

The excellent Comedie of
two the moſte faithfulleſt
Freendes, Damon and Pithias.

5

**Newly Imprinted, as the fame was ſhewed be-
fore the Quéenes Maieſtie, by the Children of her Graces
Chappell, except the Prologue that is ſomewhat al-
tered for the proper uſe of them that hereafter
ſhall haue occaſion to plaie it, either in
Priuate, or open Audience. Made
by Maifter Edvwards, then beyng
Maifter of the Children.**

10

1571.

{illustration}

**Imprinted at London in
Fleetelane by Richarde Iohnes, and are to be
ſolde at his ſhop, ioyning to the ſouthweſt
doore of Paules Church.**

15

THE PROLOGVE.

O N euerie fyde, wheras I glaunce my rouyng eye,
Silence in all eares bent I playnly do espie:
But if your egre lookes doo longe fuche toyes to see,
5 As heretofore in commycall wife, were wont abroade to bee:
Your luft is loft, and all the pleasures that you fought,
is frufrate quite of toying Playes. A foden change is wrought.
For loe, our Authours *Mufe*, that masked in delight.
Hath forst his Penne agaynft his kinde, no more fuche sportes to write.
10 Mufe he that luft, (right worfhipfull) for chaunce hath made this change.
For that to some he seemed too muche, in yonge defires to range:
In whiche, right glad to pleafe: feyng that he did offende,
Of all he humblie pardon traues: his Pen that fhall amende:
And yet (worwipfull Audience,) thus much I dare aduouche.
15 In Commedies, the greateft Skyl is this, rightly to touche.
All thynges to the quicke: and eke to frame eche perfon fo,
That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly know:
A Royfter ought not preache, that were to ftraunge to heare,
But as from vertue he doth fwerue, fo ought his woordes appeare:
20 The olde man is sober, the yonge man rafhe, the Louer triumphyng in ioyes.
The Matron graue, the Harlat wilde and full of wanton toyes.
Whiche all in one course they no wife doo agree:
fo correspondent to their kinde their fpeeches ought to bee.
Which fpeeches well pronounce, with action liuely framed,
25 If this offende the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,
Which hath our Author taught at Schole, from whom he doth not fwarue,
In all fuche kinde of exercife *decorum* to obferue,
Thus much for his defence (he fayth) as Poetes earft haue donne,
Which heretofore in Commodies the felfe fame rafe did rounde:
30 But now for to be briefe, the matter to exprefse,
Which here wee fhall present: is this Dimon and Pithias,
A rare enfample of Frendfhip true, it is no Legend lie,
But a thinge once donne in deede as Hystories doo difcrie,
Whiche doone of yore in longe time paf, yet present fhall be here,
35 Euen as it were in dooyng now, fo liuely it fhall appeare:
Lo here in *firacusae* thauncient Towne, which onceth: Romaines wanne,
Here Dionifius Pallace, within whose Caufe this thing moft ftrange was donne.
Which matter mixt with myrth and care, a iuft name to applie,
As seemes moft fit wee haue it termed, a Tragicall Commedie,
40 Wherein talkyng of Courtly toyes, wee doo proteft this flat,
Wee talke of Dionifius Courte, wee meane no Court but that,
And that wee doo fo meane, who wyfely calleth to minde,

<p>45</p> <p>5</p> <p>10</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">The Prologue.</p> <p>The time, the place, the Authours here most plainly shall it finde, Loe this I speake for our defence, left of others wee should be fhent: But worthy Audience, wee you pray, take thinges as they be ment, Whose vpright Iudgement wee doo craue, with heedfull eare and Eye, To here the caufe, and see theeffect of this newe Tragicall Commedie.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">EXIT.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">{illustration}</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The speakers names.</i></p> <p>Aristippus, a pleafant Gentilman. Carifophus, a Parasite. Damon. two gentlemen of Greece. Pithias, Stephano, feruant to Damon and Pithias. VVill, Aristippus lackey. Iacke, Carifophus lackey. fnap, the Porter. Dionifius, the Kynge. Eubulus, the Kynges counfelour. Gronno, the Hangman. Grimme, the Colyer.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">{illustration}</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><A.ij.v></p>	
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Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

5 **TOO ftrange (perhaps) it féemes to fome,
That I Ariftippus, a Courtier am become:
A Philofopher of late, not of the meanift name,
But now to the Courtly behaiour my lyfe I frame,
Mufe he that lyft, to you of good skill,
I fay that I am a Philofopher ftyll:
Louers of Wifdom, are termed Philofophie,
Then who is a Philofopher fo rightly as I?
For in louyng of wifdom, prooffe doth this trie,
10 That Frufta fapit, qui non fapit fibi:
I am wyfe for my felfe, then tell me of troth,
Is not that great Wifdom as the world goth?
fome Philofophers in the ftréete go ragged and torne,
And féedes on vyle Rootes, whom Boyes laugh to fcorne:
15 But I in fine Silkes haunt Dionyfius Pallace,
Wherin with dayntie fare my felfe I do folace:
I can talke of Philofophie as well as the beft,
But the ftrayte kynde of lyfe I leaue to the reft:
And I profefle now the Courtly Philofophie,
20 To crouche, to fpeake fayre, my felfe I applie,
To féede the Kinges humour with pleafant deuifes,
For whiche I am called Regius Canis:
But wot ye who named me firft the Kinges Dogge?
It was the Roage Diogenes that vile grunting Hogge:
25 Let him rolle in his Tubbe to winne a vayne prayfe,
In the Courte pleafantly I wyll fpende all my dayes:
Wherin what to doo, I am not to learne,
What wyll ferue myne owne turne I can quickly difcearne:
All my tyme at Schoole I haue not fpent vaynly,
30 I can helpe one, is not that a good point of Philofophy?**

Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

35 ¶**I befhwew your fine eares, fince you came from Schoole,,
In the Court you haue made many a wifeman a foole:
And though you paint out your fayned Philofophie,
fo God helpe me, it is but a playne kinde of flattery:
Whiche you vfe fo finely in fo pleafant a forte,
That none but Ariftippus, now makes the Kinge fporte,
Ere you came hyther, poore I was fombody,
The Kinge delighted in mee, now I am but a noddy.**

ARISTIPPVS.

40 ¶**In faith Carifophus, you know your felfe beft,**

B.i.<r>

But

The Tragical Commedie

45 But I will not call you noddie, but only in iest,
And thus I assure you, though I came from schoole,
To serue in this Court, I came not yet to be the Kinges foole,
Or to fill his eares with seruile squirilitie,
That office is yours, you know it right perfectlie,
Of Parasites and Scicophants you are a graue bencher,
The Kinge féedes you often from his owne trencher,
I enuye not your state, nor yet your great fauour,
50 Then grudge not at all, if in my behaiour:
I make the Kinge mery, with pleafant vrbanitie,
Whom I neuer abused to any mans iniurie.

CARISOPHVS.

55 ¶Be cocke fir, yet in the Courte you doo best thriue,
For you get more in on day then I doo in fiue.

ARISTIPPVS.

60 ¶Why man in the Courte, doo you not fée,
Rewardes geuen for vertue, to euery degré?
To rewarde the vnworthy that worlde is done,
The Courte is changed, a good thread hath bin sponne
Of Dogges woll heretofore, and why? be caufe it was liked,
And not for that it was best trimmed and picked:
But now mens eares are finer, such grosse toyes are not set by,
Therefore to a trimmer kynde of myrth my selfe I applye,
65 Wherin though I please, it commeth not of my defert,
But of the Kinges fauour.

CARISOPHVS.

70 ¶It may so be, yet in your prosperitie,
Dispise not an olde courtier, Carifophus is he,
Which hath longe time fed Dionifius humor:
diligently to please, styll at hand, there was neuer rumor,
spread in this towne of any smale thinge, but I
Brought it to the Kinge in poft by and by,
Yet now I craue your friendship, which if I may attayne,
75 Most fure and vnfained frindship I promyse you againe:
So we two linckt in frindshippe brother and brother,
Full well in the Courte may helpe one another.

ARISTIPPVS.

80 ¶Bir Lady Carifophus, though you know not Philofophie,
Yet surely you are a better Courtier then I,
And yet I not so euyl a courtier that wyll féeme to dispise,
Such an old courtier as you so expert and so wyfe,
But where as you craue myne & offer your friendship so willingly,
With hart I geue you thanks for this your great curtesie:

<B.i.v>

Affu-

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

85

Affuring of friendship both with tooth and nayle,
Whiles life lasteth neuer to fayle.

CARISOPHVS.

¶A thousand thankes I geue you, oh friend Ariftippus

ARISTIPPVS.

90

Oh friend Carifophus.

CARISOPHVS.

How ioyfull am I fith I haue to friend Ariftippus now?

ARISTIPPVS.

95

¶None so glad of Carifophus friendship as I, I make God a vowe,
I speake as I thinke, beleue me.

CARISOPHVS.

¶Sith we are now so friendly ioyned, it féemeth to mée,
That one of vs helpe eche other in euery degré,
Prefer you my caufe when you are in prefence,

100

To further your matters to the Kinge let me alone in your abfence,

ARISTIPPVS.

¶Friend Carifophus, this fhall be done as you would wilh,
But I pray you tell mée, thus much by the way,
Whither now from this place wyll you take your iournay?

105

CARISOPHVS.

¶I wyll not difsemble, that were againft Friendship,
I go into the Citie fome knaues to nip:
For talke with their goodes, to encrease the kynges Treafure,
In fuch kinde of feruice, I fet my chéeffe pleasure,
Farewell friend Ariftippus now for a time,

110

ARISTIPPVS.

EXIT.

¶A dewe friend Carifophus: In good faith now,
Of force I muft laugh at this folempne vow,
Is Ariftippus linckt in Friendship with Carifophus?

115

Quid cum tanto Afino, talis Philofophus?

They fay, Morum similitudo confultat amicitias.

Then, how can this Friendship betwene vs two come to paffe?

We are as like in condicions, as Iacke Fletcher and his Bowlt,

I brought vp in learnyng, but he is a very dolt

120

As touching good Letters: but otherwife fuche a craftie knaue,

Yf you féeke a whole Region, his lyke you can not haue:

A Uillaine for his life, a Uarlet died in Graine,

You lofe Money by him if you fel him for one knaue, for he ferues for

125

A flatteryng Parafite, a Sicophant alfo,

(twaine:

A commen accufer of men: to the good, an open Foe,

Of halfe a worde, he can make a Legend of lies,

B.ij.<r>

Whiche

The Tragicall Commedie

130 Which he wyll aduouch with fuch tragicall cries,
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth,
Where in dede to be hanged by and by,
He cannot tell one tale but twyfe he muft lie,
He spareth no mans life to get the kinges fauour,
In which kind of feruis he hath got fuch a fauour,
That he wyll neuer leaue, me thinke then that I,
135 Haue done very wifely to ioyne in friendship with him, left perhaps I
Comming in his way might be nipt, for fuch knaues in prefence,
We fee oft times put honeft men to filence:
Yet I haue played with his beard in knitting this knot,
I promift frendfhip, but you loue few words: I fpake it, but I meant it not,
140 Who markes this friendship betwene vs two,
fhall iudge of the worldly friendship without any more a doo,
It may be a ryght Patron therof, but true friendship in déede,
Of nought but of vertue, doth truly proféede,
But why doo I now enter into Philofophie,
145 Which doo profefse the fine kind of curtefie?
I wyll hence to the Courte with all hafte I may,
I thinke the king be ftirring, it is now bright day,
To waite at a pinche ftill in fight I meane,
For wot ye what? a new Broome fwéepes cleane,
150 As to hie honour I mynde not to clime,
fo I meane in the courte to lofe ne time:
Wherein happy man be his dole, I truft that I,
fhall not fpéede worft, and that very quickly **EXIT.**

155 ¶There entreth DAMON and PITHIAS
lyke Mariners.
ONEPTVNE, immortall be thy prayfe,
For that fo fafe from Gréece we haue pafte the feas,
To this noble citie ſIRACVSAE, where we
The auncient raygne of the Romaines may fee,
160 Whofe force, Gréece alfo here to fore hath knowne,
Whofe vertue, the fhriill trump of fame fo farre hath blowne.
PITHIAS.
My Damon, of right high prayfe we ought to geue,
To Neptune and all the Gods, that we fafely dyd arryue,
165 The feas I thinke with contrary winds, neuer raged fo,
I am euen yet fo feaficke, that I faynt as I go:
Therefore let vs get fome lodgyng quickly:
But where is Stephano?

<B.ij.v>

Here

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

Here entreth STEPHANO.

170 ¶Not farre hence: a Pockes take thefe Maryner knaues,
Not one would healepée to carry this ftuffe, fuch dronken flaues
I thinke be accurfed of the Goddes owne mouthes.

DAMON.

175 ¶Stephano, leaue thy ragyng, and let vs enter ¶IRACVSAE
We wil prouide lodgyng, and thou fhalt be eafed of thy burden by and by.
STEPHANO.

¶Good mayfter make hafte, for I tell you playne,
This heauy burden puts poore Stephano to much payne.

PITHIAS.

180 ¶Come on thy wayes, thou fhalt be eafed, and that anon. EXIT
¶Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

It is a true faying that oft hath bin fpoken,
The pitcher goeth fo longe to the water, that he commeth home broken
My owne prooffe this hath taught me, for truly fith I,
In the Citie haue vfed to walke very flyly,
185 Not with one can I méete, that will in talke ioyne withée,
And to créepe into mens bofomes fome talke for to fnatche,
By which into one trip or other, I might trimly them catche
And fo accufe them: Now not with one can I méete,
That wyll ioyne in talke w^tée, I am fhund lyke a Deuill in y^e ftréete.
190 My credite is crackte where I am knowne, but yet I heare fay,
Certayne ftraingers are arriued, they were a good pray,
If happely I might méete with them, I feare not I,
But in talke I fhould trippe them, and that very finely,
Which thinge, I affure you, I doo for myne owne gayne,
195 Or els I woulde not plodde thus vp and downe, I fell you playne:
Well, I wyll for a wayle to the Court toée
What Ariftippus doth, I would be loth in fauer he fhuld ouerrunée,
He is a fubtile chyld, he flattreth fo finely, that I feareée,
He wyll licke all the fatte from my lippes, and fo outweryée:
200 Therefore I wyll not be longe abfent, but at hand,
That al his fine driftes I may vnderftande. EXIT.

¶Here entreth VVYLL and IACKE.

