure of Indian English

- **Borrowings into Indian English :**
- **Loanwords and loan translations**
- **Hybrids**
- **Adaptations**
- **Diffusions**

[Suggested Books:

- Yule, H. & A.C. Burnell, *Hobson-Jobson: A Glossary of Colloquial Anglo Indian Words and Phrases, and of Kindred Terms, Etymological, Historical, Geographical and Discursive*, Delhi, Rupa & Co., 1990, First Published 1886.
- Sethi, J., *Standard English and Indian Usage: Vocabulary and Grammar*, Second Edition. Prentice Hall ,2011]
- Students will be asked to write philological notes on the following Indian English words: peon, guru, lathicharge, tiffin-box, military hotel, 420, communal, out of station, classmate, match box.

Questions to be Answered

- Group A (Old & Middle English Literature)

One essay type question of 15 marks (1x15=15)

Three short questions of 5 marks each. (3x5=15)

Total: 30

- Group B (Elizabethan & Jacobean Literature)

Two essay type questions of 15 marks each (Marks: 2x15=30)

Two short questions of 5 marks each. (2x5=10)

Total : 40

- Group C (Philology)

Two essay type questions of 10 marks each (Marks 2x10=20)

Five philological notes, each of 2 marks (5x2=10)

Total: 30

PAPER II

Course Details

- **History, politics and socio-cultural background, and its impact on literature. Poetry with special reference to the change and the emergence of new forms and styles, verse satire, neoclassical norms. The impact of science and empirical thinking, democratic social and political trends, secular interests and dominant intellectual discourses that were reflected on writing during the period.**
- **Restoration: Milton, *Paradise Lost, Book 1***
- **Augustan literature: Alexander Pope, *The Rape of the Lock, Cantos 1-3***
- **Precursors of the Romantics: Gray- ‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’; Cowper-‘The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk’; Blake- ‘Introduction’ to *Songs of Innocence*, ‘The Lamb’; ‘The Tyger’, ‘London’ from *Songs of Experience*.**
- **Rhetoric & Prosody (Unseen passages to be set for both).**

Questions to be Answered

- **Group A (Milton’s *Paradise Lost BK.I*):**
 One essay type question of 15 marks (1x15=15)
 Two short questions and/or annotations of 5 marks each (2x5= 10)
 Total: 25
- **Group B (Pope’s *The Rape of the Lock*)**
 One essay type question of 15 marks (1x15=15)
 Two short questions and/or annotations of 5 marks each (2x5=10)
 Total: 25
- **Group C (Precursors of the Romantics)**

One essay type question of 15 marks (1x15=15)

Three short questions and/or annotations of 5 marks each (3x5= 15)

Total: 30

- **Group D (Rhetoric & Prosody)**

Rhetoric (15). An unseen passage to be selected from which at least 5 figures of speech can be identified. Marks will be allotted for identifying, defining and explaining. (5x3)

Prosody (5)- An unseen passage to be set.

Total: 20

APPENDIX I (extracts specifically mentioned in the syllabus for Part I)

Beowulf

http://www.rado.sk/old_english/texts/Beowulf.htm

XI

THEN from the moorland, by misty crags,
 with God's wrath laden, Grendel came.
 The monster was minded of mankind now
 sundry to seize in the stately house.
 Under welkin he walked, till the wine-palace there,
 gold-hall of men, he gladly discerned,
 flashing with fretwork. Not first time, this,
 that he the home of Hrothgar sought, --
 yet ne'er in his life-day, late or early,
 such hardy heroes, such hall-thanes, found!

To the house the warrior walked apace,
parted from peace; [35] the portal opened,
though with forged bolts fast, when his fists had
struck it, and baleful he burst in his blatant rage,
the house's mouth. All hastily, then,
o'er fair-paved floor the fiend trod on,
ireful he strode; there streamed from his eyes
fearful flashes, like flame to see.
He spied in hall the hero-band,
kin and clansmen clustered asleep,
hardy liegemen. Then laughed his heart;
for the monster was minded, ere morn should dawn,
savage, to sever the soul of each,
life from body, since lusty banquet
waited his will! But Wyrð forbade him
to seize any more of men on earth
after that evening. Eagerly watched
Hygelac's kinsman his cursed foe,
how he would fare in fell attack.
Not that the monster was minded to pause!
Straightway he seized a sleeping warrior
for the first, and tore him fiercely asunder,
the bone-frame bit, drank blood in streams,
swallowed him piecemeal: swiftly thus
the lifeless corse was clear devoured,
e'en feet and hands. Then farther he hied;

for the hardy hero with hand he grasped,
felt for the foe with fiendish claw,
for the hero reclining, -- who clutched it boldly,
prompt to answer, propped on his arm.

Soon then saw that shepherd-of-evils
that never he met in this middle-world,
in the ways of earth, another wight
with heavier hand-gripe; at heart he feared,
sorrowed in soul, -- none the sooner escaped!

Fain would he flee, his fastness seek,
the den of devils: no doings now
such as oft he had done in days of old!

