

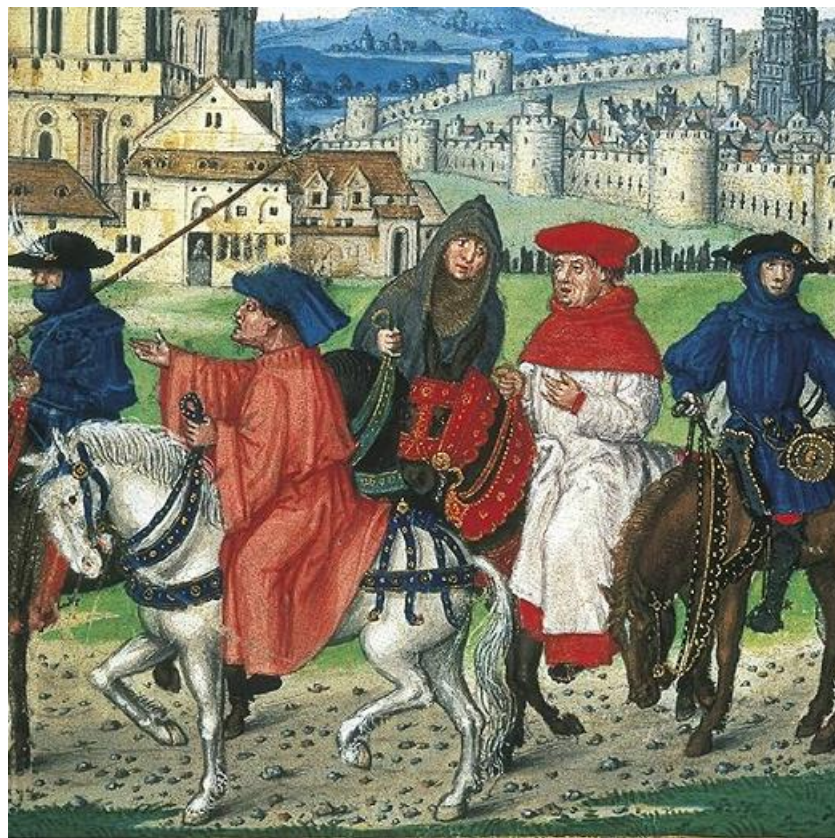
**НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ БІОРЕСУРСІВ І
ПРИРОДОКОРИСТУВАННЯ УКРАЇНИ**

**ГУМАНІТАРНО-ПЕДАГОГІЧНИЙ ФАКУЛЬТЕТ
Кафедра іноземної філології і перекладу**

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СЕРЕДНЬОАНГЛІЙСЬКА МОВА

**Методичні вказівки до виконання вправ
для студентів ОС Бакалавр спеціальності 035 «Філологія»**



Київ - 2024

УДК 811.111'01

Тимофєєв В.А. Середньоанглійська мова: методичні вказівки до виконання вправ для студентів ОС Бакалавр спеціальності 035 «Філологія». Київ: Редакційно-видавничий відділ НУБіП України, 2024. 26 с.

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Рекомендовано до друку вченою радою гуманітарно-педагогічного факультету (протокол № 10 від 21 березня 2024 р.)

Метою вказівок є формування аналітичних компонентів професійно-інтелектуальної компетентності майбутніх перекладачів-філологів шляхом синхронічно-діахронічного вивчення історії розвитку англійської мови (середньоанглійський період). Вказівки побудовані на індуктивному методі засвоєння матеріалу, який полягає у виведенні фонетично-граматичних правил через виконання спеціально підібраних вправ на основі компаративного аналізу під керівництвом викладача. Робота із вказівками передбачає індивідуальну, парну та фронтальну форми засвоєння матеріалу.

Вказівки укладено відповідно до програми з дисципліни «Історія англійської мови» для студентів ОС «Бакалавр» спеціальності 035 «Філологія».

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PRAFACE

The workbook corresponds to the curriculum of the History of the English Language for philology students of universities.

The exercise book forms analytical components of the professional and intellectual competence of would-be translators and interpreters as well as contains exercises to improve students' historical and linguistic knowledge, abilities and skills needed to use a more pragmatic approach while translating / interpreting texts.

The inductive method is based on deriving grammar rules by doing exercises. Students are supposed to compare forms, detect differences and provide rules.

The minimalistic style of the workbook was chosen to make classes more active and useful for students' future professional activity.

To help students memorize the archaic forms and correlate them to the modern ones we recommend teachers should make their classes more interactive and inspire their students to work in pairs.

