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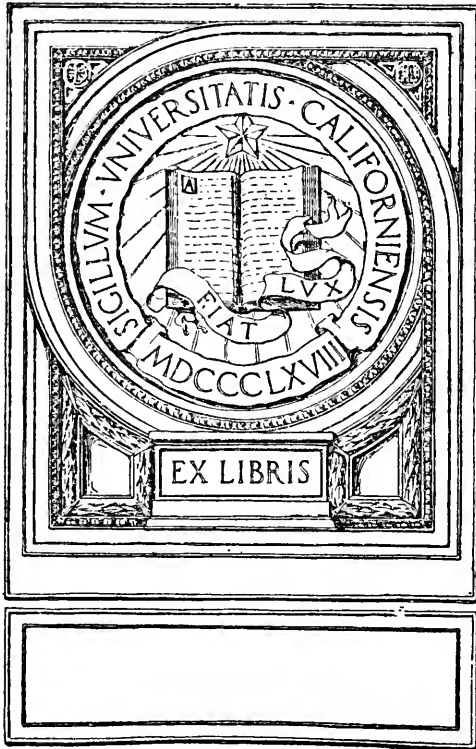
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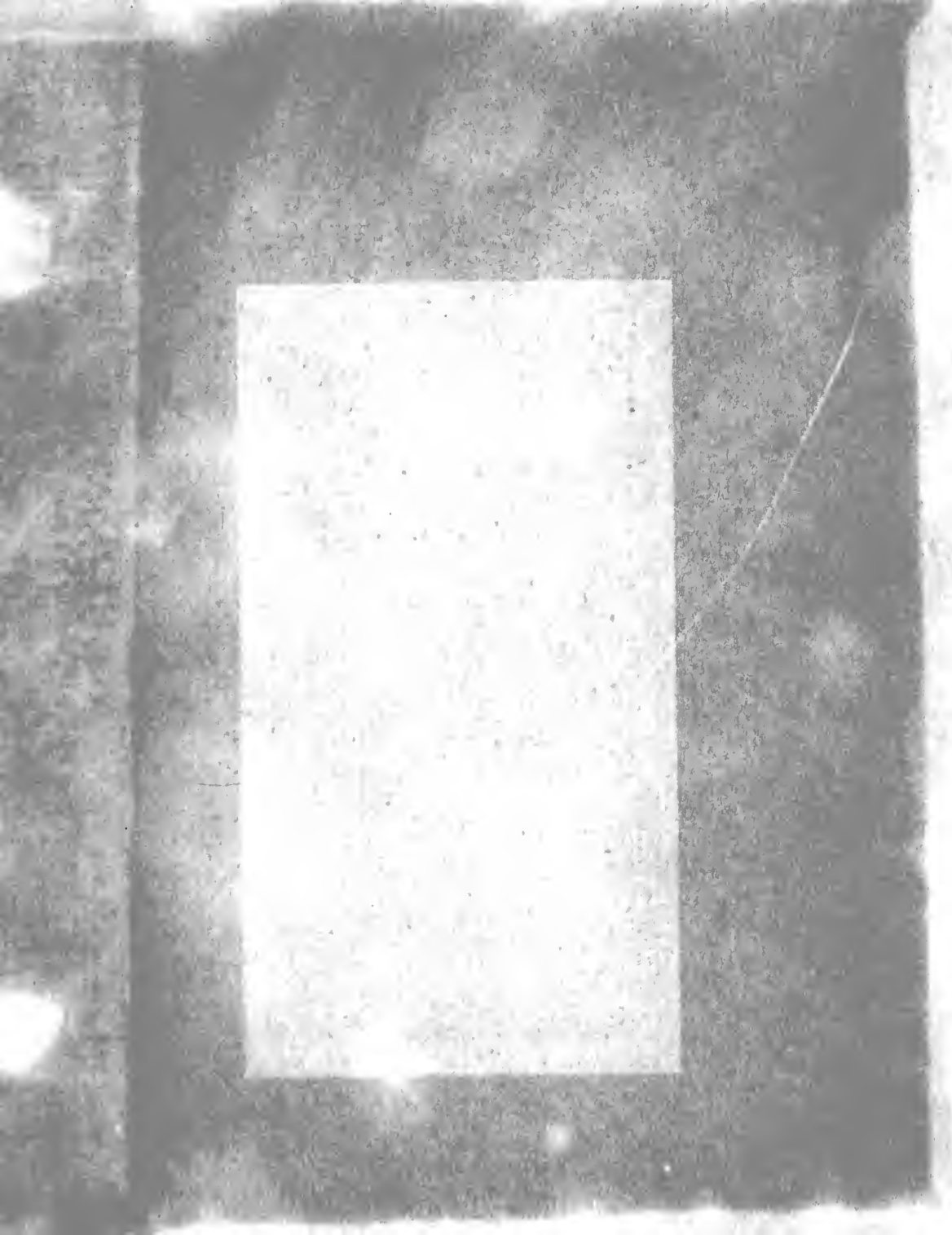


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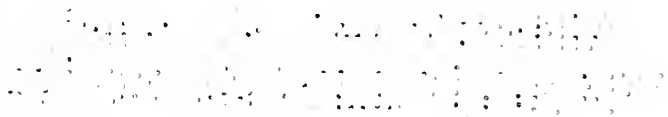




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# THE INTERLUDE OF CALISTO AND MELEBEA



THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1908

This reprint of *Calisto and Melebea* has been prepared by  
the General Editor and checked by Frank Sidgwick.

*Oz.* 1908.

W. W. Greg.

2411  
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THE only known copy of this 'new cōmodye in englysh in maner of an enterlude,' sometimes known from the heading as the *Beauty of Women* but more usually from the chief characters as *Calisto and Melebea*, is preserved among Malone's books in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is a folio volume printed in ordinary black-letter of the size known as English (20 ll. = 93 mm.). At the end appear the words 'Iohēs rastell me imprimi fecit,' and Rastell's device also occurs, but it should be noticed that the upper ornament on A1 and that on the right of C4 are found associated with the device of John Skot in a *Modus Observandi Curiam* printed c. 1530. John Rastell was in business from 1516 to 1533, Skot from 1521 to 1537.

The interlude is a partial rendering of the great Spanish dramatic novel *Celestina*, which literary history connects with the names of Juan de Mena, Rodrigo Cota, and Fernando de Rojas. The names of the characters are retained with the exception of Pleberio, who becomes Danio, but the English play only reproduces the first four out of the twenty-one acts of the original, and the conclusion is entirely different.

In the attack on the stage known as 'A second and third blast of retrait from plaies and Theaters,' printed in 1580, occurs a passage: 'The nature of their Comedies are, for the most part, after one manner of nature, like the tragical Comedie of *Calistus*; where the bawdresse *Scelestina* inflamed the maiden *Melibeia* with her sorceries' (sig. G8<sup>v</sup>). This was most likely the play entered to William Aspley in the Stationers' Register, 5 October 1598, as: 'The tragicke Comedy of *Celestina*, wherein are discoursed in most pleasant stile manye Philosophicall sentences and advertisementes verye necessarye for younge gentlemen Discoveringe the

sleightes of treacherous servantes and the subtile cariages of filthye bawdes' (Arber's Transcript, III. 127). It does not appear to have been printed, and whether it bore any direct relation to the present piece is not known. The *Celestina* itself first appeared in England in James Mabbe's translation under the title of the *Spanish Bawd*, 1631.

The original impression of this interlude is by no means a bad piece of printing if we except a few passages in which there are a somewhat unreasonable number of instances of turned 'm.' The press-work is good, and 'n' and 'u' (when not turned) are quite readily distinguishable. The present reprint is, of course, reduced in size, but in other respects it aims at reproducing the original with the same fidelity as previous volumes issued by the Society.

It should perhaps be remarked that in the outer bottom corner of A6<sup>v</sup> there is a fragment of a manuscript note which apparently runs: 'of y<sup>is</sup> cō... begin as y<sup>e</sup> Bi befor.' The meaning is not apparent.

#### IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

27. Infayth	128. thatfye
34. a mys	130. lasty <sup>e</sup> (lasty <sup>th</sup> ?)
46. strene (last letter blotted)	140. [C]
48. woman hod	146. I nough
50. manyfestmy (?)	147. Bnt
55. dyffereus	150. kepyth in hym kepyth
65. [C]	156. obeylanus
67. be come	162. S (omit)
68. kuew	Awoman
77. awayto	163. ponr . . . playu
87. creature	168. heuyu
91. [C]	172. hard <sup>e</sup>
99. withont	179. auannce
123. Bnt	191. fightyng <sup>e</sup>

