

Geoffrey Chaucer

Quotes

*Men, May, Literature, Gold, Wise, Heart, Als, Wisdom, World, Canterbury Tales,
Littles, Death, Love, Cat, Long, People, Book, Science, Space, Time*

What is better than wisdom? Woman. And what is better than a good woman? Nothing.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

All good things must come to an end.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

The devil can only destroy those who are already on their way to damnation.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Time and tide wait for no man.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Many small make a great.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

That field hath eyen, and the wood hath ears.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Women naturally desire the same six things as I; they want their husbands to be brave, wise, rich, generous with money, obedient to the wife, and lively in bed.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Patience is a conquering virtue.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

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.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

If a man really loves a woman, of course he wouldn't marry her for the world if he were not quite sure that he was the best person she could possibly marry.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Mercy surpasses justice.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

In the stars is written the death of every man.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

How potent is the fancy! People are so impressionable, they can die of imagination.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

The guilty think all talk is of themselves.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote The droghte of March hath perced to the roote.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

And she was fair as is the rose in May.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Trouthe is the hyest thyng that man may kepe.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

And so it is in politics, dear brother, Each for himself alone, there is no other.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

That of all the floures in the mede, Thanne love I most these floures white and rede, Suche as men callen daysyes in her toun.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Love will not be constrain'd by mastery. When mast'ry comes, the god of love anon Beateth his wings, and, farewell, he is gone. Love is a thing as any spirit free.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

And then the wren gan scippen and to daunce.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Great peace is found in little busy-ness.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Men love newfangleness.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

By God, if women had written stories, As clerks had within here oratories, They would have written of men more wickedness Than all the mark of Adam may redress.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Woe to the cook whose sauce has no sting.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Abstinence is approved of God.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Thou shalt make castels thanne in Spayne And dreme of joye, all but in vayne.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Harde is his heart that loveth nought In May.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

The greatest scholars are not usually the wisest people.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Forbid us something, and that thing we desire.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

For tyme ylost may nought recovered be.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Every honest miller has a golden thumb.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Go, little booke! go, my little tragedie!

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Look up on high, and thank the God of all.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Strike while the iron is hot.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Take a cat, nourish it well with milk and tender meat, make it a couch of silk.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

My house is small, but you are learned men And by your arguments can make a place Twenty foot broad as infinite as space.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

In love there is but little rest.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Time lost, as men may see, For nothing may recovered be.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Many a true word is spoken in jest

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Death is the end of every worldly pain.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

This world nys but a thurghfare ful of wo, And we been pilgrymes,
passynge to and fro.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

One cannot be avenged for every wrong; according to the occasion,
everyone who knows how, must use temperance.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

One flesh they are; and one flesh, so I'd guess, Has but one heart,
come grief or happiness.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Soun is noight but air ybroken, And every speche that is spoken, Loud
or privee, foul or fair, In his substaunce is but air; For as flaumbe is but
lighted smoke, Right so soun is air ybroke.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

With empty hand no man can lure a hawk.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

He loved chivalrye Trouthe and honour, freedom and curteisye.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

I am not the rose, but I have lived near the rose.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

He who accepts his poverty unhurt I'd say is rich although he lacked a shirt. But truly poor are they who whine and fret and covet what they cannot hope to get.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

For out of old fields, as men saith, Cometh all this new corn from year to year; And out of old books, in good faith, Cometh all this new science that men learn.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

A yokel mind loves stories from of old, Being the kind it can repeat and hold.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

If gold rusts, what then can iron do?

~Geoffrey Chaucer

For in their hearts doth Nature stir them so Then people long on pilgrimage to go And palmers to be seeking foreign strands To distant shrines renowned in sundry lands.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

The latter end of joy is woe.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

I gave my whole heart up, for him to hold.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Who then may trust the dice, at Fortune's throw?

~Geoffrey Chaucer

This flour of wifly patience.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Til that the brighte sonne loste his hewe; For th'orisonte hath reft the sonne his lyght; This is as muche to seye as it was nyght!

~Geoffrey Chaucer

For oute of olde feldys, as men sey, Comyth al this newe corn from yer to yere; And out of olde bokis, in good fey, Comyth al this newe science that men lere.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

The cat would eat fish but would not get her feet wet.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Ther nis no werkman, whatsoevere he be, That may bothe werke wel and hastily.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

For thogh we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ryde, Ay fleeth the tyme; it nyl no man abyde.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

For I have seyn of a ful misty morwe Folowen ful ofte a myrie someris day.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Filth and old age, I'm sure you will agree, are powerful wardens upon chastity.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

If were not foolish young, were foolish old.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Right as an aspen lefe she gan to quake.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Felds hath eyen, and wode have eres.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

If love be good, from whence cometh my woe?

~Geoffrey Chaucer

One cannot scold or complain at every word. Learn to endure patiently, or else, as I live and breathe, you shall learn it whether you want or not.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Drunkenness is the very sepulcher Of man's wit and his discretion.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

The fields have eyes, and the woods have ears.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

. . . if gold rust, what then will iron do?/ For if a priest be foul in whom we trust/ No wonder that a common man should rust. . . .

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Certain, when I was born, so long ago, Death drew the tap of life and let it flow; And ever since the tap has done its task, And now there's little but an empty cask.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

People can die of mere imagination.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Hyt is not al golde that glareth.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Nature, the vicar of the Almighty Lord.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Murder will out, this my conclusion.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

He that loveth God will do diligence to please God by his works, and abandon himself, with all his might, well for to do.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Nowhere so busy a man as he there was And yet he seemed busier than he was.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Certes, they been lye to hounds, for an hound when he cometh by the roses, or by other bushes, though he may nat pisse, yet wole he heve up his leg and make a countenance to pisse.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Purity in body and heart May please some--as for me, I make no boast. For, as you know, no master of a household Has all of his utensils made of gold; Some are wood, and yet they are of use.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

The grettteste clerkes been nocht wisest men.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

But manly set the world on sixe and sevene; And, if thou deye a martir,

go to hevене.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

One shouldn't be too inquisitive in life Either about God's secrets or one's wife.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Min be the travaille, and thin be the glorie.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

A love grown old is not the love once new.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

He is gentle that doeth gentle deeds.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Make a virtue of necessity.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Yet do not miss the moral, my good men. For Saint Paul says that all that's written well Is written down some useful truth to tell. Then take the wheat and let the chaff lie still.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

By nature, men love newfangledness.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

There's never a new fashion but it's old.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

We little know the things for which we pray.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

There's no workman, whatsoever he be, That may both work well and

hastily.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

To keep demands as much skill as to win.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

But al be that he was a philosophre, Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

Whoso will pray, he must fast and be clean, And fat his soul, and make his body lean.

~Geoffrey Chaucer

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