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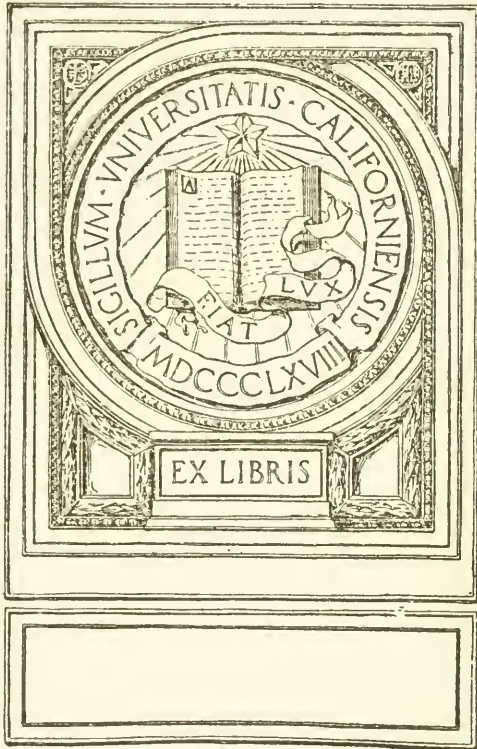
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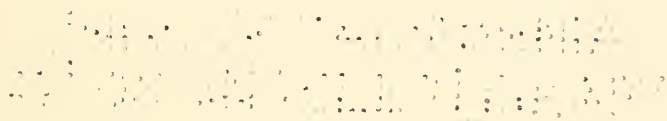
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THE INTERLUDE OF CALISTO AND MELEBEA



THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1908

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

Oxf. 1908.

W. W. Greg.

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^v). 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^v there is a fragment of a manuscript note which apparently runs: 'of y^{is} cō... begin as y^o Bi befor.' The meaning is not apparent.

IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

27. Infayth	128. thatfye
34. a mys	130. lasty ^l (lasty th ?)
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. yonr . . . playu
87. creature	168. heuyu
91. [C]	172. hard ^l
99. withont	179. auannc
123. Bnt	191. fightyng ^l

195. countenanncce
 196. Juconſtanncce
 212. p̄thewhyt
 215. fortune
 216. Roman
 219. thought (thought)
 234. incompariſon
 252. m ore (?)
 256. wouan
 257. lo ue
 260. abhor (abhor)
 261. wynn̄pug /
 308. comyn (i.e. common = com-
 mune)
 311. ſeuannt
 316. ſendfoze
 329. thynk̄pug
 337. hym (hym)
 349. ponr
 353. thyuk̄yth
 369. thon . . . qd̄ (i.e. quod)
 370. Part of this line has been cut out
 of the original.
 381. thyug
 414. cf. l. 370.
 419. le p (?)
 428. enu p (?)
 438. Reſurreccon
 455. ſeuptonio
 458. [C̄a]
 463. ſuſpicious
 486. a old
 499. inſeyth
 503. ſhndyſt
 506. ~~Q~~ (P)
 ofthe
 511. woder
 517. woldeſtthou
 519. ſmellydyſt
 520. ſhaweſull
 521. aud
 525. m̄ncy (i.e. mercy)
532. maiſſer (maiſter: reading ra-
 ther doubtful)
 533. karych
 544. popfull (ioyfull)
 556. [C̄e]
 563. a non
 570. ſenſnall
 589. [C̄]
 596. C̄ (belongs to l. 595)
 604. Embaſſad̄e
 611. ue
 630. ~~FF~~
 639. parueno
 640. caue . . . wouan
 641. au
 643. ſjou
 644. uad
 645. wouen
 646. way
 648. [C̄]
 649. woder
 650. godd (god)
 654. Aud
 658. tyue
 664. ſelfas
 668. wold (world)
 691. aray (araped?)
 695. [C̄] . . . maydon
 698. [Q̄] . . . accoyntanaunce
 706. month (mouth)
 707. luyſte re
 717. ~~FF~~
 753. a lowable
 758. ſekefolk
 762. countenaunncce
 767. pyteſnl
 768. huublyth hym
 784. ~~FF~~ plyght
 794. l̄nch
 798. b̄nedicite
 800. me diſſepue 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. [AD]
861. iu	988. canse
887. uothpng	990. [AD]
925. Aud	995. [A]
935. tythpugē . . . tho rtly	1009. prikeryd
948. we	1038. for (the 'f' doubtful)
952. Ina (?)	1084. wē
961. aprikeryd	1097. obedpug

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.

