

1974

Untitled

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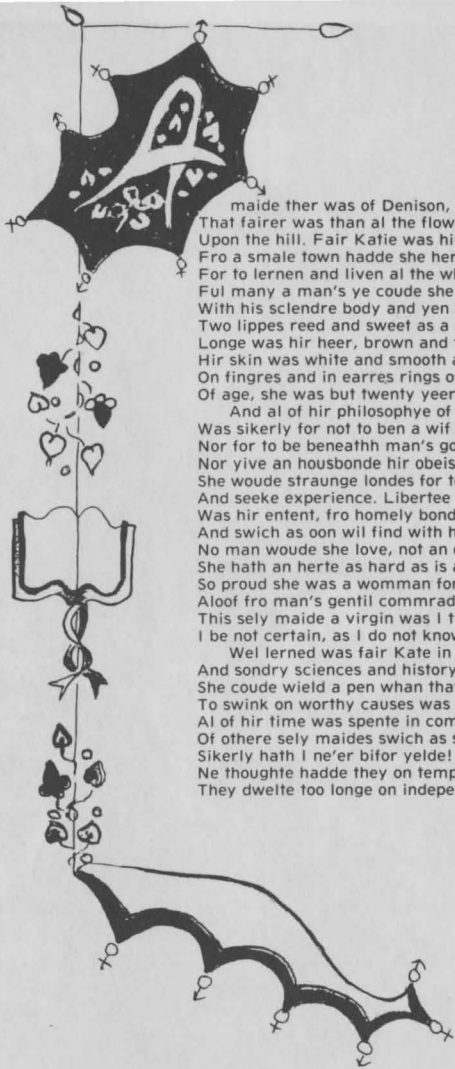
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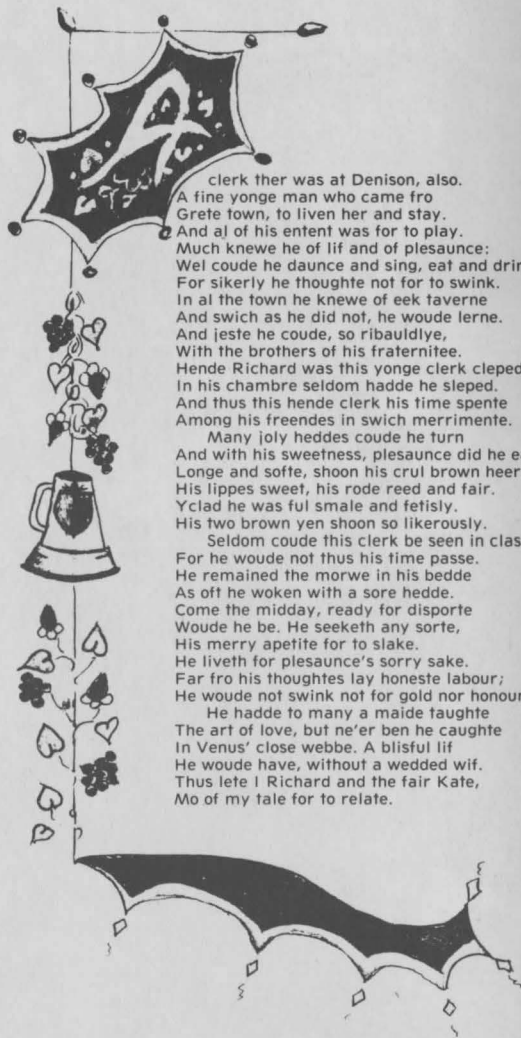
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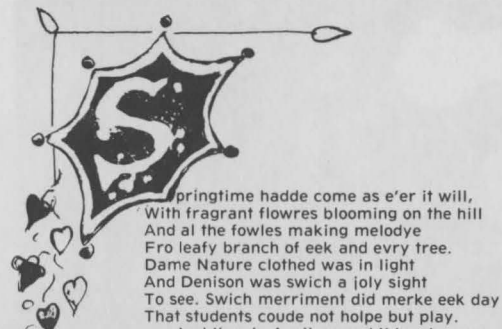
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maide ther was of Denison, so,
That fairer was than al the flowres that grow
Upon the hill. Fair Katie was hir name.
Fro a smale town hadde she her came
For to lernen and liven al the while.
Ful many a man's ye coude she begile
With his sclendre body and yen merry,
Two lippes reed and sweet as a berry.
Longe was hir heer, brown and thikke as silk;
Hir skin was white and smooth as morwe milk.
On fingres and in earres rings of gold.
Of age, she was but twenty year old.
And al of hir philosophye of lif
Was sikerly for not to ben a wif
Nor for to be beneathh man's governaunce
Nor give an housbonde hir obeisaunce.
She woude straunge londes for to see
And seeke experience. Libertee
Was hir entent, fro homely bondes
And swich as oon wil find with housbondes.
No man woude she love, not an oon;
She hath an herte as hard as is a stoon.
So proud she was a womman for to be,
Aloof fro man's gentil commraderye.
This sely maide a virgin was I trowe.
I be not certain, as I do not knowe.
Wel lerned was fair Kate in poetrye
And sondry sciences and historye.
She coude wield a pen whan that she must.
To swink on worthy causes was hir lust.
Al of hir time was spente in compaignye
Of othere sely maides swich as she.
Sikerly hath I ne'er bifor yelde!
Ne thoughte hadde they on temperaunce;
They dwelte too longe on independence.



