

5	<p>The excellent Comedie of two the moſte faithfulleſt <i>Freendes, Damon and Pithias.</i></p> <p>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 Edvvards, then beyng Maifter of the Children.</p> <p>1571.</p>	
10	<p>{ illuſtration }</p> <p>Imprinted at London in Fleetelane by Richarde Iohnes, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop, ioyning to the ſouthweſt doore of Paules Church.</p>	
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	<i>THE PROLOGVE.</i>	
	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, As heretofore in commycall wife, were wont abroad to bee: Your luft is loft, and all the pleasures that you fought, is frustrate quite of toying Playes. A foden change is wrought. For loe, our Authours <i>Muse</i> , that masked in delight. Hath forst his Penne agaynft his kinde, no more fuche sportes to write. Muse he that luft, (right worhipfull) for chaunce hath made this change. For that to some he seemed too much, in yonge desires to range: In whiche, right glad to please: feyng that he did offende, Of all he humblie pardon traues: his Pen that shall amende: And yet (worshipfull Audience,) thus much I dare aduouche. In Commedies, the greatest Skyl is this, rightly to touche. All thynges to the quicke: and eke to frame eche perfon so, That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly know: A Royfter ought not preache, that were to straunge to heare, But as from vertue he doth swerue, so ought his woordes appeare: The olde man is sober, the yonge man rashe, the Louer triumphyng in ioyes. The Matron graue, the Harlot wilde and full of wanton toyes. Whiche all in one course they no wife doo agree: so correspondent to their kinde their speeches ought to bee. Which speeches well pronounce, with action liuely framed, If this offende the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed, Which hath our Author taught at Schole, from whom he doth not swarue, In all fuche kinde of exercise <i>decorum</i> to obserue, Thus much for his defence (he sayth) as Poetes earft haue donne, Which heretofore in Commedies the selfe same rase did rounne: But now for to be brieft, the matter to expresse, Which here wee shall present: is this Dimon and Pithias, A rare ensample of Frendship true, it is no Legend lie, But a thinge once donne in deede as Hystories doo discerie, Whiche doone of yore in longe time past, yet present shalbe here, Euen as it were in dooyng now, so liuely it shall appeare: Lo here in Siracusae thauncient Towne, which onceth: Romaines wanne, Here Dionisius Pallace, within whose Cause this thing most strange was donne. Which matter mixt with myrth and care, a iust name to applie, As seemes most fit wee haue it termed, a Tragicall Commedie, Wherein talkyng of Courtly toyes, wee doo protest this flat, Wee talke of Dionisius Courte, wee meane no Court but that, And that wee doo so meane, who wyfely calleth to minde,
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	<p>The Prologue.</p> <p>The time, the place, the Authours here most plainely shall it finde, Loe this I speake for our defence, lest of others wee should be shent: But worthy Audience, wee you pray, take thinges as they be ment, Whose vpright Iudgement wee doo craue, with heedefull eare and Eye, To here the cause, and see theeffect of this newe Tragicall Commedie.</p>	
45	<p>EXIT.</p> <p>{illustration}</p> <p><i>The speakers names.</i></p> <p>Aristippus, a pleafant Gentilman. Carisophus, a Parasite. Damon. two gentlemen of Greece. Pithias, Stephano, seruant to Damon and Pithias. VWill, Aristippus lackey. Iacke, Carisophus lackey. fnap, the Porter. Dionifius, the Kynge. Eubulus, the Kynges counfelour. Gronno, the Hangman. Grimme, the Colyer.</p> <p>{illustration}</p> <p><A.ij.v></p>	
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	<p style="text-align: center;">Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.</p> <p>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 behauour my lyfe I frame, 5 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 ftreete 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? <p style="text-align: center;">Here entreth CARISOPHVS.</p> ¶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, 35 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 Ariftppus, now makes the Kinge fporte, Ere you came hyther, poore I was fombody, The Kinge delighted in mee, now I am but a noddy. 40 <p style="text-align: center;">ARISTIPPVS.</p> ¶In faith Carifophus, you know your felfe beft,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">B.i.<r></p> <p style="text-align: right;">But</p>	
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	The Tragical Commedie	
45	<p>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 behauour: I make the Kinge mery, with pleasant vrbanitie, Whom I neuer abused to any mans iniurie.</p>	
	CARISOPHVS.	
55	<p>¶Be cocke sir, yet in the Courte you doo best thriue, For you get more in on day then I doo in fiue.</p>	
	ARISTIPPVS.	
60	<p>¶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.</p>	
	CARISOPHVS.	
70	<p>¶It may so be, yet in your prosperitie, Dispise not an olde courtier, Carifophus is he, Which hath longe time fed Dionisius humor: diligently to please, styll at hand, there was neuer rumor, spread in this towne of any fmale thinge, but I Brought it to the Kinge in post by and by, Yet now I craue your friendship, which if I may attayne, 75 Most sure 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.</p>	
	ARISTIPPVS.	
80	<p>¶Bir Lady Carifophus, though you know not Philosophie, Yet surely you are a better Courtier then I, And yet I not so euyll 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:</p>	
	<B.i.v>	Affu-

	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.	
85	Affuring of friendship both with tooth and nayle, Whiles life lafteth neuer to fayle. CARISOPHVS.	
	¶A thousand thanks 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 fo glad of Carifophus friendship as I, I make God a vowe, I fpeake as I thinke, beleue me. CARISOPHVS.	
	¶Sith we are now fo friendly ioyned, it féemeth toinée, 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 tellinée, thus much by the way, Whither now from this place wyll you take your iournay? 105 CARISOPHVS.	
	¶I wyll not diffemble, that were againft Friendship, I go into the Citie fome knaues to nip: For talke with their goodes, to encreafe the kynges Treafure, In fuch kinde of feruice, I fet my chéeffe pleafure, 110 Farewell friend Ariftippus now for a time, 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 fimilitudo 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

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragicall Commedie</p> <p>Which he wyll aduouch with fuch tragicall cryes, As though all were true that comes out of his mouth, 130 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 Philosophie, 145 Which doo profefle the fine kind of curtelie? 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</p> <p style="text-align: right;">EXIT.</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;">¶There entreth DAMON and PITHIAS lyke Mariners.</p> <p>ONEPTVNE, immortall be thy prayfe, For that fo fafe from Gréece we haue pafte the feas, To this noble citie ñRACVSAE, 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.</p> <p>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?</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><B.ij.v></p> <p style="text-align: right;">Here</p>	

	<p style="text-align: center;">Of DAMON and PITHIAS. Here entreth STEPHANO.</p>	
170	<p>¶Not farre hence: a Pockes take thefe Maryner knaues, Not one would healpe mée to carry this stufte, fuch dronken flaues I thinke be accurfed of the Goddes owne mouthes.</p>	
175	<p style="text-align: center;">DAMON.</p> <p>¶Stephano, leaue thy ragyng, and let vs enter ¶RACVSAE We wil prouide lodgyng, and thou fhalt be eafed of thy burden by and by.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">STEPHANO.</p> <p>¶Good mayfter make hafte, for I tell you playne, This heauy burden puts poore Stephano to much payne.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p>	
180	<p>¶Come on thy wayes, thou fhalt be eafed, and that anon. EXIT ¶Here entreth CARISOPHVS.</p>	
185	<p>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,</p>	
190	<p>Not with one can I méete, that will in talke ioyne with mée, 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^t mée, I am fhund lyke a Deuill in y^e ftréete.</p>	
195	<p>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,</p>	
200	<p>Or els I woulde not plodde thus vp and downe, I fell you playne: Well, I wyll for a wayle to the Court to fée What Ariftippus doth, I would be loth in fauer he fhuld ouerrun mée, He is a fubtile chyld, he flattreth fo finely, that I feare mée, He wyll licke all the fatte from my lippes, and fo outwery mée:</p>	
205	<p>Therefore I wyll not be longe abfent, but at hand, That al his fine driftes I may vnderftande. EXIT.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">¶Here entreth VVYLL and IACKE.</p> <p>I wonder what my Mafter Ariftippus meanes now a daies, That he leaueth Philofophie, and féeke 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,</p>	
	B(3.)<r>	Here

