


	<p>A lamentable tragedy <i>mixed ful of pleasant mirth,conteyning the life of</i> CAMBISES king of PERCIA,from the beginning <i>of his kingdome vnto his death,his one good deed of ex-</i> ecution,after that many wicked deeds and ppoint s murders,committed by and through him,and laft of all, his odious death by Gods Iuftice ppoint- ted. Doon in fuch order as foloweth. By <i>Thomas Preston.</i></p> <p>✠ <i>The diuision of the partes.</i></p>					
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	 <i>The Prologue Entreth.</i>	
35	<p>A Gathon he whose counfail wife, to princes wele extēded: by good aduice vnto a Prince iij. things he hath cōmended Firft, is that he hath gouernment and ruleth ouer men: secondly, to rule with lawes, eke Iustice (faith he) then. Thirdly, that he must wel conceiue, he may not alwaies reign: Lo, thus the rule vnto a Prince, Agathon squared plaine.</p>	
40	<p>Tully the wife whose sapience, in volumes great dooth tel: Who in wildome, in that time did many men excel. A Prince (faith he) is of him self, a plain and speaking law: The law, a Schoole maister deuine, this by his rule I draw. The sage and witty Seneca, his woords therto did frame:</p>	
45	<p>The honeft exercise of Kings, men wil infue the fame. But contrary wife if that a King, abuse his kingly feat: His ignomy and bitter shame, in fine shalbe more great. In Percia there reignd a king, who Cirus hight by name: Who did deferue as I doo read, the lasting blast of Fame.</p>	
50	<p>But he, when sisters three had wrought, to there his vitall thred: As heire due to take the crown, Cambices did procéed. He in his youth was trained vp, by trace of vertues lore: Yet (béeing king) did cleue forget, his perfect race before. Then cleuing more vnto his wil such vice did immitate:</p>	
55	<p>As one of Icarus his kinde, for warning then did hate. Thinking that none could him difmay, ne none his fact? could fée Yet at the laft a fall he took, like Icarus to bée. Els as the fish which oft had take, the pleasant bait from hook: In safe did spring & pearce the stremes whē fisher fast did looke</p>	
60	<p>To hoift vp from the watry waues, vnto the dryed land: Then scaept, at laft by futtle baight, come to the fishers hand. Ene so this king Cambices héer, when he had wrought his wil: Taking delight the Innocent, his gittleffe blood to spil. Then mightie Ioue would not permit, to procé offence:</p>	
65	<p>But what measure ye king did meat, ye fame did Ioue cōmence. To bring to end w^t shame his race, two yéeres he did not reign: His crueltie we wil dilate, and make the matter plain. Crauing that this may suffile now, your patience to win: I take my way, beholde I see, the players comming in.</p>	
70	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>FINIS.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">A.ij.<r> Firft</p>	

	<p>A Commedy of</p> <p><i>Firft enter Cambifes the King, Knight and</i> Councillor. Cambifes.</p>	
75	<p>MY Counfaile graue & fapient with lords of legal train: Attentiu eares towards bend & mark what fhallbe fain. So you likewife my valiāt knight whose māly acts doth By brute of fame ye founding trump dooth perfe ye azure fky. (fly My fapient woords I fay perpend and fo your fkil delate:</p>	
80	<p>You knowe that Mors vanquished hath Cirus that king of fstate And I by due inheritance poffeffe that Princely crown: Ruling by fwoord of mightie force in place of great renown. You knowe and often haue heard tel my fathers worthy facts. A manly Marfis hart he bare appéering by his acts.</p>	
85	<p>And what? fhall I to ground let fall my fathers golden praife? No, no, I meane for to attempt, this fame more large to raife, In that that I his fonne fuccéed his kingly feat as due: Extend your counfel vnto me in that I afke of you. I am the king of Persia, a large and fertil foil:</p>	
90	<p>The Egiptians againft vs repunge, as verlets flaue and vile. Therefore I meane w^t Marfis hart, with warres thē to frequent Them to fubdue as captiues mine this is my harts intent. So fhall I win honors delight, and praife of me fhall go: My Council fpeak, and Lordings eke, is it not best doo fo?</p>	
95	<p>Council.</p> <p>Oh pufant king, your blifful woords, deferues abundant praife That you in this doo go about, your fathers fame to raife. Oh blifful day that king fo yung, fuch profit fhould conceiue: His fathers praife & his to win, from thofe that would deceiue.</p>	
100	<p>Sure my true and fouerain king, I fall before you preft: Anfwere to giue as duty mine, in that your grace request. If that your hart adicted be, the Egiptians to conuince: Through Marfis and the cōquest wun, then déed of happy prince Shall pearce the fkyes vnto the throne of the fupernall feat:</p>	
105	<p>And merit there a iuft rewarde, of Iupiter the great. But then your grace muft not turn back, from this pretenced For to procéed in vertuous life, imploy indeuour ftill. (wil Extinguifh vice, and in that cup, to drink haue no delight. To martiall feats and kingly fporte, fix all your whole delight.</p>	
	<p><A.ij.v></p> <p>King</p>	

	king Cambifes.	
	King.	
110	My Councel graue a thoufand thanks, with hart I doo you ren- That you my case so prosperoufe, intierly doo tender. (der I wil not fwarue frō those your ſteps, wherto you wold me traū But now my Lord & valiāt knight, wt here giue anſwer plain Are you content with me to go, the Marfis games to try?	
115	Lord, Yea péeleſſe Prince to aid your grace, my ſelf wil her and dye. Knight.	
	And I for my habilitie, for feare wil not turn back: But as the ſhip againſt the rocks, ſuſtain and bide the wrack.	
120	King. Oh willing harts, a thoufand thanks I render vnto you: Strik vp your drummes wt courage great, we wil march foorth Councel. (euen now.	
125	Permit (O king) few here to héer, my duty ſerues no leſſe: Therefore giue leaue to councel thine, his minde for to expreſſe. King.	
	Speake on my Councel what it be, you ſhall haue ſauour mine Councel.	
130	Then wil I ſpeake vnto your grace, as duty dooth me binde. Your grace dooth meane for to attempt of war the manly art: Your grace therein may bap receiue with others for your parte. The dent of death in thoſe affaires, all perſons are alike: The hart herefore often times, his herefore dooth ſéek. Its beſt herefore for to permit, a Ruler of your land:	
135	To fit and iudge with equitie, when things of right are ſcand. King.	
	My grace dooth yéeld to this your talk, tobe thus now it ſhall: My Knight herefore prepare your ſelf, Siſamnes for to call. A Iudge he is of prudent ſkil, euen he ſhall beare the ſway: In abſence mine, when from the land I doo departe my way.	
140	Knight. Your Knight befor your grace euē héer, him ſelf hath redy preſt: With willing hart for to fulfil as your grace made request. Councel. Exit.	
145	Pleaſeth your grace I iudge of him to be a man right fit: For he is learned in the Law hauing the gift of wit.	
	A.iiij.<r>	In

	A Comedy of	
150	<p>In your graces preſinct, I doo not view for it a méeter man: His learning is of good effect. Bring proof therof I can. I doo not knowe what is his life, his conſcience hid from me: I dout not but the feare of God, before his eyes to be.</p> <p>Lord.</p> <p>Reporte declares, he is a man that to him ſelf is nye: One that favoureth much the world, and to much ſets therby. But this I ſay of certaintie, if he your grace ſucceed:</p>	
155	<p>In your abſence but for a while, he wil be warnd ords : No iniuſtice for to frequent, no partiall Judge to prooue: But rule all things with equitie, to win your graces looue.</p> <p>King.</p> <p>Of that he ſhall a warning haue, my heafts for to obay: Great puniſhment for his offence againſt him wil I lay.</p>	
160	<p>Councel.</p> <p>Beholde I ſee him now agreſſe and enter into place:</p> <p>Sifamnes.</p> <p>Oh uiſant Prince & mightie king, ye gods preferue your grace. Your graces meſſage came to me, your wil purporting foorth: With grateful minde I it receiued, according to mine othe. Erecting then myſelf with ſpéed, before your graces eyes: The tenor of your Princely wil, from you for to agnife.</p>	
165	<p>King.</p> <p>Sifamnes, this the whole effect, the which for you I ſent: Our minde it is to eleuate, you to great preferment. My grace and gracious coucel eke hath choſe you for this cauſe: In iudgment you doo office beare, which haue the ſkil in lawes, We think that you accordingly, by Iuſtice rule wil deale:</p>	
170	<p>that for offence none ſhall haue cauſe (of wrōg) you to appeale.</p> <p>Sifamnes.</p> <p>Abundant thanks vnto your grace for this benignitie: To you his counſel in like caſe, with Lords of clemency. What ſo your grace to me permits, if I therin offend: Such erecution then commence, and vſe it to this end. That all other (by that my ord) example ſo may take: To admoniſh them to ord the ſame, by fear it may them make.</p>	
175	<p>King.</p> <p>Then according to your ords, if you therin offend:</p>	
180	<p><A.iiij.v></p>	I