UNIT 1

Middle English Phonetics



1. Repeat the sounds after your teacher.

Middle English Alphabet

(after Chaucer's Canterbury Tales manuscript)

a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p
[a/a:] [b] [k/s] [d] [e/e:] [f] [g/dʒ] [x] [i/i:] [k] [l] [m] [n] [o/o:] [p]

q r s t u w x y z
[k] [r] [s] [s] [t] [u/v] [w] [ks] [i/j] [z]

2. Listen to the recording (<https://www.luminarium.org/medlit/gp.htm>) and read the extract.

Whan that Aprill with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne;
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open ye—
So priketh hem Nature in hir corages—
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, couth in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

(From Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* Prologue)

3. Read the words after your teacher and tabulate the rules of reading vowels, consonants and diphthongs.

that, shoures, droghte, bathed, veyne, licour, engendred, flour, eek, breeth, inspired, heeth, croppes, sonne, halfe, y-ronne, fowles, night, ye, corages, folk, pilgrimages, palmers, straunges, couthe, specially, Engelond, Caunterbery.

4. Use the information in the box to transform the Old English forms into Middle English ones and tabulate the changes.

Consonants	Vowels	Diphthongs
Ʒ > g / y (i) / w	-a > -e / ø	ea > a
cƷ > dg	æ > a	eo > e
ð > th	-u > -e	ie > i
sc > sh	-u- > -o-	
c- > k-	ā > o	
c(e)- / c(i)- > ch-	ē > ee	
h- > ø	ū > ou / ow	
-h- > -gh-	ō > oo	
	y = i	

Ʒōd, Ʒān, ƷreƷ, Ʒēar, brycƷ, draƷan, folƷian, sorƷian, dæƷ, weƷ, seƷl, hūs, ūt, hū, dūn, cuman, fōt, tōð, mētan, ðæt, fæst, æfter, cild, scip, fisc, cniht, hrinƷ, hwæt, cnāwan, macian, stān, wrītan, nama, caru, hūsbanda, heard, heorte, nieht, fyllan, dyde, hāliƷ.

UNIT 2

Middle English Grammar



1. Find nouns in the *Canterbury Tales* Prologue, identify their grammar forms and put them in the table.

Old English Declension	Middle English Declension
<p>Sg.</p> <p>Nom. stān</p> <p>Gen. stānes</p> <p>Dat. stāne</p> <p>Acc. stān</p>	<p>Sg.</p> <p>Nom. ...</p> <p>Gen. ...</p>
<p>Pl.</p> <p>Nom. stānas</p> <p>Gen. stāna</p> <p>Dat. stānum</p> <p>Acc. stānas</p>	<p>Pl.</p> <p>Nom. ...</p>

2. Find pronouns in the *Canterbury Tales* Prologue and identify their forms.

3. Find the definite article. *What is its origin?*

4. Find adjectives in the *Canterbury Tales* Prologue, identify their grammar forms and put them in the table.

Old English	Middle English
<i>Strong declension</i>	<i>Strong declension</i>
<i>Sg.</i>	<i>Sg.</i>
<i>Nom.</i> wīs ...	<i>Nom.</i> ...
<i>Gen.</i> wises ...	
<i>Dat.</i> wīsum ...	
<i>Acc.</i> wīsne ...	
<i>Pl.</i>	<i>Pl.</i>
<i>Nom.</i> wise ...	<i>Nom.</i> ...
<i>Gen.</i> wīstra ...	
<i>Dat.</i> wīsum ...	
<i>Acc.</i> wise ...	
<i>Weak declension</i>	<i>Weak declension</i>
<i>Sg.</i>	<i>Sg.=Pl.</i>
<i>Nom.</i> sē wīsa ...	<i>Nom.</i> ...
<i>Gen.</i> þæs wīsan ...	
<i>Dat.</i> þæm wīsan ...	
<i>Acc.</i> þone wīsan ...	
<i>Pl.</i>	
<i>Nom.</i> þā wīsan ...	
<i>Gen.</i> þāra wīstra ... / wīsenā ...	
<i>Dat.</i> þæm wīsum ...	
<i>Acc.</i> þā wīsan ...	

5. Find an adverb in the *Canterbury Tales* Prologue. How do we form it?

6. Use the *Prologue* to complete the table with Middle English verbal forms as compared with Old English ones.

Old English	Middle English
<i>The infinitive</i>	
dēman	...
<i>The Present</i>	
(ic) dēme (ðū) dēmst (hē, hēo, hit) dēmð (wē, zē, hīe) dēmað	(he) ... (they) ...
<i>The Past</i>	
(ic) dēmde (ðū) dēmdest (hē, hēo, hit) dēmde (wē, zē, hīe) dēmdon	(he / they) ...
<i>The Present Perfect</i>	
-	(he)...
<i>Participle II</i>	
(ze)zripen / (ze)dēmed	...

