

Then fore lechynge alle yowre bishoppes
of yowre p[re]sentes of yowre as in myght
of thus the yowre of the yowre of the yowre
of thus the yowre of the yowre of the yowre

CANTERBURY HIKÂ YELERİ GENEL PROLOG

SUNDOGAN

There beginneth Chaucer's tale of yvelwee



A yong man called yvelwee mighty and yche bight
on his eyf that called was yovidence a doghter
which that called was sophie. Upon a day bifel y
le for his report is went in to the feldees him to pleje
his eyf and eek his doghter hath he left inwith his hous of which
the sores were faste yfette of hise olde foes han it esped
and ceten saddres to the Galles of his hous and by comedores
den entred and betten his eyf and wounded his doghter with
fyve mortal wounides in fyve sondry places this is to seyn in
my feet. in my handes. in my eyes. in my nose. and in my mouth
and lesen my for ded and wenten away. When yvelwee se
tonnes was in to his hous and sangh at this westhof. he hit a
was man yartynge his clothes gan to wepe and crye of fynde
re his eyf as ferforth as she dorste bisoghte him of his weping
for to stynte but nat for thy he gan to crye and wepen eue longer
the moore. This noble eyf yovidence remembred hit upon the
sentence of Ovide in his booke that cleped is the yemedie of lous
wey as he seith he is a fool that restoweth the moode to wepen in
the sooth of his chere til she have went hit fille as for a certen
tyne And thanne shal man don his diligence with amynable
wordes hit to yecomforte and preyen hit of his weping for to
stynce. For which reson this noble eyf yovidence suffed hit
houpponde for to wepe and crye as for a certen tyme. And when
she sangh hit thyme she seyde hit in this wise. Allas my
lord quod she why make ye yowre self for to be hit a fool for so
the it aperteneth hit to a wys man to make such a wepe yowre

Quidam de yemedio lous