



*M<sup>r</sup>. Alexander Pope.*

*Engraved by*  
*John Smith*

MISCELLANEOUS  
POEMS  
AND  
TRANSLATIONS,

By several Hands.

P A R T I C U L A R L Y ,

I. Windsor-Forest, with <i>the Messiah.</i>	VI. To Mr. JERVAS, with FRESNOY's Art of Painting.
II. Essay on Criticism.	VII. To a young Lady, with the Works of VOITURE.
III. Rape of the Lock.	VIII. ELOISA to ABE- LARD.
IV. Ode on St. CECILIA's Day.	
V. Verses to the Memo- ry of a Lady.	

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By Mr. POPE.

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The THIRD EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

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*CHAUCER'S*  
**CHARACTERS:**  
OR, THE  
INTRODUCTION  
TO THE  
**CANTERBURY TALES.**

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## CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

IT WAS when the fields imbibe the vernal  
show'rs,  
And *Venus* paints her month with early  
When *Sol*, diffusing genial warmth around, flow'rs;  
Unbinds the frozen bosom of the ground;  
When gentle *Zephyr* with refreshing breath  
Reviv'd each grain that in the womb of earth  
All winter slept; and th' all-enlivening sun,  
Thro' the bright ram had half his progress run;  
When birds on ev'ry bough renew their songs,  
And *Philomel* her evening note prolongs;  
Then nature smiles; then *Devotees* engage,  
Thro' the wide world to roam on pilgrimage.

From

From ev'ry shire the pious ramblers stray,  
But most to *Canterbury* bend their way.

There at the \* *Martyr's* shrine a cure they find,  
For each sick body, and each love-sick mind.

It so befel, that season, on a day,  
In *Southwark* at the *Talbot-Inn* I lay,  
Resolv'd with zeal my journey to begin;  
With no small off'ring to St. *Thomas'* shrine.  
For *Priests* with empty thanks are never shamm'd;  
The rich buy heaven, and ragged rogues are  
damn'd.

Full nine and twenty more, a jovial crew,  
(Mine *Hoff* was ravish'd at a sight so new)  
That night, by fair adventure sought our inn;  
All pilgrims, fixt upon the same design.  
When most with care had seen their horses fed,  
Happy were they who got a cleanly bed.  
With each I talk'd, and each by name could  
call,  
So quickly grew familiar with 'em all.  
There we resolv'd with speed to make our way,  
And all set forward at the break of day.

\* Thomas Becker.

But

But hold a while ; 'twere requisite you knew,  
E're I proceed, each pilgrim of the crew.  
I'll here relate their characters, their age,  
Describe their persons, and their equipage,  
Their sex, and what condition they were in ;  
This rule observ'd, I with the Knight begin.

*The Knight.*

**A** Knight there was, whose early youth had shown  
His love to arms, and passion for renown.  
Courteous and affable ; of honour nice ;  
A friend to truth, a foe to ev'ry vice.  
In many brave engagements had he been,  
Known foreign courts, and men and manners seen :  
In *Christendom* much fame he had acquir'd ;  
In *Turkey* he was dreaded and admir'd.  
When *Alexandria* was besieg'd, and won,  
He pass'd the Trenches first, and scal'd the Town.  
*Granada*'s siege increas'd the warrior's fame ;  
And *Algier* trembled but to hear his name.  
In fifteen battels deathless wreaths he got,  
Three single combats with success he fought.

Much

Much ground he travell'd o'er, for he had seen  
Our Saviour's sepulcher in *Palestine*.  
The barb'rous infidels had felt his might,  
Fierce in engagement, gentle after fight.  
In council, and in conduct, wise, and staid ;  
In conversation, modest as a maid.  
Plain and sincere, observant of the right ;  
In mien, and manners, an accomplish'd knight.  
A goodly horse he rode, well shap'd, and strong ;  
No gaudy saddle, nor no trappings long.  
The arms he wore, were bright, and free from stain ;  
His habit, serviceable, neat, and plain.  
With grateful zeal devoutly he was come,  
To thank the saint that brought him safely home.