Then bethought him the hardy Hygelac-thane
of his boast at evening: up he bounded,
grasped firm his foe, whose fingers cracked.
The fiend made off, but the earl close followed.

The monster meant -- if he might at all --
to fling himself free, and far away
fly to the fens, -- knew his fingers' power
in the gripe of the grim one. Gruesome march
to Heorot this monster of harm had made!

Din filled the room; the Danes were bereft,
castle-dwellers and clansmen all,
earls, of their ale. Angry were both
those savage hall-guards: the house resounded.

Wonder it was the wine-hall firm

in the strain of their struggle stood, to earth
 the fair house fell not; too fast it was
 within and without by its iron bands
 craftily clamped; though there crashed from sill
 many a mead-bench -- men have told me --
 gay with gold, where the grim foes wrestled.
 So well had weened the wisest Scyldings
 that not ever at all might any man
 that bone-decked, brave house break asunder,
 crush by craft, -- unless clasp of fire
 in smoke engulfed it. -- Again uprose
 din redoubled. Danes of the North
 with fear and frenzy were filled, each one,
 who from the wall that wailing heard,
 God's foe sounding his grisly song,
 cry of the conquered, clamorous pain
 from captive of hell. Too closely held him
 he who of men in might was strongest
 in that same day of this our life.

Deor's Lament

http://www.rado.sk/old_english/texts/Deor.htm

Welund tasted misery among snakes.
 The stout-hearted hero endured troubles
 had sorrow and longing as his companions
 cruelty cold as winter - he often found woe

5 Once Nithad laid restraints on him,
supple sinew-bonds on the better man.

 That went by; so can this.

To Beadohilde, her brothers' death was not
so painful to her heart as her own problem
10 which she had readily perceived
that she was pregnant; nor could she ever
foresee without fear how things would turn out.

 That went by, so can this.

We have learnt of the laments of Mathild,
15 of Geat's lady, that they became countless
so that the painful passion took away all sleep.

 That went by, so can this.

For thirty years Theodric possessed
the Maring's stronghold; that was known to many.

20 That went by, so can this.

We have heard of Eormanric's
wolfish mind; he ruled men in many places
in the Goths' realm - that was a grim king.

Many a man sat surrounded by sorrows,
25 misery his expectation, he often wished
that the kingdom would be overcome.

 That went by, so may this.

A heavy-hearted man sits deprived of luck.
He grows gloomy in his mind and thinks of himself
30 that his share of troubles may be endless.

He can then consider that throughout this world
 the wise Lord often brings about change
 to many a man, he shows him grace
 and certain fame; and to some a share of woes.

35 I wish to say this about myself:
 That for a time I was the Heodenings' poet,
 dear to my lord - my name was "Deor".
 For many years I had a profitable position,
 a loyal lord until now that Heorrenda,
 40 the man skilled in song, has received the estate
 which the warriors' guardian had given to me.

That went by, so can this.

Translated by Steve Pollington.

Alternatively the following website may be consulted :

<http://home.ix.netcom.com/~kyamazak/myth/beowulf/deor-ae.htm>

http://www.rado.sk/old_english/texts/Hymn.html

Cædmon's Hymn

Now shall we praise the heavenly kingdom's Guardian,
 the Creator's ability and his wisdom,
 3 work of the glorious Father, so he wonder each,
 eternal Lord, origins created.
 He first created the earth for the children
 6 Heaven as a roof, holy Creator;
 then the earth mankind's Guardian,
 eternal Lord afterwards created
 9 for men as earth, Lord almighty.

The Dream of the Rood

<http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/rood.html>

Manuscript: The Vercelli Book (chapter library of the cathedral at Vercelli, Codex CXVII). **Editions:** Krapp, George Philip, ed. *The Vercelli Book*. ASPR 2. New York: Columbia UP, 1932; Dickens, Bruce, and Alan S. C. Ross, eds. *The Dream of the Rood*. Methuen's Old English Library. New York: Appleton, 1966; Swanton, Michael, ed. *The Dream of the Rood*. Manchester Old and Middle English Texts. New York: Barnes (for Manchester UP), 1970. Pope, John C., ed. *Seven Old English Poems*. 2nd ed. New York: Norton, 1981. It will be obvious that I have relied heavily on Swanton's edition in my notes (click on the hyperlinked superscripts in the text to go to the notes). A general observation should be made here: this poem is remarkable for its extensive use of hypermetric lines, "used contrapuntally to accommodate significantly more complex thematic material" (Swanton 61).

Hyperlinks to [annotations](#) are added in-line in the text, in bolded brackets. See also my notes on [The Dream of the Rood](#).

