The Cantebregge Tales

Here biftyth the Book of the Tales of Canterbury

W

han that September with the roke and royn.
To mortals in the (skeke) hath givn greate pygne,
When Lord Hete and Dame Humidnye ontyvre to maken men cunyn,
And Back-to-Scole Addes in shopp windowes florished,
And awnys waxen carres stonden on blocks in hire garages,
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.
And so they stirr hymselfes out of Summers full Lehtage
For to seken straunge stowdes, witt in Capitalles large,
To wit: BPL, and RIT, and USC, and BU;
UCLA, SUNY, and UNH and PU;
But out of all three ladies average non is so sonly
As that of which my tale tellis, to wit, of MIT.
Bifel that, in that same on a day,
In the four-and-twenty bours Coffee-bous I lay
Redy to embarks on an others yere
Of viglances endless and of scrutinising drear.
Of "words, words, words" in the Bardus happye phrase,
And equationes, tables, formules, in numberless arrayes,
Of sleynyng in the Librarye, and workynge in the Lab,
Of coragrauf the Instrumentes, and essaying to grapple
One-and-forty winks of sleep amid the dreining wordes monotonous.
Of Lectures dreerey and divers, by which they seke to flarten us
(The reader pardon I beg, if for the rimes sake,
I sawe and thanke sil outrageus Liberyes take)
As I ther drowd in my Melinecholye,
Ther euer was fyl pereuse in a campanygyn;
Full divers they seemed, yet by mistrofure yaffles
In fellowshipe together, and victimes wene they alle
Of that same MIT which is our common bane.
And to which the Fall Semestre hadde call'd hem back agayn.

A

Guard ther was, and that a hapless Turkie
That fro the tymes of his childhede markyve
Did shunne the swete felaweship of mortal men
And lyk a solitare bird beynede the tree topes.

And most of all, of the meagerl paye, which, (but for his goode wyfi;
And sadde Pleyntes gaf of exames, techyng dutyes, and the reste,
But here, ywroght by greef, he wail'd and beet his breste
By whatmanere of art and-wyse he pursu'd his Ph.D.

I am a student, not for scole, but for lyf," saith he prowdely.

Professor cam inne with his retinae
(A secretarye and graduate student even with hym too,
But mor of this anon) his balled heed
Sheon bright as any glas; his nose was reed;

The treweth to telle, I belyve it was dop.

The hapless wrecche who hir Bosses audience wolde geyn;
A Graduatee Studenlt seen ther was to be.

It helpeth, by God!," and wolde feyn hav leyn doun and deyde.
"But it helpeth, by God!," and wolde feyn hav leyn doun and deyde.

And remark'd nonchalauntlye, as if to the Walle,
After byinge three do-noughtes she sat with us in the midden
With "The Boss is in a Mytynge now, can he highte yow bak?"
In his cuppes he "Ut tensio, sic vis," wolde quoth,
Till he coude no longer bringe it to his lippe,

Ir complanyt went unerthe. Everich thoght turn'd within
To the new yere, the which was aboute to bigyn;

"Non scholae, sed vitae, discimus," quod he loudlye
From which may God preserv us! And the' I may falle

And newlye waxen bolsteres stonden in hire garages,
If she weigh'd but on Ounce, she weigh'd two hondred Pounds.
Nat mor than fyv feet in hir hyght be, by zounds!

By the waysyde, my prayr is ·Goode luk to yow alle!

Or Simmons, or othere swich places, by my faith,
Collage wommen the gretteste in IQ do be,
Whilom written for hire, him non is so sondry
To wit: RPI, and RIT, and USC, and BU;

The which was ycleped Ms. Egentyne;

"I am a student, not for scole, but for lyf," saith he prowdely.

A Graduatee Studenlt seen ther was to be.

And newlye waxen bolsteres stonden in hire garages,
If she weigh'd but on Ounce, she weigh'd two hondred Pounds.
Nat mor than fyv feet in hir hyght be, by zounds!

By the waysyde, my prayr is ·Goode luk to yow alle!

And newlye waxen bolsteres stonden in hire garages,
With "The Boss is in a Mytynge now, can he highte yow bak?"
In his cuppes he "Ut tensio, sic vis," wolde quoth,
Till he coude no longer bringe it to his lippe,