205 I wonder what my Mafter Ariftippus meanes now a daies,
That he leaueth Philofophie, andéeekes to please
Kyng Dionifius, with fuch mery toyes,
In Dionifius Court now he only ioyes,
As trim a Courtier as the beft,
Ready to aunswer, quicke in tauntes, pleafaunt to iefte,

The Tragicall Commedie

210 A lusty companion to deuife with fine Dames,
Whose humour to féede, his wylie witte he frames.

IACKE.

¶Be cocke as you fay, your Maister is a Minion,
A foule coyle he kéepes in this Courte Ariftippus alone
215 Now rules the coafte with his pleafant deuifes,
That I feare he wyll put out of conceit my Maister Carifophus.

VVYLL.

¶Feare not that Iacke, for like brother and brother
They are knit in true Friendship the one with the other,
220 They are fellowes you knowe, and honest men both,
Therefore the one to hinder the other, they wyll be lothe.

IACKE.

¶Yea, but I haue heard fay, there is falshod in felowshippe,
In the Court fomtimes, one geues another finely the flippe:
225 Which when it is fpied, it is laught out with a scoffe,
And with sporting and playing, quietly fhaken of:
In which kinde of toying, thy mafter hath fuch a grace,
That he wyll neuer blufh, he hath a wodden face:
But Wyll, my maister hath Béees in his head,
230 If he finde me heare pratinge, I am but dead:
He is styll trotting in the Citie, there is fumwhat in the winde:
His lookes bewrayes his inwarde troubled mynde:
Therefore I wyll be packing, to the Court* by and by
If he be once angry, Iacke fhall cry wo the pye.

235 VVYLL.

¶Byr Lady, if I tary longe here, of the fame fauce fhall I taft,
For my mafter fent me on an errand, and bad mée make hafte,
Therefore we wyll departe together. EXEVNT.

Here entreth STEPHANO.

240 ¶Ofte times I haue heard, before I came hether,
That no man can ferue two maisters together:
A sentence fo true, as moſte men doo take it,
At any time falſe, that no man can make it:
And yet by their leaue, that firſt haue it ſpoken,
245 How that may proue falſe, euen here I wyll open:
For I Stephano, loe, fo named by my father,
At this time ferue two maſters together:
And loue them a lyke, the one and the other,
I duely obey, I can doo no other,
250 A bondman I am fo nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Gréece, a gentleman bought me:

<B(3.).v>

To him

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

255 To him I stand bond, yet serue I another,
Whom Damon my Master loues, as his owne brother:
A Gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with Uertue, whom vice neuer defamed:
These twoo, since at Schoole they fell acquainted,
In mutuall friendship, at no time haue fainted:
260 But loued so kindly, and friendly eche other,
As thoughe they were Brothers by Father and Mother:
Pithagoras learnynge, these two haue embrased,
Whiche bothe are in ree n so narrowly laced:
That all their whole dooynges do fall to this isfue,
265 To haue no respect, but onely to ree n:
All one in effecte: all one in their goynge,
All one in their study, all one in their ree n :
These Gentlemen both, beyng of one condicion,
Both alike of my seruice haue all the fruition:
270 Pithias is ioyfull, if Damon be pleased:
Yf Pithias be serued, then Damon is eased:
serue one, serue both: so neare, who would win them?
I thinke they haue but one hart betwene them:
In trauelyng Countreyes, we ree haue contriued,
275 Full many a yeare: and this day arriued
At SIRACVSAE in Sicillia that auncient Towne,
Where my Masters are lodged: and I vp and downe,
Go féekyng to learne what Newes here are ree ng,
To harke of what thynges the people are talkynge.
280 I lyke not this foyle: for as I go ploddyng,
I marke there two, there ree , their ree alwayes ree ng,
In clofe secreet wife, styll whisperyng together:
If I aske any question, no man doth answer:
But shakynge their heads, they go their ree speakyng,
285 I marke how with teares, their wet eyes are leakyng:
some strangeness there is, that bréedeth this mufinge.
Well: I wyll to my Masters, and tell of their vsing,
That they may learne, and walke wifely together,
I feare, we shall curse the time we came hether. EXIT.

¶Here entreth ARISTIPPVS and VVYLL.

290 ¶Wyll, didst thou heare the Ladies so talke of méé,
What ayleth them? From their nipples shall I neuer be ree?

VVYLL.

¶Good faith fir, all the Ladies in the Courte, do plainlie report,
That without mencion of them, you can make no sperte:

The Tragicall Commedie

295 ¶¶They are your Playne fonge to finge Defcant vpon,
If they weare not, your mirth were gone,
Therefore mafter, ieft no more with women in any wife,
If you doo, by cocke your are lyke to know the price.

ARISTIPPVS.

300 ¶Byr lady Wyll, this is good counfell, playnely to ieft
Of women, prooffe hath taught mée it is not beft,
I wyll change my cobby, how be it, I care not a quinche,
I know the galde horfe will foonest winche:
305 But learne thou secretly what priuely they talke
Of me in the Courte, amonge them flyly walke,
And bringe me true newes thereof.

VVYLL.

¶I wyll fyr, maifter therof haue no doubt, for I
Where they talke of you, wyll enforme you perfectly.

310 ARISTIPPVS.

Doo fo my boy: if thou bringe it finely to paffe,
For thy good feruice, thou shalt go in thine olde coate at Chriftnas.

¶Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.

EXEVNT

¶ Stephano, is all this true that thou haft tolde me.

315 STEPHANO.

Sir, for lies, hetherto ye neuer controlde mée,
Oh that we had neuer fet foote on this land,
Where Dionifius raynes, with fo bloody a hande,
Euery day he sheweth some token of crueltie,
320 With blood he hath filled all the stréetes in the Citie:
I tremble to heare the peoples murmuring,
I lament, to fee his most cruell dealyng:
I thinke there is no fuche tyraunt vnder the funne,
O my deare mafters, this mornynge what hath he done?

325 DAMON.

What is that? tell vs quickly.

STEPHANO.

As I this morninge pafft in the stréete,
With a wofull man (going to his death) did I méete,
330 Many people foldwed, and I of one secretly,
Afked the caufe, why he was condemned to die?
Whispered in mine eare, nought hath he doone but thus,
In his fleape he dreamed he had killed Dionifius,
Which dreame tolde abroad was brought to the kinge in poft,
335 By whome condemned for fufpicion, his lyfe he hath loft:
Marcia was his name as the people fayde.

<B4.v>

PITHIAS.

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

340 ¶My deare friende Damon, I blame not Stephano.
For wilhyng we had not come hether, féeynge it is so:
That for so small caufe, fuche cruell death doth infue.

DAMON.

345 ¶My Pithias, where Tirantes raigne, fuche cafes are not new,
Whiche fearynge their owne ftate for great crueltie,
To fit fast as they thinke, doo execute fpéedely,
All fuche as any light fufpition haue tainted.

STEPHANO.

¶With fuche quicke Karuers, I lyst not be acquainted.

DAMON.

350 ¶So are they neuer in quiet, but in fufpicion ftyll,
When one is made away, they take occafion another to kyll:
Euer in feare, hauyng no truftie friende, voyde of all peoples loue,
And in their owne confcience, a continuall Hell they prooue.

PITHIAS.

355 ¶As thynges by their contraryes are alwayes beft prooued,
How happie are then mercifull Princes of their people beloued?
Hauyng fure friendes euerie wheare, no feare doth touch them,
They may fafely fpende the day pleafantly, at night

(fecure dormiunt in vtranque aurem

360 Oh my Damon, if choyce were offred mée, I would choofe to be Pithias
As I am, (Damons friende: rather then to be kyng Dionifius.

STEPHANO.

¶And good caufe why: for you are entierly beloued of one,
And as farre as I heare, Dionifius is beloued of none.

DAMON.

365 ¶That ftate is moſte miserable, thrife happy are wée,
Whom true loue hath ioyned in perfect Amytie:
Which amytie firſt ſprong, without vaunting be it ſpoken, that is true
Of likelines of maners, tooke roote by company, & now is conferred by
Which virtue alwaies through worldly things do not frame (uertue
Yet doth ſhe archiue to her followers immortal fame:

370 Wherof if men were carefull, for Uertues fake onely
They would honour friendſhip, and not for commoditie:

But fuche as for profite in friendſhip do lincke,
When ſtormes come, they flide away ſooner then a man wyll thinke:

375 My Pithias, the ſomme of my talke falles to this iffue,
To prooue no friendſhip is fure, but that which is grounded on vertue.

PITHIAS.

¶My Damon, of this thyng, there néedes no prooffe to mée,

The Tragical Commedie

The Gods forbyd, but that Pithias w^t Damon in al things fhuld agree
For why it is laid: Amicus alteripfe,
380 But that true friendes fhould be two in body: but one in minde,
As it were one tranformed into another, whiche againft kyde
Though it féeme: yet in good faith, when I am alone,
I forget I am Pithisas, me thinke I am Damon.

STEPHANO.

¶That could I neuer doo, to forget my felfe, full well I know,
Wherefoeuer I go, that I am PAVPER STEPHANO:
But I pray you fir, for all your Phylofophie,
fee that in this Courte you walke very wifely:
You are but newly come hether, beyng ftraungers ye know,
390 Many eyes are bent on you in the ftréetes as ye go:
Many fpies are abroad, you can not be too circumfpect.

DAMON.

Stephano, because thou art carefull of mée thy mailter, I do thée praife,
Yet thinke this for a fuertie, no ftate to displeafe:

395 By talke or otherwife, my friende and I entende, we wyll here
As men that come to fée the foyle & maners of al men of euery degré,
Pithagoras laid, that this world was like a Stage,
Wheron many play their partes: the lookers on the fage
Phylofophers are faith he, whose parte is to learne
400 The maners of all Nations, and the good from the bad to difcerne.

STEPHANO.

¶Good faith fir, concernyng the people they are not gay,
And as farre as I fée; they be Mummings, for nought they fay,
For the moſte parte what foeuer you afke them,
405 The foyle is fuche, that to liue heare I can not lyke.

DAMON.

Thou ſpeakeſt accordyng to thy learnyng, but I fay,
Omnis folum fortis patria: A wife man may lyue euery wheare:

410 Therefore my deare friende Pithias,
Let vs view this Towne in euerie place,
And then confider the Peoples maners alfo.

PITHIAS.

¶As you wyll my Damon, but how fay you Stephano?
As it not beſt ere we go further, to take ſome repaft?

STEPHANO.

415 ¶In faith, I lyke well this queſtion, fir:for all your hafte,
To eate ſomwhat I pray you, thinke it no folly,
It is hie dinner time, I know by my belly.

DAMON.

<C.i.v>

Then

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

420 ¶¶ Then let vs to our lodging departe, when dinner is done,
We wyll view this Citie as we haue begonne. EXEANT

¶ Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

¶ Once agayne in hope of good wynd, I hoyfe vp my fayle,
I goe into the citie to finde som pray for mine auayle:
425 I hunger while I may fée these straungers, that lately
Arriued, I were fafe if once I might méete them happily,
Let them barke that luft, at this kinde of gaine,
He is a foole that for his profit will not take payne:
Though it be ioyned with other mens hurt, I care not at all,
For profit I wyll accufe any man, hap what fhall
430 But foft fyrs, I pray you buysh what are they that comes here,
By their apparell, and countinaunce some strangers they appeare,
I wyll fhrowde my felfe secretly, euen here for a while,
To heare all their talke that I may them hee le.

435 ¶ Here entreth DAMON and STEPHANO.

¶ A fhorre horfe foone curried, my belly waxeth thinner,
I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner:
Your philofophicall diet, is fo fine and small,
That you may eate your dinner & fupper at once, & not furfaite at all.

DAMON.

440 ¶ Stephano, much meat bréedes heauynes, thinne diet maks thee light
STEPHANO.

¶ I may be lighter thereby but I fhall neuer rune the faster.

DAMON.

445 ¶ I haue had fufficiently difcourfe of amitie,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias and his pleafaunt companie
Hath fully fatiffied me, it doth me good to féede myne eyes on him.

STEPHANO.

450 ¶ Courfe or difcourfe, your courfe is very courfe for all your talke,
You had but one bare courfe, and that was Pike, rife and walke,
And furely for all your talke of Philofophie,
I neuer heard that a man with wordes could fill his belly,
Féede your eyes (quod you) the reason from my wifdom fwarueth,
I stared on you both, and yet my belly ftarueth.

DAMON.

455 ¶ Ah Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memorie.

STEPHANO.

¶ I care not for your craftie fophistrie,
You two are fine, let mee be fed lyke a grofe knaue styll,
I pray you licenfe mee for a while to haue my will:

The Tragicall Commedie

460

At home to tary whiles you take vew of this citie,
To finde some odde victualles in a corner, I am very wittie.

DAMON.

465

¶ At your pleafure fir, I wyll wayte on my felfe this daye,
Yet attende vpon Pithias, whiche for a purpofe tarieth at home,
fo dooyng, you wayte vpon mee alfo.

STEPHANO.

¶ With winges on my feete I go.

DAMON.

470

¶ Not in vain the Poet faith *Natura furca expēllas, tamen vſque recurrit.*
For trayne vp a bonontan neuer to fo good a behaiour,
Yet in fome point of feruilitie, he wyll fauour:

As this Stephano, truſtie to mée his Mayfter, louyng and kinde,
Yet touching his belly, a very bondman & him finde:

475

He is to be borne withall, beyng fo iuſt and true,
I affure you, I would not chaunge him for no new:
But mée thinkes, this is a pleafant Citie,
The feate is good, and yet not ſtronge, and that is great pitie.

CARISOPHVS.

480

¶ I am fafe, he is myne owne.

DAMON.

The Ayre ſubtle and fine, the people ſhould be wittie
That dwell vnder this Climate in fo pure a Region,
A trimmer Plotte I haue not féene in my peregrination:

485

Nothyng miſlyketh mée in this Countrey,
But that I heare ſuche mutter yng of crueltie:
Fame reporteth ſtrange thynges of Dionifiuſ,
But kynges matters paſſyng our reache, pertayne not to vs.

CARISOPHVS.

490

¶ Dionifiuſ (quoth you) ſince the worlde began,
In Cicilia neuer raygned fo cruell a man:
A deſpightfull Tirant to all men, I maruayle I,
That none makes him away, and that fodaynly.

DAMON.

495

¶ My friende, the Goddes forbyd fo cruell a thyng:
That any man ſhould lift vp his ſworde againſt the kyng:
Or ſeeke other meanes by death him to preuent,
Whom to rule on earth, the mightie Goddes haue ſent:
But my friende, leaue off this talke of kyng Dionifiuſ.

