

From *The Canterbury Tales*:

General Prologue

lines 447-478: The Wife of Bath

	There was a WIFE of BATH, or a near city,
	Who was somewhat deaf, it is a pity.
	At making clothes she had a skillful hand
450	She bettered those of Ypres and of Ghent.
	In all the parish there was no wife to go
	And proceed her in offering, it is so;
	And if one did, indeed, so angry was she
	It put her out of all her charity.
455	Her head-dresses were of finest weave and ground;
	I dare swear that they weighed about ten pound
	Which, on a Sunday, she wore on her head.
	Her stockings were of the finest scarlet red,
	Tightly fastened, and her shoes were soft and new.
460	Bold was her face, and fair, and red of hue.
	She'd been respectable throughout her life,
	Married in church, husbands she had five,
	Not counting other company in youth;
	But thereof there's no need to speak, in truth.
465	Three times she'd travelled to Jerusalem;
	And many a foreign stream she'd had to stem;
	At Rome she'd been, and she'd been in Boulogne,
	In Spain at Santiago, and at Cologne.
	She could tell much of wandering by the way:
470	Gap-toothed was she, it is the truth I say.
	Upon a pacing horse easily she sat,
	Wearing a large wimple, and over all a hat
	As broad as is a buckler or a targe;
	An overskirt was tucked around her buttocks large,
475	And her feet spurred sharply under that.
	In company well could she laugh and chat.
	The remedies of love she knew, perchance,
	For of that art she'd learned the old, old dance.

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	The Parson	
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