

Whan that Aprill, with his [shoures soote](#)  
 The [droughte](#) of March hath perced to the roote  
 And bathed every [veyne](#) in [swich](#) licour,  
 Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
 5  
 Whan [Zephirus eek](#) with his sweete breeth  
 Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
 The tendre [croppes](#), and the yonge [sonne](#)  
 Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,  
 And [smales foweles](#) maken melodye,  
 10  
 That slepen al the nyght with open eye-  
 (So [priketh hem](#) Nature in hir [corages](#));  
 Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages  
 And [palmeres](#) for to seken [straunge strondes](#)  
 To [ferne halwes](#), [kowthe](#) in [sondry londes](#);  
 15  
 And specially from every shires ende  
 Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
 The [hooly blisful](#) martir for to [seke](#)  
 That [hem](#) hath holpen, whan that they were  
[seeke](#).

When in April the sweet showers fall  
 That pierce March's drought to the root and  
 all  
 And bathed every vein in liquor that has  
 power  
 To generate therein and sire the flower;  
 5  
 When Zephyr also has with his sweet breath,  
 Filled again, in every holt and heath,  
 The tender shoots and leaves, and the young  
 sun  
 His half-course in the sign of the Ram has  
 run,  
 And many little birds make melody  
 10  
 That sleep through all the night with open eye  
 (So Nature pricks them on to ramp and rage)  
 Then folk do long to go on pilgrimage,  
 And palmers to go seeking out strange  
 strands,  
 To distant shrines well known in distant  
 lands.  
 15  
 And specially from every shire's end  
 Of England they to Canterbury went,  
 The holy blessed martyr there to seek  
 Who helped them when they lay so ill and  
 weak

[Bifil](#) that in that [seson](#), on a day,  
 20  
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay  
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage  
 To Caunterbury with [ful](#) devout [corage](#),  
 At nyght was come into that [hostelrye](#)  
 Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye  
 25  
 Of [sondry folk](#), [by aventure](#) yfalle  
 In felaweshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle,  
 That toward Caunterbury [wolden](#) ryde.  
 The [chambres](#) and the stables weren wyde,  
 And wel we weren esed atte beste;  
 30  
 And shortly, whan the [sonne](#) was [to reste](#),  
 So hadde I spoken with [hem everichon](#)  
 That I was of hir felaweshipe [anon](#),  
 And made [forward](#) erly for to ryse  
 To take our wey, ther as I yow [devyse](#).

It happened that, in that season, on a day  
 20  
 In Southwark, at the Tabard, as I lay  
 Ready to go on pilgrimage and start  
 To Canterbury, full devout at heart,  
 There came at nightfall to that hostelry  
 Some nine and twenty in a company  
 25  
 Of sundry persons who had chanced to fall  
 In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all  
 That toward Canterbury town would ride.  
 The rooms and stables spacious were and  
 wide,  
 And well we there were eased, and of the  
 best.  
 30  
 And briefly, when the sun had gone to rest,  
 So had I spoken with them, every one,  
 That I was of their fellowship anon,  
 And made agreement that we'd early rise  
 To take the road, as I will to you apprise.  
 35