### *The Squire.*

**W**ith him his son, a sprightly Squire, and gay,  
Youthful and blooming as the month of *May* ;  
A fearless lover, in a courtly dress,  
With curling locks just taken from the prefs.  
Of twenty years he seem'd, well shap'd and tall,  
Strong was his make, his port majestical.

The

The army did his early courage see,  
In *Flanders*, and in fertile *Picardy* :  
He hop'd his valour would all forms remove,  
And plead successfully its master's love.

His vest with various colours did abound,  
Like flowry meads when spring adorns the ground.  
Short was his coat, the sleeves were long and wide ;  
Well could he sing, and *treats* and *balls* provide.  
His fiery steed he gracefully cou'd fit ;  
*Love-songs* he made, not wholly void of wit ;  
Some skill in *painting* too the youth had shewn,  
Could draw a mistress, or design a town.  
Love o'er his gentle heart did so prevail,  
He slept as little as the nightingale.

### *The Squire's Yeoman.*

**T**HIS Squire a Yeoman had, and only him,  
Whose truth and diligence deserv'd esteem.  
Girt with a belt, his garment was of green ;  
A quiver stor'd with arrows, bright and keen,  
Hung cross his shoulders in a silken string ;  
The feathers borrow'd from the Peacock's wing.

At

At his left side a weighty sword he wore,  
 And on his arm a well-try'd buckler bore ;  
 A dagger, short and broad, was ty'd below ;  
 His strong right hand sustain'd a mighty bow ;  
 A *Christopher* his bosom did adorn ;  
 In a fair baldricke hung his silver horn :  
 His sun-burnt visage, and his grass-green hood,  
 Might prove him well a ranger of the wood.

*The Prioress.*

**T**HERE was with these a Nun, a Prioress,  
 A lady of no ord'rary address.  
 Her smiles were harmless, and her look was coy,  
 She never swore an Oath but by Saint *Loye*.  
 Known by the name of *Lady Eglantine*.  
 She sung the office with a grace divine ;  
 She spoke the *French* of *Stratford* school, by *Bow* ;  
 The *French* of *Paris* she did never know :  
 For *French* of *Paris* did to her appear  
 Strange, as our *Law-French* to a *Frenchman's* ear.  
 At meals she sat demure, carv'd neat, and well,  
 No morsel from her lips unseemly fell.

She

She never dipp'd her finger in the mess ;  
Nor with one drop defil'd her holy dres.  
With a becoming grace, and smiling eye,  
She gain'd respect from all the company.  
Easie and free, still pleasant at her meat ;  
And held it no small pain to counterfeit ;  
She hated flatelines, yet wisely knew  
What fit regard was to her title due.

She pity'd ev'ry creature in distress,  
Devout, and charitable to excess.  
Her tender heart with such compassion fill'd,  
She'd weep to see a poor mouse caught, and kill'd.  
Her lap-dogs still with her fair hands she fed,  
With milk, and roast meat, mixt with crumbs of bread,  
In her own chamber, on her bed they slept ;  
If any dy'd, most bitterly she wept.

Well set her wimple, nicely pinch'd it was,  
Her nose was straight, her eyes were grey as glass,  
Small was her mouth, her lips were red and soft.  
A beauteous forehead, always born aloft,  
Broad, smooth and shining—eye-brows, neat and small,  
A slender waste, inclining to be tall.

A curious garment, wondrous neat, she wore ;  
A pair of beads, with green enamell'd o'er,

Of

Of shining coral, did her arm infold ;  
 Grac'd with an ornament of beaten gold :  
 Upon it was engrav'd a circling wreath,  
 And *Amor vincit omnia* writ beneath.  
 A nun, who seldom from her side did stir,  
 Her chaplain, and three priests, attended her.

*The Monk.*

**N**ext these a merry Monk appears in place,  
 Who follow'd hunting, more than saying mass.  
 As bravely mounted, as a lord from court ;  
 No well-fed abbot bore a comelier port.  
 And when in state he ambled, all might hear  
 The ging'ing of his bridle, loud and clear,  
 As far, almost, as any chappel-bell.