	The Tragicall Commedie	
210	A lusty companion to deuife with fine Dames, Whose humour to féede, his wylie witte he frames. IACKE.	
215	¶Be cocke as you lay, your Maister is a Minion, A foule coyle he kéepes in this Courte Ariftippus alone Now rules the coafte with his pleafant deuifes, That I feare he wyll put out of conceit my Maister Carifophus. VVYLL.	
220	¶Feare not that Iacke, for like brother and brother They are knit in true Friendfhip the one with the other, They are fellowes you knowe, and honeft men both, Therefore the one to hinder the other, they wyll be lothe. IACKE.	
225	¶Yea, but I haue heard fay, there is falfhod in felowfhippe, In the Court fomtimes, one geues another finely the flippe: Which when it is fpied, it is laught out with a scoffe, And with fporting 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 maifter hath Béees in his head, If he finde me heare pratinge, I am but dead: He is ftyll 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. VVYLL.	
230	¶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.
240	Here entreth STEPHANO. ¶Ofte times I haue heard, before I came hether, That no man can ferue two mailters together: A fentence 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, 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, A bondman I am fo nature hath wrought me, One Damon of Gréece, a gentleman bought me:	
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250		
	<B(3.).v>	To him

	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.	
255	<p>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: But loued so kindly, and friendly eche other,</p>	
260	<p>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, To haue no respect, but onely to ree n:</p>	
265	<p>All one in effecte: all one in their goynge, All one in their study, all one in their ree : These Gentlemen both, beyng of one condicion, Both alike of my seruice haue all the fruition: Pithias is ioyfull, if Damon be pleased:</p>	
270	<p>Yf Pithias be serued, then Damon is eafed: 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,</p>	
275	<p>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.</p>	
280	<p>I lyke not this foyle: for as I go ploddyng, I marke there two, there ree , their ree alwayes ree ng, In close secreet wife, styll whisperyng together: If I aske any question, no man doth answer: But shakynge their heads, they go their ree speakynge,</p>	
285	<p>I marke how with teares, their wet eyes are leakynge: some strangenesse there is, that bréedeth this mufinge. Well: I wyll to my Masters, and tell of their vñg, That they may learne, and walke wifely together, I feare, we shall curse the time we came hether.</p>	
290	<p>¶Here entreth ARISTIPPVS and VVYLL. ¶Wyll, didst thou heare the Ladies so talke ofinée, What ayleth them? From their nippes shall I neuer be ree?</p>	EXIT.
	<p>VVYLL. ¶Good faith fir, all the Ladies in the Courte, do plainlie report, That without mencion of them, you can make no sporte:</p>	
	<B4.r>	

	The Tragicall Commedie	
295	¶They are your Playne longe 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 mee it is not beft, I wyll change my coppy, how be it, I care not a quince, I know the galde horfe will foonest winche: But learne thou secretly what priuely they talke 305 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 fhalt go in thine olde coate at Chriftnas. ¶Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano. EXEVNT	
315	¶ Stephano, is all this true that thou haft tolde me. STEPHANO.	
	Sir, for lies, hetherto ye neuer controlde mee, Oh that we had neuer fet foote on this land, Where Dionifius raygues, with fo bloody a hande, Euery day he fheweth fome token of crueltie, 320 With blood he hath filled all the ftréetes in the Citie: I tremble to heare the peoples murmuring, I lament, to fee his moft 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.	
330	As I this morning pafft in the ftréete, With a wofull man (going to his death) did I méete, 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.

	<p style="text-align: center;">Of DAMON and PITHIAS.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> <p>¶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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DAMON.</p> <p>¶My Pithias, where Tirantes raigne, fuche cafes are not new, Whiche fearynge their owne ftate for great crueltie, To fit faft as they thinke, doo execute fpéedely, All fuche as any light fufpition haue tainted.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">STEPHANO.</p> <p>¶With fuche quicke Karuers, I lyst not be acquainted.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DAMON.</p> <p>¶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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> <p>¶As thynges by their contraries 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</p> <p>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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">STEPHANO.</p> <p>¶And good caufe why: for you are entierly beloued of one, And as farre as I heare, Dionifius is beloued of none.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DAMON.</p> <p>¶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 conferued by Which virtue alwaies through worldly things do not frame (uertue Yet doth ſhe archiue to her followers immortall fame: Wherof if men were carefull, for Uertues fake onely They would honour frienſhip, and not for commoditie: But fuche as for profite in frienſhip do lincke, When ſtormes come, they flide away ſooner then a man wyll thinke: My Pithias, the ſomme of my talke falles to this iſſue, To prooue no frienſhip is ſure, but that which is grounded on vertue.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> <p>¶My Damon, of this thyng, there néedes no prooffe to mée,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C.i.<r></p> <p style="text-align: right;">The Goddes</p>	
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	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragicall Commedie</p> <p>The Gods forbyd, but that Pithias w^t Damon in al things fhuld agree For why it is faid: Amicus alteripfe, 380 But that true friendes fhould be two in body: but one in minde, As it were one tranfformed into another, whiche againft kyde Though it fée me: yet in good faith, when I am alone, I forget I am Pithisas, me thinke I am Damon. STEPHANO.</p> <p>385 ¶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: 390 You are but newly come hether, beyng ftraungers ye know, Many eyes are bent on you in the ftréetes as ye go: Many fpies are abroad, you can not be too circumfpect. DAMON.</p> <p>Stephano, becaufe thou art carefull of mée thy maifter, I do thée praife, Yet thinke this for a fuertie, no ftate to difpleafe: 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 faid, 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.</p> <p>¶Good faith fir, concernynge the people they are not gay, And as farre as I fée; they be Mummers, for nought they fay, 405 For the moſte parte what foeuer you afke them, The foyle is fuche, that to liue heare I can not lyke. DAMON.</p> <p>Thou ſpeakeſt accordynge to thy learnynge, but I fay, Omnis folum fortis patria: A wife man may lyue euery wheare: Therefore my deare friende Pithias, 410 Let vs view this Towne in euerie place, And then confider the Peoples maners alfo. PITHIAS.</p> <p>¶As you wyll my Damon, but how fay you Stephano? As it not beſt ere we go further, to take ſome repaſt? 415 STEPHANO.</p> <p>¶In faith, I lyke well this queſtion, fir:for all your haſte, To eate ſomwhat I pray you, thinke it no folly, It is hie dinner time, I know by my belly. DAMON.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><C.i.v></p> <p style="text-align: right;">Then</p>	
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	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.	
425	¶ Once agayne in hope of good wynd, I hoyfe vp my fayle, I goe into the citie to finde som pray for mine auayle: 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 shall 430 But foft fyrs, I pray you buyfh what are they that comes here, By their apparell, and countinaunce fome 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 & supper at once, & not furfaite at all. DAMON.	
440	¶ Stephano, much meat bréedes heaunyes, thinne diet maks thee light STEPHANO. ¶ I may be lighter thereby but I fhall neuer rune the fafter. 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 ftared 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:	
	C.ij.<r>	At home

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	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.	
	DAMON.	
	¶What then? An nefcis longas Regibus effe manus?	
	It is no fafe talkyng of them that ftrykes a farre off:	
	But leauyng kynges matters, I pray you fhew mée this curtefie:	
505	To defcribe 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 ftranger, 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 knownen 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 ftranger, 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.iiij.<r>	DAMON

