

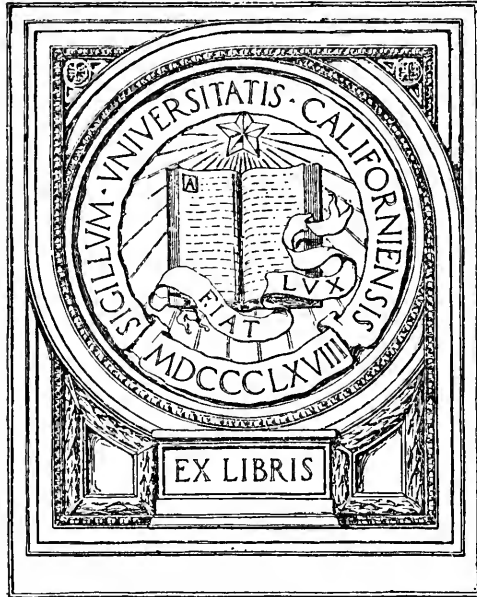
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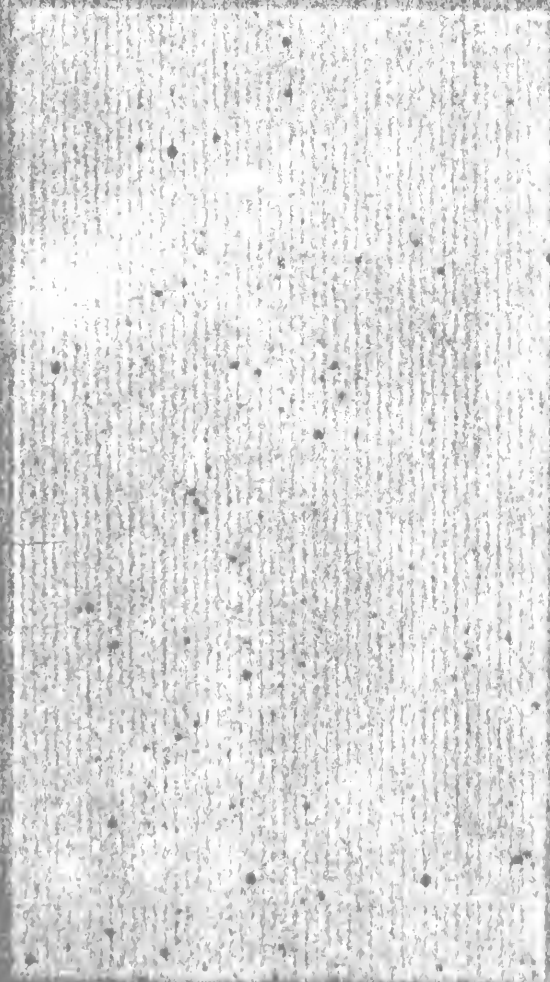


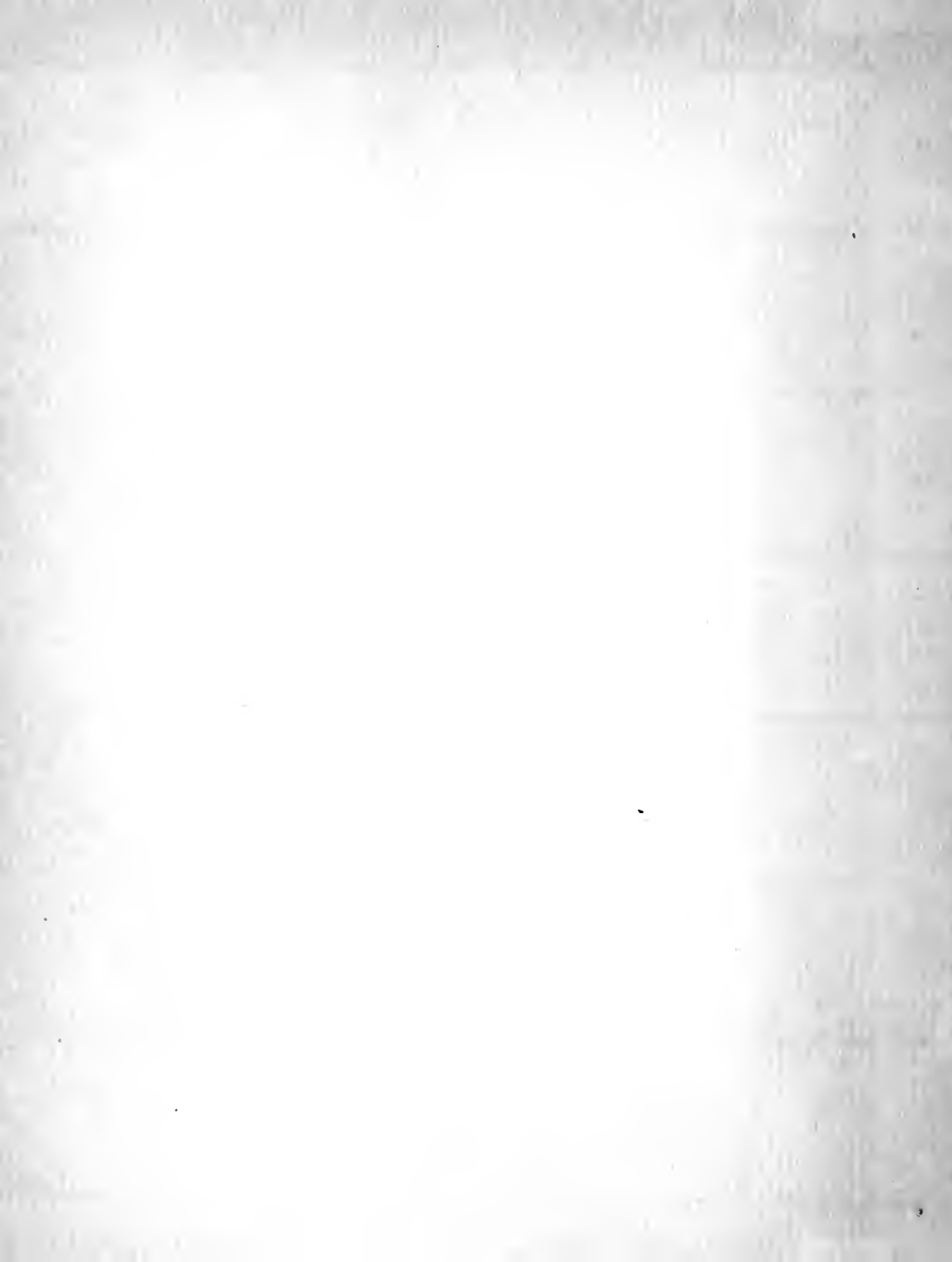
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PRESS

CLYOMON AND  
CLAMYDES

1599



THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1913

This reprint of *Clyomon and Clamydes* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

*Dec. 1913.*

W. W. Greg.

PR  
2411  
S47  
1913a

No entry referring to *Clyomon and Clamydes* has been found in the Stationers' Register, and the only early edition known is that from the press of Thomas Creede bearing the date 1599. This is a quarto printed in roman type of a size approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 82 mm.). Of this a copy, wanting the leaf A 1 before the title-page and also slightly mutilated, is in the British Museum, while a perfect copy is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The first of these has formed the basis of the present reprint, but the second has been consulted in all cases of doubt. No variants have been observed.

The title-page states that the play had been performed by the Queen's players. This company acted regularly at court down to 1591. After that it apparently fell into low water, for its only subsequent appearance there was on 6 January 1594, and its performances in London seem to have been few. In the provinces Queen's men continue to be mentioned till 1602, but it is doubtful whether the same company is intended, for this left London in the spring of 1594, and there is some reason to suppose that it did not outlive the year. Whether it was the original owner of the play there is no means of telling.

Dyce included *Clyomon and Clamydes* in his edition of the works of George Peele, with the remark: 'On the title-page of a copy of this play, a MS. note in a very old hand attributes it to Peele; and, I have no doubt, rightly.' This copy does not appear to be now known. Bullen, on the other hand, though reprinting the play along with Peele's, doubted his authorship, and critical opinion has certainly upheld this view. More than one writer has indeed attempted to vindicate Peele's right, but no attempt has ever been made to show that the arguments advanced in support of this ascription would not equally prove Peele's authorship of *Common Conditions*, a very

1599

similar piece which was entered in the Stationers' Register on 27 July 1576 (Arber's Transcript, ii. 301), and may be some years older. Those who deny Peele's authorship have suggested the names of Robert Wilson, Richard Bower, and Thomas Preston as possible claimants, but without advancing any convincing grounds for their conjectures. All that can here be said is that *Clyomon and Clamydes* is very likely by the same hand as, and almost certainly contemporary with, *Common Conditions*, to which it is, if anything, probably anterior. This would place its composition at least ten years earlier than the printing of the *Arraignement of Paris*, Peele's earliest play. That these rambling romances retained some popularity seems to be proved by the burlesque of them of Peele's *Old Wives Tale*.

## LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &C.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, or might appear to be such, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation, while, on the other hand, the inclusion of a reading does not necessarily imply that it is incorrect.

The original appears to have been printed with tolerable accuracy as far as mere composition is concerned. There are, however, a considerable number of more or less deep-seated corruptions in the text for which reference should be made to Bullen's edition. Towards the end of the play there is a tendency to place colons in place of periods at the end of speeches, an irregularity which has not been noticed in this list.

<p>191 Kight,            199 <i>Clya</i>.            220 <i>Ring</i>            349 bfore,            364 <i>Mars</i> I] possibly <i>Mars</i>I            395 she            436 Adiu            500 <i>Clamy</i>.] <i>Clamy</i> in original: error for <i>Clyo</i>. It is <i>Clyomon</i> not <i>Clamydes</i> who leaves the stage.            516 fitecene            523 there            527 and            541 tobring            547 <i>Exit</i>.] possibly <i>Exit</i> :            624 <i>Exeunt</i>.            640 <i>Iulianas</i>            722 <i>Shiftmai</i>.            725 <i>Clyomomon</i>,            804 fmall            1052 obfolue,            1095 deate,            1187 <i>Adue</i>.] possibly <i>A due</i>,            1248 came            1313 be            1374 affaile,            1377 receiue,</p>	<p>1398 holyday] possibly holy day            1452 Chat] probably error for                <i>Co. That</i>            1524 a loue            1530 as sheepe                a fray            1531 c.w. hA            1554 that] possibly chat            1608 grievly            1793 Gtace            1823 haue            1841 knowne,            1871 faithfull] possibly faithfull            1872 <i>Nerones</i>            1934 ay,            1942 <i>Kiag</i>.            2018 formy            2019 whad            2023 <i>Clamy</i>.            2051 fite] the r dropped out and the                y of you gradually shifted to                the left            2096 cowardly            2159 he'is            2162 <i>Nerones</i>.            2170 craue,            2182] not indented            2206 ioyfull] possibly ioy full</p>
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## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

CLAMYDES, son to the King of Suavia.	a Knight, released by Clamydes.
JULIANA, daughter to the King of Denmark.	THRASELLUS, King of Norway.
CLYOMON, son to the King of Denmark.	two Lords attendant.
SUBTLE SHIFT, the Vice.	RUMOR.
The King of SUAVIA.	CORIN, a shepherd.
two Lords attendant.	PROVIDENCE.
ALEXANDER the Great.	The Widow of the King of the Strange Marshes.
a Lord attendant.	MUSTANTIUS, brother to the King of the Strange Marshes.
BRYAN SANS FOY.	a Page.
a Boatswain.	The King of DENMARK.
NERONIS, daughter to the King of the Strange Marshes.	The Queen of DENMARK.
two Lords attendant.	a Lord attendant.
	KNOWLEDGE.

A herald and a third lord attendant on the King of Suavia, soldiers of Alexander, two servants of Bryan Sans Foy, two ladies attendant on Neronis, two more knights released by Clamydes, a second lord attendant on the King of Denmark, Corin's dog.

Thanks are due to Mr. J. P. Maine, Librarian to the Duke of Devonshire, for kindly supplying minute information as to the readings of the copy of the play preserved at Chatsworth.



# THE HISTORIE OF

the two valiant Knights,

Syr *Clyomon* Knight of the Golden  
Sheeld, sonne to the King of  
Denmarke:

And *Clamydes* the white Knight, sonne to the  
King of *Suaui*.

As it hath bene sundry times Acted by her  
Majesties Players.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede.

1599.





# THE HISTORIE OF Sir Clyomon Knight of the

golden Sheeld, son to the King of *Denmark* :

*And Clamydes the white Knight, sonne to  
the King of Swauia.*

*Enter Clamydes,*

**C***lamy.* As to the wearie wādring wights, whom wāltring waues enuirō,  
No greater ioy of ioyes may be, then when from out the Ocean  
They may behold the Altitude of Billowes to abate,  
For to obserue the Longitude of Seas in former rate.  
And hauing then the latitude of Sea-roume for to passe,  
Their ioy is greater through the grieffe, then erst before it was.  
So likewise I *Clamydes*, Prince of *Swauia* Noble soyle,  
Bringing my Barke to *Denmarke* here, to bide the bitter broyle:  
And beating blowes of Billowes high, while raging stormes did last,  
My griefes was greater then might be, but tempests ouerpast,  
Such gentle calmes ensued hath, as makes my ioyes more  
Through terror of the former feare, then erst it was before.  
So that I sit in safetie, as Sea-man vnder shrowdes,  
When he perceiues the stormes be past, through vanquishing of Clowdes.  
For why, he doubtfull care that draue me off, in daunger to preuale,  
Is dashte through bearing lesser braine, and keeping vnder saile :  
So that I haue through trauell long, at last posselt the place  
Whereas my Barke in harbour safe, doth pleasures great embrace :  
And hath such license limited, as heart can seeme to aske,  
To go and come, of custome free, or any other taske.

A 3

I



A



# THE HISTORIE OF

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As it hath bene sundry times Acted by her  
Maiesties Players.