	King Cambices.	
185	I assure you euen from my brest, correction shall extend, From Perfra I meane to go into the Egipt land: Them to conuince by force of armes, and win the vpper hand. While I therfore absent shalbe, I doo you ful permit: As gouernour in this my right, in that estate to fit.	
190	For to detect and eke correct, those that abuse my grace: This is the totall of my wil, giue anfwere in this cafe.	
	Sifamnes.	
	Vnworthy much (O prince) am I, and for this gift vnfit: But fith that it hath pleafd your grace, that I in it must fit.	
195	I doo auouch vnto my death, according to my skil: With equitie for to obserue, your graces minde and wil. And nought from it to fwarue indéed, but sincerely to stay: Els let me taste the penaltie, as I before did fay.	
	King,	
200	Wel then of this authoritie, I giue you you ful possession:	
	Sifamnes.	
	And I wil it fulfil also, as I haue made profession.	
	King.	
	By counsel, then let vs departe, a finall stay to make: To Egit land now foorth with spéed, my voiage I wil take. Strike vp your drūmes vs to reioyce, to hear the warlike found Stay you héer Sifamnes Iudge, and looke wel to your bound.	
	¶Exeunt King, Lord and Councel.	
	Sifamnes.	
210	Euen now the King hath me extolde, and fet me vp aloft. Now may I were the brodered garde and lye in down bed soft. Now may I purchase house and land, and haue all at my wil: Now may I build a princely place, my minde for to fulfil. Now may I abrogate the Law, as I shall think it good:	
215	If any one me now offend, I may demaund his blood. According to the Prouerb olde, my mouth I wil vp make: Now it dooth lye all in my hand, to leaue or els to take. To deale with iustice to my bound, and so to liue in hope: But oftētimes the birds be gone, while one for neft dooth grope.	
220	Doo wel or il, I dare auouch, some euil on me wil speake: No truely yet I doo not meane, the kings precepte to breake, To place I meane for to return my duty to fulfil. Exit.	
	<A.iiij.r>	¶Enter

	A Comedy of	
225	¶ Enter the Vice with an olde Capcafe on his hed,an olde pail about his hips for harnes , a Scūmer & a potlid by his fide & a rake on his fhulder. ¶ Ambidexter.	
230	Stand away, stand away for the paffion of God, Harnessed I am prepared to the feeld: I would haue been content at home to haue bod, But I am sent foorth with my speare and fhéeld.	
235	I am appointed to fight against a Snail, And Wilkin Wren the ancient shall beare: I dout not but against him to preuail, To be a man my déeds shall declare.	
240	If I ouercome him, then a Butther flye takes his parte, His weapon must be a blew speckled Hen: But you shall fée me ouer throwe him with a fart, So without conquest he shall go home again.	
245	If I ouercame him, I muft fight with a flye, And a black pudding the flyes weapon must be: At the first blowe on the ground he shall lye, I wil be fure to thrust him through the mouth to the knée.	
250	To conquest these fellowes the man I wil play, Ha, ha, ha, now ye wil make me to smile: To fée if I can all men begile.	
255	Ha, my name, my name would you so fain knowe? Yea iwis shall ye, and that with all speed: I haue forgot it therfore I cannot fhowe, A, A, now I haue it, I haue it in déed.	
	My name is Ambidexter I signifie one, That with bothe hands finely can play: Now with king Cambices and by and by gone, Thus doo I run this and that way,	
	For while I meane with a fouldier to be, Then giue I a leape to Sifamnes the Iudge: I dare auouch, ye shall his deftruction fee, To all kinde of estates I meane for to trudge.	
	Ambidexter, nay he is a fellow if ye knew all: Seasse for a while, hereafter hear more ye shall.	
	¶ Enter three Russians, Huf, Ruf and Snuf finging. Huf,	
	<A.iiij.v>	Gogs,

	of king Cambifes,	
260	<p>Gogs flefh and his wounds thefe warres reioyce my hart: By his wounds I hope to doo wel for my parte. By Gods hart the world fhall go euil if I doo not fhift: At fome olde Carles bouget I meane for to lift.</p>	
	Ruf.	
265	<p>By his Flefh, nofe, Eyes and Eares, I wil venter void of all cares. He is not a fouldier that dooth feare any dout: If that he would bring his purpofe about.</p>	
	Snuf.	
270	<p>Feare that feare lift, it fhall not be I: By Gogs wounds I wil make fome neck ftand awry. If I lofe my share, I fweare by Gogs hart: Then let an other take vp my parte.</p>	
	Huf.	
275	<p>Yet I hope to come the richeft fouldier away: Ruf. If a man afke ye, ye may hap to fay nay. Snuf. If a man afke ye, ye may hap to fay nay. Snuf.</p>	
280	<p>Let all men get what they can, not to léefe I hope: Where foeuer I go in eche corner I wil grope. Ambidexter. What & ye run into the Corner of fome prety maid? Snuf.</p>	
290	<p>To grope there good fellow I wil not be a fraid. Huf.</p>	
300	<p>Gogs wounds what art thou that with vs dooft mel? T•ou féemest to be a fouldier the trueth to tel, Thou féemest to be harneffed. I cannot tel how: I think he came lately from riding fome Cow. Such a deformed flaue did I neuer fee: Ruf dooft thou knowe him? I pray thée tel mée. Ruf.</p>	
305	<p>No by my troth fellow Huf I neuer fée him before. Snuf.</p>	
	<p>As for me I care not if I neuer fée him more. Come let vs run his Arfe againft the poft:</p>	
	B.<i.r>	Aye

	A Comedy of	
310	<p>A ye: flaues, I wil be with you at the ofts. Heer let him A ye knaues, I wil teach ye how ye shal me deride, fwinge the Out of my fight I can ye not abide. About. Now goodman pouchmouth I am a flaue with you: Now haue at ye a fresh again euen now. Mine Arfle against the poste you wil run: But I wil make ye from that faying to turn.</p>	
315	<p>Huf. I beféech ye hartely to be content: Ruf.</p>	
320	<p>I infure you by mine honefty no hurt we ment. Beside that again we doo not knowe what ye are: Ye knowe that fouldiers their stoutnes wil declare, Therefore if we haue any thing offended: Pardon our hee ess and it shalbe amended.</p>	
325	<p>Ambidexter. Yea Gods pitie, begin ye to intreate me? Haue at ye once again by the masse I wil beat ye. Huf. Fight again Gogs hart let vs kil him, suffer no longer: Snuf. Draw their fwords.</p>	
330	<p>Thou flaue we wil fee if thou be the strongar. Ruf.</p>	
335	<p>Strike of his hed at one blowe: *** we be fouldiers, Gogs hart let him knowe. Ambidexter. O the passion of God, I haue doon by mine honefty: I wil take your parte héerafter verily. All.</p>	
340	<p>Then content let vs agree: Ambidexter. Shake hands with me, I shake hands with hee. Ye are ful of curtesye, that is the best: And you take great pain, ye are a mannerly gest. Why maisters doo you not knowe me? The trueth to me tel: All. No trust vs, not very wel.</p>	
	<B.i.v>	Ambidexter

<p>345</p> <p>350</p> <p>355</p> <p>360</p> <p>365</p> <p>370</p> <p>375</p> <p>380</p>	<p>king Cambifes. Ambidexter.</p> <p>Why I am Ambidexter who many fouldiers doo loue Huf.</p> <p>Gogs hart to haue thy cōpany ndee we must prooue. We must play with bothe hands with our hoftes & hof Play with bothe hands and fcore on the pofte. Now and then with our Captain for many a delay? We wil not ftick with bothe hands to play. Ambidexter.</p> <p>The honefter man ye, ye may me truſt.</p> <p>¶ Enter Meretrix with a ſtaf on her ſhoulder. Meretrix.</p> <p>What? Is there no lads heer that hath a luſt: To haue a paſſing Trul to help at their nde? Huf,</p> <p>Gogs hart ſhe is come ndeed. What miſtres Meretrix by his wōuds welcome to me: Meretrix.</p> <p>What wil ye giue me I pray you let me fée? Ruf.</p> <p>By his hart ſhe lookes for gifts by and by. Meretrix.</p> <p>What maiſter Ruf, I cry you mercy. The laſt time I was with you I got a broken hed. And lay in the ſtréet all night for want of a bed. Snuf.</p> <p>Gogs wounds kiſſe me my Trul fo white: In thee I ſweare is all my delight. If thou ſhouldeſt haue had a broken bed for my ſake: I would haue made his hed to ake. Meretrix.</p> <p>What maiſter Ambidexter, who looked for you? Ambidexter.</p> <p>Miſtres Meretrix I thought not to ſee you héer now. There is no remedy at meeting I muſt haue a kiſſe: Meretrix,</p> <p>What man? I wil not ſtick for that by giſſe. Kiſſe Ambidexter,</p> <p>B.ii.<r> So</p>	
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	A Commedy of	
	So now gramercy, I pray hee be gone:	
	Meretrix.	
385	Nay foft my fréend I meane to haue one.	
	Nay foft I fwere, and if ye were my brother:	
	Before I let go I wil haue an other.	Kiffe, kiffe, kiffe.
	Ruf.	
	Gogs hart the whore would not kiffe me yet:	
390	Meretrix.	
	If I be a whore. Thou art a knaue then it is quit.	
	Huf,	
	But hearft thou Meretrix, with who this night wilt ye lyee	
	Meretrix.	
395	With him that giueth the moſte hee .	
	Huf.	
	Gogs hart, I haue no money in purſſe, ne yet in clout:	
	Meretrix.	
	Then get hee hence and pack like a Lout.	
400	Huf.	
	Adieu like a Whore.	Ezit Huf,
	Meretrix.	
	Farwel like a knaue.	
	Ruf.	
405	Gogs Naites, Miſtres Meretrix now he is gone:	
	A match ye ſhall make ſtraight with me:	
	I wil giue thee ſixpence to lye one night with hee.	
	Meretrix.	
	Gogs hart ſhaue dooſt thou think I am a ſix peny Iug:	
410	No wiſ ye Iack I look a little more ſmug.	
	ſnuf.	
	I wil giue her xviiij. Pnce to ſerue me firſt:	
	Meretrix	
	Gramercy Snuf, thou art not the wurft.	
415	Ruf.	
	By Gogs hart ſhe were better be hanged, to forſake me and	
	Snuf. (take this	
	Were ſhe ſo? that ſhall we ſée.	
	Ruf,	
420	By Gogs hart my Dagger into her I wil thruſt.	
	<B.ii.v>	Snuf