7. Give comments on the following Middle English syntactic forms as compared with Old and Modern English ones.

1) “Whan that Aprill with his shoures sote // The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote...”

2) “...the yonge sonne // Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne...”

3) “his shoures sote”

4) “for to seken”

5) “...whan that they were seke.”

6) “...Of which vertu engendred is the flour...”

7) “...Zephirus [...] with his swete breeth // Inspired hath...”

UNIT 3

Middle English Lexis



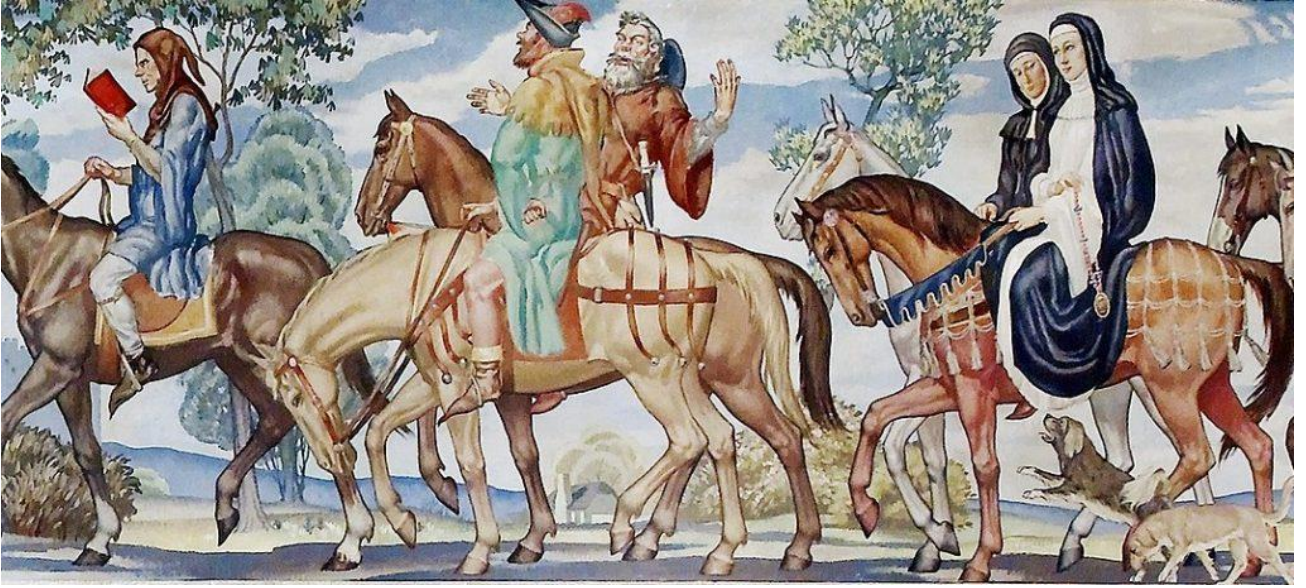
1. Use an Old English, a German, a Latin and a French dictionary to sort the lexemes from the *Prologue* into the two etymological groups.

<i>Common Germanic</i>	<i>Latin / French</i>
.....

Aprill, shour, sote, droghte, March, percen, rote, bathen, veyne, licour, vertu, engendren, flour, breeth, inspiren, holt, heeth, tender, cropp, yong, sunne, half, course, small, fowl, melodye, sleepen, night, corage, folk, pilgrimage, strond, fern, specially, ende, wenden, holy, seeken, sek.

2. From the list above pick up lexemes whose meanings are outdated as compared to the Modern English ones.

READER



1. Read*, give a philological analysis and translate.

The Shipman's Tale

A marchant whilom dwelled at Seint-Denys
That riche was, for which men helde hym wys.
A wyf he hadde of excellent beautee;
And compaignable and revelous was she
5 Which is a thyng that causeth more dispence
Than worth is al the chiere and reverence
That men hem doon at festes and at daunces.
Swiche salutaciouns and contenaunces
Passen as dooth a shadwe upon the wal;
10 But wo is hym that payen moot for all!
The sely housbonde, algate he moot paye,
He moot us clothe, and he moot us arraye,
Al for his owene worshipe richely,
In which array we daunce jolily.
15 And if that he noght may, par aventure,
Or ellis list no swich dispence endure,
But thynketh it is wasted and ylost,
Thanne moot another payen for oure cost,
Or lene us gold, and that is perilous.
20 This noble marchaunt heeld a worthy hous,
For which he hadde alday so greet repair

For his largesse, and for his wyf was fair,
That wonder is; but herkneth to my tale.
Amonges alle his gestes, grete and smale,
25 Ther was a monk, a fair man and a boold -
I trowe a thritty wynter he was oold -
That evere in oon was drawynge to that place,
This yonge monk, that was so fair of face,
Aqueynted was so with the goode man,
30 Sith that hir firste knoweliche bigan,
That in his hous as famulier was he
As it is possible any freend to be.

