

Canterbury Tales

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Canterbury Tales

Rendered Into

Familiar Verse,

Viz.

The Plain Proof.	The Resolution.
The Forreigner.	The Resignation.
The Choice.	The Partition.
An Eagle and a Crow.	The Republican.
The Qualification.	The Wind and Weather.
The Politician.	The Barister.

To Which is added

The Author's Case.

-----Non Fabula, rumor

Ille fuit ----- Ovid.

London,

Printed for the Author, 1701.

Price 6d

The
Author
To The
Reader,

*Going into a Book-seller's Shop,
two or three Days since, I was
surpriz'd at the sight of those Fables
in Print, which were intended only
for the private Diversion of some Se-
lect Aquaintance, but what added to
my Wonder was, the Reception they
had met with and the different Opin-
ions which were given of the Author,
and His Design; some said I was a Je-
suit, others a Discontented Jaco-
bite; and Fuller, in Particular, to*

The Author to the Reader

Aggrandize myself by having Quality to Lampoon Him, offer'd to make Affidavit that I was a Dissaffected Nobleman.

For certain, I was concern'd to see my Papers so uncorrectly sent abroad, and the Innocency of 'em so misrepresented as to Create a Discourse of my being in Trouble for 'em. This made me search out for the Printer, whom at long run, I found, with the Person who did me the Service of carrying the Papers to Him, and since they were already made publick, I thought He could not deny me the Favour of reprinting 'em, according to a True Copy I had, in order to clear me of some Scandalous Aspersions, and give me the satisfaction of seeing the Fables appear as they were Written, not as they were

The Author to the Reader.

Taken. This has occasion'd this Impression, which is Printed for my self, and which I hope will have other Sentiments pass'd on it, than on the former. And tho' the Resolution may seem to lean towards Reflection, yet I have this to say for my self, I took it from Sir Roger L'Estrange's AE-sop, and made use of it, for no other reason, than the easiness of its being rendered into Verse. I am inform'd likewise, the Third, Fifth, and Sixth, are applied to some late Proceedings, and think my self oblig'd to acquaint the Publick they were all three Written a little after AE-sop at Turnbridge came forth, which is two Years since, and if they accidentally pinch any Persons now, it's the fault of the Times, and not of the Author, who has too great an opinion of our Pres-

The Author to the Reader

ent Administration, to think that they'l take Offense at what a parcel of Beasts and Birds Act and Talk amongst themselves, or be angry at a few Innocent Tales creeping abroad, when Athiesm and Deism appear in Publick barefac'd.

Tale I.

The Plain Proof.

The *Lion* Having held the Reins,
By ill Advisers led,
The Beasts perceiv'd his want of Brains,
And took his Crown to save his pains,
And plac'd it on the *Tyger's* head.

Made King of Brutes he wisley saw
His Predecessor's Faults,
And kept his Enimies in awe,
As he lov'd Justice and the Law,
Tho' some had other Thoughts

And these were willing to be blind,
When Truth was thus appearing:

[2]

*Their Prince was of the Lyon's Kind,
A Whelp for Government design'd,
And more not worth the hearing.*

The Pious Monarch tho' he knew
His Right beyond disputes,
Could not but be concern'd to view,
How fast the foolish Humour grew,
Amongst the silly Brutes.

And sigh'd, and studied to reclaim
A People lost to Sence,
But they stood resolute to their shame,
And cry'd up the young Lion's Fame,
As if their Lawful Prince.

When to his Majesty there run,
An Ape with Visage furious,
And said, my Leige, here's Ten to One
The Lion has no Living Son,
I'll prove his birth is Spurious

Hold--said the Sov'raign Beast, thou Sor,
And straight withdraw thy Phiz,
Should such a Rascal say, he's not
Legitimate, and true Begot,
The World would think he is.

Moral.

*Thus for the Teller's sake the Tale we slight,
And F-ll-rs only Read what F-ll-rs Write.*

Tale II.