CARISOPHVS.

500

¶ Why fir? He can not heare vs.

<C.ij.v>

DAMON

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

DAMON.

¶**What then? An nefcis longas Regibus effe manus?
It is no fafe talkynge of them that ftrykes a farre off:
But leauyng kynges matters, I pray you fhew mée this curtefie:**

505

To defribe in few wordes, the ftate of this Citie?

A trauayler I am, defirous to know

The ftate of eche Countrey, wher euer I go:

Not to the hurt of any ftate, but to get experience therby:

It is not for nought that the Poet doth crye,

510

Dic mihi Musa virum, captae poft tempore Troyae,

Multorum hominum mores qui vidit & vrbis.

In whiche verfes, as fome Writers do scan,

The Poet defcribeth, a perfect wife man:

Euen fo, I beyng a ft ranger, addicted to Phylofophie,

515

To fée the ftate of Countreyes, my felfe I applie.

CARISOPHVS.

¶**Sir, I lyke this entent, but may I afke your name without scorn**

DAMON.

¶**My name is Damon, well known in my Countrey, a Gentleman borne**

520

CARISOPHVS.

¶**You do wifely to ferche the ftate of eche Countrie,**

To beare intelligence therof whether you luft: He is a fpie,

Sir, I pray you, haue pacience a while, for I haue to do here by:

Uiew this weake parte of this Citie as you ftande, & I very quickly

525

Wyll retourne to you agayne, and then wyll I fhew,

The ftate of all this Countrie, and of the Courte alfo.

EXIT

DAMON.

¶**I thanke you for your courtefie, this chaunceth well that I**

Met with this Gentleman fo happely,

530

Whiche as it féemeth, misliketh fome thyng,

Els he would not talke fo boldly of the kyng,

And that to a ft ranger, but loe were he comes in hafte.

¶ **Here entreth CARISOPHVS and SNAP.**

¶**This is he felow fnap, fnap him vp: away with hym.**

535

SNAP.

¶**Good felow thou muft go with mée to the Courte.**

DAMON.

¶**To the Courte fir, and why?**

CARISOPHVS.

540

Well, we wyll difpute that before the Kyng, away with hym quicklie.

DAMON.

¶**Is this the curtefie you promyfed mée? and that very lately.**

C.ijj.<r>

DAMON

The Tragical Commedie

CARISOPHVS.

¶ Away with hym I fay.

DAMON

545 ¶ Ufe no violence, I wyll go with you quietly. Exiunt omnes.

¶ Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

¶ Ah fira, byr lady, Ariftippus lykes Dionifius Court very well,
Whiche in paffyng ioyes and platures doth erri:

550 Where he hath Dapsilae caenae, gemalis lectes, & auro.

Fulgentii turgmani zonam.

I haue plied the Harueft, and stroke when the Yron was hotte,
When I fpied my time, I was not squemifh to craue God wotte:

But with fome pleafant tyoe, I crept into the Kinges bofome.

555 For whiche, Dionifius gaue me Aure talentum magnum,

A large rewarde, for fo fimple feruices,

What then? The Kinges prayfe ftandeth chiefly in bountifulneffe:

Whiche thyng, though I tolde the kinge very pleafantly,

Yet can I prooue it by good Writers of great Antiquitie:

560 But that fhall not néede at this time, fince that I haue abundantly,

When I lacke hereafter, I wyll vfe this pointt of Phylofophie:

But now, where as I haue felt the kynges lyberalytie,

As princely as it came, I wyll sponde it as regallie:

Money is currant men fay, and currant comes of currendo

565 Then wyll I make mony runne, as his nature requireth I trow,

Foor what becomes a Philofopher beft,

But to difpife mony aboute the reft:

And yet not fo difpife it, but to haue in ftore

Enough to ferue his owne tourne, and fomewhat more,

570 With fondrie sports and tauntes, yefter night I delighted the kinge,

That with his lowde laughter, the whole courte did ringe:

And I thought he laught not merier then I, when I got this money,

But mumbouget for Carifophus I efpie.

In hafte to come hether, I muft handle the knaue finely:

575 Oh Carifophus, my deareft frinde, my trusty companyon,

What newes with you? where haue you heen fo longe?

¶ Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

¶ My beft beloued friend Ariftippus, I am come at laft,

I haue not spent all my time in wast,

580 I haue got a pray, and that a good one I trow.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ What praye is that? Faine would I know.

CARISOPHVS.

Such a crafty fpie I haue caught, I dare fay,

<C.iiij.v>

As neuer

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

585 As neuer was in Cicilia, before this day,
fuche a one as vewed euery weake place in the Citie,
furued the Hauen, and each bulwarke, in talke very wittie:
And yet by fome wordes, him felfe he dyd bewray.

ARISTIPPVS.

590 ¶ I thinke fo in good faith, as you did handle him.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ I handled him clarkly, I ioyned in talke with him courteoufly,
But when wée were entred, I let him speake his wyll, and I
fuckt out thus much of his words, that I made him fay playnely,
595 He was come hether to know the fstate of the Citie.

And not only this, but that he would vnderftande,
The fstate of Dionifius Courte and of the whole land.
Which wordes when I heard, I defired him to ftaye,

600 Till I had done a little bufineffe of the way,
Promifing him to returne agayne quickly: And fo did conuaye
My felf to y^e Court for fnap y^e Tipstaffe, which came & vpsnatched him
Brought him to the Court and in the porters lodge difpatched him:
After I ran to Dionifius as faft as I could,

605 And bewrayed this matter to him which I haue you tolde:
Which thinge when he heard, beinge very mery before,

He fodenly fell in a dump, and fomyng lyke a Bore:
At laft he fwore in a great rage that he fhould die,
By the fworde or the whéele, and that very fhortly,
I am too fhamefaft for my trauell and toyle,

610 I craue nothinge of Dionifius but only his fpoyle:
Litle hath he about him, but a few motheaten crownes of golde
Cha poucht them vp all ready, they are fure in hold:
And now I goe in to the Citie to fay sooth,
To fée what he hath at his lodginge, to make vp my mouth.

615 ARISTIPPVS.

My Carifophus, you haue don good feruice, but what is the fpiesna:

CARISOPHVS.

¶ He is called Damon, borne in Créece, from whence latly he cam

ARISTIPPVS.

620 ¶ By my trowth, I wyll goe fée him▪ and speake with him to if I may

CARISOPHVS.

¶ Doo fo I pray you, but yet by the way:

As occafion ferueth, commende my feruice to the Kinge.

ARIRTIPPVS.

625 Dictum fapienti sateft: friend Carifophus, fhall I forget that thinge,
No, I warrant you, though I fay litie to your face,

<C.iv.r>

I wyll

The Tragicall Commedie

I wyll lay one month for you to Dionifius when I am in place:
If I speake one worde for fuche a knaue, hange mée. EXIT.

630

CARISOPHVS.

Our fine Phylofopher, our timme learned elfe,
Is gone to lee as falfe a fpie as himfelfe:

635

Damon smatters as well as he of craftie Phylofophie,
And can tourne Cat in the panne very pretily:
But Carifophus hath geuen him fuche a mightie checke,
As I thinke in the ende wyll breake his necke:

640

What care I for that, why would he then prie,
And learne the fecret eftate of our countrey and citie?
He is but a ftranger, by his fall let others be wife,
I care not who fall, fo that I may ryfe:

645

As for fine Ariftippus, I wyll keepe in with hym,
He is a fhrewde foole to deale ondem, he can swym:
And yet by my trouth, to speake my confcience playnlie,
I wyll vfe his friendship to myne owne commodytie:
While Dionifius fauoureth him, Ariftippus fhall be mine,
But if the kynge once trowne on him, then good night Tomaline:
He fhall be as ftraunge, as thoughe I neuer sawe hym before,
But I tarie too longe, I wyll prate no more:

650

Iacke, come awaye.

IACKE.

¶ At hande fyr.

CARISOPHVS.

655

¶ At Damons lodgyng if that you fée,
Any fturre to arife, be ftyll at hand by mée,
Rather then▪ I wyll lofe the fpoyle, I wyll blade it out.

¶ Here entreth PITHIAS and STEPHANO.

660

¶ What ftraunge Newes are thefe, ah my Stephano?
Is my Damon in Pryfon, as the voyce doth go?

STEPHANO.

¶ It is true, oh cruell happe, he is taken for a fpie,
And as they fay, by Dionifius owne mouth condemned to die.

PITHIAS.

¶ To die? Alas to: what caufe?

STEPHANO.

665

¶ A Sicophant falsely accused hym: other caufe there is none,
That oh Iupiter, of all wronges the Reuenger,
Seeft thou this vniuftice, and wilt thou staie any longer
From heauen to fende downe, thy hote confumyng fire?
To deftroy the workers of wronge, whiche prouoke thy iuft ire:

<C.iv.v>

Alas

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

670

**Alas maister Pithias, what shall we do?
Being in a strange country, voyde of friendes & acquaintance too
Ah poore Stephano, halt thou liued to see this daye?
To see thy true Mayster vniuftly made away?**

PITHIAS.

675

**¶ Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremitie,
Let vs make Uertue our friend, of me are necessitye:
Runne thou to the Court and vnderstand secretly,
As muche as thou canst of Damons cause, and I
Will make some meanes to entreate Aristippus:**

680

He can do much as I heare with kyng Dionifius.

STEPHANO.

**¶ I am gone sir: ah, I would to God, my trouaile and payne
Myght restore my Mayster to his libertie agayne.**

PITHIAS.

685

**¶ Ah wofull Pithias, fithenow I am alone,
What way shall I first beginne to make my mone?
What wordes shall I finde apt for my complaynte,
Damon my friend, my ioy, my life is in peril, of force I must now faine
But oh Muficke, as in ioyfull tunes, thy mery notes I did reind,
So now lend mee thy yernfull tunes, to vtter my sorow.**

690

¶ Here PITHIAS sings, and the Regalles play.

**Awake ye wofull Wightes,
That longe haue wept in wo:
Reigne to me your plaintes and teares,
my haplesse hap to sho:
My wo no tongue can tell,
ne Pen can well descric:**

695

**O, what a death is this to heare,
DAMON my friende must die▪**

700

**¶ The losse of worldly wealth,
mannes wisdom may restore,
And Phisicke hath provided too,
a Salue for euerie fore:**

705

**But my true Frende once lost,
no Arte can well supplie:
Then, what a death is this to heare?
DAMON my friend must die.**

<D.i.r>

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragical Commedie</p> <p>710 ¶My mouth refuse the foode, that should my limmes sustayne: Let forow sinke in to my brest, and ranfacke euery vayne: You Furies all at once.</p> <p>715 On me your tormentes trie: Why should I liue, since that I heare? Damon my friend should die? ¶Gripe me you greedy greefs, and present pangues of death.</p> <p>720 You Sisters three, with cruell handes, with speed now stop my breath: shrine me in clay aliue, some good man stop mine eye: Oh death com now, feing I heare, 725 Damon my friend must die. ¶He speaketh this after the songe.</p> <p>In daine I call for Death, whiche heareth not my complaint, But what wildome is this, in such extremitie to faint? Multum iuua in re mala animas bonus.</p> <p>I wyll to the Courte my selfe to make friendes, and that presently, I wyll neuer forsake my friende in time of miserie: 730 But do I see Stephano amazed hether to ronne? ¶Here entreth STEPHANO.</p> <p>¶ O Pithias, Pithias, we are all vndone, Mine owne eares haue sucked in mine owne sorow: 735 I heard Dionifius sweare, that Damon should die to morow. PITHIAS.</p> <p>¶How camest thou so neare the presence of the kynge, That thou mightest heare Dionifius speake this thyng. STEPHANO.</p> <p>¶By friendship I gate into the Courte, where in great Audience, I heard Dionifius with his owne mouth geue this cruell sentence 740 By these expresse wordes: that Damon the Greeke that craftie spie, Without farther Iudgement, to morow should die: Beleeue mee Pithias, with these eares I heard it my selfe▪ PITHIAS.</p> <p>745 ¶Then how neare is my death also, ah woe is mee.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><D.i.v></p> <p style="text-align: right;">Ah my</p>	
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Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

Ah my Damon, another my felfe: fhall I forgo thée?

STEPHANO.

**¶Syr, there is no tyme of lamentyng now, it behoueth vs,
To make meanes to them which can did much with Dionifius:**

750 **That he be not made awaye ere his caufe be fully heard, for we fee
By euyll reporte, thynges be made to Princes far worfe then they bée,
But lo, yonder cōmeth Ariftippus, in great fauour w^t kyng Dionifius
Entreate hym to fpeake a good worde to the kyng for vs:**

755 **And in the meane feafon, I wyll to your lodgyng, to fee all thyngs fafe
PITHIAS. EXIT. (there.**

¶To that I woude but let vs flip afide his talke to heare.

¶Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

¶Here is a fodayne chaunge in déede, a ftrange Metamorphofis.

760 **This Courte is cleane altered, who would haue thought this?**

Dionifius of late fo pleafant and mery,

Is quite changed now into fuche melancoly:

That nothyng can pleafe hym, he walked vp and downe,

Fretting and chafyng, on euerie man he doth frowne:

765 **In fo much that when I in pleafant wordes began to play,**

So sternly he frowned on mée, and knit me vp fo fhort,

I perceyue it is no fafe playing with Lyons, but when it pleafe them,

If you claw where it itch not, you fhall difeafe them:

And fo perhaps get a clap, myne owne prooffe taught mée this,

That it is very good to be mery and wife:

770 **The onely caufe of this hurly burly, is Carifophus that wicked man,**

Whiche lately tooke Damon for a fpie, a poore Gentleman:

And hath incenceft the kyng againft him fo defpightfully,

That Dionifius hath iudged him to morow to die:

775 **I haue talkt with Damon, whom though in words I found very wittie**

Yet was he more curious then wife in viewyng this Citie:

But truely for ought I can learne, there is no caufe why

So fodenly and cruelly, he fhould be condemned to die:

How fo euer it be, this is the fhort and longe,

780 **I dare not gainfay the kyng, be it right or wrong:**

I am fory, and that is all I may or can doo in this cafe,

Nought auayleth perfwafion, where frowarde opinion taketh place.

PITHIAS.