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede.

1599.



## The Prologue.

*A*S lately lifting up the leaues of worthy writers workes,  
Wherein the Noble acts and deeds of many hidden lurks,  
Our Author he hath found the Glasse of glory shining bright,  
Wherein their liues are to be seene, which honour did delight,  
To be a Lanthorne vnto those which dayly do desire,  
Apollos Garland by desert, in time for to aspire,  
Wherein the froward chances oft, of Fortune you shall see,  
Wherein the chearefull countenance, of good successes bee:  
Wherein true Louers findeth ioy, with bugie heapes of care,  
Wherein as well as famous facts, ignomius placed are:  
Wherein the iust reward of both, is manifestly showne,  
That vertue from the roote of vice, might openly be knowne.  
And doubting nought right Courteous all, in your accustomed woont  
And gentle eares, our Author he, is prest to bide the brunt  
Of bablers tongues, to whom he thinks, as frustrate all his toile,  
As peereles taste to filthy Swine, which in the mire doth moile.  
Well, what he hath done for your delight, he gaue not me in charge,  
The Actors come, who shall expresse the same to you at large.







# THE HISTORIE OF Sir Clyomon Knight of the

golden Sheeld, fon to the King of *Denmark* :  
*And Clamydes the white Knight, sonne to  
the King of Swauia.*

*Enter Clamydes.*

*Sc. i*

**C***Lamy.* As to the wearie wādring wights, whom waltring waues enuirō,  
No greater ioy of ioyes may be, then when from out the Ocean  
They may behold the Altitude of Billowes to abate,  
For to obserue the Longitude of Seas in former rate.  
And hauing then the latitude of Sea-roume for to passe,  
Their ioy is greater through the grieffe, then erst before it was.  
So likewise I *Clamydes*, Prince of *Swauia* Noble soyle,  
Bringing my Barke to *Denmarke* here, to bide the bitter broyle :  
And beating blowes of Billowes high, while raging stormes did last, 10  
My griefes was greater then might be, but tempests ouerpast,  
Such gentle calmes enfued hath, as makes my ioyes more  
Through terror of the former feare, then erst it was before.  
So that I fit in safetic, as Sea-man vnder shrowdes,  
When he perceiues the stormes be past, through vanquishing of Clowdes.  
For why, the doubtfull care that draue me off, in daunger to preuaile,  
Is dasht through bearing lesser braine, and keeping vnder saile :  
So that I haue through trauell long, at last possēt the place  
Whereas my Barke in harbour safe, doth pleasures great embrace :  
And hath such licensē limited, as heart can seeme to aske, 20  
To go and come, of custome free, or any other taske.

## The Historie of Clyomon

I meane by *Iuliana* she, that blaze of bewties breeding,  
And for her noble gifts of grace, all other dames exceeding:  
Shee hath from bondage set me free, and freed, yet still bound  
To her, aboue all other Dames that liues vpon the ground:  
For had not she bene mercifull, my ship had rusht on Rocks,  
And so decayed amidst the stormes, through force of clubbish knocks:  
But when she saw the daunger great, where subiect I did stand,  
In bringing of my silly Barke, full fraught from out my land,  
She like a meeke and modest Dame, what should I else say more?  
Did me permit with full consent, to land vpon her shore:  
Vpon true promise that I would, here faithfull still remaine,  
And that performe which she had vowed, for those that should obtaine  
Her princely person to possesse, which thing to know I stay,  
And then aduenturously for her, to passe vpon my way.  
Loe where she comes, ah peereles Dame, my *Iuliana* deare.

30

*Enter Iuliana with a white Sheeld.*

*Iuliana.* My *Clamydes*, of troth Sir Prince, to make you stay thus here,  
I profer too much iniurie, thats doubtlesse on my part,  
But let it no occasion giue, to breede within your hart  
Mistrust that I should forge or faine, with you my Loue in ought.

40

*Clamy.* No Lady, touching you, in me doth lodge no such a thought,  
But thanks for your great curtesie that would so friendly heere  
In mids of miserie receiue, a forraine straunger meere:  
But Lady say, what is your will, that it I may perstand?

*Iulia.* Sir Prince, vpon a vow, who spowfeth me, must needfly take in hand  
The flying Serpent for to sley, which in the Forrest is,  
That of strange maruels beareth name, which Serpent doth not mis  
By dayly vse from euery coast, that is adyacent there,  
To fetch a Virgin maide or wife, or else some Lady faire,  
To feed his hungrie panch withall, if case he can them take,  
His nature loe it onely is, of women spoyle to make:  
Which thing no doubt, did daunt me much, and made me vow indeed,  
Who should espouse me for his wife, should bring to me his head:  
Whereto my father willingly, did giue his like consent,  
Lo Sir *Clamydes*, now you know what is my whole intent:  
And if you will as I haue said, for me this trauell take,  
That I am yours, with heart and mind, your full account do make.

50

*Clamy.* Ah

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Cl.* Ah Lady, if case these trauels should surmount, the trauels whereby  
Vnto the worthies of the world, such noble brute and fame, (came 60  
Yea though the dangers should surpasse stout *Hercules* his toyle,  
Who fearing nought the dogged feend, sterne *Serbarus* did foyle.  
Take here my hand, if life and limbe the liuing Gods do lend,  
To purchase thee, the dearest drop of bloud my heart shall spend.  
And therefore Lady lincke with me, thy loyall heart for aye,  
For I am thine til fates vntwine of vital life the stay:  
Protesting here if Gods assist, the Serpent for to kil.

*Iuli.* Then shalt thou of all women win, the heart and great good wil,  
And me possesse for spowfed wife, who in election am  
To haue the Crowne of *Denmarke* here, as heire vnto the same. 70  
For why, no children hath my sire besides mee, but one other,  
And he indeed is heire before, for that he is my brother.  
And *Clyomon* so hight his name, but where he doth remaine,  
Vnto my Parents is vnknowne, for once he did obtaine  
Their good wills for to go abroad, a while to spend his daies,  
In purchasing through actiue deeds, both honour, laud and praife,  
Whereby he might deserue to haue the order of a Knight,  
But this omitting vnto thee, *Clamydes* here I plight  
My faith and troth, if what is said by me thou dost performe.

*Clamy.* If not, be sure O Lady with my life, I neuer will returne. 80

*Iuli.* Then as thou seemest in thine attire, a Virgins Knight to be,  
Take thou this Sheeld likewise of white, and beare thy name by me,  
The white Knight of the Siluer Sheeld, to eleuate thy praife.

*Clamy.* O Lady as your pleasure is, I shall at all assayes  
Endeuour my good will to win, if *Mars* do fend me might,  
Such honour as your grace with ioy, shall welcome home your Knight.

*Iuli.* Then farewell my deare *Clamydes*, the gods direct thy way,  
And graunt that with the Serpents head, behold thy face I may.

*Exit.*

*Clamy.* You shall not need to doubt thereof, O faithfull Dame so true, 90  
And humbly kissing here thy hand, I bid thy Grace adue.  
Ah happie time and blisfull day, wherein by fate I find  
Such friendly fauours as is foode, to feede both heart and mind:  
To *Suauiia* foile I swiftly will prepare my foot-steps right,

There

## The Historie of Clyomon,

There of my father to receiue the order of a Knight :  
And afterwards addresse my felfe in hope of honours Crowne,  
Both Tyger fell and Monfter fierce, by dint for to driue downe,  
The flying Serpent soone shall feele, how boldly I dare vaunt me,  
And if that *Hydras* head she had, yet dread should neuer daunt me,  
If murdering *Minataure*, a man might count this ougly beast,  
Yet for to win a Lady such, I do account it least  
Of trauels toyle to take in hand, and therefore farewell care,  
For hope of honour sends me forth, mongst warlike wights to share.

100

*Exit.*

*Enter Sir Clyomon Knight of the golden Sheeld, sonne to the King of  
Denmarke, with subtile Shift the Vice, booted.*

Sc. ii

*Clyo.* Come on good fellow follow me, that I may vnderstand  
Of whence thou art, thus traouelling here in a forraine land :  
Come why dost thou not leaue loytering there, and follow after me ?

*Shift.* Ah I am in ant shall please you.

110

*Clyo.* In, why where art thou in ?

*Shift.* Faith in a dirtie Ditch with a woman, so beraide, as it's pittie to see.

*Clyo.* Wel, I see thou art a merrie cōpanion, I shall like better of thy cōpany:  
But I pray thee come away.

*Shift.* If I get out one of my legs as fast as I may  
Ha lo, A my buttocke, the very foundation thereof doth breake,  
Ha lo, once againe, I am as fast, as though I had frozen here a weeke.

*Here let him slip vnto the Stage backwards, as though he had puld  
his leg out of the mire, one boote off, and rise vp to  
run in againe.*

120

*Clyo.* Why how now, whither runst thou, art thou foolish in thy mind ?

*Shi.* But to fetch one of my legs ant shall please, that I haue left in the  
mire behind.

*Clyo.* One of thy legs, why looke man, both thy legs thou hast,  
It is but one of thy bootes thou hast lost, thy labour thou doest wast.

*Shift.* But one of my bootes, Iesu, I had such a wrench with the fall,  
That I assure, I did thinke one of my legs had gone withall.

*Clyo.* Well let that passe, and tell me what thou art, and what is thy name ?  
And from whence thou cam'st, and whither thy iourney thou doest frame,  
That I haue met thee by the way, thus traouelling in this fort ?

130

*Shift.* What

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Shift.* What you haue requested, ant shall please, I am able to report,  
What I am by my nature each wight shall perceiue  
That frequenteth my company, by the learning I haue.  
I am the sonne of *Appollo*, and from his high feate I came,  
But whither I go, it skills not, for knowledge is my name :  
And who so hath knowledge, what needs he to care  
Which way the wind blowe, his way to prepare.

*Cly.* And art thou knowledge, of troth I am glad that I haue met with thee.

*Shift.* I am knowledge, and haue as good skill in a woman as any man  
whatsoever he bee.

140

For this I am certaine of, let me but lie with her all night,  
And Ile tell you in the morning, whither she is maide, wife, or spright :  
And as for other matters, speaking of languishes, or any other thing,  
I am able to serue ant shall please, ant were great *Alexander* the King.

*Clyo.* Of troth, then for thy excellencie, I will thee gladly entertaine,  
If in case that with me thou wilt promise to remaine.

*Shift.* Nay ant shall please ye, I am like to a woman, say nay and take it,  
When a gentleman profers entertainment, I were a foole to forsake it.

*Clyo.* Well knowledge, then sith thou art content my seruant to bee,  
And endued with noble qualities, thy personage I see,  
Thou hauing perfect knowledge, how thy selfe to behaue :  
I will fend thee of mine arrant, but haste thither I craue :  
For here I will stay thy comming againe.

150

*Shift.* Declare your pleasure fir, and whither I shall go, and then the case  
is plaine.

*Clyo.* Nay of no great importance, but being here in *Suania*  
And neare vnto the Court, I would haue thee to take thy way  
Thither with all speede, because I would heare  
If any shewes or triumphs be towards, else would I not come there,  
For onely vpon feates of armes, is all my delight.

160

*Shift.* If I had knowne so much before, serue that serue will, I would haue  
seru'd no martiall Knight.

Well fir, to accomplish your will, to the court I will hy,  
And what newes is there stirring, bring word by and by.

*Exit.*

*Clyo.* Do so good knowledge, and here in place thy comming I will stay:

B

For

## The Historie of Clyomon

For nothing doth delight me more, then to heare of martiall play,  
Can foode vnto the hungrie corps, be cause of greater ioy,  
Then for the haughtie heart to heare, which doth it selfe employ,  
Through martiall exercisefes much to winne the brute of Fame, 170  
Where mates do meete which therevnto their fancies feesmes to frame:  
Can musicke more the pensue heart or daunted mind delight,  
Can comfort more the carefull corps and ouer palled spright,  
Reioyce, then found of Trumpet doth each warlike wight allure,  
And Drum and Fyfe vnto the fight doth noble hearts procure,  
To see in sunder shiuered, the Lance that leades the way,  
And worthy knights vnbeauered, in field amidst the fray,  
To heare the ratling Cannons roare, and Hylts on Helmets ring,  
To see the souldiers swarme on heapes, where valiant hearts doth bring  
The cowardly crew into the case of carefull Captiuies band, 180  
Where auncients braue displayed be, and wonne by force of hand.  
What wight would not as well delight as this to heare and see,  
Betake himselfe in like affaires a fellow mate to bee,  
With *Clyomon*, to *Denmarke* King the onely sonne and heire  
Who of the Golden Sheeld as now, the knightly name doth beare  
In euery land since that I foyld the worthy Knight of Fame,  
Sir *Samuel* before the King, and Prince of martiall game.  
*Alexander* cald the Great, which when he did behold,  
He gaue to me in recompence, this Shield of glittering Gold:  
Requesting for to know my name, the which shall not be shouen 190  
To any Kight, vnlesse by force he make it to be knowen.  
For so I vowed to *Denmarke* King, my fathers grace when I  
First got his leaue, that I abroad my force and strength might try.  
And so I haue my selfe behau'd, in Citie, Towne and field,  
That neuer yet did fall reproach, to the Knight of the Golden Shield.

*Enter* Subtill Shift, *running*.

*Shift*. Gods ames, where are you, where are you? and you bee a man  
come away.

*Cly*. Why what is the matter knowledge? to tell thy arrand stay.

*Shift*. Stay, what talke you of staying, why then all the fight will be past, 200  
*Clamides* the Kings sonne shall be dubd Knight in all hast.

*Cly*. Ah knowledge, then come indeed, and good pastime thou shalt see,  
For I will take the honour from him, that dubbed I may bee. Vpon

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Vpon a couragious stomacke, come let vs haste thither.

*Exit.*

*Shift.* Leade you the way and ile follow, weele be both made knights to-  
Ah firrah, is my maister so lustie, or dares he be so bold? (gither,  
It is no maruell then, if he beare a Sheeld of Gold.

