

THE EPILOGUE<1>

"Sir Nunne's Priest," our hoste said anon, "Y-blessed be thy breech, and every stone; This was a merry tale of Chanticleer. But by my truth, if thou wert seculere,*
a layman Thou wouldest be a treadefowl
aright; *cock For if thou have courage as thou hast might,
Thee were need of hennes, as I ween, Yea more than seven times seventeen.
See, whate brawnes* hath this gentle priest, *muscles, sinews So
great a neck, and such a large breast He looketh as a sperhawk with his
eyen Him needeth not his colour for to dyen With Brazil, nor with grain of
Portugale. But, Sir, faire fall you for your tale'." And, after that, he with full
merry cheer Said to another, as ye shall hear.