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragical Commedie CARISOPHVS.</p> <p>¶ Away with hym I fay.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DAMON</p> <p>545 ¶ Use no violence, I wyll go with you quietly. Exiunt omnes. ¶ Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.</p> <p>¶ Ah fira, byr lady, Aristippus lykes Dionisius Court very well, Whiche in paffyng ioyes and platures doth erri: Where he hath Dapsilae caenae, gemalis lectes, & auro.</p> <p>550 Fulgentii turgmani zonam.</p> <p>I haue plied the Harueft, and stroke when the Yron was hotte, When I spied my time, I was not squemifh to craue God wotte: But with some pleafant tyoe, I crept into the Kinges bofome. For whiche, Dionisius gaue me Aure talentum magnum,</p> <p>555 A large rewarde, for fo fimple feruices, What then? The Kinges prayfe standeth chiefly in bountifulneffe: Whiche thyng, though I tolde the kinge very pleafantly, Yet can I prooue it by good Writers of great Antiquitie: But that fhall not néede at this time, fince that I haue abundantly,</p> <p>560 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 Then wyll I make mony runne, as his nature requireth I trow,</p> <p>565 Foor what becomes a Philosopher 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 fomwhat more, With fondrie sports and tauntes, yefter night I delighted the kinge,</p> <p>570 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: Oh Carifophus, my deareft frinde, my trusty companion,</p> <p>575 What newes with you? where haue you heen fo longe? ¶ Here entreth CARISOPHVS.</p> <p>¶ My beft beloued friend Aristippus, I am come at laft, I haue not spent all my time in wast, I haue got a pray, and that a good one I trew.</p> <p>580 ARISTIPPVS.</p> <p>¶ What praye is that? Faine would I know. CARISOPHVS.</p> <p>Such a crafty fpie I haue caught, I dare fay,</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><C.iiij.v></p> <p style="text-align: right;">As neuer</p>	
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	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.	
585	As neuer was in Cicilia, before this day, fuche a one as vewed euery weake place in the Citie, furuewed 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, Till I had done a little bufineffe of the way,	
600	Promifing him to returne agayne quickly: And fo did conuaye My felf to y ^e Court for fnap y ^e Tipftaffe, 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, And bewrayed this matter to him which I haue you tolde:	
605	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 pought 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 Créce, from whence latly he cam	
	ARISTIPPVS.	
620	¶ By my trouth, 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.	
	ARISTIPPVS.	
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. CARISOPHVS.	
630	Our fine Phylofopher, our timme learned elfe, Is gone to fee as falfe a fpie as himfelfe: Damon fmatters as well as he of craftie Phylofophie, And can tourne Cat in the panne very pretily:	
635	But Carifophus hath geuen him fuche a mightie checke, As I thinke in the ende wyll breake his necke: What care I for that, why would he then prie, And learne the fecret eftate of our countrey and citie?	
640	He is but a ftranger, by his fall let others be wife, I care not who fall, fo that I may ryfe: 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:	
645	While Dionifius fauoureth him, Ariftippus fhallbe mine, But if the kynge once trowne on him, then good night Tomaline: He fhallbe as ftraunge, as thoughe I neuer sawe hym before, But I tarie too longe, I wyll prate no more: Iacke, come awaye.	
650	IACKE. ¶ At hande fyr. CARISOPHVS.	
	¶ 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.	
655	¶ Here entreth PITHIAS and STEPHANO. ¶ 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.	
660	PITHIAS. ¶ To die? Alas to: what caufe?	
	STEPHANO. ¶ 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:	
665		
	<C.iv.v>	Alas

	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.	
670	<p>Alas maister Pithias, what shall we do? Being in a strange countrey, voyde of friendes & acquaintance too Ah poore Stephano, haft thou liued to see this daye? To see thy true Mayster vniustly made away?</p>	
675	<p>PITHIAS. ¶ 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 Ariftippus:</p>	
680	<p>He can do much as I heare with kyng Dionifius. STEPHANO. ¶ I am gone sir: ah, I would to God, my trauayle and payne Myght restore my Mayster to his libertie agayne.</p>	
685	<p>PITHIAS. ¶ Ah wofull Pithias, lithe now 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 Musicke, as in ioyfull tunes, thy mery notes I did friend,</p>	
690	<p>so now lend mee thy yernfull tunes, to vtter my sorow. ¶ Here PITHIAS singes, and the Regalles play. Awake ye wofull Wightes, That longe haue wept in wo: Religne to me your plaintes and teares, my haplesse hap to sho: My wo no tongue can tell, ne Pen can well descrie: O, what a death is this to heare, DAMON my friende must die▪</p>	
700	<p>¶ The losse of worldly wealth, mannes wisdom may restore, And Phisicke hath provided too, a Salve for euerie fore: But my true Frende once lost, no Arte can well supplie:</p>	
705	<p>Then, what a death is this to heare? DAMON my friend must die.</p>	
	<D.i.r>	

<p>710</p> <p>715</p> <p>720</p> <p>725</p> <p>730</p> <p>735</p> <p>740</p> <p>745</p>	<p>The Tragicall Commedie</p> <p>¶My mouth refuse the foode, that should my limmes sustayne: Let sorow sinke in to my brest, and ranlacke euery vayne: You Furies all at once. On me your tormentes trie: Why should I liue, since that I heare? Damon my friend should die? ¶Gripe me you greedy greifs, and present pangues of death. 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, Damon my friend must die. ¶He speaketh this after the songe. In daime I call for Death, whiche heareth not my complaint, But what wilddome is this, in such extremitie to faint? Multum iuuat in re mala animas bonus. I wyll to the Courte my selfe to make friendes, and that presently, I wyll neuer forsake my friende in time of miserie: But do I see Stephano amazed hether to runne? ¶Here entreth STEPHANO. ¶ O Pithias, Pithias, we are all vndone, Mine owne eares haue sucked in mine owne sorow: I heard Dionisius sweare, that Damon should die to morow. PITHIAS. ¶How camest thou so neare the presence of the kynge, That thou mightest heare Dionisius speake this thyng. STEPHANO. ¶By friendship I gate into the Courte, where in great Audience, I heard Dionisius with his owne mouth geue this cruell sentence By these expresse wordes: that Damon the Greeke that craftie spie, Without farther Iudgement, to morow should die: Believe mee Pithias, with these eares I heard it my selfe▪ PITHIAS. ¶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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	<p style="text-align: center;">Of DAMON and PITHIAS.</p> <p>Ah my Damon, another my felfe: fhall I forgo thée? STEPHANO.</p> <p>¶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 fée 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 kynge for vs: And in the meane feafon, I wyll to your lodgyng, to fée all thyngs fafe 755 PITHIAS. EXIT. (there.</p> <p>¶To that I ſhoulde but let vs flip afide his talke to heare. ¶Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.</p> <p>¶Here is a fodayne chaunge in déede, a ftrange Metamorphofis. This Courte is cleane altered, who would haue thought this? 760 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: In fo much that when I in pleafant wordes began to play, 765 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 kynge againft him fo defpightfully, That Dionifius hath iudged him to morow to die: I haue talkt with Damon, whom though in words I found very wittie 775 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, I dare not gainfay the kynge, be it right or wrong: 780 I am fory, and that is all I may or can doo in this cafe, Nought auayleth perfwafion, where frowarde opinion taketh place. PITHIAS.</p> <p>¶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,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">D.ij.<r></p> <p style="text-align: right;">By the</p>	
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	The Tragical Commedie	
	By the kinges owne mouth as I here, condemned to die: For whom I craue your masterhips 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 practises, but to féede his eyes, But feing Dionifius is informed otherwise, My fute is to you, when you fée time and place, To affwage the kinges anger, and to purchase his grace, In which dooyng, you shall not doo good to one onely, But you shall further too, and that fully.	
790	ARIRTIPPVS. My friend, in this cafe I can doo you no pleasure. PITHIAS. Syr, you ferue in the Court as Fame doth tell. ARISTIPPVS. I am of the Court in déede, but none of the Counsell. PITHIAS. As I heare, none is in greater fauour with the Kinge then you at ARISTIPPVS. (this day, The more in fauour, the lesse I dare fay. PITHIAS.	
800	It is a Courtiers prayse to helpe straingers in miserie. ARISTIPPVS. To helpe an other and hurte my selfe, it is an euyll point of courtesie. PITHIAS. You shall not hurt your selfe to speake for the innocent. ARISTIPPVS. He is not innocent, whom the kinge iudgeth nocent. PITHIAS. Why fir? Doo you thinke this matter paste all remedie? ARISTIPPVS.	
805	So fare past that Dionifius hath sworne Damon to morow shall die. PITHIAS. This word my trembling heart cutteh in twoo, Ah fir, in this wofull cafe, what wist I best to doo. ARISTIPPVS.	
810	¶ Best to content your selfe, when there is no remedie, He is well reliued that for knoweth his miserie, Yet if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus, The chiefeft counsellour about kinge Dionifius: Which pitieth Damons cafe in this great extremitie,	
815	<D.ij.v>	Perfwadyng
820		
825		

