The Indebtedness
of William Morris to Chaucer

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"Would that I
And but come portion of that master
That from the bore, bring lancs of woody Reck
Through three five hundred years such song treasu’d
So we, who, mesh’d within this smoke red
Of unrequising labour, lose them yet.

And thee, O Master! Yea, my Master still,
Whence fret hov’r sealed Parnassus’ fells.
Since like the measures, clear and sweet and strong
Flame’s stream, sesse setting down the dae alaing
Unto the footned bridge the only chain—
O Master, pardon me if yet in sum
How art my Master and I fail to bring
Before mine eyes the image of the thing
My heart is filled with; thou whose dreamy eyes
Beheld the flush to Cressida’s cheeks arise
The Orilus rode up the principal stak;
As clairely as they saw thy townsmen met
Those who in bygays by Poitou met
The silvery rounds of the steel-topped sword."

Thus William Morris first addresses Chaucer as
"Master." Again, in the Envoi to "The Earthly Paradise"
he writes:

"But though this land descends than never reach
Yet folk who know its mayest the met a diet."
Therefore a word into the world I teach
To answer those who, noting the weak breath,
Thy wandering eyes, the heart of little faith,
May make thy food desire a sport and play,
Mocking the singer of an idle day.

Not land's name, sangst thou? And the road thereof,
May, Book, thou maddest, say'st the breaketh it not;
Thrice no book y' verse I ever knew
But even was the heart within him not.
To gain the land? Matters forgot.
There now we both laugh, so the whole will we
At no poor singer of an empty day.

Why, let it pass and hearken! Start thy road
That there! I believe I have a friend
Of whom for love I may not be afraid.
It is to him indeed I bid thee come;
Yea, he may chance may meet thee ere thou end,
Dying so far off from the hedge of thy
Thou idle singer of an empty day!

Well, think of him, I bid thee on the road.
And if it keep thee, that much is thy defect,
Fainting beneath thy fallacious morning coach.
My Master, Geoffrey Chaucer, that to meet
Thee show than win a space of real full sound;
There be thou bold and speak the words I say.
The idle singer of an empty day.

O, Master, O thou great of heart and tongue.
How will wept ask why I wander here
In remnant vest of attire of leasing!
But if the gentleness doth them answer
And win the heart of one who held them dear
Mayst thou resolve! so near as that I lay
Into the singer of an empty day.

O Muse, of thine heart could love we yet
Quite of things left undone, and wrongs done,
None place in loving heart to desire to get.
In thine sweet counsel, what never stand alone.
But resolver this joy and war if many in one—
By loves and, who live through thou, we pray,
Help then no singer of an empty day!

So quite? This beautiful address to "My Muse, Geoffrey Chaucer." Morris wrote in answer
to a General student who had asked him if
it were true that Chaucer had been his
model. "I quite agree as to the resemblance
of my work to Chaucer; it only comes of our
both using the narrative method; and since
then my turn is decidedly more to Roman
than was Chaucer's. I admit that I have been
a great admirer of Chaucer, and that his
work has had, especially in early years, much
influence on me, but I think not much on my
style. In fact, I cannot think that I even
consciously aimed at any particular style. My
nature turn to Romance, rather than classicism,
and naturally, without effort, chimes from.
rhetoric. I may say that I am fairly steeped in meditations generally; but the Declamations, Sages, our own Border Ballads, and Orient, have had as much influence over me as anything else. I have translated a great deal from the Declamations, a little from the old French, and of late have translated Boccaccio, for which I have a very great admiration.* There are certain many points of similarity in both method and style between these two masters, and it would be interesting to know whether Morris would have been quite as Chaucerian as he is, had Chaucer never written "Canterbury Tales," or "Troilus and Cressida.

The most evident point of similarity between "Canterbury Tales" and "The Earthly Paradise" is the general plan followed by both authors in the setting forth of their stories. In the "Canterbury Tales," Chaucer tells how he stopped at Iskandar and on his way to Canterbury, and how he met other pilgrims, all with the same destination in view. The jolly host,isory, Daily, tells them he will go with them, and they agree to follow his suggestion.

"Thou lead'st me, to show what thy lines,
In this wise she tells till she ends.
A Canterbury tale, I mean it so.
And honest he shall tell other two.