The Foreigner.

A Farmer bought a Partridge for his use,
And amongst other Poultry trun'd her loose;
But neither Hens nor Cocks would let her feed,
Or gather up the gleanings of the Seed,
All fell on her, tho' All had meat enough

She sigh'd and took her Suff'ring much to heart
As knowing she had none to take her part,
And thought her being of a diff'rent Race,
Occasion'd all those Tokens of Disgrace.
But when the Cocks against the Cocks arose
And Crowd'd and Bristled up, and fell to Blows,
She took some comfort in her wretched state,
Nor wonder'd half so much at Stranger's hate.
Fool, as I was, she thus her self exprest,
To wonder at their Treatment of their Guest,
The Reason's plain, and obvious to the sight,
When Birds with Birds of their own Species fight.

Moaal. (sic)

*Let two Great Lords abus'd of late,
From hence this Comfort take,
That the lewd Wretch that shew'd his hate
Of Foreign Councils in the State,
Ne're did it for his Country's sake.*

Tale III.

The CHOICE.

When Birds had Rules of Government
And were Acknowledg'd by consent

For true and lawful States;

They met, (as Charters make appear,
Was always usual once a Year.”

To Chuse new Magistrates,
And after some Disputes and Heat,
With which Elections always meet,

Some Officers they chose;
But who should be the Chief of all,
Next to the Scepter and the Ball,

Had like t' have cost 'em Blows.

It seem'd that a Religious Zeal
Had crept within this Common weal.

In Parties two divided;
One, as it should, stood up for *Jove*,
To shew its Duty, and its Love,
With *Mercury* t'other sided.

Yet tho' the Justice of his Cause,
Their Constitutions, and their Laws,

 In favour of *Jove* pleaded,
The subtile God of Cheats and Trade,
Knavish part so slightly play'd,

 His *Votaries* succeeded;
And thro' the falsehood of a Bird,
Prevail'd upon to break his Word,

 A *Mag-pye* gain'd the C-----
And having squatted down his Breech,
Gave Thanks in a most serious Speech,

 As long as any Prayer.
With that a *Lark* who gave his Vote
For Magistrate of greater Note,

 Whose Bounty had releas'd
Both him, and others, from the Claws
Of many a Vulture, and the Paws

 Of many a rav'nous Beast,
Cry'd out in a most dismal fright,
Is this a Match for yonder *Kite*?

 Great *Jove* look down and keep us

Or else we little Folks must dye.
For all th' assistance of the *Pye*,
 The Birds of prey will sweep us.
Fie, said the *Pidgeon*, not so fast,
Consider who 'twas Rul'd us last,
 And you'l not be so fearful;
A *Mag's* as good as any *Bat*,
Then prithee Child, no more of that,
 He cannot be *less* careful.

Moral.

*Thus some perhaps may question----Fame,
But----is the Man deserv's their Blame.
One may Direct, as well as t'other Guide
But Bats are never constant to a Side;
With Winds they vary that from Courts arise,
This hour they flatter, and the next despise;
Promise, recant are p-y--'d in a Strain,
And shew how Governably they can Reign.*

Tale IV.

An Eagle and a Crow.

An Eagle out in search for Prey,
 And in pursuit of Food,
Met with a Lambkin in her way,
 A grazing near a Wood;
And down she made an eager stoop,
 As Hunger urg'd her hast,
And in an Instant truss'd it up.
 And whirl'd away the Feat.
A Crow stood perching on a Tree,
 And grinning at the Feat,
Said, *I'll have some as well as she,*
 Since 'tis so cheap a Meat.
With that he fix'd upon a Ram,
 And gave a furious pull
To bear it up, as she the Lamd,
 But stuck within the Wool.