195. countenanncce  
 196. Juconſtanncce  
 212. p̄chewhyt  
 215. fortune  
 216. Roman  
 219. thought (thought)  
 234. incompariſon  
 252. m ore (?)  
 256. wouan  
 257. lo ue  
 260. abbor (abhor)  
 261. wynn̄yug /  
 308. com̄yn (i.e. common = com-  
     mune)  
 311. ſeuann̄t  
 316. ſendfoze  
 329. thyn̄kyug  
 337. hym (hym)  
 349. pon̄t  
 353. thyuk̄ȳth  
 369. thon . . . qd̄t (i.e. quod)  
 370. Part of this line has been cut out  
     of the original.  
 381. thyug  
 414. cf. l. 370.  
 419. le y (?)  
 428. enu y (?)  
 438. Reſurreccon  
 455. ſeūp̄on̄to  
 458. [C̄a]  
 463. ſuſp̄eciōus  
 486. a old  
 499. in̄ſep̄th  
 503. ſh̄nd̄ȳſt  
 506. Ð (Ð)  
     of the  
 511. uoder  
 517. woldeſt̄hou  
 519. ſmel̄lȳd̄ȳſt  
 520. ſhaweſull  
 521. aud  
 525. m̄cy (i.e. mercy)
532. maiſter (maister: reading ra-  
     ther doubtful)  
 533. karȳch  
 544. pop̄full (ioyfull)  
 556. [C̄e]  
 563. a non  
 570. ſen̄nall  
 589. [C̄]  
 596. C̄ (belongs to l. 595)  
 604. Embaſſad̄e  
 611. ue  
 630. ¶¶  
 639. par̄ueno  
 640. caue . . . wouan  
 641. au  
 643. ſ̄ow  
 644. uad  
 645. wouen  
 646. way  
 648. [C̄]  
 649. uoder  
 650. gdd (god)  
 654. Aud  
 658. tyue  
 664. ſel̄ſas  
 668. wd̄ld (wold)  
 691. aray (arayed?)  
 695. [C̄] . . . maydon  
 698. [Ð] . . . accoyntanaunce  
 706. month (mouth)  
 707. luȳſte re  
 717. ¶lȳſt  
 753. a lowable  
 758. ſekefolk  
 762. countenaunce  
 767. pȳtefn̄l  
 768. hūub̄lȳth̄ hyu  
 784. ¶ plȳght  
 794. ſn̄ch  
 798. b̄nedicite  
 800. me diſſep̄ue me  
 808. wy

810. Aud . . . le se (?)	966. a pale
815. a mendē	967. a bowt
819. A las	973. somoch
823. [C]	974. fonle
845. C (omit)	981. loquit̃ (i.e. loquitur)
848. adog	lamentabli
851. [A]	985. A las
852. thecafe	987. [A]
861. iu	988. canse
887. uothpng	990. [A]
925. Aud	995. [A]
935. tythpugē . . . tho rtly	1009. prikeryd
948. iue	1038. for (the 'f' doubtful)
952. Ina (?)	1084. iue
961. aprikeryd	1097. obedpueg

Many proper names, even names of speakers, are printed entirely in lower case. There is no upper-case 'w' or 'y,' and other lower-case letters also occasionally appear at the beginning of lines.

#### LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Melebea, the maiden.	Sempronio	} servants of Calisto.
Calisto, the lover.	Parmeno	
Celestina, the bawd.	Danio, father of Melebea.	

The following list of entries and exits, of which only those with an asterisk are marked in the original, may serve to make the action clear.

1. *Enter Melebea.	588. *Re-enter Calisto.
41. Enter Calisto.	Re-enter Sempronio.
74. *Exit Melebea.	595. Exit Celestina.
80. Enter Sempronio.	602. Exit Sempronio.
102. Exit Sempronio.	610. Parmeno comes forward.
107. Re-enter Sempronio.	617. *Exit Calisto.
298. Exit Sempronio.	639. *Exit Parmeno.
312. Exit Calisto.	*Enter Melebea.
313. Enter Celestina.	647. *Enter Celestina.
376. *Enter Sempronio.	914. *Exit Melebea.
396. *Enter Calisto and Parmeno.	928. Exit Celestina.
468. Exit Calisto and Sempronio.	929. *Enter Danio.
587. Parmeno retires (cf. l. 602).	937. Enter Melebea.



**A** new cōmodye in englysh in maner  
Of an enterlude ryght elgant & full of craft  
of rethorik / where in is shewd & dyscrybd as  
well the bewte & good propertes of women /  
as theyr bycys & euyl cōdiciōs / with a morall  
cōclusion & exhortacyon to bettew



## Melebea

Franciscus petrarus the poet lawreate  
Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing  
Wout stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create  
And Bradito the wyle clerk in his wrytyng  
Sayth in all thyng create stryff is theyre workyng  
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament  
with any other in all poyntes equivalent



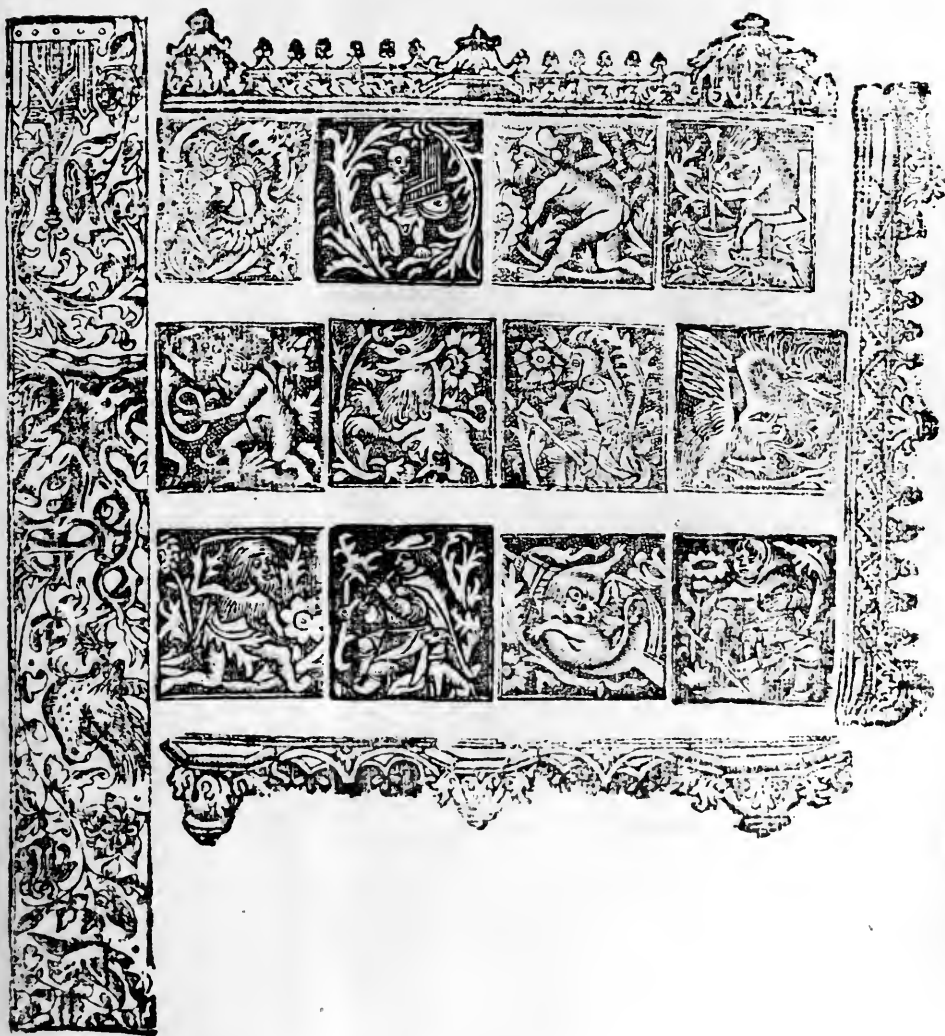
If the cause of the myscheff were seen before  
 whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely  
 And good laws & ordynauncys made therfore  
 to put a way the cause / þ were best remedi  
 what is the cause that ther be so many  
 Theft & robberies / it is be cause we be  
 Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte  
**A**nd what is the berey cause of that nede  
 Be cause they labur not for theyr lyffing  
 And trewth is they can not well labour in dede  
 Be cause in youth of theyr ydyll vpbrynging  
 But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng  
 But the world cōtynually shall be nought  
 As long as yong pepyll be euell vpbrought  
**W**herfore the et ernall god that raynyth on hys  
 Send his mercifull grace & influens  
 To all gouernours that they circumspectly  
 May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence  
 To bryng them to vertew & deto obedyens  
 And that they & we all by his grete mercy  
 May be ptencys of hys blessyd glozy.

**Amen.**

**Johēs rastell me imprimi fecit**

**Cum privilegio regali**













**A** new cōmodye in englysh in maner  
Of an enterlude ryght elygant & full of craft  
of rethorpk / whereyn is shewd & dyscrybpd as  
well the bewte & good properetes of women /  
as theyr vycys & euill cōdiciōs / with a morall  
cōclusion & exhortacyon to bettew



### Melebea

**F**ranciscus petrarccus the poet lawreate  
Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing  
w out stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create  
And Craclyto the wyle clerk in his wrytynge  
Sayth in all thyng<sup>e</sup> create stryff is theyre workynge  
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament  
with any other in all poyntes equibalent  
**A**nd accorдын to theyre dictys rehercyd as thus  
All thyng<sup>e</sup> are create in maner of stryfe 10  
These folys louers then that be so amercous  
Fro pleasure to displeasure how lede they theyr lyfe  
Now sory now sad now Joyous now penyful  
Alas I poze mayden than what shall I do  
Combrpd by dotage of one Calisto  
**I** know that nature hath gyuyn me bewte  
with languynpous compleccyon fauour & fayrenes  
The moze to god ought I to do fewte  
with wylly lyfe laud and loue of perfytnes  
I deny not but calisto is of grete worthynes 20  
Al.

