

## THE MILLER'S TALE.

### 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 Knyghte'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 Knyghte'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