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Black was his beard and manly was his face. And now I am so slavish and in thrall That he that is my mortal enemy I serve him as his squire, all humbly. There came a kite, while they were waxing wrath, And carried off the bone between them both. Of man and woman see we well also That of necessity in one of these terms two - That is to say, in youth or else in age - Die they must, the king as shall the page. Now we are captives, as can well be seen, Thanks be to Fortune and her fickle wheel, That no estate lets full assurance feel. That no estate lets full assurance feel. That no estate lets full assurance feel. thus, Still in the field he took all night his rest, And with the country did as pleased him best. Then care I not, when I have lost my life, That Arcita may win her as his wife. He is a king's brother's son, indeed; And though he were a poor bachelor, Since he has served you for many a year, And suffered for you such adversity, He should be considered, believe me, For gentle mercy ought to crown the right.' Then said he thus to Palamon the knight: 'I think you need but little sermoning To give your own assent to this thing! Come near, and take your lady by the hand.' Between them was made anon the bond That we call matrimony or a marriage, By all of the council and the peerage. Once on a time, as old stories tell us, There was a Duke whose name was Theseus. The broad river sometime falls away; The great towns we see wane and wend. There saw I first the dark imagining Of felony, and all its deep conspiring; Cruel Anger, glowing fierce and red, The pick-purse, and after him pale Dread; The smiler with the knife under his cloak; The cattleshed burning in black smoke; Treason, and the murdering; His voice was like a trumpet thundering. Full many a rich land had he won, What with his wisdom and his chivalry. And certainly, a man has most honour Who dies in his prime, in the flower, When he is assured of his good name. And then you are little likely, in this life, To stand in grace with her; no more shall I. Duke Theseus, with all his busy care, Cast about now where the sepulchre Of good Arcita might best sited be, Most honourable too, in its degree. You may, possessing wisdom and manhood, Assemble all the folk among our kindred, And start so fierce a war in this city That by some venture, or some treaty, You may have her to be your lady wife For whose sake I must needs lose my life. With mighty maces the bones they smash; One through the thickest of the throng has passed. Why grudge here, his cousin and his wife, His welfare who loved them so well? There the strong steeds stumble, down go all; One with a broken spear-shaft pounds, Another hurtles with his mount to ground. I am but dead; there is no remedy.' Now on the other hand Palamon, When he knew that Arcita had gone, Such sorrow made that the great tower Echoed to his yowling and his clamour. Yet at the last the statue of Venus shook And gave a sign, from which event he took Heart that his prayer accepted was the chief dungeon, In which the knights were imprisoned, Of which I told, and will tell you all, Was closely bonded to the garden wall Near which this Emily did her walking. And with that cry Arcita gave a start And said: 'My cousin, what aileth thee, Who are so pale and death-like to see? And therefore, since I know love's pain, And how fierce the heart it can constrain, As one who has been in the net, alas, I forgive you wholly this trespass. Alas, I neither language have to tell Of the effects, nor torments of my hell, My heart may my hurt not display; I am so confused what can I say But 'Mercy, lady bright, who know indeed My thoughts, and can see the hurt I feel!' Consider all this, and pity me the more, As surely as I shall, for evermore, With all my power, your true servant be, And evermore make war on chastity.' This I vow, so long as you help me! I wield not my weapons boastfully, Nor do I ask tomorrow's victory, Nor for renown, nor for the vain glory Of skill in arms proclaimed up and down; But I would have complete possession Of Emily, and die in your service. He weeps, he wails, he cries piteously; He waits to slay himself secretly. And to this also my word I bind: My beard, my hair that hangs all a-down That never yet the touch has known Of razor or of shears, to you I'll give, And be your true servant while I live. What does the Queen of Love But weep there, frustrated of her will, Till that her tears onto the lists down fell. Arcita's breast swells, and the sore Increases at his heart more and more. So rode the Duke, so rode the buke, so rode the buke, so rode this conqueror, And in his host of chivalry the flower, Till he came to Thebes, there did alight, Fair in a field, where he thought to fight. The northern light in at the doors shone, For window in the walls was there none Through which men might any light discern. Seldom are Friday and other days alike. Thus was the hall filled with speculating, Long after the sun had begun to spring. Death we have deserved, both we two. And this I promise you, without fail, Upon my truth, and as I am a knight, That whichever of you both has might - That is to say whether him or thou - May with his hundred, that I spoke of now, Slay his foe, or from the lists him drive, Then shall he have Emily to wife To whom Fortune gave so fair a grace. Thus was it painted; I can tell no more. And when the Duke reached the open land, Under the sun he gazed, and at once Was aware of Arcita and Palamon, Fighting like a pair of bulls, they go. And briefly to conclude, such a place Was never on earth in so small a space. And it so befell that in the heap they found, Two young knights, lying side by side, Both in like armour, richly wrought beside; Of whom, Arcita was the name of one, That of the other knight was Palamon. And it so befell that in the heap they found, Two young knights, lying side by side, Both in like armour, richly wrought beside; Of whom, Arcita was the name of one, That of the other knight was Palamon. hundred lords he had with him there, Armoured, save their heads, in all their gear, Full richly in every manner of things. Arcita rode away towards the town; And on the morrow, in the dawning light, Two suits of armour readied for the fight, Both sufficient and fitting to maintain The battle in the field between the twain. Clear was the day, as I have told ere this, And Theseus, full of joy and bliss With his Hippolyta, the fair queen, And Emily, clothed all in green, Off to the hunt went riding royally. For though the sign revealed some delay, Yet well he knew that granted was his boon, And with glad heart he went him home full soon. When of roaming Arcita has had his fill, And has sung all his roundel gaily, Into a reverie he falls suddenly, As these lovers do, with their strange desires - Now in the tree-tops, now among the briars, Now up, now down, like a bucket in a well; Just like a Friday, if truth be to tell, Shining one moment, and then raining fast. And in the dawn, when day began to spring, Of horse and harness noise and rattling There was in all the hostelries around. Sometime an end there is of every deed; For ere the sun had gone unto his rest, The strong King Emetrius did arrest Palamon as with Arcita he did fight, And made his sword deep in his flesh to bite. discretion That twixt cases makes no distinction, But weighs pride and humility as one.' And soon as, thus, his anger had gone, He began to look up, his eyes alight, And spoke these words, as from a height: 'The God of Love, ah, Benedicite! How mighty and how great a lord, I say! Against his might there stand no obstacles. Painted were the walls, up and down, With hunting and shame-faced chastity. And briefly, was so turned upside-down In body and disposition, foot to crown, Of this woeful lover, Sir Arcita Why write all day about his discomposure? Of defeat there was scarcely a feeling, Except as befits a tourney's fighting. Thus may we all say, and so will I, That had gone and formed the grand opinion That if I might escape from prison, Then I would be in joy and perfect health, Where instead I am exiled from my wealth, Since that I may not see you, Emily. Depicted was the slaughter of Julius, Of Nero and Marcus Antonius; Though in those days they were still unborn, Yet was their death depicted long before, By menacing Mars in stars yet to configure. So feeble were his spirits and so low, And changed so that no man might know His speech, nor his voice, that they heard. The people pressed thither and right soon To see him, and do him high reverence, And then to hear both his command and sentence. Inasmuch as the service ought to be The nobler and the richer in degree Duke Theseus ordered them to bring Three steeds trapped in steel all glittering, And covered with the arms of Sir Arcita. And so indeed it fared with Palamon. When their number guile was none, Then were the gates shut, and the cry was loud: 'Do your duty now, young knights so proud!' The heralds left their pricking up and down; Now trumpets ring out and the clarion. For all at once one of the fires died, And quickened again, and then anon The other fire quenched and was gone. There you might see workmanship of harness, So strange and rich, and wrought with zeal Of goldsmith's art, embroidery and steel; The shields bright, the casques and trappings, Golden helms, mail, surcoats and trimmings, Lords in fine clothing on their coursers, Knights of the retinue, and also squires, Nailing of spears, and helmet-buckling, Strapping of shields, and thong-fastening. S. And if you will not so, my lady sweet, Then pray I that tomorrow with a spear This Arcita may through my heart pierce. His long hair was combed behind his back; As any raven's feather it shone black. And meat and drink this night will bring, Enough for you, and clothes for bedding. We must endure; that is the short and plain.' And Palamon answered, and spoke again: 'Cousin, indeed, you are in confusion, You are deceived in your imagination. Lo, here is this Arcita, this Palamon, That had their freedom from my prison, And might have lived in Thebes royally, And know I am their mortal enemy, And that their death lies in my power too, And yet has Love, despite their eyes two, Brought them both hither for to die! Now see, is that not surely folly's height? And solitary he was and ever alone, And wailing all the night, making his moan. The contrary to all this is wilfulness. And at once, with little more delay, He rode forth, his banner did display Towards Thebes, and all his host beside. Contents The Knight's Tale Iamque domos patrias Scithice post aspera gentis prelia laurigero And now after fierce battles with the Scythian people (Theseus) nears home in his laurelcrowned (chariot) Statius, Thebaid XII, 519-520 Here begins the Knight's Tale. And taken there by force, shall there abide. On all of the rest of my other cares I'd set not the value of a heap of tares, If I could only please you by some chance.' And with these words he fell down in a trance For a length of time, then gave a start. He knew well what he did, and what he meant. Some