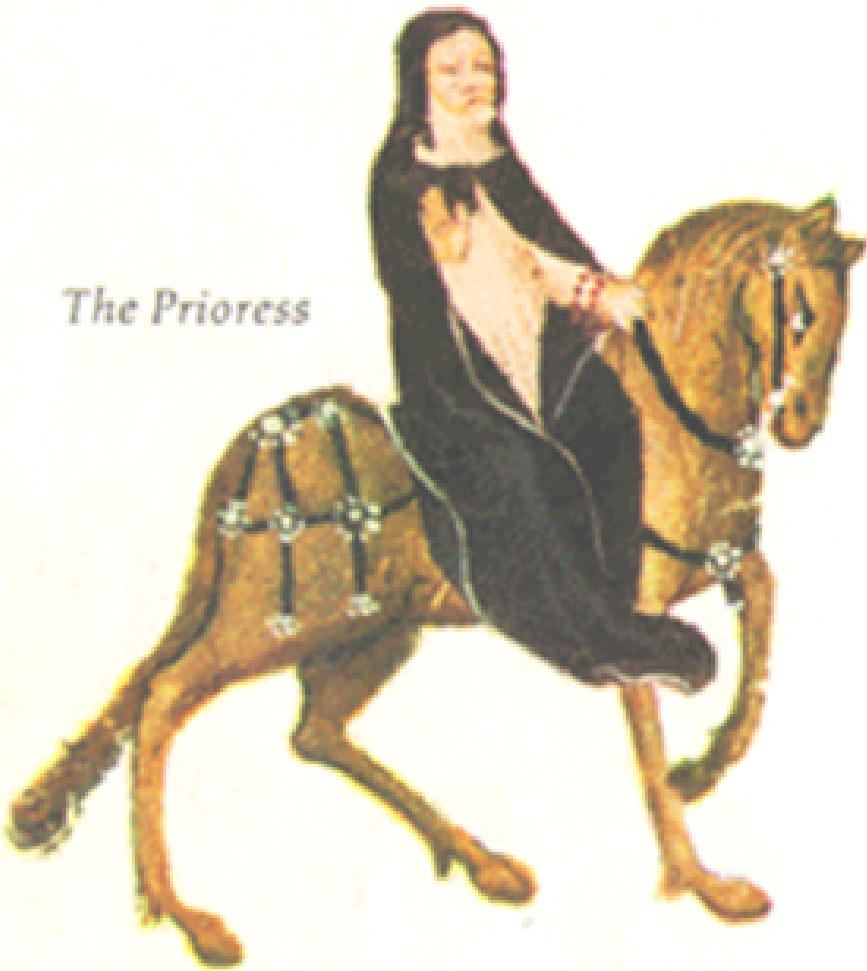


# The Prioress

*The Prioress*



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.  
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.


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.

Her greatest pleasure was in **etiquette**.

And she had little dogs she would be feeding  
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 dock, 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,  
And lower, Amor vincit omnia.

Chaucer uses a large amount  
of **irony** in the description of  
the nun.



(His description is **ironic**...)



**...because of her aristocratic manners.**

**...because she wants to look like an aristocratic lady.**