And for as muchel as this goode man,
And eek this monk, of which that I bigan,
35 Were bothe two yborn in o village,
The monk hym claymeth as for cosynage;
And he agayn, he seith nat ones nay,
But was as glad therof as fowel of day;
For to his herte it was a greet plesaunce.
40 Thus been they knyht with eterne alliaunce,
And ech of hem gan oother for t'assure
Of bretherhede, whil that hir lyl may dure.

Free was daun John, and manly of dispence,
As in that hous, and ful of diligence
45 To doon plesaunce, and also greet costage.
He noght forgat to yeve the leeste page
In al that hous; but after hir degree,
He gaf the lord, and sitthe al his meynee,
Whan that he cam, som manere honest thyng,
50 For which they were as glad of his comyng
As fowel is fayn whan that the sonne up riseth.
Na moore of this as now, for it suffiseth.

But so bifel, this marchant on a day
Shoop hym to make redy his array
55 Toward the toun of Brugges for to fare,
To byen there a porcioun of ware;
For which he hath to Darys sent anon
A messenger, and preyed hath daun John
That he sholde come to Seint-Denys to pleye
60 With hym and with his wyf a day or tweye,

Er he to Brugges wente, in alle wise.

65 This noble monk, of which I yow devyse,
Hath of his abbot, as hym list, licence,
By cause he was a man of heigh prudence,
And eek an officer, out for to ryde,
To seen hir graunges and hire bernes wyde,
And unto Seint-Denys he comth anon.
Who was so welcome as my lord daun John,
Oure deere cosyn, ful of curteisye?
70 With hym broghte he a jubbe of malvesye,
And eek another, ful of fyn vernage,
And volatyl, as ay was his usage.
And thus I lete hem ete and drynke and pleye,
This marchant and this monk, a day or tweye.

75 The thridde day, this marchant up ariseth,
And on his nedes sadly hym abyseth,
And up into his contour-hous gooth he
To rekene with hymself, wel may be,
Of thilke peer how that it with hym stood,
80 And how that he despended hadde his good,
And if that he entresseses were or noon.
His bookes and his bagges many oon
He leith biforn hym on his countyng-bord.
Ful riche was his tresor and his hord,
85 For whiche ful faste his contour-dore he shette;
And eek he nolde that no man sholde hym lette
Of his acountes, for the meene tyme;
And thus he sit til it was passe pryme.

90 Daun John was rysen in the morwe also,
And in the gardyn walketh to and fro,
And hath his thynges seyde ful curteisly.

This goode wyf came walkynge pryvely
Into the gardyn, there he walketh softe,
And hym saleweth, as she hath doon ofte.
95 A mayde child cam in hire compaignye,
Which as hir list she may governe and gye,
For yet under the yerde was the mayde.
"O deere cosyn myn, daun John," she sayde,
"What eyleth yow so rathe for to ryse?"

100 "Neece," quod he, it oghte ynough suffise
 Fyve houres for to slepe upon a nyght,
 But it were for an old appalled wight,
 As been thise wedded men, that lye and dare
 As in a fourme sit a wery hare,
 105 Were al forstraught with houndes grete and smale.
 But deere nece, why be ye so pale?
 I trowe, certes, that oure goode man
 Hath yow laboured sith the nyght bigan,
 That yow were nede to resten hastily."
 110 And with that word he lough ful murily,
 And of his owene thought he wax al reed.
 This faire wyf gan for to shake hir heed
 And seyde thus, "Ye, God woot al," quod she.
 "Nay, cosyn myn, it stant nat so with me;
 115 For, by that God that yaf me soule and lyf,
 In al the reawme of France is ther no wyf
 That lasse lust hath to that sory pley.
 For I may synge 'allas and weylawey,
 That I was born,' but to no wight," quod she,
 120 "Dar I nat telle how that it stant with me.
 Wherfore I thynke out of this land to wende,
 Or elles of myself to make an ende,
 So ful am I of drede and eek of care."
 This monk bigan upon this wyf to stare,
 125 And seyde, "Allas, my nece, God forbede
 That ye, for any sorwe or any drede,
 Fordo youreself; but telleth me youre grief.
 Paraventure I may, in youre meschief,
 Conseille or helpe; and therefore telleth me
 130 Al youre anoy, for it shal been secree.
 For on my porthors I make an ooth
 That nevere in my lyf, for lief ne looth,
 Ne shal I of no conseil yow biwrepe."
 "The same agayn to yow," quod she, "I seye.
 135 By God and by this porthors I yow swere,
 Though men me wolde al into pieces tere,
 Ne shal I nevere, for to goon to helle,
 Biwrepe a word of thyng that ye me telle,