The knight begins, and then follow in turn.
Each tells one only, however, and there are a few who do not tell any. Twenty three tales are told, though as Chaucer tells it in the Prologue, there were "hel nyne and twenty in a company." Between each tale are criticisms and remarks made by different men in the party, sometimes a moral drawn from the tale just told, more often a breaking between some of the number. It is in these little intermissions that we get very well acquainted with the pilgrims.

The plan of "The Canterbury Pilgrims" is this. The "wanderers," whom we shall know more presently, start on a long and perilous journey to seek a new home. Finally they come to a land settled by Greeks, where they take up their abode. Here the inhabitants inaugurated a custom of meeting in some appointed place, each month, to tell old tales. The tales of "The Towne Recount storie" their homes, the legends, northern legends. The tales
told in the course of one year are related by Morris. There are twenty-six of them, and an epilogue. Between each tale are a criticism of the story by the listeners—a bit of mortising and a short poem in honour of the month of the year in which the story is supposed to be told.

That Chaucer and Morris both do use the narrative method, and that it is the same long drawn out narrative method is true beyond the shadow of a doubt. But it seems to feel that there is an age long in which to tell the story. An eddy, lazy deliberation moves each line of "Canterby Tales" and of "The Earthly Paradise." Morris tells me, in the preface to his book, "Dreams are dreams born out of my due time, lathy should I strive to set the crooked straight. Let it suffice me that my murmurings rhyme. Beasts with light wings against the iron gate, Telling a tale not too importunate To those who in the sleepy region stay Stilled by the singer’s ample day.

Then he tells his tale, not too importunate, in his dreamy, rambling way. "The hangmen" is the first
tale. Mopsis calls it The Prologue. The Goaners, or master mariners, who, forced by a just cause to leave their home, sail forth to seek a garden ever blossoming across the tempestuous sea where none grew; of which they have heard legends. After several pages of reasons why they set out, and preparations for leaving, the mariners sail forth. The first adventure is their meeting with a French fleet. Two hundred sixty lines are devoted to a description of the fleet, and their meeting with the king, and explaining their hopes. After they leave the French king, they sail for a while without adventure until signs of land begin to show, and a land is sighted. Now on a ship they meet nearer than of the land they are nearing, but the warnings are not taken, and they land. In three hundred forty lines the land and people are divided, their religion and their goatherds named. The Goaners do not tarry here long, but taking a few of the goatherds with them, continue their search. After having been driven out to sea by a storm, they again sight land, and again visit the place. They pitch their tents in a forest and go to rest. In the night they are attacked by
savages, some of them are killed, and the most of them escape to the ship. Again they are driven by a storm, again come to land. Then they find a people who tell them that "Beyond them lay a fair shore 3 miles where dwelt men like the Japs and Chinese, who doubtless lived on thought's eternity unless the very world should come to naught."

The sailors thinking these must be they whom they were seeking, start on a journey over the mountains. For a long time they travel and

"At last when all our news of life was gone and some of us had fallen in the flight but cold and weariness we came in sight of what we longed for — what then? A savage land, a land entitled again.

No lack of food while lasted shaft or bow But folds the worst of all we came to know; scarce like to man, yet, worst than not a beast 7 our claim they made their impious feast.

It is barely necessary to go further into a description of this prologue. It is full of many many long drawn out adventures, all of which come to nothing as far as 'those gardens are blooming.
an island, which they are seeking. Finally, the wonderers reach a land inhabited by Delta, where they are hospitably received and stay to live but the rest of their lives, for they are now old men.

The first of Chaucer's tales is "The Knight's Tale," one of the most remarkable in the collection. It is a story of two knights, Palamon and Arcite, dear friends, who imprisoned together in a high tower in the enemy's land, are the bisten of the king, Emelye, walking in the garden below, and become enamored of her. In about two hundred lines, Chaucer tells the long dispute "betwixt hem twygge," as to who has the better claim to Emelye. After a time Arcite is released from prison upon the understanding that he is to go out of action and never return. So great is his love, however, that he returns, and disguised, is taken into the king's service. Palamon escapes from prison and hiding in the woods, sees Arcite roaming about complaining of his love. Palamon and Arcite insinuate renew the old quarrel and agree to fight the next day, so true knight shall, while they are carrying out their sworn
eighty their deadly fight, the Kyng Hecsen, inuy, but with Enylge and his trune, comes upon them and commands them to desist. Palam, tell Hecsen who comes in, declare his own love for Enylge, and explain the cause of their fight. Hecsen, at the intertice of Enylge and her ladies, spares the lives of the fighters, and tells them their quarrel shall be settled by tommorow.