But what of that for all hys hygh estate  
 Hys desyre I desyre & vterly shall hate  
**C**his saynges & lutes to importune  
 That of my lyfe he makyth me almost wery  
 W hys lamentacyons & exclamacyons on fortune  
 W synilptude maner as one that shuld dy  
 But who shall pyte thys In sayth not I  
 Shall I accöplyth hys carnall desyre  
 Nay yet at a stake rather bren in a fyre  
**C**Of trouth I am lory for hys trouble  
 To stryue wyth hym self thus for loue of me  
 But though hys sorowes I assure you shuld doble  
 Out of his daunger wyll I be at lyberte  
 what a mys woman now cryll benedicite  
 Nay nay he shall neuer that day see  
 Hys holuptuous appetyte cöcentyd by me  
**C**wyll he now that I were present here  
 I assure you shortely he wold seke me  
 And without dout he doth now inquere  
 wether I am gone or where I shuld be  
 Se / is he not now come I report me  
 Alas of thys man I can nener be ryd  
 wold to cryll I wyll where I myght be hyd  
**C**alysto **W**y you seyre melebea may be lene  
**M**The grace the gyftes the gretnes of god  
 where i / **C**. In takyng effect of dae nature stene  
**M**For perthly but angellyke of lykelyhode  
 In bewte so passyng the kinde of woman hod  
**D**god I myght in your presens be able  
 To manyfest my dolours incöperable  
**C**Greter were that reward than the grace  
 Heuyn to optayn by workys of pyte  
 Not so glorpyous be the laites that se goddes face  
 Ne Joy not so moch as I do you to see  
 yet dyfferens there is bytwene theym & me  
 For they glorpyt by his assuryd presens  
 And I in torment be cause of your ablens  
**M****C**why thynkyst thou that so grete a reward  
**Ca**ye more greter than yf god wold let me  
 In heuyn aboue all seyntes & more in regard  
**M**yet more gretter thy reward shalbe  
 yf thou fle frö the determynacyon  
**D**Of thy cösent of mynd by such temptacion

30

40

50

60

I persepue the entent of thy wordys all  
As of the wyrt of hym that wold haue the bertew  
Of me such a woman to be come thral  
So thy wey wyth sorow I wold thou kuet  
I haue soule skorn of the I tell the trow  
Or any humayn creature with me shuld begyn 70  
Any comunycayon perteynyng to syn  
¶ And I promyle the where thou art present  
whyle I lyft by my wyll I wyll be absent

Et exeat

¶ Lo out of all ioy I am fallyn in wo  
Vpon whom aduers fortune hath cast her chauns  
Of cruell hate whych causyth now awayto go  
The kepet of my ioy and all my pleasauns  
Alas alas now to me what noyauns  
Dew gard my lord and god be in this place 80  
Sempronio / S. ye syr. C. a syr I shrew thy face  
¶ Why hast thou bene from me so long absent  
For I haue bene about your bylynes  
To order such thyng as were conuenient  
your house and horse and all thyng was to drest  
¶ Sempronio haue pyte on my dystres  
For of all creature I am the wofullest  
How so what is the cause of your vnrest  
¶ For I serue in loue to the goodlyest thyng  
That is or euer was. S. what is the 90  
It is one which is all other excedyng  
The picture of angelle yf thou her see  
Phebus or phebe no comparyson may be  
To her. S. what byght she / C. melebea is her name  
¶ Mary syr this wold make a wyld hors tame  
¶ I pray the sempronio goo fet me my lute  
And byng some chayre or stole with the  
The argument of loue that I may dispute  
whych scyens I synd the arte without pyte  
By the sempronio by the I pray the 100  
Syr shortly I assure you it shalbe done  
Then farewell cryst lend the agayn sone  
¶ What fortune is egall vnto myne  
¶ What wofull wyght with me may compare  
The thurst of sorow is my myryd wyne  
which dayly I drynk wyth deepe draught of care  
Tush syr be mery let pas awey the mare  
How sey you haue I not hped me lyghtly

Aii.

Here is your chayne and lute to make you mercy  
**E** **C** Wryt quod a / nay that wyll not be 110  
 But I must nedys lye for very feblenes  
 Gyue me my lute and thou shalt see  
 How I shall syng myne unhappynes  
 Thys lute is out of tune now as I ges  
 Alas in tune how shuld I set it  
 when all armony to me discordith yche whyt  
**C** As he to whos wyll reison is unruly  
 For I fele tharp nedys within my brest  
 Deas warr truth haterad and iniury  
**S** Hope and suspect and all in one chest 120  
 Behold nero in the loue of tapaya oprest  
 Rome how he brent / old and yong wept  
 Bnt she toke no thought nor neuer the lest slept  
**E** **C** Greater is my fyre and lest pyre shewd me  
**S** I wyll not mok this soule is a loue  
 what sayst thou / **S**. I say how can that fyre be  
 That tormentyth but one luyng man greter  
**E** Than that fyre that brenyth a hole cyty here  
**S** And all y people thei. **C**. mary for y fyre ys grettyff  
 That brennyth berey soze and lastyt lengyff 130  
**C** And greter is the fyre that brenyth one soule  
 Than that whych brenyth an hundred bodyes  
**S** Hys sayeng in this none can controll  
**E** None but such as lyst to make lyes  
 And yf the fyre of purgatory bren in such wyse  
 I had leuez my spirete in brute best shuld be  
 Than to go thydyt and than to the dexte  
**S** **C** Mary lye that is a spyce of heryse  
**E** why so / **S**. For ye speke lyke no crystyn man  
 I wold thou knewst melebea worshyp I 140  
**S** In her I beleue and her I loue / **S**. A ha than  
 wyth the melebea is a grete woman  
 I know on whych fote thou dost halt on  
 I shall shortly hele the my lyff thezuppon  
**E** **C** An vncredable thynge thou dost promysse me  
**S** Nay nay it is ealy I nough to do  
 Bnt furst for to hele a man knowlege must be  
 Of the leknes than to gyff counsell thezo  
**E** what counsell can rule hym sempronio  
**S** That kepeth in hym kepeth no order of counsell 150  
**C** A is this Calisto his fyre / now I know well  
**C** How that loue ouer hym hath cast her net

A  
WA  
AA  
W  
W  
W  
A  
W

In whose perſeuerans is all inconstans  
why. is not Eliceas loue and thyn met  
what than. C. why rezhouest me than of ignorans  
For thou settyſt mannis dignite in obeylanus  
To the imperfeccion of the weke woman  
A woma ſay a god of goddeſſes. S. heleuyſt þ̄ thā  
C ye and as a goddeſſe I here confeſſe  
And I beleue there is no ſuch ſufferayn  
In heuyth though ſhe be in perth. S. peas peas  
A woman a god nay to god a byllayn  
Of yonr ſayeng ye may be ſory. C it is playu  
why ſo. C. becauſe I loue hez and thynk ſurely  
To obteyn my deſyre I am unwozthy  
C O fertull hart why comparyſt thou w ſpenbroth  
Or alexander of this world not lord onely  
But woꝝthy to ſubdetw heuyu as ſayeng goth  
And thou reputyſt thy ſelf moze hye  
Then them both and dyſpayryſt ſo cowardly  
To wyn a woman of whom hath ben ſo many  
Gotten and yngotten neuer hardel of any  
C It is reſcryd in the feſt of ſeynt Jhon  
Thys is the woman of auncyoun malyce  
Of whom but of a woman was it long on  
That adam was expulſyd from paradylle  
She put man to payn whom ely dyd diſpyſe  
Than ſyth adam gaſt hym to theyre gouernaunce  
Am I gretter than adam my ſelf to auanncē  
C ſay but of thoſe men it weze wyledome  
That ouercame them to ſeke remedy  
And not of thoſe that they dyd ouercome  
Fle from theyre begīnyngel eſchew theyre ſoly  
Thou knowyſt they do euyl thynge many  
They kepe no meane but rygour of intencion  
Be it ſayre ſoule wylfull without reaſon  
C Kepe them neuer ſo cloſe they wylbe ſhewyd  
Gyff tokyns of loue by many ſubtell wayſ  
Semyng to be thepe and ſerpently ſhrewd  
Craſt in them renews that neuer decays  
Theyre ſeyngel ſightyngel prouokyngel theyz plays  
O what payn is to fulfyll theyre appetytel  
And to accompliſh theyre wanton deſyrtis  
C It is a wonder to ſe theyre dyſſemblyng  
Theyre ſtatteryng countenanne theyz ingrattyude  
Inconſtanne ſals witneſe ſaynyd wepyng

160  
170  
180  
190

There bayn glory and how they can delude  
Theyre folyshnes theyre Janglyng not metwode  
Theyre lecherous lust and wylenes therfore  
whychcraft & charmys to make men to theyre lore 200  
¶ Theyre enbatomyng & theyre vnthamfastnes  
¶ Theyre bawdry theyre luttelte & fresh actyrpnyng  
what trimyng what payntyng to make fayrnes  
¶ Theyre fals intent & spykeryng smylyng  
¶ Therfore lo yt is an old sayeng

WE

¶ That women be the dyuell nettel and hed of syn  
¶ And manny's mysery in paradys dyd begyn  
¶ But what thynkyst thou by me yet for all this  
¶ Hary syr ye were a man of cleze wyrt  
whom nature hath indewyd w the best gyfte 210  
¶ As betwte & gretnes of membres perfyte  
¶ Strenght lyghtnes & beyond this ychewohyt  
¶ Fortune hath partyd with you of her influens  
¶ For to be able of lyberall expens

Calisto

¶ For wythout goodel wherof fortuue is lady  
¶ Roman can haue welth therfore by coniecture  
¶ yow shuld be belouyd of euery body  
¶ But not of Melebea now I am sure  
¶ And thought thou hadst praylyd me wout mesure  
¶ And comparyd me without comparison 220  
¶ yet she is aboue in euery condicion

¶ Behold her noblenes her aunconynage  
¶ Her gret patrymony her excellent wyrt  
¶ Her resplendent verteu hys portly corage  
¶ Her godly grace her suffereyn betwte perfyte  
¶ No tong is able well to expresse it

¶ But yet I pray the let me speke a whyle  
¶ My self to refresh in rehercyng of my style

¶ I begyn at her hert which is so goodly  
¶ Crispyd to her helys tyed with fyne lace 230  
¶ Farr thynnyng beyond fyne gold of araby  
¶ I crow the son coler to hyt may gyff place

¶ That who to behold it myght haue the grace  
¶ wold say incomparison nothyng cōtezuaylys  
¶ Then is it not lyke here of alle tayles