Listen! The choicest of visions I wish to tell,
 which came as a dream in middle-night,
 after voice-bearers lay at rest.
 It seemed that I saw a most wondrous tree
 born aloft, wound round by light,⁵
 brightest of beams. All was that beacon
 sprinkled with gold. Gems stood
 fair at earth's corners; there likewise five
 shone on the shoulder-span [[1](#)]. All there beheld the Angel of God [[2](#)],
 fair through predestiny [[3](#)]. Indeed, that was no wicked one's gallows,¹⁰
 but holy souls beheld it there,
 men over earth, and all this great creation.
 Wondrous that victory-beam--and I stained with sins,
 with wounds of disgrace. I saw glory's tree
 honored with trappings, shining with joys,¹⁵
 decked with gold; gems had
 wrapped that forest tree worthily round.
 Yet through that gold I clearly perceived
 old strife of wretches [[4](#)], when first it began
 to bleed on its right side. With sorrows most troubled,²⁰
 I feared that fair sight. I saw that doom-beacon [[5](#)]
 turn trappings and hews: sometimes with water wet,
 drenched with blood's going; sometimes with jewels decked.
 But lying there long while, I,
 troubled, beheld the Healer's tree,²⁵
 until I heard its fair voice.
 Then best wood spoke these words:
 "It was long since--I yet remember it--
 that I was hewn at holt's end,

moved from my stem. Strong fiends seized me there,**30**
 worked me for spectacle; cursèd ones lifted me [**6**].
 On shoulders men bore me there, then fixed me on hill;
 fiends enough fastened me. Then saw I mankind's Lord
 come with great courage when he would mount on me.
 Then dared I not against the Lord's word**35**
 bend or break, when I saw earth's
 fields shake. All fiends
 I could have felled, but I stood fast.
 The young hero stripped himself--he, God Almighty--
 strong and stout-minded. He mounted high gallows,**40**
 bold before many, when he would loose mankind.
 I shook when that Man clasped me. I dared, still, not bow to earth,
 fall to earth's fields, but had to stand fast.
 Rood was I reared. I lifted a mighty King,
 Lord of the heavens, dared not to bend.**45**
 With dark nails they drove me through: on me those sores are seen,
 open malice-wounds. I dared not scathe anyone.
 They mocked us both, we two together [**7**]. All wet with blood I was,
 poured out from that Man's side, after ghost he gave up.
 Much have I born on that hill**50**
 of fierce fate. I saw the God of hosts
 harshly stretched out. Darknenses had
 wound round with clouds the corpse of the Wielder,
 bright radiance; a shadow went forth,
 dark under heaven. All creation wept,**55**
 King's fall lamented. Christ was on rood.
 But there eager ones came from afar
 to that noble one. I beheld all that.
 Sore was I with sorrows distressed, yet I bent to men's hands,
 with great zeal willing. They took there Almighty God,**60**
 lifted him from that grim torment. Those warriors abandoned me
 standing all blood-drenched, all wounded with arrows.
 They laid there the limb-weary one, stood at his body's head;
 beheld they there heaven's Lord, and he himself rested there,
 worn from that great strife. Then they worked him an earth-house,**65**
 men in the slayer's sight carved it from bright stone,
 set in it the Wielder of Victories. Then they sang him a sorrow-song,
 sad in the eventide, when they would go again
 with grief from that great Lord. He rested there, with small company.
 But we there lamenting a good while**70**
 stood in our places after the warrior's cry
 went up. Corpse grew cold,
 fair life-dwelling. Then someone felled us
 all to the earth. That was a dreadful fate!
 Deep in a pit one delved us. Yet there Lord's thanes,**75**
 friends, learned of me,
 adorned me with silver and gold.
 Now you may know, loved man of mine,
 what I, work of baleful ones, have endured
 of sore sorrows. Now has the time come**80**
 when they will honor me far and wide,

men over earth, and all this great creation,
 will pray for themselves to this beacon. On me God's son
 suffered awhile. Therefore I, glorious now,
 rise under heaven, and I may heal⁸⁵
 any of those who will reverence me.
 Once I became hardest of torments,
 most loathly to men, before I for them,
 voice-bearers, life's right way opened.
 Indeed, Glory's Prince, Heaven's Protector,⁹⁰
 honored me, then, over holm-wood [8].
 Thus he his mother, Mary herself,
 Almighty God, for all men,
 also has honored over all woman-kind.
 Now I command you, loved man of mine,⁹⁵
 that you this seeing [9] tell unto men;
 discover with words that it is glory's beam
 which Almighty God suffered upon
 for all mankind's manifold sins
 and for the ancient ill-deeds of Adam.¹⁰⁰
 Death he tasted there, yet God rose again
 by his great might, a help unto men.
 He then rose to heaven. Again sets out hither
 into this Middle-Earth, seeking mankind
 on Doomsday, the Lord himself,¹⁰⁵
 Almighty God, and with him his angels,
 when he will deem--he holds power of doom--
 everyone here as he will have earned
 for himself earlier in this brief life.
 Nor may there be any unafraid¹¹⁰
 for the words that the Wielder speaks.
 He asks before multitudes where that one is
 who for God's name would gladly taste
 bitter death, as before he on beam did.
 And they then are afraid, and few think¹¹⁵
 what they can to Christ's question answer [10].
 Nor need there then any be most afraid [11]
 who ere in his breast bears finest of beacons;
 but through that rood shall each soul
 from the earth-way enter the kingdom,¹²⁰
 who with the Wielder thinks yet to dwell."
 I prayed then to that beam with blithe mind,
 great zeal, where I alone was
 with small company [12]. My heart was
 impelled on the forth-way, waited for in each¹²⁵
 longing-while. For me now life's hope:
 that I may seek that victory-beam
 alone more often than all men,
 honor it well. My desire for that
 is much in mind, and my hope of protection¹³⁰
 reverts to the rood. I have not now many
 strong friends on this earth; they forth hence
 have departed from world's joys, have sought themselves glory's King;

