



## TROILUS AND CRISEYDE, LIBER SECUNDUS.

Incipit prohemium Secundi Libri.



OF THESE BLAKE WAMES FOR TO  
sayle,

O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;  
for in this see the boot hath swich travayle,  
Of my conning that unneth I it stere:  
This see clepe I the tempestous matere

Of desespere 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.  
forwhy to every love I me excuse,  
That of no sentiment 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.  
Eek 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;