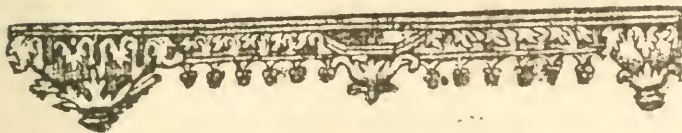
LIST OF CHARACTERS.

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 elygant & full of craft
of rethoryk / where in is shewd & byscrybyd as
well the bewte & good propertes of women /
as theyr bycys & euyll cōditiōs / with a morall
cōclusion & exhortacyon to vertew



Melebea

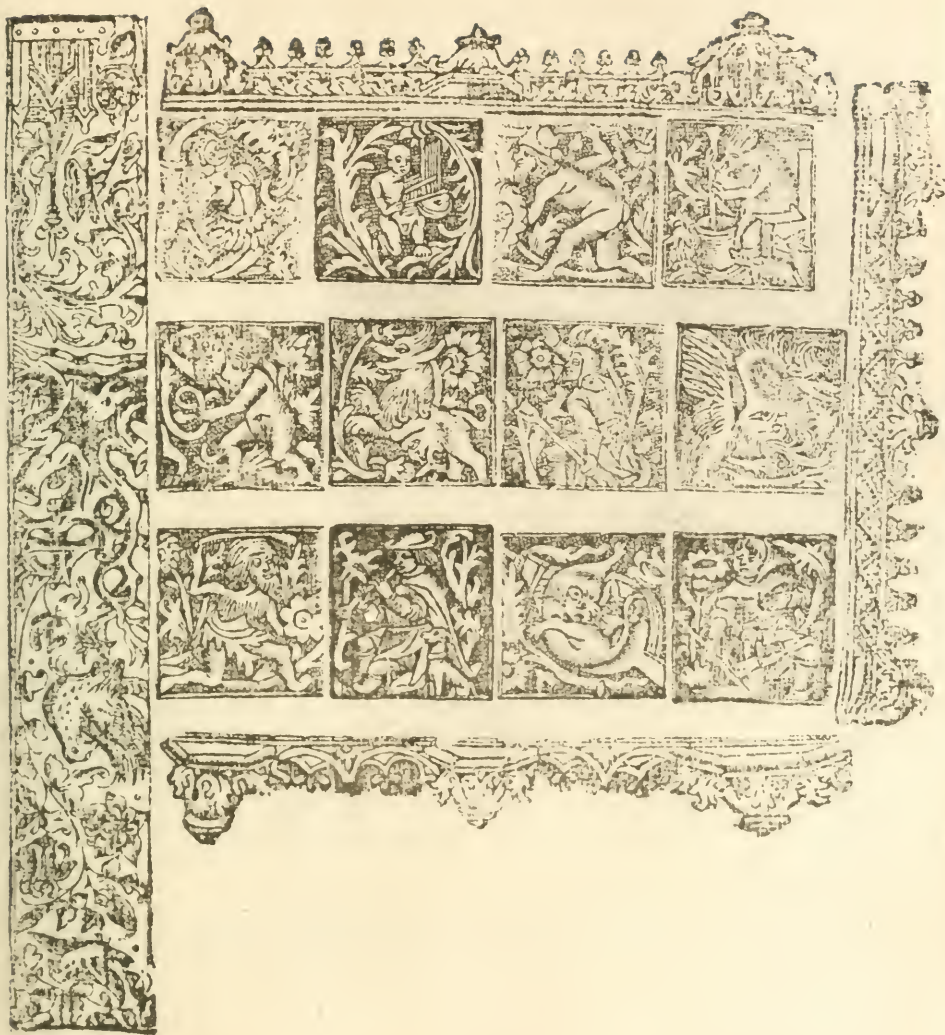
Franciscus petrarcus the poet laureate
Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
Wout stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
And Eradito the wyle clerk in his wrytyng
Sayth in all thyng create stryff is theyre workyng
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
with any other in all poyntes equivalent

If the cause of the myschell^e were seen before
 whych by cōiecture to fall be most likely
 And good laws & 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 we be
 Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte
And what is the verey cause of that nede
 Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfing
 And trewth is they can not well labour in dede
 Be cause in youth of theyr ydyll vpbrynging
 But this thyng shall neuet come to reformyng
 But the world cōtynually shall be nought
 As long as yong pepyll be euell vpbrought
Wherfore the eternall 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 grette mercy
 May be ptencys of hys blessyd glozy.

Amen.