they live now in heaven with the High-Father,
 dwell still in glory, and I for myself expect¹³⁵
 each of my days the time when the Lord's rood,
 which I here on earth formerly saw,
 from this loaned life will fetch me away
 and bring me then where is much bliss,
 joy in the heavens, where the Lord's folk¹⁴⁰
 is seated at feast, where is bliss everlasting;
 and set me then where I after may
 dwell in glory, well with those saints
 delights to enjoy. May he be friend to me
 who here on earth earlier died¹⁴⁵
 on that gallows-tree for mankind's sins.
 He loosed us and life gave,
 a heavenly home. Hope was renewed
 with glory and gladness to those who there burning endured.
 That Son was victory-fast [¹³] in that great venture,¹⁵⁰
 with might and good-speed [¹⁴], when he with many,
 vast host of souls, came to God's kingdom,
 One-Wielder Almighty: bliss to the angels
 and all the saints--those who in heaven
 dwelt long in glory--when their Wielder came,¹⁵⁵
 Almighty God, where his homeland was.

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Annotations

[1] **shoulder-span**. OE *eaxlegespanne*. Of this *hapax legomenon*, Swanton writes: "It would be tempting to identify this with the 'axle-tree' or centre-piece of the cross, although 'axle' in this sense of wheel-centre is not otherwise recorded before the thirteenth century. . . . It might . . . simply refer to the beam of the gallows along which Christ's arms were stretched, although the 'crux gemmata' normally has jewels along all four arms."

[2] **All . . . God**. Most editors assume that *engel* 'angel' is the subject of the sentence, but I follow Swanton in treating *ealle* 'all' as subject and *engel* as object. Swanton considers this to cause difficulties about identifying the *engel*, but the OE word can carry the sense 'messenger,' which obviously suggests that the Cross itself is the *engel* *dryhtnes* 'angel/messenger of God.'

[3] **fair . . . predestiny**. OE *fægere þurh forōgesceaft*, an ambiguous phrase, *forōgesceaft* being used elsewhere to mean both 'creation' and 'future destiny.' See Swanton for a discussion of the possibilities. My translation indicates that I take it to mean 'what is preordained.' Thus the Rood is part of an eternal plan, like "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. 13:8)

[4] **old strife of wretches**. OE *earmra ærgewin*, lit. 'of wretches ere-strife.' The phrase, in this context, appears to refer to the whole battle between Christ and Satan, Good and Evil; more immediately, of course, it refers to Christ's Passion, viewed as battle.

[5] **doom-beacon**. OE *fuse beacen*. Considering that "the word *fus* is commonly associated with death," Swanton notes: "Clearly, within the poet's vision we must recognize not simply the church year hastening to its sacrificial end, but a concrete symbol of death and the doom to come. This *beacen* is at once an emblem of death (Christ's) and of doom (that of the dreamer and world). At Judgement Day it is this symbol that will be seen again in the heavens. . . ."

[6] **cursèd . . . me**. As Swanton observes, the syntax could conceivably support the rendering "made me lift cursèd ones."

[7] **both . . . together**. OE *unc butu atgædere* 'we two both together.' *Unc* is dual in number, underscoring the close relationship--the near identification--of Cross and Christ in the poem.

[8] **holm-wood**. OE *holmwudu*, a *hapax legomenon* and obscure. Swanton notes three possible ways to find meaning in the term: (1) interpret it as 'sea-wood' (either 'ship' or--more understandably--*lignum vitae* 'tree of life,' which grows by the waters of Paradise); (2) emend to *holtwudu* 'forest wood'; or (3) take *holm* in the OS sense 'hill,' providing a "powerful oblique reference to the gallows of Golgotha."

[9] **seeing**. OE *gesyhð* 'thing seen, vision' (> NE *sight*), clearly referring to the dreamer's vision of the Cross. B. Huppé, *Web of Words*, entitles this poem "Gesyhþ rodes."

[10] **Christ's . . . answer**. More literally: "what they may begin to say to Christ."

[11] **most afraid**. OE *unforht*, usually emended to *anforht* 'fearful'; Swanton retains the MS reading *un-* as an intensive: 'very afraid.'

[12] **small company**. See line 69. This is one of the numerous echoes set up to link Christ, Cross, and Dreamer.

[13] **victory-fast**. I.e., secure in or sure of victory.

[14] **with . . . good-speed**. OE *mihtig ond spedig* 'mighty and successful' (the latter being the original meaning of *speedy*).