weak aspect or disposition Of Saturn, in some configuration, Has yielded this, however we have sworn; So stood the heavens when it's little, As Arcita on the hunt could be as cruel, Through jealousy at heart, to Palamon; Nor in Morocco is so fell a lion, That hunted is, by hunger driven mad, Nor of his prey desirous of the blood As Palamon to slay Arcita now, his foe. And if so be you will not grant me grace, Or if my destiny be shaped, and you, Rule I must yet have one of the two, Then send me him that most desires me. For indeed they felt no discontent As falling there was merely accident; And then to be led by force to the stake, Unyielding, by twenty knights that take One person alone, and no more, though Harried forth by arm, and foot, and toe, And their steed too driven off with staves, By footmen, both yeomen and their steed too driven off with staves and no more, though Harried forth by arm, and foot, and toe, and their steed too driven off with staves and no more, though Harried forth by arm, and foot, and toe, and toe, and toe, and toe, and toe and their steed too driven off with staves and toe. your temple I will hang my banner, And all the emblems of my company; And till the day I die, continually Eternal fire before you I will mind. He says: 'Alas the day that I was born! Now is my prison worse than before; Now am I doomed eternally to dwell Not in Purgatory, but in Hell. So was it shown there in that portraiture, As is revealed in the heavens above, Who shall be slain, or else die of love. And in his manner for all the world he fared As not only seized with lovers' malady Of heroes, rather with the lunacy Engendered by a humour melancholic Up top, in his cerebrum fantastic. Now will I turn to Arcita again, Who little knew how soon he must prepare For fate, till Fortune caught him in her snare. And if that ever you shall be a wife, Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.' With these words his speech to fail began, For from his feet up to his breast was come, The cold of death, that had him overcome. And, briefly, either he would lose his life, Or win Emily to be his wife. She said then: 'I am ashamed, indeed.' Saturn said: 'Daughter, hold your peace! Mars has his way; his knight has all his boon. I can remain no longer, fare you well. Nor yet the fair, of times long gone, Nor y Croesus, wretched in slavery. Where work was needed, no man was idle. Upon his head he wore, of laurel green, A garland fresh and pleasant to be seen. There was no other remedy be it said, But to take his leave, and homeward step. He cannot profit, striving to live, From upward vomiting, downward laxative. Yet Jupiter, so wise, my soul give leave To speak of him, your servant, properly, In every dimension, full and truly - That is to say, truth, honour, knighthood, Wisdom, humility, and noble kindred, Generosity and all that is of that art - So may Jupiter take my soul's part, For in this world right now know I none So worthy to be loved as Palamon, Who serves you, and will do all his life. Judge as it pleases you, who know and can, For I will finish that which I began. Now with his love, now in his cold grave, Lying alone, with none for company. His saddle of pure freshly-beaten gold, A short mantle on his shoulder hanging, Dense with rubies red, like fire sparkling. 'Alas,' quoth he, 'Arcita, cousin mine, Of all our strife, God knows, comes meagre wine! You walk now in Thebes at your large, And with my woe you are little charged. And yet now old Creon, sad to say, That is now the lord of thebes the city, Filled full with anger and iniquity, He out of spite, and out of tyranny, To do the dead bodies villainy Of all our lords that have been slain, Has all the bodies in a heap lain, And will not give his now the lord of thebes the city, Filled full with anger and iniquity, He out of spite, and out of tyranny, To do the dead bodies villainy Of all our lords that have been slain, Has all the bodies in a heap lain, And will not give his now the lord of the dead bodies villainy Of all our lords that have been slain, Has all the bodies in a heap lain, And will not give his now the lord of the dead bodies villainy of all our lords that have been slain, Has all the bodies in a heap lain, And will not give his now the lord of the dead bodies villainy of all our lords that have been slain, Has all the bodies in a heap lain, And will not give his now the lord of the dead bodies villainy of all our lords that have been slain, Has all the bodies in a heap lain, And will not give his now the lord of the dead bodies villainy of all our lords that have been slain, Has all the bodies in a heap lain, And will not give his now the lord of the dead bodies villainy of all our lords that have been slain, Has all the bodies in a heap lain. order and assent For them to be burnet, But lets the dogs eat them, out of spite.' And with that word, without more respite, They fell prone and cried piteously: Have on us wretched women some mercy, And let our sorrow penetrate your heart!' The noble Duke with pity gave a start, Leapt from his horse as he heard her speak. And so with victory and melody I'll let this noble Duke to Athens ride And all his host in arms him beside. Farewell, my sweet foe, my Emily! And soft take me in your arms, I pray, For love of God, and hark to what I say. And into a grove there close beside With fearful foot stalked our Palamon. I saw how his hounds Actaeon caught, And devoured him when they knew him not. God speed you; go forth, lay on fast. As each of them his bold opponent knew, There was no 'good day', no other greeting, But straight away without word or rehearsing, Each of them his bold opponent knew, There was no 'good day', no other greeting, But straight away without word or rehearsing, Each of them his bold opponent knew, There was no 'good day', no other greeting, But straight away without word or rehearsing, Each of them began to arm the other, wondrous long. Therefore I pause; I am no minister. Mine is the ruin of the lofty hall, The falling of the tower and the wall Upon the miner or the carpenter. For though it be that Mars is god of arms, Your power is so great in heaven above, That if you wish it, I shall have my love. Yeomen on foot, commoners in a throng, With short staves, all crowding there along; Pipes, trumpets, kettle-drums, clarions, That in the battle blow warlike songs; The palace full of people up and down, Here three, there ten, throwing it around, The matter of these Theban knights two. All of him is shattered in that region; Nature there now has no dominion. When Theseus had taken his high seat, With Hippolyta the Queen, and Emily, And other ladies in their ranks around, Towards the seats pressed the crowd, And westward through the gates under Mars, Arcita and his hundred men of war, With banner red has entered at once, And at the selfsame moment Palamon Beneath Venus eastward, to that place, With banner white and bold of face. (Part Two) When that Arcita at Thebes arrived was, All the day he languished, cried 'alas!' For he shall see his lady nevermore. Emily, you have slain me with your eye! You are the reason that I have to die. Lo, all these folk into her net so passed, That they for woe often cried 'alas!' Suffice it these examples, one or two, Though I could cite another thousand too. And tell me if what's done may be amended, And why you are clothed thus all in black.' The eldest lady of them all spoke back, Swooning, so deathly-white she did appear, That it was pitiful to see and hear, And said: 'Lord to whom Fortune doth give Victory, you who as a conqueror do live, We do not mourn your glory and honour, But we beseech your mercy and succour. And when a beast is dead it feels no pain, But man after death must weep again, Though in this world he had care and woe; Without a doubt, things may happen so. Instead of coat-armour over his harness, Yellow with nails and bright as any gold, He had a bear-skin, old and black as coal. You would have thought that Palamon In battle was indeed a raging lion, A cruel tiger Arcita in the fight. Who sorrows now but woeful Palamon, Who can no more go in again and fight? And this is he that loves Emily. When they were seated, hushed all the place, And Theseus had waited for a space Ere any word came from his wise breast, His eyes resting whereabouts they wished, With a sad visage he sighed till all were still And after that, right thus he spoke his will: 'The First Mover of all cause above When he first made the fair chain of love, Great was the effect, noble his intent. With subtle pencil was drawn all the story In reverence to Mars and his glory. A wreath of gold, thick, and of great weight, Upon his head sat, full of stones bright, Of fine rubies and of diamonds. Then Emily with heart tender as air, Her body washed with water from the well, How she performed her rite I dare not tell, Unless it were but to speak in general - Yet it would be a pleasure to hear all! If a man means well who then should care; Rather it is good to wander everywhere. And in this bliss I now will leave Arcita And speak I will of Palamon the lover. Therefore I ask for judgement and to die. The circuit a mile was about, Walled with stone and ditched without. For this is he who came to your gate, And said that he was named Philostrate. Can he thank them? At the Queen's request who kneels here, And for Emily too, my sister dear. His two eyes dimmed, and failed his breath, But on his lady gazed while eye could see; His last word was: 'Mercy, Emily!' His spirit changed house, and vanished there, Where I have not been, so cannot say where. Now weep no more; by my diligence This Palamon, who is your own knight, Shall have his lady as you swore he might. And further yet, for in his arms two The vital strength is lost and gone also. And thus in a while his name had sprung To every lip, for deeds and courteous tongue, So that Theseus advanced him higher And of his chamber made him a squire, And gave him gold to maintain his degree. Your is affection born of holiness, And mine is love as for the creature, And that is why I told you at a venture, Being my cousin and my brother sworn. And raised them in his arms, and then Comforted them with generous intent, And swore his oath, as being a true knight, He would so vigorously apply his might To the tyrant Creon, vengeance on him wreak, That all the people of Greece would speak Of how Theseus their Creon served, As one whose death was richly deserved. Only the intellect, and nothing more, That dwelt in his heart, sick and sore, Was left to fail when the heart felt death. And briefly to conclude all his woe, So much sorrow had never a creature That is or shall be while the world endures. Some in their beds, some in the deep sea, Some on the battlefield as you may see. This gaol was not the reason for my cry, But I was wounded now, through the eye To the heart, it will be the death of me. And half so well-beloved a man as he There never was at court, of his degree. For if today there befell such a case, You well know that every splendid knight That loves his paramour, and is fit to fight, Were it in England