The shepherd laugh'd to find her caught,
And went and seiz'd the Thief,
And homeward to his Children brought,
The Bird of strange Belief.
They gap'd, and ey'd the Fool apace,
Whose Wings were clip'd and lame,
And knowing not the Bird by's Face,
Were earnest for his Name.
Children, said he, he'll swear his Veins
With *Eagle's* Blood o'r-flow:
But I'le affirm that Man's no Brains,
That thinks him not a *Crow*.

Moral.

*So facious T-l--d may himself abuse,
And fancying Milton's Vice, try Milton's Muse,
As uncontented with Prosaick Crimes,
He storms in Verse, and damns himself in Rhimes
Yet Clito shall be despically low,
And Adeis'demon rise with AEsop's Crow.*

Tale V.

The Qualification.

A serious *Ass* of sober Face
And Sect, sa e're was known,
Strove, in is turn to mount the Throne,
And Rule the Bestial Race.

But as the Laws of Brutes enjoyn'd
That none should be their Chief,
Unless of such and such *Belief*,
And of *Conforming* Kind.

Twas hop'd by those whose Int'rest lay
Quite opposite to His;
A Person of so *grave* a Phiz.
Would never deviate from his wonted Way.

And tho' He could *Etch* out a Pray'r,
As long as any Sinner,
At *S---r's* or at Hall call'd *P--ner*,
Hene're would *Drink* and *Swear*.

But that was all a grand Mistake,
Sir Fermal was no Novice,
And knew that such a *gainful* Office
Deserv'd Compliance for its sake.

And after many a squeamsh Face,
He took the Liquor up
With much a-do, and kiss'd the Cup,
And was Establish'd in the Place.

For shame, said one, I never thought,
An Ass of any Sence,
Would give his Brethren this Offence,
Or yield to such a Fault.

Rather, my Liege, renounce your Claim
To Doctrine, Proof, and Text

Than let our Righteous Souls be vex'd,
At such a Burning Shame.

The Counsel's good, he cry'd, you bring,
And it might currant pass
Were I like you, a common *Ass*,
And not a Sov'raign King.

But you must pardon me the Choice,
I now have made to *Reign*.
Since you'd accept the *Terms* 'tis plain,
Had you the *Casting* Voice.

Not one amongst the Godly Crew,
Would boggle at the Sin,
But like *Me* doat on Pow'r, when *in*,
When *Out*, despise like *Ten*.

Tale VI.

The Politician.

A *Leopard* of no vulgar Birth, or Size,
And as he made appear, nor over-wise;
Once on a time his Confort caught
With another *Leopard* naught,
But tho' the Merits of the Cause,
Demanded he should whet his Paws,
And grin, and growl, and fall upon
The Beast which had this Evil done.
To Court, the Mournful Husband sighing fled,
Leaving th' Adulterer safe within his Bed,
And to the king of Beasts himself apply'd,
Beseeching him to take a C----d's side,
And beg'd him if he lov'd a Subject's life,
To help him to another Wife:

The Monarch smil'd, as one that knew
The reason why his Partner was untrue,
And told Sagacity, in such a Case
‘Twas fit he should conceal his late disgrace,

Advising him to turn her off,
And that was Satisfaction enough.

But still the foolish Beast implor'd

The Goodness of his Sov'reign Lord,
That he would please to think it ift,
To let him shew his want of Wit,
And having Audience of the States

Prove his own Infamy and his Mate's.
The Lyon saw 'twas fruitless to preswade,
And that his Arguments in vain were laid
Before a Beast who would not hear,

Gave leave that Council should appear,
And strait they took a deal of pains,

To shew he had more *Horns* than *Brains*,
And made it evidently seem
His Spouse had other Bedfellows than him,

As they from many a President and Rule
Prov'd her a Wh---, and him a F---.
The Judges having heard his Wrongs,
Bid bawling Lawyers hold their clam'rous
(Tongues.)

And as a thing of Course
Gave the Plaintiff a Div--ce,
Telling the *Leopardess*, she might
Lay with her Spark now Ev'ry night.
Well Seignior, said the King, (who saw
The Promulgation of the Law,
And that the Beast most Reverently bow'd,
And all transported think'd the Croud.)
Believe it, You are not a jot
The better for the Cause You've got.