Johēs rastell me imprimi fecit

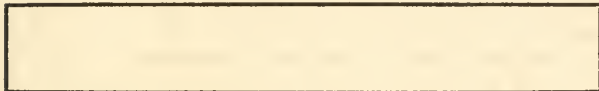
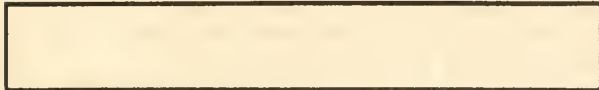
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C 4 RECTO



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



Melebea

Franciscus petrarccus the poet lawreate
Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
w out stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
And Eraclito the wyle clerk in his wrytynge
Sayth in all thyng create stryff is theyre workynge
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
with any other in all poyntes equibalent
And accordyng to theyre dictys reherlyd as thus
All thyng are create in maner of stryffe 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 penyffe
Alas I poze mayden than what shall I do
Combryd by dotage of one Calisto
I know that nature hath gyuyn me bewte
with languynypous 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
Chis saynges & lutes so importune
 That of my lyfe he makyth me almost wery
 W hys lamentacyons & exclamacyons on fortune
 W similpitude maner as one that shuld dy
 But who shall pyte thys Insayth not I
 Shall I accöplyth hys carnall desyre
 Nay yet at a stake rather bren in a fyre
COf trouth I am lory for hys trouble
 To stpue 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 cristl benedicite
 Nay nay he shall neuer that day see
 Hys voluptuous appetyte cösentyd by me
Cwyll 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 cryst I wyll where I myght be hyd
Calysto **W**y you seyre melebea may be lene
M The grace the gyftes the gretnes of god
 where i / **C**. In takyng effect of dæe nature strene
 Nor yerthly but angellyke of lykelyhode
 In bewte so passyng the kinde of woman hod
O god I myght in your presens be able
 To manyfest my dolours incöperable
CGreter were that reward than the grace
 Heuyn to optayn by workys of pyte
 Not so glorpous be the saites that se goddes face
 Ne Joy not so moch as I do you to see
 yet dyfferens there is bytwene theym & me
 For they glorpy 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
Of thy cösent of mynd by such temptacion

30

40

50

60

I persepue the entent of thy wordys all
As of the wyt of hym that wold haue the bertew
Of me such a woman to be come thrall
So thy wey wyth sorow I wold thou kuen
I haue soule skorn of the I tell the trew
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 creat

¶ 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 keper 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 ordey 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 hyght 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 fynd the arte without pyte
By the sempronio by the I pray the 100

Syr shortly I assure you it shalbe done
Then farewell cryst send the agayn sone

¶ What fortune is egall vnto myne
What wofull wyght with me may compare
The thurst of sorow is my myxyd wyne
which dayly I drynk wyth deepe draught of care
Tush syr be mery let pas away the mare
How sey you haue I not hped me lyghtly

All.

E Here is your chayre and lute to make you mery
C Why 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 reson is unruly
 For I fele tharp nedyls within my brest
 Deas warr truth haterad and iniury
 Hope and suspect and all in one chest 120
S 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 Gretter is my fyre and lest pyre shewd me
A I wyll not mok this soule is a loue
S what sayst thou / **S.** I say how can that fyre be
 That tozmentyth but one luyng man greter
 Than thatfyre that brenyth a hole cyty here
 And all y people thezi. **C.** mary for y fyre ys grettyft
 That brennyth berey soze and lastyt lengyft 130
C And greter is the fyre that brenyth one soule
 Than that whych brenyth an hundred bodyes
A Hys sayeng in this none can controll
S None but such as lyst to make lyes
 And yf the fyre of purgatory bren in such wyse
 I had leuez my spirete in bzute best shuld be
 Than to go thydye and than to the dexte
A Mary lye that is a spyce of heryse
S why so / **S.** For ye speke lyke no crystyn man
 I wold thou knewyft melebea worthy 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
A An vncyedable thyng thou dost promyse me
S Nay nay it is ealy I nough to do
 Bnt furft for to hele a man knowlege must be
 Of the seknes than to gyft counsell thezo
 what counsell can rule hym sempronio
A That kepyth in hym kepyth no order of counsell 150
S A is this Calisto his fyre / now I know well
C How that loue ouer hym hath cast her net

W
W
A
A
W
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 lettyſt mannis dignite in obeplanus
To the imperfeccion of the weke woman
A womā 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 160
In heuyñ though ſhe be in yerth. 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 vnworthy
C O fertull hart why comparyſt thou w Penibroth
Or alexander of this world not lord onely
But worthy to ſubdew heuyñ as ſayeng goth
And thou reputyſt thy ſelf more hye
Then them both and dyſpayryſt ſo cowardly 170
To wyn a woman of whom hath ben ſo many
Gotten and yngotten neuer hardel of any
C It is reſcytyd 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 paradylſe
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 Nay but of thoſe men it weze wyledome 180
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 renewyng that neuer decays 190
Theyre ſeyngel ſightyngel prouokynge theyz plays
O what payn is to fulfyll theyre appetytel
And to accompliſh theyre wanton deſyris
C It is a wonder to ſe theyre dyſſemblyng
Theyre flatteryng countenanne theyz ingrattyude
Inconſtanne falſ wīneſe ſaynyd wepyng
A.iii.