This lordly monk, once keeper of a cell,  
 Held good St. *Bennet's* order too severe ;  
 St. *Maure* to his nice judgment did appear  
 Too strict, and rigid ; for old dotards fit,  
 But scorn'd by *priests* of *spirit*, and of *wit*.  
 One scripture text he blotted with his pen,  
 That says all hunters are ungodly men.

What

What shoals of converts would this doctrine raise ?  
Shall monks in study pass laborious days ?  
Turn o'er dull fathers, and worm-eaten books,  
With dazzled eyes, and melancholy looks ?  
Toil with their hands to make the garden neat ?  
Turn cooks, and baste the roast with their own sweat ?  
This *Aufsin* humbly did: " Did he ? (faith he,)  
" *Aufsin* may do the same again for me.  
He lov'd the chase, the hounds melodious cry,  
Hounds that ran swiftly as the swallows fly.  
His sleeves I saw, with furs all lin'd within,  
From *Russia* brought, the finest squirrels skin ;  
(*Hair-shirts*, he said, provok'd the blood to sin.) }  
His Hood beneath his double-chin to hold,  
'Twas fasten'd with a curious clasp of gold ;  
A *love-knot* at the greater end there was ;  
His head close shav'd, and smooth as any glas.  
His strutting paunch was seldom disappointed ;  
His broad, full face shone as it were anointed.  
His eyes were sleepy, rouling in his head,  
That steem'd like furnaces of moulten lead.  
Supple his boots, his horse he proudly fate,  
You'd take him for a bishop by his state.

Fasts had not made him meagre like a ghost,  
 But fat he was, and goodly as mine host.  
 A fat, plump swan he lov'd, young, but full grown.  
 His horse was sleek, and as the berry brown.

*The Fryer.*

**A** Fryer next, to ev'ry female dear,  
 All the four orders never had his peer.  
 Wanton, diverting still in prose, or rhyme ;  
 He many couples married in his time :  
 Some young ones at his own expence he wed,  
 And to their husbands grief soon brought to bed.  
 A frank companion, secret, often try'd ;  
 To gentle dames, a confessor, and guide.  
*Licentiate* of his order once, and then  
 For one the *curate* had, he shrifted ten.  
 He with a smile would their confession hear ;  
 No soul had cause his penances to fear ;  
 His absolutions pleasant, soft, and mild ;  
 He stroak'd 'em as a parent does his child.  
 To a poor order lib'ral ladies fly,  
 With golden presents easy penance buy ;

For man is obstinate, and hard of heart,  
He keeps his money tho' he feels the smart.  
But to poor fryers you must silver give ;  
'Tis not with prayers and fasting they can live.  
He slitch'd within his tippet, pretty knives,  
With silver pins, small presents for kind wives.  
In chearful company, he sung all day ;  
To help his voice could on the cittern play.  
His arms were brawny, few such weights could fling ;  
Strong as a champion for an *English* king.  
All *inns* and *taverns* in the town he knew,  
But from the poor he prudently with-drew ;  
To rich and liberal penitents inclin'd,  
To *thoſe* was meek, and of an humble mind.  
None, in appearance, more devout could be,  
The ableſt beggar of his houſe was he.  
He farm'd that income, and procur'd a grant  
No holy brother ſhould diſturb his haunt.  
Course was his habit when a beggiſg fryer,  
In wanton love-days gorgeouſ his attire,  
Of fineſt cloth was then his *demi-cope* ;  
No mendicant, but ſtately as a pope.  
Something he humin'd betwixt a lisp and ſong,  
To make his *English* ſweet upon his tongue.

L.

His

His little pigs-eyes gave unequal light,  
Like small stars twinkling in a frosty night.  
The good wives chuckled wheresoe'er he came,  
A useful fryer, and *Hubert* was his name.

