

The portrait of the Miller

The Middle English version on the left is in the right order but the modern version, on the right, has been muddled up. See if you can match up the Middle English text with the correct translation. The first line has been done for you.

The Millere was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful byg he was of brawn and eek of bones-
That proved wel, for overal ther he cam
At wrastlyng he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
Ther was no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And therto brood, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte, and thereon stood a toft of heres
Reed as the brustles of a sowes eres;
Hise nosethirles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde.
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys,
He was a janglere and a goliardeys,
And that was moost of synne and harlotries.
Wel koude he stelen corn, and tollen thries,
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee.
A whit cote and a blew hood wered he.
A baggepipe wel koude he blowe and sowne,
And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.

His beard, as any sow or fox, was red,
And yet he had a thumb of gold, begad.
His nostrils they were black and very wide.
He'd heave a door from hinges if he willed,
At wrestling, never failed he of the ram.
He was a chunky fellow, broad of build;
Hardy and big of brawn and big of bone;
Or break it through, by running, with his head.
The miller was a stout churl, be it known,
He could steal corn and full thrice charge his fees;
And broad it was as if it were a spade.
And with that same he brought us out of town
A wart, and thereon stood a tuft of hairs,
A bagpipe he could blow well, be it known,
Red as the bristles in an old sow's ears;
Which was well proved, for when he went on lam
A sword and buckler bore he by his side.
His mouth was like a furnace door for size.
He was a jester and could poetize,
But mostly all of sin and ribaldries.
A white coat and blue hood he wore, this lad.
Upon the coping of his nose he had

Translation from: http://www.canterburytales.org/canterbury_tales.html