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 attyrpnyng
¶ what trimyng what payntyng to make fayrnes
¶ Theyre fals intent & spykeryng smylyng
¶ Therfore lo yt is an old sayeng

WE

¶ That women be the dyuelle nettle and hed of syn
¶ And manny's mysery in paradys dyd begyn
¶ But what thynkyst thou by me yet for all this
¶ Hary sye ye were a man of cleze wyt
¶ whom nature hath indewyd w the best gyfte 210
¶ As betwte & gretnes of membres perfyte
¶ Strenght lyghtnes & beyond this pchewohyt
¶ 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 auncon lynage
¶ Her gret patrymony her excellent wyte
¶ 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 selfe to refresh in rehercyng of my style

¶ I begyn at her herr which is so goodly
¶ Crispyd to her helys tyed with fyne lace 230
¶ Farr shynyng beyond fyne gold of araby
¶ I row the son coler to hyt may gyft place

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

Ca

¶ What soule comparison this felow raylys
¶ Her gay glasyng epen so fayre and bygght
¶ Her browes her nose in a meane no fallson 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
 Her skyn of whytnes endarkyth the snow
 wyth rose colour ennewyd I the enlure
 Her lyttyll hande in meane maner this is no row
 Her fyngers small & long w naylys ruddy most pure
 Of propozcyon none such in purtrapture
 without pere worthy to haue for fayrenes
 The apple that parys gaue venus the goddes
 Sir haue ye all done. C. ye maye what than 250
 I put case all this ye haue sayd be trew
 yet are ye more noble syth ye be a man
 wherin. S. she is vnperfyte I wold ye knew
 As all women be and of lesse balew
 Phylozophers say the matter is lest worthy
 Than the forme / so is woman to man surely
 I lo ue not to heze this altercacion
 Bettwene melebea and me her loue
 Possyble it is in euery condicyon
 To abbor her as mych as you do loue her 260
 In the wyunnyng / begilyng is the daunger
 That ye shall see here after wyth eyen fre
 wyth what eyen. S. with clere eyen trust me
 Why wyth what eyen do I se now
 wyth dymie eyen whych shew a lytyl thyng much
 But for ye shall not dispayre I assure you
 No labour nor dyllygens in me shall gruch
 So trusty & fryndely ye shall fynd me such
 In all thyng possible that ye can adquire
 The thyng to accomplysh to your desyre 270
 God bryng that to pase so glad it is to me
 To here the thus though I hope not in thy doying
 yet I shall do yt trust me for a surete
 God reward the for thy gentyll intendyng
 I gyft the this chayn of gold in rewardyng
 Sir god reward you & send vs good sped
 I dout not but I shall performe it in dede
 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 hawdys
 That can prouoke the hard rokkys to lechery

WS

E

E

W

WAA

E

W

W

WE

WE

In all euyl dede she is perfet wyse
I trow moze than a M byrgyns
Haue bene dystroyed by her subtell deuyle
For she neuer saylyth where she begynnys
All onely by thys craft her lyffynge she wynnys
Mayde wyfys wydows and euerychone

290

S
S

If she ones meddyll they skapyth none
How myght I speke wyth her sempronio
I shall byng her hydyr vnto this place
But ye must in any wyse let rewardeis go

C

And shew her your greuys in euery case
Ellys were I not worthy to attayn grace

S

But alas sempronio thou tarpest to long
Syr god be with you. C. Cyst make the strong

The myghty 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 leme
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

My message shall retourn 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 fought and sende as a woman bniueysall

