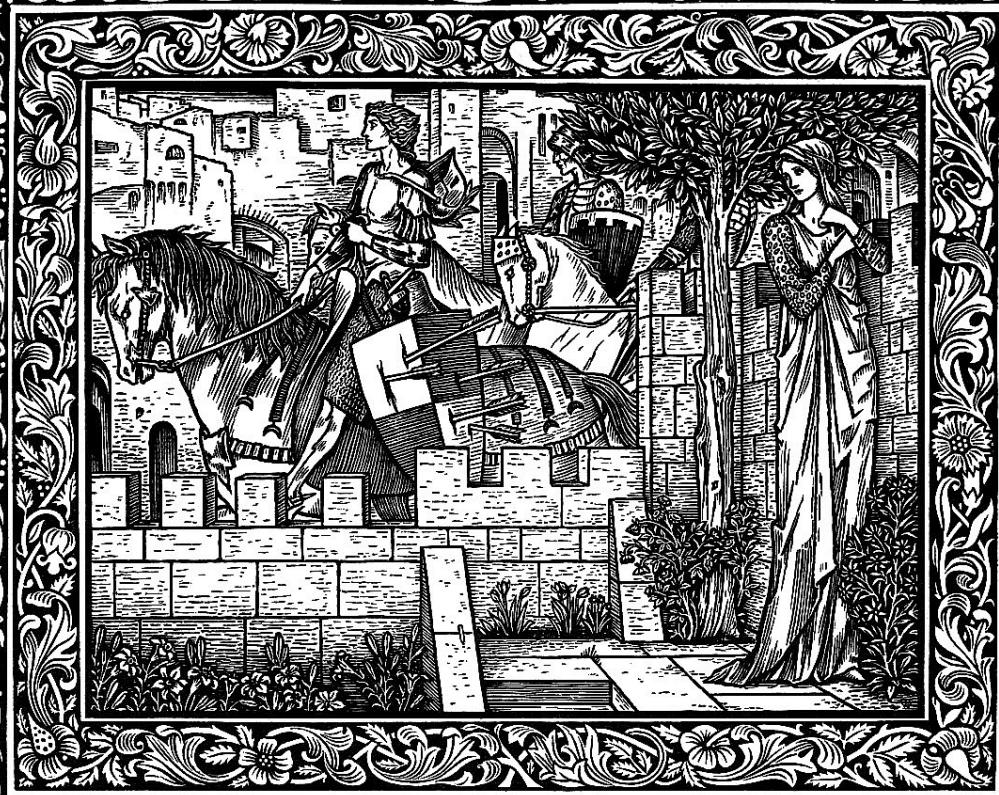


A leaf from the The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, Kelmscott Press, 1896, held by Portland State Library Special Collections.
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TROILUS AND CRISEYDE LIBER SECUNDUS.

Incipit prohemium Secundi Libri.



OF THESE BLAKE WAWES FOR TO
sayle,
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;
for in this see the boote hath swich travayle,
Of my conning that unnethe I it stere:
This see clepe I the tempestous matere

Of desespeyr that Troilus was inne:
But now of hope the calendes biginne.

O lady myn, that called art Cleo,
Thou be my speed fro this forth, & my muse,
To ryme wel this book, til I have do;
Me nedeth here noon other art to use.
Forwhi to every lovere I me excuse,
That of no sentement I this endyte,
But out of Latin in my tonge it wryte.

Wherfore I nil have neither thank ne blame
Of al this werk, but pray yow mekely,
Disblameth me, if any word be lame,
for as myn auctor seyde, so seye I.
Sek though I speke of love unfelingly,
No wonder is, for it nothing of newe is;
A blind man can nat juggen wel in hewis.

Ye knowe eek, that in forme of speche is
chaunge
Withinne a thousand yeer, and wordes tho
That hadden prys, now wonder nyce and
straunge
Us thinketh hem; and yet they spake hem so,
And spedde as wel in love as men now do;