And this day fight wythes, for me new turneth. If you shall trynge an hundred knyghtes, Armed for the lyghtes of all else rightes, All ready to derygne him by betaille; And this lyght is your libertynes tyll upon my turnite and so I am a knyght, that whethyr ye you knyght thieth hath myght, This is to say, that whethyr he a three may int his hundred, so I spake y now, Clean his contraries, or out of lyghtes arynge, An shul I your hundred to wyge.

Then Palam forget his story in a long description of the lyghtes, the hundred like way, and one of the people, another hundred. After this there is a description of Palam at the Temple of Time, praying for victory, etces
on 3 handys, praying to Heaven, and the queen of the sun; one of Arcite, consigning to
him. Then Chaucer tells the story in
verse about the love between Hera and Mars,
and how Saturn finally accedes in favor of
Juno. Then we come back to the
feast in Actaeon and the tournament which
is described at great length. Arcite is
killed, and after abducting Emelye to be a good
wife to his old friend Palamon, whom he
forgets, he dies. After a detailed description
of his funeral, one hears eleven lines long
and a long monologue of Palamon to Palamon.

Palamon, finally, is married to Emelye:

For now is Palamon in sweet helpe
lying in those, in sideease and in litter,
with Emelye hym loveth so tenderly.
Yet never was there no word kern between
hym and Emelye, in any other thing.

Thus two tale are good example of the
delicate art, in which the two authors into
The tale. The Wanderer is three hundred lines. The knight's tale is seventy
over three thousand. Both could be told
and would be told by ordinary victors in
much shorter space. Both are filled with elaborate descriptions. Both give to the reader the same lazy feeling which a warm spring day inspires. Morris and Waugh are both best for warm days, warm weather, a few winter days and a big chair before a good baking fire.

Morris, like Chaucer, will stop in his story to describe a scene before him, but he very seldom interrupts his thoughts by pointing a moral, as Chaucer so often did. Morris leaves his moralizing for the foot between the tale, and on the subject of the search of the wanderer, he can for a piece of eternal youth, as the moral usually does, that age and death are fast approaching. There is only one notable passage in "Earthly Paradise" where the story is interrupted by the meditation of the author. This is a very beautiful one.

"Two gates unto the road of life there are, And to the happy road both seem afar; Both seem afar, so far the path seems long. The gate of birth made dray into many dreams, Bright and remembered hopes, dealt with flowers;
So far it seems he cannot count the hours that to this midway path have led him on. When every joy of life now seemed won—
So far, he thinks not that the shelf gets, whereon the thief the ghostly dead hopes wait. It calls upon him as he comes away,
desolate, alone, and dull with many a fear.

"How is thy work? How little thou hast done,

There are thy friends, why art thou so alone?"

How shall he weigh his life? alone, goes the time,
While the flesh does, sprinkle his mid winner,
Thinking: what shall be the three sites,

How soon thy pleasure the minute we abide
On the gained summit, looking at the sun,

But when the downward journey is begun
Its more we feel may costier, and our ears
Shrieks the hard wind crease not in mild fellow
And setting into the battle things we meet.

Then, ere we know it, our weak chimney faith
Have brought us to The end, and all is done.

This is the only interruption of this kind of any length in the fine volumes of "The

Earthly Paradise." Even in "The Earth Inc.

The Sun," where Chance would certainly
have added a few lines to "untrustful love": there is not the least suggestion of moralizing. 

Thomas warns me that he will leave such subjects alone.

"It seems a hell I have no power to sing, cannot lose the burden of your speech, or make quick coming death a little thing, or try again the pleasure of fast years. Nor for my work shall ye forget your tone. We hope again for aught that I can say. The idle anger of an empty day."

Chaucer, on the other hand, introduces bits of moralizing throughout his poems, very seldom long, but very frequent, often in form of an apostrophe.

"A Cupid, not a holy cherche! A negre, that wol no felawe have with thee! Told thou the eynight that love me lordshipe, that might, this thankes, love me lordshipe."