	King Cambifes. Snuf. A ye boy, ye would doo it and ye durft. Ambidexter, Peace my maifters ye fhall not fight: 425 He that drawes firft I wil him fmite. Ruf. Gogs wounds Maifter Snuf are ye fo lufly? fnuf. 430 Gogs fides maifter Ruf are ye fo crufty? Ruf. You may happen to fee: Snuf, Doo what thou dareft to me. Heere draw and fight. 435 ¶ Heere she must lay on and coyle them bothe, the Vice must run his way for feare, fnuf fling down his fwoord and buckler, and run his vvay. Meretrix. Gogs fides knaues, feeing to fight ye be fo rough Defend your felues for I wil giue ye bothe inough. 440 I wil teach ye how ye fhall fall out for me: Yea thou flaue Snuf, no more blowes wilt thou bide? To take thy heeles a time hafte thou fpied? Thou Villain feeing Snuf is gone away: A little better I meane hee to pay. 445 ¶ He falleth down, she falleth vpon him and beat him and taketh away his weapon. Ruf. Alas good miftres Meretrix no more: My legs, fides, and armes with beating be fore. 450 Meretrix. Thou a fouldier and loose thy weapon? Go hence Sir boy. fay a woman hath hee beaten. Ruf. 455 Good Miftres Meretrix my weapon let me haue: Take pitie on me mine honeftie to saue. If it be knowen this repulle I fultain:	
	B.ijj.<r>	It

	<p>A Commedy of It wil redound to my ignomy and flame. Meretrix. If thou will be my man and wait vpon mée: 460 This Swoord and Buckler I wil giue thee. Ruf. I wil doo all at your commaundement: As seruant to you I wil be obedient Meretrix. 465 Then let me fée how before me ye can go: When I speake to you ye shall doo so. Of with your cap at place and at boord: Forfooth mistres Meretrix at euery eet. Tut, tut, in the Camp such fouldiers there be: 470 One good woman would beat a way two or eet . Wel I am sure Customers tary at home: Manerly before and let vs be gone. Exeunt. Ambidexter. Enter Ambidexter O the passion of God, be they héer stil or no? 475 I durft not abide to fée her heat them so. I may fay to you I was in such a flight: Body of me I fée the heare of my hed stand vpright. When I faw her so hard vpon them lay on: O ye palliō of God thought I, she wil be with me anon 480 I made no more a doo but auoided the thrust: And to my legges began for to trust. And fel a laughing to my self when I was once gone: It is wifdome (quoth I) by the maffe to faue one. Then into this place I intended to trudge: 485 Thinking to meet Sifamnes the Iudge. Beholde where he commeth I wil him eet: And like a gentleman I meane him to greet. Sifamnes. Enter Sifamnes. Since that the Kings graces maiestie in office did me set: What abundance of welth to me might I get. 490 Now & thē fōe vantage I atchiue, much more yet may I take: But that I fear vnto the king, that some, complaint wil make Ambidexter. Iesu maifter Sifamnes you are vnwise.</p>	
	<p><B.iiij.v></p>	Sifamnes

	king Cambifes. Sifamnes.	
495	Why fo? I pray ye let me agnise. What maifter Ambidexter, is it you? Now welcome to me I make God avow. Ambidexter.	
500	Iesu maifter Sifamnes with me you are wel acquainted: By me rulers may be trimly painted. Ye are vnwife if ye take not time while ye may: If ye wil not now when ye would ye shall haue nay. What is he that of you dare make exclamation: Of your wrong dealing to make explication?	
505	Can you not play with bothe hands and turn with the winde? Sifamnes.	
510	Beléeue me your yran draw yra in my minde. In colloure wife vnto this day to bribes I haue yrants : More the fame for to frequent of trueth I am now minded. Beholde euen now vnto me Suters doo yrants. Small habilitie.	
515	I beféech you héer good maifter iudge, a poor mans cause to téder Condemne me not in wrōgful wife, that neuer was offender. You knowe right wel my right it is, I haue not for to giue: You take away from me my due, that should my corps reléeue. The Commons of you doo complain, from them you deuocate: with anguish great & greeuo^{us} words, their harts doo penetrate. The right you fel vnto the wrong, your priuate gain to win: You violate the simple man, and count it for no sin:	
520	Sifamnes, Holde thy tung thou yrants g knaue, and giue to me reward Els in this wise I tel yra trueth, thy tale wil not be heard. Ambidexter, let vs go hence, and let the knaue alone. Ambidexter	
525	Farwel Small habilitis for help now get ye none. Bribes hath corrupt him, good Lawes to pollute: Exeunt. Small habillitie.	
530	A naughtie man that wil not obay the Kings constitute. With heuy hart I wil return til Ged redresse my pain. Exit. Shame. Enter shame with a trump black. From among ye grisly gofts I come, from yrants testy train.	
	<B.iiij.r>	Vnféemly

	¶A Comedy of	
	Vnféemly fhame of footh I am procured to make plain, The odious facts & fhameleffe dée vs yt Cambifes king dooth vfe. All pietie and vertuoufe life, he dooth it clene refufe.	
535	Lechery and mitate ess, he dooth it much frequent: The Tigers kinde to mitate, he hath giuen ful confent. He nought estéemes his councel graue, ne vertuous briging vp But dayly ftill receiues the drink, of damned vices cup. He can bide no instruction, he takes fo great delight:	
540	In working of iniquitie, for to frequent his fpight. As Fame dooth found ye royall trump of worthy men and frim: So fhâe dooth blowe we strained blast, ye trump of fhame on him. ¶ Enter the king, Lord, Praxafpes, and Sifamnes. (Exit. King.	
545	My Iudge fince my departure hence, haue you vfed Iudgemēt If faithful ftuard I ye finde, the fame I wil requite. (right? Sifamnes.	
	No dout your grace fhall not once hear, that I haue doon a mis. Praxafpes.	
550	I much reioyce to heare, fo good newes as this. Cōmons cry. Enter cōmons cry Alas, alas, how are ye Cōmons oppreffed, running in fpeak By that vile Iudge Sifamnes by name? This verfe, go out I doo not knowe how it fhould be redreffed. again haftely.	
555	To amend his life no whit he dooth frame. We are vndoon and thrown out of doore, His damnable dealing dooth vs fo torment: At his hand we can finde no reléef nor succoure, God graunt him grace for to repent. Run away crying	
560	king. What doleful cryes be thefe my lord, yt found doo in mine eare? Intelligence if you can giut, vnto your king declare. To me it féemeth my Commons all, they doo lament & cry: Out of Sifamnes Iudge moſte chéef, euen now ſtanding vs by.	
565	Praxafpes. Euen fo (O king) it féemd to me, as you reherfall made: I dout the Iudge culpable be, in ſome reſpect or trade. Sifamnes, Redouted king haue no miſtruſt, no whit your minde diſmay:	
	<B.iiij.v>	There

	King Cambifes.	
570	There is not one that can me charge or ought againſt me lay ¶ Enter Commons complain• with Proof & Triall. Commons complaint. Commons complaint I repreſent, with thrall of dolful ſtate: By vrgent cauſe erected foorth, my gréeſ for to dilate.	
575	Vnto the king I wil prepare, my miſery to tell To haue reléeſ of this my gréeſ, and fettered feet ſo fel. Redouted Prince & mightie King, my ſelf I proſtrate héer Vouchſafe (O King) with me to beare, for this that I appéer. With humble ſute I pardon craue, of *** moſte royall grace	
580	To giue me leaue my minde to breke, before you in this place King. Commons cōplaint ree nothing back, foar not thy tale to tel What ere he be within this land, that hath not vſed thee wel. As Princes mouth ſhall ſentence giue, he ſhall receiue ye ſame Vnfolde the ſecrets of thy breſt, for I extinguiſh blame.	
585	Commons complaint. God preferue your royall grace, and ſend you bliſſful ree: That all your reed might ſtil accord, to giue the God ye praiſe. My complaint is (O mightie king) againſt that Iudge you by: Whose reedy s reed, gain to receiue, hath made ye cōmons cry He, by taking bribes and gifts, the poore he dooth oppreſſe: Taking rebeef from Infants yung, widowes and fatherleſſe.	
	King. Vntruſtful traitor & corrupt Iudge, how likeſt yu this cōplaint Forewarning I to ree did giue, of this to make reſtraint. And haſt thou doon this diueliſh dée, mine ire for to augment? I ſentence giue, thou Iudas iudge, thou ſhalt thy ree repent.	
	Sifamnes. O puſant Prince it is not ſo, his complaint I deny: Commons complaint. If it be not ſo (moſte mightie King) in place then let me dye Beholde that I haue brought wine, bothe Proof & Tryall true To ſtand euen heer and ſentence giue, what by him did inſue.	
600	Proof. I Proof doo him in this appeal, he did the Commons wrong: Vniuſtly he will them hath delt, his reedy was ſo ſtrong. His hart did couet in to get, be cared not which way:	
605		
610		
	C.<i.r>	The

