

PG TRB ENGLISH

UNIT - 1

UNIT I – MODERN LITERATURE (1400-1600)**Poetry**Detailed Study

Chaucer : Prologue to the Canterbury Tales

Spenser : Faerie Queene – Book – I

Non-Detailed Study

Spenser : Prothalamion and Epithalamion

Wyatt, Surrey : Selections in Peacock's English verse, Vol-I

Ballads : Peacock – Vol-II

ProseFor Detailed Study

Bacon – Essays - Of Truth, Of Adversity, Of Studies,
Of Revenge, Of Ambition, Of Friendship

Sidney : Apology for Poetry

For Non-Detailed Study

The Bible : The Book of Job.

DramaFor Detailed Study

Marlowe : Dr. Faustus

For Non-Detailed Study

Kyd : The Spanish Tragedy

Ben Jonson : The Alchemist

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(Morning start of Renaissance, Evening start of reformation)

Born : Circa 1343, London

Died : 1400 (buried Westminster's Abbey) – poet's corner.

Period : Late Middle Age

Spouse : Philippa de Roet or Philippan (died 1387)
(Sister of Third wife of John of Gaunt)

Children : 2 sons and 2 daughters

Father : John Chaucer

Mother : Agnes Copton

Works : i) The books of the Duchess (1st work / elegy)
ii) The House of fame
iii) The Legend of good women
iv) Troilus and Criseyde
v) The Canterbury tales
vi) A treatise on the Astrolabe

Chaucer Introduced: i) "Heroic Couplet" (Rhyming pair 06 lines)

ii) Rhyme Royal – 7 lines (Decasyllabic - ababbacc)

Short poem : Fortune

First work : The book of the Duchess (allegory for Blanche of Lancaster)

Famous work : The Canterbury tales (1380)

Last work : Troilus and Criseyde

- His family name derives from the **French chausseur (meaning -shoe maker)**

- In **1359**, in the early stages of **the hundred year's war**, **Edward – III invaded France.**

- In 1360, Geoffrey Chaucer was captured during the **siege of Rheims. Edward paid 16 pound** for his ransom, a considerable sum, and **Chaucer was released.**

- Chaucer was a close friend of **John of Gaunt, the wealthy Duke of Lancaster**.
- In 1378, **Richard II** sent Chaucer as an envoy (**secret dispatch**) to the **Visconti** and to **Sir John Hawkwood**, English condottiere (mercenary leader) in Milan
- Edward – III – granted Chaucer “**a gallon of wine daily for the rest of his life**”
- This was an unusual grant but given on a day of celebration, **St. George’s day, 1374**.
- Richard – II granted an **annual pension of 20 pounds**
- **Terry Jones** book “**who murdered Chaucer?: A medieval mystery**” - that **he was murdered by enemies of Richard – II**
- In “**Troilus and Criseyde**” Chaucer draws heavily on his sources, **Boccaccio**, and on the **Late Latin philosopher Boethius**
- **John Dryden** admired Chaucer for his stories but not for his rhythm and rhyme.
- There are **83 surviving manuscripts** of the canterbury tales
- Around **2 - centuries** later **sir Philip Sidney** greatly praised **Troilus and Criseyde** in his own “**Defence of poesie**”

Thomas Hoccleve:

“**The firste fyndere of our fair language**”

- 75 years after Chaucer’s death, **The Canterbury tales** was selected by **William Caxton** to be printed in England.
- Who first called Chaucer as “Father of English”? and published also– **George Puttenham**
- **The Canterbury tales** was printed by **Richard Pynson (1492)**
- Who is first called Chaucer as the father of English poetry? - **John Dryden**
- Who called Chaucer as the father of English poetry? - **Matthew Arnold**
- Dialect – **East Midland dialect**
- Total lines of the book - **1700**

Chaucer contemporaries:

1. **John Gower**
2. **William Langland**

3. The pearl poet

4. Julian of Norwich

- In Canterbury tales 2 classes are not represented

1. Aristocrates

2. Poor

Source – Boccaccio's Decameron

Poetic technique – Prosody

Season – Spring (April)

CHARACTERS:

1. Knight

2. Young squire

3. Yeoman

Fighting class

4. Nun (Prioress / madam Eglantine)

5. Monk

6. Friar (Hubert)

7. Merchant

8. Clerk of oxford

9. Sergeant of law

10. Franklin

Guilds man (5)