Again in The Franklin's Tale, Chaucer says

"Love was not been construed by mistyng. When mistrie came, the god is loose, and all, with his wing, or, forsooth, he is gone! Love is a thing of very spirit free."
Thus was I drawn to this subject, and not to been construed as a thole.
And as done men, if I were say I shall.
Sawke, who that is most fainted in love,
He is of his advantage al above.
Pacience is a high vertue certeys.
For it verieties, as those clerkes saye,
They say that noone sholdi never atteye:
For every work men may not chue n playe.
Lenst, to suffre, a shed as most I goo,
If chue it here, whoso ye write a noon.
For in this world certeys, ther no might is
Yet be ye dooth, a seith, some tyne ames.
The, sighness, constellacion,
Myth, wo, a changynge of complepcion,
Causeth fel ytres to done ames n spider.
An every man a man may not be unter:
After the tyne moste be temperance,
In every weight that be a governance.
All the come in this midst of the story.

Such passages are to be found in any tale one might read in "The Canterbury Tales." As they are the exception with none, as they are the rule with Chaucer.
"Earthly Paradise" are original with the
author of the poems. Chaucer's inferences take
every form, from almost exact translation to
allusions to stories which he may have
taken from the streets. In short one
may think of his "fable" stories with similar plot
have been found in legends of the Orient,
and France, Germany and Italy. This is the
case with the Tale of The Miller, The Reeve,
The Shipman, The Prioress, The Mint Priest,
The Clerk, The Wife of Bath, The Friar,
The Summoner and The Parson. Mr.
Allan, in the introduction to his Edition
of Chaucer, says, concerning Chaucer's inferences,
"The fable or apologue or fabliau
which can now be produced may be
more or less close to the story as Chaucer
tells it, but the literary setting is entirely his
own, and in no case is there any need
to suppose that he had a written original
before him as he wrote. If he had once
been told the story (as Le Moyne, to take a
modem instance, was told 9 such a tale),
he would have obtained all the help he
needed. In the case of the tale of the
Marriage Chaucer doubtless followed the
vision of Ovid (Metamorphoses II, 534-632)
that the Doctor he proposes to take
Procaccini's account of the death of Virginia, but
nearly borrowed from the Roman de
La Rose (ll. 5613-5682). For the story
Toscan, which he assigns to the Franklin,
he distinctly mentions his obligation to a
Breton 'ley' (F 719-715), and adds as his
authority for the length of Cervantes' Notice
the fact that the 'book with this' (l. 5813).
Unluckily no such lay can be found, though
Mr. Blunden has discovered several Spanish
analogues, from which not only Cervantes
stole, but the similar one (with quite
different incidents) told by Procaccini,
(Iberia 15) must be supplied. The loss of the
original in this case is regrettable, as it
would have been curious to have noted
how much of a story so well told was
borrowed. Unfortunately there can be no
doubt that the one best in the telling,
the unsuccessful long related 3 the martyr of
chastity drawn from P. Jerome 'contra
Gomianum' in Cæcilia's own introduction;
the original of the story does not in the
same way escape detection, though the
come a real Eastern. Even the attempt to prove direct indebtedness to Marco Polo is something less than convincing. From the fact that the tale is unfixed it seems most unreasonable to believe that Lehmann borrowed only the materials of this story, and broke down for lack of a plot ready furnished to him. As the poet won tale 1, Sir Thropo, so widely interrupted by the poet, the original is to be looked for in the numerous medieval romances which he has praised so delightfully, and many of these passages which he selected to satirize have been duly pointed out by Dr. T. Köhler, (*Englische Studien *)

The second Mini Tale is a very close translation of the life of St. Cecilia in the "Legenda Aurea" by Jacobus de Voragine. The Tale of the Seek is a free rendering of the Latin version of "The Tale of Gulban," written by Petrarca after reading Boeceae's story in Decameron (136) The Mini 3, Luise Tale is taken principally from the Anglo-Indian
The Knight's Tale is a very free adaptation of Boccaccio's Decameron (13). Pollard points out how these four poems illustrate Chaucer's increasing freedom in using material.

