<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>II. MIDDLE ENGLISH</th>
<th>MODERN TRANSLATION (INTERNET HYBRIDS)</th>
<th>IDIOMATIC MODERN TRANSLATION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>272 A marchant was ther with a forked berd, In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat; Upon his heed a flaundrysh rev ber hat,</td>
<td>There was a merchant with a forked beard Wearing motley clothing, and high on horse he sat, Upon his head a Flemish beaver hat;</td>
<td>There was a merchant with a forked beard. He wore motley clothing and a Flemish beaver hat and sat proudly on his horse. His boots were fastened neatly and elegantly. He was solemn in his opinions and always talked about his increase in wealth. He wanted the coast guarded at any cost from Middleburgh and Orwell. He knew how to buy and sell foreign currencies. He was very clever: he managed his financial affairs so well that nobody knew he was in debt. Indeed, he was a worthy man, but I can’t remember his name.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>273 His bootes clasped faire and fetisly. His resons he spak ful solemnely, Sownynge alwey th' encrees of his wynnynge He wolde the see were kept for any thyng Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.</td>
<td>His boots were fastened neatly and elegantly. He spoke out his opinions very solemnly, Concerning always the increase of his profits. He wanted the sea were guarded at all costs Between Middleburgh and Orwell.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>280 Wel koude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle. This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette: Thir wiste no wight that he was in dette, So estatly was he of his governaunce With his bargainys and with his chevyssaunce.</td>
<td>He knew how to deal foreign currencies. This worthy man employed his wit very well: There was no person that knew he was in debt, So well he managed all his affairs With his buying and selling and financial deals.</td>
<td>Indeed, he was a worthy man indeed, But, to tell the truth, his name I can’t recall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>285 For sothe he was a worthy man with alle, But, soothe to seyn, I noot how men hym calle.</td>
<td>For sothe he was a worthy man, but I can’t remember his name.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>287 A clerk ther was of Oxenford also, That unty logky hadde longe ygo. As leene was his hors as is a rake,</td>
<td>A clerk from Oxford there was also,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>290 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake, But looked holwe, and therto sobrely. Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy; For he hadde geten hym yet no benefice, Ne was so worldly for to have office.</td>
<td>As lean was his horse as is a rake, And he too was not fat, that I take, But he looked emaciated, moreover, abstemiously. Very worn off was his overcoat; for he Had had not obtained an ecclesiastical employment, For he was worldly to accept secular office.</td>
<td>As lean was his horse as is a rake, and the clerk was not fat either. Instead, he looked emaciated and seemed to only eat sparingly. His overcoat was threadbare, as he was too inexperienced and had not yet secured a job with the Church. He would rather have at his bed’s head twenty books, all in black or red, on Aristotle and his philosophy instead of rich robes, a fiddle, or a psaltery. Yet for all his philosophical learning, he had very little money. All the money he could borrow from his friends he would quickly spend on books and learning; and then he would diligently pray for the souls of the people who had given him the means for his education. He took utmost care and dedication towards his study. He did not speak one word more than what was necessary; but what he did say was formal and dignified, short and lively, and highly moral. Everything he said was filled with moral virtue, and was glad to learn or teach.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>295 For hym was levere have at his beddes heed Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed, Of aristotle and his philosophie, Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrie. But al be that he was a philosophre,</td>
<td>For he would rather have at his bed’s head Some twenty books all bound in black or red, Of Aristotle and his philosophy Than rich robes, fiddle, or an elegant psaltery. Yet, and for all he was philosopher in base, He had but little gold within his suitcase; But all that he could borrow from his friends On books and learning he would swiftly spend, And then he’d pray diligently for the souls Of those who gave him resources to attend schools. He took utmost care and heed for his study. Not one word spoke he more than was necessary; And that was said with due formality and dignity And short and lively, and full of high morality;</td>
<td>He was a clerk from Oxford as well, who had studied philosophy long ago. His horse was as lean as a rake, and the clerk was not fat either. Instead, he looked emaciated and seemed to only eat sparingly. His overcoat was threadbare, as he was too inexperienced and had not yet secured a job with the Church. He would rather have at his bed’s head twenty books, all in black or red, on Aristotle and his philosophy instead of rich robes, a fiddle, or a psaltery. Yet for all his philosophical learning, he had very little money. All the money he could borrow from his friends he would quickly spend on books and learning; and then he would diligently pray for the souls of the people who had given him the means for his education. He took utmost care and dedication towards his study. He did not speak one word more than what was necessary; but what he did say was formal and dignified, short and lively, and highly moral. Everything he said was filled with moral virtue, and was glad to learn or teach.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>300 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre; But al that he myghte of his freendes hente, On bookes and on lernynge he it spente, And bisily For he hadde the meane for his educacyn.</td>
<td>But al that he could borrow from his friends On books and learning he would swiftly spend, And then he’d pray diligently for the souls Of those who gave him resources to attend schools. He took utmost care and heed for his study. Not one word spoke he more than was necessary; And that was said with due formality and dignity And short and lively, and full of high morality;</td>
<td>He was a clerk from Oxford as well, who had studied philosophy long ago. His horse was as lean as a rake, and the clerk was not fat either. Instead, he looked emaciated and seemed to only eat sparingly. His overcoat was threadbare, as he was too inexperienced and had not yet secured a job with the Church. He would rather have at his bed’s head twenty books, all in black or red, on Aristotle and his philosophy instead of rich robes, a fiddle, or a psaltery. Yet for all his philosophical learning, he had very little money. All the money he could borrow from his friends he would quickly spend on books and learning; and then he would diligently pray for the souls of the people who had given him the means for his education. He took utmost care and dedication towards his study. He did not speak one word more than what was necessary; but what he did say was formal and dignified, short and lively, and highly moral. Everything he said was filled with moral virtue, and was glad to learn or teach.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Of fish and flesh, with outhet bake mete was nevere his hous. A bettre envyned man was nowher noon. His breed, his ale, was alweys after oon; Seint julian he was in his contree. An housholder, and that a greet, was he; Was verray felicitee parfit. That heeld opinioun that pleyn del. For he was epicurus owene sone, To lyven in delit was evere his wone; Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn; Of his complexioun he was sangwyn. Whit was his berd as is the dayesye; A Of his array telle I no lenger tale. Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale; He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote. And every statut koude he pleyn by rote. Ther koude no wight pynche at his writyng; Therto he a