	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. GRONOO.	
845	¶ 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? EVBVLVS.	
850	¶ 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. EVBVLVS.	
855	¶ Yet haue the mightie Goddes, immortall Fame assigned, To all worldly Princes, whiche in mercie be inclined. DYONYSIVS.	
860	Let Fame talke what she lyst, so I may lyue in safetie. EVBVLVS.	
	¶ The onely meane to that, is to vse mercie. DYONYS.	
865	¶ A milde Prince the people despiseth. 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:

	<p>The Tragical Commedie DYONYSIVS.</p>	
875	<p>¶ My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse. EVBVLVS.</p> <p>¶ That is sooner procured by mercy and gentillesse. DYONYS.</p> <p>¶ Dionisius ought to be feared. EVBVLVS.</p>	
880	<p>¶ Better for him to be welbeloued. DYONYSIVS.</p> <p>¶ Fortune maketh all things subiect to my power. EVBVLVS.</p>	
885	<p>¶ Beleue her not she is a light Goddesse, she can laugh & lowrer DIONYS.</p> <p>¶ A kinges prayse standeth in the reuenging of his enemye EVBVLVS.</p> <p>¶ A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie. DYONYS.</p>	
890	<p>¶ To suffer the wicked liue, it is no mercie. EVBVLVS.</p> <p>¶ To kill the innocent, it is great crueltie, DYONISYVS.</p>	
895	<p>¶ Is Damon innocent, which so craftely vnderminded Carifophus, To vnderstand what he could of kinge Dionisius: Which suruewed 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 despite? No, he shall die, then I am safe, a dead dogge can not bite.</p>	
900	<p>EVBVLVS.</p> <p>¶ 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, I finde this iustice, with mercy and prudent liberalitie, The one iudgeth all things 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 things not well proued, 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</p>	
910	<p><D.iiij.v></p>	shall

	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.	
915	<p>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: They liue deuoid of feare, their fleapes are found, they dréed no enemie 920 They are feared and loued, and why? they rule with Iuftice & mercie Extendyng Iuftice to fuch, as wickedly from Iuftice haue fwarued, Mercie vnto thofe, where opinion, fimplenefle haue mercie deferued: Of lybertie nought I fay; but onely this thyng, Lybertie vpholdeth the ftate of a kynge: 925 Whofe large bountifulneffe ought to fall to this iffue, To rewarde none, but fuche as deferue it for vertue: Whiche mercifull Iuftice, if you would folow, & prouident liberalytie Neither the Caterpillers of all Courtes, Et fruges confumere nati. Parafites with wealth puft vp, fhould not looke fo hie, 930 Nor yet for this fimple facte, poore Damon fhould die.</p>	
	DIONYSIVS.	
	<p>¶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 fufpect, how fhall I lyue quietly? 935 Whofe memorie w^t chilling horror, fils my breast day & night violentlie My dreadfull dreames of him, bereues my reft: On bed I lie Shakyng and trembling, as one ready to yelde his throate to Damon This quakyng dread, nothyng but Damons bloud can ftay, (fword, Better he die, then I to be tormented with feare alway: 940 He fhall die, though Eubulus confent not thereto, It is lawfull for kynges as they lift all thynges to doo.</p>	
	¶Here GRONOO bringeth in DAMON: and	
	PITHIAS méeteth him by the way.	
	PITHIAS.	
945	<p>¶Oh my Damon. DAMON. ¶Oh my Pithias, feyng Death muft parte vs, farewell for euer. PITHIAS. ¶Oh Damon, oh my fwéete friende. 950 SNAP.</p>	
	¶Away from the Pryfoner, what a preafe haue we here.	
	GRONOO.	
	As you commaunded, O mighty Kinge, wée haue brought Damon.	
	DIONYS.	
955	<p>¶ Then go to, make redy I will not stirre out of this place, Til I fee his head stroken off before my face.</p>	
	<D.iv.r>	GRONOO

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragicall Commedie</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRONOO.</p> <p>¶It shalbe done fir: Because your eyes haue made suche a doo, I wyl knock down this your Lantern, & shut vp your shop window too.</p>	
960	<p style="text-align: center;">DAMON.</p> <p>¶ O mightie king, where as no trueth, my innocent lyfe can faue, But that so gréedily you thrust, my giltlesfe bloud to haue: Albeit, (euen for thought) for ought against your perfon: Yet now I plead not for lyfe, ne wyll I craue your pardon:</p>	
965	<p>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, I would account it (O kyng) for a pafsyng great pleasure:</p>	
970	<p>Not to prolonge my lyfe therby, for whiche I reken not this, But to fet my thynges in a ftay: and surely I wyll not misse, Upon the faith which all gentylmen ought to embrace, To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to yeld my body here in</p>	
975	<p>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. DIONISIVS.</p>	
980	<p>¶ A pleafant request, as though I could trust him abfent, Whom in no wife I can not trust beinge present: And yet though I fware the contrarie, doo that I require, Geue me a pledge for thy returne, and haue thine owne defire: He is as nere now as he was before.</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;">DAMON.</p> <p>¶Ther is no furer nor greater pledge, then the faith of a Gentleman</p>	
985	<p style="text-align: center;">DIONYS.</p> <p>¶It was wont to be, but otherwife now the world doth ftande, Therefore doo as I fay, els presently yéeld thy necke to the fword, I might with mine honour I would recall my worde.</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> <p>¶Stand to your worde, O Kinge, for Kinges ought nothing fay, But that they would performe, in perfect deeds alway:</p>	
990	<p>A pledge you did require, when Damon his fute did méene, For which, with heart and stretched handes, moft humble thanks I</p>	(geue,
995	<p>And that you may not fay, 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.</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;">DIONYS.</p> <p>¶What art thou, that chargeft me with my worde fo boldly here?</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;"><D.iv.v.></p>	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. Most wyllingly, O mightie kyng: if Damon fayle, let Pithias die.	
1010	DIONYSIVS. Thou seemest to trust his wordes, that pawnest thy lyfe so franckly. PITHIAS. What Damon faith, Pithias beleueth assuredly. DYONYSIVS.	
1015	Take héede for lyfe, worldly men breake promise in many thinges. PITHIAS. Though worldly men doo so, it neuer happes amongst frindes. DIONISIVS.	
1020	What callest thou friendes, are they not men? is not this true? 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 maistie of a King, stands chiefly in kéeping his promise What you haue, sayde, this whole Courte beareth witnesse: saue your honour what so euer you doo. DYONYSYVS.	
1035	For saueing mine honour, I must forbear my wyll, go to, Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thée: For two monthes he is thine, vnbinde him, I set him free, 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.	
1040	Whether he die by the way, or lie sicke in his bed, If he retourne not then, thou shalt either hange or lose thy head.	
	E.j.<r.>	PITHIAS