In the Earthly Paradise there is one story only, which is Maro's own. This is "The Wanderer," the third by which he means together the collection of ten stories into a whole. Maro has four kinds of stories. There are those told by Theodoric, legends and myths of their native home; these are the Norse stories, with their hard sounding northern names; these are The Stain; names, told by the Christian priest, Laurence, who is one of the Wanderers and there is The story of Hildegarde, the Briton, whose the only one taken from Celtic sources. Some tales are from Greek mythology; the story of Prodomus only among these is unfamiliar. Maro took this from a story related by Eustace and Adelaim. Of northern stories, The Land End, the Drum is an adaptation of Hopi's "Yale and Oros." The latter part, however, founded on a French romance.
and the Arabian Nights: "The Lady of the Lamp" and "The Lusthing of the Falcon" are from MANUSCRIPTS VOGUE AND FRENCH (CHAP. II AND III). "The Book of the King" is from THE GESTA ROMANORUM" (C 20th French and C 23rd English) supplemented from a more elaborate version of the same story in the French ROMANCE OF EMPEROR CONSTANTINE (Nouvelles Françaises in Force de XIII Siecle, 1876) and with further details from story of St. Pelagius in Capri's "Golden Legend." Stories of "The Lady on the Image" and "The Ring Given to Venus" are both from William of Melun, in second book of the "De Gestis Regum Anglorum." "Egir the Dane" is a close translation of a thirteenth century romance of "Egir la Danis." "Hilde & Vines" was suggested by Fried's version of the legend in "Romanza." The story of "The Man who Never Laughed Again" is the same as that of the fifth Homer in the story of "Homer and his Son and the Danel and the Seven Kings" as given in the twenty-first chapter of Same Arabian Nights. "H
"The Earthly Paradise" resembles "Canticle I, ii" in method, in deliberation, and in non-significance of plot. But there is still something which reminds one of Chaucer more than any of these characteristics. It is the meditations which pervade the
from. Morris uses absolute words and
archaic expression so often that it is
sometimes difficult to read and understand.

"As our pleurisy that fair land
we esteemed; "  "The deep wherewith we then
did fore; "  "I was sore afraid;"
"While did we dwell alone, while were we
hurled
out to the lawless ocean, while we lay
long time within some river or deep bay."

Morris calls medusas "mops", rooms "towers.
Wallace points out one place where
Morris seems to be thinking even, with
restrained habit of mind. It is in the
twenty-third stanzas of "Aeolus' Race",
in which he applies the word "deepless" to a beast's cube. Wallace shows how incidentally the word is used, and what a
world of knowledge he has accumulated
in this way displays. Justin
Robert Stiles selected from the encyclopedia
of Bartholomew Anglicus, he says, "The bear
brings forth a piece of flesh, imperfect and
evil shaped, and the mother licks it with
her lips, and shapes the members with licking."
In the whole is a piece of flesh little more than a woman, having neither eyes nor ears, and having about some deal bungoing, and so this lump she listeth and clogeth a whale with listening. It is probably this "immoral" way of putting things, an unconscious medieval method of thinking, that has added guilt to Mrs. Morice's Chandlerian reputation.

Mrs. Morice is medizined in his treatment of religious issues. Like Chaucer and other fourteenth century writers, he conveys the Christian life with pagan superstitions. He has sketched tales which would have been accessible to any fourteenth century writer, and has treated them quite as if he were living four hundred years ago. In Chaucer, Audunio, in The Franklin's Tale, prays to Apollo, and swears by "thirte god above" "god yere heim unparbark." "God help me as an wyze! This is too much, and it were good to wille." In The Knight's Tale, Heaven, the King, builds temples in the list to Hera, to Diana, and to Neva, for which the people thank him by crying out, "he rider as "thirte ane ask a god, that is as good to Joilus and Crecyde, Joilus passt to them."
God's love, but swears by "God's love." Creagh explains,

"And this, dull Venus, let me move eternally
To quit him, lest, that so well can discern
And, while that God may wit all me conserve,
I shall not, so true, I have you found.

This same mediocrity confusion I picture to me,
In many of Minn's poems, as "The Ring,
Given to Venus," that goddess acquires a power
Over the imagination, where, a priest? the Christian first free from her writs! In "The Hill of Venus," one version of the story of Timon of Athens, the goddess appears before the king when he is kneeling before the pope, praying for absolution. In "Belladonna in Tyre," Philostratus says:

"So far these gods:
Then is the world, its memory hides behind.
"Aeons, Belladonna answers:
"For all, farewell, God grant the hardest:
And growing pleasure on from day to day.
In "The Martyr of Ashby," Ashby explains to his lover:

"Thou who hast given me my first bliss
I, O God, forgive me that in turn
I see thy pain within these years,"
And may not help—because mine eyes
the gods make clear, I can grown wise
with gain I love.

