

ladle! And ere that he again were in the saddle There was great shoving
 bothe to and fro To lift him up, and mucche care and woe, So unwieldy was
 this silly paled ghost. And to the Manciple then spake our Host: "Because
 that drink hath domination Upon this man, by my salvation I trow he
 lewedly* will tell his tale. *stupidly For were it wine, or old or
 moisty* ale, *new That he hath drunk, he speaketh in his
 nose, And sneezeth fast, and eke he hath the pose <6> He also hath to do
 more than enough To keep him on his capel* out of the slough;
 horse And if he fall from off his capel eftsoon, *again Then
 shall we alle have enough to do'n In lifting up his heavy drunken corse. Tell
 on thy tale, of him *make I no force.* *I take no account* But yet,
 Manciple, in faith thou art too nice* *foolish Thus openly to
 reprove him of his vice; Another day he will paraventure Reclaime thee, and
 bring thee to the lure; <7> I mean, he speake will of smalle things, As for to
 pinchen at thy reckonings, *pick flaws in* That were not
 honest, if it came to prefe."* *test, proof Quoth the Manciple, "That
 were a great mischief; So might he lightly bring me in the snare. Yet had I
 lever* paye for the mare *rather Which he rides on, than
 he should with me strive. I will not wrathe him, so may I thrive) That that I
 spake, I said it in my bourde.* *jest And weet ye what? I have
 here in my gourd A draught of wine, yea, of a ripe grape, And right anon ye
 shall see a good jape.* *trick This Cook shall drink thereof, if
 that I may; On pain of my life he will not say nay." And certainly, to tellen as
 it was, Of this vessel the cook drank fast (alas! What needed it? he drank
 enough befor), And when he hadde *pouped in his horn,*
 belched To the Manciple he took the gourd again. And of that drink the
 Cook was wondrous fain, And thanked him in such wise as he could.

Then gan our Host to laughe wondrous loud, And said, "I see well it is
 necessary Where that we go good drink with us to carry; For that will turne
 rancour and disease* *trouble, annoyance T'accord and love, and
 many a wrong appease. O Bacchus, Bacchus, blessed be thy name, That so
 canst turnen earnest into game! Worship and thank be to thy deity. Of that
 mattere ye get no more of me. Tell on thy tale, Manciple, I thee pray." "Well,
 Sir," quoth he, "now hearken what I say."