11. Haberdasher

12. A Carpenter

13. A Weaver

14. A Dyer

15. A Tapestry maker / upholsterer

16. Cook

17. Shipman

18. Doctor of Medicine / physic

19. Wife of Bath (Alison – from Bath)

20. Parson

21. Ploughman

22. Miller

23. Gentle Manciple

24. Reeve (Oswald)

25. Summoner

26 Gentle pardoner

27. Host (Harry Bailley)

Important Points

1. Pilgrimms voyage from Tabard inn, a tarven I southwark, near London of shine of the Martyr Saint Thomas Becket (Canterbury).

The Canterbury Tales

- Geoffrey Chaucer

THE PROLOGUE

Background: In “The Prologue” of The Canterbury Tales, a group gathers at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, a town just south of London, to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. At the suggestion of the innkeeper, the group decides to hold a storytelling competition to pass the time as they travel. “The Prologue” introduces the “sundry folk” who will tell the stories and is followed by the tales themselves – 24 in all.

When in April the sweet showers fall
 And pierce the drought of March to the root, and all
 The veins are bathed in liquor of such power
 As brings about the engendering of the flower,
 When also Zephyrus with his sweet breath (5)
 Exhales an air in every grove and heath
 Upon the tender shoots, and the young sun
 His half-course in the sign of the *Ram* has run,
 And the small fowl are making melody
 That sleep away the night with open eye (10)
 (So nature pricks them and their heart engages)
 Then people long to go on pilgrimages
 And palmers long to seek the stranger strands
 Of far-off saints, hallowed in sundry lands,
 And specially, from every shire's end (15)
 Of England, down to Canterbury they wend
 To seek the holy blissful martyr, quick
 To give his help to them when they were sick.

It happened in that season that one day
In Southwark, at *The Tabard*, as I lay (20)
Ready to go on pilgrimage and start
For Canterbury, most devout at heart,
At night there came into that hostelry
Some nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk happening then to fall (25)
In fellowship, and they were pilgrims all
The towards Canterbury meant to ride.
The rooms and stables of the inn were wide;
They made us easy, all was of the best.
And, briefly, when the sun had gone to rest, (30)
I'd spoken to them all upon the trip
And was soon one with them in fellowship,
Pledged to rise early and to take the way
To Canterbury, as you heard me say.

But none the less, while I have time and space, (35)
Before my story takes a further pace,
It seems a reasonable thing to say
What their condition was, the full array
Of each of them, as it appeared to me,
According to profession and degree, (40)
And what apparel they were riding in;
And at a Knight I therefore will begin.
There was a *Knight*, a most distinguished man,

Who from the day on which he first began
To ride abroad had followed chivalry, (45)
Truth, honor, generousness and courtesy.
He had done nobly in his sovereign's war
And ridden into battle, no man more,
As well in Christian as in heathen places,
And ever honored for his noble graces. (50)

When we took Alexandria, he was there.
He often sat at table in the chair
Of honor, above all nations, when in Prussia.
In Lithuania he had ridden, and Russia,
No Christian man so often, of his rank. (55)

When, in Granada, Algeciras sank
Under assault, he had been there, and in
North Africa, raiding Benamarin;
In Anatolia he had been as well
And fought when Ayas and Attalia fell, (60)
For all along the Mediterranean coast
He had embarked with many a noble host.

In fifteen mortal battles he had been
And jousted for our faith at Tramissene
Thrice in the lists, and always killed his man. (65)

This same distinguished knight had let the van
Once with the Bey of Balat, doing work
For him against another heathen Turk;

He was of sovereign value in all eyes.

And though so much distinguished, he was wise (70)

And in his bearing modest as a maid.

He never yet a boorish thing had said

In all his life to any, come what might;

He was a true, a perfect gentle-knight.

Speaking of his equipment, he possessed (75)

Fine horses, but he was not gaily dressed.

He wore a fustian tunic stained and dark

With smudges where his armor had left mark;

Just home from service, he had joined our ranks

To do his pilgrimage and render thanks. (80)

He had his son with him, a fine young *Squire*,

A lover and cadet, a lad of fire

With locks as curly as if they had been pressed.