ES

¶ What soule comparison this felow raylys  
¶ Her gay glalyng epen so fayre and bygght  
¶ Her browes her nose in a meane no falsyon saylys  
¶ Her mouth pper & feate her teeth small & whygght  
¶ Her lypis ruddy her body streyght bypght 240

Her lyttyll tetys to the eye is a pleasure  
 What Joy it is to se such a fygyre  
**C** Her skyn of whytnes endarkyth the knowe  
 wyth rose colour ennewyd **I** the enlure  
 Her lyttyll hande in meane maner this is no rowe  
 Her fyngers small & long w<sup>th</sup> naylys ruddy most pure  
 Of proporcyon none such in purtrapture  
 without pere worthy to haue for sayrenes  
 The apple that parys gaue venus the goddes  
**C** Sir haue ye all done. **C.** ye maye what than 250  
**I** put case all this ye haue sayd be trewe  
 yet are ye more noble syth ye be a man  
 wherin. **S.** she is vnperfyte **I** wold ye knewe  
 As all women be and of lesse balew  
 Phylozophers say the matter is less worthy  
 Than the forme / so is woman to man surely  
**C** **I** lo ue not to heze this altercacion  
 Betwene melebea and me her loue  
**P**ossible it is in euery condicyon  
 To abhor her as mych as you do loue her 260  
**I**n the wyunnyng / begylyng is the daunger  
 That ye shall see here after wyth eyen fre  
 wyth what eyen. **S.** with clere eyen trust me  
**C** why wyth what eyen do **I** se now  
 wyth dymie eyen whych shew a lytll thyng much  
 But for ye shall not dyspayre **I** assure you  
 No labour nor dyllygens in me shall grynch  
 So trusty & fryndely ye shall fynd me such  
**I**n all thyng possible that ye can adquire  
 The thyng to accomplysh to your desyre 270  
**C** God bryng that to passe so glad it is to me  
 To here the thus though **I** hope not in thy doyng  
 yet **I** shall do yt trust me for a surete  
 God reward the for thy gentyll intendyng  
**I** gyff the this chayn of gold in rewardeyng  
 Sir god reward you & send vs good sped  
**I** dout not but **I** shall performe it in dede  
**C** But wythout rewarde it is hard to work well  
**I** am content so thou be not necllygent  
 Nay be not you / for it passyth a meruell 280  
 The master slow / the seruant to be dyllygent  
 How thynkyst it can be shew me thyne intent  
 Sir **I** haue a neyghbour a moder of hawdy  
 That can prouoke the hard rokkys to lecherp

W  
W

E

E

W

E  
E

W

E

W  
E

W

E  
E

W

In all euyl dede she is perfet wyse  
I trow moze than a M byrgyns  
Haue hene dystroyed by her subtell deuple  
For she neuer saylyth where she begynnys  
All onely by thys craft her lyffynge she wynnys  
Mayde wyfys wydows and euerychone  
If she ones meddyll they skapyth none

290

S  
S

How myght I speke wyth her sempronio  
I shall byng her hydyr vnto this place  
But ye must in any wyse let rewardeis go  
And shew her your greuys in euery case  
Ellys were I not worthy to attayn grace  
But alas sempronio thou tarpest to long  
Syr god be with you. C. Cyt make the strong

C  
S

The myghtry and perdurable god be his gyde  
As he gydyd the iij kyngel in to bedleme  
From the est by the starre and agayn dyd prouyde  
As theyre conduct to retozn to theyre own reame  
So spede my sempronio to quench the lemie  
Of this fyre which my hart doth waite & spende  
And that I may com to my desyryd ende

300

To pas the tyme now wyll I walk  
Up and down within myne orchard  
And to my self go comyn and talke  
And pray that fortune to me be not hard  
Longyng to here whether made or maid

310

C

My message shall retuyn by my seruannt sempronio  
Thus farewell my lordys for a whyle I wyll go  
How the blessing that our lady gaue her sone  
That same blessing I gyue now to you all  
That I com thus homely I pray you of pdon  
I am lough and lendfoze as a woman vniuersall  
Celestina of trewth my name is to call

Sempronio for me about doth inqueze  
And it was told me I shuld haue found hym here

320

I am suze he wyll com hyther anone  
But the whylst I shall tell you a preyte game  
I haue a wench of Sempronios a preyte one  
That soioynyth with me Elecea is her name  
But the last day we were both ny a stark thame  
For sempronio wold haue her to hym self seuerell  
And she loughth one Crypto better or as well

Thys Crypto and Elicea sat dynkyng  
In my hous and I also makyng mery



And as the deuyll wold farr from our thynkyng  
 Sempronio almost cam on vs sodenly 330  
 But then wrought I my craft of batwery  
 I had Crypto go vp and make hym self come  
 To hyde hym in my chamber among the brome  
**T**hen made I Elicea lye down a lowpnyng  
 And I wyth my rok began for to spyn  
 As who seyth of Sempronio we had no knowpnyng  
 He knockyd at the doore and I lete hym in  
 And for a countenaunce I dyd begyn  
 To catch hym in myne armys and seyde see see  
 who kyllyth me Elicea and wyll not kys the 340  
**E**licea for a countenaunce made her greuyd  
 And wold not speke but styll dyd lowe  
 why speke ye not quod Sempronio he ye meuyd  
 Haue I not a cause quod she no quod he I trow  
 A traytour quod she full well dost thou know  
 where hast thou ben these .iii. days fro me  
 That the inpostume and euyl deth take the  
**P**ease myne Elicea quod he why say ye thus  
 Alas why put you your self in this wo  
 The hote fyre of loue so brennyth betwene vs 350  
 That my hart is wyth yours where euer I go  
 And for .iii. days ablens to say to me so  
 In sayth me thukyth ye be to blame  
 But now hark well for here begynnyth the game  
**C**rypto in my chamber aboue that was hyddyn  
 I thynk lay not ealyly and began to romble  
 Sempronio hard that and askyd who was within  
 Aboue in the chamber that so dyd I romble  
 who quod she a louer of myne / may hap ye stomble  
 Quod he on the trewth as many one doth 360  
 Go vp quod she and loke whether it be loth  
**W**ell quod he I go / nay thought I not so  
 I sayd com Sempronio let this foole alone  
 For of thy long ablens she is in such wo  
 And halt belyde her self and her wyrt ny gone  
 well quod he aboue yet ther is one  
 wylt thou know quod I ye quod he I the requere  
 It is a wench quod I sent me by a freere  
**W**hat freere quod he wilt thou nedre know qdr I thā  
 It is the l[ ] 370  
**Q**uod he what a lode hath that woman  
 To here hym / ye quod I though women per case

Were heuy full oft yet they gall in no place  
Then he laught / ye quod I no mo word of this  
For this tyme to long we spend here amys  
Intrat sempronio

**E** **M**oder Celestyne I pray god prosper the  
**S** My son sempronio I am glad of our metyng  
And as I here say ye go aboute to seke me  
Of trowth to seke you was myne hyther comyng 380  
Nothor ley a pette now all other thyng

And all only tend to me and Imagyn  
In that that I purpote now to begyn  
**E** Calisto in the loue of kaye melebea  
Burnyth wherfore of the he hath grette nede  
Thou seyest well knowyest not me Celestina  
I haue the end of the matter and for moze spede  
Thou halte wade no ferther / for of this dede  
I am as glad as euer was the surgyon  
For saluys for broke hede to make prouysyon 390  
And so intend I to do to Calisto

**S** To gyff hym hope and assure hym remedy  
For long hope to the hart mych trouble wyll do  
wherfore to the effect therof I wyll hve  
Peas for me thynkyth Calisto is nye

Intrat Calisto et parmene  
**E** Parmeno. P. what sey you. C. wottyst who is here  
Sempronio that reuyuyth my chere

**P** It is sempronio with that old berdyp hore  
Be ye they my maister so soze for doth long 400  
**E** Peas I sey parmene or go out of the doze  
Comyest thou to hinder me then dost thou me wrong  
I pray the help for to make me more strong  
To wyn this woman elle godde forbod  
She hath equall power of my lyff vnder god

**P** Wherfore to her do ye make such sorow  
Thynk ye in her ars ther is any shame  
The contrary who tellyth you be neuer his borow  
For as much she gloryfyeth her in her name  
To be callyd an old hore as ye wold of fame 410  
Dogge in the strete and chyldren at euery dore  
Bark and cry out ther goth an old hore

**E** How knowyest all this dost thou know her  
**P** ye that [ day] agone  
For a fals hore the deuyll ouer throw her  
My moder when she dyed gaue me to her alone

And a sterker haud was ther neuer none  
 For that I know I dare well se  
 Let se the contrary who can ley  
**C** I haue bene at her hows & lene her trynkett 420  
 For payntyng thyng inumerable  
 Squalmys & balmys I wonder where she gette  
 The thyng that she hath with folke for to fable  
 And to all haudry eue agreable  
 yet wors then that whych wyl neuer be last  
 Not only a haud but a wych by her craft  
**Ce** **S** **H** **S**  
**C** Say what thou wilt son spare not me  
 I pray the permene lese thy malycious enuy  
 Hark hydr sempronio here is but we thre 430  
 In that I haue sayd canst thou denye  
**Ca** Com hens permene I loue not thys I  
 And good mother greue you not I you pray  
 My mynde I shall shew now hark what I say  
**C** O notable woman O auncyent vertew  
 O gloryous hope of my desyrd intent  
 Thende of my delectable hope to renew  
 My regeneracion to this lyfe present  
 Resurreccoon from deth / so excellent  
 Thou art aboue other / I desyre humbly  
 To kys thy handes wherin lyeth my remedy 440  
**C** But myne vnworthines makyth resystence  
 yet worship I the ground that thou goist on  
 Belechng the good woman with most reuerens  
 On my payn with thy pyte to loke vpon  
 without thy comfort my lyfe is gone  
 To rebvye my dede spryt thou mayst preferr me  
 with the wordes of thy mouth to make or marr me  
**Ce** **S**  
**C** Sempronio can I lyff with these bonys  
 That thy master gyffyth me here for to ete 450  
 wordes are but wynd therfore attons  
 Byd hym close his mouth and to his purs get  
 For money makyth marchaunt that must Jet  
 I haue heyd his wordes but where be his dedes  
 For w out money to me no thyng spedys  
**Ca** **S**  
**C** What seyth she sempronio alas my hart bledes  
 That I wyth you good woman mystrust shuld be  
 syr she thynkty that money all thyng sedys  
 Then come on sempronio I pray the wyth me  
 And tary here moder a whyle I pray the  
 For where of mystrust ye haue me appelpd 460