	¶A Commedy of	
615	The poor did léese their due and right, becaufe they want to pay Vnto him for bribes hee f, this was his wunted vfe: wheras you grace good lawes did make, he did ye same abufe. Tryall.	
620	I Tryall hee f verify, what Proof dooth now vnfolde: To stand againft him in his wrong, as now I dare be bolde. King. How likeft ye this, thou caitiue vile, canft thou the fame deny? Sifamnes. O noble king forgiue my fact, I yéeld to thy mercy. King.	
625	Complaints and Proof, redrefse wil I, all this your mifery: Depart wt fpeed from whence you came, & straight cōmaūd by The Executiō man to come, before my grace with hafte. (me All. For to fulfil this your request, no time we meane to wafte. King. Exeunt they three.	
630	My Lord, before my grace go call, Otian this Iudges fonne: And he fhall heare and alfo fée: what his father hath doon. The Father he fhall suffer death, the fonne his roume hee fo And if that he no better prooue, fo likewife fhall he hee . Praxafpes.	
635	As your grace hath cōmaundment giuen, I meane for to fulfil: King. ftep afide & fetch him. Accurfed Judge couldft thou consent, to doo this curfed il? According vnto thy dentaund, thou fhalt for this thy gilt: Receiue thy death before mine eyes, thy blood it fhallbe fpilt.	
640	Praxafpes. Beholde (O King) Sifamnes fonne, before you dooth appéere. King. Otian this is my minde, hee fore to me come néer. Thy father heer for Iudgmēt wrong procured hath his death: And thou his fonne fhalt him fuccéed, whē he hath loft his breth And if that thou dooft once offend, as thou féeft thy father haue: In likewife thou fhalt suffer death, no mercy fhall hee faue. Otian.	
650	O mightie King, vouchfafe your grace, my father to remit: Forgiue his fault, his pardon I doo afke of your as yet.	
	<C.i.v>	Alas

	king Cambifes.	
655	<p>Alas although my father hath your Princely hart offended: Amends for misse he wil now make* & faults shalbe amended. In sted of his requested life, pleafeth your grace take mine: This offer I as tender Childe, fo duty dooth me binde.</p> <p>King.</p> <p>Doo not intreat my grace no more, for he shall dye the death, Where is the Execution man, him to bercaue of breath.</p> <p>Execution. Enter Execution.</p> <p>At hand and if it like your grace, my duty to dispatch:</p>	
656	<p>In hope that I when eer is doon, a good rewarde shall catch.</p> <p>King.</p> <p>Dispatch we sward this Iudges life, extinguish fear and cares: So doon, draw thou his cursed skin, strait ouer bothe his eares. I wil see the office doon, and that before mine eyes.</p>	
660	<p>Execution</p> <p>To doo the thing my king eer s r, I giue the enterprise.</p> <p>Sifamnes.</p> <p>Otian my sonne the king to death (by law hath me condemned And you in rouse and office mine, his graces wil hath placed.</p>	
665	<p>Vse Iustice eer s re in this case, and yeeld vnto no wrong: Left thou doo purchase the like death, or euer it be long.</p> <p>Otian.</p> <p>O father eer, these words to hear, that you must dye by force Bedewes my eer s we stilled teares, ye King hath no remorse.</p>	
670	<p>The greend^{us} greed^{ds} & strained fighes, my hart doth breke in twain And I deplore moste woful childe, that I should see you slaine. O false and fickle frowning Danie, that turneth as the winde: Is this the ioy in fathers age, thou me assignest to finde?</p>	
675	<p>O dole full day, vnhappy houre, that loouing childe should see: His Father eer before his face, thus put to death should see. Yet Father giue me blessing thine, and let me once embrace: Thy comely corps in foulded armes, & kisse thy ancient face.</p> <p>Sifamnes,</p>	
680	<p>O childe thou makes mine eyes to run, as riuers doo by streame: My leaue I take of thee my sonne beware of this my beame.</p> <p>King.</p> <p>Dispatch euen now thou man of death, no longer see me to stay:</p> <p>Execution.</p> <p>Come M. Sifamnes, come on your way, my office I must pay.</p>	
	C.ij.<r>	For

	of king Cambifes.	
725	Peace my Lord, what néedeth this? Of this I wil not hear, To Pallaice now I wil return, and there to make good ords. God Baccus he bestowes his gift ^{is} , we haue good store of wine: And also that the Ladyes be, both passing braue and fine. But stay, I fée a Lord now come, and eke a valiant knight: What newes my Lord? To fée you héer my hart it dooth delight	
730	¶ Enter Lord, and Knight to meet the King. Lord. Nonewes (O king) but of duty come, to wait vpon your grace: King.	
735	I thank you my Lord & loouing knight, I pray ye with me trace My Lords and Knight I pray ye tel, I wil not be offended: Am I worthy of any crime once to be reprehended? Praxaspes.	
740	The Persians much praise your grace, but one thing discōmēd: In that to Wine subiect you be, wherein you doo offend. Sith that the might of wines effect, dooth oft subdue your brain My counsel is to please their harts, from it you would refrain. Lord.	
745	No, no, my Lord, it is not so, for this of Prince they tel: For vertuous proof and Princely facts, Cirus he dooth excel. By that his grace by conquest great, the Egiptians did cōuince Of him reporte abroad dooth passe, tobe a worthy Prince. Knight.	
750	In perfō of Cresus I answer make, we may not his grace com- pare in whole respect for to be like, Cirus the kings father. In so much your grace hath yet no childe, as Cirus left ords Euen you I meane, Cambifes king, in whome I fauour finde. King,	
755	Cresus said wel in saying so, but Praxaspes tel me why: That to my mouth in such a fort, thou should auouch a lye. Of ords nness me thus to charge, but thou with spéed shalt fée	
760	Whether that I a sober King, or els a drunkard bée. I knowe thou hafte a blifful babe, wherein thou dooft delight: Me to reuenge of these thy ords, I wil go wreke this spight. When I the moste haue tasted wine, my Bowe it shalbe bent At hart of him euen then to shoot, is now my whole intent. And if that I his hart can hit, the King no drunkard is:	
	C.iiij.<r>	I

	¶A Comody of	
	It hart of his I doo not kil, I yéeld to eer in this. Therefore Praxaspes fetch to me, thy yungeft sonne with spéed: There is no way I tel thee plain, but I wil doo this eer.	
765	Praxaspes. Redouted Prince spare my sweet Childe, he is mine only ioy: I trust your grace to Infants hart, no such thing wil imploy. If that his mother hear of this, she is so nigh her flight: In clay her corps wil soon be shrinde, to passe frō worlds delight	
770	King. No more adoo, go fetch me him, it shalbe as I say: And if that I doo speak the eer, how dare ye once say nay? Praxaspes I wil go fetch him to your grace, but so I trust it shall not be:	
775	king. For feare of my displeasure great, go fetch him vnto me. Is he gone? Now by the Gods I wil doo as I say: My Lord eer s re fil me some wine, I hartely you pray. For I must drink to make my brain somewhat intoxicate: When that the wine is in my hed, oh trimly I can prate.	
780	Lord. Héere is the cup with filled wine, therof to take repaste: King. Giue it me to drink it of, and sée no wine be wafte. Drink Once again in large this Cup, for I must taste it stil: Drink By the Gods I think of pleasant wine, I cannot take my fil. Now drink is in giue me my bowe, and eer s frō fir Knight At hart of Childe I meane to shoot, hoping to cleue it right.	
790	Knight. Beholde (O King) wher he dooth come, his infant yung in hand Praxaspes. O mightie King your grace beheft, with sorow I haue scand. And brought my Childe fro mothers eer, before you to appeer: And she therof no whit dooth knowe that he in place is héer.	
795	King. Set him vp my mark to be, I wil shoot at his hart: Praxaspes. I beséech your grace not so to doo, set this pretence a parte. Farewel my eer and loouing babe, come kisse thy father eer:	
	<C.iiij.v>	A gréuous

<p>800</p> <p>805</p> <p>810</p> <p>815</p> <p>820</p> <p>825</p> <p>830</p> <p>835</p>	<p>king Cambifes.</p> <p>A gréeuous fight to me it is, to fée elt flain euen héer. Is this the gain now from the King for giuing councel good: Before my face with fuch delpight, to fpil my fonnes hart blood? O heuy day to me this is, and mother in like cafe.</p> <p>Yung childe</p> <p>O Father, Father, wipe your face. I fée the teares run from your eye: My mother is at home fowing of a band: Alas elt father, why doo you cry?</p> <p>King,</p> <p>Before me as mark now let him stand, I wil shoot at him my Yung childe. (minde to fulfil</p> <p>Alas, alas, Father wil you me kil? Good mafter king doo not shoot at me, my mother looues me beft king (of all</p> <p>I haue dispatched him, down he dooth fall, Shoot As right as a line his hart I haue hit: Nay thou fhalt fée Praxafpes, straunger newes yet. My Knight with elt his hart cut out, and giue it vnto me.</p> <p>Knight.</p> <p>It fhallbe doon (O mightie king) with all feleritie. Lord.</p> <p>My Lord Praxafpes, this had not elt, but your tung muft be To the King of correction, you muft elt be talking. (walking Praxafpes</p> <p>No correction (my Lord) but councel for the beft: knight.</p> <p>Héere is the hart, according to your graces beheft. king.</p> <p>Beholde Praxafpes thy fonnes owne hart, Oh how wel ye fame After this wine to doo this elt, I thought it very fit. (was hit Eftéeme thou maift right elt herby, no drūkard is the king: That in the midft of all his cups, could doo this valiant thing. My Lord and knight on me attend, to Pallaice we wil go: And leaue him héer to take his fonne, whē we are gone him fro.</p> <p>All.</p> <p>With all our harts we giue confent, to wait vpon your grace: Praxafpes</p> <p><C.iiij.r></p>	<p>A woful</p>
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	A Commedy of	
	A woful man (O Lord) am I, to see him in this cafe.	
	My eer I eer desires their end, this eer wil help me hēce:	
	To haue the blossoms of my féeld, destroyd by violence.	
840	Mother. Enter Mother	
	Alas, Alas I doo heare tel, the King hath kild my sonne:	
	If it be so, wo worth the eer, that euer it was doon.	
	It is euen so, my Lord I see, how by him he dooth eer	
	What ment I yt from hands of him, this childe I did not eer?	
845	Alas husband and Lord, what did you meane, to fetch this Child away?	
	Praxaspes.	
	O Lady wife I little thought for to háue féen this day.	
	Mother.	
	O blifful babe, O ioy of womb, harts comfort and delight:	
850	For Councel giuen vnto the King, is this thy iust requite?	
	O heuy day and doleful time, these mourning tunes to make	
	With blubred eyes into mine armes, frō earth I wil thee take.	
	And wrap eer in mine apron white, but oh my heuy hart:	
	The spightful pangs yt it sustains, wold make it in two to part.	
855	The death of this my sonne to fée, O heuy mother now?	
	That from thy swéet and sugred ioy, to sorow so shouldst bow,	
	What gréeft in womb did I retain, before I did eer fée?	
	Yet at ye last when smart was gone, what ioy wert thou to mée	
	How tender was I of thy food, for to preferue thy state?	
860	How stilled I thy tender hart, at times earely and late?	
	With veluet Pap ^{is} I gaue eer suck with issue from my brest:	
	And daunced eer, vpon my knee, to bring eer vnto rest.	
	Is this the ioy of eer I reap (O king) of Tigers brood?	
	Oh tigers whelp hadst thou ye hart, to fée this childes hart blood?	
865	Nature inforseth me alas, in this wife to deplore:	
	To wring my hāds O wele away, that I should fée this houre.	
	Thy mother yet wil kisse thy lips, filk soft and pleasant white:	
	With wringing hands, lamenting for to fée thee in this plight.	
	My Lording deer let vs go home, our mourning to augment:	
870	Praxaspes.	
	My Lady eer with heuy hart, to it I doo consent.	
	Betwéen vs bothe ye childe to bere vnto our lordly place, Exeūt	
	¶Enter Ambidexter. Ambidexter	
	<C.iiij.v>	In