or indeed elsewhere, He would be glad and eager to be there. Great labour and infinite preparing Was at the service and the pyre-making, That with its green top reached heavenward, And its sides were twenty fathoms broad - That is to say, the boughs stretched so wide. stood aghast. So he sent for Emily by and by, And Palamon that was his cousin dear. Some man is so desirous of riches, They cause his murder, or a great sickness. And he that is defeated they shall take, Not slain, but brought to the upright stake That shall be set up by either side. On their helmets bite the jealous strokes; Out runs the blood, both their sides bleed. Thus has their lord, the God of Love, repaid With such fees, their service that he buys! And yet they proclaim themselves so wise They that serve Love, whatever may befall. What justice is there in your prescience That torments guiltless innocence? My will is this, to bring all to conclusion, Without any kind of protestation - If you agree, accept it for the best; Each of you go where fate suggests. Freely without ransom or danger. And this day fifty weeks, no later. Each of you shall bring a hundred knights. Armed for the lists, prepared to fight, Ready to lay claim to her in battle. This will explain why mighty Theseus. Of hunting is so deeply desirous And to chase the great stag in May, That about his bed there dawns no day When he's not clad and ready for the ride, With huntsman, horn, and hounds at his side. And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and its cause, And though he shook with anger at the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and the start, He had considered swiftly, in a pause, Their mutual trespass, and the start, He had considered swiftly, and the start, He had he well knew that every man Will help himself to love if he can, And also deliver himself from prison; And then his heart filled with compassion For women, for they weep ever as one: And in his noble heart he thought anon, And soft to himself he said: 'Fie Upon a lord that sees his mercy die, But is a lion, both in word and deed, To him that repents and is in dread As much as to a proud and haughty man, Who will maintain what he at first began. And certainly, where Nature will not work, Farwell Physic! Go bear the man to church! This is the sum of all: Arcita must die. This is the aim and end of my prayer: Give me my love, you blessed lady dear!' When Palamon had made his orison, His sacrifice he made, and that anon, Devoutly and with a full observance, Though I tell not now all the circumstance. Arrayed was this god, remarked Arcita, As he was when Argus was the sleeper; And he said thus: 'To Athens shall you wend, There to your woe there is ordained an end.' And these words woke Arcita with a start. Quoth Theseus. Behold, the oak that has long nourishing, From the day it first begins to spring, And has so long a life, as we may see, Yet at the last wasted is the tree. At your temple I will make sacrifice, light fires at their feet. And in two fair ranks they began to mass. Eastward there stood a gate of marble white; Westward another opposite upright. There men see who can joust and who can ride; There shafts shiver on the shields thick; One through his midriff feels the prick. What can a man save? For since my death-day is come to me, I make fully my confession That I am that woeful Palamon That broke from your prison wickedly. 'Do you so envy my Honour that thus you complain and cry? For be assured, that dukes, earls, kings, Were gathered in that noble company, For love and in support of chivalry. For in the land was never a craftsman No geometer, or arithmetician, No painter or carver of images, That Theseus gave not meat and wages To create his theatre and devise, And to observe his rite and sacrifice, Eastward he had upon the gate above, To worship Venus, Goddess of love, Made an altar and an oratory; And on the westward gate in memory Of Mars, had made such another, That cost a heap of gold, moreover. In the midst of the temple sat Mischance, With comfortless and sorry countenance. I know it of myself, in years now gone, For in my time a servant I made one. And you are false, I tell you that outright; For par amour I loved her first, not you. The busy lark, the messenger of day, Salutes, with song, the morning grey, And fiery Phoebus rises up so bright That all the Orient laughs with light, And with his rays falling on the trees Dries the silver droplets on the leaves. The summer passes, and the nights long Increase in double wise the pains strong, Both of the lover and the prisoner. They said that it would be a charity If Theseus were to heighten his degree, And some nobler service then devise Where he might have the pains strong. Both of the lover and the prisoner. And King Emetrius for all his strength, Is hurled from his saddle a full sword's length, So fiercely did Palamon his last stroke make. Up spring the spears twenty feet on high; Out sweep the swords, as silver bright. And therefore, of his wise providence, He has so well proclaimed his intent, That species of things and their progression Shall only endure by succession And not eternally, I tell no lies, As you may comprehend with your eyes. About this king there ran on every side Many a lion and leopard in their pride. And so with good hope, and hearts blithe, They take their leave and homeward they ride To Thebes with its walls old and wide. The fibres of his lungs begin to swell, And every muscle of his breast down Is wasted by venom and corruption. Saturn soon, to quell the strife a bit, Although it is against his nature mind, For all this strife sought remedy to find. You lovers, now I ask of you this question: Who suffers worst, Arcita or Palamon? 'O dear cousin Palamon,' quoth he, 'Yours is the victory in this venture! Full blissfully in prison you endure - In prison? Nor would I know the company of man. (Part Three) I know men would deem it negligence If I forgot to tell of the expense To Theseus, who goes so busily To construct the lists royally. That such a noble theatre it was, I dare well say, as this world has. Who leaps up for joy but Arcita? Not fully guick nor fully dead they were. But by their coats of arms and their gear The heralds knew them, amongst them all, And that they were of the blood royal Of Thebes, and of two sisters born. Then help me, lord, let my arm not fail, Because of the fire that once burnt thee, As fiercely as this fire that now burns me, And let me tomorrow win the victory. And in the grove, at time and place as set, This Arcita and Palamon were met. When Arcita had sung, he began to sigh, And sat himself down as if forlorn. 'What folk are you that at my home-coming So disturb my feast with your crying? I have, God knows, a large field to plough, Weak oxen pull my blade, the field is rough. And to the palace rode there, with the sound, Hosts of lords, mounted on steeds and palfreys. The minstrelsy, the service at the feast, The great gifts to the highest and least, The rich adornment of Theseus' palace Nor which could best chant and sing, Nor which could best chant and sing, Nor which ladies fairest, or best at dancing on the perch above, What hounds were lying on the ground - Of all of this I make no mention now, But all that came of it; that thinks me best. O Cupid, lacking in all charity! O power that will share no sovereignty! Truly is it said that love and lordship Will not willingly brook fellowship; Well known to Arcita and Palemon. For him there weeps both child and man. Now help me lady, since you may and can, By those three forms of you that in you be, And Palamon, who has such love of me, And Arcita too, who loves me sore. But to speak briefly now of this thing, With Creon, he that was of Thebes king, He fought, and slew him like a manly knight In open battle, and put the folk to flight. For I am Palamon, your, mortal foe, And though I have no weapon in this place, But out of prison am escaped by grace, I doubt not you will be slain by me, Or else forgo the love of Emily. All painted was the wall in length and breadth, Like the recesses of that grisly place They call the great temple of Mars in Thrace, In that cold and frosty region Where Mars has his sovereign mansion. So is changeable Venus overcast In her folks' hearts; and just as her day Is changeable, so then is her array. Choose as you will, you shall not depart!' Then Arcita with a scornful heart, When he knew him, and his tale had heard, As fierce as a lion pulled out his sword And said thus: 'By God that sits above, Were it not you are sick and mad with love. And have no weapon too in this place. You would never out of this grove pace Without you meeting death at my hand. Then said he: 'O cruel goddess, that controls. This world with your eternal words enfolds. Engraving in your tables of adamant The eternal destinies that you will grant. What more is mankind to you of old Than a flock of sheep cowering in a fold? She was clothed fresh to watching eyes; Her yellow hair was braided in a tress Behind her back, a yard long, I guess. Choose you the manner how, in what guise, I care not, whether it better be, To have victory of them or they of me, If I but have my lady in my arms. His crisp hair in clustered ringlets done, And that was yellow, glittering like the sun. The Duke his courser with his spurs smote, And in an instant was between the two, And pulled out his sword, crying: 'Ho! No more, punishment be on your heads! By mighty Mars, he shall soon be dead That smites one stroke that I shall see. The 'expulsive virtue', dubbed 'animal', From the virtue that is known as 'natural' Cannot void the venom or it expel. Then came the woeful Theban Palamon, With fluttering beard and ragged ashy hair, In clothes black all stained with tears, And, weeping beyond others, Emily, The saddest there of all the company. And each man knows, unless he is a fool, That every part derives from this whole; For nature cannot take its beginning From some part or fragment of a thing, But from what is perfect and is stable, Descending so, until corruptible. In that dark and horribly strong prison, This seven-year has lived our Palamon, Pining away in sorrow and distress. The very fetters on his shins yet Were with his bitter salt tears wet. There is no need for torture with the cord! You shall die, by mighty Mars the red!' At once the Queen, for very womanliness, Began to weep, and so did Emily, And all the ladies in their company. I am your grandfather, ready to do your will. The door was all of adamant eterne, Riveted crosswise and along With iron tough, and to make it strong, Every pillar, to sustain the shrine Thick as a barrel, of iron bright and fine. 