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Op on a prouerbe that saith the same word
Wel let is wten appyl oute of horde
Then that he wten al the remenaint
So farith it be a riotous seruaint
It is ful lasse harm to lat hym pas
Than he sholde al the seruaintis in the plas
Therefore his maister gaf hym acquietance
And had hym go with sorow & myschaunce
And thus this ioly prentis hadde his leue
Now let hym riot al the nyght or leue
And ther is no theif withouten look
That helpith hym to waste or to sorwe
Of that he byle can or sorow may
Anon he sellith his bed and his aray
Unto a compiere of his owen sorte
That luyth dyspote and disporte
And hadde a wyf that held for contenance
A shope & wyued for hire sustenance

There endith the Cokys tale And

begynneth the man of lawdis prolog

Oure host said that by the bright some
The ark of his artificial day had come
The fourthe part and half an houre & more
And though he were not depest stert in love
He wiste it was the .xviiij. day
Of april that is messenger to may
And said wel that the shadow of every tre
Was in lengthe of the same quantite
That was the body erect that causid it

A page from the first published edition of Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales*.
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