

THE PRIORESS'S TALE.

THE PROLOGUE.

"WELL said, by *corpus Domini,*" quoth our Host; *the Lord's body*
"Now longe may'st thou saile by the coast, Thou gentle Master, gentle
Marinere. God give the monk *a thousand last quad year!* *ever so much
evil* <1> Aha! fellows, beware of such a jape.* *trick The
monk *put in the manne's hood an ape,* *fooled him* And in his
wife's eke, by Saint Austin. Drawe no monkes more into your inn. But now
pass over, and let us seek about, Who shall now telle first of all this rout
Another tale;" and with that word he said, As courteously as it had been a
maid; "My Lady Prioress, by your leave, So that I wist I shoulde you not
grieve,* *offend I woulde deeme* that ye telle should
*judge, decide A tale next, if so were that ye would. Now will ye vouchesafe,
my lady dear?" "Gladly," quoth she; and said as ye shall hear.