But by your patience if he continue in this businesse, farewell maister than,  
For I promise you, I entend not very long to be his man: 210

Although vnder the tytle of knowledge my name I do faine,  
*Subtill Shift* I am called, that is most plaine.

And as it is my name, so it is my nature also,  
To play the shifting knaue wheresoeuer I go.

Well, after him I will, but soft now, if my maister chance to be lost  
And any man examine me, in telling his name I am as wise as a post.

What a villaine was I, that ere he went, could not aske it?

Well, its no great matter, I am but halfe bound, I may serue whom I will yet.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Ring of Suauia, with the Herauld before him:*  
*Clamydes, three Lords.*

*Sc. iii*

*King.* Come *Clamides* thou our sonne, thy Fathers talke attend,  
Since thou art prest thy youthfull dayes in prowesse for to spend: 222

And doest of vs the order aske, of knighthood for to haue,  
We know thy deeds deserues the fame, and that which thou doest craue

Thou shalt possesse: but first my sonne, know thou thy fathers charge,  
And what to knighthood doth belong, thine honour to enlarge:

Vnto what end a knight is made, that likewise thou maiste know,  
And beare the fame in mind also, that honour thine may flow

Amongst the worthies of the world, to thy immortall fame: 230

Know thou therefore *Clamydes* deare, to haue a knightly name  
Is first aboue all other things his God for to adore,

In truth according to the lawes prescribde to him before.  
Secondly, that he be true vnto his Lord and king.

Thirdly, that he keepe his faith and troth in euery thing.

And then before all other things that else we can commend,

That he be alwaies ready prest, his countrey to defend:

The Widow poore, and fatherlesse, or Innocent bearing blame,  
To see their cause redressed right, a faithfull knight must frame:

*The Historie of Clyomon*

In truth he alwaies must be tried, this is the totall charge,  
That will receiue a knightly name, his honour to enlarge. 240

*Cha.* O Father, this your gracious counsell giuen, to me your onely sonne,  
Shall not be in obliuion cast, till vitall race be runne:  
What way dooth winne Dame Honours Crowne, those pathes my steppes  
shall trace.

And those that to reproach doth leade, which seeketh to deface  
True Honour in her Regall feate, I shall detest for aye,  
And be as vtter enemy, to them both night and day:  
By flying force of flickring fame, your grace shall vnderstand  
Of my behaiour noble fyre, in euery forraine land. 250

And if you heare by true report, I venture in the Barge  
Of wilfulnesse contrary this, your graces noble charge:  
Let ignomie to my reproach, in steed of Lady fame,  
Sound through the earth and Azure Skies, the strained blast of shame:  
Whereby within Obliuions Tombe, my deeds shall be detained,  
Where otherwise of memorie, the mind I might haue gained:  
So that the den of darkfomenesse, shall euer be my chest,  
Where worthy deeds prefers each wight, with honour to be blest.

*King.* Well *Clamydes* then kneele downe, according as is right,  
That here thou mayst receiue of me, the order of a Knight. 260

*Here let him kneele downe, Clyomon with subtill Shift watching in place,  
and as the King doth go about to lay the Mace of his head, let Clyomon  
take the blowe, and so passe away presently.*

*Shift.* Now prepare your selfe, or ile be either a Knight or a knaue.

*Clyo.* Content thy selfe knowledge, for ile quickly him deceiue.

*King.* The Noble orders of a Knight, *Clamydes* vnto thee  
We giue through due desert, wherefore see that thou bee,  
Both Valiant, Wife, and Hardie.

*Shift.* Away now quickly, leaft we be take tardie.

*Exeunt.* 270

*King.* Ah stout attempt of Barron bold, that hath from this my sonne,  
The Knight-hood tane, my Lords pursue, ere far he can be runne.

*Pursue him, and bring in Shift.*

Ah



*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Ah *Clamydes* how art thou bereft of honour here?

Was like presumption euer seene, that one a straunger meere,  
Should come in prefence of a Prince, and tempt as he hath done,  
To take the Knight-hood thus away, from him who is his sonne?

*Clamy.* Ah father, how am I perplext, till I reuenged be,  
Vpon the wretch which here hath tane, the honour thus from me?  
Was euer any one deceiu'd of Knight-hood so before?

280

*King.* Well *Clamydes*, my Lords returne, stay till we do know more.

*Enter Shift brought in by the two Lords, who pursued  
Clyomon.*

1. *Lord.* O King the knight is fled and gone, pursute preuaileth nought,  
But here his slaue we taken haue, to tell why this he wrought.

*King.* Ah cruell grudge that greeues my ghost, shall he escape me so?  
Shall he with honour from my sonne, without disturbance go?

Ah Catiffe thou, declare his name, and why he ventred here:  
Or death shall be thy guerdon sure, by all the Gods I sweare.

*Shift.* Ah ant shall please you, I know neither him, his country nor name. 290

2. *Lo.* What, what sir, are not you his seruant? will you denie the same?

*King.* Nay then you are a dissembling knaue, I know very well.

*Shift.* Ant shall please your Grace, euen the very troth I shall tell,  
I should haue bene his seruant when we met together,  
Which was not full three houres before we came hither.

*King.* Well what is his name, and of what countrey declare?

*Shift.* That cannot I tell ant shall please you, you neuer saw seruant in  
such care:

To know his Maisters name, neither in Towne nor Field,  
And what he was he would tell, but the Knight of the Golden Sheeld. 300

*King.* Well *Clamides* marke my charge, what I to thee shall say,  
Prepare thy selfe for to pursue that Traytor on his way:  
Which hath thine honour rest from thee, and either by force of hand  
Or loue, his name and native foyle, see that thou vnderstand,  
That I may know for what intent, he bare this grudge to thee,  
Else see thou neuer doest returne againe to visit mee:  
For this imports him for to be, of valiant heart and mind:  
And therefore do pursue thy foe, vntill thou doest him find.

*The Historie of Clyomon*

To know his name and what he is, or as I said before,  
Do neuer view thy father I, in presence any more.

310

*Clamy.* Well father, sith it is your charge, and precept giuen to mee,  
And more for mine owne honours sake, I franckly do agree  
To vndertake the enterprife, his name to vnderstand,  
Or neuer else to shew my face againe in *Swauia* land.

Wherefore I humbly do desire, the order to receiue,  
Of Knighthood, which my sole desire hath euer bene to haue :

It is the name and meane, whereby true honour is atchiued :  
Let me not then O father deare, thereof be now depriued.  
Sith that mine honour cowardly was stolne by Caitiffe he,  
And not by dinted dastards deed, O father lost by me.

320

*King.* Well *Clamides*, then kneele downe, here in our Nobles fight,  
We giue to thee that art our sonne, the order of a Knight :  
But as thou wilt our fauour winne, accomplish my desire.

*Clamy.* Else neuer to your royall Court, O father ile retire.

*King.* Well, then adue *Clamides* deare, the Gods thine ayder be :  
But come my Lords, to haue his hire, that Caitiffe bring with me.

*Shift.* Alas ant shall please you, I am knowledge, and no euill did pretend,  
Set me at libertie, it was the knight that did offend.

*Clam.* O father, sith that he is knowledge, I beseech your grace set him free;  
For in these affaires, he shall waite and tend on mee :  
If he will protest, to be true to me euer.

330

*Shift.* Ah Noble *Clamydes*, heeres my hand, ile deceiue you neuer.

*Clamy.* Wel then father, I beseech your Grace grant that I may haue him.

*King.* Well *Clamydes*, I am content, sith thou my sonne doest craue him.  
Receiue him therefore at my hands. My Lords come lets depart.

*All.* We ready are to waite on you O King, with willing hart.

*Exeunt.*

*Clamy.* Well knowledge, do prepare thy selfe, for here I do protest,  
My fathers precepts to fulfill, no day nor night to rest  
From toylsome trauell, till I haue reuengd my cause aright,  
On him who of the golden Sheeld, now beareth name of knight :  
Who of mine honour hath me robd, in such a cowardly fort,  
As for to be of noble heart, it doth him not import.

340

But knowledge, to me thy seruice still thou must with loyall hart professe.

*Shift.* Vse

## *Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Shift.* Vse me that all other villains may take enfample by me, if I digresse.

*Clamy.* Well then come follow speedily, that him pursue we may. (*Exit.*)

*Shift.* Keepe you before ant shall please you, for I mind not to stay.

Ah firrah *Shift*, thou wast driuen to thy shifts now indeed,

I dreamd bfore, that vntowardly I should speed :

And yet it is better lucke then I looked to haue :

350

But as the prouerbe faith, good fortune euer hapneth to the veryest knaue :

And yet I could not escape with my maister, do what I can,

Well by this bargaine he hath lost his new Seruing-man :

But if *Clamydes* ouertake him now, what buffets will there be,

Vnlesse it be foure miles off the fray, there will be no standing for me.

Well after him I will, but howsoeuer my maister speed,

To shift for my selfe I am fully decreed.

(*Exit.*)

*Enter King Alexander the Great, as valiantly set forth as may be,  
and as many souldiers as can.*

*Sc. iv*

*Alex.* After many inuincible victories, and conquests great atchiued,

360

I *Alexander* with sound of Fame, in safetie am arriued

Vpon my borders long wished for, of *Macedonia* soile,

And all the world subiect haue, through force of warlike toile,

O *Mars* I lawd thy sacred name, and for this safe returne,

To *Pallas* Temple will I wend, and sacrifices burne

To thee, *Bellona* and the rest, that warlike wights do guide,

Who for King *Alexander* did, such good successe prouide.

Who bowes not now vnto my becke, my force who doth not feare ?

Who doth not of my conquests great, throughout the world heare ?

What King as to his soueraigne Lord, doth now not bow his knee ?

370

What Prince doth raigne vpon the earth, which yeelds not vnto mee

Due homage for his Regall Mace ? What countrey is at libertie ?

What Dukedome, Iland, or Prouince else, to me now are not tributarie ?

What Fort of Force, or Castle strong, haue I not battered downe ?

What Prince is he, that now by me, his Princely feate and Crowne

Doth not acknowledge for to hold, not one the world throughout,

But of King *Alexanders* power they all do stand in doubt ?

They feare as Fowles that houering flie, from out the Fawcons way,

As Lambe the Lyon, so my power, the stowtest do obey.

In field who hath not felt my force, where battering blowes abound ?

380

King

*The Historie of Clyomon*

King or *Keyfar*, who hath not fixt his knees to me on ground,  
And yet *Alexander*, what art thou? thou art a mortall wight,  
For all that euer thou hast got or wonne by force in fight.

1. *Lo.* Acknowledging thy state ô King, to be as thou hast said,  
The Gods no doubt as they haue bene, will be thy sheeld and aid  
In all attempts thou takit in hand, if case no glorie vaine  
Thou seekest, but acknowledging thy victories and gaine,  
Through the prouidence of sacred Gods to happen vnto thee,  
For vaine is trust, that in himselfe, man doth repose we see:  
And therefore least these victories which thou ô King hast got,  
Should blind thine eyes with arrogancie, thy noble fame to blot,  
Let that victorious Prince his words, of *Macedon* thy fire,  
To acknowledge still thy state O King, thy noble heart inspire,  
Who after all his victories, triumphantly obtained,  
Least that the great felicitie of that which she had gained,  
Should cause him to forget himselfe, a child he did prouide,  
Which came vnto his chamber doore, and eury morning cryde  
*Philip*, thou art a mortall man, this practise of thy fire,  
Amidst all these thy victories, thy seruant doth desire,  
O *Alexander* that thou wilt, them print within thy mind,  
And then no doubt as father did, thou solace sweete shall find.

390

400

*Alex.* My Lords, your counsell doubtlesse I esteeme, and with great  
thanks againe,

I do requite your courtesie, reiecting this is plaine,  
All vaine glory from my heart: and since the Gods diuine,  
To vs about all others Kings, this fortune doeth assigne,  
To haue in our subiection the world for most part,  
We will at this one houre returne, with seruent zeale of hart,  
In Pallas Temple to the gods, such sacrifices make,  
Of thankfulnessse for our successe, as they in part shall take  
The same, a gratulation, sufficient from vs sent:  
Come therefore let vs homewards march, to accomplish our intent.

410

*Omnes.* We readie are most famous King, to follow thee with victorie.

*Alex.* Then sound your Drums and Trumpets both, that we may march  
triumphantly.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Enter Sir Clyomon, Knight of G. S.*

Sc. v

*Clyo.* Now *Clyomon* a knight thou art, though some perhaps may say,  
Thou cowardly camst to *Clamydes*, and stole his right away :  
No, no, it was no cowardly part, to come in presence of a king,  
And in the face of all his Court, to do so worthy a thing,  
Amidst the mates that martiall be, and sterne knights of his hall,  
To take the knighthood from their Prince, euen mauger of them all.  
It giues a guerdon of goodwill, to make my glory glance,  
When warlike wights shall heare thereof, my fame they will aduance :  
And where I was pretended late, to *Denmarke* king my fire,  
His royall grace to see, homeward to retire,  
Now is my purpose altered by brute of late report,  
And where fame resteth to be had, thither *Clyomon* will resort :  
For as I vnderstand by fame, that worthy Prince of might,  
The conqueror of conquerors, who *Alexander* hight,  
Returning is to *Macedon*, from many a bloudie broyle,  
And there to keepe his royall Court, now after wearie toyle,  
Which makes the mind of *Clyomon*, with ioyes to be clad,  
For there I know of martiall mates, is company to be had.  
Adu therefore, both *Denmarke* king and *Suauia* Prince beside,  
To *Alexanders* Court I will, the Gods my iourney guide.

420

430

*Enter Clamydes and Shift.*

*Clamy.* Come knowledge here he is, nay stay thou cowardly knight,  
That like a dastard camst, to steale away my right.

440

*Clyo.* What, what, you raile fir princkocks Prince, me coward for to call.

*Shift.* Ant shall please you he is a coward, he would haue hyrde me,  
Amidst your fathers hall.