The Canterbury Tales : Prologue

<http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/source/ct-prolog-para.html>

Here bygynneþ the Book of the tales of Caunterbury

1: Whan that aprill with his shoures soote
2: The droghte of march hath perced to the roote,
3: And bathed every veyne in swich licour
4: Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
5: Whan zephirus eek with his sweete breeth
6: Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
7: Tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
8: Hath in the ram his halve cours yronne,

Here begins the Book of the Tales of Canterbury

When April with his showers sweet with fruit
The drought of March has pierced unto the root
And bathed each vein with liquor that has power
To generate therein and sire the flower;
When Zephyr also has, with his sweet breath,
Quickened again, in every holt and heath,
The tender shoots and buds, and the young sun
Into the Ram one half his course has run,

9: And smale foweles maken melodye,	And many little birds make melody
10: That slepen al the nyght with open ye	That sleep through all the night with open eye
11: (so priketh hem nature in hir corages);	(So Nature pricks them on to ramp and rage)-
12: Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,	Then do folk long to go on pilgrimage,
13: And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,	And palmers to go seeking out strange strands,
14: To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes;	To distant shrines well known in sundry lands.
15: And specially from every shires ende	And specially from every shire's end
16: Of engelond to caunterbury they wende,	Of England they to Canterbury wend,
17: The hooly blisful martir for to seke,	The holy blessed martyr there to seek
18: That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.	Who helped them when they lay so ill and weal
19: Bifil that in that seson on a day,	Befell that, in that season, on a day
20: In southwerk at the tabard as I lay	In Southwark, at the Tabard, as I lay
21: Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage	Ready to start upon my pilgrimage
22: To caunterbury with ful devout corage,	To Canterbury, full of devout homage,
23: At nyght was come into that hostelrye	There came at nightfall to that hostelry
24: Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,	Some nine and twenty in a company
25: Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle	Of sundry persons who had chanced to fall
26: In felawshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle,	In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all
27: That toward caunterbury wolden ryde.	That toward Canterbury town would ride.
28: The chambres and the stables weren wyde,	The rooms and stables spacious were and wide,
29: And wel we weren esed atte beste.	And well we there were eased, and of the best.
30: And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,	And briefly, when the sun had gone to rest,
31: So hadde I spoken with hem everichon	So had I spoken with them, every one,
32: That I was of hir felawshipe anon,	That I was of their fellowship anon,
33: And made forward erly for to ryse,	And made agreement that we'd early rise
34: To take oure wey ther as I yow devyse.	To take the road, as you I will apprise.
35: But nathelees, whil I have tyme and space,	But none the less, whilst I have time and space,
36: Er that I ferther in this tale pace,	Before yet farther in this tale I pace,
37: Me thynketh it acordaunt to resoun	It seems to me accordant with reason
38: To telle yow al the condicioun	To inform you of the state of every one
39: Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,	Of all of these, as it appeared to me,
40: And whiche they weren, and of what degree,	And who they were, and what was their degree,
41: And eek in what array that they were inne;	And even how arrayed there at the inn;
42: And at a knyght than wol I first bigynne.	And with a knight thus will I first begin.

PORTRAIT OF THE WIFE OF BATH

[From The General Prologue]

Pollard, Alfred W., ed. *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*. Vol II.
London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 1907. 24-25.

<http://www.luminarium.org/medlit/wifeport.htm>

A GOOD WIF was ther of biside BATHE, 445
But she was som-del deaf and that was scathe.
Of clooth-makyng she hadde swich an haunt
She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wif ne was ther noon
That to the offrynge bifore hire sholde goon, 450
And if ther dide, certeyn so wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs ful fyne weren of ground,—
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound,—
That on a Sondag weren upon hir heed. 455
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoes ful moyste and newe;
Boold was hir face and fair and reed of hewe.
She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche dore she hadde fyve, 460
Withouten oother compaignye in youthe,—
But ther-of nedeth nat to speke as nowthe,—
And thries hadde she been at Jerusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge strem;
At Rome she hadde been and at Boloigne, 465
In Galice at Seint Jame, and at Coloigne,
She koude muchel of wandrynge by the weye.
Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
Upon an amblere esily she sat,
Y-wympled wel, and on hir heed an hat 470
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot mantel aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felaweshipe wel koude she laughe and carpe;
Of remedies of love she knew per chaunce, 475
For she koude of that art the olde daunce.

446. *som-del*, somewhat.

scathe, *scaith*, harm.

447. *haunt*, practice.

448. *Gaunt*, Ghent.

450. *to the offrynge*, offerings in kind or money at mass and other services
were presented by the people going up in order to the priest.

453. *coverchiefs*, kerchiefs, head-dresses, worn under the hat.

459. *worthy*, well-to-do, respectable.

460. *at chirche dore*, the first part of the marriage service used to be read at the
church door.

461. *Withouten*, besides.

462. *nowthe*, now.

465. *Boloigne*, Boulogne, where an image of the B. Virgin was exhibited to pilgrims.

466. *In Galice at S. Jame*, i. e. at the shrine of St. James of Compostella in Galicia
in Spain.

Coloigne, to the shrine of the Three Kings of the East at Cologne.

467. *koude*, knew.

468. *Gat-tothed*, gate-toothed, i.e. with teeth wide apart; according to a piece

of folk-lore quoted by Prof. Skeat, "a sign she should be lucky and travel."