There was a franklin in his company. He had a daisy-white beard and an optimistic temperament from his appearance. He loved to dip his morning bread in wine; it was a simple life he had, for her was Epicurus’ own son and thought that plain delight was perfect happiness. He was a great householder; he was St Julian in his own country. His bread and ale were always good and fine — no man had wine cellars better stocked. His house was never short of food, and fish and meat pies were in large supply. It seemed to snow in his house of food and drink, of every dainty a man could think of. He changed his lunch and supper according to the seasons of the year. In a mew, he

A sergeant of the law, keen and wise, who’d often been to the Porch of St Paul’s Cathedral to advise. His words were so wise it seemed that he was judicious and full of dignity. Often he was a judge in court, in assize, by royal appointment and full jurisdiction. He was able to charge lots for his knowledge and high reputation. He was able to buy any land he wished; there were no restrictions on what he could have, nor were there any suspicions on his purchases. There was nobody busier than he was, even though he seemed busier than he really was. He knew all convictions recorded since King William’s time. He could also draw up a faultless document, and he knew every statute off by heart. He rode simply in a motley coat, with a silk belt with little stripes, but no more on his outfit.
It snewed in his hous of mete and drynke, Of alle deynteeth that men koude thynke. 
After the sondry sesons of the yeer, 
It seemed to snow therein both food and drink
Of every dainty that a man could think. 

So chaunged he his mete and his soper. 
According to the various seasons of the year
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in muwe, 
He changed lunch and changed his supper. 
And many a bream and many a luce in stuwe. 
Very many fattened partridges he kept in a mew, 
Wo was his cook but if his sauce were 
And many a bream and pike in fish-point too. 
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his geere. 

Wo is his cook, unless the sauces were 
and go to vigilies al bifore, 
Woe to his cook, unless the sauces were 
It is ful fair to been ycleped madame, 
And elles certeyn were they to blame. 
Or else for certain they had been to blame. 

And had a mantel roialliche ybore. 
It snewed in his hous of mete and drynke, 
He knew how to judge a draught of London ale. 

Heeng at his girdel, whit as morne milk. 
He had been sheriff and been tax auditor; 
But al with silver; wroght ful clene and weel 
His dining table, waiting in his hall, I say, 
Hir knyves were chaped noght wi 
A dagger and silk purse hung at his belt, white as morning milk. 