To haue done it for him, being himselfe in such stay  
That scarcely he durst, before your presence appeare.

*Clyo.* Why how now knowledge, what forsake thy maister so soone?

*Shift.* Nay maister was, but not maister is, with you I haue done.

*Clamy.* Well for what intent camst thou, my honour to steale away?

*Clyo.* That I tooke ought from thee, I vtterly deny.

*Clamy.* Didst not thou take the honour, which my father to me gaue?

450

*Clyo.* Of that thou hadst not, I could thee not deprave.

*Clamy.* Didst not thou take away my knighthood from me?

*Clyo.* No, for I had it before it was giuen vnto thee:

C

And

## The Historie of Clyomon

And hauing it before thee, what Argument canst thou make,  
That euer from thee the fame I did take ?

*Shift.* Thats true, he receiud the blow before at you it came,  
And therefore he tooke it not from you, because you had not the fame.

*Clamy.* Well, what hight thy name, let me that vnderstand,  
And wherefore thou trauailedst here in my fathers land  
So boldly to attempt in his Court such a thing ?

460

*Clyo.* The bolder the attempt is, more fame it doth bring :  
But what my name is desirest thou to know ?

*Shift.* Nay he hath stolen sheepe I thinke, for he is ashamed his name for to  
show.

*Clamy.* What thy name is, I would gladly perstand :

*Clyo.* Nay that shall neuer none know, vnlesse by force of hand  
He vanquish me in fight, such a vow haue I made,  
And therefore to combat with me, thy selfe do perswade,  
If thou wilt know my name.

*Clamy.* Well, I accord to the fame.

470

*Shift.* Nay then God be with you, if you be at that poynt I am gone.  
If you be of the fighters disposition, ile leaue you alone.

*Clamy.* Why stay knowledge, although I fight, thou shalt not be molested.

*Shift.* Ant shall please you, this feare hath made me beray my selfe,  
with a Proynstone that was not digested.

*Clyo.* Well *Clamydes* stay thy selfe, and marke my sayings here :  
And do not thinke I speake this fame, for that thy force I feare,  
But that more honour may redound, vnto the victors part,  
Wilt thou here giue thy hand to me, withouten fraud of hart  
Vpon the faith which to a knight doth rightly appertaine,  
And by the loyaltie of a knight, ile sweare to thee againe,  
For to obserue my promise iust, which is if thou agree,  
The fifteenth day next following, to meete Sir Prince with mee,  
Before King *Alexanders* grace, in *Macedonia* soyle,  
Who all the world subiect hath, through force of warlike toyle :  
For hee is chiefe of chivalrie, and king of Martiall mates,  
And to his royall Court thou knowest, repaire all estates.  
Giue me thy hand vpon thy faith, of promise not to faile,  
And here is mine to thee againe, if Fortunes froward gaile,

480

Refist

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Resist me not, the day forespoke to meete fir Prince with thee, 490  
Before that king to try our strengths, say if thou doest agree,  
For tryple honour will it be, to him that gets the victorie,  
Before so worthy a Prince as hee, and Nobles all so publikely,  
Where otherwise if in this place we should attempt the fame,  
Of the honour that were got thereby, but small would be the fame.

*Clamy.* Well Sir knight, here is my hand, ile meete in place forespoke.

*Clyo.* And by the loyaltie of a knight, ile not my words reuoke.

*Clamy.* Till then adieu, ile keepe my day.

*Exit.*

*Clamy.* And I, if fates do not gainsay. 500

*Shift.* What is he gone, and did take no leau of me ?

Iesu so vnmanly a Gentleman did any man see,  
But now my Lord which way will you trauell declare ?

*Clamy.* Sith I haue fiftene dayes respit my selfe to prepare,  
My Ladies charge for to fulfill, behold I do entend.

*Shift.* Your Lady ant shall please you, why who is your Lady, may a man  
be so bold as aske and not offend ?

*Clamy.* *Iuliana* daughter to the King of *Denmarke* loe is she,  
Whose knight I am, and from her hands this shield was giuen to me,  
In signe and token of good will, whose noble grace to gaine, 510  
I haue protested in her cause for to omit no paine

Nor trauaile, till I haue subdued the flying Serpents force,  
Which in the Forrest of *Maruels* is, who taketh no remorse  
Of womenkind, but doth deuoure all such as are a stray,  
So that no one dares go abroad, nor wander forth the way.  
And sith I haue yet fiftene dayes, my selfe for to prepare,  
To meete the Knight of the Golden Shield, my heart is voyd of care.  
I will vnto the Forrest wend, sith it is in my way,  
And for my *Iulianas* sake, that cruell Serpent slay.

*Shift.* What are you a mad man, will you wilfully be flaine ? 520  
If you go into that Forrest, you will neuer come out againe.

*Clamy.* Why so knowledge, dost thou thinke the Serpent I feare ?

*Shift.* No, but do you not know of *Bryan sancefoy*, the châpion dwels there

*Clamy.* A cowardly knight knowledge is he, and dares fight with no  
man.

## The Historie of Clyomon

*Shift.* Ah a noble match, couple him and me together than :  
Yea, but although he dares not fight, and Enchanter he is,  
And whosoever comes in that Forrest, to enchant he doth not mis.

*Clamy.* Tush, tush, I feare him not knowledge, and therefore come away.

*Exit.* 530

*Shift.* Well seeing you are so wilfull, go you before ile not stay.  
Ah firrah, now I know all my maisters mind, the which I did not before,  
He aduentureth for a Lady, well I say no more :  
But to escape the enchantments of *Bryan Sance foy*,  
Thats *Bryan* without faith, I haue deuifde a noble toy :  
For he and I am both of one consanguinitie,  
The veryest cowardly villaine that euer was borne, thats of a certaintie.  
Ile fight with no man, no more will *Bryan*, thats plaine :  
But by his enchantments, he putteth many to great paine.  
And in a Forrest of strange maruels doth he keepe,  
Altogether by enchantments tobring men a sleepe,  
Till he haue wrought his will of them, to *Bryan* straight will I,  
And of my maisters comming to the Forrest informe him priuily,  
So shall I win his fauour, and subtill *Shift* in the end,  
Thou shalt escape his enchantment, for he will be thy friend :  
Well vnknowne to my maister, for mine owne safegard this will I do,  
And now like a subtill shifting knaue, after him ile go.

540

*Exit.*

*Enter* Bryan sance foy.

Sc. vi

*Bry.* Of *Brian sance foi* who hath not heard? not for his valiant acts,  
But well I know throughout the world, doth ring his cowardly facts.  
What tho I pray, all are not borne to be God *Mars* his men,  
To toy with daintie dames in courts, should be no copesmates then.  
If all were giuen to chiuallrie, then *Venus* might go weepe,  
For any Court in Venerie, that she were like to keepe.  
But shall I frame then mine excuse, by seruing *Venus* she,  
When I am knowne throughout the world, faint hearted for to be?  
No, no, alas, it will not serue, for many a knight in loue,  
Most valiant hearts no doubt they haue, and knightly prowesse proue,  
To get their Ladies loyall hearts, but I in *Venus* yoke,  
Am forst for want of valiancie, my freedome to prouoke :

550

560

Wherewith



*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Wherewith full many a worthy wight, most cowardly I abuse :  
As witneffeth the number now, which in my Castle lye,  
Who if they were at libertie, in armes I durst not try.  
The feeblest there though he vnarmd, so is my courage danted,  
When as I see the glittering armes, whereby each Knight is wanted.  
But how I vanquish these same Knights, is wonderfull to see,  
And Knights that ventured for her loue, whom I do loue they bee.  
Thats *Iuliana*, daughter to the King of Denmarks grace,  
Whose beautie is the cause that I do haunt or keepe this place. 570  
For that no wight may her possesse, vnlesse by vow decreed,  
He bring and do present to her the flying Serpents head.  
Which many hath attempt to do, but none yet could him slay,  
Ne afterward hence backe againe, for me could passe away :  
For that through my inchantments lo, which heere this Forrest keepe,  
So soone as I did looke on them, they straight were in a sleepe.  
Then presently I them vnarmd, and to my Castle brought,  
And there in prison they do lye, not knowing what was wrought.  
Lo thus I range the woods to see who doth the Serpent slay,  
That by inchantment I may take the head from him away : 580  
And it present vnto the Dame, as though I were her Knight,  
Well heere comes one, ile shrowd my selfe, for sure I will not fight.

*Enter Subtill Shift.*

*(sance foy?)*

*Shift.* Gogs bloud where might I meete with that cowardly knaue *Bryan*  
I could tell him such a tale now as would make his hart leape for ioy.  
Well yonder I haue espied one, whatsoeuer he be.

*Bryan.* Nay gogs bloud ile be gone, he shall not fight with me,  
But by inchantment ile be euen with him by and by.

*Shift.* A ant shall please you, ile fight with no man, neuer come so nye.

*Bryan.* Why what art thou declare? whither doost thou run? (the sun. 590)

*Shift.* Euen the cowardlyest villaine ant shall please you that liues vnder

*Bryan.* What of my fraternitie, doest thou not know *Bryan sance foy?*

*Shift.* What maister *Bryan*, Iesu how my hart doth leape for ioy  
That I haue met with you, who euer had better lucke?

*Bryan.* But touch me not.

*Shift.* Wherefore?

*Bryan.* A left you inchant me into the likeneffe of a bucke.

*The Historie of Clyomon*

*Shift.* Tush, tush, I warrant thee, but what art thou declare?

*Bryan.* Knowledge and it shall please you, who hither doth repara  
To tell you good newes.

600

*Shift.* Good newes? what are they knowledge expresse?

*Bryan.* A Knight hath slaine the flying Serpent.

*Shift.* Tush it is not so.

*Bryan.* It is most true that I do confesse.

*Shift.* Ah what hight his name Knowledge? let me that vnderstand.

*Clamydes* the White Knight, sonne to the King of *Swauia* land,  
Who for *Iuliana*, daughter to the King of *Denmarks* grace,  
Did take the attempt in hand, now you know the whole case.

*Bryan.* Ah happy newes of gladfomnesse vnto my danted mind,  
Now for to winne my Ladyes loue, good fortune is assignd :  
For though she be *Clamydes*, right wonne worthely indeed,  
Yet will I sure possesse that Dame, by giuing of the head.

610

But Knowledge where about declare, doeth that *Clamydes* rest?

*Shift.* Euen hard by in the Forrest heere where he slew the beast  
I left him, and to seeke you did hye:

But let vs go furder into the woods, you shall meete him by and by.

*Bryan.* Well Knowledge for thy paines take this as some reward,  
And if thou wilt abide with me, be sure ile thee regard  
Aboue all others of my men, besides ile giue to thee  
A thing, that from inchantments aye, preserued shalt thou be.

620

*Shift.* Then here is my hand, ile be your seruant euer:

*Bryan.* And seeing thou art a coward as well as I, ile forsake thee neuer.  
But come let vs go *Clamydes* to meete.

*Exeunt.*

*Shift.* Keepe on your way and ile follow, I trust if he meete him, heele  
take him to his feete.

Gogs bloud was euer seene such a iolt-headed villaine as he,  
To be so afraid of such a faint-hart knaue as I am to see?  
Of the fraternitie quoth you? birlady its a notable brood:

630

Well *Shift* these chinks doeth thy hart some good:

And ile close with *Bryan* till I haue gotten the thing

That he hath promised me, and then ile be with him to bring.

Well, such shifting knaues as I am, the ambodexter must play,

And

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

And for commoditie ferue euery man, whatfoeuer the world fay.  
Well after *Bryan* I will, and clofe with him awhile,  
But as well as *Clamydes*, in the end ile him begile.

*Enter Clamydes, with the head upon his sword.*

Sc. vii

*Clamy.* Ah happy day my deadly foe submitted hath to death,  
Lo heere the hand, lo heere the sword that stopt the vitall breath :  
Lo heere the head that shall possesse my *Iulianas* deare,  
The Knight of the golden Sheeld his force, what neede I now to feare :  
Since I by force subdued haue this Serpent fierce of might,  
Who vanquisht hath as I haue heard, full many a worthie Knight.  
Which for to winne my Ladyes loue, their liues haue venterd heere,  
Besides that cowardly *Bryan* which the faithlesse shield doth beare :  
A number keepe as I haue heard, as captiues in his hold,  
Whome he hath by inchantment got, and not through courage bold.  
Shall such defamed dastards, dard by Knights, thus beare their name ?  
Shall such as are without all faith, liue to impaire our fame ?  
Shall valiant harts by cowardly charme, be kept in captiues thrall ?  
Shall Knights liue subiect to a wretch which hath no hart at all ?

640

650

Nay first *Clamydes* claime to thee fell *Atrapos* his stroke,  
Ere thou doest see such worthy Knights to beare the heauie yoke,  
Of cowardly *Bryan* without faith, his charmes let daunt not thee,  
And for his force thou needst not feare, the Gods thy shield will be.  
Well, to meete the Knight of the golden Shield, yet ten daies space I haue,  
And to set free these worthy Knights, but rest a while I craue.  
Heere in this place neere to this fort, for that I weary am  
With trauell, since from killing of the Serpent late I came :  
Lo heere a while I mind to rest, and *Bryan* then subdued,  
And then to *Alexanders* court, to keepe my promise true.

*Heere let him  
sit downe and  
rest himselfe.* 660

*Enter Bryan* fance foy, and Shift.

*Bryan.* Come Knowledge, for here he lyes layd weary on the ground :

*Shift.* Nay, ile not come in his sight, if you would giue me a thousand  
For he is the terriblest Knight of any you haue heard spoke, (pound.  
Heele beate a hundreth such as you and I am downe at one stroke.