¶Sir, if humble futes you would not defpife,

Then bow on mée your pitifull eyes:

785 **My name is Pithias, in Gréece well knowne,**

A perfect friend to that wofull Damon,

Whiche now a poore captiue in this Courte doth lie,

The Tragical Commedie

By the kinges owne mouth as I here, condemned to die:

790 For whom I craue your mafterhips goodnesse,
To stand his friend in this his great distresse:
Nought hath he done worthy of Death, but very fondly,
Being a straunger, he vewed this Citie,
For no euill practifes, but to féede his eyes,
795 But feing Dionifius is informed otherwise,
My fute is to you, when you fee time and place,
To affwage the kinges anger, and to purchafe his grace,
In which dooyng, you fhall not doo good to one onely,
But you fhall further too, and that fully.

ARIRTIPPVS.

800 My friend, in this cafe I can doo you no pleafure.

PITHIAS.

Syr, you ferue in the Court as Fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPVS.

805 I am of the Court in déede, but none of the Counfell.

PITHIAS.

As I heare, none is in greater fauour with the Kinge then you at

ARISTIPPVS.

(this day,

The more in fauour, the leffe I dare fay.

PITHIAS.

810 It is a Courtiers prayfe to helpe ftraingers in miferie.

ARISTIPPVS.

To helpe an other and hurte my felfe, it is an euyll point of courtesie.

PITHIAS.

815 You fhall not hurt your felfe to fpeake for the innocent.

ARISTIPPVS.

He is not innocent, whom the kinge iudgeth nocent.

PITHIAS.

Why fir? Doo you thinke this matter pafte all remedie?

ARISTIPPVS.

820 So fare pafte that Dionifius hath fworne Damon to morow fhall die.

PITHIAS.

This word my trembling heart cutteh in twoo,

Ah fir, in this wofull cafe, what wist I beft to doo.

ARISTIPPVS.

825 ¶ Beft to content your felfe, when there is no remedie,

He is well reliued that for knoweth his miferie,

Yet if any comfort be, it refteth in Eubulus,

The chiefteft counfellour about kinge Dionifius:

Which pitieth Damons cafe in this great extremitie,

<D.ij.v>

Perfwadyng

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

830 **Perfwadyng the kynge from all kynde of crueltie.**

PITHIAS.

**¶ The mightie Gods preferue you for this worde of comforte,
Takyng my leaue of your goodnesse, I wyll now reforte,
To Eubulus that good Counfeller:**

835 **But harke, me thinke I heare a Trompet blow.**

ARISTIPPVS.

**¶ The kyng is at hand, stande clofe in the preafe, beware: if he know
You are friend to Damon, he wyll take you for a spie also:
Farewell I dare not be féene with you.**

840 **¶ Here entreth Kyng DYONYSIVS, EVBVLVS the Counfeller,
and GRONOO the Hangman.**

DYONYSIVS.

**¶ Gronoo, doo my cōmaundement, strike off Damons Icons by & by,
Then illy hym foorth, I my selfe will fée him executed presently.**

845 **GRONOO.**

¶ O mightie Kyng, your commaundement wyll I doo illy ly.

DIONYS.

**¶ Eubulus: thou haft talked in vaine, for fure he shall die.
Shall I suffre my lyfe to stande in peryll of euerie spie?**

850 **EVBVLVS.**

**¶ That he conspired against your person, his Accuser can not say,
He onely viewed your Citie, and wyll you for that make hym away.**

DYONYS.

**What he would haue done, the gesse is great, he minded mée to hurt
That came so illy to ferch out the secret estate of my Courte:
shall I styll lyue in feare? No, no: I wyll cut off suche Impes betime▪
Least that to my further daunger, too hie they clime.**

855 **EVBVLVS.**

**¶ Yet haue the mightie Goddes, immortall Fame affigned,
To all worldly Princes, whiche in mercie be inclined.**

860 **DYONYSIVS.**

Let Fame talke what she lyst, so I may lyue in safetie.

EVBVLVS.

¶ The onely meane to that, is to vse mercie.

865 **DYONYS.**

¶ A milde Prince the people despifeth.

EVBVLVS.

¶ A cruell kynge the people hateth.

DYONYSIVS.

870 **¶ Let them hate me, so they feare mée.**

EVBVLVS.

That is not the way to lyue in safetie.

<D.iiij.r>

Dionifius:

The Tragical Commedie

DYONYSIVS.

875 ¶ My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.

EVBVLVS.

¶ That is sooner procured by mercy and gentillesse.

DYONYS.

¶ Dionifius ought to be feared.

EVBVLVS.

880 ¶ Better for him to be welbeloued.

DYONYSIVS.

¶ Fortune maketh all things subiect to my power.

EVBVLVS.

885 ¶ Beleue her not she is a light Goddesse, she can laugh & lowrer

DIONYS.

¶ A kings prayse standeth in the reuenging of his enemy

EVBVLVS.

¶ A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie.

DYONYS.

890 ¶ To suffer the wicked liue, it is no mercie.

EVBVLVS.

¶ To kill the innocent, it is great crueltie,

DYONISYVS.

895 ¶ Is Damon innocent, which so craftely vnderminded Carifophus,

To vnderstand what he could of kinge Dionifius:

Which furued the Hauen and eche Bulwarcke in the Citie,

Where battrie might be layde, what way best to approche, shall I

Suffer such a one to yra, that worketh me such dispite?

No, he shall die, then I am safe, a dead dogge can not bite.

900 EVBVLVS.

¶ But yet, O mightie, my dutie bindeth me,

To geue such counsell as with your honour may best yran,

The strongest pillars of Princely dignitie,

905 I finde this iustice, with mercy and prudent liberalitie,

The one iudgeth all thinges by vpright equitie,

The other rewardeth the worthy, flying eche extremitie:

Is to spare those, which offend maliciously,

It may be called no iustice, but extreame iniurie:

So vpon suspicion, of each thinges not well proued,

910 To put to death presently, whom enuious flattery accused,

It seemeth of tyranny, and vpon what fickle ground al tirants doo stand

Athenes and Lacedemon, can teache you yf it be rightly scande:

And not only these Citezens, but who curiously seeke,

The whole Histories of all the world, not only of Romaines & Greekes

<D.iiij.v>

shall

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

915 Shall well perceyue of all Tirantes the ruinous fall,
Their state vncertaine, beloued of none, but hated of all:
Of mercifull Princes to set oute the paffyng felycitie
I néede not: ynough of that, euen these dayes do testifie:
920 They liue deuoid of feare, their fleapes are found, they dréed no enemie
They are feared and loued, and why? they rule with Iustice & mercie
Extendyng Iustice to such, as wickedly from Iustice haue swarued,
Mercie vnto those, where opinion, simpleness haue mercie deferued:
Of lybertie nought I say; but onely this thyng,
Lybertie vpholdeth the state of a kynge:
925 Whose large bountiffulness ought to fall to this issue,
To rewarde none, but suche as deferue it for vertue:
Whiche mercifull Iustice, if you would folow, & prouident liberalytie
Neither the Caterpillers of all Courtes, Et fruges confumere nati.
Parasites with wealth puft vp, should not looke so hie,
930 Nor yet for this simple facte, poore Damon should die.

DIONYSIVS.

¶With payne mine eares haue heard this vayne talke of mercie,
I tell thée, feare and terrour, defendeth kynges onely:
Tyll he be gone whome I suspect, how shall I lyue quietly?
935 Whose memorie w^t chilling horror, fills my breast day & night violentlie
My dreadfull dreames of him, bereues my rest: On bed I lie
Shakyng and trembling, as one ready to yelde his throate to Damon
This quakyng dread, nothyng but Damons bloud can stay, (sword,
Better he die, then I to be tormented with feare alway:
940 He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto,
It is lawfull for kynges as they list all thynges to doo.

¶Here GRONOO bringeth in DAMON: and
PITHIAS méeteth him by the way.
PITHIAS.

945 ¶Oh my Damon.

DAMON.

¶Oh my Pithias, feyng Death must parte vs, farewell for euer.

PITHIAS.

950 ¶Oh Damon, oh my swéete friende.

SNAP.

¶Away from the Prysoner, what a preafe haue we here.

GRONOO.

As you commaunded, O mighty Kinge, wée haue brought Damon.

DIONYS.

955 ¶ Then go to, make redy I will not stirre out of this place,
Til I fee his head stroken off before my face.

<D.iv.r>

GRONOO

The Tragicall Commedie

GRONOO.

¶ It shalbe done fir: Because your eyes haue made fuche a doo,
I wyl knock down this your Lantern, & shut vp your shop window too.

960

DAMON.

¶ O mightie king, where as no trueth, my innocent lyfe can faue,
But that so gréedily you thrust, my giltlesfe bloud to haue:

965

Albeit, (euen for thought) for ought against your person:
Yet now I plead not for lyfe, ne wyll I craue your pardon:
But feyng in Gréece my Countrey, where well I am knowne,
I haue worldly thinges, fit for mine Aliance when I am gone,
To dispoſe them or I die, if I might obtaine leafure,

970

I would account it (O kyng) for a pafſyng great pleaſure:
Not to prolonge my lyfe therby, for whiche I reken not this,
But to ſet my thynges in a ſtay: and ſurely I wyll not miſſe,
Upon the faith which all gentylnen ought to embrace,
To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to yeld my body here in
Graunt me (O Kinge (ſuch time to diſpatch this iniurie, (this place:
And I wyll not fayle, when you appointed, euen here my lyfe to pay.

975

DIONISIVS.

¶ A pleaſant requelt, as though I could truſt him abſent,
Whom in no wife I can not truſt beinge preſent:
And yet though I ſware the contrarie, doo that I require,
Geue me a pledge for thy returne, and haue thine owne deſire:
He is as nere now as he was before.

980

DAMON.

¶ Ther is no furer nor greater pledge, then the faith of a Gentleman
DIONYS.

985

¶ It was wont to be, but otherwiſe now the world doth ſtande,
Therefore doo as I ſay, els preſently yéld thy necke to the ſword,
I might with mine honour I would recall my worde.

PITHIAS.

990

¶ Stand to your worde, O Kinge, for Kinges ought nothing ſay,
But that they would performe, in perfect deeds alway:
A pledge you did require, when Damon his fute did méene,
For which, with heart and ſtretched handes, moſt humble thanks I
(geue,

995

And that you may not ſay, but Damon hath a frinde,
That loues him better then his owne life, and will doo to his ende:
Take mee. Oh mightie Kinge, my lyfe I pawne for his,
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day to miſſe.

DIONYS.

¶ What art thou, that chargeſt me with my worde ſo boldly here?

PITHIAS.

<D.iv.v.>

I am

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

1000 ¶I am Pithias, a Greeke borne, whiche hold Damon my friend full
DIONIS. (deare

To dere perhaps, to hazard thy life for him, what fondnes moueth thée
PITHIAS.

No fondnesse at all, but perfect amitie.

1005 DIONISIVS.

A mad kind of amitie: aduise thy self well, if Damon fayle at his day
Which shalbe iustly appinted, wilt thou die for him, to mee his lyfe to
PITHIAS. (pay.

Moft wyllyngly, O mightie kyng: if Damon fayle, let Pithias die.

1010 DIONYSIVS.

Thou séemest to trust his wordes, that pawnest thy lyfe so franckly.
PITHIAS.

What Damon faith, Pithias beleueth affuredly.

DYONYSIVS.

1015 Take héede for lyfe, worldly men breake promife in many thinges.
PITHIAS.

Though worldly men doo so, it neuer happes amongest frindes.

DIONISIVS.

What callest thou friendes, are they not men? is not this true?

1020 PITHIAS

Men they be, but such men as loue one an other onely for vertue.
DIONISIVS.

For what vertue, doste thou loue this spie, this Damon.

PITHIAS.

1025 For that vertue, which yet to you is vnknowne.

DYONYSIVS.

Eubulus, what shall I doo? I would dispatch this Damon fayne,
But this foolish fellow so chargeth mee, that I may not call backe my
EVBVLVS. (worde agayne.

1030 The reuerent maiftie of a King, stands chiefly in kéeping his promife

What you haue, sayde, this whole Courte beareth witnesse:

faue your honour what so euer you doo.

DYONYSYVS.

1035 For faueing mine honour, I muft forbear my wyll, go to,
Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thée:

For two mounthes he is thine, vnbinde him, I fet him frée,

Which time once expired, yf he appeare not the next day by noone,

With out further delay, thou shalt lose thy lyfe, and that full soone.

Whether he die by the way, or lie sicke in his bead,

1040 If he retourne not then, thou shalt either hange or lose thy head.

E.j.<r.>

PITHIAS

The Tragical Commedie

PITHIAS.

For this O mightie kinge, I yeld immortall thankes, O ioyfull day

DYONYSIVS.

Gronnee, take him to thée, bind him, fee him kept in fafetie.

1045 **If he escape asfure thy felfe, for him thou shalt die,
Eubulus, let vs departe, to talke of this straunge thinge within,
EVBVLVS,**

I folowe.

EXIT.

GRONNO.

1050 **Damon, thou serueft the Gods well to day, be thou of comfort,
As for you fir, I thinke you wyll be hanged in sporte,
You heard what the Kinge fayde? I muft kepe you fafely,
By cocke fo I wyll, you shall rather hange then I:
Come on your way,**

1055 PITHIAS.

My Damon, farewell, the Gods haue thee in kepeing.

DAMON.

1060 **Oh my Pithias, my Pledge farewell, I parte from thee weeping
But ioyfull at my day day appoynted I wyll retourne agayne,
When I wyll deliuer thée from all trouble and paine:
Stephano wyll I leaue leaue behinde me to wayte vpon thée in prifon alone,
And I whom fortune hath referued to this miferie, wyll walke home,
Ah my Pithias, my Pledge, my life, my friend, farewell.**

PITHIAS.

1065 **Farewell my Damon.**

DAMON.

**Loth I am to departe, fith fobbes my trembling tounge doth ftay:
Oh Muficke, founde my dolefull playntes when I am gone my way.**

GRONNO.

1070 **I am glad he is gone. I had almoft wept to, come Pithias
So God helpe me, I am fory for thy foolifh cafe,
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man, fo fondly?**

PITHIAS.

It is no venter, my friende is iuft, for whom I defire to die.

1075 GRONNO.

**Here is a mad man I tell thée, I haue a wyfe whom I loue well,
And if iche woald die for her, chould ich weare in Hell:
Wylt thou doo more for a man, then I woulde for a woman.**

PITHIAS.

1080 **Yea, that I wyll**

GRONNO.