140 Nat for no cosynage ne alliance,
 But verrailly, for love and affiance."
 Thus been they sworn, and heerupon they kiste,
 And ech of hem tolde oother what hem liste.
 "Cosyn," quod she, "if that I hadde a space,
 As I have noon, and namely in this place,
 145 Thanne wolde I telle a legende of my lyf,
 What I have suffred sith I was a wyf
 With my housbonde, al be he youre cosyn."
 " Nay," quod this monk, "by God and seint Martyn,
 He is na moore cosyn unto me
 150 Than is this leef that hangeth on the tree!
 I clepe hym so, by Seint Denys of Fraunce,
 To have the moore cause of aqueyntaunce
 Of yow, which I have loved specially
 Above alle wommen, sikerly.
 155 This swere I yow on my professioun.
 Telleth youre grief, lest that he come adoun;
 And hasteth yow, and gooth youre wey anon."
 " My deere love," quod she, "O my dayn John,
 Ful lief were me this conseil for to hyde,
 160 But oot it moot, I may namoore abyde.
 Myn housbonde is to me the worste man
 That evere was sith that the world bigan.
 Buth sith I am a wyf, it sit nat me
 To tellen no wight of oure privetee,
 165 Neither abedde, ne in noon oother place;
 God shilde I sholde it tellen, for his grace!
 A wyf ne shal nat seyn of hir housbonde
 But al honour, as I kan understonde;
 Save unto yow thus muche I tellen shal:
 170 As helpe me God, he is noght worth at al
 In no degree the value of a flye.
 But yet me greveth moost his nygardye.
 And wel ye woot that wommen naturelly
 Desiren thynge sixe as wel as I:
 175 They wolde that hir housbondes sholde be
 Hardy, and wise, and riche, and therto free,
 And buxom unto his wyf, and fressh abedde.

But by that ilke Lord that for us bledde,
 For his honour, myself for to arraye,
 180 A Sondag next I moste nedes paye
 An hundred frankes, or ellis I am lorn.
 Yet were me levere that I were unborn
 Than me were doon a sclaundre or vileynye;
 And if myn housbonde eek it myghte espye,
 185 I nere but lost; and therfore I yow preye,
 Lene me this somme, or ellis moot I deye.
 Daun John, I seye, lene me thise hundred frankes.
 Hardee, I wol nat faille yow my thankes,
 If that yow list to doon that I yow praye.
 190 For at a certeyn day I wol yow paye,
 And doon to yow what plesance and service
 That I may doon, right as yow list devise.
 And but I do, God take on me vengeance,
 As foul as evere hadde Genylon of France."
 195 This gentil monk answerde in this manere:
 "Now trewely, myn owene lady deer,
 I have," quod he, "on yow so greet a routhe
 That I yow swere, and plighte yow my trouthe,
 That whan youre housbonde is to Flaundres fare,
 200 I wol delyvere yow out of this care;
 For I wol brynge yow an hundred frankes."
 And with that word he caughte hire by the flankes,
 And hire embraceth harde, and kiste hire ofte.
 "Gooth now youre wey," quod he, "al stille and softe,
 205 And lat us dyne as soone as that ye may;
 For by my chilyndre it is prime of day.
 Gooth now, and beeth as trewe as I shal be."
 "Now elles God forbede, sire," quod she;
 And forth she gooth as jolif as a pye,
 210 And bad the cookes that they sholde hem hye,
 So that men myghte dyne, and that anon.
 Up to hir housbonde is this wyf ygon,
 And knokketh at his countour boldely.
 "Ouy la!" quod he. "Peter! it am I,"
 215 Quod she, "what, sire, how longe wol ye faste?
 How longe tyme wol ye rekene and caste