### *The Merchant.*

With these a merchant, in a motley coat,  
Well mounted too, and bearded like a goat.  
A Flanders beaver on his head he wore ;  
His boots were neatly buckled on before.  
He prov'd with reasons strong, and formal face,  
T'increase in wealth was to increase in grace.  
Greedy of gold, and popular esteem,  
He wish'd the sea were shut to all, but him.  
Trafick in money he had studied well,  
Knew where th' *Exchange* would rise, and where it fell.  
In debt to none, in bargains strict and nice,  
Thought unprompt payment was the greatest vice.  
What he with pains had got, with care he'd save ;  
Not charitable, for he seldom gave.

*The Scholar of Oxford.*

**A** Well read clerk of *Oxford* next attends,  
One who had *Logick* at his Fingers-ends.  
Sober his aspect, thread-bare was his coat,  
His carcass hollow as an empty boat.  
The steed he strode was lean as any rake,  
With store of leather wanting on his back.  
As yet no benefice he could obtain,  
No office in his college could he gain ;  
Plac'd on a shelf at his bed's-head were found  
A score of books, some stich'd, the rest ill-bound.  
No harp, no viol, no rich cloaths had he,  
But *Aristotle's* deep philosophy.  
Coin he had little, 'twas not his intent  
To hoard, for what he got on books he spent.  
Devoutly for his patron's soul he pray'd,  
Whose bounty gave that learning which he had.  
Laboriously he study'd night and day,  
His words were few, spoke in no vulgar way.  
Weigh'd e're pronounc'd, sententious, short and clean,  
Thoughtful his look, and bashful was his mien.

Of moral virtue usefully he'd preach,  
He patiently would learn, and gladly teach.

### *The Serjeant at Law.*

**A** Serjeant of the law, discreet, precise ;  
Well could he plead at bar, and well advise.  
Wealthy he was, but frugal of expence,  
And his sage look demanded reverence.  
Weighty his arguments; his words were wise ;  
Oft he had sat as judge at an assize :  
There by commission rais'd to high degree,  
Maturely weigh'd out justice equally.  
Robes for the bench he had, and for the bar ;  
No serjeant was a greater purchaser.  
If safe the title, moderate the price,  
A good fee-simple never came amiss.  
He for a very busie man did pass ;  
And yet he seem'd much busier than he was.  
Whole shoals of clients in the term he had,  
And Law enough, to make those clients mad.  
All his conveyances were legal, true,  
No flaw was found in any thing he drew.

The

The statutes of the land he had by heart ;  
Turn'd all to gold, without the chymist's art.  
In a plain motley coat he rode, ty'd fast,  
With a strip'd silken fash about his waste.

*The \* Franklin.*

**A** Franklin was the serjeant's chief delight,  
His beard was long, and as the dasie white.  
Sanguine he was, and study'd pleasure most ;  
His morning's draught, sack, with a nut-brown toast.  
All delicates that money could procure  
He had ; a nice luxurious epicure.  
With fish and fowl, with bak'd-meat and with roast,  
His table groan'd, he valu'd not the cost.  
All rarities the nations could afford  
Were search'd, and bought to fill his ample board.  
In ev'ry season delicates appear,  
Diversify'd each quarter of the year.  
Hare, partridge, pheasant ever were at hand ;  
Carp, tench, and breme, as ready at command,

\* *A Franklin is a Country Gentleman who lives upon his Estate.*

With poinant sauces proper for each dish:  
 Woe to the cook were any thing amiss!  
 Spacious his hall, and open was the door,  
 Fragments and Marrow-bones bespread the floor;  
 And ready cover'd with all sorts of food,  
 All the long day a table dormant stood.  
 This worthy franklin bore a purse of silk,  
 Fixt to his girdle, white as morning milk.  
 Knight of the shire, first justice at th' assize,  
 To help the poor, the doubtful to advise.  
 In all employments, generous, just he prov'd;  
 Renown'd for courtesy, by all belov'd.

### *The Seaman.*

**T**HEN came a *Dartmouth* seaman far from  
*Wes<sup>t</sup>*,  
 A very awkward rider at the best,  
 A coarse cloth gown he wore, not long, nor wide,  
 His dagger in a lace adorn'd his side.  
 He knew those sultry climates where the sun  
 Turn'd his complexion to a dusky brown.  
 To company and mirth he did incline,  
 Had swallow'd many a draught of *Bourdeaux* wine.