But in the Wife's Prologue she says:

"Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me weel,
I hadde the prente of seint Venus seel:"

which points rather to the derivation "goat-toothed," *i.e.* lascivious.

472. *foot mantel*, according to the illustration in the Ellesmere MS. this took the form of leggings

stretching from the hips down over the boots. The spurs were fastened over it.

474. *carpe*, chatter.

476. *koude the olde daunce* ("Qu'el scet toute la vielle dance," *Rom. de la Rose*), knew the ancient custom.

[Modern Translation for reference:

<http://pages.towson.edu/duncan/chaucer/duallang5.htm>

There was a housewife come from Bath, or near,
Who- sad to say- was deaf in either ear.
At making cloth she had so great a bent
She bettered those of Ypres and even of Ghent.
In all the parish there was no goodwife
Should offering make before her, on my life;
And if one did, indeed, so wroth was she
It put her out of all her charity.
Her kerchiefs were of finest weave and ground;
I dare swear that they weighed a full ten pound
Which, of a Sunday, she wore on her head.
Her hose were of the choicest scarlet red,
Close gartered, and her shoes were soft and new.
Bold was her face, and fair, and red of hue.
She'd been respectable throughout her life,
With five churched husbands bringing joy and strife,
Not counting other company in youth;
But thereof there's no need to speak, in truth.
Three times she'd journeyed to Jerusalem;
And many a foreign stream she'd had to stem;
At Rome she'd been, and she'd been in Boulogne,
In Spain at Santiago, and at Cologne.
She could tell much of wandering by the way:
Gap-toothed was she, it is no lie to say.
Upon an ambler easily she sat,
Well wimpled, aye, and over all a hat
As broad as is a buckler or a targe;
A rug was tucked around her buttocks large,
And on her feet a pair of sharpened spurs.
In company well could she laugh her slurs.
The remedies of love she knew, perchance,
For of that art she'd learned the old, old dance.]

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

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 or otherwise, for any non-commercial purpose.

<http://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/English/GawainAndTheGreenKnight.htm>

Part I

3

This king lay at Camelot nigh on Christmas
 with many lovely lords, of leaders the best,
 reckoning of the Round Table all the rich brethren,
 with right ripe revel and reckless mirth.
 There tourneyed tykes by times full many,
 jousted full jollily these gentle knights,
 then carried to court, their carols to make.
 For there the feast was alike full fifteen days,
 with all the meat and mirth men could devise:
 such clamour and glee glorious to hear,
 dear din in the daylight, dancing of nights;
 all was happiness high in halls and chambers
 with lords and ladies, as liked them all best.
 With all that's well in the world were they together,
 the knights best known under the Christ Himself,
 and the loveliest ladies that ever life honoured,
 and he the comeliest king that the court rules.
 For all were fair folk and in their first age
 still,
 the happiest under heaven,
 king noblest in his will;
 that it were hard to reckon
 so hardy a host on hill.

4

While New Year was so young it was new come in,
 that day double on the dais was the dole served,
 for the king was come with knights into the hall,
 and chanting in the chapel had chimed to an end.
 Loud cry was there cast of clerics and others,
 Noel nurtured anew, and named full oft;
 and see the rich run forth to render presents,
 yelled their gifts on high, yield them to hand,
 argued busily about those same gifts.
 Ladies laughed out loud, though they had lost,
 while he that won was not wrath, that you'll know.
 All this mirth they made at the meal time.
 When they had washed well they went to be seated,
 the best of the barons above, as it seemed best;
 with Guinevere, full gaily, gracing their midst,
 dressed on the dais there, adorned all about -
 splendid silk by her sides, and sheer above
 of true Toulouse, of Tartar tapestries plenty,
 that were embroidered, bright with the best gems
 that might be price-proved with pennies
 any a day.

the comeliest to descry
 glanced there with eyen grey;
 a seemlier ever to the sight,
 sooth might no man say.

5

But Arthur would not eat till all were served,
 he was so joyous a youth, and somewhat boyish:
 he liked his life lively, he loved the less
 either to long lie idle or to long sit,
 so busied him his young blood and his brain wild.
 And also another matter moved him so,
 that he had nobly named he would never eat
 on such dear days, before he had been advised,
 of some adventurous thing, an unknown tale,
 of some mighty marvel, that he might believe,
 of ancestors, arms, or other adventures;
 or else till someone beseeched for some sure knight
 to join with him in jousting, in jeopardy to lay,
 lay down life for life, allow each to the other,
 as fortune might favour them, a fair advantage.
 This was the king's custom when he in court was,
 at each fine feast among his many friends
 in hall.

Therefore with fearless face
 he stands straight and tall;
 full lively at that New Year
 much mirth he makes with all.

6

Thus there stands straight and tall the king himself,
 talking at the high table of trifles full courtly.
 There good Gawain was graced by Guinevere beside,
 and Agravain a *la dure main* on the other side sits,
 both the king's sister-sons and full sure knights;
 Bishop Baldwin above, he begins the table,
 and Ywain, Urien's son, ate alongside him.
 These sat high on the dais and deftly served,
 and many another sat sure at the side-tables.
 Then the first course came with crack of trumpets,
 with many a banner full bright that thereby hung;
 new noise of kettledrums and noble pipes,
 wild warbles and wide wakened echoes,
 that many a heart full high heaved at their notes.
 Dainties drawn in therewith of full dear meats,
 foods of the freshest, and in such files of dishes
 they find no room to place them people before
 and to set the silver that holds such servings
 on cloth.