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

I am sure he wyll com hyther anone

But the whylyst I shall tell you a preyte game

I haue a wench of Sempronios a preyte one

That soioznyth with me Elecea is her name

But the last day we were both ny a stark name

For sempronio wold haue her to hym self seuerell

And she loupth one Crypto better or as well

C Thys Crypto and Elicea sat dypnkynge

In my hous and I also makynge mery

310

C

320

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 bad Crypto go by and make hym self come
 To hyde hym in my chamber among the brome
C Then made I Elicea lye down a sowpyng
 And I wyth my rok began for to spyne
 As who seyth of Sempronio we had no knowyng
 He knockyd at the doore and I lere 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
C Elicea 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 inpossume and euyl deth take the
C Please myne Elicea quod he why say ye thus
 Alas why put you yore 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 abscens to say to me lo
 In sayth me thynkyth ye he to blame
 But now hark well for here begynnyth the game
C Crypto in my chamber aboue that was hyddyn
 I thynk lay not easly and began to romble
 Sempronio hard that and askyd who was within
 Aboue in the chamber that so dyd romble
 who quod she a louer of myne / may hap ye stamble
 Quod he on the trewth as many one doth 360
 Go by quod she and loke whether it be soth
C well quod he I go / nay thought I not so
 I sayd com Sempronio let this foole alone
 For of thy long abscens she is in such wo
 And halt helyde her self and her wyt 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 frece
C what frece quod he wilt thou nedre know qd I thā
 It is the l[] 370
D quod he what a lode hath that woman
 To here hym / ye quod I though women per case

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

Intrat sempionio

S **C** moder Celestyne I pray god prosper the
S My son sempionio 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 pertw now all other thyng

C And all only tend to me and Imagyn
In that that I purpote now to begyn
C Calisto in the loue of kaye melebea
Buryth wherfore of the he hath grete nede
Thou seyst well knowyst not me Celestina
I haue the end of the matter and for moze spede
Thou thalte wade no ferther / for of this dede
I am as glad as euer was the surgyon
For saluys for broke hedc to make prouysyon 390

S **C** And so intend I to do to Calisto
To gyft hym hope and assure hym remedy
For long hope to the hart mych trouble wyll do
wherfore to the effect therof I wyll hve
Deas for me thynkyth Calisto is nye

Intrat Calisto et parmene

C Parmene. **P.** what sey you. **C.** wottyst who is here
Sempionio that reuyuyth my chere

P **C** It is sempionio with that old berdyp hore
Be ye they my maister so soze for doth long 400
C Deas I sey parmene or go out of the doze
Comyst thou to hinder me then dost thou me wrong
I pray the help for to make me more strong

P **C** To wyn this woman ell godde forbod
She hath equall power of my lyff vnder god
P **C** wherfore to her do ye make such sorow
Thynk ye in her ars ther is any thame
The contrary who tellyth you be neuer his borrow
For as much she gloryfeth 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

C **P** **C** How knowyst all this dost thou know her
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 baud 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 baudry eue agreable
 yet wors then that whych wyl neuer be last
 Not only a baud but a wyche by her craft
Ce **S** **H** **Ca** **S**
S Say what thou wylt son spare not me
 I pray the permene lese thy malycious enuy
 Hark hydr sempronio here is but we thre
 In that I haue sayd canst thou denye 430
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
 Resurreccion from deth / so excellent
 Thou art aboue other / I desyre humbly
 To kys thy handes wherein lyeth my remedy 440
C But myne vnworthines makyth resystance
 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 preferre me
 with the wordes of thy mouth to make or marr me
Ce **S** **H** **Ca** **S**
S 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 let
 I haue heyd his wordes but where be his dedes
 For w out money to me no thyng spedys
Ca **S** **H** **Ca** **S**
S What seyth she sempronio alas my hart bledes
 That I wyth you good woman mystrust shuld be
 lyc she thynktyh 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
W **C** Now do ye well for wedel among corn
 Nor suspicious w frendel dyd neuer well
 Or faythfulnes of wordel tornyd to a skorn
Ca Makyth myndel doutfull good reason doth tell
W Come on sempronio thou gyffyst me good counsell
W Go ye before & I shall wapt you vppon
P Farewell mother we wyll come agayn anon
C How 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 Nothyng but for lucre is all theyr hatwody
C It pleasyth me parmieno that we to gedyr
 May speke wherby thou maist se I loue the
 yet vnderuoyd 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 And in tokyng now that it shall so be
 I pray the among vs let vs haue a long
 For where armony is ther is ampte
P what a old woman syng / **Ce.** why not among
P I pray the no lenger the tyme prolong
Ce Go to when thou wylt I am redy
C Shall I begyn / p. ye but take not to hys / & cantant
 How sey ye now by this lytyll yong sole 490
C For 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 How seyest to this thou prayt parmieno
 Thou knowyst not the world nor no delytis therein
 Dost vnderstand me inseyth I tro no
 Thou art yong inough the game to begyn 500
 Thy maister hath wadyd hym self so farr in
 And to bryng hym out lyeth not in me old pore
P Thou shuldyst sey it lyeth not in me old hore
Ce **C** A horelon a shame take such a knaue