*Bryan.* Tush, feare thou naught at all, I haue charmed him, and he is fast  
Lying neere vnto the Castle here which I do keepe. (asleepe,  
And ten dayes in this sleepe I haue charm'd him to remaine,

Before

## The Historie of Clyomon

Before nature shall ouercome it, that he might wake againe.  
In the meane season, lo behold the Serpents head ile take away,  
His shield and his apparell, this done, then will I conuay  
His body into prison, with other his companions to lye,  
Whose strengths, ah knowledge, I durst neuer attempt to try.

*Shift.* Ah handle him softly, or else you wil cause him to awake :

*Bryan.* Tush, tush, not if all the noyse in the world I were able to make,  
Till ten dayes be expired, the charme will not leaue him,  
And then I am sure he will maruell who did thus deceiue him :  
So now he is stripp'd, stay thou here for a season,  
And ile go fetch two of my seruants to cary him into prison.

670

680

*Exit.*

*Shift.* Well do so maister *Bryan*, and for your comming ile stay,  
Gogs blood what a villaine am I my maister to betray.  
Nay sure ile awake him if it be possible ere they carry him to iayle :  
Maister, what maister, awake man, what maister, ah it will not preuaile.  
Am not I worthie to be hangd, was euer seene such a deceitfull knaue ?  
What villany was in me, when vnto *Bryan* vnderstanding I gaue  
Of my maisters being in this Forrest, but much I muse indeed  
What he meanes to do with my maisters apparell, his shield and the head ?  
Well, seeing it is through my villany, my maister is at this drift,  
Yet when he is in prison, *Shift* shall not be voide of a shift  
To get him away, but if it euer come to his eare  
That I was the occasion of it, heele hang me thats cleare.  
Well heere comes *Bryan*, ile cloke with him if I may,  
To haue the keeping of my maister in prison night and day.

690

*Enter Bryan sance foy, two seruants.*

*Bryan.* Come sirs take vp this body, and cary it into the appointed place,  
And there let it lye, for as yet he shall sleepe ten dayes space.

*Shift.* How say you maister *Bryan*, shall I of him haue the gard ?

*Bryan.* By my troth policie, thy good will to reward  
In hope of thy iust seruice, content I agree

700

*Cary him out.*

For to resigne the keeping of this same Knight vnto thee.  
But giue me thy hand that thou wilt deceiue me neuer :

*Shift.* Heres my hand, charme, inchant, make a spider catcher of me, if I  
be false to you euer.

*Bryan.* Well

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Bryan.* Well then come follow after me, and the gard of him thou shalt haue.

*Exit.*

*Shift.* A thousand thanks I giue you, this is all the promotion I craue :  
Ah firrah, little knowes *Bryan*, that *Clamydes* my maister is, 710  
But to set him free from prifon I entend not to mis :  
Yet still in my mind, I can do no other but muse,  
What practife with my maisters apparell and shell he will vse :  
Well, feeing I haue played the craftie knaue with the one, ile play it with  
the other :  
Subtill *Shift* for aduantage, will deceiue his owne brother.

*Exit.*

*Here let them make a noyse as though they were Marriners.*  
*And after Clyomon Knight of G. S.*  
*come in with one.* 720

*Sc. viii*

*Clyo.* Ah fet me to shore firs, in what countrey fo euer we bee.  
*Shiftmai.* Well hayle out the Cockboate, feeing fo ficke we do him see,  
Strike sayle, cast Ankers, till we haue rigd our Ship againe,  
For neuer were we in fuch stormes before, thats plaine.

*Enter Clyomomon, Boate fwaine.*

*Clyo.* Ah Boateswaine, gramercies for thy setting me to shore.

*Boateswaine.* Truly Gentleman we were neuer in the like tempests before.

*Clyo.* What countrey is this wherein now we be ?

*Boates.* Sure the Ile of strange Marshes, as our maister told to me.

*Clyo.* How far is it from *Macedonia*, canst thou declare ? 730

*Boates.* More then twentie dayes sayling, and if the weather were faire.

*Clyo.* Ah cruell hap of Fortunes spite, which signed this luck to me :  
What Pallace Boateswaine is this same, canst thou declare, we see ?

*Boates.* There King *Patranius* keepes his Court, fo farre as I do gesse,  
And by this traine of Ladyes heere, I sure can iudge no lesse.

*Exit.*

*Clyo.* Well *Boateswaine*, theres for thy paines, and here vpon the shore  
Ile lie to rest my wearie bones, of thee I craue no more.

*Enter Neronis daughter to Patranius, King of the strange Marshes,*  
*two Lords, two Ladies.*

*Neronis.* My Lords, come will it please you walk abroad to take the plea-  
fant ayre ? D According 740

## The Historie of Clyomon

According to our wonted vse, in fields both fresh and faire,  
My Ladies here I know right well, will not gainfay the fame.

1. *Lord.* Nor we sure for to pleasure you, *Neronis* noble Dame.

*Nero.* Yes yes, men they loue intreatie much, before they will be wonne.

2. *Lo.* No Princes that hath womens natures beene, since first the world  
begunne.

*Nero.* So you say.

1. *Lo.* We boldly may,

750

Vnder correction of your grace.

*Nero.* Well, will it please you forth to trace,

That when we haue of fragrant fields, the dulcet fumes obtained,

We may vnto the Sea side go, whereas is to be gained,

More straunger fights among *Neptunes* waues, in seeing Ships to faile,

Which passe here by my fathers shore, with merrie westerne gaille.

1. *Lo.* We shall your highnesse leade the way to fields erst spoke before.

*Nero.* Do so, and as we do returne weele come hard by the shore.

*Exeunt.*

*Clyo.* What greater griefe can grow to gripe, the heart of greued wight, 760  
Then thus to see fell *Fortune* she, to hold his state in spight.

Ah cruell chance, ah lucklesse lot, to me poore wretch assign'd,

Was euer seene such contraries, by fraudulent Goddesse blind.

To any one faue onely I, imparted for to be,

To animate the mind of any man, did euer *Fortune* she

Showe forth her selfe so cruell bent, as thus to keepe me backe,

From pointed place by weather driuen, my sorrowes more to sacke.

Ah fatall hap, herein alas, what furder shall I say?

Since I am forced for to breake, mine oath and pointed day.

Before King *Alexanders* grace, *Clamydes* will be there:

770

And I through Fortunes cruell spight, opprest with sicknesse here:

For now within two dayes it is that we should meete together,

Woe worth the wind and raging stormes, alas that brought me hither.

Now will *Clamides* me accuse, a faithlesse knight to be,

And eke report, that cowardlinesse did dant the heart of me.

The worthy praise that I haue wonne, through fame shall be defaced,

The name of the Knight of the Golden Sheeld, alas shall be defaced:

Before that noble Prince of might, whereas *Clamydes* he

Will

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Will shoue himselfe in Combat wife, for to exclaime on me,  
For breaking of my poynted day, and *Clyomon* to thy greefe, 780  
Now art thou in a countrey strange, cleane voyd of all releefe:  
Opprest with sicknesse through the rage of stormie blasts and cold,  
Ah death come with thy direfull Mace, for longer to vnfold  
My sorrowes here it booteth not yet *Clyomon* do stay,  
The Ladies loe, comes towards thee, that walkt the other way.

*Enter Neronis, two Lords, two Ladies.*

*Nero.* Come faire dames, sith that we haue in fragrant fields obtained,  
Of dulcet flowers the pleasant smell, and that these knights disdained  
Not to beare vs company, our walke more large to make,  
Here by the sea of surging waues, our home returne weele make. 790  
My Lords therefore do keepe your way.

1. *Lo.* As it please your grace, we shall obey,  
But behold Madame, what wofull wight, here in our way before,  
As seemeth very sicke to me, doth lie vpon the shore.

*Nero.* My Lords, lets know the cause of greefe, whereof he is oppressed:  
That if he be a knight, it may by some meanes be redressed.  
Faire sir well met, why lie you here? what is your cause of grieffe?

*Clyo.* O Lady, sicknesse by the Sea, hath me opprest in brieffe.

*Nero.* Of truth my Lords, his countenance bewrayes him for to bee,  
In health, of valiant heart and mind, and eke of hye degree. 800

2. *Lo.* It doth no lesse then so import, O Princes as you say.

*Nero.* Of whence are you? or whats your name? you wander forth this  
way.

*Clyo.* Of small valure O Lady faire, alas my name it is,  
And for not telling of the fame, hath brought me vnto this.

*Nero.* Why, for what cause sir Knight, shuld you not expresse your name?

*Clyo.* Because O Lady I haue vowed, contrary to the fame.  
But where I trauell Lady faire, in Citie, Towne or field,  
I am called, and do beare by name, the knight of the Golden Shield.

*Ne.* Are you that knight of the Goldē sheeld, of whom such fame doth go? 810

*Clyo.* I am that selfefame knight faire dame, as here my Sheeld doth sho.

*Nero.* Ah worthy then of helpe indeed, my Lords assist I pray,  
And to my lodging in the court, see that you him conuey,

## The Historie of Clyomon

For certainly within my minde, his state is much deplored,  
But do dispaire in nought fir knight, for you shall be restored,  
If Phisicke may your greefe redresse, for I *Neronis* loe,  
Daughter to *Patranius* king, for that which fame doth shooe,  
Vpon your acts, will be your friend, as after you shall proue.

1. *Lo.* In doing so you shall haue need of mightie Ioue aboue.

*Clyo.* O Princes, if I euer be to health restord againe,  
Your faithfull seruant day and night, I vow here to remaine.

*Nero.* Well my Lords, come after me, do bring him I require :

*Ambo.* We shall O Princes willingly accomplish your desire.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bryan* fance foy, *hauing Clamydes his apparell on his Sheeld,*  
*and the Serpents head.*

820  
*Sc. ix*

*Bry.* Ah firrah, now is the ten dayes full expired, wherein *Clamydes* he,  
Shall wake out of his charmed sleepe, as shortly you shall see :  
But here I haue what I desired, his Sheeld, his coat and head,  
To *Denmarke* will I straight prepare, and there present with speed,  
The same to *Iulianas* grace, as in *Clamydes* name,

830

Whereby I am assur'd, I shall enioy that noble Dame.

For why *Clamydes* he is safe, for euer being free,

And vnto knowledge is he left, here garded for to bee :

But no man knowes of my pretence, ne whither I am gone,

For secretly from Castle I, haue stolne this night alone

In this order as you see, in the attire of a noble knight,

But yet poore *Bryan*, still thy heart holds courage in despight.

Well, yet the old prouerbe to disproue, I purpose to begin,

Which alwayes sayth, that cowardly hearts, faire Ladies neuer win.

840

Shall I not *Iuliana* win, and who hath a cowardlyer hart,

Yet for to brag and boast it out, ile will none take my part.

For I can looke both grim and fierce, as though I were of might,

And yet three Frogs out of a bush, my heart did so affright,

That I fell dead almost therewith, well, cowardly as I am,

Farewell Forrest, for now I will in knight *Clamydes* name,

To *Denmarke* to present this head, to *Iuliana* bright,

Who shall a cowardly dastard wed, in steed of a worthy knight.

*Exit.*

*Enter*



*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Enter Shift with sword and target.*

Sc. x

*Shift.* Be your leaue I came vp fo early this morning that I cannot  
see my way,

852

I am fure its scarce yet in the breake of the day.

But you muse I am fure wherefore these weapons I bring,

Well, listen vnto my tale, and you shall know euery thing.

Because I played the shifting knaue, to faue my selfe from harme,

And by my procurement, my maister was brought in this charme.

The ten dayes are expir'd, and this morning he shall awake,

And now like a craftie knaue, to the prison my way will I take,

With these same weapons, as though I would fight to set him free,

860

Which will giue occasion that he shall mistrust, there was no deceit in mee.

And hauing the charge of him, here vnder *Bryan sance foy*,

Ile open the prison doores, and make as though I did imploy

To do it by force, through good will, and onely for his sake,

Then shall *Clamydes* being at liberty, the weapons of me take,

And set vpon *Bryan* and all his men, now that they are a sleepe,

And so be reuenged, for that he did him keepe

By charme in this order, so shall they both deceiued be,

And yet vpon neither part mistrust towards me.

Well, neere to the prison ile draw, to see if he be awake,

870

Harke, harke, this same is he, that his lamentation doth make.

*Clamydes* Ah fatall hap, where am I wretch, in what distressed cace,

*in prison.* Bereft of *Tyr*, head and sheeld, not knowing in what place

My body is, ah heavenly gods, was ere such strangenes seene?

What do I dreame? or am I still within the forrest greene?

Dreame? no, no, alas I dreame not I, my senses all do faile,

The strangenes of this cruell hap, doth make my hart to quaille.

*Clamydes* ah by fortune she, what froward luck and fate

Most cruelly assigned is, vnto thy noble state.

Where should I be, or in what place hath destiny assigned

880

My sely corps for want of foode and comfort to be pind.

Ah farewell hope of purchasing my lady, since is lost,

The Serpents head whereby I should possessè that iewell most.

Ah farewell hope of honour eke, now shall I breake my day

Before king *Alexanders* grace, whereon my faith doth stay.

*The Historie of Clyomon*

And shall I be found a faithlesse Knight, fye on fell fortune she,  
Which hath her wheele of froward chance, thus whirled back on me.  
Ah farewell King of *Swauiia* land, ah farewell *Denmarke* dame,  
Farewell thou Knight of the golden Sheeld, to thee shall rest all fame.  
To me this direfull destiny, to thee I know renoune,  
To me the blast of ignomy, to thee dame honours crowne.  
Ah hatefull hap, what shall I say, I see the gods hath signed  
Through cruelty my carefull corps, in prifon to be pined.  
And nought alas amates me so, but that I know not where I am,  
Nor how into this dolefull place my wofull body came.

890

*Shift.* Alas good *Clamydes*, in what an admiration is he,  
Not knowing in what place his body should be.

*Clamy.* Who nameth poore *Clamydes* there? reply to him againe,

*Shift.* Ant shall please you I am your seruant Knowledge, which in a  
thousand woes for you remaine.

900

*Clamy.* Ah Knowledge where am I declare and be briefe.