Haue here my cloke tyll your dout be alloylid  
**S** **C** Now do ye well for wedel among corn  
 Nor suspicious w kyndel dyd neuer well  
 Or saythfulnes of wordel tornyd to a skorn  
**Ca** **M**akyth myndel doutfull good reason doth tell  
**S** **C**ome on sempronio thou gyffyst me good counsell  
**P** **G**o ye before & I shall wapt you vppon  
**P** **F**arewell mother we wyll come agayn anon  
**C** **H**ow sey ye my lordis se ye not this smoke  
 In my maisters eyes y they do cast 470  
 The one hath his chayn the other his cloke  
 And I am sure they wyll haue all at last  
 Ensample may be by this y is past  
 How seruaūtis be distaytfull in theyr maisters soly  
**Ce** **N**othing but for lucre is all theyr hatwedy  
**C** **I**t pleasyth me parmeneo that we to gedyr  
 May speke wherby thou maist se I loue the  
 yet vnderferyd now thou comyst hydyr  
 wherof I care not but bertew warnyth me  
 To fle temptacyon & folow charyte 480  
 To do good agayns yll & so I rede the  
 Sempronio & I wyll helpe thy necessyte  
**C** **A**nd in tokyn now that it shall so be  
 I pray the among vs let vs haue a long  
**P** **F**or where armony is ther is ampte  
**P** **W**hat a old woman syng / **Ce**. why not among  
**P** **I** pray the no lenger the tyme prolong  
**Ce** **G**o to when thou wylt I am redy  
**C** **S**hall I begyn / p. ye but take not to hye / & cantant 490  
**C** **H**ow sey ye now by this lytyll yong tole  
**C** **F**or the thyrd parte sempronio we must get  
 After that thy maister shall come to skole  
 To syng the fourth parte y his purs shall swet  
 For I so craftely the song can set  
 Though thy maister be hors his purs shal syng cleze  
 And taught to solf that womans flesh is dere  
**C** **H**ow seyest to this thou prayt parmeneo  
 Thou knowyst not the world nor no delytys therein  
 Dost vnderstand me inseyth I tro no  
 Thou art yong inough the game to begyn 500  
**P** **T**hy maister hath wadyd hym self so farr in  
**Ce** **A**nd to bryng hym out lyeth not in me old pore  
**P** **T**hou shuldyst sey it lyeth not in me old hore  
**Ce** **A** horelon a shame take such a knaue

How darst thou wyth me thou boy be so bold  
 Be cause such knowlege ofthe I haue  
 why who act / p / pmeno son to albert the old  
 I dwelt w the by the ryuer where wyne was sold  
 And thy moder I trow hgyht claudena  
 That a wyld fyre bren the celestena 510  
 But thy moder was as olde a hore as I  
 Come hydyr thou lypyll sole let me see the  
 A it is euen he by out hyllyd lady  
 what lypyll brchyn hast forgoryn me  
 whē thou layst at my bedde lere how meny were we  
 A thou old matrone it were almys thou were ded  
 How woldesthou pluk me vp to thy bedde hed  
 And inbrace me hard vnto thy bely  
 And for thou smellydyt oldly I ran from the  
 A shamefull horelon fy vpon the fy fy 520  
 Come hyther aud now shortly I charge the  
 That all this folysh spekyng thou let be  
 Leue wantonnes of youth than shalt thou do well  
 folow the doctryne of thy Elders and counsell  
 To who thy parent on whos soulis god haue mcy  
 In payn of curtyng bad the be obedyent  
 In payn wherof I command the straytly  
 To much i masterhip put not thyne intent  
 No trust is in theym if thyne owen be spent  
 Maysters now adays covyert to byng about 530  
 All for theym self & let theyre seruantes go without  
 Thy maister men sey and as I thynk he be  
 But lyght karych not who come to his seruyce  
 Faire wordē shall not lak but smal rewardē trust me  
 Make sempronio thy frynd in any wyse  
 For he can handle hym in the best gyle  
 Kepe thys & for thy profet tell it to none  
 But loke that sempronio and thou be one  
 Moder celestyne I wot not what ye meane 540  
 Calisto is my mayster and so I wyll take hym  
 And as for ryches I despye it clene  
 For who so euer with wrong rych doth make hym  
 Soner than he gat it / it wyll forsake hym  
 I loue to lyfe in popfull pouerte  
 And to serue my mayster w trewth and honeste  
 Troth and honeste be ryches of the name  
 But surete of welth is to haue ryches  
 And after that for to get hym good fame

And syth these bawde get good prouokynge lechery  
I trust flattery shall speede as well as bawdey  
His creat parmeno et intret melebea

**M** **C** I pray you came this woman here neuer syn 640  
In fayth to entre here I am halt adrad  
And yet why so / I may boldly com in  
I am sure from you all I shall not be had  
But ielus ielus be these men so mad  
On women as they sey / how shuld it be  
It is but fables and lyes ye may trust me

Intret Celestina

**C** God be here i **M**. who is the? **C**. wyl ye bye any thred  
**M** ye mary good moder I pray you come in  
**C** Cryst saue you fayre melkes & godd be your spede 650

And helth be to you & all your kyn  
And mary godde mother that blessed byrgyn  
Pelerue & prosper your womanly personage  
And well to inioy your yough & pulsell age  
**C** For that tyme plealurys are most eschpyud  
And age is the holpytall of all maner sykness  
The restyng place of all thought vnceleuyd  
The spoite of tyme past the ende of all quiknes  
Reybour to deth a dyt stok wythout swetnes  
Discomforte disease all age alowith 660

**M** A tye without say that small charge boweth  
**C** I meruell moder ye speke so much yll  
**M** Of age that all folke desyre effectuously  
**C** They desyre hurt for them selfas all of wpll  
And the cause why they desyre to come therby  
Is for to lyff for deth is so lothly  
He that is sorowfull wold lyff to be soryer  
And he that is old wold lyff to be elder

**C** Fayre dame tell who can thew all the hurte of age  
His weynes feblenes his discontentyng 670  
His chylidishnes howardnes of his rage  
Wrynkyng in the face lak of syght and heryng  
Holownes of mouth fall of teth faynt of goyng  
And worst of all posselld with pouerte  
And the lymmys arellyd with dehylyte

**M** **C** Moder ye haue takyn grete payn for age  
wold ye not retorn to the begynnynng  
**C** folys are they that are past theyre passage  
To begyn agayn which be at the endyng  
For better is possession than the desyryng 680

**D** I desyre to lyff lengger do I well or no  
**C** That ye desyre well I thynk not so  
**C** For as sone goth to market the lambys sell  
 As the shyppe / none so old but may lyff a yere  
 And ther is none so yong but ye wot well  
 May dye in a day then no aduantage is here  
**D** Betwen youth & age þ matter is clere  
**D** wyth thy sablyng & thy reconyng I wys  
**C** I am beglyd but I haue knowen the or thys  
**C** Art not celystyne þ dwellyd by the ryuer syde 690  
 ye for loth / **D** in dede age hath aray the  
**C** That thou art the now can skant be elpyd  
**D** He thynktyh by thy sauour thou shuldyt be she  
 Thou art sore chaungid thou mayst beleue me  
 Fayre maydon kepe thou well thys tyme of youth  
 But bewte shall passe at þ last thys is truth  
**C** yet I am not so old as ye iuge me  
 Good moder I ioy much of thyne accoyntaunce  
 And thy moderly reasons ryght well please me  
 And now I thank the here for thy pastaunce 700  
 Fare well tyll a nother tyme þ hap may chaunce  
 Agayn that we two may mete to gedyr  
**D** May hap ye haue bysynes I know not whether  
**C** **C** D angelyk ymage o ple so þcyous  
**D** how thou spekyt it reioylyth me to here  
 Knowist thou not by the deupne month gracypous  
 That agaynst the infernall teend luyt re  
 we shuld not only lyf by bred here  
 But by our good workys wher in I take some payn  
 yf ye know not my mynd now all is in beyn 710  
**D** **C** Shew me moder hardely all thy necessite  
**C** And yf I can I shall prouyde the remedy  
**C** My necessite nay god wot it is not for me  
 As for myne I last it at home surely  
 To ete when I wyll & drynk when I am dry  
 And I thank god euer one peny hath be myne  
 To by bred when I lyst & to haue .iiii. for wyne  
**C** Afore I was wyddow I caryd neuer for it  
 For I had wyne ynough of myne owne to sell  
 And w a tost in wyne by the tyre I coud syt 720  
 w .ii. dolen coppel the collyk to quell  
 But now w me it is not so well  
 For I haue nothyng but that is brought me  
 In a pytcher pot of quartys skant thre

**C** Thus I pray god help them that be nedy  
For I speke not for my self alone  
But as well for other how euer spede I  
The infyrmyte is not myne though that I grone  
It is for a nother y I make mone  
And not for my self it is a nother way

730

**M**  
**C**

But what I must mone where I dare not say  
**C** Say what thou wylt & for whom thou lest  
now gracypous damsell I thank you than  
That to gylt audyens ye be so prest  
w lyberall redynes to me old woman  
whych gyffyth me boldnes to shew what I can  
De one that lyeth in daunger by lekenes  
Remyttng hys langour to your getyllnes