He was some twenty years of age, I guessed.

In stature he was of a moderate length, (85)

With wonderful agility and strength.

He'd seen some service with the cavalry

In Flanders and Artois and Picardy

And had done valiantly in little space

Of time, in hope to win his lady's grace. (90)

He was embroidered like a meadow bright

And full of freshest flowers, red and white.

Singing he was, or fluting all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his gown, the sleeves were long and wide; (95)

He knew the way to sit a horse and ride.
He could make songs and poems and recite,
Knew how to joust and dance, to draw and write.

He loved so hotly that till dawn grey pale
He slept as little as a nightingale. (100)

Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carved to serve his father at the table.

There was a *Yeoman* with him at his side,
No other servant; so he chose to ride.
This yeoman wore a coat and hood of green, (105)

And peacock-feathered arrows, bright and keen
And neatly sheathed, hung at his belt the while
— For he could dress his gear in yeoman style,
His arrows never dropped their feathers low —
And in his hand he bore a mighty bow. (110)

His head was like a nut, his face was brown.
He knew the whole of woodcraft up and down.
A saucy brace was on his arm to ward
It from the bow-string, and a shield and sword
Hung at one side, and at other slipped (115)

A jaunty dirk, spear-sharp and well equipped.
A medal of St. Christopher he wore

Of shining silver on his breast, and bore
A hunting-horn, well slung and burnished clean,
That dangled from a baldric of bright green. (120)
He was a proper forester, I guess.

There also was a *Nun*, a Prioress,
Her way of smiling very simple and coy.
Her greatest oath was only "By St. Loy!"
And she was known as Madam Eglantyne. (125)

And well she sang a service, with a fine
Intoning through her nose, as was most seemly,
And she spoke daintily in French, extremely,
After the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe;
French in the Paris style she did not know. (130)

At meat her manners were well taught withal;
No morsel from her lips did she let fall,
Nor dipped her fingers in the sauce too deep;
But she could carry a morsel up and keep
The smallest drop from falling on her breast. (135)

For courtliness she had a special zest,
And she would wipe her upper lip so clean
That not a trace of grease was to be seen
Upon the cup when she had drunk; to eat,
She reached a hand sedately for the meat. (140)

She certainly was very entertaining,
Pleasant and friendly in her ways, and straining

To counterfeit a courtly kind of grace,
A stately bearing fitting to her place,
And to seem dignified in all her dealings. (145)

As for her sympathies and tender feelings,
She was so charitably solicitous
She used to weep if she but saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bleeding.
And she had little dogs she would be feeding (150)
With roasted flesh, or milk, or fine white bread.

And bitterly she wept if one were dead
Or someone took a stick and made it smart;
She was all sentiment and tender heart.
Her veil was gathered in a seemly way, (155)

Her nose was elegant, her eyes glass-grey;
Her mouth was very small, but soft and red,
Her forehead, certainly, was fair of spread,
Almost a span across the brows, I own;
She was indeed by no means undergrown. (160)

Her cloak, I noticed, had a graceful charm.
She wore a coral trinket on her arm,
A set of beads, the gaudies tricked in green,
Whence hung a golden brooch of brightest sheen
On which there first was graven a crowned A, (165)

And lower, *Amor vincit omnia.*

Another Nun, the secretary at her cell,
Was riding with her, and *three priests* as well.

A *Monk* there was, one of the finest sort
Who rode the country; hunting was his sport. (170)

A manly man, to be an Abbot able;
Many a dainty horse he had in stable.
His bridle, when he rode, a man might hear
Jingling in a whistling wind as clear,
Aye, and as loud as does the chapel bell (175)

Where my lord monk was prior of the cell.
The rule of good St. Benet or St. Maur
As old and strict he tended to ignore;
He let go by the things of yesterday
And took the modern world's more spacious way. (180)

He did not rate that text at a plucked hen
Which says that hunters are not holy men
And that a monk uncloistered is a mere
Fish out of water, flapping on the pier,
That is to say a monk out of his cloister. (185)

That was a text he held not worth an oyster;
And I agreed and said his views were sound;
Was he to study till his head went round
Poring over books in cloisters? Must he toil
An Austin bade and till the very soil? (190)

Was he to leave the world upon the shelf?
Let Austin have his labor to himself.