Yourre sommes, and yourre bookes, and yourre thynges?
 The devel have part on alle swiche rekenynges!
 We have ynough, pardee, of Goddes sonde;
 220 Com down to -day, and lat yourre bagges stonde.
 Ne be ye nat ashamed that daun John
 Shal fasting al this day alenge goon?
 What! lat us heere a messe, and go we dyne."
 "Wylf," quod this man, "litel kanstow debyne
 225 The curious bisynesse that we have.
 For of us chapman, also God me save,
 And by that lord that cleped is Seint Ove,
 Scarsly amonges twelbe tweye shul thryve
 Continuelly, lastynge unto oure age.
 230 We may wel make chiere and good visage,
 And dryve forth the world as it may be,
 And kepen oure estaat in pryvetee,
 Til we be deed, or elles that we pleye
 A pilgrymage, or goon out of the weye.
 235 And therfore have I greet necessitee
 Upon this queynte world t'avyse me;
 For everemoore we moote stonde in drede
 Of hap and fortune in oure chapmanhede.
 To Flaundes wol I go to -morwe at day,
 240 And come agayn, as soone as evere I may.
 For which, my deere wylf, I thee biseke,
 As be to every wight buxom and meke,
 And for to kepe oure good be curious,
 And honestly governe wel oure hous.
 245 Thou hast ynough, in every maner wise,
 That to a thrifty houshold may suffise.
 Thee lakketh noon array ne no vitaille;
 Of silver in thy purs shaltow nat faille."
 And with that word his contour -dore he shette,
 250 And down he gooth, no lenger wolde he lette.
 But hastily a messe was ther seyde,
 And spedily the tables were pleyde,
 And to the dyner faste they hem spedde,
 And richely this monk the chapman fedde.
 255 At after -dyner daun John sobrelly

This chapman took apart, and prively
 He seyde hym thus: "Cosyn, it standeth so,
 That wel I se to Brugges wol ye go.
 God and seint Austyn spede yow and gyde!
 260 I prey yow, cosyn, wisely that ye ryde.
 Governeth yow also of youre diete
 Atemprely, and namely in this hete.
 Bitwix us two nedeth no strange fare;
 Farewel, cosyn; God shilde yow fro care!
 265 And if that any thyng by day or nyght,
 If it lye in my power and my myghte,
 That ye me wol comande in any wyse,
 It shal be doon, right as ye wol devyse.
 O thyng, er that ye goon, if it may be,
 270 I wolde prey yow; for to lene me
 An hundred frankes, for a wyke or tweye,
 For certein beestes that I moste beye,
 To stoore with a place that is oures.
 God helpe me so, I wolde it were youre!
 275 I shal nat faille surely of my day,
 Nat for a thousand frankes, a mile way.
 But lat this thyng be secree, I yow preye,
 For yet to -nyght thise beestes moot I beye.
 And fare now wel, myn owene cosyn deere;
 280 Graunt mercy of youre cost and of youre cheere."
 This noble marchant gentilly anon
 Answerde and seyde, "O cosyn myn, daun John,
 Now sikerly this is a smal requeste.
 My gold is youre, whan that it yow leste,
 285 And nat oonly my gold, but my chaffare.
 Take what yow list, God shilde that ye spare.
 But o thyng is, ye knowe it wel ynogh,
 Of chapmen, that hir moneie is hir plogh.
 We may creaunce whil we have a name.
 290 But goldlees for to be, it is no game.
 Haye it agayn whan it lith in youre ese;
 After my myght ful fayn wolde I yow plesse."
 Thise hundred frankes he fette forth anon,
 And prively he took hem to daun John.

295 No wight in al this world wiste of this loone,
Savyng this marchant and daun John allone.
They drynke, and speke, and rome a while and pleye,
Til that daun John rideth to his abbeye.

The morwe cam, and forth this marchant rideth
300 To Flaundres-ward; his prentys wel hym gydeth,
Til he cam into Brugges murily.

Now gooth this marchant faste and bisily
Aboute his nede, and byeth and creaunceth.
He neither pleyeth at the dees ne daunceth,
305 But as a marchaunt, shortly for to telle,
He let his lyf, and there I lete hym dwelle.

The Sunday next the marchant was agon,
To Seint-Denys ycomen is daun John,
With crowne and berd al fressh and newe yshave,
310 In al the hous ther nas so litel a knave,
He no wight elles, that he nas ful fyn
That my lord daun John was come agayn.
And shortly to the point right for to gon
This faire wyf acorded with daun John
315 That for thise hundred frankes he sholde al nyght
Have hire in his armes bolt upright;
And this acord parfourned was in dede.
In myrthe al nyght a bisy lyf they lede
Til it was day, that daun John wente his way,
320 And bad the meynee "Farewel, have good day!"
For noon of hem, ne no wight in the toun,
Hath of daun John right no suspecioun.
And forth he rydeth hoom to his abbeye,
Or where hym list; namoore of hym I seye.

