

## The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales-Geoffrey Chaucer

**\*You will memorize this and recite it to the class IN OLD ENGLISH. You will get 3 free words before they will start counting off 1 point for every word missed. This will be a test grade. You will recite this on Friday, September 12th. Words missed will be circled on this sheet for you to see.**

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote  
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote,  
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breath,  
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth,  
The tender croppes, and the younge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,  
And smale fowles maken melodye,  
That slepen al the night with open ye,  
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages);  
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,  
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes,  
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;  
And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
The holy blissful martir for to seke,  
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

**GRADE:** \_\_\_\_\_

