

DESCRIPTION OF A MILLER [2]

Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*, "The Reeve's Tale," lines 71-87 and 133-147.

Middle English Version

A millere was ther dwellynge many a day;
As any pecok he was proud and gay.
Pipen he koude and fische, and nettes beete,
And turne coppes, and wel wrestle and sheete;
75 Ay by his belt he baar a long panade,
And of a swerd ful trenchant was the blade.
A joly poppere baar he in his pouche;
Ther was no man, for peril, dorste hym touché.
A Sheffeld thwitel baar he in his hose.
80 Round was his face, and camus his nose;
As piled as an ape was his skulle.
He was a market-betere atte fulle.
Ther dorste no wight hand upon hyn legge,
That he ne swoor he sholde anon abegge.
85 A theef he was for soothe of corn and mele,
And that a sly, and usaunt for to stele.
His name was hote deynous Symkyn.

Greet sokene hath his millere, out of doute,
With whete and malt of al the land aboute;
135 And nameliche ther was a greet collegge
Men clepen the Soler Halle at Cantebregge;
Ther was hir whete and eek hir malt ygrounde.
And on a day it happed, in a stounde,
Sik lay the maunciple on a maladye;
140 Men wenden wisly that he sholde dye.
For which this millere stal bothe mele and corn
And hundred tyme moore than biforn;
For therbiforn he stal but curteisly,
But now he was a theef outrageously,
145 For which the wardeyn chidde and made fare.
But therof sette the millere nat a tare;
He cracketh boost, and swoor it was nat so.