'Just as there never died man,' quoth he, 'That had not life on earth, in his degree, Just so there never lived a man,' he said, 'In all this world that will not come to death. This fierce Arcita, helm no longer on, Riding his courser, to show his face, Canters the whole length of the place, Looking upward towards Emily; And she to him shows an eye most friendly (For women, to speak generally, will soon Follow behind the favours of Fortune), And she roused all the joy in his heart. No, for sure, in Paradise. Duke Pirithous truly loved Arcita, And knew him well at Thebes many a year, And finally, at the request and prayer Of Pirithous, without any ransom, Duke Theseus let him out of prison, To go free, wherever he might choose, In such a guise as I shall tell to you. And at this point Diana did appear, With bow in hand, dressed as a huntress, And said: 'Daughter, put away your sadness! Among the gods on high it is affirmed, And by eternal writ it is confirmed, You shall be wedded to one of those That suffer for you such pain and woe; But unto which of them I may not tell. For every fellow that loved chivalry, And wished for more than a passing name, Prayed he also might be of the game, And fortunate for him that chosen was. I place myself under your protection Diana, and I yield to your direction.' And home she went anon the nearest way. And because they needed all to arise At an early hour to view the great fight, Unto their rest they went that night. And as the custom was in his country High on a chariot of gold stood he, With four white bulls in the traces. And when the noble Duke had so done, He took his horse and home he rode anon, Crowned with laurel as a conqueror; And there he lived in joy and in honour All his life; what more need I say now? Behold, for God's sake who sits above, See how they bleed! Be they not well arrayed? And as it died it made a whistling As green brands do in their burning, And at the brand's end out ran anon As it were bloody drops, many a one. And if you think this all well said, Be you content, and bow your head. Why did you cry out? Duke Theseus with all his company, Came slowly home to Athens his city, With full display and great solemnity, Despite this mishap that he was caught, By force, and by their rules of competition. This sorrowful prisoner, this Palamon, Pacing the chamber, roaming to and fro And to himself complaining of his woe; That he was born, he often cried 'alas!' And so it befell, by chance or happenstance, That through a window, thick with many a bar Of iron large and square as any spar, He cast his eye upon Emilia, And thereupon he blanched, and cried 'Ah!' As though he had been stung to the heart. Who orders this but Jupiter the King, That is the prince and cause of everything, Turning all things back to their own source? This grace I pray you, and no more: Send love and peace betwixt those two, And turn their hearts away from me so, That all their hot love and their desire, And all their busy torment and their fire Be quenched, or turned towards another face. The noblest of the Greeks that were there On their shoulders carried the bier, With eves red and wet, and slow their feet, Through the city down the central street, All spread with black and wondrous on high With the same cloth blackened is the sky. Then is it best, to win a worthy fame, To die when at the zenith of our name. Mine is the drenching in the sea so wan; Mine is the dark cell deep as is the moat; Mine is the dark cell deep as is the morthy fame, and the serfs rebelling, and secret poisoning. And in the garden, as the sun up-rose, She walked up and down, and as she chose Gathered flowers, mingled, white and red, To make a woven garland for her head, And sang like an angel, as she went along. Truly, it is not I! Therefore I pass on lightly as I may. With Arcita, in story as men find, The great Emetrius, the King of Inde, On a bay steed, with trappings of steel, And cloth of golden weave, haunch to heel, Came Mars, like the god of weaponry His surcoat was of cloth of Tartary, Adorned with pearls, white, round and bold. There is no need authorities to enlist, For it is proven by experience, Unless I need to clarify the sense So men may by this order well discern, That the Mover is established and eterne. A woman in travail lay on the ground; And because her child was not yet born, Full pitifully on Lucina she did call, Crying: 'Help, for you can, best of all!' He could paint to the life, that it wrought. No nearer Athens would he go or ride, Nor rest at ease scarcely half a day, But onward on his way that night he lay, And sent, at once, the Queen, Hippolyta, And Emily, her beautiful young sister, To the town of Athens there to dwell, And forth he rode; there is no more to tell. Another is laid there on the stake; As was agreed, and there he must abide. Yet in his black clothes with mournful eye He came in haste, and right obediently, And then Theseus sent for Emily. What can she say? Consider too how the hardest stone, Under our feet on which we ride and go, Yet wastes as it lies beside the way. The fires burned on the altar bright, So that all the temple they did light. Then has he done his friend and self no shame, And gladder should a friend be of his death, When with honour he yielded up his breath, Than when his name enfeebled is by age, And all forgotten are his knightly days. The fires that on my altar dance Shall declare to you, ere you go hence, The outcome of your love, in this case.' And with these words, the arrows in their case The goddess wore rattled, guivering, And off she went, swiftly vanishing, At which our Emily astounded was, And said: 'What means all this, alas? If it be victory my youth deserve, And if my strength be worthy to serve Your godhead, and I be one of thine, Then I pray you, pity this pain of mine, For this suffering and this hot fire In which you once burned with desire, When you once enjoyed the beauty Of fair young Venus fresh and free, And took her in your arms at will - Though once upon a time it brought you ill, When Vulcan caught you in his snare And found you lying with his wife there, By all the sorrow that was in your heart, Have pity now on my pain and smart. Sister,' quoth he, 'this has my full assent, With all the agreement of my parliament, That gentle Palamon, your own true knight, Who serves you with will, and heart, and might, And always has, since you first him knew, You shall take pity on with grace, and your lord. But to the point: it happened on a day, To explain it as briefly as I may, A worthy Duke, named Pirithous, Who had been friends with Duke Theseus Since the days when they were children, Had come to Athens, visiting his friend, And to amuse himself as he would do; For in this world he loved no man so, And he was placed, fair and fit. And every man went home the nearest way; There was no cry but: 'Farewell, and good day!' With this battle I shall now have done, But speak of Arcita and Palamon. What can fair Venus do now, above? Yet saw I Madness cackling in his rage, Armed Clamour, Outcry, and fierce Outrage. Yet painted further on, a little more, How Atalanta hunted the wild boar, And Meleager, and many a man also, For which Diana wrought him care and woe. As black he lay as any coal or crow, The blood had so mounted to his face. Her son's in the stars too, as men may see. And Arcita, that in the court so royal Of Theseus is a squire, the principal, Has risen, and regards the cheerful day, And to offer his observances to May, Remembering the object of his desire, He on a courser, quivering like fire, Rides out into the fields in play, Our of the court, a mile or two away; And towards the grove of which I told By chance his intention did unfold To make a garland such as one weaves Either of hawthorn or of woodbine leaves. The answer to this I leave to the divines; But well I know that in this world man pines. For with that chain of fairest love he bound The fire, the air, the water and the least, some suddenly Of her that roams about in yonder place, And but I have her mercy and her grace, That I may see her, at the least, some way, I am but dead; there is no more to say.' Now Palamon when he heard these words, Looked at him angrily and so answered: 'Say you this in earnest, by my faith! God help me so, I have no wish to play.' Palamon began to knit his brow, and say: 'There accrues to you,' he quoth, 'no honour In being false, or proving now a traitor To me, who am your cousin and your brother Deeply sworn, and each bound to the other, That never, lest we both may die in pain, Never, until death shall part us twain, Shall either in love be hindrance to the other, Nor in any other way, my dear brother, Rather you should truly further me In every case, as I shall further thee. Alas, all things are brought to confusion The royal blood of Cadmus and Amphion - Of Cadmus, who was indeed the first man To build at Thebes, and that town began, And of that city was first crowned king. Out of the heap the pillagers have them borne And gently carry them to Theseus' tent And he at once has them swiftly sent To Athens, to be confined in prison Perpetually; allowing them no ransom. So is it wisdom, it seems to me, To make a virtue of necessity, And make the best of what to all falls due. The slayer of himself yet saw I there His heart's blood had bathed all his hair; The nail in the forehead in the night; The cold death, with mouth gaping wide. 'Alas', guoth he, 'the day that I was born!' How long, Juno, in your cruelty Will you make war against Thebes' city? But slay my fellow in the same wise, For we have both deserved to be slain.' The noble Duke then answered them again And said: 'This is a brief conclusion! Your own mouth, by your own confession, Has condemned you, so I shall record. For he had given his gaoler drink, so Of a honeyed cup of a certain wine, With narcotics and Theban opium fine, That all night, though men did him wake. Infinite harm is hidden in this matter; We know not what it is we pray for here. And loud he sung in the sunlit scene: 'May, with all your flowers, so green, Welcome to you, fairest freshest May, In hopes that get some greenery I may.' And from his courser, with a cheerful heart, Into the grove full hastily, apart, He entered, and there roamed up and down, Where by that happenstance our Palamon Was hiding in the bushes, that none might see, For sore afraid of meeting death was he. Likewise I'll not delay us on the route; Let every fellow tell his tale about, And let us see who shall that supper win! - Where I left off, I will again begin. Here Ends the Knight's Tale Alas, the pains so strong That I for you have suffered, and so long! Alas, for death! Alas, my Emily! Alas, the pains so strong That I for you have suffered.