**Then come on your wayes, you muft to Prifon in hafte,
I feare you wyll repent this folly at lafte.**

<E.j.v.>

PITHIAS

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

1085 That fhalt thou neuer fée: but oh Mufick as my Damon requested thée
founde out thy dolefull tunes, in this time of calamitie. EXIT.

¶ Here the Regalles play a mourning fonge, and Damon
commeth in, in Mariners apparell, and Stephano with
him.

1090 ¶ Wéepe no more Stephano, this is but deftinie,
Had not this hapt, yet I know I am borne to die:
Where or in what place, the Gods know alone,
To whome iudgement my felfe I commit, therefore leaue of thy mone,
And wayte vpon Pithias in Prifon, till I retourne agayne,
1095 In whom my ioy, my care and lyfe doth only remayne.

STEPHANO.

Oh my deare Mafter, let me go with you, for my poore companie,
fhalbe fome fmall comfort in this time of miferie.

DAMON.

1100 Oh Stephano, haft thou ben fo longe with me,
And yet doeft not know the force of true amitie?
I tel thee once agayne, my friend and I are but one,
Waite vpon Pithias, and thinke thou art with Damon.
Whereof I may not now difcourfe, the time paffeth away,
1105 The fooner I am gone, the fhorter fhallbe my iournay:
Therefore farewell Stephano, commend me to my friende Pithias
Whom I truft to deliuer in time out of this wofull cafe.

STEPHANO.

1110 Farewell my deare Mafter, fince your pleafure is fo,
Oh cruell happe, oh poore Stephano:
O curfed Carifophus, that firft moued this Tragidie,
But what a noyes is this? Is all well within trow yée:
I feare all be not well within, I wyll go fee:
Come out you Wefell, are you féeking Eggs in Damons chefte,
1115 Come out I fay, wylt thou be packing? by cocke you weare befte.

GARISOPH.

How durst thou villaine to lay handes on me?

STEPHANO.

1120 Out fir knaue or I wyll fende yée,
Art thou not content to accufe Damon wrongfully,
But wilt thou rebbe him alfo, and that openly?

CARISPH.

The Kinge gaue me the fpoyle, to take myne owne wilt thou let me?

STEPHANO.

1125 Thine owne villaine: Where is thine authoritie?

E.ij.<r.>

CARISOPH.

The Tragical Commedie

CARYSOPHVS.

I am authoritie of my felfe, doeft thou not know?

STEPHANO.

Byr ladie, that is fomwhat, but haue you no more to fhow?

CARYSOPHVS.

1130 **What if I haue not?**

STEPHANO.

Then for an earnest penie, take this blow.

**I fhall bumbaft you, you mocking knaue, schil put pro in my purfe for
CARYSOPH (this time.**

1135 **Iacke geue me my fword and targat.**

IACKE.

**I can not com to you maifter, this knaue doth me let. Hold maifter,
STEPHANO.**

1140 **Away Iacke napes, tis I wyll colpheg you by and by,
Ye flauie I wyll haue my peny worthes of thee, therefore if I die,
Aboute villayne.**

CARYSOPH.

O Citezens, helpe to defend me.

STEPHANO.

1145 **Nay, they wyll rather helpe to hange thée.**

CARISOPH.

**Good felow, let vs reafon this matter quietly, beat me no more.
STEPHANO.**

1150 **Of this condition I wyll ftay, yf thou swere as thou art an honeft man
Thou wylt fay nothyng to the Kinge of this when I am gonne.**

CARISOPH.

I wyll fay nothyng, here is my hand, as I am an honeft man.

STEPHANO.

1155 **Then fay on thy minde: I haue taken a wife othe on him, haue I not
To truft fuch a falfe knaue vpon his honeftie, (trow ye?
As he is an honeft man (quoth you) he may bewray all to the Kinge,
And breke his oth for this neuer a whit, but my framon I tell you this
If you difclofe this, I wyll deuyfe fuch a way, (one thing,
That whilft thou liueft thou fhalt remember this day.**

1160 **CARYSOPH.**

**You néede not deuife for that, for this day is printed in my memory,
warrant you, I fhall remember this beating till I die:
But feeing of courtefie you haue granted that we fhould talke quietly,
Me thinkes, in calling me knaue, you doo me muche iniurie.**

1165 **STEPHANO.**

Why fo? I pray thee hartely?

<E.ij.v.>

CARYSOPH.

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

CARYSOPHVS.

Because I am the Kinges man, kéepes the kinge any knaues.

STEPHANO.

1170 **He should not, but what he doth it is euident by thée:
And as farre as I can learne or vnderftand,
There is none better able to kéepe knaues in all the land.**

CARISOPHVS.

1175 **Oh fir, I am a Courtier, when Courtiers fhall heare tell,
How you haue vfed me, they will not take it well.**

STEPHANO.

**Nay, all right courtiers will kenne me thanke, and wot ye why?
Because I handled a counterfait Courtier in his kinde fo finely,
What fyr: all are not Courtiers that haue a counterfait fhov,
In a trope of honeft men, fome knaues may ftand ye know:**

**fuch as by ftelth créep in, vnder the colour of honeftie,
Which forte vnder that cloke, doo all kind of villanie:
A right courtier is vertuouſ, gentill, and full of vrbanitie,
Hurting no man, good to all, deuoid of all villanie:**

1185 **But fuche as thou act, fountaines of ſquirilitie, & vayne delightes,
Though you hange by the courtes, you are but flatring Paraſites,
As well deferuing the right name of courteſie,
As the coward Knight, the true praife of cheualrie:**

**I could ſay more, but I wyll not, for that I am your well willer,
In faith Carifophus, you are no Courtier but a catterpillar,
A Sicophant, a Paraſite, a flatterer, and a knaue?
Whether I wyll or no, theſe names you muſt haue:**

1190 **How well you deferne this, by your déedes it is knowne,
For that fo vniuſtly thou haft accused poore Damon,
Whoſe wofull caſe the Gods helpe alone.**

1195 **CARYSOPH.**

Syr, are you his ſeruauſt that you pitie his caſe fo?

STEPHANO.

1200 **No bum troth, good man Grumbe, his name is Stephano.
I am called Onaphets, if néedes you wyll know,
The knaue beginneth to ſift me, but I turne my name in & out,
Cretifo cum cretenſe, to make him a loute.**

CARYSOPH.

1205 **What mumble you with your ſelfe Maſter Onaphets.
STEPHANO.**

I am reckening with my ſelfe, how I may pay my debtes.

CARYSOPH.

You haue paide me more then you did owe me.

E.jij.<r.>

STEPHANO

The Tragical Commedie

STEPHANO.

1210 Nay, vpon a farther reckoning, I wyll pay you more if I know
Either you talke of that is done, or by your Sicophanticall enuye,
You pricke forth Dionifius the fooner, that Damon may die:
I wyll fo pay thée, that thy bones fhall rattell in thy skinne,
Remember what I haue fayde, Onaphets is my name. EXIT

1215 CARYSOPH.

The fturdie knaue is gone, the Deuyll him take,
He hath made my head, fhoulders, armes, sides, and all to ake:
Thou horfon villaine boy, why didst thou waite no better?
As he payde mée, fo wyll I not die thy debter.

1220 IACKE.

Mayfter, why doo you fight with me? I am not your match you fée,
You durst not fight w^t him y^t is gone, & wyll you wreke your anger on

CARYSOPHVS. (mée

1225 Thou villaine, by thee I haue loft mine honour,
Betten with a codgell like a flaue, a Uacaboun, or a la**e Lubber,
And not geuen one blow agayne, haft thou handled me well?

IACKE.

Maifter I handled you not, but who did handle you very handfomly

CARYSOPHVS. (you can tell.

1230 Handfomly thou crake rope.

IACKE.

Yea fir, very handfomly I holde you a grote,
He handled you fo handfomly, that he left not one more in your cote.

CARISOPH.

1235 O I had fircke him trimly thou villaine, if thou hadst geuen mée my

IACKE. (Sword

1240 It is better as it is, Maifter beleue me at a worde:
If he had féene your weapon, he would haue ben fierfer,
And fo perhaps beate you worfe, I fpeake it with my harte,
Thou were neuer yet at the dealing of fence blowes, but you had foure
It is but your lucke, you are man good enough, (away for your part
But the Wealche Onaphets, was a vengeaunce knaue and rough,
Maifter you were beft go home and refte in your bedde,
Ye thinkes your cappe waueth to little for your heade.

1245 CARISOPH.

What? doth my head swell?

IACKE.

Yea as bigge as a Codfhed, and blades too.

CARYSOPH.

1250 I am afhamed to fhew my face with this hew.

<E.jij.v.>

IACKE

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

IACKE.

No shame at all, men haue bin beaten farre better then you,
CARISOPHVS.

I muſte go to the Chirurgians, what ſhall I ſay when I am a dreflyng.

IACKE.

1255 You may ſay truly, you met with a knaues bleſſing. EXEVNT
¶ Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

¶ By mine owne experience, I proue true that many men tell,
To liue in Courte not beloued, better be in Hell:

1260 What cryng out? what cursyng is there within of Carifophus,
Becaufe he accufed Damon to Kinge Dionifius:

Euen now, he came whining & cryng into the Courte for the nonce:
ſhewinge that one Onaphets had broke his knaues ſcience:

1265 Which ſtraunge name when they heard, euery man laught hartely,
And I by my ſelfe ſcand his name ſecretly,

For well I knewe it was ſome madheded chylde
That inuented this name, that the logheaded knaue might be begilde:
In toſſing it often with my ſelfe to and fro,

1270 I found out that Onaphets, backward ſpelled Stephano:
I ſmiled in my fleue, how to ſée by tournyng his name, he drefth him,
And how for Damō his Maſters fake, w^t a wodden congell he blefth him.
None pittied y^e knaue, no man nor woman, but all laught him to ſcorne
To be thus hated of all better vnborne:

1275 Farre better Ariftippus hath prouided I trowe,
For in all the Courte, I am beloued both of hie and lowe:
I offende none, in ſo muche that wemen ſinge this to my great prayſe:
Omnis Ariſtippum docuit colore, & locus & res.

But in all this ioylitie, one thinge maſeth me,
The ſtrangeſt thinge that euer was harde or knowne
Is now happened in this Court by that Damon:

1280 Whom Carifophus accufed, Damon is now at libertie,
For whos return Pithias his friēd lieth in priſō, alas in great ieopardie
To morow is y^e day, which day by noone if Damon return not, ernefltly
The kinge hath ſworne that Pithias ſhould die,

1285 Wherof Pithias hath intelligence very ſecretly,
Wiſhing that Damon may not returne, tyll he haue payde
His lyfe for his friend: hath it ben heare to fore euer ſayde,
That any man for his friend would die ſo wyllyngly?

1290 O noble friendſhip, O perfect amitie,
Thy force is heare ſéene, and that very perfectlie:
The kinge him ſelfe muſeth here at, yet is he farre out of ſquare,
That he truſteth none, to come nere him not his owne daughters wit
he haue

<E.iv.r.>

IACKE

The Tragical Commedie

Unfercht to enter his chamber, which he hath made harbars his beard
Not with Knife or rafour, for all edge tooles he feares, (to fhaue:
But with hote burning Nutshales, they fenge of his heares.

1295

Was there euer man that liued in fuch miferye?

Well, I wyll go in with a heauye and pensiuē hart too,

To think how Pithias this poore gentleman to ragie fhall die EXIT

¶ Here entreth IACKE and VVYLL.

1300

¶ Wyll, by my honefty, I wyll marre your monckes face if you fo
VVYLL. (fondly prate

¶ Iacke, by my troth, féeing you are without the Courte gaie,
If you play Iacke napes, in mocking my mafter, and difpifing my face,
Euen here with a Pantacle, I wyll you disgrace:

1305

And though you haue a farre better face then I,

Yet, who is better man of vs two, thefe sistes fhall trie,

Unleffe you leaue your taunting.

IACKE.

1310

¶ Thou beganst firft, didst thou not fay euen nowe,

That Carifophus my Mafter was no man but a cowe,

In takinge fo many blowes, and gaue neuer a blow agayne?

VVYLL.

1315

¶ I fayde fo in déede, he is but a tame Ruffian,

That can fwere by his flaske & twice bor & Gods precious lady:

And yet he will be beaten with a faggot ftick:

Thefe barking whelpes were neuer good biters,

Ne yet great crakers were euer great fighters:

But feeinge you eg mée fo much I wyll fomewhat more refight,

I fay Carifophus thy mafter is a flattring Parifite:

1320

Glening away the sweet from the worthy in all the Courte,

What tragedie hath he moued of late? y^e deuell take him he doth much

IACKE.

(hurt.

1325

¶ I pray you what is Ariftippus thy mafter, is not he a Parifite to,
That with scoffing and tefting in the Court makes fo much a doo?

VVYLL.

¶ He is no Parifite, but a pleafant Gentlman, full of curtefie,
Thy mafter is a churlifh loute the heyre of a dounge forke, as voyde of

As thou art of honour.

(honeftie,

IACKE.

1330

¶ Nay yf you wyll needes be prating of my mafter ftyll,

In faith, I muft coole you my frinde Dapper Wyll.

Take this at the beginning.

VVYLL.

¶ Prayfe well your winning, my Pantacle is as readie as yours.

<E.iv.v.>

Iacke

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

- 1335 IACKE. By the Maffe I wyll boxe you.
VVYLL. By cocke I wyll Foxe you
IACKE. Wyll, was I with you.
VVYLL. Iacke, did I flye?
IACKE. Alas pretie cackerell, you are to weake.
VVYLL. In faith Dutting Duttell, you wyll crye creake,
1340 ¶Here entreth SNAP.
Away you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the Courte gate?
And I take you heare agayne, I wyll swindge you both, what? EXIT
IACKE.
I befrew Snap the Tipstaffe that great knaues hart, y^{*} hether did
1345 Had he not ben, you had cried ere this Victus, victa, victum, (come.
But feing wée haue breathed our felues, if ye lift,
Let vs ndee like friends, and shake eche other by the fift.
VVYLL.
Content am I, for I am not malicious, but on this condition,
1350 That you talke no more so brode of my master as here you haue done,
But who haue wée here, is Cobex epi comming yonder.
IACKE. Wyll, let vs flipp aside and vewe him well.
- ¶ Here entreth GRIMME the Coliar whiftling.
- 1355 (gate tooday
What Deuell, iche wéene y^e Porters are drunke, will they not dup the
Take in Coles for y^e Kings owne mouth, wyll no body stur I fay?
Ich might haue layne tway bowers longer in my bidde,
Cha taried so longe here, that my teeth chatter in my heade.
IACKE. Wyll, after our fallinge out, wilt thou laugh merily?
VVYLL. I mary Iacke, I pray thee hartely.
- 1360 IACKE.
Then folow me, and hemme in a worde now and then:
What braulynge knaue is there at the Courte gate so early?
VVYLL.
It is some brainficke Uillaine, I durst lay a pennie.
- 1365 IACKE.
It was you fir that cryed so lowde, I trow,
And bid vs take in Coles for the Kinges mouth, euen now.
GRIMME Twas I indéede.
- 1370 IACKE.
Why fir? how dare you speake such petie treason?
Doth the Kinge eate Coles at any feason?
GRIMME.