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragicall Commedie</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> <p>For this O mightie kinge, I yeld immortall thanks, O ioyfull day</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DYONYSIVS.</p> <p>Gronee, take him to thée, bind him, fee him kept in fafetie.</p> <p>1045 If he escape asfure thy felfe, for him thou shalt die, Eubulus, let vs departe, to talke of this straunge thinge within, EVBVLVS,</p> <p>I folowe. EXIT.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRONNO.</p> <p>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,</p> <p>1055 PITHIAS.</p> <p>My Damon, farewell, the Gods haue thee in kepeing.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DAMON.</p> <p>Oh my Pithias, my Pledge farewell, I parte from thee weeping But ioyfull at my day day appoynted I wyll retourne agayne, 1060 When I wyll deliuer thee from all trouble and paine: Stephano wyll I leaue leaue behinde me to wayte vpon thee 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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> <p>1065 Farewell my Damon.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DAMON.</p> <p>Loth I am to departe, fith fobbes my trembling tounge doth ftay: Oh Muficke, founde my dolefull playntes when I am gone my way.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRONNO.</p> <p>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?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> <p>It is no venter, my friende is iuft, for whom I defire to die.</p> <p>1075 GRONNO.</p> <p>Here is a mad man I tell thee, I haue a wyfe whom I loue well, And if iche wold die for her, chould ich weare in Hell: Wylt thou doo more for a man, then I woulde for a woman.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> <p>1080 Yea, that I wyll</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRONNO.</p> <p>Then come on your wayes, you muft to Prifon in hafte, I feare you wyll repent this folly at lafte.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><E.j.v.></p> <p style="text-align: right;">PITHIAS</p>	
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	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, fhallbe 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 truſt to deliuer in time out of this wofull cafe. STEPHANO.	
1110	Farewell my deare Mafter, ſince your pleaſure is fo, Oh cruell happe, oh poore Stephano: O curſed Carifophus, that firſt 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 ſee: Come out you Wefell, are you ſéekeinge Eggs in Damons cheſte,	
1115	Come out I ſay, wylt thou be packing? by cocke you weare beſte. GARISOPH. How durſt thou villaine to lay handes on me? STEPHANO.	
1120	Out fir knaue or I wyll ſende yée, Art thou not content to accuſe Damon wrongfully, But wilt thou rebbe him alſo, and that openly? CARISPH.	
	The Kinge gaue me the ſpoyle, to take myne owne wilt thou let me? STEPHANO.	
1125	Thine owne villaine: Where is thine authoritie?	
	E.ij.<r.>	CARISOPH.

	<p>The Tragical Commedie CARYSOPHVS. I am authoritie of my felfe, doest 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 earneft penie, take this blow. I fhall bumbaft you, you mocking knaue, fhil 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 flaue 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, 1160 That whilft thou liueft thou fhalt remember this day. 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 courtelie 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.</p>	
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	<p style="text-align: center;">Of DAMON and PITHIAS. CARYSOPHVS. Because I am the Kinges man, kéepes the kinge any knaues. STEPHANO.</p>	
1170	<p>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.</p>	
1175	<p>Oh fir, I am a Courtier, when Courtiers shall heare tell, How you haue vfed me, they will not take it well. STEPHANO.</p>	
1180	<p>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 shew, In a trope of honest men, some knaues may stand ye know: such as by stelth créep in, vnder the colour of honestie, 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:</p>	
1185	<p>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,</p>	
1190	<p>In faith Carisophus, 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: How well you deferne this, by your déedes it is knowne, For that so vniustly thou haft accused poore Damon,</p>	
1195	<p>Whose wofull case the Gods helpe alone. CARYSOPH. Syr, are you his seruauant that you pitie his case so? STEPHANO.</p>	
1200	<p>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.</p>	
1205	<p>What mumble you with your selfe Maister 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.</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;">E.jij.<r.> STEPHANO</p>	

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragical Commedie STEPHANO.</p>	
1210	<p>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 thee, that thy bones fhall rattell in thy skinne, Remember what I haue fayde, Onaphets is my name. EXIT</p>	
1215	<p style="text-align: center;">CARYSOPH.</p> <p>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 mee, fo wyll I not die thy debter.</p>	
1220	<p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p> <p>Mayfter, why doo you fight with me? I am not your match you fee, You durst not fight w^t him y^t is gone, & wyll you wreke your anger on</p>	
1225	<p style="text-align: center;">CARYSOPHVS. (mee</p> <p>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?</p>	
1230	<p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p> <p>Maifter I handled you not, but who did handle you very handfomly CARYSOPHVS. (you can tell.</p>	
1235	<p>Handfomly thou crake rope. IACKE.</p> <p>Yea fir, very handfomly I holde you a grote, He handled you fo handfomly, that he left not one more in your cote. CARISOPH.</p>	
1240	<p>O I had fircke him trimly thou villaine, if thou hadst geuen mee my IACKE. (Sword</p> <p>It is better as it is, Maifter beleue me at a worde: If he had feene your weapon, he would haue ben fierfer, And fo perhaps beate you worfe, I speake 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 thinks your cappe waueth to little for your heade.</p>	
1245	<p style="text-align: center;">CARISOPH.</p> <p>What? doth my head swell? IACKE.</p> <p>Yea as bigge as a Codfhed, and bleades too. CARYSOPH.</p>	
1250	<p>I am afhamed to fhew my face with this hew.</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;"><E.jij.v.></p> <p style="text-align: right;">IACKE</p>	

	<p style="text-align: center;">Of DAMON and PITHIAS.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p> <p>No shame at all, men haue bin beaten farre better then you, CARISOPHVS.</p> <p>I muſte go to the Chirurgians, what ſhall I ſay when I am a dreflyng. IACKE.</p>	
1255	<p>You may ſay truly, you met with a knaues bleſſing. EXEVNT ¶ Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.</p> <p>¶ By mine owne experience, I proue true that many men tell, To liue in Courte not beloued, better be in Hell: What cryng out? what cursyng is there within of Carifophus, Becaufe he accused Damon to Kinge Dionifiſius: Euen now, he came whining & cryng into the Courte for the nonce: ſhewing that one Onaphets had broke his knaues ſcience: Which ſtraunge name when they heard, euery man laught hartely, And I by my ſelfe ſcand his name ſecretly,</p>	
1265	<p>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, I found out that Onaphets, backward ſpelled Stephano: I ſmiled in my fleue, how to ſée by tournyng his name, he drefte him, And how for Damō his Maſters fake, w^t a wodden congell he blefte him. None pittied y^e knaue, no man nor woman, but all laught him to ſcorne To be thus hated of all better vnborne: Farre better Ariſtippus hath prouided I trowe, For in all the Courte, I am beloued both of hie and lowe:</p>	
1275	<p>I offende none, in ſo much 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: Whom Carifophus accused, 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, ernestly The kinge hath ſworne that Pithias ſhould die, Wherof Pithias hath intelligence very ſecretly,</p>	
1285	<p>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 wyllingly? O noble friendſhip, O perfect amitie, Thy force is heare ſcene, and that very perfectlie:</p>	
1290	<p>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</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;"><E.iv.r.></p> <p style="text-align: right;">IACKE</p>	

	The Tragical Commedie	
	Unfercht to enter his chamber, which he hath made harbours 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. Was there euer man that liued in fuch miferye? Well, I wyll go in with a heauye and pensiuie hart too, To think how Pithias this poore gentleman to ragie fhall die EXIT ¶ Here entreth IACKE and VVYLL.	
1295	¶ Wyll, by my honefty, I wyll marre your monckes face if you fo VVYLL. (fondly prate	
1300	¶ 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: 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.	
1305	¶ 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.	
1310	¶ 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: 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.	
1315	¶ 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.	
1320	¶ 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.	
1325	¶ 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.	
1330	¶ 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 Duttell, you wyll crye creak,	
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 Had he not ben, you had cried ere this Victus, victa, victum, (come. But feing wée haue breathed our selues, 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, 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.	
1350		
1355	¶ Here entreth GRIMME the Coliar whiftling. (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 say? 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