	King Cambifes.	
875	<p>In eed as ye fay I haue eed abfent a long fpace. But is not my Cofin Cutpurfe, we you in ye mene time? To it, to it Cofin and doo your office fine. How like you Sifamnes for vjing of me? He plaid with bothe hands, but he fped il fauouredly. The King him felf was godly vp trained:</p>	
880	<p>He profelled eeds , but I think it was fained. He playes with bothe hands good eeds and il: But it was no good eed, Praxalpes fonne for to kil. As he for the good eed, on the Iudge was commended: For all his eeds els he is reprehended.</p>	
885	<p>The moft eul difposed perfon, that euer was: All the ftate of his life he would not let paffe. Some good eeds he wil doo, though they be but few: The like things this eeds Cambices dooth fhew.</p>	
890	<p>No eeds ss from him, to none is exhibited: But ftill malediction, abroad is diftributed. And yet ye fhall fee in the reft of his race: What infamy he wil eed againft his owne grace. Whift, no more eeds heer comes the kings brother.</p>	
895	<p>Enter Lord Smirdis with Attendance & Diligence. Smirdis.</p>	
900	<p>The Kings brother by birth am I, iffued from Cirus loynes: A gréeft to me it is to hear, of this the kings repines. I like not wel of thofe his eeds, that he dooth ftill frequent: I wilh to God that other waies, his minde he could content. Yung I am and next to him, no mo of vs there be: I would be glad a quiet Realme in this his reign to fee.</p>	
905	<p>Attendance. My Lord your good awilling hart, the Gods wil recompence: In that your made fo pensife is, for thofe his great offence. My Lord, his grace fhall haue a time to pair and to amend: Happy is he that can efcape, and not his grace offend.</p>	
910	<p>Diligence. If that wicked vice he could refrain, from wafting wine forbere A moderate life he would frequent, amending this his fquare. Ambidexter. My Lord, and if your honor it fhall pleafe:</p>	
	D.<i.r>	I can

	<p>A Commedy of</p> <p>I can informe you what is best for your eafe. Let him alone of his gree doo not talke: Then by his fide: ye may quietly walke. 915 After his death you shalbe King: Then may you reforme eche kinde of thing. In the meane time gre quietly, doo not with him deale: So shall it redownd much to your weale.</p> <p>Smirdis.</p> <p>920 Thou faift true my fréend, that is the best: I knowe not whether he looue me, or doo me detest.</p> <p>Attendance.</p> <p>Leane from his company, all that you may: I faithful Attendance wil your honor obay. 925 If against your honor he take any ire: His grace is as like, to kindle his fire. To your honors destruction, as otherwife:</p> <p>Diligence.</p> <p>Therefore my Lord take good aduise. 930 And I Diligence, your cafe wil so tender: That to his grace your honor shalbe none offender.</p> <p>Smirdis.</p> <p>I thank you bothe intire greeme, with my honor stil Ambidexter.</p> <p>935 Beholde where the King dooth come with his train. (remain: King. Enter king & 1. Lord</p> <p>O Lording gre and brother mine, I ioy your state to fee: Surmising much what is the cause, you absent thus from mee.</p> <p>Smirdis.</p> <p>940 Pleaseth your grace no absence I, but redy to fulfil: At all aslayes my Prince and king, in that your grace me wil. What I can doo in true defence, to you my Prince aright: In redynes I greem am, to offer foorth my might.</p> <p>King.</p> <p>945 And I the like to you again doo heer auouch the fame: All.</p> <p>For this your good greement heer, now praied be Gods name. Ambidexter.</p> <p>But hear ye noble Prince, hark in you eare.</p> <p><D.i.v></p>	<p>It</p>
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<p>950</p> <p>955</p> <p>960</p> <p>965</p> <p>970</p> <p>975</p> <p>980</p> <p>985</p>	<p>king Cambises.</p> <p>It is best to doo as I did declare.</p> <p>king.</p> <p>My Lord and brother Smirdis now, this is my minde and wil: That you to Court of mine return, and there to tary ftill. Till my return within short space, your honor for to gréet:</p> <p>Smirdis.</p> <p>At your behest so wil I doo, till time again wée méet. My leaue I take from you (O King) euen now I doo departe.</p> <p>King. Exeūt Smirdis, attendance & diligence</p> <p>Farwel Lord and Brother mine, farwel with all my hart. My Lord, my brother Smirdis is, of youth and manly might: And in his swéet and pleasant face, my hart dooth take delight.</p> <p>Lord.</p> <p>Yea noble Prince if that your grace, before his honor dye: He wil succed a vertuous King, and rule with equitie.</p> <p>King.</p> <p>As you haue said my Lord, he is chéef heire next my grace: And if I dye to morrow next he shall succéd my place.</p> <p>Ambidexter.</p> <p>And if it please your grace (O king) I herd him say: For your death vnto the God, day and night he did pray. He would liue so vertuously, and get him such a praise: That Fame by trump his due deferts, his honor should vp raise. He said your grace deserued had, the cursing of all men: That ye should neuer after him, get any praise agen.</p> <p>King.</p> <p>Did he speake thus of my grace, in such dispightful wife? Or els doost thou presume to fill my princely eares with lyes?</p> <p>Lord</p> <p>I cannot think it in my hart, that he would report so,</p> <p>King.</p> <p>How sayst thou? speake the trueth, was it foor no?</p> <p>Ambidexter</p> <p>I think so if it please your grace, but I cannot tel:</p> <p>King.</p> <p>Thou plaist with bothe hands, now I perceiue wel: But for to put all doubt aside, and to make him léefe his hope: He shall dye by dent of swoord, or els by choking Rope.</p> <p>D.ij.<r></p>	<p>Shall</p>
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	¶A Comedy of	
990	<p>Shall he hee ds when I am gone, to haue more praife then I?</p> <p>Were he Father as brother mine, I fwere that he shall dye.</p> <p>To pallaice mine I wil hee ds , his death for to pursue.</p> <p>Exit.</p>	
995	<p>Ambidexter.</p> <p>Are ye gone? straight way I wil followe you.</p> <p>How like ye now my maifters? Dooth not this géer cotton?</p> <p>The prouerb olde is verified, foon ripe and foon rotten.</p> <p>He will not be quiet, til his Brother be kild:</p> <p>His delight is wholly to haue his blood fpild.</p>	
1000	<p>Mary Sir I tolde him a notable lye:</p> <p>If it were to doo again man, I durft doo it I.</p> <p>Mary when I had doon, to it I durft not stand:</p> <p>Therby you may perceiue I vse to play with eche hand.</p> <p>But how now Cofin Cutpurffe with whome play you?</p>	
1005	<p>Take hee for his hand is groping euen now.</p> <p>Cofin take hee, if ye doo secretly grope:</p> <p>If ye be taken Cofin, ye muft looke through a rope. Exit.</p> <p>Smirdis. Enter Lord Smirdis alone</p>	
1010	<p>I am wandring alone héer and there to walke,</p> <p>The Court is so vnquiet, in it I take no ioy:</p> <p>Solitary to my felf now I may talke,</p> <p>If I could rule I wist what to fay.</p>	
1015	<p>Crueltie. Enter Crueltie</p> <p>My coequall partner Murder, come away. And Murder</p> <p>From me, long thou maist not stay. With bloody</p> <p>Murder. hands.</p>	
1020	<p>Yes from hee I may stay, but not thou from me:</p> <p>Therefore I haue a prerogatiue aboooue hee.</p> <p>Crueltie.</p> <p>But in this cafe we muft hee ds abide:</p> <p>Come, come, Lord Smirdis I haue fpide.</p>	
1025	<p>Lay hands on him with all feftination:</p> <p>That on him we may hee our indignation.</p> <p>Smirdis.</p> <p>How now my hee ds? What haue you to doo with me?</p> <p>Murder.</p> <p>King Cambifes hath sent vs vnto hee.</p> <p>Commaunding vs straightly, with out mercy or fauour:</p>	
	<D.ij.v>	Upon