**M**

**C** What meanyt thou I pray the good moder  
Go forth w thy demaund as thou hast done  
On the one pte thou prouokyst me to anger  
And on the other syde to compallyon  
I know not how thy answere to fallyon  
The wordes whych thou spekyt in my presence  
Be so mysty / I pleyue not thy sentence

740

**C**

**C** I sayd I last one in daunger of lekenes  
Drawyng to deth for ought that I can se  
How chole you or no to be murderes

**M**

Or reuyue hym w a word to come from the  
I am happy yf my word be of such necessyte  
To help any crystyn man or ells godde forbod  
To do a good dede is lykng to god

750

**C** For good dede to good men be a lowable  
And specyally to nedy aboue all othe  
And euer to good dedys ye shall fynd me agreable  
Trustyng ye wylt exhoyt me to non other  
Therfor fere not spek your peticio good mother  
For they that may hele lekefolk & do refuse theym  
Suerly of theyre deth they can not excuse theym

**Ce**

**C** Full well & gracypouly the case ye consyder  
For I neuer beleuyd that god in bayn  
wold gyff you such countenaunce & betwe to gedye  
But chaypte therwith to releue folke in payn  
And as god hath gyffyn you so gyff hym agayn  
For folke be not made for them self onely  
For then they shuld lyff lyke best all rudely  
**C** Among whych best yet some be pyrefnl  
The vnicoine humblyth hym self to a mayd

760



And a dog in all his power yrefull  
 Let a man fall to ground his anger is delayd 770  
 Thus by nature pyte is conueyd  
 The kok when he lkrapith & happith mete to fynd  
 Callith for his hennē lo se the gentyll kynde  
 Shuld humayn creaturys than be of cruelnes  
 Shuld not they to theyre neyhours thew charyte  
 And specially to them wrappyd in sekenes  
 Than they that may hele theym cause y inārmpte  
 M<sup>r</sup> Mother without delay for godde sake thew me  
 I pray the hartly wythout moze prayeng  
 where is the pacient that so is paynyng 780  
 C<sup>o</sup> Faye dālell thou maist well haue knowlege herto  
 That in this Cyte is a yong knyght  
 And of clere lynage callyd Calisto  
 whole lyfe & body is all in the I plyght  
 The pellycan to thew naturys ryght  
 Fedyth his byrdys me thynkith I shuld not pch the  
 Thou wotist what I meane lo nature shuld tech the  
 M<sup>r</sup> A ha is this the entent of thy conclusyon  
 Tell me no moze of this matter I charge the  
 Is thys the dolent for whom thou makyst petycyō 790  
 Art thou come hyther thus to desseyue me  
 Thow berdyd dame shameles thou semest to be  
 Is this he that hath the passio of solishnes  
 Chikyft thow rybaud I am lynch one of lewdnes  
 C<sup>o</sup> It is not layd I se well in dayn  
 The tong of man & woman worst members be  
 Thow brut baud thow gret enemy to honeste certayn  
 Cause of secret errours I hū I hū bnedicite  
 Sō good bodi take this old thefe fro me  
 That thus wold me disseyue me w her fals slepyght 800  
 Go owt of my syght now / get the hens strepyght  
 C<sup>o</sup> In an pupll howre cam I hyther I may say  
 I wold I had brokyn my legge twayn  
 M<sup>r</sup> Go hens thou brothell go hens in the dyupll way  
 Bydyft thou yet to increase my payn  
 wylt thou make me of thys sole to be fayn  
 To gyue hym lyfe to make hym mery  
 And to my self deth to make me sory  
 C<sup>o</sup> wilt thou bere away profet for my perdicion  
 Aud make me lese the houde of my fater 810  
 To wyn the howle of such an old matrone  
 As thou art shamfullyst of all other

Thikist thou that I überstād not thou falls mother  
 Thy hurtfull message thy fals subtell ways  
 Make a mendē to god thou lyffyst to long days  
**Ce** ¶ Answere thou traytres how darst be so bold  
 The feze of the makyth me so dysmayd  
 That the blod of my body is almost cold  
 A las fayre maydyn what hast thou sayd  
 To me pore wydow why am I denayed 820  
 Here my cōclusion which ys of honeste  
 Wout cause ye blame thys gentylman & me  
**M** ¶ I sey I wyll here no more of that sole  
 Was he not here with me euyr now  
 Thow old which thou bryngyst me in grete dole  
 Ask him what answeze he had of me & how  
 I toke hys demaund as now know mayst thou  
 More shewyng is but lost where no mercy can be  
**Ce** ¶ Thus I answerd hym & thus I answer the  
 ¶ The more straunge the makyth the gladder am I 830  
**M** ¶ Ther is no tempast that euer doth endure  
 What seyst thou what seyst thow shameful enmy  
 Speke out. **Ce.** so ferd I am of your dyspleasurē  
 your anger is so grete I pleyue it sure  
 And your pacyens is in so gret an hete  
 That for wo & feze I both wepe & twete  
**M** ¶ Lyttill is the hete in coparyson to say  
 To the gret boldnes of thy demeanyng  
**Ce** ¶ Fayre mayden yet one word now I you pray  
 Appeale w pacyens & here my sayeng 840  
 It Is for a prayer mestres my demaundyng  
 That is sayd ye haue of seynt appolyne  
 For the toth ake wher of this man is in pyne  
 ¶ And the gyrdle there thou weryst about the  
 ¶ So many holy relpke it hath towchyd  
 That thys knyght thynktyh his hote thou maist be  
 Therefore let thy pyte now be a vouchid  
 For my hart for feze / lyke adog is couchyd  
 The delygth of bengennis who so doth ble  
 Pyte at theyre nede shall theym refuse 850  
 ¶ Yf this be tiew that thou seyst to me now  
 Dyn hart is lyghtnyd perseyuyng thecase  
 I wold be content well yf I wyst how  
 To bryng this seke knyght vnto some solas  
**Ce** ¶ Fayre damcell to the be helth & grace  
 For yf this knyght & ye were aquayntyd both two

ye wold not iudge him the man that ye do  
**C** By god & by my soule in him is no malyncoly  
 with grace indewid in fredome as alexandre  
 In strenght as hectour in countenaunce mercy 860  
 Gracious / enuy in him reynyd neuer  
 Of noble blod as thou knowyst / & yf ye euer  
 Saw him armyd he semeth a leynt george  
 Rather than to be made in naturl forge  
**C** An angell thou woldist iudge him I make auow  
 The gentyll narciso was neuer so fayre  
 That was ināmorpd on his own shadow  
 wherfore fayre mayde let thy pyte repayre  
 Let mercy be thy mother & thou her hepre  
 This knyght whom I come for neuer leaspyth 870  
 But cryeth out of payn that Gyll encrelyth  
**M** **C** How long tyme I pray the hath it holdyn hym  
**Ce** I thynk he be .xviii. yeres of age  
**M** I saw hym horn & holpe for to fold hym  
**M** I demaund the not therof thyne answer alwage  
 Ask the how long in this paynfull rage  
 He hath leyn / **Ce.** of trewth fayr maydyn as he says  
 He hath be in this agony this .viii. days  
**M** **C** But he semyth he had leyn this .vii. yere  
**Ce** **M** How it greuyth me the il of my pacyent 880  
 Knowyng his agony & thy innocency here  
 Unto myne anger thou hast made reultens  
 wherfore thy demaund I graunt in recompens  
 Haue here my gyrdyll the prayer is not redy  
 To morow it shalbe / come agayn secretly  
**C** And moder of these wordes passyd betwene vs  
 Shew uohtyng therof vnto this knyght  
 Lest he wold report me cruell & fypous  
**Ce** I trust the / now be trew for thought be lyght 890  
**M** I meruell gretly thou dost me so atwyght  
 Of the dout that thou hast of my secretnes  
 As secret as thy self I shall be dowteles  
**C** And to calisto w this gyrdle celestina  
 Shall go and his ledy hart make hole & lyght  
 For gabriell to our lady w aue maria  
 Came neuer gladder than I shall to this knyght  
 Calisto how wylt thou now spt by ryght  
 I haue shewid thy water to thy phelycyon  
 Comfort thy self the feld is halt won  
**M** **C** Moder he is much beholdyn vnto the 900  
 Ci.

**Ce** Fayre maydyn for the mercy thou hast done to vs  
**Th**is knyght & I both thy bedfolkis shall be  
**De** Moder yt nede be I wyll do more than thus  
**Ce** It shalbe nedefull to do so / & ryghteous  
 For this thus begon must nedis haue an ende  
 which neuer can be wout ye condescend  
**De** ¶ Well mother to morow is a new day  
 I shall performe that I haue you promest  
 Shew to this leke knyght in all that I may  
 Byd him be bold in all thyngis honest 910  
 And though he to me as yet be but a gest  
 If my word or dede his helth may support  
 I shall not fayle and thus byd him take comfort  
 Et exeat melebea.

**Ce** ¶ Now cryst comfort þ & kepe the in thy nede  
 How say you now is not this matter caryed clene  
 Can not old celestina her matter spede  
 A thing not well handlyd is not worth a bene  
 Now know ye by þ half tale what þ hole doth meane 920  
 These women at the furst be angry & surpous  
 Fayre wether comyth after stormys tempestuous  
 ¶ And now to calisto I wyll nie dres  
 which lyeth now languythyng in grete payn  
 And shew hym that he is not remedyles  
 Aud heze hym this to make hym glad and sayn  
 And handyll hym so that ye shall sey playn  
 That I am well worthy to heze the name  
 For to be callyd a noble arche dame  
 Danio pater melebee.