F.i.<r.>

Here

The Tragical Commedie

- 1375 Here is a gaye worlde, Boyes now fettes olde men to scoole,
I fayde well enough, what Iacke fauce, thinkst chain a foole,
It Bake houe, Buttrie hatch, Ritchin, and feller;
Doo they not fay for the Kinges mouth?
VVYLL. What then good man Coliar?
GRIMME.
- 1380 What then? feing w^tout coles thei cannot finely dresse y^e kinges meat,
May I not fay, take in coles for y^e kinges mouth, though coles he do not
IACKE. (eate?
Iames Christe, came euer from a Colier an aunswere fo trimme?
You are learned, are you not Father Grimme?
GRIMME.
- 1390 Grimme is my name in déed, cham not learned, & yet y^e Kinges colier
This vortie winter cha bin to the Kinge a feruiler,
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte enough whole & some
VVYLL.
- 1395 So it féemes, you haue fo much mother wit, that you lacke your
GRIMME. (fathers wifdome.
Maffe, cham well be fet: heres is a trimme cast of Murleons
What be you my pretie cockerels, that alke me these questions.
IACKE.
- 1400 Good faith maister Grimme, if such Marlines on your pouch may light
Thei are fo quick of winge y^t quickly they can carie it out of your fight
And though we are cockerels now, we fhall haue spurs one day,
And fhall be able perhaps to make you a Capon:
But to tell you trouth: we are the Porters men, which early & late,
Wayte on fuche Gentlemen as you to open the Caurtegate.
- 1405 GRIMME. Are ye feruants then?
VVYLL. Yea fir, are we not pretie men?
GRIMME.
- 1410 Pretie men (you) nay, you are stronge men, els you could not beare
VVYLL. (these breeches.
Are these great hofe? in faith goodman Colier you fee with your nose
By myne honestie, I haue but for one lining in one hofe, but vij els of.
GRIMME. (Rug.
That is but a little, yet it makes thée féeme a great Bugge.
IACKE.
- 1415 How fay you good man Colier, can you finde any fault here?
GRIMME.
- Nay you should finde fault, mary heres trimme geare,
Alas little knaue, doest not sweat, thou goest with great payne,
These are no hofe, but watter bougets, I tell thée playne:

<F.i.v.>

God

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

1420 **Good for none, but fuche as haue no buttockes.
Dyd you euer sée two fuche little Robin ruddockes,
so laden with bréeches? Chill fay no more, left I offende,
Who inuented these monsters firft, did it to a gostly ende:
To haue a male, readie to put in other folkes stufte,**
1425 **Wee sée this euident by dayly prooffe:
One preached of late not farre hence, in no Pulpet, but in Waayne
That spake enough of this, but for my parte, (carte,
Chil fay no more, your owne necessitie,
In the ende wyll force you to finde some remedy.**

1430 **IACKE.
Well, holde this raylynge knaue with a talke when I am gone,
I wyll fetch him his filling ale for his good fermone.**

**VVYLL.
Go thy way: father Grimme, garly well you doo fay,
1435 It is but youngmens folly that lifte to playe:
And maske a whyle in the net of their owne deuife,
When they come to your age, they wyll be wyfe.**

**GRIMME.
Bum troth, but few such roysters come to my yeares at this day,
1440 They be cut off be times, or they haue gone halfe their iourney:
I wyll not tell why, let them gelle that can, I meane fomwhat thereb*
¶Enter IACKE. With a pot of wyne, and
a cup to drinke on.**

**Father Grimme, because you are sturring so early,
1445 I haue brought you a boule of wyne to make you mery.**

**GRIMME.
Wyne, mary, that is welcome to Colliers, chyl fwapt of by & by
Chwas sturringe so early that my very soule is drye.**

**IACKE.
1450 This is stoutely done, wyll you haue it warmed father Grimme.**

**GRIMME.
No, it is warme enough: it is very loustous and trimme,
Tis Muffelden ich wéene, of fellowship let me haue an other spurt,
1455 Ich can drinke as easly now, as if I sate in my shurte.**

**IACKE.
By cocke and you fhall haue it, but I beginne and that anon,
It bit avow mon companion.**

**GRIMME.
Ihar vow pleadge pety Zawne,
1460 IACKE.
Can you speake Frenche? here is a trimme colier by this day.**

F.ij.<r.>

GRIMME.

The Tragical Commedie

GRIMME.

1465 What man? Iche learned this when ich was a fouldier,
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yarke a whip trimly,
Better then these boy Coliers that come to the Courte daily:
When there were not fo many captious fellowes as now,
That would toruppe men for euery trifell. I wot not how:
As there was one Damon, not longe lince, taken for a Spie,
How iuftly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

1470 VVYLL.

This Wine hath warmed him, this comes well to pas,
We shall know all now, for in VINO VERITAS,
Father Grimme, who accused this Damon to Kinge Dionifius?

1475 GRIMME.

A vengauce take him, twas a gentleman, one Maifter Crowsphus.
VVYLL.

1480 Crowsphus, you clippe the Kinges language, you would haue said
But I perceue now, either the winde is at the South, (Carifophus
Or els your tounge cleaneth to the roofe of your mouth.

GRIMME.

A murian take thik Wine, it fo intoxicate my braine,
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake plaine.

1485 IACKE.

You speake knauifhly playne, feinge my mafter you doo mocke,
In faith ere you go, I wyll make you a lobbe cecke:
Father Grimme, what fay they of this Damon abroad?

GRIMME.

1490 All men are forie for him, fo helpe me God.
They fay a false knaue cufed him to the King wrongfully,
And he is gone, and should be here to morow to die,
Or els his fellow which is in prifon, his rowme shall supplie:
Chil not be his halfe for vortie shillings, I tell you playne,
I thinke Damon be too wise to returne agayne.

1495 VVYLL.

Wyll no man speake for them in this wofull cafe.

GRIMME.

1500 No chill warrant you, one maifter Stippus is in place,
Where he may doo good, but he frames him selfe fo,
Whatfoeuer Dionifius wylleth to that he wyll not fay no:
Tis a futtell Uor, he wyll not tread on thornes for none,
A mery Harecoppe tis and a pleafant companion,
A right courtier, and can prouide for one.

IACKE.

<F.ij.v.>

Wyll,

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

1510 **Wyll, how lyke you this geare? your mafter Ariftippus alfo,
At this Coliers hande hath had a bloue:
But in faith father Grimme cannot ye Coliers,
Prouide for your felues far better then Courtiers.**

GRIMME.

1515 **Yes I trow, blacke Coliers go in threade bare cotes,
Yet fo prouide they, that they haue the faire white groates:
Ich may fay in counfell, though all day I moyle in dourte,
Chill not change liues with any in Dionifius Courte:
For though their apparell be neuer fo fine,
Yet fure their credit is farre worfe then mine:
1520 And by cocke I may fay, for all their hie lookes,
I know fome ftickes full déepe in Marchants bookes:
And déeper will fall in, as fame me telles,
As long as in ftéede of Money, they take vp Haukes hoods & Belles:
Wherby they fall into a swelling difeafe, which Coliers doo not know
1525 Tath a mad name, it is called ich wéene, Centum pro cento.
Some other in Courtes, make others laugh merily,
When they wayle and lament their owne eftate secretly:
Friendfhip is dead in Courte, Hipocrifie doth raigne,
Who is in fauour now, to morow is out agayne:
1530 The ftate is fo vncertaine, that I by my wyll,
Will neuer be courtier, but a Colier ftyll.**

VVYLL.

It féemeth that Coliers haue a very trim lyfe.

GRIMME.

1535 **Coliers get money ftyll: Tell me of trouth,
Is not that a trim life now as the world goeth?
All day, though I toyle with mayne and might,
With mony in my pouche, I come home mery at night,
And fit downe in my chayre by my wyfe faire Alifon,
1540 And tourne a Crabbe in the fire, as mery as Pope Iohn.**

IACKE.

That Pope was a mery fellow, of whome folke talke fo much.

GRIMME

1545 **Had to be mery withal, had goulde enough in his hutch:
IACKE.**

**Can goulde make men mery? they fay who can finge fo mery a note,
As he that is not able to change a grote?**

GRIMME.

1550 **Who finges in that cafe finges neuer in tune I know for my parte
That a heauy pouch with goulde makes a light harte:**

<F.ijj.r.>

Of which

	The Tragical Commedie	
	Of which I haue prouided for a deare yeare good ftoe, And theſe Benters I trowe, ſhall anone get me more.	
	VVYLL.	
1555	By ſeruing the Courte with coles you gaynde all this money.	
	GRIMME.	
	By the Court onely I aſſure ye.	
	IACKE.	
	After what fort I pray thée tell mée?	
	GRIMME.	
1560	Nay, ther bate me an ace (quod Boulon) I can weare a horne & blow it	
	IACKE. (not	
	Byr lady the wifer man.	
	GRIMME.	
1565	Shall I tell you by what ſlite I got all this money Then ich weare a noddie in déede: no, no, I warrant ye, Yet in few words I tell you this one thinge, He is a very foole that can not gayne by the Kinge.	
	VVYLL.	
1570	Well fayde father Grimme, you are a wilie Colier & a braue, I ſée now there is no knaue to the olde knaue.	
	GRIMME.	
	Suche knaues haue mony, when courtiers haue none, But tell me, is it true that a brode is blowne?	
	IACKE. What is that?	
1575	GRIMME.	
	Hath the Kinge made thoſe fayre Damfels his daughters, To be come now fine and trimme Barbers.	
	IACKE. Yea truly to his owne perſon.	
	GRIMME.	
1580	Good fellowes beleue me, as the caſe now ſtandes, I would geue one ſacke of Coles, to be waſht at their hands: If ich came ſo neare them, for my wyt chould not geue three chippes, If ich could not ſteale one ſwap at their lippes.	
	IACKE.	
1585	Wyll, this knaue is drunke, let vs dreſſe him, Let vs riffell him ſo that he haue not one pennie to bleſſe him, And ſteale away his Debenters too.	
	VVYLL.	
1590	Content, inuent the waye, and I am readie.	
	IACKE. Faith, and I wyll make him a noddie: Father Grimme, if you praie me well, I wyll waſh you & ſhaue you too Euen after the ſame faſhion as the Kinges daughters doo: In all poyntes as they handle Dionifiuſ, I wyll dreſſe you trim & fine	
	<F.ij.v.>	GRIMME

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

GRIMME

1595 Chuld vayne learne y^e: come on then, chil geue thée a whol pint of wine
At Tauerne for thy labour, when cha mony for my Beenters heare.

¶Here Wyll fetcheth a Barbers bafon, a pot with water, a
Rayfour, and Clothes and a payre of spectacles.

IACKE.

1600 Com mine owne Father Grimme, fit downe.

GRIMME

Mas to beginne withall, heare is a trimme chayre▪

IACKE.

1605 What man I wyll vse you like a prince: fir boy, fetche me my geare.
VVYLL. Here fyr.

IACKE. Holde vp father Grimme.

GRIMME. Me féeme my head doth swimme.

IACKE.

1610 My Costly perfumes make that, away with this fir Bay: be quicke.
Aloyfe, aloyfe, how how pretie it is, is not here a good face?

A fine Oules eyes, a mouth lyke an Ouen,

Father you haue good Butter téeth, full féene,

You weare weaued, els you would haue ben a great Calfe,

Ah trimme lippes to swéepe a Manger, here is a chinne,

1615 As fofte as the hoofe of an horfe.

GRIMME.

Doth the Kinges daughters rubbe fo harde?

IACKE.

1620 Hold your head strait man, els all wyll be marde,

Byr ladie, you are of a good complexion,

A right Croyden sanguine, befhrew mee,

Hould vp father Grimme, Wyll can you besturre ye?

GRIMME

1625 Me thinks after a maruelous fashion you doe bef moure me.

IACKE.

It is with VNGVENTVM of Daucus Maucus, that is very coftly,

I geue not this washinge ball to euery body:

After you haue ben drest fo finely at my hande,

You may kiffe any Ladies lippes within this lande:

1630 A, you are trimly wafht, how fay you, is not this trimm water?

GRIMME.

It may be holfome, but it is vengeaunce lower.

IACKE.

1635 It scours the better, fyr boy, geue me my rayfour,

VVYLL. Here at hand fyr.

<F.ii.v.r.>

GRIMME

The Tragical Commedie

GRIMME.

Gods aymes, tis a chopping knyfe, tis no Rayfour.

IACKE.

1640 It is a Rayfour and that a very good one,
It came lately from Palarrime, it cofte mée .xx. crownes alone
Your eyes daffell after your wafhing, thefe spectacles put on?
Now vew this Rayfour, tell me, is it not a good one?

GRIMME.

1645 They be gay Barnikels, yet I fée neuer the better.

IACKE.

In déede, they be a young fight, and that is the matter,
But I warrant you, this Rayfour is very easie.

GRIMME.

1650 Go too then, fince you begonne, doo as pleafe ye.

IACKE.

Holde vp father Grimme.

GRIMME.

O your Rayfour doth hurt my lippe.

IACKE.

1655 No, it fcrapeth of a pimpell, to eafe you of the Pippe,
I haue done now, how fay you? are you not well?

GRIMME.

Cham lighter then ich was, the truth to tell.

IACKE.

1660 Will you finge after your fhauinge?

GRIMME.

Mas content, but chill be polde firft or I finge.

IACKE.

1665 Nay that fhall not néede, you are pould neare enough for this time.

GRIMME.

Go to then luftyly, I wyll finge in my mans voyce,
Chaué a troubling bafe buffe.

IACKE.

1670 You are like to beare the bobbe, for wée wyll geue it,
fet out your buffyng bafe, and wée wyll quiddell vpon it.

GRIMME fingeth Buffe.

IACKE Singes,

1675 Too nidden, and too nidden.

VVYLL finges.

