

A Canterbury Tale
Translated Out of Chaucer's Old English
into Our Now Usual Language

Sprunger, David. "A PSEUDO-"CANTEBURY TALE":
CHAUCER IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY."
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A Canterbvry TALE,
TRANSLATED
out of
CHAUCER'S old English
Into our
NOW VSVALL LANGVAGE
Whereunto is added the
SCOTS PEDLAR.
Newly enlarged by A. B.
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- In Calidon did live a Potent Peere,
Who had three Princely Sonnes of courage bold,
For brave Achivements beyond all compare,
Nere fairer Creatures ere were fram'd on Mould,
5 Whose fame, whose honour and terrene renowne,
Unto hopes highest station did aspire,
Till fate and falshood sought to pull them downe,
By breeding discord 'twene them and their sire:
Hell to their ruine being soly bent
10 Had not blest heaven crost their damn'd intent.
For some malignant sprights had so inflam'd
Their fathers wrath 'gainst one of his said sonnes,
That he his death and downefall onely aim'd,
So hot the rancor of his fury burnes,
15 The sacklesse sonne on bended knee is falls downe,
Begging the favor of his frowning sire,
The more he seekes the farther from his boone,
For kindled was the fury of his ire,
By powerfull Prelates, who so fed the flame,
20 That nought but his heart blood could quench the
same.
First he debars his guiltlesse son of bread,

- Aiming by famine for to worke his fall,
Next him imprisons, oh most dolefull deed!
When as the father shall the sonne enthrall,
25 [A2] But life is sweet, and liberty so deare,
To free and noble mindes, that he breakes ward,
And to his fathers presence doth repaire,
With resolution not to be debard:
His Princely reconcilement for to gaine,
30 And punishment of those had bred his baine.
His father meets him with an angry brow,
And all his force in fury 'gainst him bends,
He draws his sword to give the fatall blow,
But God who alwaies Innoncents defends,
35 Protects the sonne, who then himselfe to free
From stripes, imprisonment, and cruell bands,
From direfull death, and Romish slavery
Boldly steps in, and gently holds his hands,
Begging still humbly on his bended knee,
40 His grievances to heare, and him to free.
The inrag'd father calls his other sonnes,
Him to assist 'gainst this their loving brother,
Command them bring their Pistolls, Pikes, and Guns,
They stand amaz'd, looking each at other,
45 Yet forth the elder steps, and with like zeale,
On bended knees implores their wrathfull sire,
His brothers suite to heare, perchance our weale,
It may concerne (good Sir) grant his desire.
The younger seconds him, they both prevaile,
50 The father is content to heare his tale.
In presence then of his kinde loving brothers,
His grievances he gently gins relate,
All plots and stratagems he then discovers
Which were contriv'ed against their fathers state,
55 Each damn'd designe he plainely then relates,
Which had beene hatcht by hell, at Rome or Spaine,

- [A2v] For bringing in the Babylonish rites
To brand them and their fathers house with shame,
Making them hatefull to the great Commander
60 That he might list them in black *Pluto's* Callender.
Deare Sir, quoth he, will you gaine heavens frowne,
Through the bad counsell of accurst misleeders?
Or will you lose the comfort of a son,
For pleasing Parasites or mischiefe breeders?
65 Nay will you hazard all? For all their ends
Aime at my brothers ruine as well as mine
The Sychophants which now doe seem their friends
Will prove tart foes if they finde place and time.
Consider then it is not I alone
70 Must smart and suffer, though I soly grone.
This mischiefe which hath now befallne to me,
At first was fram'd against my elder brother,
By that curst conclave of impiety,
The Cardinalls and painted whore their mother.
75 But great Ichova who did then foresee
How that their damn'd designes were to oppose
The glory of the eternall Deity,
Was pleased that I their plots should counterpose,
And gave me courage with a filiall awe,
80 'Gainst foes in your defence my sword to draw.
Thinke what pernicious plots have been contriv'd
By fire and water for to worke your baine,
Consider what Armados have ariv'd
Upon your costs your Countries for to gaine,
85 Yet all in vaine, prais'd be the power divine,
The ruine they have sought of you and yours,
And ever shall while you and they combine
In perfect love, in spight of all their powers,
[A3] Crush then that cursed and most viperous brood,
90 That moves you thus to spill your childrens blood.
See then the sufferings of your sakelesse sonne,