325 This marchant, whan that ended was the faire,
To Seint-Denys he gan for to repaire,
And with his wyf he maketh feeste and cheere,
And telleth hire that chaffare is so deere
That nedes moste he make a chebyssaunce;
330 For he was bounden in a reconyssaunce
To paye twenty thousand sheeld anon.
For which this marchant is to Marys gon
To borwe of certeine freendes that he hadde

A certeyn frankes; and somme with him he ladde.
 335 And whan that he was come into the toun,
 For greet chiertee and greet affeccion,
 Unto daun John he first gooth hym to pleye;
 Nat for to axe or borwe of hym moneye,
 But for to wite and seen of his welfare,
 340 And for to tellen hym of his chaffare,
 As freendes doon whan they met pfeere.
 Daun John hym maketh feeste and murye cheere,
 And he hym tolde agayn, ful specially,
 How he hadde wel ybought and graciously,
 345 Thanked be God, al hool his marchandise;
 Save that he moste, in alle maner wise,
 Flaken a chebyssaunce, as for his beste,
 And thanne he sholde been in joye and reste.
 Daun John answerde, " Certes, I am fayn
 350 That ye in heele ar comen hom agayn.
 And if that were riche, as have I blisse,
 Of twenty thousand sheeld sholde ye nat mysse,
 For ye so kyndely this oother day
 Lente me gold; and as I kan and may,
 355 I thanke yow, by God and by Seint Jame!
 But natheless, I took unto oure dame,
 Poure wyf, at hom, the same gold ageyn
 Upon youre bench; she woot wel, certeyn,
 By certeyn tokenes that I kan hire telle.
 360 Now, by youre leve, I may no longer dwelle;
 Oure abbot wole out of this toun anon,
 And in his compaignye moot I goon.
 Grete wel oure dame, myn owene nece sweete,
 And fare wel, deere cosyn, til we meete!"
 365 This marchant, which that was ful war and wys,
 Creanced hat, and payd eek in Parys
 To certeyn Lumbardes, redy in hir hond,
 The somme of gold, and gat of hem his bond;
 And hoom he gooth, murie as a papejay,
 370 For wel he knew he stood in swich array
 That nedes moste he wynne in that viage
 A thousand frankes aboven al his costage.

His wyf ful redy mette hym atte gate,
 As she was wont of oold usage algate,
 375 And al that nyght in myrthe they bisette;
 For he was riche and cleerly out of dette.
 Whan it was day, this marchant gan embrace
 His wyf al newe, and kiste hire on hir face,
 And up he gooth and maketh it ful tough.
 380 "Namooore," quod she, "by God, ye have ynough!"
 And wantowlnly agayn with hym she pleyde,
 Til atte laste thus this marchant seyde:
 "By God," quod he, "I am a litel wrooth
 With yow my wyf, although it be me looth.
 385 And woot ye why? by God, as that I gesse
 That ye han maad a manere straungenesse
 Bitwixen me and my cosyn daun John.
 He sholde han warned me, er I had gon,
 That he yow hadde an hundred frankes payed
 390 By redy token; and heeld hym ybele apayed
 For that I to hym spak of chebyssaunce;
 Alle semed so, as by his countenaunce.
 But nathelees, by God, oure hevene kyng,
 I thoughte nat to axen hym no thyng.
 395 I prey thee, wyf, ne do namooore so;
 Telle me alwey, er that I fro thee go,
 If any dettour hath in myn absence
 Ppayed thee, lest thurgh thy negligence
 I myghte hym axe a thing that he hath payed."
 400 This wyf was nat afered nor affrayed,
 But boldely she seyde, and that anon:
 "Marie, I deffie the false monk, daun John!
 I kepe nat of his tokenes never a deel;
 He took me certeyn gold, that woot I weel, -
 405 What! Ovel thedam on his monkes snowte!
 For, God it woot, I wende, withouten doute,
 That he hadde yeve it me bycause of yow,
 To doon therwith myn honour and my prow,
 For cosynage, and eek for beele cheere
 410 That he hath had ful ofte tymes heere.
 But sith I se I stonde in his disjoynt,