M How darst thou wyth me thou boy be so bold
Ce Be cause such knowlege ofthe I haue
 why who art / p / pmeno son to albert the old
 I dwelt w the by the ryuer where wyne was sold
 And thy moder I trow hight claudena
Ce 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 our blyssyd lady
 what lypyll brchyn hast forgotyn me
P whē thou layst at my bedde lere how meyr 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 smellydyst oldly I ran from the
Ce A shamefull horelson fy vpon the fy fy 520
 Come hyther aud now shortly I charge the
 That all this solysh spekyng thou let be
 Leue wantonnes of youth than shalt thou do well
 Ffolow 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 coveyt 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 wordel shall not lak but smal rewardel trust me
Make sempronio thy crynd 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
Calisto is my mayster and so I wyll take hym 540
 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 half 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 laue you sayre mestres & godd be your spede 650
And helth be to you & all your kyn

And mary godde mother that blessed byrgyn
Pleserue & prosper your womanly personage
And well to inioy your yough & pulsell age
C For that tyme pleasurys are most eschpyud
And age is the hospytall of all maner sykness
The resting place of all thought vnceleuyd
The spoite of tyme past the ende of all quiknes
Reyhour to deth a dyt stok wythout swetnes
Discomforte disease all age alowith 660

M A tye wythout say that small charge boweth
C I meruell moder ye speke so much yll
Of age that all folke desyre effectuously
C They desyre hurt for them selfas all of wyl
And the cause why they desyre to come thereby
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 arested with dehylyte

M **C** Moder ye haue takyn grete payn for age
wold ye not retorn to the begynnynge
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 shepp / 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
 wyth thy sablyng & thy reconyng I wys
C I am beggelyd but I haue knowen the or thys
C Art not celystyne þ dwelllyd by the ryuer syde 690
 ye for soth / **D** in dede age hath aray the
 That thou art the now can skant be elpyd
D He thynkyth by thy sauour thou shuldyt be the
 Thou art lore 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 pet 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
 May hap ye haue bysynes I know not whether
C **C** D angelyk ymage o ple so þcyous
D how thou spekyt it reioyslyth me to here
 Knowist thou not by the deuyne month gracypous
 That agaynst the infernall keend luyt re
 we shuld not only lyf by bred here
 But by our good workys wher in I take some payn
 þf ye know not my mynd now all is in beyn 710
D **C** Shew me moder hardely all thy necessite
 And þf 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 toff in wyne by the fyre 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

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

Say what thou wylt & for whom thou lest
now gracypous damsell I thank you than
That to gyf audyens ye be so prest
w lyberall redynes to me old woman
whych gyffyth me boldnes to shew what I can
Of one that lyeth in daunger by lekenes
Remyttyng hys langour to your getyllnes

M

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 compassyon
I know not how thy answere to fallyon

740

C

The wordes whych thou spekyt in my presence
Be so mysty / I pleyue not thy sentence

M

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 murdres

750

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 lykynge to god

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 wyl exhoit me to non other
Therfor sere 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

Full well & gracypouly the case ye consyder
For I neuer beleuyd that god in bayn
wold gyff you such countenaunce & bewte to gedy
But chayte 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
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 hennel lo se the gentyll kynde
 Shuld humayn creaturys than be of cruelnes
 Shuld not they to theyre neyhouzs thew charyte
 And specially to them wrappyd in sekenes
 Than they that may hele theym cause y inärmyte
 M^r Mother without delay for godde sake thew me
 I pray the hartly wythout moze prayeng
 where is the pacient that so is paynyng 780
 Te C^o Fayre dällell 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^r C^o 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 solitnes
 Thikyst thou rybaud I am lynch one of lewdnes
 C^o It is not layd I le well in bayn
 The tong of nian & woman worst members be
 Thow brut haud thou gret enemy to honeste certayn
 Cause of secret errours I hū I hū bnedicite
 So good bodi take this old these fro me
 That thus wold me disseyue me w her fals slepyght 800
 Go owt of my syght now / get the hens strepyght
 C^o In an pupll howre cam I hyther I may say
 I wold I had brokyn my legge twayn
 M^r Go hens thou brothell go hens in the dynyll way
 Bydyst thou yet to increale my payn
 wylt thou make me of thys sole to be sayn
 To gyue hym lyfe to make hym mery
 And to my self deth to make me lory
 C^o wilt thou here away profet for my perdicion
 Aud make me lele the houle of my fater
 To wyn the howle of such an old matrone 810
 As thou art shamfullyst of all other