*Kept*

Kept an obedient seaman's conscience,  
Held borrowing from his owners no offence.  
If 'twas his fate to take the lucky prize,  
(For stoutly he would fight) he was so wise  
To pick the best, which sent by parcels home,  
Little of worth did to the office come.

A perfect master of the compass, he  
Coul'd shun each rock and shallow in the sea;  
Had weather'd tempests, in engagements been,  
Scap'd many dangers, many countries seen.  
Knew ev'ry creek and harbour on the main,  
Of *England*, *Scotland*, and the coast of *Spain*.  
In many fights his frigate much was fam'd;  
*The Magdalene of England* it was nam'd.

*The Doctor of Phyfick.*

**T**HE doctor next; a foe to all excess;  
Who travell'd more for health than holiness.  
In nice Anatomy well skill'd was he,  
And not a stranger to astronomy.  
He knew to wire-draw a distemper well,  
And cures by magic natural foretel;

A deep astrologer, that cou'd with ease  
Cast the nativity of each disease,  
Show at what punctual hour it shou'd expire,  
In terms which knaves invent, and fools admire.

The cause of ev'ry malady he knew,  
Whether of cold, heat, moist, or dry, it grew.  
Told which of those engender'd the disease;  
'Twas but removing *That*, and you'd have *ease*.  
Th' *Apothecary* waited his command;  
Druggs and Electuaries were still at hand.  
Whatever one prescrib'd, the other made,  
And each by turns advanc'd the mutual trade.  
He'd tell the wonders wrought by \* *Phaebus*' son,  
What fame the great *Hippocrates* had won.  
Well read in *Galen*, *Celsus*, *Avicen*,  
In *Dioscorides* and *Damascen*.  
These names, and many more he had by rote,  
Which to th' unlearn'd he never fail'd to quote,  
No bible on his pagan shelves had he,  
It was prohibited the layety.—  
In diet singular; young tender meat,  
And easy of digestion, he would eat.

\* *Æsculapius*.

At a rich patient's table, bold and free;  
But at his own, he prais'd frugality.  
Of scarlet *Persian* silk his habit was,  
And neatly lin'd with taffety, or gause.  
Great were his gains, but mod'rate his expence,  
He flourish'd in a time of pestilence.  
Gold's the best cordial; yet he lov'd to see  
Coyn'd *aurum* rather than *potabile*.

*The Wife of Bath.*

**A** Merry wife of *Bath* comes next in place,  
But somewhat deaf, with an autumnal face.  
By trade a weaver, one who scorn'd to grant  
Her work out-done at *Ipres*, or at *Gaunt*.  
No matron could with greater zeal incline  
To pay her off'ring at the martyr's shrine.  
She neither patient, nor devout could be,  
If any rivall'd her in charity.  
In her own parish she wou'd take the wall,  
Before the proudest matron of 'em all:  
Upon a *Sunday* ever trimly drest,  
She flaunted forth, the envy of the rest.

Large were her kerchiefs, yet more gorgeous made  
With her own work, and full three pound they  
weigh'd:

Scarlet her hose, her glossy shoes were new;  
Bold was her face, and ruddy was its hue.  
Not one of her five husbands could be found,  
She laid 'em safely up in holy ground.  
With these she made a shift to pass her youth;  
Such was this good wife's constancy and truth.  
She travell'd far, pass'd many a rapid stream,  
Thrice saw the reliques of *Jerusalem*.

*Rome* and the *Catacombs* she knew full well,  
Strange things of *Cologne* and its Kings cou'd tell;  
*Spain* she had travell'd o'er from end to end,  
And good St. *James* was very much her friend.  
Of various haps and perils by the way,  
Much had she known, and yet much more wou'd say.  
Upon an ambling pad at ease she sat,  
Gingling the bit, and slack'd her pace to chat:  
A steepic hat she wore upon her head,  
Whose ample brims were like a buckler spread;  
O'er her large hips a mantle fairly wrought;  
Before, her kerchiff to a point was brought:

Like a rank rider, pointed spurs she wore:  
Of jets she had an unexhausted store.  
Her talk did notably *love's art* advance,  
For she had practis'd long that *old, new dance*.