And then—her next speech she say:

"And wed
This lust, mine shall be, thee not

'Whatsoever befell.'

One could point out an indefinite number
of such abstractions in both Morris
and Chaucer's poems. They are essentially
of the middle age, and Morris has used
them so constantly and unconsciously, that it is almost impossible
to think of him as a modern writer,
when reading his poems. Only he seems
'torn out of his own time.'

Morris wrote the German student that
Chaucer had had little influence on
his style, and indeed, that is very easy
to believe. The style of the two men are
not at all similar. Morris says that he
"naturally, without effort shines from rhetoric;
and Chaucer also, by implication, declines
any of the rhetorical's art, by giving that
sly dig concerning his verse's long style.
It is in The Minne Poetic Tale. After the Chaucer

tanker has been feeling so good, Chaucer says:

"But doth he in me sit a somerful cas;
Then on the butter side of joy is we.
God woot that worldly joy is com age,
And if a victor folder gain enide.
We in a crangeb armly myght it wite,
As for a sovereyn notabilita."

Both authors use the heroic couplet almost
entirely. Both write simply. Chaucer's, however,
is the simplicity of the fountain, natural and
unaffected. Morris's is a studied choice of
Anglo-Saxon words. Tenth-century French
words where Chaucer works is the monotonous
sing-songiness which the heroic couplet in
words of one and two syllables must give.

Mr. Arthur Symons says of Morris, "Delicate
was his use of the simplest words, which some-
times became a little clinging, and of the
simplest rhythm, in which he used few
licence and almost never attempts an
individual effect in any single line. His
rhymes are faint, gliding into one another
stealthily: dying away, often, upon such vowel,
accented words as "activity," "dissolutely," the aim at the effect of improvisation and his voice becomes a sort of a pretentious song, like a croon, hardly can rising or sinking in tone, with its trills, lulling, monotonous, its 'latest chime,' it has (especially in the heroic couplets which are given in his hands to any other measure) the sound of a low blowing of sea-nipples on a quiet shore, a vague and monotonous and continuous and restful going on. Where one opens the book he finds this true. Most fair the peaceful tent we see,

and Cott 3

the Men.

and not the noise itself, but I think the leaves of the tree,

the shadows of the large grey leaves lay grey upon the actor's knees by the path, well as he passed by:

the stately owl cackled and croaked,

As from the year, two by the gate he flew, the speckled hen did wait

and stretched neck his coming in,

The mood, hatched cocked grand and thin,

crowed shrilly, while the golden through his stiff wing flutter in the dust

that grew heavy in the arm.

And then once and to instruct Chancer, we would not always have used such short words. They
Fresh works are so characteristic of Chaucer, particularly the 'morning' works, that one can not but notice them.

...often carying... when that the month of May become... and... the... flowers... grow... to spurge... fierce my bough as and my division... now have I thame... such as condition... that... alle... the... flowers... in the meade... I am... love... I... most... these... flowers... white... and... rose... as... men... calle... dayges... in... our... town...'.

To... have... I... so... great... affection... as... I... sayeth... rest... when... come... is... the... May... this... in... my... bed... there... dewlie... me... no... day... that... I... now... up... and... walking... in... the... meade... to... see... this... flowers... aginst... the... same... spede... Chaucer... is... always... musicall... this... chance... of... work... is... perfect... and... to... have... a... wonderful... sight... from... which... to... choose... the... arts... Fresh... works... give... to... his... parti... a... smooth... elegant... effect... a... musicall... charm... which... the... pure... Anglo-Saxon... works... of... Morris... lacks... These... are... introduced... just... upon... some... at... exactly... the... right... intable... to... claim... the... morning... of... the... that... works... the... "sound... of... the... low... plashing... of... sea... ripple... on... a... quiet... stone"... is... very... pleasant... for... a... while... but... one... would... become... that... of...
it wanting to a very long time. As voice on the wight and thought in classic prose that we could never grow any

Whereas we not attempt the story to
describe a landscape before him, though
he seems to be very fond of nature. He
makes intimate allusion to May. The best
that he can say for his character is to
like him to the month of May. "The
was as fresh as in the month of May."