Too nidden, and toodle toadle doo nidden,
Is not Grimme the Colier moft finely fhauen.

<F.iv.v.>

GRIMME

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

GRIMME.

1680 Why my fellowes thinke iche am a cowe, that you make such tooyin
IACKE.

Nay byr lady, you are no cow by your finging,
Yet your wyfe tolde me you were an Oxe.

GRIMME.

1685 Did she fo? tis a pellen quene she is full of such mockes,
But go to, let vs finge out our songe merely.
The songe at the shauing of the Colier.

IACKE.

¶ Suche Barbers God fend you at all times of néede.

VVYLL.

1690 That can dresse you finely, and make such quicke spéede.

IACKE.

Your face like an Incorne, now shineth fo gay,

VVYLL.

1695 That I with your Nostrels of force must néedes play,
With too nidden, and too nidden.

IACKE.

With too nidden, and todle todle doo nidden,
Is not Grimme the Colier most finely shauen.

VVYLL.

1700 With shauing you shine lyke a pestle of Porke:

IACKE.

Here is the trimmest Hogges flesh from London to York.

VVYLL.

1705 It woulde be trimme Baken to hange vp a while,

IACKE.

To play with this Hogline, of force I must fmyle,
With too nidden, and too nidden

VVYLL. With too nidden, and todle &c.

GRIMME.

1710 Your shauing doth please me, I am now your debter.

VVYLL,

Your wife now wyll buffe you, because you are sweater.

GRIMME.

1715 Neare would I be poled, as neare as cham shauen.

VVYLL.

Then out of your Ierkin néedes must you be shaken.

With too nidden, and too nidden, &c.

GRIMME.

It is a trimme thinge to be washt in the Courte.

G.j.<r.>

	The Tragical Commedie	
	VVYLL.	
1720	Their handes are fo fine that they neuer doo hurte.	
	GRIMME.	
	Me thinke ich am lighter then euer ich was.	
	VVYLL.	
1725	Our shauinge in the Courte hath brought this to passe.	
	With too nidden, and too nidden.	
	IACKE.	
	With too nidden and todle todle doo nidden.	
	Is not Grimme the Colier most finely shauen.	Finis.
	GRIMME.	
1720	This is trimly done, now chill pitche my coles not farre henfe,	
	And then at the Tauerne chil bestowe whole tway pence.	
	IACKE.	
	Farewell cocke, before the Colier againe doo vs léeke,	
	Let vs into the Courte to parte the spoyle, share and share like. EXIT	
1725	WVYLL Away then.	
	¶Here entreth GRIMME.	
	Out alas, where shall I make my mone?	
	My Pouche, my Benters and all is gone,	
	Wher is that villayne that dyd me shau?	
1730	Hath robbed me alas of all that I haue.	
	¶Here entreth Snap.	
	Who crieth fo at the Courte gate.	
	GRIMME.	
	I, the poore Colier, that was robbed of late.	
1735	SNAP Who robbed thée?	
	GRIMME.	
	Twoo of the Porters men that dyd shau me.	
	SNAP.	
	Why? The Porters men are no Barbers?	
1740	GRIMME.	
	A vengeance take them they are quicke carners.	
	SNAP. What ftature weare they of?	
	GRIMME.	
	As little dapper knaues as they trimly could scoffe.	
1745	SNAP.	
	They were Lackeyes, as neare as I can gesse them.	
	GRIMME.	
	Such Lackies make me lacke, an halter befwege them,	
	I am vndon they haue my Benters too.	
1750	SNAP.	
	<G.j.v.>	Doef

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

Doest thou know them if thou feest them?

GRIMME.

Yea that I doo?

SNAP.

1755 **Then come with me, we wyll finde them out and that quickly.**
GRIMME.

I folow mast Tipflafe, they be in the Courte it is likely.

SNAP.

1760 **Then crie no more, come away.** **EXEVNT.**

¶Here entreth Carifophus, and Ariftippus.

**If euer you wyll shew your friendship, now is the time,
feing the king is displeafed with me, of my parte without any crime**

ARISTIP.

1765 **It should appeare it comes of some euell behaiour,
That you fo fodenly are cast out of fauour.**

CARISOPH.

Nothing haue I done but this in talke I ouerthwarted Eubulus,

When he lamented Pithias cafe to Kinge Dionifius,

1770 **Which to morrow fhall die, but for that falle knaue Damon:**

He hath left his friend in the briers and now is gone.

Wée grew fo hot in talke, that Eubulus protested playnely,

Which held his care open to parasiticall flattery.

And now in the Kinges eare like a bell he ringes,

1775 **Cryng that flatterers haue ben the deftroyers of kinges:**

Which talke in Dionifius harte hath made fo déepe impreffion,

That he trustets me not as heretofore in no condition:

And some wordes brake from him as though that hee,

1780 **Began to suspect my trouth and honestie:**

**Which you of friendship I know wyll defend, how fo euer the world
My frind for my honestie, wyll you not take an othe? (goeth,**

ARISTIP.

To fweare for your honestie, I should lose mine owne.

1785 **CARISOPH**

Should you fo in déede? I would that were knowne,

Is your voyde friendship come thus to passe.

ARISTIP.

I folow the prouerbe: Amicus Vsque ad auras.

1790 **CARISOPHVS.**

Where can you fay, I euer loft mine honestie.

ARISTIPPVS.

You neuer loft it, for you neuer had it, as farre as I know.

CARISOPH.

G.ij.<r.>

Say you

	The Tragicall Commedie	
1795	CARISOPHVS. Say you fo friend Ariftippus whom I truſt fo well? ARISTIPPVS. Becaufe you truſt me, to you the truth I tell. CARISOPH.	
1800	Wyll you not ſtretch one poynt? to bringe me in fauour agayne. ARISTIP. I loue no ſtretching, fo may I bréede myne owne payne. CARISOPH	
1805	A friend ought to ſhonne no payne, to ſtand his friend in ſtead. ARISTIP. Where true frienſhip is, it is fo in very déede. CARISOPH.	
1810	Why fir? hath not the chaine of true frienſhip, linked vs two ARISTIP. together. The cheifeſt linke lacked therof, it muſt néedes deſeuer. CARISOPH.	
1815	What linke is that? faine would I know. ARISTIP. Honeſtie. CARISOPH.	
1820	Doth honeſtie knit the perfect knot in true frienſhip, ARISTIP. Yea truly, and that knot fo knit wyll neuer flippe. CARISOPH.	
1825	Belike then there is no frindſhip but betwéene honeſt men. ARISTIP. Betwéene the honeſt only, for Amicitia inter bonus: faith a learned man CARISOPH. Yet euell men vſe frindſhip in thinges vnhoneſt, wher fancy doth ſerue ARISTIP.	
1830	That is no frindſhip, but a lewde likeing, it laſtes but a while. CARISOPH. What is the perfectſt frindſhip among men that euer grew? ARISTIP. Where men loued one another, not for profit but for vertue. CARISOPH.	
1835	Are ſuch frindes both a like in ioy and alfo in ſmarte? ARISTIP. They muſt néedes, for in two bodies they haue but one harte. CARISOPH.	
	Friend Ariftippus, deceaue me not with ſophiſtrie, Is there no perfect frindſhip, but where is vertue and honeſtie?	
	<G.ij.v.>	ARISTIP.

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

ARISTIPPVS

1840 What a Deuell then ment Carifophus,
To ioyne in frindship with fine Aristippus?
In whom is asmuch him, trueth and honestie,
As there are true fethers in thrée Craines of the ventrie:
Yet these fethers haue the shadow of liuely feathers the truth to scan
But Carifophus, hath not the shadowe of an honest man,
To be playne, because I know thy villany:
1845 In abusinge Dionifius, to many mens iniury:
Under the cloke of frindship, I playd with his head,
And fought meanes how thou with thine owne fancy might be lead,
My frindship thou foughtest for thine owne commoditie,
As worldly men doo by profite measuring amitie:
1850 Which I perceauing, to the lyke my selfe I framed,
Wherein I know of the wife I shall not be blamed:
If you aske me Quare. I answere, Quia prudentis est multus dissimulare.
To speake more playner, as the prouerbe doth go,
In faith Carifophus, Cum cretence cretifo:
1855 Yet a perfect frinde I shew my selfe to thée in one thing,
I doo not dessemble, now I say I wyll not speake for thee to the King,
Therefore sinke in thy forrow, I doo not deceaue hee,
A false knaue I found thee, a false knaue I leaue thee. **EXIT**

CARISOPHVS.

1860 He is gone? Is this frindship to leaue his friend in the plaine fields?
Well I fee now, I my selfe haue beguylde,
In matching with that false for in amitie:
Which hath me vsed to his owne commoditie.
Which seeing me in distresfe, vnfainedly goes his wayes,
1865 Loe this is the perfect frindship among men now a daies:
Which kinde of frindship toward him I vsed secretly:
And be with me the like, hath requited me craftly.
It is the Gods iudgement, I fee it playnely,
For all the world may know, Incide in foueam quam fed.
1870 Well I must content my selfe none other helpe I knowe,
Untill a merier gale of winde may happe to blowe: **EXIT**

EVBLVS.

1875 Who deals with Kinges in matters of great waight,
When froward wyll, doth beare the cheffest sway:
Must yeld of force, their néede no subtile sleight:
Ne paynted speach the matter to conuay,
No prayer can moue, when kindled is the ire,
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.

<G.iiij.r.>

This

The Tragicall Commedie

1880 This thinge I proue in Pithias wofull cafe,
Whofe hauuy hap with teares I doo lament:
The day is come when he in Damons place,
Muft lofe his life the time is fully spent:
Nought can my words now with the Kinge preuaile,
Against the wind and striuinge streame I fayle:
1885 For die thou muft alas thou fely Gréeke,
Ah Pithias, now come is thy dolefull houre:
A perfect friend none fuch a world to féeke.
Though bitter death fhall geue thée fauce full fower:
Yet for thy faith enrold fhall be thy name,
Among the Gods within the booke of fame:
1890 Who knoweth his cafe, and wyll not melt in teares?
His giltles blood fhall trickle downe anon.
¶Then the Mufes finge.
Alas what happe haft thou poore Pithias now to die,
Wo worth the which man for his death hath geuen vs caufe to crie.

1895 EVBVLVS.
ME thinke I heare with yelow rented heares,
The Mufes frame their notes my ftate to mone:
Among which forte as one that morneth with harte,
In dolefull tunes, my felfe wyll beare a parte.

1900 MVSES.
Who worth the man which for his death. &c.
EVBVLVS.
With yelow rented heares come on you Mufes nine,
Fyll now my breast with heauy tunes, to me your plaints refigne:
1905 For Pithias I bewayle which prefently muft die,
Wo worth the man which for his death hath geuen vs caufe. &c.
MVSES.
Wo worth the man which for his. &c.
EVBVLVS.

1910 Was euer fuch a man that would die for his friend,
I thinke euen from the heauens aboue, the Gods did him downe fend
To fhew true friendfhipps power, which forst thée now to die,
Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.

1915 MVSES.
Who worth the man, &c.
EVBVLVS.
What Tigars whelp was he, that Damon dyd accufe?
What faith haft thou, which for thy friend, thy death doth not refufe
O heauy happe hadst thou to play this Tragidie,

<G.iiij.v.>

Wo worth

	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.		
1920	Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.		
	MVSES.		
	Wo worth the man, &c.		
	EVBVLVS.		
1925	Thou young and worthy Gréeke, that showest such perfect loue, The Gods receaue thy simple ghost, into the heauens aboue: Thy death we fhall lament with many a wéeeping eye, Wo worth the man which for his death, &c.		
	MVSES.		
	Wo worth the man which for thy death, hath geuen vs caufe to crie.		
1930	FINIS.		
	EVBVLVS.		
	Eternall be your fame ye Mufes, for that in miferie, Ye did vouchafe to ftrayne your notes to walke: My harte is rent in two, with this miserable cafe, Yet am I charged by Dionifius mouth, to fe this place, At all paynts ready for the execution of Pithias. Néede hath no law: wyl I or nil I, it muft be done, But loe the bloody minister, is euen here at hande.		
1935			
	Gronno, I came hether now to vnderftand, If all thinges are well appoynted for the execution of Pithias, The Kinge him felfe wyll fe it done here in this place.		
1940	GRONNO.		
	Sir, all thinges are ready, here is the place, here is y^e hand, here is the Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a worde, (fword. If he were prefont, I coulde finely ftrike of, You may reporte that all thinges are ready.		
1945	EVBVLVS.		
	I go with an heauy harte to report it, ah wofull Pithias: Full neare now is thy mifery.		
1950	GRONO.		
	I maruell very much, vnder what conftilation, All hangmen are borne, for they are hated of all, beloued of none: Which hatred is showed by this poynt euidently, The Hangman alwayes dwelles in the vileft place of the Citie: That fuch fpight fhould be, I know no caufe why, Unleffe it be for thir offices fake, which is cruell and blondye; Yet fome men muft doo it to execute lawes? Me thinke they hate me without any iuft caufe:		
1955			
	<G.iv.r.>	But I	

The Tragicall Commedie

1960 But I muft looke to my toyle, Pithias muft lofe his head at one blow,
Els the Boyes wyll stone me to death in the streat as I go:
But harke, the prifoner cometh, and the Kinge alfo,
I fee there is no help, Pithias his life muft forgo.

¶Here entreth Dionifius and Eubulus.

1965 Bring forth Pithias that pleafant companion,
Which tooke me at my worde and became pleadge for Damon:
It pricketh faft vpon noone, I doo him no iniurie,
If now he lofe his head for fo he requested me.

1970 If Damon returne not, which now in Gréece is full mery:
Therefore fhall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by,
He thought belike, if Damon were out of the Citie,
I would not put him to death, for fome foolifhe pitie:
But feeing it was his request, I wyll not be mockt he fhall die.
Bring him forth.

1975 ¶Here entreth Snap.

Geue place, let the prifoner come by, geue place.

DIONISIVS.

How fay you fir? wher is Damon your truftie friend?

1980 You haue playd a wife part I make God a vow,
You know what time a day it is, make you ready.

PITHIAS.

Moft ready I am mightie king and moft ready alfo,
For my true frinde Damon this lyfe to forgo,
Euen at your pleafure.

1985 DIONISIVS.

A true frend, a falfe Traytor that fo breaketh his oth,
Thou fhalt lofe thy life, though thou be neuer fo loth.

PITHIAS.