*Shift.* Where are you? faith euen in the Castle of that false theefe  
*Bryan sance foy*, against whome to fight and fet you free,  
Looke out at the windowe, behold I haue brought tooles with mee.

*Clamy.* Ah Knowledge, then cowardly that caitife did me charme.

*Shift.* Yea, or else he could neuer haue done you any harme.  
But be of good cheere, for such a shift I haue made,  
That the keyes of the prifon I haue got, your selfe perswade:  
Wherewith this morning I am come to fet you free,  
And as they lye in their beds, you may murder *Bryan* and his men, and fet  
all other at libertie.

*Clamy.* Ah Knowledge, this hath me bound to be thy friend for euer:

*Shift.* A true seruant you may see will deceiue his maister neuer.

So the doores are open, now come and follow after me.

*Enter out.*

*Clamy.* Ah heauen, in what case my selfe do I see:

But speake Knowledge, canst thou tell how long haue I bene heere?

*Shift.* These ten dayes full, and sleeping still, this sentence is most cleere.

*Clamy.* Alas, then this fame is the day the which appointed was  
By the Knight of the golden Sheeld to me, that combat ours should passe  
Before king *Alexanders* grace, and there I know he is,  
Ah cruell Fortune why shouldst thou thus wrest my chance amis:

920

Knowing

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Knowing I do but honour seeke, and thou doest me defame,  
In that contrary mine expect, thou all things seekest to frame.  
The faith and loyaltie of a knight thou caufest me to breake,  
Ah hatefull dame, why shouldst thou thus thy fury on me wreake.  
Now will king *Alexander* iudge the thing in me to bee,  
The which since first I armes could beare, no wight did euer see.  
But knowledge giue from thee to me, those weapons that I may  
Vpon that *Bryan* be reueng'd, which cowardly did betray  
Me of my things, and heere from thrall all other knights set free,  
Whome he by charme did bring in bale, as erst he did by mee.  
Come, into his lodging will I go, and challenge him and his.

930

*Exit.*

*Shift.* Do so, and to follow I will not mis.

Ah sirra, here was a shift according to my nature and condition,  
And a thousand shifts more I haue, to put my selfe out of suspection.  
But it doth me good to thinke how that cowardly knaue *Bryan* sance foy  
Shall be taken in the snare, my hart doth euen leape for ioy.  
Harke, harke, my maister is amongst them, but let him shift as he can,  
For not to deale with a dog, he shall haue help of his man.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter after a little fight within, Clamydes three Knights.*

940

*Clamy.* Come, come sir Knights, for so vnfortunate was neuer none as I,  
That I should ioy that is my ioy, the heauens themselues deny.  
That cowardly wretch that kept you here, and did me so deceiue,  
Is fled away and hath the Sheeld, the which my Lady gaue  
To me in token of her loue, the Serpents head like case,  
For which this mine aduenture was, to winne her noble grace.

*1 Knight.* And sure that same th'occasion was, why we aduentred hether.

*Clamy.* Well, sith I haue you deliuered, when as you please together  
Each one into his natiue soile his iourney do prepare,  
For though that I haue broke my day as erst I did declare,  
Through this most cowardly catifes charmes, in meeting of the Knight,  
Which of the golden Sheeld beares name, to know else what he hight:  
I will to *Alexanders* court, and if that thence he be,  
Yet will I seeke to finde him out, least he impute to me  
Some cause of cowardlineffe to be, and therefore sir Knights depart,  
As to my selfe I wish to you with feruent zeale of hart:  
Yet if that any one of you do meeete this Knight by way

950

What

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What was the cause of this my let, let him perstand I pray.

*Ommes.* We shall not misse ô noble Knight, to accomplish this your will.

*Exeunt.* 960

*Clamy.* Well then adue fir Knights each one, the gods protect you still.

What knowledge ho, where art thou man? come forth that hence we may.

*Shift within.* Where am I? faith breaking open of chests here within,  
for ile haue the spoile of all away.

*Clamy.* Tush, tush, I pray thee come that hence we may, no riches thou shalt lacke.

*Shift with a bag as* I come now with as much money as I am able to carry  
*it were full of gold* of my backe.

*on his backe.* A there was neuer poore asse so loden, but how now,  
that cowardly *Bryan* haue you slaine? 970

And your Sheeld, the Serpents head, and coate, haue you againe?

*Clamy.* Ah no knowledge, the knights that here were captiues kept,  
they are by me at libertie,

But that false *Bryan* this same night, is fled away for certaintie.

And hath all things he tooke from me, conuayed where none doth know.

*Shift.* O the bones of me, how will you then do for the Serpents head to  
*Iuliana* to shew?

*Clamy.* I haue no other hope alas, but onely that her grace

Will credit giue vnto my words, when as I shew my case

How they were lost, but first ere I vnto that dame returne,

980

Ile seeke the knight of the golden Sheeld, whereas he doth foiourne,

To accomplish what my father wild, and therefore come away. *Exit.*

*Shift.* Well, keepe on before, for I mind not to stay.

A firra, the craftier knaue, the better lucke, thats plaine,

I haue such a deale of substance here, where *Bryans* men are slaine,

That it passeth. O that I had while for to stay,

I could lode a hundreth carts full of kitchingstuffe away.

Well, its not best to tary too long behinde, lest my maister ouer-go,

And then some knaue knowing of my money, a peece of cosonage sho. 989

*Exit.*

*Enter Neronis.*

*Sc. xi*

*Neronis.* How can that tree but withered be  
That wanteth sap to moist the roote?

How

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

How can that Vine but waste and pine,  
Whose plants are troden vnder foote?  
How can that spray but soone decay,  
That is with wild weeds ouergrowne?  
How can that wight in ought delight  
Which shoves, and hath no good will showne?  
Or else how can that heart alasse,  
But die by whom each ioy doth passe?

1000

*Neronis*, ah I am the Tree, which wanteth sap to moyst the roote.

*Neronis*, ah I am the vine, whose Plants are troden vnder foote.  
I am the spray which doth decay, and is with wild weeds ouergrowne,  
I am the wight without delight, which shows, and hath no good wil showne.  
Mine is the heart by whom alas, each pleafant ioy doth passe,  
Mine is the heart which vades away, as doth the flower or grasse.  
In wanting sap to moyst the roote, is ioyes that made me glad,  
And plants being troden vnder foote, is pleafures that was had.

I am the spray which doth decay, whom cares haue ouergrowne,  
But stay *Neronis*, thou saist thou showest, and hath no good will showne :

1010

Why so I do, how can I tell, *Neronis* force no crueltie  
Thou seest thy knight endued is, with all good gifts of courtesie :  
And doth *Neronis* loue indeed, to whom loue doth she yeeld,  
Euen to that noble brute of fame, the knight of the golden Sheeld.  
Ah wofull Dame, thou knowest not thou, of what degree he is,  
Of noble blood his gesters shoue, I am assured of this.

Why belike he is some runnagate that will not show his name,  
Ah why should I this allegate, he is of noble fame.

Why dost thou not expresse thy loue, to him *Neronis* then ?

1020

Because shamefastnesse and womanhood, bids vs not seeke to men.  
Ah carefull Dame loe thus I stand, as twere one in a trance,  
And lacketh boldnesse for to speake, which should my words aduance.  
The knight of the Golden Sheeld it is, to whom a thrall I am,  
Whom I to health restored haue, since that to court he cam.  
And now he is prest to passe againe, vpon his wearie way,  
Vnto the Court of *Alexander*, yet hath he broke his day,  
As he to me the whole exprest, ah fight that doth me greue,  
Loe where he comes to passe away, of me to take his leaue.

E

*Enter*

## The Historie of Clyomon

Enter Clyomon.

1030

*Clyo.* Who hath more cause to praise the Gods, then I whose state deplored?

Through phisicke and *Neronis* helpe, to health am now restored:  
Whose seruent thrall I am become, yet vrgent causes dooth  
Constraine me for to keepe it close, and not to put in proofe  
What I might do to winne her loue, as first my oath and vow,  
In keeping of my name vnknowne, which she will not allow,  
If I should seeme to breake my minde, being a Princes borne,  
To yeeld her loue to one vnknowne, I know sheele thinke it scorne:  
Besides here longer in this Court, alas I may not stay,  
Although that with *Clamydes* he, I haue not kept my day:  
Least this he should suppose in me, for cowardlineffe of hart,  
To seeke him out elsewhere, I will from out this Land depart.  
Yet though vnto *Neronis* she, I may not shew my mind,  
A faithfull heart when I am gone, with her I leaue behind.  
Whose bountiousnesse I here haue felt, but since I may not stay,  
I will to take my leaue of her, before I passe away.

1040

Loe where she walkes, O Princeesse well met, why are you here so sad?

*Ne.* Good cause I haue, since pleasures passe, the which shuld make me glad.

*Clyo.* What you should meane, O Princeesse deare, hereby I do not know. 1050

*Nero.* Then listen to my talke a while, Sir Knight and I will shew.

If case you will reanswer me, my question to obsoleue,  
The which propound within my mind, doth oftentimes reuolue.

*Clyo.* I will O Princes answer you as aptly as I may.

*Nero.* Well then Sir Knight, apply your eares, and listen what I say:  
A ship that stormes had tossed long, amidst the mounting waues,  
Where harbour none was to be had, fell Fortune so depraues:  
Through ill successe that ship of hope, that Ancors hold doth faile,  
Yet at the last shees driuen to land, with broken Mast and faile:  
And through the force of furious wind, and Billowes bounding blowes, 1060  
She is a simple shipwracke made, in euery point God knowes.  
Now this same ship by chance being found, the finders take such paine,  
That fit to faile vpon the Seas, they rig her vp againe.  
And where she was through storms fore shakt, they make her whole & sound  
Now answer me directly here, vpon this my propound.

If

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

If this same ship thus rent and torne, being brought in former rate,  
Should not supply the finders true to profit his estate  
In what she might.

*Clyo.* Herein a right,

I will O Princeesse as I may, directly answere you.

1070

This ship thus found, I put the case it hath an owner now,  
Which owner shall sufficiently content the finders charge:  
And haue againe to serue his vse, his ship, his boate or barge.  
The ship then cannot serue the turne of finders, this is plaine,  
If case the owner do content, or pay him for his paine:  
But otherwise if none lay claime, nor seeme that ship to stay,  
Then is it requisit it should, the finders paines repay:  
For such endeouour as it is to serue for his behoofe.

*Nero.* What owner truly that it hath, I haue no certaine prooffe.

*Clyo.* Then can I not define thereof, but thus I wish it were,  
That you would me accept to be, that ship O Lady faire:  
And you the finder, then it should be needlesse for to moue,  
If I the ship, of dutie ought to serue at your behooue.

1080

*Nero.* Thou art the ship O worthy Knight, so shiuered found by mee.

*Clyo.* And owner haue I none deare dame, I yeeld me whole to thee:  
For as this ship I must confesse, that was a shipwrack made,  
Thou hast restored me vnto health, whom sicknesse cauld to vade,  
For which I yeeld O Princeesse deare, at pleasure thine to be,  
If your grace, O noble Dame, will so accept of me.

*Nero.* If case I will, what haue you showne?

1090

*Clyo.* Because I am to you vnknowne.

*Nero.* Your fame importeth what you be.

*Clyo.* You may your pleasure say of me.

*Nero.* What I haue said due prooffe do showe.

*Clyo.* Well Lady deate, to thee I owe

More seruice then of dutie I am able to professe,  
For that thou didst preferue my life amidst my deepe distresse:  
But at this time I may not stay, O Lady herc with thee,  
Thou knowest the cause, but this I vow within three score dayes to bee,  
If destinie restraine me not, at Court with thee againe,  
Protesting whilest that life doth last, thine faithfull to remaine.

1100

*The Historie of Clyomon*

*Nero.* And is there then no remedie, but needs you will depart?

*Clyo.* No Princeſſe for a certaintie, but here I leaue my hart,  
In gage with thee till my returne, which as I ſaid ſhall be:

*Nero.* Well, ſith no perſwaſion may preuaile, this Iewell take of me,  
And keepe it alwayes for my ſake.

*Clyo.* Of it a deare account ile make, yet let vs part deare Dame with ioy,  
And to do the ſame I will my ſelfe imploy.

*Nero.* Well now adieu till thy returne, the Gods thy iourney guide. *Exit.*

*Clyo.* And happily in abſence mine, for thee deare Dame prouide: 1110

Ah *Clyomon* let dolours die, driue daunts from out thy mind,  
Since in the ſight of *Fortune* now, ſuch fauour thou doſt find,  
As for to haue the loue of her whom thou didſt ſooner iudge,  
Would haue denied thy loyaltie, and gainſt thy good will grudge,  
But that I may here keepe my day, you ſacred Gods prouide,  
Moſt happie fate vnto my ſtate, and thus my iourney guide:  
The which I tempt to take in hand *Clamydes* for to meete:  
That the whole cauſe of my firſt let, to him I may reapeate.  
So ſhall I ſeeme for to excuſe my ſelfe in way of right,  
And not be counted of my foe, a falſe periured Knight. 1119

*Exit.*

*Enter Thraſellus King of Norway, two Lords.* Sc. xii

*Thra.* Where deepe deſire hath taken roote, my Lords alas you ſee,  
How that perſwaſion booteth not, if contrarie it be  
Vnto the firſt expected hope, where fancie hath take place,  
And vaine it is for to withdraw, by counſell in that caſe:  
The mind who with affection is, to one onely thing affected,  
The which may not till dint of death, from them be ſure reiected:  
You know my Lords through fame, what force of loue hath taken place,  
Within my breaſt as touching now *Neronis* noble grace,  
Daughter to *Patranius* King, who doth the Scepter ſway: 1130  
And in the Ile of Marſhes eke, beare rule now at this day.  
Through loue of daughter his, my ſorrowes daily grow,  
And daily dolours do me daunt for that alas I ſhow  
Such Friendſhip whereas fauour none, is to be found againe:  
And yet from out my carefull mind, nought may her loue reſtraine.  
I ſent to craue her of the king, he answered me with nay:  
But ſhall I not prouide by force to fetch her thence away?