Each his load as he liked himself,
 there ladled and nothing loath;
 Every two had dishes twelve,
 good beer and bright wine both.

7

Now will I of their service say you no more,
 for each man may well know no want was there

another noise full new neared with speed,
 that would give the lord leave to take meat.
 For scarce was the noise not a while ceased,
 and the first course in the court duly served,
 there hailes in at the hall door a dreadful man,
 the most in the world's mould of measure high,
 from the nape to the waist so swart and so thick,
 and his loins and his limbs so long and so great
 half giant on earth I think now that he was;
 but the most of man anyway I mean him to be,
 and that the finest in his greatness that might ride,
 for of back and breast though his body was strong,
 both his belly and waist were worthily small,
 and his features all followed his form made
 and clean.

Wonder at his hue men displayed,
 set in his semblance seen;
 he fared as a giant were made,
 and over all deepest green.

[A prose translation of the above extracted portion is also provided
 for reference

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

Translated by JESSIE L. WESTO

<http://www.lib.rochester.edu/CAMELOT/sggk.htm>

[After the siege and the assault of Troy, when that burg was destroyed
 and burnt to ashes, and the traitor tried for his treason, the noble
 Æneas and his kin sailed forth to become princes and patrons of well-nigh
 all the Western Isles. Thus Romulus built Rome (and gave to the city his
 own name, which it bears even to this day); and Ticius turned him to
 Tuscany; and Langobard raised him up dwellings in Lombardy; and Felix
 Brutus sailed far over the French flood, and founded the kingdom of
 Britain, wherein have been war and waste and wonder, and bliss and bale,
 oftentimes since.

And in that kingdom of Britain have been wrought more gallant deeds
 than in any other; but of all British kings Arthur was the most valiant,
 as I have heard tell, therefore will I set forth a wondrous adventure
 that fell out in his time. And if ye will listen to me, but for a little
 while, I will tell it even as it stands in story stiff and strong, fixed
 in the letter, as it hath long been known in the land.]

King Arthur lay at Camelot upon a Christmas-tide, with many
 a gallant lord and lovely lady, and all the noble brotherhood of the
 Round Table. There they held rich revels with gay talk and jest; one
 while they would ride forth to joust and tourney, and again back to the
 court to make carols; 2 for there was the feast holden fifteen days with
 all the mirth that men could devise, song and glee, glorious to hear, in
 the daytime, and dancing at night. Halls and chambers were crowded with
 noble guests, the bravest of knights and the loveliest of ladies, and
 Arthur himself was the comeliest king that ever held a court. For all
 this fair folk were in their youth, the fairest and most fortunate under

heaven, and the king himself of such fame that it were hard now to name so valiant a hero.

Now the New Year had but newly come in, and on that day a double portion was served on the high table to all the noble guests, and thither came the king with all his knights, when the service in the chapel had been sung to an end. And they greeted each other for the New Year, and gave rich gifts, the one to the other (and they that received them were not wroth, that may ye well believe!), and the maidens laughed and made mirth till it was time to get them to meat. Then they washed and sat them down to the feast in fitting rank and order, and Guinevere the queen, gaily clad, sat on the high dais. Silken was her seat, with a fair canopy over her head, of rich tapestries of Tars, embroidered, and studded with costly gems; fair she was to look upon, with her shining grey eyes, a fairer woman might no man boast himself of having seen.

But Arthur would not eat till all were served, so full of joy and gladness was he, even as a child; he liked not either to lie long, or to sit long at meat, so worked upon him his young blood and his wild brain. And another custom he had also, that came of his nobility, that he would never eat upon an high day till he had been advised of some knightly deed, or some strange and marvellous tale, of his ancestors, or of arms, or of other ventures. Or till some stranger knight should seek of him leave to joust with one of the Round Table, that they might set their lives in jeopardy, one against another, as fortune might favour them. Such was the king's custom when he sat in hall at each high feast with his noble knights, therefore on that New Year tide, he abode, fair of face, on the throne, and made much mirth withal.

Thus the king sat before the high tables, and spake of many things; and there good Sir Gawain was seated by Guinevere the queen, and on her other side sat Agravain, *à la dure main*; ³ both were the king's sister's sons and full gallant knights. And at the end of the table was Bishop Bawdewyn, and Ywain, King Urien's son, sat at the other side alone. These were worthily served on the dais, and at the lower tables sat many valiant knights. Then they bare the first course with the blast of trumpets and waving of banners, with the sound of drums and pipes, of song and lute, that many a heart was uplifted at the melody. Many were the dainties, and rare the meats, so great was the plenty they might scarce find room on the board to set on the dishes. Each helped himself as he liked best, and to each two were twelve dishes, with great plenty of beer and wine.