Tale VII.

The Resolution.

The *Pidgeons* worried by a *Kite*,
 Besought a *Vulture's* Aid,
And to be freed from farther fright,
 Him their Protector made.
The Bird of Prey was glad at's heart,
 And gave the Fools his word,
He'd act a very faithful part,
 And be a careful Bird.
When he of's Place was scarce possess'd,
 But greedy to devour,
He fix'd his Claws, and made a Feast
 Of those that gave him Pow'r.
Defend as Jove, a *Pidgeon* cry'd,
 And Venus save thy Doves,
Who for our Safety should provide,
 Our Protector proves.

*Fools as we are, the Kite destroy'd
But few at several times,
This always Eats, and never cloy'd,
Still riots in his Crimes.
By my Consent e'en let's invite
That Enemy to befriend us;
There is some reason in the Kite,
This instantly will end us.
One of the Vulture's grass will do,
More harm and Execution,
Than any Kite with ten times two,
I'm for another Resolution.*

Tale VIII.

The RESIGNATION.

A Certain *Fox* had stole a Neighbour's *Goose*
And being hand pursu'd,
Was forc'd immediately to turn her loose,
And take for shelter to a *Wood*.

Yet still the Country People ran,
Swearing they'd kill him ev'ry Man,
And strait besat the Place,
Which *Reynard* had for Refuge chose,
That he in safety from his Foes,
Might hide his roguish Face.
Zounds! cry'd the *Felon*, what d'ye mean,
By following me so close?
Can I be guilty of a Sin,
Who have restor'd your *Goose*?
That's what you seek for, I perceive,
Then prithee, Fellows give me leave
To rest a while in quiet;
Your Neighbour has his own again,
And 'twas a favour I maintain,
For me to quit such Diet.
With that a Bumpkin made reply,
Faith, Master, betwixt you and I,
You've done the thing that's Civil;
It's true we have regain'd the *Theft*,
But should the *Thief* alive be left,

Odzooks, 'twould be the Devil.
Spare such as You? A very pritty Jest,
You've stoln *one Goose*, but you shan't steal the rest.

Moral.

A St--man question'd in his Trust,
Flings up his Place to prove He's Just,
And thinks that he may Favour find,
Because his Office be resign'd;
But P--l-m-nts have other thoughts,
And yet may search into his Faults;
As they the Man, and not the Place pursue,
And give Offending Sinners what's their due.

Tale IX.

The PARTITION.

A Dolphin taken mighty ill,
Took to his Bed, and made his Will,
And settled his Affairs;

For fear that after his Decease,
Some might distrub his Subject's peace,
 By setting up for Heirs.
Nor Son, nor Daughter, bles'd his Life,
 But Childless was his Case,
Tho' 'twas acknowledg'd that his Wife,
 Came from a Teeming Race.
Which made a *Salmon*, and a *Pike*,
 (His nearest Kindred) wait
Till Death the final Blow should strike,
 To seize on his Estate.
The *Salmon* had as fair a Plea,
For the Dominion of the Sea,
 As could be thought upon:
And t'other Swore and kept a pother,
 He had a Title from his Mother,
 And was a *Sister's* Son.
As these were jarring which should Reigh,
And be the Sov'raign of the Main,
 A subtle *Pilchard* starting by,
Cry'd he could see with half an Eye,

He must resign the provinces he stole,
Should either of the Two possess the whole.

Cousin, that's right, a *Roach* reply'd,
I'm altogether of your side,
Since 'tis most evidently true,
I've cause to fear as well as you,
For he that makes no bones of *Pilchards*, may
Snap at a *Roach* that meets hi in his way.