Thikist thou that I ūderstād not thou falls mother
 Thy hurtfull message thy fals subtell ways
 Make a mende 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 denyed 820
 Here my cōclusion which ys of honelke
M ¶ wout cause ye blame thys gentylman & me
 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 answere 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 thou shameful enmy
 Speke out. **Ce.** so ferd I am of your dyspleasure
 your anger is so grete I pleyue it sure
 And your pacpens is in so gret an hete
 That for wo & feze I both wepe & twete
M ¶ Lyttyll 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 pacpens & 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 relyke it hath towchyd
 That thys knyght thynktyh his hote thou maist be
 Therefore let thy pyre 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
 Hyn hart is lyghtnyd perseyuyng thecafe
 I wold be content well yf I wyll how
 To bryng this seke knyght vnto some colas
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
¶ 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 seynt george
Rather than to be made in naturl forge
¶ An angell thou woldist iudge him I make auoto

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 seapth 870
But cryeth out of payn that wyl encrelyth

¶ How long tyme I pray the hath it holdyn hym
¶ I thynk he be .xviii. yeres of age
¶ I saw hym born & holpe for to sold hym
¶ I demaund the not therof thyne answer alwage
¶ I 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

¶ But he semyth he had leyn this .vii. pece
¶ 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

¶ And moder of these wordes passyd betwene vs
¶ Shew uo thyng therof vnto this knyght
¶ Lest he wold report me cruell & surpous
¶ I trust the / now be trew for thought be lyght 890
¶ I mercuell gretly thou dost me so atwpyght
¶ Of the dout that thou hast of my secretnes

¶ As secret as thy self I shall be dowteles
¶ 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

¶ Moder he is much beholdyn vnto the 900
¶ Ci.

Ce Fayr maydyn for the mercy thou hast done to vs
This 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 coude send
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 tempestpous
 ¶ And now to calisto I wyll me dres
 which lyeth now languythyng in grete payn
 And shew hym that he is not remedyles
 Aud bere hym this to make hym glad and sayn
 And handyll hym so that ye shall sey playn
 That I am well worthy to bere the name
 For to be callyd a noble arche dame
 Danio pater melebee.

¶ O mercuelous god what a dreame had I to nyght 930
 Most tercyble bylpon to report and here
 I had neuer none such nor none yerthely wyght
 Alas when I thynk thereon I quak for feze
 It was of melebea my doughter dere
 God send me good tpyhyng of her so rtly
 For tyll I here from her I can not be mery
De ¶ O dere 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 chesly 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 ¶ O swete melebea my doughter dere
 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 thynkyth it reuyuyth me
 For the ferefull dreme y I had lately
 what dreme 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 walsch them & clens them from sekenes also
 The other a pyt of foule stynkyng water
 shortly 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 selte 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 short 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 dreme & 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 dreme whych ye haue exprestyd
C Hath made me all penslyte & loze abalshyd
 I pray you dere doughter now tell me why
 Sir I know the canse of your vison
 And what your dredefull dreme doth agnyfye
 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
 wherein / 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
M 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 louyngly
 In verteous discyplyne whych is the ryght path
 To all grace & vertew whych doth spynnye
 By your dremie y sayre plesaunt holesome bath
 The soule pyt whereof ye drympd whych hath
 Destroyd so many betokneth byle & syn
 In whych alas I had almost fallyn In
C The prikeryd curr & 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 wordel ay so plwadyd me
 That she had almost brought me here vnto
 To fultyll 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 cōset
 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 an
 But becaule ye were somwhat cōsentynge
 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
 whose 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

Intendynge hens forth neuer to offend more
 Now humbly I beſech thy mercy therefore
C Now þ is well ſayd myne one ſayre doughter
 Stand by therefore for I know verely
 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 therefore his grace & forgiſnes
C Lo here ye may ſee what a thyng it is
 To bryng by pong people verteouſly
 In good cuſtome / for grace doth neuer mys
 To them that ble good prayers dayly
 which hath preferuyd thys mayde vndoutpydly
 And kept her frō actuall dede of ſhame
 Brought her to grace preferuyd her good name
 1050 **C** Wherefore ye byrgyns & 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 ſend 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 pong folke your charge is dowtles
 To bryng them by verteouſly & to ſee
 1060 Them occupied ſtyll in ſome good byſynes
 Not in idell paſtyme or vnthryſtynes
 But to teche them ſome art craft or lernyng
 whereby to be able to get theyr lyffynge
C The bryngers by 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 craft nor ſciens
 And com to mans ſtate ye ſee theyr pience
 1070 That many of them compellyd be
 To beg or ſtele by very neceſſite
C But yf there be therefore any remedy
 The hedys & rulers muſt furſt be dplygent
 To make good lawes & execute them ſtraytely
 Uppon ſuch mayſtres that be neclygent
 Alas we make no lawes but ponyſhment
 when men haue offendyd / but lawes euermore
 wold be made to ppreuent the cauſe before

Cyf 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 remedī
what is the cause that ther be so many
Theft & robberies / it is be cause mē be
Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte
C And what is the berey cause of that nede
Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfing
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 pepyll be euell vpbrought
C wherfore the eternall 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 bertew & dew obedyens
And that they & we all by his grete mercy
May be pteneys of hys blessed glozy.