**C** Mercuelous god what a dreame had I to nyght 930  
 Most tercyble bylpon to report and heze  
 I had neuer none such nor none yerthely wyght  
 Alas when I thynk thereon I quak for feze  
 It was of melebea my doughter deze  
 God send me good tythpugl of her mo rtly  
 For tyll I heze from her I can not be mery

**De** ¶ Deze father nothyng may me moze displease  
 Nothyng may do me moze anoyans  
 Nothyng may do me gretter disease 940  
 Than to se you father in any perturbans  
 For me chedy or for any other chauns  
 But for me I pray you not to be sad  
 For I haue no caule but to be mery and glad

**Da** ¶ Swete melebea my doughter deze  
 I am replete with Joy and selcypte

For that ye be now in my presens here  
 As I perceyue in Joy & prosperite  
 From deth to lyfe me thynketh it reuyuyth me  
 For the ferefull dreame y I had lately  
 what dreame syr was that I pray you hertely 950  
**C** Dowtles me though y I was walkyng  
 In a fayre orchard where were placys two  
 The one was a hote bath hollome & pleatylng  
 To all people that dyd repayre therto  
 To walsh them & clens them from sekenes also  
 The other a pyt of foule stynkyng water  
 thortely they dyed all that ther in did enter  
**C** And vnto this holelome bath me thought y ye  
 In the ryght path were comyng apale  
 But before that me thought that I dyd see 960  
 A foule rough bych aprikeryd cur it was  
 whych strakyng her body along on the gras  
 And w her tayle lykkyd her so that she  
 Made her selse a fayre spaniell to be  
**C** Thys bych then me thought met you in the way  
 Leppynng & sawnyng vppon you a pale  
 And rownd a bowt you dyd renne & play  
 whych made you then dysport & solas  
 whych lykpd you so well y in thort space  
 The way to the hote bath anon ye left it 970  
 And toke the streyght way to the foule pyt  
**C** And euer ye lokyd continually  
 vppon that same bych & somoch her eyed  
 That ye cam to the foule pyt brynk codaynly  
 Lyke to haue fallyn in & to haue bene dystroyed  
 whych when I saw anon than I cryed  
 Stertyng in my slepe & therw dyd awake  
 That yet for fere me thynk my body doth quake  
**C** Was not this a ferefull dreame & mezuelous  
 I pray you doughter what thynk ye now to this 980  
*Hic melebea certo tempore nō loquit sed uultu lamentabili respicit*  
 why speke ye not why be ye now so studious  
 Is there any thyng y hath chauncyd you amys  
 I am your father tell me what it is  
**C** A las now your dreame whych ye haue exprestyd  
**C** Hath made me all penylyte & loze abalshyd  
 I pray you dere doughter now tell me why  
**C** Sir I know the canle of your vison  
 And what your dredefull dreame doth agnytye  
 Ther of wold I sayn now haue noticion 990

**M** Alas dere fader alas what haue I done  
**D** Offendyd god as a wrech vnworthy  
 whereyn / dylpayre not god is full of mercy  
 Et genuflectat  
**C** Than on my knees now I fall downe  
 And of god chekely askyng forgyfnes  
 And next of you for in to oblyuon  
**D** I haue put your doctryne & lessons dowtles  
 Feze not doughter I am not merciles  
 I trust ye haue not so gretly offendyd 1000  
 But that ryght well it may be amendyd  
**M** O ye haue fosterid me by full loupngly  
 In verteous discyplyne whych is the ryght path  
 To all grace & vertew whych doth spynnye  
 By your dremie y sayre plefaunt holesome bath  
 The soule pyt wherof ye drympd whych hath  
 Destroyd so many betokneth byle & syn  
 In whych alas I had almost fallyn In  
**C** The prikeryd cur & the soule bych  
 whych made her self so smoth & sayre to see 1010  
 Betokenyth an old quene a haudy wych  
 Callyd celystyne that wo myght she be  
 whych w her sayre wordē ay so plwadyd me  
 That she had almost brought me here vnto  
 To fulfyll the soule lust of calisto  
**D** O Alas dere doughter I taught you a lesson  
 whych way ye shuld attayn vnto vertew  
 That was euery mornyng to say an orason  
 Prayeng god for grace all byce to eschew  
**M** O dere fader that lesson I haue kept trew 1020  
 whych preferuyd me / for though I dyd cōsēt  
 In mynd / yet had he neuer hys intent  
**D** O The vertew of that praye? I se well on thing  
 Hath preferuyd you from the shame of that un  
 But becaule ye were somwhat cōsentyng  
 ye haue offendid god gretly therin  
 wherefore doughter ye must now begyn  
 Humbly to besech god of hys mercy  
 For to forgyue you your syn & mylery  
**M** O blyssid lord & fader celestfall 1030  
 whole infynite merci no tong can exprese  
 Though I be a unner wrech of wrechis all  
 yet of thy gret merci graunt me forgyfnes  
 Full sore I repent my syn I cōfesse

Intendpng hens forth neuer to offend more  
 Now humbly I beſech thy mercy therfore  
**C** Now þ is well ſayd myne one ſayre doughter  
 Stand bp therfore for I know berely  
 That god is good & mercyfull euer  
 To all ſynners whych wyll ask mercy  
 1040 And be repentaunt & in wyll cleuely  
 To ſyn no more / he of hys grete goodnes  
 wyll graunt them therfore his grace & forgiſnes  
**C** Lo here ye may ſee what a thyng it is  
 To bryng bp yong people berteouſly  
 In good cuſtome / for grace doth neuer mys  
 To them that vſe good prayers dayly  
 which hath preferuyd thys mayde vndoutpdy  
 And kept her frō actuall dede of ſhame  
 Brought her to grace preferuyd her good name  
 1050 **C** wherfore ye byrgyngs & ſayre maydens all  
 Unto this example now take good hede  
 Serue god dayly the ſoner ye ſhall  
 To Honette & goodnes no dout procede  
 And god ſhall lend you euer his grace at nede  
 To wſtand all euyl temptacions  
 That ſhall come to you by any occaſions  
**C** And ye ſaders moders & other which be  
 Rulers of yong folke your charge is dowtles  
 To bryng them bp berteouſly & to ſee  
 1060 Them occupied ſtyll in ſome good byſynes  
 Not in idell paſtyme or vnthryſtynes  
 But to teche them ſome art crafft or lernyng  
 whereby to be able to get theyr lyffyng  
**C** The bryngers bp of youth in this region  
 Haue done gret harme becauſe of theyr neclygēs  
 Not puttyng them to lernyng nor occupacyons  
 So when they haue no crafft nor ſciens  
 And com to mans ſtate ye ſee therpience  
 1070 That many of them compellyd be  
 To beg or ſtele by very neceſſite  
**C** But yf there be therfore any remedy  
 The hedys & rulers muſt furſt be dplygent  
 To make good lawes & execute them ſtraptely  
 Uppon ſuch mayſtres that be neclygent  
 Alas we make no lawes but ponyſhment  
 when men haue offendyd / but lawes euermore  
 wold be made to preuent the cauſe before

**C**yf the cause of the mylcheffe were seen before  
whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely  
And good lawes & ordynauncys made therfore  
to put a way the cause / y were best remedi  
what is the cause that ther be so many  
Theft & robberies / it is be cause mē be  
Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte  
**A**nd what is the berey cause of that nede  
Be cause they labur not for theyr lyffing  
And trewth is they can not well labour in dede  
Be cause in youth of theyr ydyl vpbrynging  
But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng  
As long as yong pepyl be euell vpbrought  
**W**herfore the eternall god that raynyth on hye  
Send his mercifull grace & influens  
To all governours that they circumspcctly  
May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence  
To bryng them to bettew & dew obedyens  
And that they & we all by his grete mercy  
May be pteneys of hys blellyd glozy.