Therefore 'twas readily Agreed
Between 'em both, to send
Ambassadors to interceed,
And make each Fish their Friend;
The *Salmon*, fearful at his heart,
The *Dolphin* would declare
In favour of the *Pike*, sent word, a Part
Should serve him for his Share;
So, t'other would but take the rest,
Which was full Ten to One:
But he tho's Share was much the best,
Swore he'd have *All or None*.

All! cry'd *Salomon?* that is fine,
You'l one day find that something's mine,
 Or it shall cost me dearly:
And presently a Bargain made,
To stand to every Word he said,
 And keep his Word sincerely.
The *Roach* and *Pilchard* with him join'd
And glad to see him in that mind,
 Allotted him some Waters,
As *Lakes* and *Rivers*, but the Sea
Was the *Pike's* Legacy to be,
 With many other Matters.
The Watry Monarch shaking's head,
 To see 'em thus employ'd,
And parcel out, 'fore he was Dead,
 The Kingdoms he enjoy'd,
Order'd the *Salmon* should have *All*,
 And in is Throne preside;
When having wept his early fall,
 He flounc'd, and stretch'd, and dy'd.

The *Salmon* had no sooner heard
 The News which pleas'd his Soul,
 But with his Armies he appear'd,
 And strait possess'd the whole.
 The *Mediators* saw the thing,
 And instantly were griev'd
 And cry'd out, who'd have thought a King,
 His Friends should have deceiv'd?
 Hark you, my Comrades, he reply'd,
 I only took a Share,
 When things were *doubtful* on my side,
 But now I am *Sole Heir*.

Moral.

*E----d and H----d may their Counsels join,
 And Fr--- may seem to further the Design,
 Willing to please, and eager to maintain
 Her clam to N-pl-s, while she doubts of Sp---
 But now the lingering Sovereign is Dead,
 And leaves her Grand-Child Monarch in his stead
 It's fear'd that former Treaties she'll disown,
 And do the very same that Salmon's done.*

Tale X.

The REPUBLICAN.

A Country-Fellow took a Daw.
A pillaging his Wheat
And 'tho 'twas hanging by the Law,
Ty'd only one of's Feet;
And gave him to a little Child,
Who with a deal of Joy
Made much of him, and laugh'd and Smil'd,
At such a pleasing Toy.
But yet the Bird was mighty dull,
To think he was confin'd;
And tho' he had his Belly full,
Was not content in mind,
Wherefore he from his Keeper flip't,
And longing to be free,
To an Adjacent Thicker Skip'd
And *kaw'd* out *Liberty*.

When 'twas not long before the string

He had upon his foot,

Entangled him, and made him sing

Another kind of Note.

And ready to give up the Ghost,

For want of usual Food,

He own'd that he himself had lost,

Not knowing what was good.

Fool, as I am, I was preserv'd

When kept from being *free*,

He cry'd but now alass I'm starv'd,

And with my *Life* have purchas'd *Liberty*.

Moral.

Down, down with Kings, our Common-wealths Men Cry

The Name's infectious grown,

Nor let the Rays of Liberty,

Be darkned by the Throne:

When should the Powers they pray to grant

The mischiefs they impore,

The Nation would experience the want,

And starve, who pinch'd before.

Tale XI.

The Wind and Weather-Man.

The Raven's formerly were look'd upon
As Wind and Weather-wise:
And could foretel the brightness of the Sun
Or Darkness of the Skies,
Which made all Travellers far and near
Consult their Bodeing Throats,
To know if Day was likely to be clear,
Or they should use their Riding Coats,
A Crow saw what respect was shown
To the Prophetick Bird;
And since h' had the same *Looks* and *Tone*,
Would try to be prefer'd.
And up he perch'd upon a Tree,
As Priest on *Tripos* mounts,
Fortelling what should never be,
And giving false Accounts,