### *The Plowman.*

**A** Plowman follow'd, who had still at hand  
Loads of manure t'enrich the grateful land;  
An able, strong, laborious man was he,  
Who liv'd with all in perfect charity.  
He serv'd God faithfully, nor hoarded pelf,  
But lov'd his neighbour equal with himself.  
Hard would he work, and freely would he give,  
And oft' for God's sake did the poor relieve.  
In dealing just, with losses not dismay'd:  
In every kind his tythes he duly paid.  
In a short coat he rode without a sleeve.  
There was beside a Miller, and a Reeve,  
A Sumner, and a Pardon-monger too,  
A Steward, and my self, were all the crew.

*The Miller.*

THE Miller, hardy as his own mill-stones,  
 With brawny flesh, large sinews, and strong  
 bones.  
 His strength to all the town was known too well;  
 In wrestling still he bore away the bell.  
 Short-shoulder'd, knotty as a stubborn oak,  
 Hard to be bent, and harder to be broke.  
 Not one, so far as he, could pitch a bar,  
 Or lift a weight, or swing it in the air.  
 He'd running, force a door with his hard head;  
 His beard, like any fox's tail, was red,  
 But strait, and even as a gard'ner's spade.  
 Just at the end of his huge nose he had  
 A large black wart, on that a tuft of hairs  
 Red, as the bristles of an old sow's ears:  
 His nostrils, like a furnace, black and wide;  
 A sword and buckler hanging on his side.  
 A babler, with a gormandizing throat;  
 As lech'rous as a monkey or a goat.

Corn he could steal, the same corn thrice he toll'd;  
And yet, they say, he had a thumb of gold:  
His coat was white, on bag-pipes he could play,  
And with that musick brought us on our way.

*The Manciple.*

**A** Steward of the *Temple* next must come,  
A pattern for all caterers in town:  
The price of every thing each market had,  
He knew, and nicely pick'd the good from bad.  
Sometimes he went on trust, and sometimes paid,  
Yet none could over-reach him in his trade.  
Some wonder much how an unletter'd man,  
Of such low, sordid education, can  
(Who is but one to more than three times ten)  
O'er-reach so many grave, wise, learned men?  
A practis'd lawyer all things understands,  
Th' affairs of half the nation pafs their hands.  
We praise unjustly, partially condemn,  
As they cheat others, others cozen them.  
By various methods all professions live;  
By their wise management he learn'd to thrive.

In

In life's long course such diff'rent ways we run,  
Some to undo, but most to be undone.

*The Reve, or Steward.*

**T**HE Reve, a little, slender, chol'rick thing;  
His face shav'd close, and not a hair on chin :  
His locks above his ears, an inch at least,  
And dock'd before, like any begging priest :  
His active legs were very long and lean,  
Strait as a staff, no calf was to be seen.  
No auditor e'er found him in the wrong :  
A good accomptant, tho' his bills were long.  
Well judg'd he by the drought, and by the rain,  
The future product of his seed and grain.  
He kept due tale of oxen, sheep and swine,  
His Lord's *March Beer*, and his more precious wine ;  
All rents receiv'd, for all things did engage,  
And manag'd since his master came to age.  
O'er ev'ry under-baily he had spies,  
Knew all their cunning, all their knaveries.

His

His house lay tight, and kept in good repair,  
Beside a heath, and in a healthy air;  
Close in a corner, couch'd behind a row  
Of spreading trees; the building snug and low.  
The man was warin, with wealth in private stor'd,  
And abler far to purchase than his Lord.  
He knew his honour's humour to a hair,  
When it was fit to ask, or to forbear.  
Whene'er his Lordship wanted a supply,  
He with a busie careful face would fly;  
Run here and there; then bring the luggage home,  
And only help his master to his own.  
He (as those gen'rous Lords are us'd to do)  
Not only thanks him, but rewards him too.  
This steward rode upon a sturdy jade,  
And on his side he wore a rusty blade.  
A wheelwright he had been, in *Norfolk* known,  
In all the villages near *Baldswell* town:  
Tuck'd round his waste, like any Fryer was he,  
And still rode hindmost of the company.