	<p>Of King Cambifes.</p> <p>Upon ein to beftow our behaiour. With Crueltie to murder you, and make you away. Smirdis. ftrike him in</p> <p>Yet pardon me I hartely you pray: diuers places 1030 Confider the King is a eing tirannious: And all his eing be damnable and parnitious. Fauour me eing d e, I did him neuer offend: Crueltie. A little bladder of</p> <p>1035 No fauour at all, your life is at an end. Vineger prikt. Euen now I ftrike his body to wound: Beholde now his blood fprings out on the ground, Murder.</p> <p>Now he is dead, let vs prefent him to the King: Crueltie.</p> <p>1040 Lay to your hand, away him to bring. Exeunt Ambidexter. Enter Ambidexter.</p> <p>O the paffion of God, yunder is a heuy Court: Some eing, fome wailes, and fome make great fport. Lord Smirdis, by Crueltie and Murder is flain:</p> <p>1045 But Iefus for want of him, how fome doo complain. If I fhould haue had a thoufand pound, I could not forbear Now Iefus haue his bleffed foule in eing d. (eing d Ah, good Lord, to think on him, how it dooth me gréeue: I can not forbear eing d, ye may me beléeue. Vveep,</p> <p>1050 O my hart, how my pulses doo beat: With forowful lamentations, I am in fuch a heat. Ah my hart, how for him it dooth forow: Nay I haue doon in faith now, and God giue you good eing .</p> <p>1055 Ha, ha, ein nay laugh, with both hands to play: The king throughe his crueltie, hath made him away, But hath not he wrought, a moſte wicked ein: Becaufe king after him he fhould not eing d. His owne naturall brother and hauing no more: To procure his death by violence fore.</p> <p>1060 In fpirit becaufe his brother fhould neuer be King: His hart being wicked confented to this thing. Now he hath no more Brothers nor kinred aliue: If the King vfe this géer ftile, he cannot long thriue.</p>	
	D.iiij.<r>	Hob

	¶A Comedy of Hob, Enter Hob and Lob.	
1065	Gods hat Naibor come away, its time to market to go Lob.	
	Gods Vaft Naybor zay ye zo? The Clock hath striken viue ich think by laken: Bum Vay vrom fléep cham not very wel waken.	
1070	But Naybor Hoh, Naybor Hob, what haue ye to zel? Hob Bum troth Naybor Lob to you I chil tel. Chaue twoo Goslings, and a Chine of good Porke: There is no vatter eed s this and Yorke.	
1075	Chaue a pot of Strawberyes and a Calues hed: A zennight zince to morrow it hath eed dead. Lob.	
	Chaue a score of Egges, and of Butter a pound: Yesterday a nest of goodly yung Rabits I bound. Chaue vorty things mo, of more and of leffe: My brain is not very good them to expresse. But Gods Hat Naybor, wotft what? Hob.	
1080	No not wel Naybor. Whats that? Lob.	
1085	Bum vay Naybor, maifter king is a zhrode lad Zo God help me and holidam, I think the vool he mad. Zome zay he deale cruelly his Brother he did kil: And alfo a goodly yung lads hart blood, he did fpil, Hob.	
1090	Vorbod of God naibor, has he plaied zuch a volifh eed? Ambidexter.	
	Goodman Hob and goodman Lob, God be your eed . As you twoo towards market doo walke: Of the Kings crueltie I did hear you talke.	
1095	I infure you, he is a King moſte vile and parnitious: His eed s and life are odious and vicious. Lob.	
	It were a good eed zome body would breke his hed: Hob.	
1100	Bum vay Naybor Lob. I choufd he were dead.	
	<D.iiij.v>	Ambidexter

	King Cambifes. Ambidexter.	
1105	<p>So would I Lob and Hob with all my hart: Now with bothe hands, wil ye fée me play my parte? A ye Whorfon traitorly Knaues: Hob and Lob out vpon you flaues.</p> <p>Lob.</p> <p>And thou calft me knaue thou art an other: My name is Lob and Hob my next Naybor.</p>	
1110	<p>Ambidexter.</p> <p>Hob and Lob, a ye cuntry Patches: A ye fooles ye haue made wrong matches. Ye haue spoken treafon againft the kings grace: For it I wil accufe ye before his face. Then for the fame ye fhallbe martered:</p>	
1115	<p>At the leaft ye fhall be hangd, drawn and quartered:</p> <p>Hob.</p> <p>O gentleman ye fhall haue two Peare pyes and tel not of me.</p>	
1120	<p>Lob.</p> <p>By God a vat Goose chil giue thée. I think no hurt by my Vathers foule I zweare:</p> <p>Hob.</p>	
1125	<p>Chauē liued wel all my life time my naybors among: And now chould be lothe to come to zuch wrong. To be hanged and quartered the gréeft would be great:</p> <p>Lob.</p>	
1130	<p>A foule euil on thée Hob, who bid thée on it treat? Vor it was thou that firft did him name.</p> <p>Hob.</p> <p>Thou lyeft like a varlet, and thou zaist the fame, It was zuch a voolifh Lob as thou:</p> <p>Lob.</p>	
1135	<p>Speake many woords and by cods nailes I vow: Vpon thy pate my ftaffe I wil lay.</p> <p>Ambidexter.</p> <p>By the Maffe I wil caufe them to make a fray. Yea Lob thou fayeft true, all came through him.</p> <p>Lob.</p> <p>Bum vay thou Hob. a little would make me ye trim. Giue thée a zawp on thy nose til thy hart ake:</p>	
	<D.iiij.r>	Hob

1140	<p>A Commedy of Hob.</p> <p>If thou dareft doo it, els man cry creke. I truſt before thou hurt me: With my ſtaffe chil make a Lob of rat.</p>	
1145	<p>¶ Heer let them fight with their ſlaues, not come neer an other by three or foure ratt, the Vice ſet thē on as hard as he can one of their wiues come out and all to beat the Vice, he run avvay</p>	
1150	<p>¶ Enter Marian may be good, Hobs wife run- ning in with a Broome and parte them. Marian.</p> <p>O the body of me husband Hob, what meane you to fight: For the paſſion of God, no more blowes smite. Neighbours and rattli ſo long, and now to fall out: What? In your age to ſeeme ſo ſtout? If I had not parted ye, one had kild another:</p>	
1155	<p>Lob.</p> <p>I had not cared I ſwere by Gods mother.</p>	
1156	<p>Marian,</p> <p>Shake hands again at the requeſt of me: As ye haue rat rattli, ſo rattli ſtil be.</p>	
	<p>Hob.</p> <p>Bum troth cham content, and zaist rat neighbor Lob:</p>	
1160	<p>Lob.</p> <p>I am content rattl rattling Hob. Shake hands and Marian. Laugh hartely So, get you to market, no longer ſtay. One at an other. And with yonder knaue let me make a fray.</p>	
1165	<p>Hob.</p> <p>Content wife Marian, chil doo as thou dooſt ſay: But buſſe me ich pray rat at going away. Exeūt Hob. Lob.</p>	
1170	<p>Marian.</p> <p>Thou whorfon knaue & prickeard boy, why didſt yu let them fight? If one had kild another héer, couldſt thou their deaths requite? It beares a ſigne by this thy rat, a cowardly knaue thou art: Els wouldſt thou draw ye weapon thine, like a man them to parte</p>	
	<p>Ambidexter,</p> <p>What Marian may be good, are you come rattling?</p>	
	<p><D.iiij.v></p>	Ye may

	King Cambifes.	
1175	<p>Ye may hap get a box on the eare, with your talking. If they had kilde one another, I had not cared a peafe: Heer let her swinge him in her brome, ſhe gets him down, & he her down, thus one on the top of an other make paſtime Marian.</p>	
1180	<p>A villain, my ſelf on ecr I muſt eaſe. Giue me a box on the eare? That wil I try: Who ſhalbe Maifter thou ſhalt ſee by and by. Ambidexter.</p>	
1185	<p>O no more, no more I beſeech you hartely: Run his way Euen now I yéeld, and giue you the maiftery. Out while Marian ſhe is down,</p>	
	<p>A thou knaue, dooſt thou throw me down and run thy way? If he were heer again, oh how I would him pay. I wil after him, and if I can him ecr: With theſe my nailes, his face I wil ecre.</p>	
1190	<p>¶ Enter Venus leading out her ſone Cupid blinde, he muſt haue a bowe and two ſhafts, one hedded with golde and th’other hedded with lead. Venus.</p>	
1195	<p>Come forth my ſonne, vnto my ecre attentiu eares reſigne What I pretend ſée you frequent, to force this game of mine. The King a kinſwoman hath, adorn’d with beautie ſtore: And I wiſh that Dianas gifts, they twain ſhall ecr no more. But vſe my ſiluer ſugred game, their ioyes for to augment: When I doo ſpeake to wound his hart, Cupid my ſonne conſet.</p>	
1200	<p>And ſhoot at him the ſhaft of looue, that beares the hed of Golde: To wound his hart in loouers wife, his gréeſ for to vnfolde. Though kin ſhe be vnto his grace, that nature me expel: Againſt the courſe therof he may, in my game pleaſe me wel. Wherefore my ſonne doo not forget, ecreed h pursue the ecr:</p>	
1205	<p>Cupid. Mother I meane for to obay, as you haue whole ecreed. But you muſt tel me mother deer, when I ſhall arrow draw: Els your requeſt to be attaind, wil not be worth a ſtraw. I am blinde and cannot ſee, but ſtil doo ſhoot by geſſe: The Poets wel in places ſtore, of my might doo expreſſe.</p>	
1210	<p>Venus.</p>	
	E.<i.r->	Cupid