Now I will say no more of the service, but that ye may know there was no lack, for there drew near a venture that the folk might well have left their labour to gaze upon. As the sound of the music ceased, and the first course had been fitly served, there came in at the hall door one terrible to behold, of stature greater than any on earth; from neck to loin so strong and thickly made, and with limbs so long and so great that he seemed even as a giant. And yet he was but a man, only the mightiest that might mount a steed; broad of chest and shoulders and slender of waist, and all his features of like fashion; but men marvelled much at his colour, for he rode even as a knight, yet was green all over.]

http://oregonstate.edu/instruct/phl302/texts/bacon/essays_contents.html

1601 THE ESSAYS
by Francis Bacon

<http://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/b/burton/robert/melancholy/S1.1.1.html#S1.1.1.1>

Robert Burton

Anatomy of Melancholy

THE FIRST SECTION, MEMBER, SUBSECTION.

Man's Excellency, Fall, Miseries, Infirmities; The causes of them.

Man's Excellency.] Man the most excellent and noble creature of the world, the principal and mighty work of God, wonder of Nature, as Zoroaster calls him; audacis naturae miraculum, the [820]marvel of marvels, as Plato; the [821]abridgment and epitome of the world, as Pliny; microcosmus, a little world, a model of the world, [822]sovereign lord of the earth, viceroy of the world, sole commander and governor of all the creatures in it; to whose empire they are subject in particular, and yield obedience; far surpassing all the rest, not in body only, but in soul; [823]imagineis imago, [824]created to God's own [825]image, to that immortal and incorporeal substance, with all the faculties and powers belonging unto it; was at first pure, divine, perfect, happy, [826] created after God in true holiness and righteousness; Deo congruens, free from all manner of infirmities, and put in Paradise, to know God, to praise and glorify him, to do his will, Ut diis consimiles parturiat deos (as an old poet saith) to propagate the church.

Man's Fall and Misery.] But this most noble creature, Heu tristis, et lachrymosa commutatio ([827]one exclaims) O pitiful change! is fallen from that he was, and forfeited his estate, become miserabilis homuncio, a castaway, a caitiff, one of the most miserable creatures of the world, if he be considered in his own nature, an unregenerate man, and so much obscured by his fall that (some few relics excepted) he is inferior to a beast, [828]Man in honour that understandeth not, is like unto beasts that perish, so David esteems him: a monster by stupend metamorphoses, [829]a fox, a dog, a hog, what not? Quantum mutatus ab illo? How much altered from that he was; before blessed and happy, now miserable and accursed; [830]He must eat his meat in sorrow, subject to death and all manner of infirmities, all kind of calamities.

A Description of Melancholy.] [831]Great travail is created for all men, and an heavy yoke on the sons of Adam, from the day that they go out of their mother's womb, unto that day they return to the mother of all things. Namely, their thoughts, and fear of their hearts, and their imagination of things they wait for, and the day of death. From him that sitteth in the glorious throne, to him that sitteth beneath in the earth and ashes; from him that is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown, to him that is clothed in simple linen. Wrath, envy, trouble, and unquietness, and fear of death, and rigour, and strife, and such things come to both man and beast, but sevenfold to the ungodly. All this befalls him in this life, and peradventure eternal misery in the life to come.

Impulsive Cause of Man's Misery and Infirmities.] The impulsive cause of these miseries in man, this privation or destruction of God's image, the cause of death and diseases, of all temporal and eternal punishments, was the sin of our first parent Adam, [832]in eating of the forbidden fruit, by the devil's instigation and allurement. His disobedience, pride, ambition, intemperance, incredulity, curiosity; from whence proceeded original sin, and that general corruption of mankind, as from a fountain, flowed all bad inclinations and actual transgressions which cause our several calamities inflicted upon us for our sins. And this belike is that which our fabulous poets have shadowed unto us in the tale of [833] Pandora's box, which being opened through her curiosity, filled the world full of all manner of diseases. It is not curiosity alone, but those other crying sins of ours, which pull these several plagues and miseries upon our heads. For Ubi

peccatum, ibi procella, as [\[834\]](#)Chrysostom well observes. [\[835\]](#)Fools by reason of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

820. Magnum miraculum.

821. Mundi epitome, naturae deliciae.

822. Finis rerum omnium, cui sublunaria serviunt. Scalig. exercit. 365. sec. 3. Vales. de sacr. Phil. c. 5.

823. Ut in numismate Caesaris imago, sic in homine Dei.

824. Gen. 1.

825. Imago mundi in corpore, Dei in anima. Exemplumque dei quisque est in imagine parva.

826. Eph. iv. 24.

827. Palan terius.

828. Psal. xlix. 20.

829. Lascivia superat equum, impudentia canem, astu vulpem, furore leonem. Chrys. 23. Gen.

830. Gen. iii. 13.

831. Ecclus. iv. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8.

832. Gen. iii. 17.

833. Illa cadens tegmen manibus decussit, et una perniciem immisit miseris mortalibus atram. Hesiod. 1. oper.

834. Hom. 5. ad pop. Antioch.

835. Psal. cvii. 17.