Yes



*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Yes, yes, my Lords, and therefore let your aydes be prest with mine,  
For I will fure *Neronis* haue, or else my dayes ile pine.

For King *Patranius* and his power, I hold of small account,

1140

To winne his daughter to my spouse, amidst his men ile mount.

1 Lord. Most worthy Prince, this rash attempt, I hold not for the best,

For fure *Patranius* power is great, and not to be supprest.

For why, the ile enuironde is, with sea on euery side,

And landing place lo is there none, whereas you may haue tide

To set your men from ship to shore, but by one onely way,

And in that place a garison great, he keepeth at this day.

So that if you should bring your power, your trauell were in vaine,

That is not certainly the way, *Neronis* for to gaine.

But this your grace may do indeed, and so I count it best,

1150

To be in all points with a Ship, most like a Merchant prest:

And saile with such as you thinke best, all drest in Merchants guise,

And for to get her to your Ship, some secreet meane deuise,

By shewing of strange Merchandies, or other such like thing,

Lo this is best aduise I can, *Thraffellus* Lord and King.

2 Lord. And certainly as you haue sayd, my Lord it is the way,

Wherefore ô King, do profecute the same without delay.

*Thraffell.* Of truth my Lords this your aduise doth for our purpose frame,

Come therefore let vs hence depart, to put in vre the same

With present speed, for Merchant-wise my selfe will thither saile:

1160

1 Lord. This is the way if any be, of purpose to preuaile.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clyomon with a Knight, signifying one of those that  
Clamydes had deliuered.*

*Sc. xiii*

*Clyomon.* Sir Knight, of truth this fortune was most luckely affignd,

That we should meete in trauell thus, for thereby to my mind

You haue a castle of comfort brought, in that you haue me told,

*Clamydes* our appointed day, no more then I did hold.

*Knight.* No certis fir he kept not day, the cause I haue exprested,

Through that inchanter *Bryans* charmes, he came full fore distressed:

1170

Yet fortune fauored so his state, that through his help all wee

Which captiues were through cowardly craft, from bondage were set free:

And at our parting willed vs, if any with you met,

## The Historie of Clyomon

We should informe you with the truth what was his onely let.

*Clyomon.* Well, know you where he abideth now, fir Knight I craue of curtesie?

*Knight.* No questionlesse I know not I, to say it of a certaintie.

*Clyomon.* Well then adue fir Knight with thanks, I let you on your way :

*Knight.* Vnto the gods I you commit, nought else I haue to say. *Exit.*

*Clyomon.* A firra, now the hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my mind 1180  
Is skaled from their nestling place, and pleasures passage find.

For that as well as *Clyomon*, *Clamydes* broke his day,  
Vpon which newes my passage now in seeking him ile stay :

And to *Neronis* back againe, my ioyfull iourney make,  
Least that she should in absence mine, some cause of sorrow take.

And now all dumps of deadly dole, that danted knightly brest,  
Adue, since salue of solace sweete, hath sorrowes all supprest.

For that *Clamydes* cannot brag, nor me accuse in ought,  
Vnto the gods of destenies, that thus our fates hath brought

In equall ballance to be wayed, due praises shall I send, 1190  
That thus to way each cause aright, their eyes to earth did bend.

Well, to keepe my day with Lady now, I mind not to be slack,  
Wherefore vnto *Patranius* court, ile dresse my iourney back.

But stay, me thinks I *Rumor* heare throughout this land to ring,  
I will attend his talke, to know what tidings he doth bring.

*Enter Rumor running.*

Ye rowling Clowdes giue *Rumor* roome, both ayre and earth below,  
By sea and land, that euery care may vnderstand and know,

What wofull hap is chaunced now within the ile of late,  
Which of strange Marshes beareth name, vnto the noblest state. 1200

*Neronis* daughter to the King, by the King of Norway he,  
Within a ship of Marchandise, conuayed away is she.

The King with sorow for her sake, hath to death resignd,  
And hauing left his Queene with child, to guide the realme behind.

*Mustantius* brother to the King, from her the Crowne would take,  
But till she be deliuered, the Lords did order make,

That they before King *Alexander*, thither comming should appeale,  
And he by whom they hold the Crowne, therein should rightly deale

For either part, lo this to tell, I *Rumor* haue in charge,

And

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

And through all lands I do pretend, to publish it at large.

*Exit.* 1210

*Clyomon.* Ah wofull *Rumor* ranging thus, what tidings do I heare,  
Hath that falsè King of Norway stolne my loue and Lady deare?

Ah hart, ah hand, ah head and mind, and euery fence beside,

To serue your maisters turne in need, do euery one prouide.

For till that I reuenged be vpon that wretched king,

And haue againe my Lady deare, and her from Norway bring,

I vow this body takes no rest, ah fortune fickle dame,

That canst make glad and so soone sad, a Knight of worthie fame.

But what should I delay the time, now that my deare is gone?

Auaileth ought to ease my griefe, to make this pensiuè mone?

1220

No, no, wherefore come courage to my hart, and happie hands prepare,

For of that wretched King I will wreake all my sorow and care.

And mauger all the might he may, be able for to make,

By force of armes my lady I, from him and his will take.

*Exit.*

*Enter Clamydes and Shift, with his bag of money still.*

*Sc. xiv*

*Clamy.* Come knowledge, thou art much to blame, thus for to lode thy self

To make thee on thy way diseased, with carying of that pelfe.

But now take courage vnto thee, for to that ile I will,

Which of strange *Marthes* called is, for fame declareth still

The Knight of the golden Sheeld is there, and in the court abideth,

1230

Thither will I him to meete, whatfoeuer me betideth:

And know his name, as thou canst tell my father charged me,

Or else no more his princely court nor person for to see.

Come therefore, that vnto that ile we may our iourney take,

And afterwards hauing met with him, our viage for to make

To Denmarke to my Lady there, to shew her all my cace,

And then to *Swauia* if her I haue, vnto my fathers grace.

*Shift.* Nay but ant shall please you, are you sure the Knight of the golden  
Sheeld in the ile of strange *Marthes* is?

*Clamy.* I was informed credibly, I warrant thee we shall not mis.

1240

*Exit.*

*Shift.* Then keepe on your way, ile follow as fast as I can,

Faith he euen meanes to make a martris of poore *Shift* his man.

And I am so tied to this bag of gold I got at *Bryan sance foyes*,

That I tell you where this is, there all my ioy is:

But

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But I am so weary, sometimes with ryding, sometimes with running,  
And other times going a foote:  
That when I came to my lodging at night, to bring me a woman it is no  
And such care I take for this pelfe, least I should it lose, (boote.  
That where I come, that it is gold, for my life I dare not disclose. 1250  
Well after my maister I must, heeres nothing stitl but running and ryding:  
But ile giue him the slip sure, if I once come where I may haue quiet biding.  
*Exit.*

*Enter Neronis in the Forrest, in mans apparell.*

*Ne.* As Hare the Hound, as Lambe the Wolfe, as foule the Fawcons dint, *Sc. xv*  
So do I flie from tyrant he, whose heart more hard then flint  
Hath sackt on me such hugie heapes of seaceles sorrowes here,  
'That sure it is intollerable, the torments that I beare:  
*Neronis,* ah who knoweth thee, a Princes to be borne,  
Since fatall Gods so frowardly, thy fortune doth adorne: 1260  
*Neronis,* ah who knoweth her, in painfull Pages show?  
But no good Lady wil me blame, which of my case doth know:  
But rather when they heare the truth, wherefore I am disguifed,  
Thaile say it is an honest shift, the which I haue deuifed:  
Since I haue giuen my faith and troth to such a brute of fame,  
As is the knight of the Golden Shield, and tyrants seekes to frame  
Their engins to detract our vowes, as the king of Norway hath,  
Who of all Princes liuing now, I finde deuoyd of faith:  
For like a wolfe in lambes skin clad, he commeth with his aide,  
All Marchant like to fathers Court, and ginneth to perswade 1270  
That he had precious iewels bought, which in his ship did lye,  
Whereof he wild me take my choyce, if case I would them buy:  
Then I mistrusting no deceit, with handmaids one or two  
With this deceitfull Marchant then vnto the ship did go.  
No fooner were we vnder hatch, but vp they hoyft their faile,  
And hauing then to ferue their turne, a mery Westerne gaile:  
We were lasht out from the hauen, lo a dosen leagues and more,  
When still I thought the Barke had bene, at anker by the shore:  
But being brought by Norway here, not long in Court I was,  
But that to get from thence away, I brought this feate to passe: 1280  
For making semblance vnto him as though I did him loue,  
He gaue me libertie, or ought that seru'd for my behoue: And

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

And hauing libertie, I wrought by fuch a secret flight,  
That in this tyre like to a page, I fcap't away by night.  
But ah I feare that by purfute, he wil me ouertake,  
Well here entreth one, to whom fome fute for feruice I wil make.

*Enter Corin a Shepheard.*

*Cor.* Gos bones turne in that fheep there and you be good fellowes,  
Iefu how cham beraide,

Chauē a cur here, an a were my vellow, cha muſt him confwade, (chil, 1290  
And yet an cha ſhould kiſſe, looke you of the arſe, cha muſt run my ſelſe, an  
An cha ſhould entreat him with my cap in my hand ha wad ſtand ſtil.  
But tis a world to zee what mery liues we ſhepheards lead,  
Why where Gentlemen and we get once a thorne buſh ouer our head,  
We may ſleep with our vaces againſt the zone, an were hogs  
Bath our felues, ſtretch out our legs ant were a cennell of dogs:  
And then at night when maides come to milkin, the games begin, (win.  
But I may zay to you my nabor, *Hogs* maid had a clap, wel let thẽ laugh that  
Chauē but one daughter, but chould not vor vorty pence ſhe were zo ſped,  
Cha may zay to you, ſhe lookes euery night to go to bed: 1300

But tis no matter, the whores be ſo whiſkiſh when thare vnder a buſh,  
That thare neuer ſatiſfied, til their bellies be fluſh. (lambe:  
Well cha muſt abroad about my flocks, leaſt the fengeance wolues catch a  
Vor by my curſen zoule, thale ſteale an cha ſtand by, there not a verd of the  
*Ne.* Wel to ſcape the purfute of the king, of this fame ſhepheard (dam.  
Suſpition wholly to auoyd, for ſeruice ile enquire: (here,

Wel met good father, for your vſe, a ſeruant do you lacke?

*Cor.* What you wil not flout an old man you courtuold Iacke?

*Nero.* No truly father I flout you not, what I aſke I would haue.

*Co.* Gos bones they leaſt, ſerue a ſhepheard an be zo braue? 1310

You courtuoll crackropes, wod be hangd, you do nothing now and then  
But come vp and downe the country, thus to flout poore men.

Go too goodman boy, chauē no zeruis vor no zuch flouting Iacks as you be

*Nero.* Father I thinke as I ſpeake, vpon my faith and troth belecue me  
I wil willingly ſerue you, if in caſe you wil take me.

*Cor.* Doeſt not mocke?

*Nero.* No truly father.

*Cor.* Then come with me, by gos bones chil neuer vorſake thee.

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Whow bones of my zoule, thowilt be y<sup>e</sup> brauest shepherds boy in our town,  
Thous go to church in this coate, beuore Madge a fonday in her gray gown. 1320  
Good lord how our church-wardens wil looke vpō thee, bones of god zeeft,  
There will be more looking at thee, then our fir Iohn the parish preest.  
Why euery body wil aske whose boy thart, an cha cā tel the this by the way,  
Thou shalt haue al the vareft wenches of our town in the veelds vor to play.  
Theres nabour *Nycholes* daughter, a iolly smug whore with vat cheekes,  
And nabour *Hodges* maide, meddle not with her, she hath eaten fet leekes.  
But theres *Frumptons* wench in the freefe scake, it will do thee good to see  
What canuosing is at the milking time, betweene her and mee.  
And those wenches will loue thee bonnomably in euery place,  
But do not vall in with them in any kind of cace. 1330

*Nero.* Tush, you shall not neede to feare me, I can be mery with measure  
as well as they :

*Coryn.* Wel then come follow after me, and home chil leade thee the way.

*Nero.* Alas poore simple Sheheard, by this Princes may see,  
That like man, like talke, in euery degree. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Thrasellus King of Norway, and two Lords.*

Sc. xvi

*Thras.* My Lords pursue her speedely, she cannot far be gone,  
And lo himselfe to seeke her out, your King he will be one.  
Ah fraudulent dame, how hath she glozd, from me to get away?  
With sugred words how hath she fed, my senses night and day?  
Professing loue with outward showes, and inwardly her hart  
To practife such a deepe deceit, whereby she might depart  
From out my court so sodainly, when I did wholly iudge  
She loued me most entirely, and not against me grudge.  
She made such signes by outward showes, I blame not wit and policie,  
But here I may exclaime and say, fye, fye, on womens subtiltie.  
Well well my Lords, no time delay, pursue her with all speed,  
And I this forest will seeke out my selfe, as is decreed,  
With aide of such as are behind, and will come vnto mee :

1340

*Ambo.* We shal not slake what here in charge to vs is giuē by thee. *Exeunt.* 1350

*Thras.* Ah subtile *Neronis*, how hast thou me vexed?  
Through thy crafty dealings how am I perplexed?  
Did euer any winne a dame, and lose her in such sort?  
The maladies are maruellous, the which I do support

Through

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Through her deceit, but forth I will my company to meete,  
If euer she be caught againe, I will her so intreate,  
That others all shall warning take, by such a subtile dame,  
How that a Prince for to delude, such ingins they do frame.

*Enter Clyomon Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Clyo.* Nay Traytour stay, and take with thee that mortall blow or stroke 1360  
The which shall cause thy wretched corps this life for to reuoke.  
It ioyeth me at the hart that I haue met thee in this place.