1080

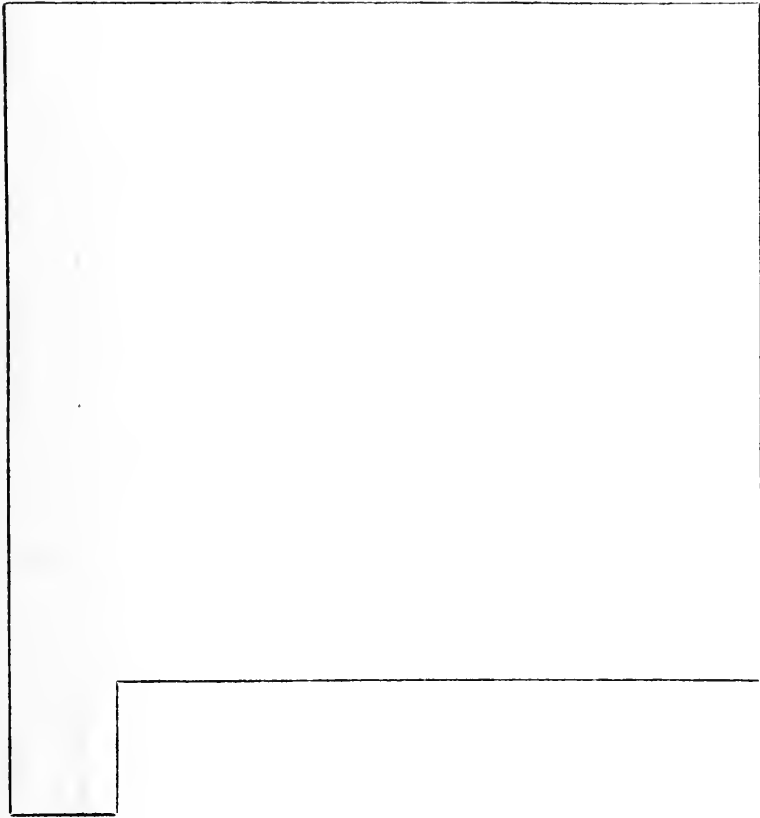
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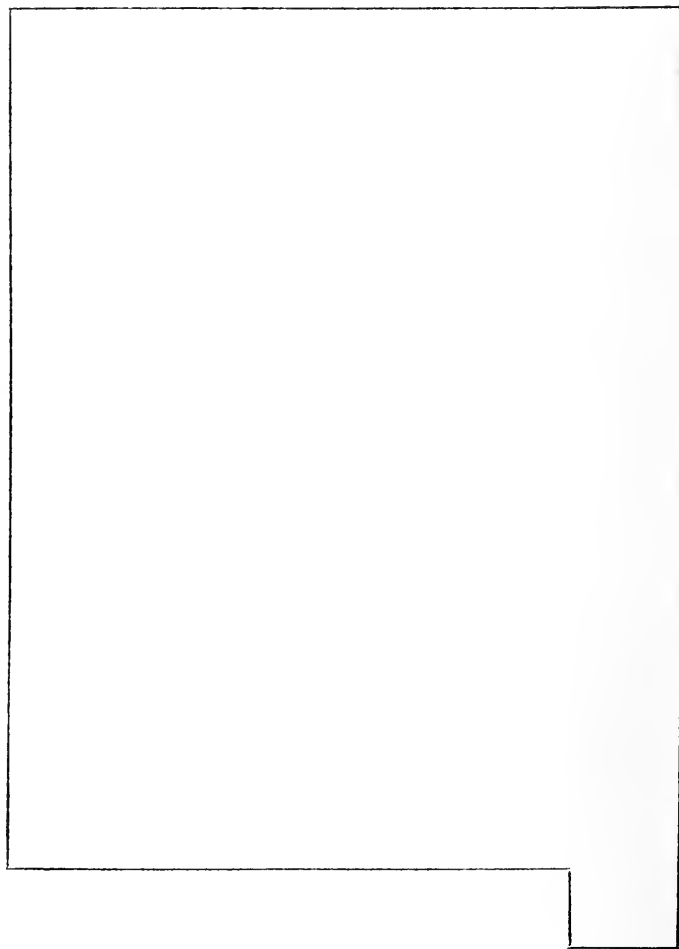
Amen.

Johēs castell me imprimi fecit

Cum priuilegio regali







































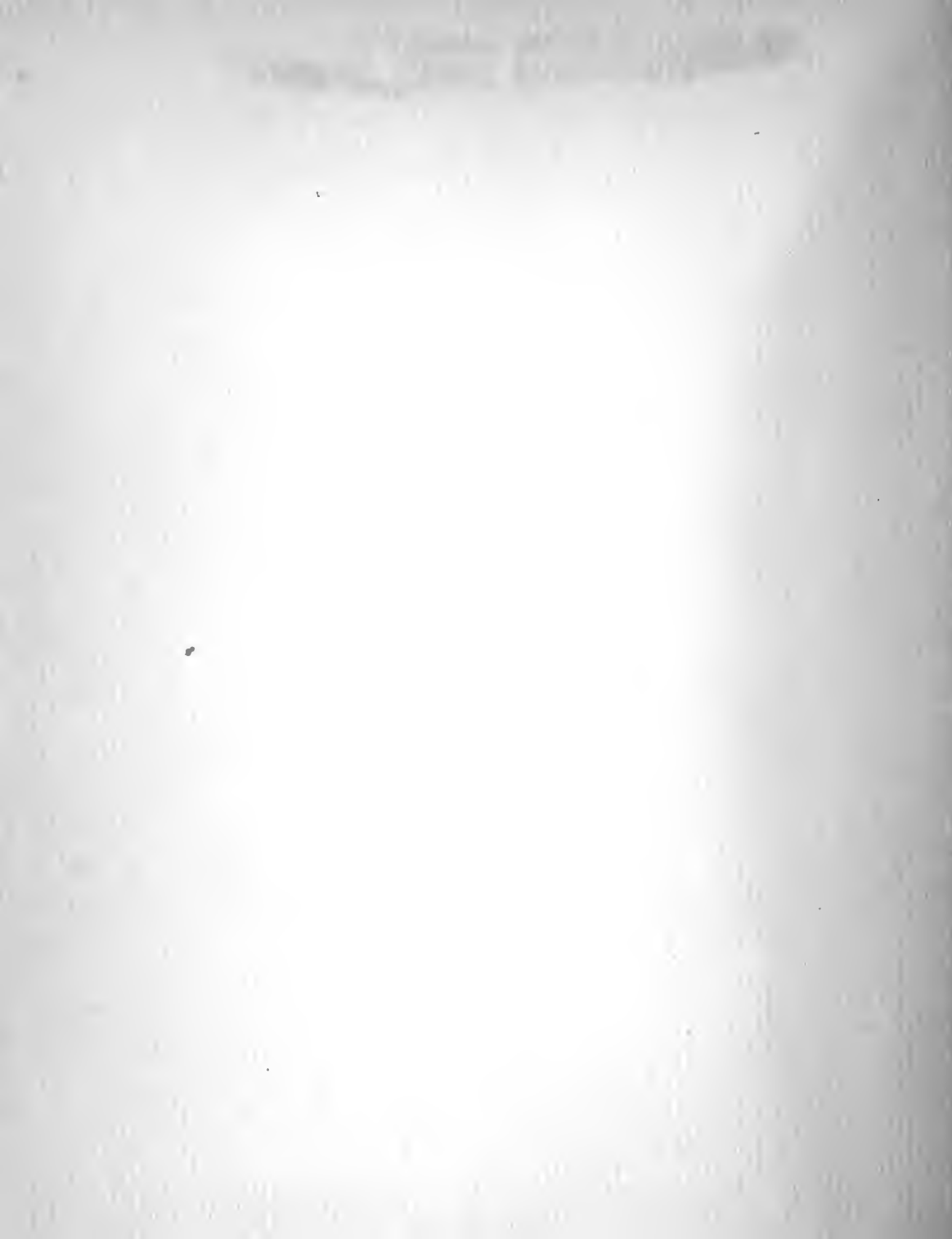


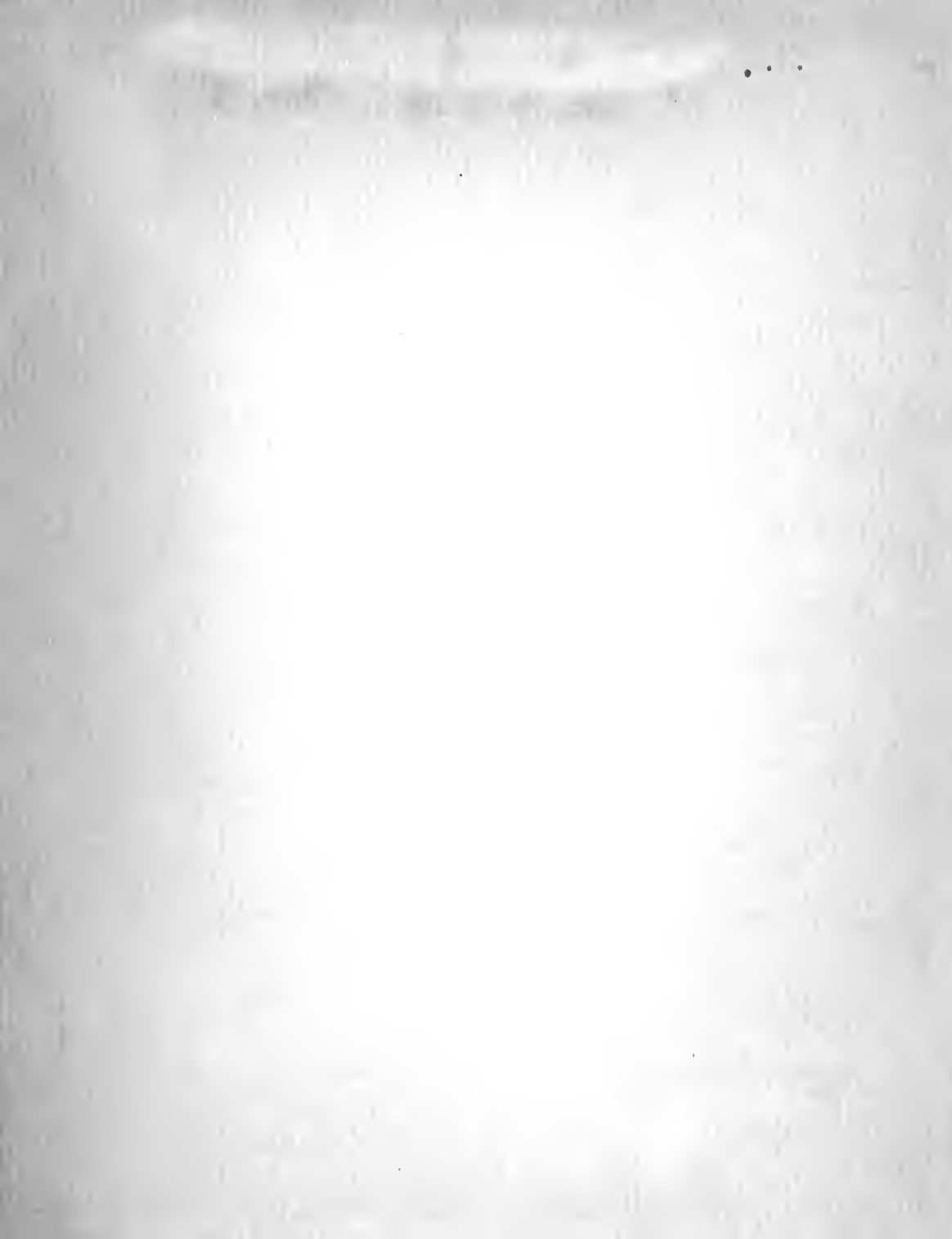












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