1375

1380

1390

1395

1400

1405

1410

1415

<F.i.v.>

God

	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.	
1420	Good for none, but fuche as haue no buttockes. Dyd you euer fée two fuche little Robin ruddockes, fo laden with bréeches? Chill fay no more, left I offende, Who inuented thefe monsters firft, did it to a gostly ende: To haue a male, readie to put in other folkes stuffe,	
1425	Wee fée 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 neceffitie, In the ende wyll force you to finde fome 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, It is but youngmens folly that lifte to playe: And mafke a whyle in the net of their owne deuife, When they come to your age, they wyll be wyfe.	
1435	GRIMME. Bum troth, but few fuch roysters come to my yeares at this day, They be cut off be times, or they haue gone halfe their iourney: I wyll not tell why, let them gelfe that can, I meane fomwhat thereb* ¶Enter IACKE. With a pot of wyne, and a cup to drinke on. Father Grimme, becaufe you are fturring fo early, I haue brought you a boule of wyne to make you mery.	
1440	GRIMME. Wyne, mary, that is welcome to Colliers, chyl fwapt of by & by Chwas fturringe fo early that my very foule is drye. IACKE. 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, Ich can drinke as eaily now, as if I sate in my fhurte.	
1450	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, IACKE. Can you fpeake Frenche? here is a trimme colier by this day.	
1455	F.ij.<r.> GRIMME.	
1460		

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragical Commedie</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>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 so many captious fellowes as now, That would toruppe men for euery trifell. I wot not how: As there was one Damon, not longe since, taken for a Spie, How iustly I know not, but he was condemned to die.</p> <p>1470 VVYLL.</p> <p>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?</p> <p>1475 GRIMME.</p> <p>A vengauce take him, twas a gentleman, one Maister Crowsphus.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VVYLL.</p> <p>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 rooffe of your mouth.</p> <p>1480 GRIMME.</p> <p>A murian take thik Wine, it so intoxicate my braine, That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake plaine.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p> <p>1485 You speake knauishly playne, feinge my maister you doo mocke, In faith ere you go, I wyll make you a lobbe cecke: Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abroad?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>All men are forie for him, so helpe me God. They say a false knaue cused 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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VVYLL.</p> <p>1495 Wyll no man speake for them in this wofull case.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>No chill warrant you, one maister Stippus is in place, Where he may doo good, but he frames him selfe so, Whatfoeuer Dionifius wyllleth to that he wyll not say no: Tis a fute tell Uor, he wyll not tread on thornes for none, A mery Harecoppe tis and a pleasant companion, A right courtier, and can prouide for one.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><F.ij.v.></p> <p style="text-align: right;">Wyll,</p>	
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	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, Hipocrisie 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.iiij.r.>	Of which

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragical Commedie</p> <p>Of which I haue prouided for a deare yeare good store, And these Benters I trowe, shall anone get me more.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VVYLL.</p>	
1555	<p>By feruing the Courte with coles you gaynde all this money.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>By the Court onely I assure ye.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p> <p>After what fort I pray thee tell mee?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p>	
1560	<p>Nay, ther bate me an ace (quod Boulon) I can weare a horne & blow it</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE. (not</p> <p>Byr lady the wifer man.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p>	
1565	<p>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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VVYLL.</p>	
1570	<p>Well sayde father Grimme, you are a wilie Colier & a braue, I fee now there is no knaue to the olde knaue.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>Suche knaues haue mony, when courtiers haue none, But tell me, is it true that a brode is blowne?</p> <p>IACKE. What is that?</p>	
1575	<p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>Hath the Kinge made those fayre Damfels his daughters, To be come now fine and trimme Barbers.</p> <p>IACKE. Yea truly to his owne perfon.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p>	
1580	<p>Good fellowes beleue me, as the cafe now standes, I would geue one sacke of Coles, to be wafht at their hands: If ich came so neare them, for my wyt should not geue three chippes, If ich could not steale one swap at their lippes.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p>	
1585	<p>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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VVYLL.</p>	
1590	<p>Content, inuent the waye, and I am readie.</p> <p>IACKE. Faith, and I wyll make him a noddie: Father Grimme, if you praie me well, I wyll washt you & shauely you too Euen after the same fashon as the Kinges daughters doo: In all poyntes as they handle Dionifius, I wyll dresse you trim & fine</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;"><F.iiij.v.></p> <p style="text-align: right;">GRIMME</p>	

	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 fpectacles.	
	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 vfe you like a prince: fir boy, fetch 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 hooft of an horfe. GRIMME. Doth the Kinges daughters rubbe fo harde? IACKE.	
1620	Hold your head ftraite 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 befturre ye? GRIMME	
1625	Me thinks after a maruelous fafhion you doe befmoure me. IACKE.	
1630	It is with VNGVENTVM of Daucus Maucus, that is very coftly, I geue not this wafhinge ball to euery body: After you haue ben drest fo finely at my hande, You may kiffe any Ladies lippes within this lande: A, you are trimly wafht, how fay you, is not this trimm water? GRIMME.	
	It may be holfome, but it is vengeaunce fower. IACKE.	
1635	It fcours the better, fyr boy, geue me my rayfour, VVYLL. Here at hand fyr.	
	<F.i.v.r.>	GRIMME

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragical Commedie</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>Gods aymes, tis a chopping knyfe, tis no Rayfour.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p> <p>It is a Rayfour and that a very good one,</p>	
1640	<p>It came lately from Palarrime, it colte mée .xx. crownes alone</p> <p>Your eyes daffell after your wafhing, these spectacles put on?</p> <p>Now vew this Rayfour, tell me, is it not a good one?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p>	
1645	<p>They be gay Barnikels, yet I fée neuer the better.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p> <p>In déede, they be a young fight, and that is the matter,</p> <p>But I warrant you, this Rayfour is very easie.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p>	
1650	<p>Go too then, fince you begonne, doo as please ye.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p> <p>Holde vp father Grimme.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>O your Rayfour doth hurt my lippe.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p>	
1655	<p>No, it scrapeth of a pimpell, to ease you of the Pippe,</p> <p>I haue done now, how fay you? are you not well?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>Cham lighter then ich was, the truth to tell.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p>	
1660	<p>Will you finge after your fhauinge?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>Mas content, but chill be polde firft or I finge.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p>	
1665	<p>Nay that fhall not néede, you are pould neare enough for this time.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME.</p> <p>Go to then luftyly, I wyll finge in my mans voyce,</p> <p>Chauē a troubling bafe buffe.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE.</p>	
1670	<p>You are like to beare the bobbe, for wée wyll geue it,</p> <p>fet out your buffyng bafe, and wée wyll quiddell vpon it.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GRIMME fingeth Buffe.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IACKE Singes,</p>	
1675	<p>Too nidden, and too nidden.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VVYLL finges.</p> <p>Too nidden, and toodle toadle doo nidden,</p> <p>Is not Grimme the Colier moft finely fhauen.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><F.iv.v.></p> <p style="text-align: right;">GRIMME</p>	

	<p style="text-align: center;">Of DAMON and PITHIAS. GRIMME.</p>	
1680	<p>Why my fellowes thinke iche am a cowe, that you make such tooyin IACKE.</p> <p>Nay byr lady, you are no cow by your finging, Yet your wyfe tolde me you were an Oxe. GRIMME.</p>	
1685	<p>Did fhe fo? tif a pellen quene fhe is full of such mockes, But go to, let vs finge out our longe merely. The longe at the shauing of the Colier. IACKE.</p>	
1690	<p>¶Suche Barbers God fend you at all times of néede. VVYLL.</p> <p>That can dresse you finely, and make such quicke spéede. IACKE.</p>	
1695	<p>Your face like an Incorne, now shineth fo gay, VVYLL.</p> <p>That I with your Nostrels of force muft néedes play, With too nidden, and too nidden. IACKE.</p>	
1700	<p>With too nidden, and todle todle doo nidden, Is not Grimme the Colier moft finely fhauen. VVYLL.</p> <p>With shauing you shine lyke a pestle of Porke: IACKE.</p>	
1705	<p>Here is the trimmest Hogges flefh from London to York. VVYLL.</p> <p>It woulde be trimme Baken to hange vp a while, IACKE.</p>	
1710	<p>To play with this Hogline, of force I muft fmyle, With too nidden, and too nidden VVYLL. With too nidden, and todle &c. GRIMME.</p> <p>Your shauing doth please me, I am now your debter. VVYLL,</p>	
1715	<p>Your wife now wyll buffe you, because you are sweater. GRIMME.</p> <p>Neare would I be poled, as neare as cham fhauen. VVYLL.</p> <p>Then out of your Ierkin néedes muft you be fhaken. With too nidden, and too nidden, &c. GRIMME.</p> <p>It is a trimme thinge to be washt in the Courte.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G.j.<r.></p>	