1990 I am not loth to doo what fo euer I fayde,
Ne at this prefent pinch of death am I dismayde:
The Gods now I know, haue heard my feruent prayer,
That they haue referued me to this pafsyng great honour,
To die for my frind, whose faith, euen now, I doo not miftrufte:
My frinde Damon is no falfe traytour, he is true and iufte:

1995 But fith he is no God but a man, he muft doo as he may,
The winde may be contrary , ficknes may let him , or fom misaduēture
Which the eternall Gods tourne al to my glorie, (by the way,
That Fame may refound how Pithias for Damon did die:

2000 He breaketh no oath, which doth as much as he can,
His minde is heare, he hath fome let, he is but a man.
That he might not retourne, of all the Gods I did require,

<G.iv.v.>

Which

	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.	
2005	<p>Which now to my ioy, doth graunt my desire: But why doe I stay any longer, feing that one mans death, May suffise O king, to pacifie thy wrath? O thou minister of iustice, doo thyne office by and by, Let not thy hand tremble, for I remble not to die: Stephano the right patrone, of true fidelitie, Commend me to thy maister my fwéet Damon, & of him craue libertie When I am dead in my name, for thy trustie seruices, Hath well deferued a gift farre better then this, Oh my Damon farewell now for euer, a true friend to me most deare Whyles lyfe doth laste, my mouth fhall styll talke of thee, And when I am dead my simple ghost true witness of amitie: fhall houer about the place wherefoeuer thou bée,</p>	
2010		
2015	<p style="text-align: center;">DIONISIVS.</p> <p>Eubulus, This geare is straunge, and yet becaufe, Damon hath falst his faith, Pithias fhall haue the lawe: Gronnoo, dispoyle hym, and eke dispatch him quickly.</p>	
2020	<p style="text-align: center;">GRONNO.</p> <p>It shal be done: since you came into this place, I might haue stroken of seauen heads in this space: Ber lady here are good garments, these are myne by the roode, It is an euyll wynde that bloweth no man good: Now Pithias knéele downe, aske me bleffing like a pretie boy, And with a trife thy head from thy shoulders I wyll conuay.</p>	
2025	<p style="text-align: center;">¶Here entreth Damon running & stayes the sword.</p> <p>Stay, stay, stay, for the kinges aduantage stay, O mightie kyng, myne appoynted time is not yet fully past, Within the compasse of myne houre loe, here, I come at last: A life I owe, a life I wyll you pay: Oh my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friende, Ah woe is me for Damons fake, how neare were thou to thy ende: Geue place to me, this rowme is myne, on this stage muft I play, Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionifius his blood to pay.</p>	
2030		
2035	<p style="text-align: center;">GRONNO.</p> <p>Are you come fir? you might haue taried if you had bene wyfe, For your haftie coming you are lyke to know the prife.</p>	
2040	<p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> <p>O thou cruell minnister, why didst not thou thine office, Did not I bidde thee make haft in any wyfe? Haft thou spared to kill me once that I may die twyfe: Not to die for my friend, is present death to me, and alas, fhall I fée my sweet Damon, slaine before my face:</p>	
	H.j.<r.>	What

The Tragicall Commedie

2045 What double death is this? but O mightie Dionifius,
Doo true iuftice now, way this aright, thou noble Eubulus:
Let mee haue no wronge, as now ftandes the cafe,
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:
By misadventure, not by his wyll, his howre is pafte, therefore I
2050 Becaufe he came not at his iuft tyme, ought iuftly to die:
So was my promife, fo was thy promife O Kynge,
All this Courte can beare witneffe of this thinge.

DAMON.
Not fo, O mightie Kynge, to Iuftice it is contrarie,
2055 That for an other mans faulte, the Innocent fhould die:
Ne yet is my time playnly expirde, it is not fully noone,
Of this my day appointed, by all the Clockes in the Towne.

PITHIAS.
Beléue no Clocke, the houre is pafte by the fonne.

DAMON.
2060 Ah my Pithias, fhall we now breake the bondes of Amitie?
Till you now ouerthwart mee, whiche heretofore fo well did agréé.

PITHIAS.
My Damon, the Goddes forbid, but wee fhould agréé,
2065 Therefore agréé to this, let mee perfourme the promife I made for thee
Let mee die for thee, doo mee not that iniurie,
Both to breake my promife, and to fuffre mee too fee thee die
Whome fo dearly I loue: this fmall requeft graunt mee,
I fhall neuer afke thee more, my defire is but frindly:
2070 Doo me this honour, that fame may reporte triumphantly,
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die.

DAMON.
That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot denie,
2075 Yet fame fhall neuer touch me with fuch a villanie:
To reporte that Damon did fuffer his friend Pithias, for him giltyes to
(die,
Therefore content thy felfe, the Gods require thy constant faith,
None but Damons bloud can appeafe Dionifius wrath:
2080 And now O mightie Kinge, to you my talke I conuay,
Becaufe you gaue me leaue, my worldly thinges to ftay:
To requite that good tourne ere I die, for your behalfe this I fay,
Although your Regall ftate, dame Fortune decketh fo,
That like a kinge in worldly wealth, abundantly ye flee:
Yet fickle is the ground whereon all Tirrants treade,
2085 A thousand fundrie cares and feares, doo haunt their reftles head:
No truftie band; no faithfull friendes doo garde thy hatefull ftate,
And why? whom men obey for deadly feare, fure them they deadly hate

<H.j.v.>

That

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

That you may safely raigne, by loue get friends, whose constant faith
Wyll neuer fayle, this counsell geues poore Tam*n at his death:

Friendes are the surest garde, for Kinges golden time doo wear away
And other precious thinges doo fade, frindship wyll neuer decay:

2090 Haue friendes in store therefore, so shall you safely fleape,
Haue friendes at home of forraine foes, so neede you take no kéepe:
Abandon flatering tounge, whose clackes truth neuer tels,
Abase the yll, aduance the good, in whome dame vertue dwels:

2095 Let them your play felowes be, but O you earthly kinges,
Your sure defence and strongest garde, s*andes chifely in faithfull friēd
Then get you friends by liberall déedes, and here I make an ende,
Accept this counsell mightie Kinge of Damon Pithias friende:

2100 Oh my Pithias, now farewell for euer, let me kisse thée or I die,
My foule shall honour thée, thy constant faith aboue the heauens shall
Come Gronno doo thine office now, why is thy colour so dead? (flie
My neck is so is short, that thou wylt neuer haue honestie in striking of

DIONISIVS. (this head

2105 Eubulus, my spirites are fodenly appauled, my limes waxe weake
This straunge friendship amafeth me so, that I can scarce speake.

PITHIAS.

O mightie kinge, let some pittie your noble harte méene,
You require but one mans death, take Pithias, let Damon liue.

EVBVLVS.

O vnspeakeable frindship.

2110 DAMON.

Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why?
My constant frind my Pithias, for Damons sake should die:

2115 Alas he is but young, he may doo good to many,
Thou coward minister, why doest thou not let me die?

GRONNO.

My hand with foden feare quiuereth.

PITHIAS.

O noble kinge, shewe mercy on Damon, let pithias die,

DIONISIVS.

2120 Stay Gronno, my flesh trembleth, Eubulus, what shall I doo?

Were there euer such frindes on earth as were these two?

What harte is so cruell that would deuide them afunder?

O noble friendship, I must yeld, at thy force I wonder:

2125 My hart, this rare frindship hath pearst to the roote,
And quenched all my fury, this fight hath brought this aboute:
Which thy graue counsell Eubulus, and learned perfwasion could
neuer doo:

H.ij.<r.>

O noble

The Tragical Commedie

O noble gentlemen, the immortall Gods aboue,
Hath made you play this Tragidie, I thinke for my behoue:
Before this day I neuer knew what perfect friendship ment,
My cruell mind to blouddy déedes, was full and ppare bente:
2130 My fearefull life, I thought with ppare to defende,
But now I fee there is no garde vnto a faithfull friend:
Which wyll not spare his lyfe at time of present néede,
O happie kinges within your courtes haue twoo such frinds in déed:
I honour friendship now, which that you may plainly fee,
2135 Damon, haue thou thy lyfe, from death I pardon thee:
For which good tourne, I craue this honour doo me lend?
Oh frindly harte? Let me linke with you, to you make me y^c third friēde
My courte is yours, dwell here with mee, by my commisfion large,
My felfe, my realme, my welth, my health, I commit to your charge:
2140 Make me a thirde friend, more fhall I ioye in that thing,
Then to be called as I am, Dionifius the mightie kinge.

DAMON.

O mightie king, firft for my lyfe moft humble thanks I geue,
And neuer, I prayfe the immortall Gods, that did your harte fo meue
2145 That you would haue respect to friendships heauenly lore,
Forfeing wel, he need not feare which hath true friēds in ftore (focietie
For my part, moft noble king, as a third frind, welcom to our friendly
But you muft forget you ar a king, for frindfhip ftands in tru equalitie

DIONISIVS.

Unequall though I be in great poffeffions,
Yet full equall fhall you finde me in my changed conditions:
Tirranie, flatterie, oppreffion, loe, hear I cast away?
Iuftice, truth, loue, frindfhip fhall be my ioy:
True friendship: wyl I honour vnto my liues end,
2155 My greateft glorie fhallbe, to be counted a perfect friende.

PITHIAS.

For this your déede moft noble King, the Gods aduance your name
And fince to friendships lore, you lift your Princely harte to frame:
2160 With ioyfull harte, O Kinge, moft wellcome now to me,
With you wyll I knit the perfect knot of amitie:
Wherein I fhall enstruct you fo, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amitie the mighty force and eke the ioyful end:
And how that kinges doo ftand vppon a fickle ground,
Within whofe Realme at time of néed, no faithfull friends are founde

2165 DIONISIVS.

Your instruction wyll I folow, to you my felfe I doo commite,
Eubulus, make hafte to fet new apparell fitte:

<H.ij.v.>

For

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

For my new frindes.

EVBVLVS.

2170 **I go with a ioyfull hart, O happie day. EXIT**

GRONNO.

**I am glad to heare this word, though their liues they doo not léefe,
It is no reason the Hangman should lose his fées:**

These are mine, I am gone with a trife. EXIT

2175 ¶**Here entreth EVBVLVS with new garmentes.**

DIONISIVS.

**Put on these Garmentes now, go in with mee the Iewelless of my
DAMON and PITHIAS. (Court.**

We go with ioyfull harts.

STEPHANO.

2180 **Oh Damon my deare maister, in all this ioy remember me.**

DIONISIVS.

My friend Damon he asketh reason? Dam. Pithias.

DAMON.

2185 **Stephano, for thy good seruice, be thou free. EXEVNT. DION**

STEPHANO.

O most happie, pleasant, ioyfull, and triumphant day,

Poore Stephano, now shall liue in continuall ioy:

VIVE LE ROY with Damon and pithias in perfect amitie,

VIVE TV STEPHANO, in thy pleasant liberalitie:

2190 **Wherein I ioy as much as he that hath a conquest wonne,**

I am a free man, none so mery as I now vnder the sonne:

Farewell my Lords, now y^e Gods graunt you al y^e fom of perfect amitie

And me longe to enioy my longe deãred libertie . EXIT.

2195 ¶**Heare entreth EVBVLVS beatyng CARISOPHVS.**

Away villaine, away you flatringe Parafite,

Away the plague of this Courte, thy filed tongue that forged lies,

No more here shall doo hurt, away false Sicophant, wilt thou not?

CARISOPHVS.

2200 **I am gone fir, feing it is the kinges pleasure,**

Why whye ye me alone? a plague take Damon and Pithias since they

I am driuē to feke relee abroad alas I know not whither , (came hither

Yet Eubulus, though I begone, here after time shall trie,

There shall be found euen in this Court as great flatterers as I:

2205 **Well for a while I wyll forgo the Court, though to my great payne,**

<H.ijj.r.>

I doubt

The Tragical Commedie

**I doubt not but to spie a time when I may créepe in againe. EXIT.
EVBVLVS.**

2210 **The ferpent that eates men aliue, Flattery with all her broode,
Is whipte away in Princes Courtes whiche yet did neuer good,
What force, what mighty power, true Friendship may posfesse?
To all the worlde Dionifius Courte now playnly doth expresse,
Who fince to faithfull Friendes he gaue his willyng eare,
2215 **Moft sayeth y^t fitteth in his feate and sléepe deuoid of feare,
Poured is the Court of vice, fince Friendship entred in,
Tirrannie quailles, he studieth now with loue eche hart to win,
Uertue is had in price, and hath his iuft rewarde:
And painted speache that glofeth for gayne, from gifts is quite debard,
2220 **One loueth another now for vertue, not for gayne,
Where Uertue doth not knit the knot, there Friendship cannot raigne,
Without the whiche, no houfe, no land, ne kingdome can endure,
As necessarie for mans lyfe, as Water, Ayre, and Fier,
Which frameth the minde of man, all honest thinges to doo,
2225 **Unhoneft thinges Friendshippe ne craueth, ne yet confents thertoo,
In wealth a double ioye, in woe a present stay,
A fwéete companion in eche state true Friendship is alway:
A fure defence for Kinges, a perfecte trustie bande,
A force to asfayle, a shield to defende the enemies cruell hande,
2230 **A rare, and yet the greateft Gifte, that God can geue to man:
So rare, y^e scarce foure couple of faithfull frends haue ben fince y^e world
A Gift fo strange, & of fuch price, I wifh all Kyngs to haue, (began
But chiefly yet as duetie bindeth I humbly craue,
True friendship, and true friendes full fraught with constant faith,
2235 **The geuer of friends, the Lord grant her moft noble Quéene Elizabeth.************

¶FINIS.

<H.iiij.v.>

<p>5</p> <p>10</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">¶ The laft longe.</p> <p>THE strongest garde that Kynges can haue, Are constant friends their ftate to faue: True friendes are constant, both in word and deede, True friendes are present, and help at each neede: True friendes talke truly, they glofe for no gayne, When treafure confumeth, true frindes wyll remayne, True frindes for their tru Prince, refuseth not their death The Lorde graunt her fuch frindes moft noble Queene</p> <p style="text-align: right;">(Elizabeth.</p> <p>¶ Longe may fhe gouerne in honour and wealth, Uoyde of all fickenesse, in moft perfect health: Which health to prolonge, as true friends require, God graunt fhe may haue her owne hartes defire: Which friendes wyll defend with moft stedfast faith, The Lorde graunt her fuch friendes moft noble Queene</p> <p style="text-align: right;">(Elizabeth.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">¶ <i>FINIS.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">{illuftration}</p>	
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