Alas, my wife, My heart's lady, ender of my life! What is this world? Two woeful wretches we, two captives, That are burdened by our lives; And as you are our rightful lord and judge, Then show us neither mercy nor refuge; But slay me first, for holy charity! Then slay my fellow too, as well as me - Or slay him first; though you do not know This is Arcita, this your mortal foe, Banished from your land, be it on his head, For which alone he deserves to be dead. And this crying was not heard to cease Till they the reins of his bridle seized. Out of the ground an infernal fury starts, Sent from Pluto at request of Saturn; From which his horse in fear tried to turn, Leapt aside, but foundered as he leapt And before Arcita could protect Himself, he pitched down on his head, And lay there on the ground as he were dead, His breast-bone shattered by the saddle-bow. Behold, goddess of sacred chastity, The bitter tears that down my cheeks fall! Since you are maid and leader of us all, My maidenhood protect and well conserve And while I live, as maid I will you serve.' The fires burned upon the altar clear While Emily was thus in prayer, But suddenly she saw a strange sight. And to the court he went upon a day, And at the gate offered his services, To drudge and draw, whatever men thought best. And if so happen that you my lady win And slay me in this wood that I am in, Then is the lady yours, if so it be.' Then Palamon answered: 'I agree.' And thus they parted till the morrow, For each had pledged his word, I vow. But such a wail, such cries they made, alack, That in this world there is no creature living That ever heard another such lamenting. And therefore, at the king's court, my brother, Each man for himself; law there's none other. But hearken to me, quench the noise a little, At the miracle that there befell anon. Therefore anon Duke Theseus decreed To stifle all the rancour and jealousy, The victory to one side and the other, And either side as like as any brother. Alas, I see a serpent or a thief, That to many a man has done mischief, Go where he wishes, and at will return, But I must be imprisoned through Saturn, And Juno, jealous and furious, who would Destroy well nigh all the Theban blood, And Thebes itself, its ruined walls spread wide, While Venus slays me from the instant tell And briefly of this matter to explain, He started work for a chamberlain, The which was dwelling there with Emily, For he was wise and swiftly could espy The worth of every servant caught his eye. Of sleep, of meat, of drink, he is bereft, So that he waxes dry as a spear-shaft; His eyes hollow and grisly to behold, His hue sallow and pale as ashes cold untutored as you know And I am afflicted more, I vow, Than ever was any living creature; For she who makes me all this woe endure Cares not whether I sink or swim. Arcita could hew wood well and water bear, For young and strong, appropriately grown, He was tall too, and might yin the bone Fit for whatever any could devise. There might you have seen with Palamon, Lycurgus himself, the great King of Thrace. Indeed, lord, to attend your presence we In this divine temple of Clemency Have been waiting all this long fortnight. By degrees, and some length of years, All finished were the mourning and the tears Of Greeks, by the general consent. Let one example do from stories old; I cannot reckon all that might be told. The image of red Mars, with spear and shield So shone on his white banners, in the field, That all the meadows glittered up and down, And with his banner, his pennon of renown, Of gold full rich, on which there was a beast, The Minotaur, whom he had slain in Crete. When kindled was the fire, with piteous face, To Diana, as you may hear, she spake: 'O chaste goddess of the woods green, By whom heaven and sea and earth are seen, Queen of the realm of Pluto dark below, Goddess of maidens, who my heart does know And has many a year, all that I desire, Keep me from your vengeance and your ire, That Actaeon paid for cruelly! Chaste goddess, well you know of me That I wish to live a maid all my life, Never will I be lover fond, or wife. For in his hunting he takes such delight That it is all his joy and appetite To be himself the great stag's bane; For after Mars he serves Diana's name. So well they loved, as the old books say, That when the one was dead, true to tell, His friend went and sought him down in Hell. This is the gist and his intention plain. He conquered all the Amazon country, That long ago was known as Scythia, And brought her home to his own country With much glory and great festivity, And also her young sister Emily. And men said that Arcita should not die; He would be healed of injury by and by. This goddess high on a stag did sit, With slender hounds all about her feet, And underneath her feet there was a moon; Waxing it was and would be waning soon. And in this wise these lords, all and one, Are on this Sunday to the city come, At nine about, and in the town alight, This Theseus, this noble knight, When he had led them into his city, And housed them, in accord with their degree, Feasted them, and applied so much labour To entertaining them honour, That men still think and say that no man's wit However great could ever have bettered it. Why this heaviness, That good Arcita, of chivalry the flower, Departed in all honour, at his hour, Out of the foul prison of this life? There saw I many a wondrous story, Which I care not to recall to memory. But all for naught; he was dragged to the stake. A man must love, despite himself, give heed; He may not flee it though he die, indeed, Be she a maid, a widow, or a wife. This work may be freely reproduced, stored and transmitted, electronically or otherwise, for any non-commercial purpose. For which this noble Theseus anon Ordered them to send for Palamon, He not knowing what the cause or why. I do vengeance and exact correction While I am in the sign of the Lion. This god of weapons was arrayed thus: A wolf there stood before him at his feet, With red eyes, and of a man he ate. Before her stood her son Cupid too, Upon his shoulders wings had he two, And blind he was, as is often seen; A bow he held and arrows bright and keen. What help is there is yet the best game of all, That she for whom they play this lunacy, Has no more cause to thank them than me! She knows no more of all this hot affair, By God, than does a cuckoo or a hare! But all must be attempted, hot or cold; A man must play the fool, young or old. Alas, you cruel Mars, alas Juno! Thus has your anger shorn our lineage so, Save only me and wretched Palamon, Whom Theseus martyrs in his prison. Often this day have those Thebans two Met together, and hurt their enemy too; Each of the twain has unhorsed the other. By which you are bound as a true knight To help me, if it lies within your might, Or else you will prove false. I dare maintain!' Then Arcita proudly answered him again: 'You shall,' he guoth, 'rather be false than I. A year or two he laboured in this wise, Page of the chamber of Emily the bright, And Philostrate he named himself aright. The corpse in the bushes, with cut throat; A thousand slain, and not by plague I note; The tyrant with his prey by force bereft; The town destroyed - there was nothing left. The next hour of Mars following this, Arcita to the temple paid a visit, To fiery Mars, to make his sacrifice, With all the rites meet to pagan eyes. Why should I not as well tell you all The portraiture appearing on the wall Within the temple of mighty Mars the red? 'Why did you have to die?' the women weep, 'Owning gold enough, and your Emily?' No man could bring cheer to Theseus, Save for his old father Aegeus, Who knew this world's transmutations, For up and down, had he seen alteration, Joy after woe, and woe after gladness; And gave him an example and a likeness. And all above, depicted on a tower, Saw I Conquest, seated in great honour, With the sharp sword above his head Hanging by a fine and subtle thread. And truly believe, brother, this is all: Here in this prison must we endure; And each of us our own chance assure.' Great was the strife and long between the two, If I had leisure to tell it all to you. Mine let the effort be, and yours the glory! Your sovereign temple will I honour Above all places, and evermore labour In your might arts, and at your pleasure. A sweet smell rose from the ground, And Arcita guickly raised his hand, And into the fire more incense cast, With other rites too; and at the last The statue of Mars' mail-coat did ring, And with that sound he heard a murmuring Faint and low, that whispered: 'Victory'!' - For which he gave Mars honour and glory. The maidens that she thither with her led, Were all prepared for fires to be fed, Took incense, hangings, and the rest, all That to sacrificial rites may fall, Horns full of mead, as was the custom wise; They lacked naught to make their sacrifice, The temple incense-filled, the hangings fair. And were it not indeed too long to hear, I would have told you fully of the manner In which the Amazon kingdom was seized By Theseus and by his chivalry, And of the great battle on occasion Twixt the Athenian and the Amazon, And how he besieged Hippolyta, The brave and lovely queen of Scythia, And of the feast they had at their wedding And of the tempest at their home-coming; But all of that I must omit for now. A hundred lords had he in his rout, Fully armed, with hearts both stern and stout. Who is not a fool when he's in love? There he was separated from his harness, And carried to a bed, with care thy strive, For he is yet in memory and alive, And ever crying out for Emily. And against this no creature that's alive Of any kind, can ever hope to strive. I am, you know, still of your company, A maid, and love hunting and archery, And to wander in the woodland wild, Not to be made a wife and be with child. With long sword and maces fight your fill! Go your ways now; this is your lord's will.' The voices of the people rose to heaven, So loud they should the lists ride the company. By command through the city large, Hung with cloth of gold and no coarse serge, Full like a lord this noble Duke does ride, And after that another company Of all and sundry, according to degree, And thus they passed through the city, And after that another company Of all and sundry according to degree, Full like a lord this noble Duke does ride, The two Thebans on his either side, And after that another company Of all and sundry according to degree, Full like a lord this noble Duke does ride, The two Thebans on his either side, And after that another company Of all and sundry according to degree and Emily. not of the day yet fully prime. Now indeed, false Arcita, you shall not so! I loved her first, and told you of my woe As my confidant, and my brother sworn To further me, as I have said before. Swiftly he was carried from the place. He had no way to know it was Arcita; God knows he would have thought it any other! But so is it said, and has been many a year, 'The fields have eyes, and the woods have ears.' A man should practise equanimity, For in unexpected places men may meet. In the third hour after Palamon To Venus' temple had upped and gone, Up rose the sun, and up rose the sun, and up rose temple of Diana she. And northward in a turret on the wall, Off to the temple had upped and gone, Up rose the sun, and up rose temple had upped and gone, Up rose the sun, and up rose temple had upped and gone, Up rose temple had uppe alabaster white and red coral An oratory, rich indeed to see, In worship of Diana of Chastity, Theseus had wrought, in noble wise, But yet have I forgotten to describe The noble carving and the portraitures, The shape, the countenance, and the figures That adorned these oratories three. died below; And when he saw the people were all still, Thus he proclaimed the great Duke's will: 'Our lord the Duke has, in his discretion, Decided that it would be mere destruction Of noble blood to