*The Sumner, or Apparitor.*

**T**HIS Sumner was not over-stock'd with grace;  
He had a bloated, broad, cherubic face;  
Of fiery hue; with hollow eyes and narrow;  
Red as a cock, and letch'rous as a sparrow.  
Black were his eye-brows, bristled was his beard,  
And much the children his stern visage fear'd.  
His nose with carbuncles was overspread,  
His cheeks with white welks on a ground of red.  
No inward med'cine he cou'd e'er procure,  
Had pow'r sufficient to effect their cure.  
Not new-kill'd quick-silver with ceruse too,  
Brimstone, nor oil of Tartar, ought cou'd do.  
Strong bloody wine he lov'd, and well-dres'd fish,  
And stunk of garlick like a *Spaniſh* dish:  
When he was drunk, he'd talk a man to death,  
And belch out *Latin* with unsavoury breath,  
Two or three common fragments he could say;  
No wonder, for he heard it all the day:

But

But if you press'd him farther, you might see  
A sudden end of his philosophy.  
A leud young fellow, for a quart of wine,  
Might for a twelvemonth have his concubine.  
He taught his loose companions in their sport,  
T' evade the censure of th' Arch-deacon's court:  
But if a rich libidinous prize he found,  
Him he enclos'd within his bawdy pound.  
This, as no vulgar secret he would tell,  
*A large full purse is the Arch-deacon's Hell.*  
If rich mens souls within their purses lie,  
'Tis just their souls be punish'd there, say I.  
To him all wenches in the bishop's see  
Paid publick tribute, or a private fee.  
Boldly he rode, a garland on his head;  
Of all unmarried men and maids, the dread.

*The Pardoner.*

**A** Pardon-monger last brought up the rear,  
With patriarchal face, and holy leer:  
His hair was of the hue of yellow wax,  
Strait and unequal as a strike of flax.

Yet

Yet long, and thin it grew from his large head,  
And all his brawny shoulders over spread;  
Divided into parcels here and there:  
No gaudy hood conceal'd his golden hair;  
For that, with care, was in his wallet laid,  
Where many curiosities he had.  
Except a little cap, he rode all bare;  
With glaring eyes, like a new-started hare.  
A holy figure stitch'd upon his cap;  
His wallet hung before him on his lap,  
Stuff'd and cramm'd full of pardons, newly come,  
For greedy zealots, piping hot from *Rome*.  
Shrill was his voice as any mountain goat,  
Aloud he said his orisons by rote:  
A beard he never had, nor e'er will have;  
No barber took the pains that chin to shave:  
He might have been a gelding, or a mare:  
But never sure from *Berwick* ev'n to *Ware*,  
Was Pard'ner furnish'd with such preeious geere;  
For in his male he had a pillowbere,  
Which piously was thought our Lady's veil;  
He kept, beside, a gobbet of the fail  
Which *Peter* had (and now this pard'ner hath)  
When Christ rebuk'd him for his little faith.

A cross

A cross he show'd of tin, set full of stones;  
And, in a glafs, a number of pigs bones.  
With these, more pardons daily he'd dispense,  
In one poor village would collect more pence,  
(As by record too plainly does appear)  
Than a poor parfon lab'ring all the Year.  
Thus, with feign'd flatteries and holy tools,  
He made the parfon and the people fools.

Howc'er, to tell the truth just as it stood;  
He seem'd in church ecclesiastic good.  
A lesson he could read, or tell a story,  
And roar the Psalter with no little glory:  
But best of all an offertory fung;  
So loud, so chearful, that the chapel rung;  
This gain'd him pence from the deluded crowd;  
Therefore he fung so chearful, and so loud.