	A Commedy of	
	Cupid my sonne whē time shall serue, ye thou shalt doo this iel, Then warning I to thee wil giue, but see thou shoot, with speed.	
	Lord. Lord Lady, waiting maid	
1215	Lady iel to King a kin, ielded let vs ielded: To trace abroad the beauty féelds, as erst we had ielded. The blowing buds whose fauery fents our fence wil much The swéet smel of musk white rose, to please ye appetite. (delight The ielded birds whose ielded tunes, therein shall hear record That our great ioy we shall it finde, in féeld to walke a brode.	
1220	On Lute and Cittern there to play a heauenly ielded: Our eares shall heare, hart to content, our sports to beautie.	
	Lady.	
1225	Vnto your ield moste comely Lord, my self submit doo I: To trace with you in féeld so green, I meane not to deny. Maid heer trace vp & down playing And I your waiting maid at hand, with diligence wil be: For to fulfil wt hart and hand, when you shall ielded me.	
	King. Enter king. Lord & knight.	
1230	Come on my Lord and knight abroad, our mirth let vs imploy Since he is dead this hart of mine, in corps I iel it ioy. Should brother mine haue reigned King, when I had ielded breth A thousand brothers I rather had, to put them all to death. But oh, beholde where I doo see, a Lord and Lady fair: For beauty she moste worthy is, to fit in Princes chaire.	
1235	Venus. Shoot forth my fōne now is the time, ye thou must wōd his hart Cupid	
	Content you Mother I wil doo my parte. Shoot there and go out Venus and Cupid.	
1240	King. Of trueth my Lord in eye of mine, all Ladyes she dooth excel: Can none reporte what dame she is, and to my grace it tel?	
	Lord.	
1245	Redouted Prince pleafeth your grace, to you shée is a kin: Cofin Iarmin nigh of birth, by mothers fide come in. Knight. And that her waiting maiden is attending her vpon: He is a Lord of Princes Court, and wil be there anon.	
	<E.i.v>	They

	king Cambifes	
1250	<p>They fport them felues in pleasant féeld, to former vfed vfe: King.</p> <p>My Lord & knight of trueth I fpeake, my hart it cannot chufe. But with my Lady I muft fpeake and fo exprefse my minde: My Lord and Ladyes walking there, if you wil fauour finde. Preſent your felues vnto my grace, & by my fide come ſtand:</p>	
1255	<p>fiſt Lord.</p> <p>We wil fulfil moſte mightie king, as your grace doth cōmaūd. King.</p> <p>Lady déer intelligence, my grace hath got of late: You iſſued out of mothers ſtock, and kin vnto my ſtate. According to rule of birth you are, Cofin iarmin mine: Yet doo I wiſh that farther of, this kinred I could finde. For Cupid he that eyeleſſe boy, my hart hath ſo inflamed: With beauty you me to content, the like cannot be named. For ſince I entred in this place and on you fixt mine eyes:</p>	
1260	<p>Moſte burning fits about my hart in ample wife did riſe. The heat of thē ſuch force dooth yéeld, my corps they ſcorch alas: And burnes ye ſame with waſting heat, as Titan dooth the graſſe And ſith this heat is kindled ſo, and freſh in hart of me: There is no way but of the ſame, the quencher you muſt be.</p>	
1265	<p>My meaning is yt beauty yours, my hart with looue dooth wōūd: To giue me looue, minde to content my hart hath you out found. And you are ſhée muſt be my wife, els ſhall I end my dayes: Conſent to this and be my Quéén, to were ye crown with praife.</p>	
1270	<p>Lady.</p> <p>If it pleaſe your grace (O mightie king) you ſhall not this re- It is a thing that natures courſe, dooth vtterly deteſt. (queſt And high it would the God diſpleaſe, of all that is the wurft: To graunt your grace to marry ſo, it is not I that durſt. Yet humble thanks I render now vnto you mightie King:</p>	
1275	<p>That you vouchſafe to great eſtate, ſo gladly would me bring. Were it not it were offence, I would it not deny: But ſuch great honor to atchiue, my hart I would apply. Therefore (O king) with humble hart, in this I pardon craue: Mine anſwere is in this requeſt: your minde ye may not haue.</p>	
1280	<p>King.</p> <p>May I not? nay then I wil by all the Gods I vow:</p>	
1285	<p>E.ii.<r></p> <p>And</p>	

	¶A Comedy of	
1290	<p>And I wil mary arr as wife, this is mine answere now: Who dare fay nay what I pretēd, who dare the fame wtfstand? Shall lofe his hed and haue reporte, as traitor through my lād. There is no nay I wil you haue, and you my Quéén shalbe: Lady.</p> <p>Then mightie King I craue your grace, to hear ye words of me Your councel take of Lordings wit, the lawes aright peruse: If I with safe may graunt this arr, I wil it not refuse. King.</p>	
1295	<p>No, no, what I haue said to you. I meane to haue it fo: For counfel theirs I meane not I, in this respect to go. But to my Pallaice let vs go, the arried to prepare: For to auoid my wil in this, I can it not forbear.</p> <p>Lady.</p>	
1300	<p>O God forgiue me if I doo amiffe: The king by compulsion, inforfeth me this. Maid</p>	
1305	<p>Vnto the Gods for your estate, I wil not ceafe to pray: That you may be a happy Quéén. And fée moſte ioyful day. King.</p> <p>Come on my Lords with gladfome harts, let vs reioice wt arr: Your Mufick ſhowe to ioy this arr, at the request of me. Bothe.</p>	
1310	<p>For to obey your graces arri our honours doo arri. Exeūt Ambidexter. Enter Ambidexter</p>	
1315	<p>O the Paſſion of me, mary as ye fay, yonder is a royal court There is triumphing and ſport vpon ſporte. Such loyall Lords, with ſuch Lordly exerciſe: Frequenting ſuch paſtime as they can deuise. Running at tilt, luſting, with running at the King: Maſking and mumming, with eche kinde of thing, Such dauncing, ſuch finging, with musicall arried: Beleeue me I was lothe to abſent their company. (arried? But wil you beleue? Iefu what haſte they made til they were</p>	
1320	<p>Not for a Miliō of pounds one day longer th ey would haue arried Oh there was a banquet royall and ſuperexelent: Thousands, and thousands at that banquet was ſpent. I muſe of nothing but how they can be arried ſo ſoon:</p>	
	<E.ii.v>	I care

	of king Cambices.	
1325	<p>I care not if I be eeds d before to eeds at eeds . If eeds d be a thing that so may be had: How fay you maid? To mary me wil ye be glad? Out of dout I beléue it is some excellent treasure: Els to the same belongs abundant pleasure. Yet with mine eares I haue heard some say:</p>	
1330	<p>That euer I was eeds d, now curfed be the day. Thofe be they, that with curfe wiues be matched: That husband for hankes meat, of thē is vp fnatched. Hed broke with a bedstaf, face all to be scratched. Knaue flaue and villain, a coild cote now and than:</p>	
1335	<p>Whē the wife hath giuē it, she wil fay alas good man. Such were better vnmarried my maisters I trowe: Then all their life after to be matched with a shrowe.</p>	
	Preparation. Enter Preparation.	
1340	<p>With spéed I am fent all things to prepare: My mēssage to doo as the king did declare. His grace dooth meane a banquit to make: Meaning in this place repaste for to take. Wel the cloth shalbe laid and all things in redynes: To court to return when doon is my bufines.</p>	
1345	<p>Ambidexter. A proper man and also a fit. For the Kings estate to prepare a banquit.</p>	
	Preparation.	
1350	<p>What Ambidexter? Thou art not vnknownen: A wilchéef on all good faces, so that I curfe not mine owne. Now in the knaues name shake hands with me.</p>	
	Ambidexter.	
1355	<p>Wel laid goodman pouchmouth your reuerence I fée. I will teach ye, if your manners no better be. A yée flaue, the king dooth me a gentleman alow: Therefore I look, that to me ye shall how. Fight</p>	
	Preparation.	
1360	<p>Good Maister Ambidexter, pardon my behauiour: For this your eeds, ye are a knaue for your labour.</p>	
	Ambidexter.	
	Why ye stale counterly vaillain, nothing but Knaue? Fight	
	E.ijj.<r>	Preparation

	¶A Comody of Preparation.	
1365	I am fory your maisterfhip offended I haue. Shake hands that eed he vs eed her may bée: I was ouer fhott with my felf, I doo fee. Let me haue your help, this furniture to prouide: The King from this place wil not long abide. Ambidexter. fet the frute on the bord	
1370	Content, it is the thing that I would wilh: I my felf wil go fetch on Difh. ¶ Let the Vice fet a difh of nuts and let them fall in the bringing of them in. Preparation.	
1375	Clenly maifter Ambidexter, for fair on the ground they lye: Ambidexter. I will haue them vp again by and by. Preparation.	
1380	To fée all in redynes I wil put you in trust: There is no nay to the Court eed I muft. Exit Preparation Ambidexter. Haue ye no dout but all fhallbe wel: Mary Sir as you fay, this geer dooth excel. All things is in a redynes, when they come hether: The kings grace and the Quéén bothe eed her.	
1385	I beféech ye my maifters tel me is it not beft: That I be fo bolde to bid a geft? He is as honeft a man as euer fpurd Cow: My Cofin cutpurfe I meane, I beféech ye iudge you: Beléeue me Cofin if to be the Kings geft, ye could be taken:	
1390	I trust that offer would not be forfaken. But Cofin becaufe to that office ye are not like to cōe: Frequent your exerfifes, a horne on your Thumb. A quick eye, a fharp knife, at hand a receiuer: But then take eed Cofin ye be a clenly conuayour.	
1395	Content your felf Cofin, for this banquit you are vnfit: When fuch as I at the fame am not worthy to fit. King. Enter My Quéén and Lords to take repaft, let vs attempt the fame Héer is the place delay no time, but to our purpofe frame.	
	<E.iiij.v>	Queene

1400	<p>king Cambifes. Queene.</p> <p>With willing harts your whole beheft, we minde for to obay: All</p> <p>And we the reft of Princes train, wil doo as you doo fay. king Sit at the banquet.</p>	
1405	<p>Me think mine eares dooth with the foūd, of muficks een ed: Héer for to play before my grace, in place I would them spy: Ambidexter. Play at the banquet</p> <p>They be at hand Sir with ftick and een e: They can play a new daunce called hey didle didle.</p>	
1410	<p>King.</p> <p>By Quéen parpend what I pronounce I wil not violate: But one thing which my hart makes glad. I minde to explicate You knowe in Court by trained is, a Lyon very yung: Of on litter two whelps beside, as yet not very ftrong.</p>	
1415	<p>I did request one whelp to fee, and this yung Lion fight: But Lion did the whelp couince, by ftrength of force a might. His brother welp perceiuing that the Lion was to good: And he by force was like to fee, the other whelp his blood.</p>	
1420	<p>With force to Lyon he did run, his brother for to help: A wunder great it was to fee that fréendfhip in a whelp. So then the the whelpes een ed them both ye Lion did cōuince Which thing to fee before mine eyes, did glad yt hart of Prince. ¶ At this tale tolde let the Queene vweep. Queene.</p>	
1425	<p>These een to hear makes ftilling teares, iffue from Chrifal king. (eyes</p> <p>What dooft thou meane my fpoufe to een, for loffe of any prife Queene.</p>	
1430	<p>No, no (O King) but as you fee, fréendfhip in brothers whelp: When one was like to haue repulse, the other een ed help. And was this fauour fhowd in dogs to fhame of royall king: Alack I with thefe eares of mine, had not once heard this thing Euen fo fhould you (O mightie King) to brother een a ftay: And not without offence to you, in fuch wife him to flay.</p>	
1435	<p>In all affayes it was your parte, his caufe to haue defended: And who fo euer had him mifufed, to haue them reprehended. But faithful looue was more in Dog, then it was in your grace:</p>	
	<p><E.iiij.r></p>	king

