

3. It may be remembered that each pilgrim was bound to tell two stories; one on the way to Canterbury, the other returning.

4. Made cheer: French, "fit bonne mine;" put on a pleasant countenance.

THE TALE.

A prentice whilom dwelt in our city, And of a craft of victuallers was he:
Galliard* he was, as goldfinch in the shaw**, *lively **groveBrown as
a berry, a proper short fellow: With lockes black, combed full fetisly.*
*daintily And dance he could so well and jollily, That he was called Perkin
Revellour. He was as full of love and paramour, As is the honeycomb of
honey sweet; Well was the wenche that with him might meet. At every bridal
would he sing and hop; He better lov'd the tavern than the shop. For when
there any riding was in Cheap,<1> Out of the shoppe thither would he leap,
And, till that he had all the sight y-seen, And danced well, he would not
come again; And gather'd him a meinie* of his sort, *company of
fellows To hop and sing, and make such disport: And there they *sette
steven* for to meet *made appointment* To playen at the dice in
such a street. For in the towne was there no prentice That fairer coulde cast
a pair of dice Than Perkin could; and thereto *he was free *he spent
money liberally Of his dispence, in place of privity.* where he would not
be seen* That found his master well in his chaffare,* *merchandise
For oftentime he found his box full bare. For, soothely, a prentice revellour,
That haunteth dice, riot, and paramour, His master shall it in his shop
abie*, *suffer for All* have he no part of the minstrelsy.
*although For theft and riot they be convertible, All can they play on *giterne
or ribible.* *guitar or rebeck* Revel and truth, as in a low degree,
They be full wroth* all day, as men may see. *at variance

This jolly prentice with his master bode, Till he was nigh out of his
prenticehood, All were he snubbed* both early and late,
*rebuked And sometimes led with revel to Newgate. But at the last his
master him bethought, Upon a day when he his paper<2> sought, Of a
proverb, that saith this same word; Better is rotten apple out of hoard, Than
that it should rot all the remenant: So fares it by a riotous servant; It is well
lesse harm to lethim pace*, *pass, go Than he shend* all the
servants in the place. *corrupt Therefore his master gave him a
quittance, And bade him go, with sorrow and mischance. And thus this jolly