fight in the guise Of mortal battle now in this assize. For, briefly, it was his opinion That in the grove he might hide all day, And then in the night be on his way Towards Thebes, his friends there to pray To arm themselves and Theseus to assail. After all this, to slay me utterly, Love has his fiery dart so burningly Thrust through my true sorrowful heart, That my death was shaped from the start. in his hands out-held; The third he bore his bow, which was Turkish - Of burnished gold the quiver and the harness - And pacing slowly sorrowful they appeared, Riding towards the grove, as you shall hear. Conditions and Exceptions apply. And when he had heard Arcita's tale, As if he were mad, face deathly pale, He started up out of the bushy thicket, And cried: 'Arcita, traitor false and wicked! Now you are trapped, who love my lady so, For whom I suffer all this pain and woe, Who are of my blood, my friend or so you swore, As I have told you many times before, And here you have tricked Duke Theseus, Falsely concealed your true name thus! You will be killed, or else kill me; You shall not have my lady Emily, I alone will love her, no other so. Great pity was it, as they thought them all, That ever such a mishap should befall, For they were noblemen, of great estate, And over love alone was this debate; And on their bare knees they did fall, And would have kissed his feet where he stood; Till finally their weeping calmed his mood, For pity is quick to rise in noble heart. You know too well, yourself, and no lie, That you and I are condemned to prison Perpetually; and granted no ransom We strive as the hounds did for the bone; They fought all day and neither did it own. And three years in this wise this life he led, And bore him so in peace and in war, There was no man Theseus liked more. I know not if she be woman or a goddess, But Venus she is in truth, I'd guess.' And with that on his knees down he fell And said: Venus, if it be your will To appear before me in this figure In that garden, a sorrowful wretched creature, Out of this prison help us to escape. For sure, my lord, there is none of us all That has not been a duchess or a queen. Love if you wish; I love, and ever shall. First on the wall was painted a forest, In which there ran a roaring and a sigh As if bough-breaking winds were passing by. Of Athens he was lord and governor, And in his time so great a conqueror Mightier was there none under the sun. And down beneath a hilly grassed descent, There stood the temple of Mars omnipotent In war, wrought all of burnished steel, the gate Was ghastly for to see, and long and straight. It fell that in the seventh year, of May The third night (as the old books say That tell this story in a fuller way), Whether by chance or by destiny - As when a thing happens it must be - That soon after midnight, Palamon Helped by a friend, broke from the prison, And fled the city as fast as he could go. And therefore social laws and such decrees Are broken each day for love, by all degrees. And to the grove that stood close nearby, In which there was a stag, so it was told, Duke Theseus the nearest way he rode, And to the grove that stood close nearby, In which there was a stag, so it was told, Duke Theseus the nearest way he rode, and so forth on his way. Of his lineage am I, and his offspring, By true line, and of the blood royal. For certainly our appetites down here, Be they for war, or peace, hate or love, All are ruled by the vision that's above. Now here's the point, hearken if you wish. The statue of Venus glorious to see, Was naked, floating in the open sea, And from the navel down all covered was With waves green and bright as any glass. Only the sight of she whom I serve, Though that I never her grace may deserve, Would have sufficed right enough for me. The circles of the eyes set in his head, Glowed between a yellow and a red, And like a griffon he gazed round about, With shaggy hair on his bushy brows. And that is how for sure in this world we Go searching hard to find felicity, But we go wrong so often, tell no lie. He was so noble in his low condition That throughout the court ran his renown. But that is not the story I write here. Then it seems they held a parliament At Athens, on certain points and matters, Among which points suggested was Forging with certain countries an alliance, Exacting the Thebans' full compliance. I am your mortal foe, and it is I Who love with passion Emily the bright. That I would die this instant in her sight. And clad Arcita in a similar wise; Upon his hand a sword full bright and keen. So all this thing must die as I say. When he had endured two years or so Of this cruel torment, this pain and woe, At Thebes, in his own country, as I said, Upon a night, asleep, and in his bed, He thought he saw the winged god Mercury Standing before him, bidding him be merry. Little, Arcita knew of his friend in hiding So near to him he could hear him singing, For among the bushes he sat, perfectly still. How great a sorrow Arcita reveals! The stroke of death in his heart he feels. Alas that ever I knew Perithous! Else I had dwelt with Theseus Fettered in his prison, evermore so; Then had I been in bliss, and not in woe. Duke Theseus was at a window set, Arrayed as a god seated on a throne. (Part Four) Great was the feast in Athens on that day; And then the lively season of May Put everyone in such good countenance They all that Monday joust and dance, Spend it in service fit for Venus' eyes. This the conclusion: and no more to say. About his chariot ran snow-white hounds, Twenty or more, as big as any steer, To chase after lions or the deer, And followed him with muzzles tightly bound, Collared in gold, with leash rings around. And now you will falsely be about Loving my lady, whom I love and serve And ever shall, as long as heart deserve. Some said thus, and some it shall be so; Some agreed with him of the black beard, Some with the bald, some the shaggy haired, Some said thus, and some it shall be so; Some agreed with him of the black beard. And in this guise I leaving them fighting well, And once again of Theseus I will tell. Naught was forgot, by influence of Mars' devising The barber, the butcher, the smith who will Forge you a sharp sword on his anvil. And look now, where most sorrow is herein, There will I first bring comfort and begin. Death is an end of every worldly sore,' And after this he said a great deal more To this effect, full wisely to exhort The people, that they might find comfort. I have to my cousin Palamon Shown strife and rancour, many a day gone, For love of you, and out of jealousy. But, by my head, you shall be solaced soon.' The trumpeters with their loud minstrelsy, The heralds that yell and cry as loudly, Overflowed with joy for Sir Arcita. And in another thing they joyed again: That of them all no man had been slain, Though some were sorely hurt, and one Above all, pierced through the breast-bone. And yet all my penance is increased: For man is bound to do as he agreed, For God's sake, in curbing of his will, Whereas a beast may all its lust fulfil. So has he deceived you many a year, Yet you have made him your chief squire. And so at once he changed his array, And clad himself as does a labourer; And all alone, save only for a squire That knew his secrets and his cause, And was disguised as humbly as he was, To Athens is he gone the quickest way. With him went there knights many a one: Some chose to be armed in coats of mail, Worn with a breastplate and a surcoat frail, While some their suits of plate armour filled, And some a mace of steel. And assuredly it seemed to many a man That never, since the world itself began, In respect of fighting hand to hand, As wide as God had made the sea and land, Never so few made such true company. Not even for dread of death will I despair But see my lady that I love and serve; In her presence from death I shall not swerve.' And with that word he seized a great mirror, And saw in it that changed was all his colour, And saw his visage all of another kind. Farewell my life, my joy, and my gladness! Alas, why do folk in general moan About God's providence or Fortune, That often yields to them in many a guise Much better fates than they themselves devise? of woe, And we are pilgrims passing to and fro. But Theseus I will speak of later, And pass to Palamon and Arcita. Another man that would his freedom gain, Is freed, then by his own household slain. Of five and twenty years his age, I vow. So passed year on year, and day on day, Until one morning in the month of May Young Emily, she fairer to be seen Than is the lily on its stalk of green, And fresher than the May with flowers new - For with the rose's colour strove her hue; I know not which was finer of the two - Ere it was day, as she was wont to do, She has risen, and dressed at first light, For May will have no slothfulness a-night, The season pricks at every gentle heart, And makes it from its sleep begin to start, And says: 'Arise, perform your observance!' And this made Emily rouse her remembrance Of the honour due to May, and so to rise. Have mercy on our woe and our distress! Some drop of pity, in your graciousness, Upon us wretched women let it fall. Who has maltreated you or offended? Like two wild boars that fiercely smite, Frothing white with foam in angry mood; Up to the ankles they fought in blood. There saw I how sad Callisto came to be, When Diana was aggrieved with her, Transformed from a woman to a bear, And if my destiny is already shaped By eternal word to die in prison, On our lineage have some compassion, That is brought so low by tyranny.' And at that word Arcita chanced to see This lady as she roamed to and fro, And at the sight her beauty hurt him so, That if Palamon had been wounded sore, Arcita hurts as much as him or more. To ransack the heaped bodies of the dead, To strip them of armour, and clothes indeed, The pillagers worked busily, with care, After the battle and the victory there. Now help us lord, since you possess the might! I, wretched Queen, that weep and wail thus Was once the wife of King Capaneus Who died at Thebes - accursed be the day! - And all of us in all our sad array Who are making this fond lamentation, We all lost our husbands in that town, While the siege thereabout it lay. The great Theseus, from sleep awaking With the minstrelsy and noise they were making, Was yet in the chamber of his palace rich, Till the Theban knights, honoured each The same, were into the palace led. That is to say, she cannot now have both, However jealous you be, or wrath. This was the pledge, let me plainly write, Between Theseus and Arcita, this I cite, That if so be it Arcita was found, Ever in life, by day or night, on ground That in any way belonged to Theseus, And he were caught, it was agreed thus: That with a sword he should lose his head. To fight for a lady, Benedicite! That's a fine sight to see, on any day. For I defy the pledge, and the bond Which you say I have made with thee. There is no help - all goes the same way. There I saw Daphne turned into a tree; I mean not the goddess, Diane, to name, But Peneus' daughter, Daphne, the