"If the corn, in a month of May,
First fringle, that fain he was to speak
me. Then is the hyacinth upon his stalks grew,
And freestone thence the May with flowers new,
In with the rose colour strong thine hue,
I rest which were the fawn of love terre."

He tells us that when May comes "fenced my
lakes and my situation," when he wrote to
make a voyage particular about, he refers
to his beloved May. But he never distinctly
describes it. In "The Legend of Good
Woman," where it came must mention that
there should be some description of the thing
among. Chopin describes the thing and debase
of life and their customs and return. He
will devote long poems to description of
any thing else. Perhaps he considers the subject
beyond description.

Morris, on the other hand, excels in the purity of scenery, seductive throughout "The Earthly Paradise" and profound in its scenic descriptions. Sometimes a phrase will reveal more than many sentences could describe, as "The eye of the melting misty.*

Here is a beautiful little description:

"As sudden did we see a

But slowly, though the moonlet might be fair

Not all and not at that we could distinguish

And rolling slowly at first, for still

Each wave came on a glittering, rippled tile,

And lifting us aloft, clung from the height

The waft of wanes, and then to lighten night

Dropped we above, and must also had use

To rise unspilt the swallow of the sea."*

and here another:

"What better place than this father could we find

By the swift stream that knows not of the sea,

That grows not in the city's misty

This little stream where lengthless streams have none

This far-off lonely mother of the Thames?"
in his treatment subject matter Henry
Momo, instead of following in the footsteps of
Chaucer has gone quite the other way. These
Momo steps to describe society. Chaucer desires
people. The descriptions of fourteenth century
dress and manners in the Prologue to
"Canterbury Tales" are remarkable for their clearness,
and for the aptness with which they fit the
characters of the men. By the remarks he
makes concerning the pilgrims by the tales they
tell, and by what they say to each other
between the tales we know these are
very well. His skill in showing us the
people just as they were is almost modern.
We think of Jolly Holiday Bailey, "From Our
Host," as some one we have really known. We
know the actual character of the
Lady
Priencess from Chaucer's description of her
manners and from her and little tale.
His skill in depicting the characters of the
pilgrims is equal almost to that of
Dickens, and probably from the same
cause, that is, he paints his picture from real
life. They are living people whom
Chaucer describes to us. They have lived
since the fourteenth century, and will live always, as long as the English language. Here are the good, and the bad, and the common places. He does justice to all, speaks kindly to all the world, and has his fun through it all. He describes the world just as he finds it, and says, 'Reader, I must tell this. If you don't like it turn over the page.'辰在 is modern in this. Morris is mediæval. Morris is a dream; his world is a dream-world, his people are unreal. The tale of the Wandering, ending about in search of a fair land is the dream of "an idle singer on an empty day." The tale that the Wanderers and the sheil till are aesthetically ideal. A truly辰在 is Morris's "form out of his own time" a辰在 is Chaucer. They shall have changed dates, Chaucer always will be modern. Morris is essentially immemorial.

Morris is above all things aesthetic. He makes everything beautiful. His treatment of the relation of imagination to beauty is most aesthetic legend description. His poetry is full of such delicacy of handling. Morris does in work what Burns, Jones does in the land.
All is much, aesthetic, ideal, beautiful—a world of dreams. It seems the most natural thing in the world, as things always are natural in dreams, that his people should go about naked, that men and women should love and kiss at their first meeting, that it should always be warm and belong, and that there should be nothing but love. It is so if Burns. Some pictures were alive. Burns tells us what the folk say and do, whom Burns, Jones paints.

Chances is as true to life as is Titian. Dutch of Rembrandt—a better still, as to the snap, shot? The Poet adds a chance's picture, an so snap. Snow, into all the color and life of a painting. It tells things just as he finds them, and he finds many disguising sides of life, as well as the most beautiful. Incent ancestors were not confined over with the gloss refined which several hundred years have added to many phases of life. To use a commonplace phrase of today, chances calls an ace an ace. Moms never doesn't mitigate.
Chance of the ass, according to our present day standard. He is not an idealist. He describes things as they are, whether they are comic, lachrymose, or beautiful.

Chance's best trait, the one which makes him so truly Chance, and the one which Monks seems to lack entirely, is humor.