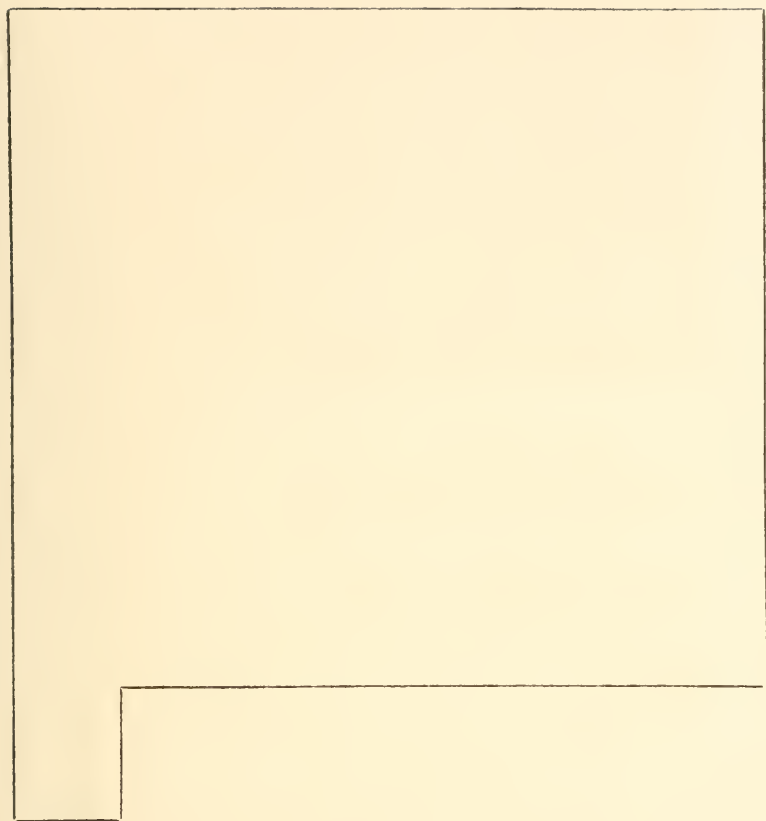
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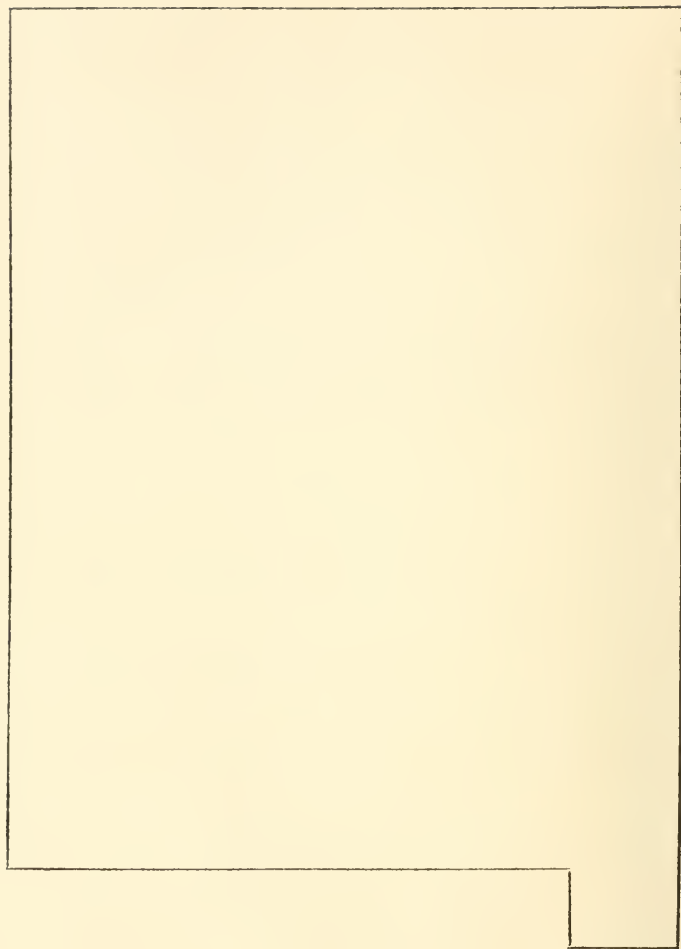
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Amen.

Johēs castell me imprimi fecit

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