This monk was therefore a good man to horse;
Greyhounds he had , as swift as birds, to course.
Hunting a hare or riding at a fence (195)
Was all his fun, he spread for no expense.
I saw his sleeves were garnished at the hand
With fine grey fur, the finest in the land,
And on his hood, to fasten it at his chin
He had a wrought-gold cunningly fashioned pin; (200)
Into a lover's knot it seemed to pass.
His head was bald and shone like looking-glass;
So did his face, as if it had been greased.
He was a fat and **personable** priest;
His prominent eyeballs never seemed to settle. (205)
They glittered like the flames beneath a kettle;
Supple his boots,his horse in fine condition.
He was a prelate fit for exhibition,
He was not pale like a tormented soul.
He liked a fat swan best, and roasted whole. (210)
His palfrey was as brown as is a berry.
There was a *Friar*, a wanton one and merry,
A *Limiter*, a very festive fellow.
In all Four Orders there was none so mellow,
So glib with gallant phrase and well-turned speech. (215)
He'd fixed up many a marriage, giving each
Of his young women what he could afford her.

He was a noble pillar to his order.

Highly beloved and intimate was he

With Country folk within his boundary, (220)

And city dames of honor and possessions;

For he was qualified to hear confessions,

Or so he said, with more than priestly scope;

He had a special license from the pope.

Sweetly he heard his penitents at shrift (225)

With pleasant absolution, for a gift.

He was an easy man in penance-giving

Where he could hope to make a decent living;

It's a sure sign whenever gifts are given

To a poor order that a man's well shriven, (230)

And should he give enough he knew in verity

The penitent repented in sincerity.

For many a fellow is so hard of heart

He cannot weep, for all his inward smart.

Therefore instead of weeping and of prayer (235)

One should give silver for a poor Friar's care.

He kept his tippet stuffed with pins for curls,

And pocket-knives, to give a pretty girls.

And certainly his voice was gay and sturdy,

For he sang well and played the hurdy-gurdy. (240)

At sing-songs he was champion of the hour.

His neck was whiter than a lily-flower

But strong enough to butt a bruiser down.

He knew the taverns well in every town
 And every innkeeper and barmaid too (245)
 Better than lepers, beggars and that crew,
 For in so *eminent* a man as he
 It was not fitting with the dignity
 Of his position, dealing with a scum
 Of wretched lepers; nothing good can come (250)
 Of commerce with such slum-and-gutter dwellers,
 But only with the rich and victual-sellers.
 But anywhere a profit might **accure**
 Courteous he was and lowly of service too.
 Natural gifts like his were hard to match. (255)
 He was the finest beggar of his batch,
 And, for his begging-district, paid a rent;
 His brethren did no poaching where he went.
 For though a widow mightn't have a shoe,
 So pleasant was his holy how-d'ye-do (260)
 He got his farthing from her just the same
 Before he left, and so his income came
 To more than he laid out. And how he romped,
 Just like a puppy! He was ever prompt
 To arbitrate disputes on settling days (265)
 (For a small fee) in many helpful ways,
 Not then appearing as your cloistered scholar
 With threadbare habit hardly worth a dollar,
 But much more like a doctor or a pope.

Of double-worsted was the semi-cope (270)

Upon his shoulders, and the swelling fold

About him, like a bell about its mold

When it is casting, rounded out his dress.

He lisped a little out of wantonness

To make his English sweet upon his tongue. (275)

When he had played his harp, or having sung,

His eyes would twinkle in his head as bright

As any star upon a frosty night.

This worthy's name was Hubert, it appeared.

There was a *Merchant* with forking beard (280)

And motley dress; high on his horse he sat,

Upon his head a Flemish beaver hat

And on his feet daintily buckled boots.

He told of his opinions and pursuits

In solemn tones, he harped on his increase (285)

Of capital; there should be sea-police

(He thought) upon the Harwich-Holland ranges;

He was expert at dabbling in exchanges.

This estimable Merchant so had set

His wits to work, none knew he was in debt, (290)

He was so stately in administration,

In loans and bargains and negotiation.

He was an excellent fellow all the same;

To tell the truth I do not know his name.