	The Tragical Commedie	
	VVYLL.	
1720	Their handes are so 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 féeke,	
1725	Let vs into the Courte to parte the spoyle, share and share like. EXIT	
	WVYLL Away then.	
	¶Here entreth GRIMME.	
	Out alas, where shall I make my mone?	
	My Pouche, my Benters and all is gone,	
1730	Wher is that villayne that dyd me shau?	
	Hath robbed me alas of all that I haue.	
	¶Here entreth Snap.	
	Who crieth so at the Courte gate.	
	GRIMME.	
1735	I, the poore Colier, that was robbed of late.	
	SNAP Who robbed thee?	
	GRIMME.	
	Twoo of the Porters men that dyd shau me.	
	SNAP.	
1740	Why? The Porters men are no Barbers?	
	GRIMME.	
	A vengeance take them they are quicke carners.	
	SNAP. What ftature weare they of?	
	GRIMME.	
1745	As little dapper knaues as they trimly could scoffe.	
	SNAP.	
	They were Lackeyes, as neare as I can gesse them.	
	GRIMME.	
	Such Lackies make me lacke, an halter befwege them,	
1750	I am vndon they haue my Benters too.	
	SNAP.	
	<G.j.v.>	Doef

	<p style="text-align: center;">Of DAMON and PITHIAS.</p> <p>Doeft thou know them if thou feelt them? GRIMME.</p> <p>Yea that I doo? SNAP.</p> <p>1755 Then come with me, we wyll finde them out and that quickly. GRIMME.</p> <p>I folow mast Tipflafe, they be in the Courte it is likely. SNAP.</p> <p>1760 Then crie no more, come away. EXEVNT.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">¶Here entreth Carifophus, and Ariftippus.</p> <p>If euer you wyll fhew your friendship, now is the time, feing the king is displeafed with me, of my parte without any crime ARISTIP.</p> <p>1765 It fhould appeare it comes of fome euell behauieur, That you fo fodenly are cast out of fauour. CARISOPH.</p> <p>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 parafticall flattery. And now in the Kinges eare like a bell he ringes, 1775 Crying that flatterers haue ben the deftroyers of kinges: Which talke in Dionifius harte hath made fo déepe impreffion, That he truftets me not as heretofore in no condition: And fome wordes brake from him as though that hee, 1780 Began to fufpect my trouth and honeftie: Which you of friendship I know wyll defend, how fo euer the world My frind for my honeftie, wyll you not take an othe? (goeth, ARISTIP.</p> <p>To fweare for your honeftie, I fhould lofe mine owne. 1785 CARISOPH</p> <p>Should you fo in déede? I would that were knowne, Is your voyde friendship come thus to paffe. ARISTIP.</p> <p>I folow the prouerbe: Amicus Vsque ad auras. 1790 CARISOPHVS.</p> <p>Where can you fay, I euer loft mine honeftie. ARISTIPPVS.</p> <p>You neuer loft it, for you neuer had it, as farre as I know. CARISOPH.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G.ij.<r.></p> <p style="text-align: right;">Say you</p>	
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	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 stretche 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 friendship is, it is fo in very déede. CARISOPH.	
	Why fir? hath not the chaine of true friendship, linked vs two ARISTIP. together.	
1810	The cheifest linke lacked therof, it must néedes defeuer. CARISOPH. What linke is that? faine would I know. ARISTIP. Honeftie.	
1815	CARISOPH. Doth honeftie knit the perfect knot in true friendship, ARISTIP. Yea truly, and that knot fo knit wyll neuer flippe. CARISOPH.	
1820	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 vnhoneft, wher fancy doth serue ARISTIP.	
1825	That is no frindship, but a lewde likeing, it lastes but a while. CARISOPH. What is the perfectft frindship among men that euer grew? ARISTIP.	
1830	Where men loued one another, not for profit but for vertue. CARISOPH. Are such frindes both a like in ioy and also in smarte? ARISTIP. They must néedes, for in two bodies they haue but one harte. CARISOPH.	
1835	Friend Ariftippus, deceaue me not with sophistrie, Is there no perfect frindship, but where is vertue and honeftie?	
	<G.ij.v.>	ARISTIP.

	<p style="text-align: center;">Of DAMON and PITHIAS. ARISTIPPVS</p> <p>What a Deuell then ment Carifophus, To ioyne in frindship with fine Aristippus? In whom is asmuch him, trueth and honestie,</p>	
1840	<p>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:</p>	
1845	<p>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 meafuring amitie:</p>	
1850	<p>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:</p>	
1855	<p>Yet a perfect frinde I shew my selfe to thée in one thing, I doo not deffemble, now I say I wyll not speake for thee to the King, Therefore sinke in thy forrow, I doo not deceaue hee, A falsse knaue I found thee, a falsse knaue I leaue thee.</p>	EXIT
	CARISOPHVS.	
1860	<p>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 falsse for in amitie: Which hath me vfed to his owne commoditie.</p>	
1865	<p>Which feeing me in distresfe, vnfainedly goes his wayes, Loe this is the perfect frindship among men now a daies: Which kinde of frindship toward him I vfed secretly: And be with me the like, hath requited me craftly.</p>	
1870	<p>It is the Gods iudgement, I fee it playnely, For all the world may know, Incide in foueam quam fed. Well I must content my selfe none other helpe I knowe, Untill a merier gale of winde may happe to blowe:</p>	EXIT
	EVBVLVS.	
1875	<p>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.</p>	
	<G.iiij.r.>	This

	The Tragicall Commedie	
1880	<p>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: For die thou muft alas thou fely Gréeke,</p>	
1885	<p>Ah Pithias, now come is thy dolefull houre: A perfect friend none fuch a world to féeke. Though bitter death fhall geue thee fauce full fower: Yet for thy faith enrolld fhall be thy name, Among the Gods within the booke of fame:</p>	
1890	<p>Who knoweth his cafe, and wyll not melt in teares? His giltles blood fhall trickle downe anon.</p>	
	¶Then the Mufes finge.	
1895	<p>Alas what happe haft thou poore Pithias now to die, Wo worth the which man for his death hath geuen vs caufe to crie.</p>	
	EVBVLVS.	
	<p>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.</p>	
1900	MVSES.	
	<p>Who worth the man which for his death. &c.</p>	
	EVBVLVS.	
	<p>With yelow rented heares come on you Mufes nine, Fyll now my breast with heauy tunes, to me your complaints refigne: For Pithias I bewayle which prefently muft die, Wo worth the man which for his death hath geuen vs caufe. &c.</p>	
1905	MVSES.	
	<p>Wo worth the man which for his. &c.</p>	
	EVBVLVS.	
1910	<p>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 thee now to die, Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.</p>	
	MVSES.	
1915	<p>Who worth the man, &c.</p>	
	EVBVLVS.	
	<p>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,</p>	
	<G.iiij.v.>	Wo worth

	Of DAMON and PITHIAS.	
1920	<p>Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c. MVSES. Wo worth the man, &c. EVBVLVS.</p>	
1925	<p>Thou young and worthy Gréeke, that shouest such perfect loue, The Gods receaue thy simple ghost, into the heauens aboue: Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye, Wo worth the man which for his death, &c. MVSES.</p>	
1930	<p>Wo worth the man which for thy death, hath geuen vs cause to crie. FINIS. EVBVLVS.</p>	
1935	<p>Eternall be your fame ye Muses, for that in miserie, Ye did vouchsafe to strayne your notes to walke: My harte is rent in two, with this miserable case, 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 must be done, But loe the bloody minister, is euen here at hande.</p>	
1940	<p>Gronno, I came hether now to vnderstand, If all thinges are well appoynted for the execution of Pithias, The Kinge him selfe wyl fe it done here in this place. GRONNO.</p>	
1945	<p>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 present, I coulde finely strike of, You may reporte that all thinges are ready. EVBVLVS.</p>	
1950	<p>I go with an heauy harte to report it, ah wofull Pithias: Full neare now is thy misery. GRONO.</p>	
1955	<p>I maruell very much, vnder what constilation, 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 vilest place of the Citie: That such spight should be, I know no cause why, Unlesse it be for thir offices sake, which is cruell and blondye; Yet some men must doo it to execute lawes? Me thinke they hate me without any iust cause:</p>	
	<p><G.i.v.r.></p>	But I