same way. There I saw Daphne turned into a tree; I mean not the goddess, Diane, to name, But Peneus' daughter, Daphne, the same way. That had once been of such great estate. First in the Temple of Venus, you might see, Wrought on the wall, pitiful to behold, The broken sleep, and the lamenting, The fiery strokes of fond desiring That Love's servants in this life endure; The oaths that their covenants assure, Pleasure and Hope, Desire, Foolhardiness, Beauty and Youth, Riches and Joyfulness, Charms and Force, Deceit and Flattery, Extravagance, Intrigue, and Jealousy, That wore of yellow gold a garland, And a cuckoo sitting on their hand, Feasts, and instruments, choirs and dance, Lust and adornment, all the circumstance Of Love, that I relate and shall, all By order were portrayed on the wall, And more of them than I can mention. Seeing this Emily was so terrified That she, well nigh mad, began to cry; For she knew not what it signified, But only out of fear had she cried, And wept so it was pitiful to hear. And thus with all joy and melody Has Palamon wedded his Emily; And God, that all this wide world has wrought, Send him his love, who has it dearly bought! For now is Palamon in all things well, Living in bliss, riches, and in health. For, as regards the possibility, Since you are now at large, of prison free, And are a lord, great is your advantage, More than mine who starve here in a cage. And gave at once commands to hack and hew The ancient oaks and lay them in a row, In pyres so arranged that they would burn. In yellow-green her statue clothed was, With bow in hand, and arrows in a case, Her eyes, as she rode, she cast down, To where Pluto has his dark region. Arcita is cold; may Mars his soul receive! Now will I speak concerning Emily. There I saw Actaeon a stag created, In punishment for seeing Diane naked. Give me your hand, for this is our accord; Let us now see your womanly pity. And you at once shall both to me swear Never to harm my country, nor to war Against me, whether by night or day, But being friends to me, in all you may, I forgive you this trespass that befell.' They swore as he requested fair and well, And him for lordship and for mercy prayed; And he granted them grace, and thus he said: 'In terms of royal lineages and riches, Though she were a queen or a princess, Each of the two of you is worthy, doubtless, To wed in due time; yet nevertheless – I speak as for my sister Emily, The reason for your strife and jealousy – You know yourself she cannot wed both At once, though you fight forever so. This was your oath and mine also, I say, I know in truth you dare not it gainsay. In all the world of seeking up and down So even a contest could ne'er be found, Never such a pair of companies; For there was none so wise that could see That either of the other had advantage, In worthiness, nor in rank, nor age; So evenly were they matched, all guessed. We fare as one that drunk is as a mouse: A drunken man knows he has a house, But knows not the right way thither, And to a drunken man it's slide and slither. And conveyed the kings worthily Out of his town, some way on their journey. So are you my confidant, beyond doubt. I know not which of them is the sadder: For briefly for to tell, this Palamon Is damned perpetually to prison, In chains and fetters to his final breath; Arcita is banished, on pain of death, Exiled for evermore from that country, And nevermore his ladyst. shall he see. Then said he thus, as you shall now hear: 'The woeful spirit, may not, within my heart Show one iota of my sorrowful smart To you, my lady, whom I love the most. The remnant of my tale is long enough. Now, lord, have pity on my sorrows sore; Give me the victory! I ask no more!' The prayer ceased of Arcita the strong. For I must weep and wail while I live, With all the woe that prison life may give, And with the pain that love grants also, That doubles my torment and my woe.' With that he felt the fire of envy start Within his breast, and seize him by the heart, So furiously he like was to behold As box-wood, pale, or ashes dead and cold. Upon his hand he bore for his delight An eagle tame, as any lily white. Thus the noble Duke as best he can Comforts and so honours every man, And then makes revel all the long night For the foreign princes as was their right. His limbs were vast, his muscles hard and strong, His shoulders broad, his arms round and long. That Sunday night ere day began to spring, When Palamon the lark hear sing - Though it was not yet day an hour or two Yet sung the lark - and Palamon then flew, With holy heart and with noble courage, Rising at once to make his pilgrimage To blissful Citherea the benign; Venus I mean, honourable and divine. And if it so befalls the leader is taken On either side, or his opponent's slain, No longer then shall the tourney last. Now the lists were made, and Theseus Who at his great cost had created thus The temples and the theatre, as I tell, When it was done, liked it wondrous well. The clotted blood, despite all leech-craft, Corrupts and festers in his blood, so that Neither the blood blood, despite all leech-craft, Corrupts and festers in his blood, so that Neither the blood blood, so that Neither the blood blood, despite all leech-craft, Corrupts and festers in his blood, so that Neither the blood blood, blood blo could not know. Kline © Copyright 2007, All Rights Reserved. But I bequeath you service of my ghost To you beyond every other creature Since my life may no longer linger. Weep now no more; I will your wish fulfil.' Now will I cease to speak of gods above, Of Mars, and Venus, Goddess of Love, And tell you as plainly as I can The grand result, for which I first began. The night was short and it was near to day, So of necessity he must him hide. The day approached for their returning, When each a hundred knights, Well armed for war and to maintain the right. With many a load of straw laid first beside - But how the fire was built on a height, Nor the names of all the trees alight - Oak, fir, aspen, birch, linden, holm, and poplar, Willow, elm, plane, ash, box, chestnut, laurel, alder, Maple, thorn, beech, yew, hazel, cornel-tree, How they were felled - will not be told by me; Nor how up and down their divinities run, All disinherited of their habitation, In which they once dwelt in rest and peace - The nymphs, and fawns, and hamadryades - Nor how the ground was fearful of the light, That never used to know the sun so bright; Nor how the fire was first laid with straw And then dry sticks, cut three-ways with a saw, And then with green wood and spiced leaf, And then with cloth of gold and jewellery, And garlands hanging, full of many a flower, Myrrh and incense, with their great savour; Nor how Arcita lay amongst all this; Nor what richness about his body is; Nor how Emily, as was the practice, Thrust in the fire due the funeral service; Nor how she swooned when men fed the fire; Nor what she said, nor what was her desire, Nor what jewels in the fire men cast, When the fire men cast, When the fire was high and burning fast; Nor what she said, nor what her flames, a maddened fiery flood; Nor how the Greeks in a vast rout Thrice rode round the fire, all about, Widdershins, and all loudly shouting, And thrice with their spears clattering, And thrice with their spears clattering, And thrice with their spears clattering. night; nor how the Greeks play At funeral games, nor do I choose to say - Who wrestled best, naked with oil anointed, Nor who bore him best, was best appointed; I will not tell how the yall wandered home To Athens when the funeral games were done, But briefly to the point I will wend, And make of my long tale an end. Now to the temple of Diana chaste As swiftly as I can I will make haste, To give you all of the description. So you may see that all this thing has end. And sometimes Theseus decrees a rest To drink if they wish, and be refreshed. And well I know, before her love I win, I must gain her by strength in this place; And well I know, without help or grace Of yours my strength nothing will avail. And at the last came to the conclusion That since at first Arcita and Palamon Had for love made battle there between Each other, in the same grove sweet and green, Where he had known his amorous desires, His lament for love, his own hot fires, He would make a fire in which the office Of funeral rites he might there accomplish. A change had overtaken each man's face, Just like a hunter in the realms of Thrace, Who stands out in the open with a spear, When on a hunt for lion or for bear, And hears the beast come rushing through the trees, Breaking all the branches and the leaves, Thinks: 'Here comes my mortal enemy! Without fail he must die, or death for me; For either I must slay him in this gap, Or he slays me if I should meet mishap.' So both their complexions changed in hue. Bright was the sun and clear that morning, And Palamon, that woeful prisoner, As was his wont, by leave of his gaoler, Had risen and he roamed a room on high. Where all the noble city met his eye, And so the garden, full of branches green, Where this fresh Emily the sweetly seen Was at play, and she roamed up and down. Infinite are the sorrows and the tears Of the old folk, and folk of tender years, Through the town, mourning for the Theban. And in her hour he walked out apace, Towards the lists where her temple was, And down he knelt, and humble did appear, With sore heart, he spoke as you shall hear: 'Fairest of Fair, O my lady Venus, Daughter to Jove and spouse to Vulcanus, Who gladden Cithaeron's summit, By that love you showed Adonis, Have pity that was there! - Rending of cheeks, and tearing of hair. You scarcely knew Whether she was a woman or a goddess? The bright swords flickered to and fro, So hideously, that the slightest stroke Seemed powerful enough to fell an oak. Emily shrieked, and howled Palamon, And bore her swooning from the corpse away. Then for other wounds, and broken arms, Some had salves, and some had charms; Purgatives and herbs steeped to the brim They drink, as they hope to save a limb. And in a tower, in anguish and in woe, Dwelled this Arcita and this Palamon, For ever; no gold could buy their freedom. Translated by A. But tell me what kind of men you be, Who are so bold to combat here Without a judge or other officer, As if you were in the lists, royally.' The Palamon answered him speedily And said, 'Sire, what more need words do? But I that am exiled, destitute again Of all grace, and in such great despair That neither earth nor water, fire nor air, Nor creature that of them compounded is, May help me or comfort me in this, Now I must die in sadness and distress. Now Palamon, who thought that through his heart He felt a cold sword suddenly glide, Shook with anger; no longer would he hide. This is your end and your conclusion.' Who looks cheerfully now but Palamon? His wand of sleep he bore in hand upright; A cap he wore upon his hair bright. The beauty of that lady that I see Yonder in the garden roaming to and fro Is the cause of all my crying and my woe. What did you say? For it is possible, since you have her present, And