A haberdasher and a carpenter, 
A haberdasher, carpenter, weaver, dyer and tapestry-maker were with us, clothed in the same livery of a solemn, great guild. Their equipment was all new and adorned; their weapons were mounted with silver and not cheap brass, wrought neatly and well, their belts and their purses every bit. Each of them seemed a proper citizen to sit on a dais in a city hall. Every one of them, for their wisdom, was suitable to serve as an alderman. They had enough property and income; and their wives would asset to it, otherwise they would certainly be at fault. It is very fine to be called “my lady”, and go to feasts on holiday eves at the head of the procession wearing gowns with royally carried trains.

A cook they had with hem for the nones 
They had a cook with them to boil chickens with the marrow bones, and tart poudre-marchant and galingale. He knew how to judge a draught of London ale. 
To boille the chiknes with the marybones, 
A cook they had with them, just for once, 
And poudre-marchant tart and galingale. 
And poudre-marchant tart and galingale.
Wel koude he knowe a draughte of londoun ale. 
He knew how to recognise a draught of London ale. 
To boille the chiknes with the marrowbones, 
To boil the chickens with the marrow-bones,
Were it of hoot, or coold, or moyste, or drye,
He knew the cause of everich maladye,
Of his ymagines for his pacient.
Wel koude he fortunen the ascendent
In houres by his magyk natureel.
He kepte his pacient a ful greet deel
For he was
to speke of phisik and of surgerye
In al this world ne was the noon hym lik,
With us ther was a doctour of phisik;
His barge ycleped was the maudel
And every cryke in britaigne and in spayne.
Fro gootlond to the cape of fynystere,
He knew alle the havenes, as they were,
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
Hardy he was and wys to undertake;
Ther nas noon swich from hulle
His herberwe, and his moone, his lodemenage,
His stremes, and his daungers hym bisides,
But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
By water he sente hem hoom to every lond.
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
Of nyce conscience took he no ke
Fro burdeux
That on his shin a morma
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
And he could roast and boile and broil and fry,
And prepare a stew; bake a tasty pie.
Prepare a stew; bake a tasty pie. It was a pity, it seemed to me,
That on his shin an open sore had he;
For sweet blanc-mange, he made it with the best.
He knew the cause of every sickness,
Whether it brings heat or cold, moisture or dryness,
And he could fortunen the ascendent in hours by his magyk nature.
He was the perfect practitioner: the doctor of medicine.
In all this world there was none like him, to speak of medicine and surgery.
For he was based in astronomy.
He took care of his patients by natural science and astrological signs. He could calculate the planetary positions to improve his patient’s condition. He knew the cause of every sickness, whether it was of hot, cold, moist or dry elements, and where they were engendered, and of what humour. He was the perfect practitioner: the doctor of medicine.
And where they engendered, and of what humour.
He was a very good practitioner.

The cause being known, the root of the malady,
At once he gave to the sick man his remedy.

Prepared he was, with his apothecaries,
To send him drugs and all electuaries,
By mutual aid much gold they’d always won –
Their friendship was a thing not new begun.

Well he knew the old Esculapius,
And Deiscorides, and also Rufus,
Old Hippocrates, Hali, and Galen,
Serapion, Rhazes, and Avicen,
Averroes, Gilbertus, and Constantine,
Averrois, damascien, and constantyn,
Bernaerd, and gatisden, and gilbertyn.

In diet he was modest as could be,
No one could blame him of superfluity,
But greatly nourishing and digestible.

His study was but little on the Bible.
In diet he was modest as could be,
No one could blame him of superfluity,
But greatly nourishing and digestible.

In sangwyn and in pers he clad was al,
Lyned with taffeta and with sendal;
And yet he was but esy of dispence;
He kept the gold he gained from pestilence.

For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therefore he lovede gold in special.

cause known, and the root of the illness, at once he gave his patient the remedy. He had his apothecaries ready to send him the drugs and electuaries, for they made each other profit – their friendship was not new. He knew well the old ... [saints]. He had a moderate diet, for it was not excessive but greatly nourishing and digestible. His study was little on the Bible. He was clad all in red and blue, lined with taffeta and silk. Yet, he was a moderate spender; he kept what he earned in times of plague. Since in medicine, gold is a restorative for the heart, he loved gold in particular.