He finds humor in all things, even himself, for he allows the heathen to describe him. Monks has nothing as ridiculous to tell us as the Minstrel Tale of the Cook. It is laughable from beginning to end. It is hard to say which is best, the description of the cook:

"His count was redder than the fucine coal,
And fattailled as it were a cotton boll;
His fylke was black, and as the jet it shone;
His boar was white as the lignum sinu;
And lyke the burn'd gold was his colour."

or the flattering which ChanceBeste bestows upon his wife, after their marriage:

"Madame Antilope, as have I said,"
As I was best and most me, I was green; for when I saw the beauty of yours face, you were so resplendent about your eyes, that it made all my sick for this. In one so exact as I am, you are—

"Volumen est hominis cognitione,"

that is, the sentence of this Latin is, "Woman is woman's joy, and all this this."

In another part of the same poem he declares,

"This story is all as true, I undertake,
As is the book; I cannot say better,
That woman holds in all great reverence; which everybody knows is not true at all after the house, as sightly maws乗り, the effigy of woman's choice, chosen says,

"This is the coterie work, not mine.
I have now for no woman, and which is similar to any one who has not of some, that Chaucer's woman. One taking up a volume of Chaucer for the first time, and reading "The Tale of the Cock," would probably think the author a
Humour, pure and simple, was not so far above the common man as might apper his wit. He that of our American humour, 

Chaucer does not confine his fun to this poem. One finds it on every page of his books, in the most unexpected places. In the description of the Clerk, not at all humorous, we stumble across a pun upon the word double meaning. the word philosoph, as used in the fantastic comedy, Chaucer says that he was a student of Aristotle.

But all to that: he was a philosopher yet had he but little gold in coffe.
things that he even looked his face in
"Simon and Gypsies" there is a phrase which
sounds oddly like a pun. If it were
meant for one or almost means it was
not there. Gypsies has almost forgotten
Simon in her new found love whom
she almost has begun to love, whom
is wanted by Simon in tote. The picture
with 3 diamonds blushing roundly
wink the love of Gypsy. Simon says:
"And go to hell from his arrows are not
men say. In it that she get him to take.

In Morris's poem there is absolutely no
human. One does not miss it, for there
is no place for it. One cannot point
out a place, and say "here Chasen
would have made a joke." It is the
every day phrase of life which is longfellow,
and Morris does not live in such a life
in his books, at least. Stevenson and
human do not go hand in hand, and
Morris is an idealist.

Chasen has another characteristic which
Morris lacks—a sort of kindly humor.
He always seems to have the last of things
He yet not, that left a pulle bow,
And seith that hunters both not holy men.
And I say his opinion was good,
What chance he stude and make hymnian
wood,
Upon a boke in Chysten to swore,
He saymen with his handez and crotone.
Do Arystyn hit? how shall the world he saide.
Yet Arystyn have his counse to him reserved.
This same saying is shown in the descript of
The Frier, in that of The Pastoure, and in the
one of The Pardoner. Of the last, he says:
"But alas! lest he song an opportune,
So well he wiste, when that song was song
The moste preche, and wel appelle his tongue.
To wymne silver, as he ful wel trosse:
Therefore he song the mirthy and loudes."
One cashe alde men newe processes from Chaucer.
illustrating his dry wit and quiet humor. He must have got the test out of life, for he seems to have appreciated everything that came his way. He used everything, drew his material from everywhere, and made the most commonplace interesting.

Morris, in very many ways, is more a Kent poet than a Chaucer. Charles Lamb, Clark once wrote to him, "Your intimacy with Chaucer especially invited me the moment I felt your appeal; and I am sure that you would not have had a more devoted admirer, and Bronte in the part of Love and Beauty, than in my beloved friend and school-fellow, John Keats, whom I call but taught his letters." In his reply, Morris spoke of "Keats, for whom I have such boundless admiration, and whom I continue to call one of my masters." If Morris did not derive the metal and much of his style from Chaucer, he seems much nearer Keats in that "fruit of Love and Beauty, Love and Beauty, from the essence of the Earth, Paradise." They are the soul of
Merton. Chaucer, however, takes only so much of them as come naturally, and changes 
written life as it is to him. In some 
Morns resembles Chaucer, but, after all, it is 
the soul that counts; and so the soul 
which produced the "Canterbury Tales," in its 
perception of life is later the soul behind 
King Lear, as the dreamer of "Earthly Paradise" 
is others of love and beauty reveals the 
dreamer who dreamt of "The Eve of St. Agnes" 
and "Christabel."