are a knight, and one noble and able, That by chance, since Fortune's changeable, You may sometime your desire attain. The foaming steeds at golden bridle Gnawing, and armourers swift also With file and hammer pricking to and fro. And secretly and honestly was it spent, That no man wondered at what he had. You can download the paper by clicking the button above. And on his horse, alone, as he was born, He bore the weight of armour in the dawn. And so with joy, and hoping to do well, Arcita's to his lodgings, as I tell, As glad as is a bird for the bright sun. Of souls I find none in this register Nor any speculations would I tell Of them, though some write where they dwell. Suppose it so that you loved her before: Do you not know the old clerks' saw, 'Who shall bind a lover with the law?' Love is a greater law, by head and hand, Than is imposed by any earthly man. And men too brought him from his own country Year by year, and secretly, his rent. And from it came a blast of wind, a quake That made all the portal seem to shake. Wherefore to quarantee that none shall die, He will his former purpose modify. Let him beware; his pledge is now his neck. Loading PreviewSorry, preview is currently unavailable. The statue of Mars upon a chariot stood, Armed and grim, as he were mad enough, And over his head there shone two figures Of Geomancy, named in sundry scriptures The one Puella, the other Rubeus. Upon the right hand sof gold full fine, All full of honey, milk, and blood and wine; And Palamon with his great company, And after that came sorrowing Emily, With fire in hand, as was then the practice, To do the office of the funeral service. There was not such weeping, for certain When Hector was brought newly slain To Troy. The helms they hew to pieces, cut to shreds; Out bursts the blood in stern streams red. And whoso grumbles at it, is a fool, And is a rebel to him that all does rule. For in such cases women feel such sorrow, When their husband from them shall go, That for the most part they sorrow so, Or else fall into such a malady, That at the last they die, the more surely. Its shape was round, in manner of a compass, Tier on tier, the height of sixty paces, So that when a man was in his seat The fellow sat above him still could see. He may be called a god by his miracles, For he can make, as seems good in his eyes, Of every heart whatever he might devise. Yet saw I burnt the dancing ships, and there The hunter choked to death by wild bears; The sow gnawing the child in the cradle; The cook all scaled spite of his long ladle. Who could write here, The joy that is revealed in that place, Where Theseus has shown so fair a grace? And that the people might see him, all, When it was day he brought him to the hall, That echoed with the crying and the sound. There is no fashion new that is not old! Armed they were indeed as I have told, Every man after his own opinion. Who feels a double grief and heaviness But Palamon whom love tortures so That he is almost maddened by his woe? And Emily loves him so tenderly, And he serves her so courteously, That there was never a word between them Of jealousy, or other vexation. Fool that you are, bethink you, love is free, And I will love her, despite all your might! But inasmuch as you are a noble knight, And willing to lay claim to her in battle, Hear my word: tomorrow I will not fail, For, without telling any man this night, Here then I will be found, a true knight, And I will be found, a true knight, Here then I will be found, a true knight of the extension of the ext power than is known to man. Some scattered freckles on his face, too Betwixt black and yellow in their hue, And like a lion he cast his gaze around. Who could rhyme in English properly His martyrdom? And ere that we depart from this place, I suggest we make of sorrows two One perfect joy, to last for ever too. Who gives offence? Destiny, that Minister-General, Who executes on earth, over all, The Providence that God saw long before, Has such power that though all men swore The contrary of a thing by yea or nay, Yet there will come to pass upon a day What will not happen in a thousand years. I slew Samson when he shook the pillar, And mine are those maladies cold, Dark treason and plotting from of old; My aspect is the father of pestilence. A cithern in her right hand held she, And on her head, full seemly for to see, A rose garland, fresh and sweet smelling; Above her head her doves flickering. Immediately such strife was begun Over this granting of his prayer, above, Between Venus, the Goddess of Love, And Mars so sternly armed for a fight, That Jove was busied setting it aright, Till pale Saturn their father cold, Who knew so many trials of old, Searched the past, applied his artistry So that he swiftly pleased either party; As it is said 'Age has the advantage.' In age is wisdom and ancient usage; Men may the old out-run but not out-wit. And after this Theseus has sent A bier after, and all overspread, With cloth of gold, the richest to be had. With devout heart and true devotion, To Mars himself he made this orison: 'O mighty god, that in the regions cold Of Thrace honoured are, and lordship hold, And have in every kingdom, every land Of weapons all control in your hand, And as you wish their fates devise - Accept from me this pious sacrifice. Well for you has Fortune cast the dice, You have sight of her, and I the absence. And right away it came into his mind That, since his face was so disfigured From the sickness that he had endured, He might well if he kept a humble tone Live in Athens evermore unknown, And see his lady well night every day. The one may see his lady day by day, But in prison he must dwell always; The other where he wishes ride or go, But he shall see his lady nevermore. And therefore I put it to you simply, That each of you shall see his destiny As it is written, and listen in what wise; Lo here, your end, I shall now devise. And if he heard a song or instrument, Then he would weep, to infinite extent. His officers with swift foot soon return Having executed his commandment. This Duke of whom I now make mention, When he was almost come into the town, In all his splendour and his great pride, Became aware, as he glanced aside, That there kneeled in the highway Two by two, a company of ladies, One behind the other, in clothes black. Why do we grudge it? He laid him, bare of face, upon the bier; At that his cries were pitiful to hear. There is no more to say, but east and west In go the sharp spurs to the horses' side. And by assault he won the city after, And razed the walls, every spar and rafter; And to the ladies he restored again The bones of their husbands that were slain, To perform their obsequies, in usual guise. So ends Palamon and Emily, And God save all this fair company! Amen. Yet Juno does me a greater shame, I dare not acknowledge my own name; And where I once was Arcita by right, Now I am Philostrate, not worth a mite. The tourney I will hold in this place; And God have mercy on my soul too If I am not a fair judge and true! No other agreement shall we make then But that one of you be dead or taken. And when Theseus had seen this sight, Unto the folk that fought every one He cried: 'Ho! No more, for it is done! I will be true judge, no partisan Theban Arcita shall have his fate, he has fairly won.' With that the crowd's rejoicing began So loud and tumultuous withall It seemed the very lists would fall. Thus Palamon flees as fast as ever he may. But down on their knees fell all in sight, And thanked him with all their heart and might, And thanked him with all their heart and might. Athens right now will I fare. Though it were all too long to devise The great clamour and the sad lamenting That the ladies, when their way they went; For to speak briefly, such is my intent. That same prince and Mover,' quoth he, 'Established in this world, a wretched one, A certain length of days and a duration To all that is engendered in this place, Beyond the which days they might not pace, Although they may well those days abridge. For in truth, all the Mount of Cithaeron, Where Venus has her principal dwelling, Was shown on the wall in the painting, With all her garden and its joyfulness. Thus may you see no wisdom or riches, Beauty or skill, strength or boldness, May with Venus contend successfully, For, as she wishes, so the world rules she. Nor shall a man with his opponent ride More than one course with sharp ground spear; But fence, if he wish, on foot himself to spare. Two fires on the altar-hearth she set, And made her rite, as men are told By Statius, of Thebes, and books of old. What can I conclude from this long story, But after woe advise us to be merry, And thank Jupiter for all his grace? No man, therefore, on pain of his life, No kind of missile, pole-axe or short knife, Shall to the lists send or thither bring, No short sword, with point for biting, Shall any man draw, or bear at his side. For God's love, show every patience With our prison, not otherwise can it be! Fortune has sent us this adversity. Though you be not of one disposition; Which causes every day this division. For man is slain as easily as any beast, And dwells alike in prison, and is seized, And suffers sickness, great adversity, And often he is guiltless, indeed. God knows, no man shall! - That both his soul and himself offend, And yet their happiness cannot extend. The Duke will try a course or two today, With hounds singled out at his command.

Dear Twitpic Community - thank you for all the wonderful photos you have taken over the years. We have now placed Twitpic in an archived state. The film takes its name from Chaucer's "The Knight's Tale" in his Canterbury Tales, and also draws several plot points from Chaucer's work. A Knight's Tale was released by Columbia Pictures in the United States on May 11, 2001. It received mixed reviews from critics and grossed \$117.5 million against a budget of \$65 million. "The Knight's Tale" (Middle English: The Knight's Tale") is the first tale from Geoffrey Chaucer's The Canterbury Tales. The Knight is described by Chaucer in the "General Prologue" as the person of highest social standing amongst the pilgrims, though his manners and clothes are unpretentious. We are told that he has taken part in some fifteen crusades in many countries ... Create a free forum : PHPBB3 You can create a free forum on Forumotion in seconds, without any technical knowledge and begin to discuss on your own forum instantly! The interface of the forum is intuitive, easy to use and customizable. How to create a free forum? Complete this short form starting with choosing a graphic theme for your forum. Affiliate membership is for researchers based at UCT, elsewhere than in the IDM complex, who seek supplementary membership of the IDM because their research interests align with the general focus and current activity areas of the IDM, for 3-year terms, which are renewable. 23.11.2020 · Any reader can search newspapers.com by registering. There is a fee for seeing pages and other features. Papers from more than 30 ...

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