

Using the *Linguistic Atlas of Late Mediaeval English* and the information about Middle English dialects from your book, identify what general region each of the three excerpts come from. Hint: begin with the feminine pronoun.

<p>1</p> <p>Swa wynnit thair ane woundir gude hostillar Without the toun intill a fair manar, And Symon Lawrear wes his name. Ane fair blyth wyf he had of ony ane, Bot scho wes sumthing dynk and dengerous. The silly freiris quhen thay come to the houss With fair hailsing and bekking courteslye, To thame scho answerit agane in hye. Freir Robert sperit eftir the gudman, And scho agane answerit thame thane: “He went fra hame, God wait, on Weddinsday, In the cuntré for to seik corne and hay, And uthir thingis quhairof we haif neid.</p>	<p>A very good innkeeper lived there outside the town in high style, and Simon Laurence was his name. He had a wife as beautiful as any except she was a bit haughty and overbearing. When they came to the inn the innocent friars shouted greetings and courteous hellos. She answered them right away. Friar Robert asked after the husband, and then she answered them, “He went away, God knows, on Wednesday, into the country to seek grain and hay and other things whereof we have need.</p>
<p>2.</p> <p>Hit watz þe ladi, loflyest to beholde, þat droȝ þe dor after hir ful dernly and styлле And boȝed toward þe bed, and þe burne schamed And layde hym down lystyly and let as he slepte. And ho stepped stilly and stel to his bedde, Kest vp þe cortyn and creped withinne And set hir ful softly on þe bedsyde And lenged þere selly longe to loke quen he wakened. þe lede lay lurked a ful longe quyle, Compast in his conscience to quat þat cace myȝt Meue oþer amount.</p>	<p>It was the lady, loveliest to behold, who drew the door after her stealthily and quietly, and turned toward the bed, and the man was embarrassed and lay quietly and pretended to sleep. And she stepped quietly and stole to his bed, threw up the curtain and crept within and set herself down softly on the bedside and remained a long time to see when he awakened. The man lay lurking a long time, and racked his brain as to what the case might amount to.</p>
<p>3.</p> <p>This Absolon gan wype his mouth ful drie. Derk was the nyght as pich, or as the cole, And at the wyndow out she putte hir hole, And Absolon, hym fil no bet ne wers, But with his mouth he kiste hir naked ers Ful savourly, er he were war of this. Abak he stirte, and thoughte it was amys, For wel he wiste a womman hath no berd. He felte a thyng al rough and long yherd, And seyde, “Fy! allas! what have I do?” “Teheel!” quod she, and clapte the wyndow to, And Absolon gooth forth a sory pas.</p>	<p>This Absolon began to wipe his mouth dry. The night was as dark as pitch or coal, and she put her hole out the window. And it was no better or worse for Absolon, but with his mouth he kissed her naked arse with gusto before he was aware of it. He started aback and thought something was amiss, because he knew a woman had no beard. He felt a thing rough and long and said, “Fie! Alas! What have I done?” “Teehee,” she said, and slammed the window shut. And Absolon left on a sorrowful walk.</p>