- And his intentions with a gracious eye,
View their endeavours who would have undone
Your selfe, your state, and Princely Progeny,
95 Ponder their plots who plundred have the streame,
And current of your hoped happinesse,
Weigh all their actions with an upright beame,
That justice may imbrace faire Righteousnesse;
So none shall dare t'eclipse, or once pull downe
100 The glorious splendor of your high renowne.
This said, his brothers shed some brinish teares,
Which molified their furious fathers heart,
Who then replied (deare sonnes) it now appears,
You are resolved all to take one part,
105 And so am I, Ile second you, goe on,
And rid me of these fire brands of debate,
Root them all out, be sure you leave not one
That sought the ruine of you, or my state;
And thou my sonne, whose bane I late did wish,
110 Receive thy reconciled fathers blesse.
For henceforth my deare children I shall know
Our friends from foes, since truely now I finde,
Who aim'd our blesse, our bane, our weale, our woe,
Which I have printed in my heart and minde,
115 No damn'd designe hereafter shall take place,
Or once be harbor'd in your fathers brest,
Which him, or his may in the least disgrace,
And you oppresse, or rob of quiet rest;
Sweet peace and plenty each where shall abound,
120 While all our actions with love shall be crown'd.
[A3v] Downe at their fathers feet these joyfull wights,
Prostrate themselves and lye as men amaz'd
At length courageously they rouse their sprights,
Which long with care and grieffe had beene surpriz'd,
125 And all resolve unfaindly to see
Their fathers foes cut off by fatall stroke,

That sought the downfall of his dignity,
And 'gainst them his displeasure did provoke,
130 The hand is up (oh speake the word agen)
 To give the blow let all hearts say Amen
 Thrice blessed be that peerlesse Paragon,
 The potent Princely Peer of Calidon.

THE SCOTS PEDLER

*The Pedler now hath ope his packe,
Come Gentleman see what you lacke.*
Here's Spanish Needles, that will shrewdly pricke
Fair Englands foes and lance them to the quicke,
Here's Romish gloves perfum'd, whose very sent
Will cause the Babylonians to be shent.
5 Here's French toyes too, whose fashions came from / Rome,
 Priz'd at no lesse then at a Kingdomes Crowne,
 Here's Flanders Lace, which is most closely woven,
 Peeces of knavery made up by'th dozen,
 But here is Holland I dare say tis right,
10 Teare it you cannot, tis so good and tight,
 And for Scots cloath though it be slight and thin,
 Yet safely you may weare it next your skin.
[A4]¹⁸ If these shall not you please, here's ware divine,
 Late consecrated at Saint *Thomas* Shrine,
15 In Canterbury by a holy Fryer,
 As some men say, or else the D:el's a lyer.
 For Reliques, here's the hand of Signior *Con*,
 The fingers of a Spanolized *Don*,
 Who pointed out three Kingdomes overthrow,
20 Good *Pan* be praised who did divert the blow,
 See here's the brains of that Capuchian Fryer,

Who whilome set all Germany on fire,
And blow'd the cole great Brittain to have brent,
But that Iejova did his plots prevent.
25 And here's the Scull of a dman'd Iesuite,
Conspiring heads, and hearts and tongues, and feete,
Of Popes, of Prelates, Cardinalls, and Priests,
Who living were in their blood thirsty feasts,
Drunke with the gore of Potentates and Kings,
30 Such ware my packe affords, and finer things,
for here's a Miter which from Rome was sent,
Not for Pope Jonne, but for the man of Kent,
Gay Copes, Hare Sarkes, Holy Bread, and Crosses,
For Altars, pennance, Martens and for Masses,
35 Here's Bulls, Indulgences, and Absolutions,
For Murders, Massacres, and bloody treasons,
From Babylon by *Toby* late brought ore,
As a Propine from that enchanting whore:
Yet here's a spell will keepe you from all harmes,
40 And eke prevent and frustrate all her charmes,
A precious Balsome that will cleere your sight,
And bring you out of darkness into light,
Take from before your eyes that misty fog
That plainely you may see *Gog* and *Magog*.
45 Loe here's an Antidote which will you free
From that vilde strumpet of impiety
And crush her curst designes, whose damn'd intent,
Three kingdomes to confound, was soly bent:
And here's a Corosive that sharply bites,
50 And will eat out the Babylonish Rites
And macerate the bulke of that base slut,
With all the crew of th' Antichristian cut,
A whip, a whip to mortifie her skin,
And lash her soundly like an arrant queane,
55 From place to place, and so signe her a passe
To Rome from whence she came, with all her trash.

Sprunger

Here's Hoods, faire Rochets, and fine Tiburn Tippets,
For Priests, for Jesuits, and Popish Bishops;
Nay here's a halter otherwise a rope,
60 Sauce for the Dee's good servants, and the Pope,
And here are Towerhill knives, or Scottish Tweasers
To cut off Trayters, and all mischiefe breeders,
Fine Pins and Points, Box Combes, & Looking glasses,
Your friends from foes to try, and know their faces,
65 So prict and pointed out that future Ages,
The Pedlers ware shall praise upon their Stages.
Come then and welcome to the Pedlers packe,
Here's that will do't, will do't, see what you lacke.

FINIS.