When several Fellows jogging by,
 Observ'd his *Nod* and *Croak*,
And one amongst the rest, said I
 Will home and fetch my *cloak*;
For Friends of mine, I dare mainain
 From that same Prophet's Voice,
The Man who loves to ride i'th *Rain*,
 Now has it in his Choice.
They look'd, and look'd again, to be
 More truly Satisfy'd;
If 'twas a *Raven* on the Tree,
 That they might also *Cloaks* provide.
At last, one wiser than 'em all
 Found out the Counterfeit,
And gave his Comrade, (who turn'd Tail) a Call.
 And told him 'twas a Cheat.
Yon' Fool, said he, which stand's a loof,
 And nod's at us below,
A Rogue, I know him well-enough,
 Is nothing but a sorry *Crow*.
I'll forward on my Journy set,

And give the Fool the Lye,
 For since He tell's us 'twill be *Wet*,
 By all that's good it must be *dry*.

Moral.

*Let the St. Alban's Prophet learn from hence
 To let his Schemes alone;
 And know, that People who have Sence,
 Can find out those who've none.
 His Sun-shine Days no Man uncloak'd can try.
 And his Wet stormy Nights are always calm and dry.*

Tale XII.

The BARISTER.

A *Country Fellow* very poor,
 And by *Law Suits* oppress'd,
 Knock'd at a certain Lawyer's door,
 To have his Wrongs redress'd.
 He knock'd, and one was ready strait
 To palm the righteous Fee,

But in an instant shut the Gate,
At sight of one so poor as he.
Swounds Man, he cry'd, What is't you mean?
Iz'e Plead in Form of Paper.
S'life open me yon' Door agen,
Or Iz'e will break he Rapper.
The Servant gravely in return,
Advis'd him to be gone,
And come again another morn,
And's Bus'ness should be done.
Another Morn the Client came,
Eager to be releas'd,
Another, and 'twas all the same,
He was but made a Jest.
With that the Fellow tore his Hair,
And scratch'd his Head, to find
A way to get admission there,
And ease his restless mind.
When 'twas not long before he cry'd
I'ze now do understand,
The Lawyer won't my Cause decide,
Because I'ze nothing in my Hand.

But Iz'e some other means will try.

To finish this Dispute,

And bring a Person by and by,

Shall make me gain the Suit.

And homewards to his Cot he ran,

With all convenient speed,

Resolving to return again,

And brought with him a *Kid*.

The Servant spy'd the gift he brought,

And let him in at last,

And having been his Lesson taught,

Excus'd his want of hast.

Dear Sir, said he, my Master sent

As soon as you were gone,

And's under no small discontent

Because your Bus'ness is not done.

However you may rest assur'd,

This minute shall obtain

What very few could have procur'd,

And Favourites only gain.

And in he to the Parlour led

Who having heard what's Master said,
And taken his Advice.
Hark you, said he, you may suppose,
That you have been my Friend,
But here is one stands by, that knows
Who brought my Matters to an end.
And turning, he Address'd the *Kid*,
And bow'd, and said 'twas clear,
His Cause would stand much as it did,
Were not She *Council* here.

Moral.

*D----. may boast his Knowledge in the Law,
And Sl---- may think 'tis he that gains the Cause
As they to fill their Pockets, wast their Lungs,
And urge a bawling conflict with their Tongues,
But Yellow Advocates alone can plead,
And Gunea's make their Clients to succeed.*

Tale XIII.

The Author's Case.

A Drolling sort of Fellow made
 A party-colour'd Coat,
Fit for the *Merry-Andrew* Trade,
 Of Fools of greater Note;
And amongst other Goods he sold,
 He hung it out for Sale;
Which being to some Neighbour's told,
 They threatned him with Goal:
And storm'd, and Swore, most bloodily,
 They'd swinge the Rascal off,
And teach such Scoundrel Rogues as he,
 At Citizens to scoff.
Believe it, cry'd the *Sales-man*, I
 Am mightily in the wrong,
Knowing such Chaps to live so nigh;
 And let it hang so long.
I made the Coat, 'tis very true,
 All Fools to ridicule,
But if 'tis own'd by any one of You,
 "Tis he that makes the Fool.