An *Oxford Cleric*, still a student though, (295)

One who had taken logic long ago,

Was there; his horse was thinner than a rake,

And he was not too fat, I undertake,

But had a hollow look, a sober stare;

The thread upon his overcoat was bare. (300)

He had found no preferment in the church

And he was too unworldly to make search

For secular employment. By his bed

He preferred having twenty books in red

And black, of Aristotle's philosophy, (305)

Than costly clothes, fiddle or psaltery.

Though a philosopher, as I have told,

He had not found the stone for making gold.

Whatever money from his friends he took

He spent on learning or another book (310)

And prayed for them most earnestly, returning

Thanks to them thus for paying for his learning.

His only care was study, and indeed

He never spoke a word more than was need,

Formal at that, respectful in the extreme, (315)

Short, to the point, and lofty in his theme.

A tone of moral virtue filled his speech

And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

A *Sergeant at the Law* who paid his calls,
Wary and wise, for clients at St. Paul's (320)

There also was, of noted excellence.

Discreet he was, a man to reverence,

Or so he seemed, his sayings were so wise.

He often had been Justice of Assize

By letters patent, and in full commission. (325)

His fame and learning and his high position

Had won him many a robe and many a fee.

There was no such conveyancer as he;

All was fee-simple to his strong digestion,

Not one conveyance could be called in question. (330)

Though there was nowhere one so busy as he,

He was less busy than he seemed to be.

He knew of every judgement, case and crime

Ever recorded since King William's time.

He could dictate defenses or draft deeds; (335)

No one could pinch a comma from his screeds

And he knew every statute off by rote.

He wore a homely parti-colored coat,

Girt with a silken belt of pin-stripe stuff;

Of his appearance I have said enough. (340)

There was a Franklin with him, it appeared;

White as a daisy-petal was his beard.

A sanguine man, high-colored and benign,

He loved a morning sop of cake in wine.

He lived for pleasure and had always done, (345)

For he was Epicurus' very son,

In whose opinion sensual delight

Was the one true felicity in sight.

As noted as St. Julian was for bountry

He made his household free to all the Country. (350)

His bread , his ale were finest of the fine

And no one had a better stock of wine.

His house was never short of bake-meat pies,

Of fish and flesh, and these in such supplies

It positively snowed with meat and drink (355)

And all the dainties that a man could think.

According to the seasons of the year

Changes of dish were ordered to appear.

He kept fat partridges in coops, beyond,

Many a bream and pike were in his pond. (360)

Woe to the cook unless the sauce was hot

And sharp, or if he wasn't on the spot!

And in his hall a table stood arrayed

And ready all day long, with places laid.

As Justice at the Sessions none stood higher; (365)

He often had been Member of the shire.

A dagger and a little purse of silk

Hung at his girdle, white as morning milk.

As Sheriff he checked audit, every entry.

He was a model among landed gentry. (370)

A Haberdasher, a Dyer, a Carpenter,

A Weaver and a Carpet-maker were

Among our ranks, all in the livery

Of one impressive guild-fraternity.

They were so trim and fresh their gear would pass (375)

For new. Their knives were not tricked out with brass

But wrought with purest silver, which avouches

A like display on girdles and on pouches.

Each seemed a worthy burgess, fit to grace

A guild-hall with a seat upon the dais. (380)

Their wisdom would have justified a plan

To make each one of them an alderman;

They had the capital and revenue,

Besides their wives declared it was their due.

And if they did not think so, then they ought; (385)

To be called "*Madam*" is a glorious thought,

And so is going to church and being seen

Having your mantle carried, like a queen.

They had a *Cook* with them who stood alone

For boiling chicken with a marrow-bone, (390)

Sharp flavoring-powder and a spice for savor.

He could distinguish London ale by flavor,

And he could roast and seethe and broil and fry,

MATERIAL தேவைக்கு

TNPSC: GR –I & II (P), GR –IV

(TAMIL & ENGLISH MEDIUM),

**PG: TRB - TAMIL, ENGLISH,
MATHS & COMPUTER SCIENCE**

TET (P1 & P2),

CONTACT -90420 30163

FUTURE VISION STUDY CENTRE

2ND FLOOR, AVK MARUTHI PLAZA,

OPP. HOTEL LAKSHMI PRAKASH,

SKS HOSPITAL ROAD,

SALEM – 636 004