clerk ther was at Denison, also.
A fine yonge man who came fro
Grete town, to liven her and stay.
And al of his entent was for to play.
Much knewe he of lif and of plesaunce:
Wel coude he daunce and sing, eat and drink,
For sikerly he thoughte not for to swink.
In al the town he knewe of eek taverne
And swich as he did not, he woude lerne.
And jeste he coude, so ribauldye,
With the brothers of his fraternitee.
Hende Richard was this yonge clerk cleped.
In his chambre seldom hadde he sleped.
And thus this hende clerk his time spente
Among his freendes in swich merrimente.
Many joly heddes coude he turn
And with his sweetness, plesaunce did he earn.
Longe and softe, shoon his crul brown heer;
His lippes sweet, his rode reed and fair.
Yclad he was ful smale and fetisly.
His two brown yen shoon so likerously.
Seldom coude this clerk be seen in classe,
For he woude not thus his time passe.
He remained the morwe in his bedde
As off he woken with a sore hedde.
Come the midday, ready for disporte
Woude he be. He seeketh any sorte,
His merry apetite for to slake.
He liveth for plesaunce's sorry sake.
Far fro his thoughtes lay honeste labour;
He woude not swink not for gold nor honour.
He hadde to many a maide taughte
The art of love, but ne'er ben he caughte
In Venus' close webbe. A blisful lif
He woude have, without a wedded wif.
Thus lete I Richard and the fair Kate,
Mo of my tale for to relate.



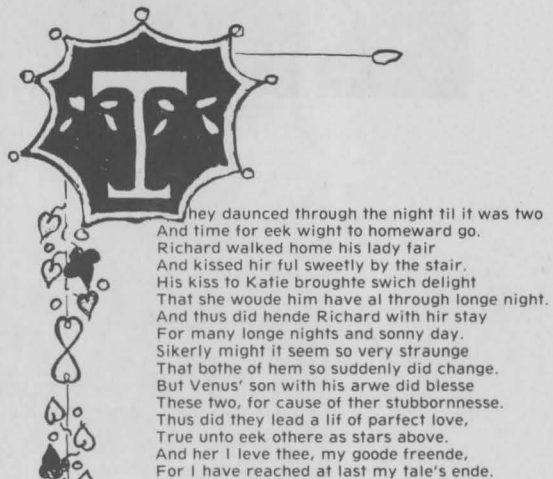
Springtime hadde come as e'er it will,
With fragrant flowres blooming on the hill
And al the fowles making melodye
Fro leafy branch of eek and evry tree.
Dame Nature clothed was in light
And Denison was swich a joly sight
To see. Swich merriment did merke eek day
That students coude not holpe but play.

And thus in April passed it by chaunce,
Ther shoude be helde a grete Spring daunce.
For clerkes and fair maides was this balle;
Helde woude it be, in the students' halle.
Thikke the air with anticipation
At the coming time of celebration.

So on the day, right at the evenfalle,
Gathered clerkes and maides at the halle.
Musicians ther wer, to sing and play
Swich music as maken fowles in May.
Ale ther was, to maken hertes light.
The joyous dauncing was a merry sight,
For eek and evry wight was on his feet--
To sit the while woude not be meet.

And in the midst, amonges thikke crowd
Daunced hende Richard, pecok proud.
Many a maide's ye hadde he caughte,
And downed he ful many a hearty draughte.

Suddenly, I trowe the houre was late,
Appeared at the door the maide Kate.
She moved twixte the crowd to ale keg,
A draughte to drink befor it reached the dreg.
And hende Richard, ther, hir draughte did drawe
And gave it hir, but gaped in swich awe
That al his joly rode turned reed,
And straunge thoughtes passed through his head.
Goode conjuncioun caused the chaunce
For Richard to ask the maide for to daunce.



They daunced through the night til it was two
And time for eek wight to homeward go.
Richard walked home his lady fair
And kissed hir ful sweetly by the stair.
His kiss to Katie broughte swich delight
That she woude him have al through longe night.
And thus did hende Richard with hir stay
For many longe nights and sonny day.
Sikerly might it seem so very straunge
That bothe of hem so suddenly did change.
But Venus' son with his arwe did blesse
These two, for cause of ther stubbornesse.
Thus did they lead a lif of perfect love,
True unto eek othere as stars above.
And her I leve thee, my goode freende,
For I have reached at last my tale's ende.