	The Tragicall Commedie	
1960	<p>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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">¶Here entreth Dionifius and Eubulus.</p>	
1965	<p>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.</p>	
1970	<p>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.</p>	
1975	<p style="text-align: center;">¶Here entreth Snap.</p> <p>Geue place, let the prifoner come by, geue place. DIONISIVS.</p>	
1980	<p>How fay you fir? wher is Damon your truftie friend? You haue playd a wife part I make God a vow, You know what time a day it is, make you ready. PITHIAS.</p>	
1985	<p>Moft ready I am mightie king and moft ready alfo, For my true frinde Damon this lyfe to forgo, Euen at your pleafure. DIONISIVS.</p>	
1990	<p>A true frend, a falfe Traytor that fo breaketh his oth, Thou fhalt lofe thy life, though thou be neuer fo loth. PITHIAS.</p>	
1995	<p>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:</p>	
2000	<p>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: 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,</p>	
	<G.iv.v.>	Which

	<p style="text-align: center;">Of DAMON and PITHIAS.</p> <p>Which now to my ioy, doth graunt my desire: But why doe I stay any longer, feing that one mans death, May suffice O king, to pacifie thy wrath? 2005 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 swéet Damon, & of him craue libertie 2010 When I am dead in my name, for thy trustie seruices, Hath well deferred 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 shall styll talke of thee, And when I am dead my simple ghost true witness of amitie: shall hooer about the place wherefoeuer thou bee, 2015 <p style="text-align: center;">DIONISIVS.</p> <p>Eubulus, This geare is straunge, and yet because, Damon hath falst his faith, Pithias shall haue the lawe: Gronnoo, dispoyle hym, and eke dispatch him quickly. <p style="text-align: center;">GRONNO.</p> 2020 It shall be done: since you came into this place, I might haue stricken 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 blessing like a pretie boy, 2025 And with a trife thy head from thy shoulders I wyll conuay. ¶ Here entreth Damon running & stayes the sword. 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: 2030 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 sake, how neare were thou to thy ende: Geue place to me, this rowme is myne, on this stage must I play, Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionifius his blood to pay. 2035 <p style="text-align: center;">GRONNO.</p> <p>Are you come sir? you might haue taried if you had bene wyfe, For your hastie coming you are lyke to know the prife. <p style="text-align: center;">PITHIAS.</p> 2040 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, shall I see my sweet Damon, slaine before my face:</p> </p></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 mée 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 Because he came not at his iuft tyme, ought iuftly to die:	
2050	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, That for an other mans faulte, the Innocent fhould die:	
2055	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. Beléeue 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 mée, whiche heretofore fo well did agréé. PITHIAS. My Damon, the Goddes forbid, but wée fhould agréé, Therefore agréé to this, let mée perfourme the promife I made for thée	
2065	Let mée die for thée, doo mée not that iniurie, Both to breake my promife, and to fuffre mée too fée thée die Whome fo dearly I loue: this fmall requeft graunt mée, I fhall neuer afke thée 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, Yet fame fhall neuer touch me with fuch a villanie:	
2075	To reporte that Damon did fuffer his friend Pithias, for him giltles to (die, Therefore content thy felfe, the Gods require thy constant faith, None but Damons bloud can appeafe Dionifius wrath: And now O mightie Kinge, to you my talke I conuay, Because you gaue me leaue, my worldly thinges to ftay:	
2080	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, A thousand fundrie cares and feares, doo haunt their reftles head:	
2085	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 therfore, 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 sodenly 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.	
2110	O vnspeakeable frindship. DAMON.	
	Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why? My constant frind my Pithias, for Damons sake should die: Alas he is but young, he may doo good to many, Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let me die?	
2115	GRONNO. My hand with soden 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 Tragicall 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 fée 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:	
2135	I honour friendship now, which that you may plainly fée, 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 ^e third friēde	
2140	My courte is yours, dwell here with mée, by my commisfion large, My felfe, my realme, my welth, my health, I commit to your charge: Make me a thirde friend, more fhall I ioye in that thing, Then to be called as I am, Dionifius the mightie kinge.	
	DAMON.	
2145	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 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	
2150	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.	
2160	For this your déede moft noble King, the Gods aduance your name And fince to friendships lore, you lift your Princely harte to frame: 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,	
2165	Within whole Realme at time of néed, no faithfull friends are founde 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 lofe 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 mée the Iewelles of my	(Court.	
	DAMON and PITHIAS.		
	We go with ioyfull harts.		
	STEPHANO.		
2180	Oh Damon my deare mafter, in all this ioy remember me.		
	DIONISIVS.		
	My friend Damon he asketh reason?	Dam. Pithias.	
	DAMON.		
2185	Stephano, for thy good feruice, be thou frée.	EXEVNT. DION	
	STEPHANO.		
	O moft happie, pleafant, ioyfull, and triumphant day,		
	Poore Stephano, now fhall liue in continuall ioy:		
	VIVE LE ROY with Damon and pithias in perfect amitie,		
	VIVE TV STEPHANO, in thy pleafant liberalitie:		
2190	Wherein I ioy as much as he that hath a conquest wonne,		
	I am a free man, none fo mery as I now vnder the fonne:		
	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 fhall doo hurt, away falfe Sicophant, wilt thou not?		
	CARISOPHVS.		
2200	I am gone fir, feing it is the kinges pleafure,		
	Why whyp ye me alone? a plague take Damon and Pithias fince they		
	I am driuē to feke relee abroad alas I know not whither , (came hither		
	Yet Eubulus, though I begone, here after time fhall trie,		
	There fhall 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.iiij.r.>		I doubt

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Tragicall Commedie</p> <p>I doubt not but to spie a time when I may créepe in againe. EXIT. EVBVLVS.</p>	
2210	<p>The serpent 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 poslesse? To all the worlde Dionifius Courte now playnly doth expresse, Who fince to faithfull Friendes he gaue his willyng eare,</p>	
2215	<p>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,</p>	
2220	<p>One loueth another now for vertue, not for gayne, Where Uertue doth not knit the knot, there Friendship cannot raigne, Without the whiche, no houle, 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,</p>	
2225	<p>Unhonest thinges Friendshippe ne craueth, ne yet consents thertoo, In wealth a double ioye, in woe a present stay, A fwéete compaignon 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,</p>	
2230	<p>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 so strange, & of such price, I wifh all Kyngs to haue, (began But chiefly yet as duetie bindeth I humbly craue,</p>	
2235	<p>True friendship, and true friendes full fraught with constant faith, The geuer of friends, the Lord grant her moft noble Quéene Elizabeth.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">¶FINIS.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><H.iiij.v.></p>	

<p>5</p> <p>10</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">¶ The laft longe.</p> <p>The ftrongeſt garde that Kynges can haue, Are conſtant friends their ſtate 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 gloſe for no gayne, When treaſure conſumeth, true frindes wyll remayne, True frindes for their tru Prince, refuseth not their death The Lorde graunt her ſuch frindes moſt noble Queene</p> <p style="text-align: right;">(Elizabeth.</p> <p>¶ Longe may ſhe gouerne in honour and wealth, Uoyde of all fickenefſe, in moſt perfect health: Which health to prolonge, as true friends require, God graunt ſhe may haue her owne hartes defire: Which friendes wyll defend with moſt ſtedfaſt faith, The Lorde graunt her ſuch friendes moſt noble Queene</p> <p style="text-align: right;">(Elizabeth.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">¶ <i>FINIS.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">{illuſtration}</p>	
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