I wol answere yow shortly to the poynt.
 He han mo slakkere dettours than am I!
 For I wol paye yow wel and redily
 415 Fro day to day, and if so be I faille,
 I am youre wyf; score it upon my taille,
 And I shal paye as soone as eber I may.
 For by my trouthe, I have on my array,
 And nat on wast, bistowed ebery deel;
 420 And for I have bistowed it so weel
 For youre honour, for Goddes sake, I seye,
 As be nat wrooth, but lat us laughe and pleye.
 He shal my joly body have to wedde;
 By God, I wol nat paye yow but abedde!
 425 Forgyve it me, myn owene spouse deere;
 Turne hiderward, and maketh bettre cheere."
 This marchant saugh ther was no remedie,
 And for to chide it nere but folie,
 Sith that the thyng may nat amended be.
 430 "Now wyf," he seyde, "and foryeve it thee;
 But, by thy lyf, ne be namoore so large.
 Keep bet thy good, this yeve I thee incharge."
 Thus endeth my tale, and God us sende
 Taillynge ynough unto oure lyves ende. Amen.

* *Iambic pentameter.*

Selected *Canterbury Tales* Glossary

<p>A</p> <p>a on</p> <p>affiance trust</p> <p>alenge miserable</p> <p>algate at any rate, always</p> <p>appaed wight palsied man</p> <p>array position, clothing</p> <p>atemprely moderately</p> <p>avisen consider</p> <p>B</p> <p>belle chere good times</p> <p>bern barn</p> <p>bet better</p> <p>bisetten apply yourself</p> <p>biwraye betray</p> <p>buxom obedient</p> <p>C</p> <p>chaffare possessions</p> <p>chapman merchant</p> <p>cheer friendly greeting</p> <p>cheertee fondness</p> <p>chevissaunce loan</p> <p>chilindre portable sundial</p> <p>cosinage relative</p> <p>cost generosity</p> <p>costage spending, expenses</p>	<p>countour-house office</p> <p>creance borrow on credit</p> <p>cropp twig</p> <p>D</p> <p>dare wait motionless</p> <p>Daun lord</p> <p>dees dice</p> <p>disjoint predicament</p> <p>dispence spending</p> <p>E</p> <p>eek also</p> <p>encresen profit</p> <p>F</p> <p>fain glad</p> <p>fare gone</p> <p>fern distant</p> <p>fetten fetch</p> <p>fordo destroy</p> <p>forstraught distraught</p> <p>fourme rabbit mound</p> <p>fowl bird</p> <p>G</p> <p>Genelon (Ganelon, Roland's friend who was torn apart by wild horses)</p> <p>gie guide</p> <p>grange farm</p>
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H	meinee household
halwes saint shrines	mo more
heeth heath	murrily pleasantly
hele health	N
hie hurry	niggardye miserliness
holt wood	O
J	ofer over
jubbe jug	P
I	popinjay parrot
inspiren breathe into	pardee by God
K	prentis apprentice
knowliche acquaintance	prime nine a.m.
kouth known	prively alone
L	profession (monastic vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience)
ladde (<i>pres.</i> leden) carry	Q
large generous	Qui la? who's there?
largesse liberality	R
lene lend	rathe early
let life conduct yourself	reconnaissance promisory note
leten (<i>past</i> lette) delay	repair visitation
lever rather	revelous pleasure loving
licour moisture	routhe pity
lith lies	S
lorn undone	seke sick
loth unpleasant	sely unfortunate
M	sheeld gold coins
mæzen force, power, strength	

<p>shette shut</p> <p>shilden forbid</p> <p>shop prepared</p> <p>slacker delinquent</p> <p>sonde gift</p> <p>soot sweet</p> <p>spare refrain</p> <p>strange fare formality</p> <p>straunge foreign</p> <p>straungeness disaffection</p> <p>strond shore</p> <p>swich such</p> <p>T</p> <p>taile “bill”</p> <p>thinges devotions</p> <p>trowen believe, think</p> <p>twain two</p> <p>U</p> <p>under under</p> <p>V</p> <p>vernage (Italian sweet wine)</p> <p>viage enterprise</p> <p>virtu power</p> <p>volatile game fowls</p> <p>W</p> <p>ware prudent</p> <p>wend understood</p>	<p>wex grow</p> <p>whilom once upon a time</p> <p>wite know</p> <p>wot knows</p> <p>Y</p> <p>yerde rod</p> <p>yfere together</p> <p>Z</p> <p>Zephirus the west wind</p>
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Підписано до друку 26.03.24

Ум.друк.арк. 1,8

Наклад 100 пр.

Віддруковано у редакційно-видавничому
відділі НУБіП України
вул.Героїв Оборони, 15, Київ 03041

тел.: 527-81-55

Формат 60x84\16.

Зам. № 230634