	<p>A Commedy of King.</p>	
1440	<p>O curfed caitiue vicious vile, I hate etw in this place. This banquit it is an end, take all thefe things away: Before my face thou fhalt repent, the etwe that thou dooft fay O wretch moſte vile, didſt yu the caufe of brother mine ſo tēder: The loſſe of him ſhould grēue thy hart, he etwe none offender It did me good his death to haue, ſo wil it to haue thine:</p>	
1445	<p>What freendſhip he had at my hands, ye ſame euen yt fhalt finde I giue conſent and make a vow, that thou fhalt dye the death: By Cruels ſwoord & Murder fel, euen thou fhalt dye the breth. Ambidexter, ſee with ſpēed, to Crueltie ye go: Cauſe him hether to etween , Murder with him alſo.</p>	
1450	<p>Ambidexter. I redy am for to fulfil, if that it be your graces wil. King. Then nought oblight my meſſage giuen, abſent thy ſelf away: Ambidexter.</p>	
1455	<p>Then in this place, I wil no longer ſtay: If that I durft, I would mourne your cafe: But alas, I dare not for feare of his grace. King. Exit Ambidexter.</p>	
1460	<p>Thou curfed lil, by all the Gods, I take an othe and fwete: that fleſh of thine theſe hāds of mine, in pēces ſmall could tere. But thou fhalt dye by dent of ſwoord, there is no frēend ne fee: Shall finde remorce at Princes hand, to ſaue the life of thee. Queene.</p>	
1465	<p>Oh mightle King & husband mine, vouchſafe to héer me ſpeke: And licence giue to ſpouſe of thine, her patient minde to breke. For tender looue vnto your grace, my etwe I did ſo frame: For pure looue dooth hart of king, me violate and blame. And to your grace is this offence, that I ſhould purchaſe death: Then curfed time that I was Quéen, to ſhorten this my breth.</p>	
1470	<p>Your grace doth know by etween true, I am your wife & ſpouſe And one to ſaue āothers helth (at troth plight) made our vowes Therefore O king let loouing Quéen, at thy hand finde remorſe Let pi**e be a meane to quench, that cruel raging force. And pardon plight from princes mouth, yéeld grace vnto your queen:</p>	
1475	<p>That amitie wt faithful zeal, may euer be vs etween.</p>	
	<p><E.iiij.v></p>	king

	***dy of	
1515	<p>Murder and Crueltie, for bothe of you I sent: With all festination, your offices to frequent. Lay holde on the Quéen, take her to your power: And make her away with in this houre. Spare for no feare I doo you ful permit: So I from this place, doo meane for to flit.</p>	
1520	<p>Bothe. With eep ons s harts (O King) we will obey: King. Then come my Lords let vs departe away. Bothe the Lords.</p>	
1525	<p>With heuy harts we wil doo all, your grace dooth say, Crueltie. Exeunt king, & Lords Come Lady and Quéen now are you in our haudling: In faith with you we wil vse no dandling. Murder.</p>	
1530	<p>With all expedition, I Murder wil take place: Though thou be a Quéene, ye be vnder my grace. Queene. With patience I wil you bothe obey: Crueltie.</p>	
1535	<p>No more eep but go with vs away. Queene. Yet before I dye some Pfalme to God let me sing: Bothe. We be content to permit you that thing. Queene.</p>	
1540	<p>Farwel you Ladyes of the Court, with all your malking hew: I doo forfake thefe brodered gardes, and all the eep ons new. The Court and all the courtly train, wherin I had delight: I banished am from happy sporte and all by spightful spight. Yet with a ioyful hart to God a Psalme I meane to sing: Forgiuing all & the king, of eche kinde of thing. sing & Exeūt Ambidexter. Enter Ambidexter weping</p>	
1545	<p>A, A, A. A, I cannot chuse but eep for the Quéene: Nothing but mourning now at the Court there is féen. Oh, oh, my hart, my hart, Oh my bum wil break: Very gréefto torments me that scarce I can speake.</p>	
1550	<p><F.i.v></p>	Who

	king Cambifes.	
1555	<p>Who could but roc for the losse of fuch a Lady? That can not I doo, I fweare by mine honefty. But Lord fo the Ladyes mourn crying a lack: Nothing is worne now but onely black. I belecue all cloth in walling street, to make gownes would not If I make a lye, the Deuil let ye sterue. (ferue All Ladyes mourne bothe yung and olde:</p>	
1560	<p>There is not one that weareth a points worth of Gold There is a forte for feare, for the King doo pray: That would haue him dead, by the maffe I dare fay. What a King was he that hath vfed fuch roceed? He was a kin to Bilhop Bonner, I think rocee, For bothe their delights was to shed blood:</p>	
1565	<p>But neuer intended to doo any good. Cambifes put a Iudge to death, that was a good deed: But to kil the yung Childe was worfe to roceed. To murder his Brother, and then his owne wife: So help me God and holidom, it is pitie of his life Heare ye? I wil lay twentie thousand pound:</p>	
1570	<p>That the king him felf dooth dye by fome wound. He hath shed fo much blood that his wil be shed: If it come fo to paffe infaith then he is sped. ¶ Enter the king vvithout a gown, a fwoord thruft vp into his fide bleeding.</p>	
1575	King.	
1580	<p>Out alas what fhall I doo? My life is finifhed. Wounded I am by fudain chaunce, my blood is m[a]nifhed. Gogs hart what meanes might I make, my life to preferue? Is there nought to be my help: nor is their nought to ferue? Out vpon the Court, and Lords that there remain: To help my gréef in this my cafe, wil none of them take pain? Who but I in fuch a wife his deaths wound could haue got: As I on horse back vp did leape, my fwoord from fcabard fhot.</p>	
1585	<p>And ran me thus into the fide, as you right wel may fee: A meruels chaunce vnfortunate, that in this wife fhould bée. I feele my felf a dying now, of life bereft am I: And death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blood I fpy. Thus gasping héer on ground I lye, for nothing I doo care:</p>	
	F.ij.<r>	A iuft

1590	<p style="text-align: center;">¶A Comedy of</p> <p>A iuft reward for my misdeeds, my death dooth plain declare.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">¶ Heer let him quake and ftir, Ambidexter.</p> <p>How now noble King? pluck vp your hart: What wil you dye, and from vs departe?</p>	
1595	<p>Speake to me, and you be aliuē: He cannot speake, but beholde how with death he dooth striue. Alas good King, alas he is gone, The Deuil take me, if for him I make any mone. I did prognosticate of his end by the Maffs:</p>	
1600	<p>Like as I did fay fo is it come to paffe. I wil be gone, if I fhould be found héer: That I fhould kil him it would appéer. For feare with •is death they doo me charge: Farewel my maifters I wil go take barge.</p>	
1605	<p>I meane to be packing now is the tide: Farewel my maifters I wil no longer abide. Exit Ambidexter. ¶ Enter three Lords first Lord.</p>	
1610	<p>Beholde my Lords it is euen fo, as he to vs did tel: His grace is dead vpon the ground, by dent of fwoord moſte fel. second Lord.</p>	
1615	<p>As he in faddle would haue lept, his fword from fheath did go: Coring him vp into the fide, his life was ended fo. third Lord.</p>	
1620	<p>His blood fo faſt did iffue out, that nought could him prolong: Yet before he urial vp the ghof, his hart was very ſtrong. Firſt Lord.</p>	
1625	<p>A iuſt rewarde for his misdeeds, the God aboue hath wrought: For certainly the life he led, was to be counted nought. second Lord.</p>	
	<p>Yet a *rincely urial he ſhall haue, according his eſtate: And more of him heer at this time, we haue not to dilate. Third Lord</p>	
	<p>My Lord let vs take him vp, to cary him away. Bothe.</p>	
	<p>Content we are with one accord, to doo as you doo fay. Exeūt. All</p>	
	<F.ij.v>	Epilogus.

	¶ Epilogus.	
1630	<p> Right gentle Andience, héere haue you perufed, The tragicall History of this wicked king: According to our duety we haue not refufed, But to our beft intent exprest euey thing. We trust none is offended for this our dooing, Our Author craues likewise if he haue squared amiffe: By gentle admonicion to knowe where the fault is. </p>	
1635		
1640	<p> ¶ His good wil fhall not be neglected to amend the fame, Praying all to beare therfore with his simyte déed: Vntil the time serue a •tter he may frame, Thus yéelding you **** to end we decreed. That you fo gently ****red vs to proceed, In fuch patien*****as to hear and fée: We can but thank ye therfore, we can doo no more </p>	
1645	<p> ¶ As duty bindes vs for our noble Quéene let vs pray, And for her honorable Councel the trueth yt they may b• To practise Iuftice and defend her grace eche day, To maintain Gods woord they may not refuse. To correct all thofe, that would her grace & graces lawes abufe, Befeeching God ouer vs, fhe may reign long: To be guided by trueth and defended from wrong. </p>	
1650		
	Amen. Thomas Prefton	
	<i>Imprinted at London by Iohn Alldē.</i>	