*Thras.* What varlet darest thou be so bold, with words in such a cace,  
For to vpbraide thy Lord and King? what art thou soone declare?

*Clyo.* My Lord and King, I thee defie, and in despite I dare  
Thee for to say thou art no Prince, for thou a Traytour art,  
And what reward is due therefore, to thee I shall impart.

*Thras.* Thou braggest all too boldly still, what hight thy name expresse?

*Clyo.* What hight my name thou shalt not know, ne will I it confesse:  
But for that thou my Lady stolest from fathers court away, 1370  
Ile sure reuenge that trayterous fact vpon thy flesh this day.  
Since I haue met so luckely with thee here all alone,  
Although as I do vnderstand, from thee she now is gone,  
Yet therefore do defend thy selfe, for here I thee assaile,

*Thras.* Alas poore boy, thinkest thou against me to preuaile?

*Here let them fight, the King fall downe dead.*

*Thras.* Ah heauens, *Thrasellus* he is slaine, ye Gods his ghost receiue,

*Clyo.* Now hast thou iustice for thy fact, as thy desert doeth craue:  
ut ahB alas poore *Clyomon*, though thou thy foe hast slaine,  
Such greuous wounds thou hast receiud, as doth increase thy paine. 1380

Vnles I haue some speedy help, my life must needly wast,  
And then as well as traytour false, my corps of death shall tast.

Ah my *Neronis* where art thou? ah where art thou become?

For thy sweete sake thy Knight shall here receiue his vitall doome.

Lo here all gorde in bloud thy faithfull Knight doth lye,

For thee, ah faithfull dame, thy Knight for lack of help shall dye.

For thee, ah here thy *Clyomon*, his mortall stroke hath tane,

For thee, ah these same hands of his, the *Norway* King hath slaine.

Ah bleeding wounds from longer talke my soltring tong doth stay,

And if I haue not speedy help, my life doth wast away. 1390

## The Historie of Clyomon

Enter father Coryn the Shepheard, and his dog. (flocke :

*Coryn.* A plage on thee for a cur, A ha, driuen me sheepe aboue from the  
A theefe, art not asham'd? ile beate thee like a stocke :

And cha beene azceking here, aboue voure miles and more :

But chill tell you what, chaue the braueft lad of Iack the courtroll, that euer  
was zeene beuore.

A, the whorcop is plagely well lou'd in our towne, (gowne,

An you had zeene go to Church beuore Madge my wife in her holyday

You would haue bleft your zelues t'auē feene it, she wēt euen cheke by ioule

With our head controms wife, brother to my nabour *Nycholl*, 1400

You know ha dwels by maister Iustice, ouer the water on the other side  
of the hill,

Cham zure you know it, betweene my nabour *Filchers* varme house, and  
the wind-mill.

But an you did zee how *Ione Tenkin*, and *Gilian Giffrey* loues my boy Iacke,

Why it is maruelation to see, *Ione* did so bast *Gillians* backe,

That by Gos bones I laught till cha be pist my zelfe, when cha zaw it,

All the maides in towne valls out for my boy, but and the yongmen know it

Thale be zo ielifom ouer them, that cham in doubt

Ich shall not keepe Iack my boy till feuen yeares go about. 1410

Well, cham nere the neere vor my shepe, chaue fought it this voure mile,

But chill home, and fend Iack forth to zeeke it another while.

But bones of God man stay, Iesu whather wilt? wha what meanst lye heere?

*Clyomon.* Ah good father help me.

*Coryn.* Nay who there, by your leaue, chill not come neere.

What another? bones of me, he is either kild or dead?

Nay varewell vorty pence, yeare a knaue, gos death a doth bleede.

*Clyomon.* I bleede indeede father, so grieuous my wounds bee,

That if I haue not speedie help, long life is not in mee.

*Coryn.* Why what art thou? or how chanst thou camst in this cace? 1420

*Clyomon.* Ah father, that dead corps which thou seeft there in place,

He was a Knight, and mine enemy, whome here I haue flaine,

And I a Gentleman, whom he hath wounded with maruellous paine.

Now thou knowest the truth, good father shew some curtesie

To stop my bleeding wounds, that I may finde some remedie,

My life to preferue, if possible I may :

*Coryn.*



## *Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Coryn.* Well heare you gentleman, chould haue you know this by the way,  
Cham but vather *Coryn* the sheepheard, cham no furringer I,  
But chill do what cha can vor you, cha were loth to see you die.  
Loe how zay you by this, haue cha done you any ease? 1430

*Clyo.* Father thy willingnesse of a certaintie, doth me much please:  
But good father lend me thy helping hand once againe,  
To burie this same Knight whom here I haue flaine,  
Although he was to me a most deadly enemy,  
Yet to leaue his body vnburied, were great crueltie.

*Coryn.* Bones of God man, our Priest dwells too farre away.

*Clyo.* Well, then for want of a Priest, the Priests part I will play:  
Therefore father, helpe me to lay his body aright:

For I will bestow a herse of him, because he was a Knight:  
If thou wilt go to a Cottage hereby, and fetch such things as I lacke. 1440

*Coryn.* That chill Gentleman, and by and by returne backe.

*Exit.*

*Clyo.* But *Clyomon* pluck vp thy heart, with courage once againe,  
And I will set ouer his dead Coarse in signe of victorie,  
My Golden Sheeld and Sword, but with the poynt hanging downe,  
As one conquered and lost his renoune.  
Writing likewise thereupon, that all passengers may see,  
That the false King of *Norway*, here lieth flaine by me.

*Enter Coryn with a Hearse.*

*Co.* Lo Gentleman, cha brought zuch things, as are requifit for the zame: 1450

*Clyo.* Then good father helpe me, the Hearse for to frame.  
Chat chall Gentleman, in the best order that cha may:  
O that our Parish Preeft were here, that you might heare him say,  
Vor by gos bones, an there be any noyse in the Church, in the midst of his  
prayers heele sweare.  
A he loues hunting a life, would to God you were acquainted with him a  
while,  
And as vor a woman, well chill zay nothing, but cha knowe whom hee did  
beguile.

*Clyo.* Well father *Coryn* let that passe, wee haue nothing to do withall, 1460  
And now that this is done, come reward thy paine I shall.  
There is part of a recompence, thy good will to requite.

## The Historie of Clyomon

*Coryn.* By my troth cha thank you, cham bound to pray vor you day and  
And now chil euë home, & fend Iack my boy this sheep to seeke out: (night.

*Clyo.* Tell me father ere thou goest, didst thou not see a Lady wandring  
(here about?)

*Cor.* A Lady, no good vaith gentleman, cha zaw none cha tel you plane:

*Clyo.* Wel then farewell father, gramercies for thy paine.

Ah *Neronis* where thou art, or where thou doest abide,  
Thy *Clyomon* to seeke thee out, shall rest no time nor tide:  
Thy foe here lieth flaine on ground, and liuing is thy frend,  
Whose trauel til he see thy face, shall neuer haue an end.

1470

My Ensigne here I leaue behind, these verses writ shall yeeld  
A true report of traytor flaine, by the knight of the golden sheeld.  
And as vnknowne to any wight, to trauell I betake,  
Vntil I may her find, whose light my hart may ioyfull make.

*Exit.*

*Enter Shift very braue.*

*Sc. xvii*

*Shift.* Iesu what a gazing do you make at me, to see me in a gowne?  
Do you not know after trauell, men being in Court or in Towne,  
And specially such as is of any reputation, they must vse this guise,  
Which signifieth a foole to be sage, graue, and of counsell wife.  
But where are we thinke you now, that *Shift* is so braue?  
Not running to seeke the knight of the golden sheeld, an other office I haue:  
For comming here to the court, of strange Marshes so named,  
Where King *Alexander* in his owne person lies, that Prince mightily famed  
Betweene *Mustantius* brother to the late king deceased  
And the Queene, through King *Alexander*, a strife was appeased:  
But how or which way I thinke you do not know,  
Well then giue eare to my tale, and the truth I wil show:  
The old King being dead, through sorrow for *Neronis*,  
Whom we do heare, Louer to the Knight of the Golden Sheeld is.  
The Queene being with child, the scepter asked to fway,  
But *Mustantius* the Kings brother, he did it deny.  
Whereof great contention grew, amongst the Nobles on either side,  
But being by them agreed the iudgement to abide  
Of King *Alexander* the great, who then was comming hither,  
At his arriual to the Court, they all were cald together.  
The matter being heard, this sentence was giuen,

1480

1490

That

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

That either partie should haue a Champion to combat them betweene:  
That which Champion were ouercome, the other should fway, 1500  
And to be foughten after that time, the sixteene day.  
Now my maister *Clamydes* comming hither, for *Mustantius* wil he bee,  
But vpon the Queenes side, to venter none can we see:  
And yet she maketh proclamation through euery land:  
To giue great gifts to any that will take the combat in hand.  
Well within ten daies is the time, and king *Alexander* hee  
Staieth till the day appointed, the triall to see:  
And if none came at the day for the Queene to fight,  
Then without trauel to my maister, *Mustantius* hath his right.  
But to see all things in a readines, against thappointed day: 1510  
Like a shifting knaue for aduantage, to Court Ile take my way.

*Exit.*

*Enter Neronis like a Sheepbeards boy.*

*Sc. xviii*

*Nero.* The painfull pathes, the wearie wayes, the trauels and ill fare,  
That simple feete, to Princes seeme, in practise verie rare,  
As I poore Dame, whose pensiuè heart, no pleasure can delight,  
Since that my state so cruelly, fell *Fortune* holds in spight.  
Ah poore *Neronis* in thy hand, is this a seemely shoue,  
Who shouldst in Court thy Lute supplie, where pleasures erst did flowe?  
Is this an instrument for thee to guide a sheeheardes flocke? 1520  
That art a Princes by thy birth, and borne of noble stocke.  
May mind from mourning more refraine, to thinke on former state?  
May heart from sighing eke abstaine, to see this simple rate?  
May eyes from downe distilling teares, when thus a loue I am,  
Resistance make, but must they not, through ceaselesse sorrowes frame  
A Riuer of bedewed drops, for to distill my face?  
Ah heauens when you are reuengd inough, then looke vpon my cace:  
For till I heare some newes alas vpon my louing Knight,  
I dare not leaue this loathsome life, for feare of greater spight:  
And now as did my maister will, as sheepe that is a stray 1530  
I must go seeke her out againe, by wild and wearie way.

hA

## The Historie of Clyomon

Ah wofull fight, what is alas, with these mine eyes beheld,  
That to my louing Knight belongd, I view the Golden Sheeld :  
Ah heauens, this Herse doth signifie my Knight is flaine,  
Ah death no longer do delay, but rid the liues of twaine :  
Heart, hand, and euerie fence prepare, vnto the Hearse draw nie :  
And thereupon submit your selues, disdaine not for to die  
With him that was your mistresse ioy, her life and death like case,  
And well I know in seeking me, he did his end embrace.  
That cruell wretch that *Norway* King, this cursed deed hath dunne,  
But now to cut that lingring threed, that *Lachis* long hath spunne,  
The sword of this my louing knight, behold I here do take,  
Of this my wofull corps alas, a finall end to make :  
Yet ere I strike that deadly stroke that shall my life deprae,  
Ye muses ayd me to the Gods, for mercie first to craue.

1540

*Sing heere.*

Well now you heauens receiue my ghost, my corps I leau behind,  
To be inclosed with his in earth, by those that shall it find.

*Descend Prouidence.*

*Proui.* Stay, stay thy stroke, thou wofull Dame, what wilt thou thus disc- 1550  
paire?

Behold to let this wilfull fact, I Prouidence prepare  
To thee, from seate of mightie Ioue, looke hereupon againe,  
Reade, that if case thou canst it reade, and see if he be flaine  
Whom thou doest loue.

*Nero.* Ah heauens above,  
All laud and praise and honour due, to you I here do render,  
That would vouchsafe your handmaid here, in wofull state to tender :  
But by these same Verses do I find, my faithfull knight doth liue,  
Whose hand vnto my deadly foe, the mortall stroke did giue :  
Whose cursed carkasse loe it is, which here on ground doth lie,  
Ah honour due for this I yeeld, to mightie Ioue on hie.

1560

*Proui.* Well, let desparation die in thee, I may not here remaine,  
But be assured, that thou shalt ere long thy knight attaine.

*Ascend.*

*Nero.* And for their prouidence diuine, the Gods aboue ile praise,  
And shew their works so wonderfull, vnto their laud alwaies.

Well

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Well, fith that the gods by prouidence hath signed vnto mee  
Such comfort sweete in my distresse, my Knight againe to see,  
Farewell all feeding Shepherds flocks, vnseemly for my state,  
To seeke my loue I will set forth, in hope of friendly fate.  
But first to Shepherds house I will, my pages tyre to take,  
And afterwards depart from thence, my iourney for to make.

1570

*Exit.*

*Enter Sir Clyomon.*

Sc. xix

*Clyo.* Long haue I fought but all in vaine, for neither far nor neare  
Of my *Neronis* wofull dame, by no meanes can I heare.

Did euer fortune violate two louers in such fort ?

The griefes ah are intollerable, the which I do support

For want of her, but hope somewhat reuiues my pensue hart,

And doth to me some sodaine cause of comfort now impart

1580

Through newes I heare, as I abroad in weary trauell went,

How that the Queene her mother hath her proclamations sent

Through euery land, to get a Knight to combat on her side,

Against *Mustantius*, Duke and Lord, to haue a matter tride :

And now the day is very nigh, as I do vnderstand,

In hope to meete my Lady there I will into that land :

And for her mother vndertake the combat for to trye,

Yea though the other *Hector* were, I would him not denye

What foeuer he be, but ere I go, a golden Sheeld ile haue,

Although vnknowne, I will come in, as doth my Knighthood craue :

1590

But couered will I keepe my Sheeld, becaufe ile not be knowne,

If case my Lady be in place, till I haue prowesse showne.

Well, to haue my Sheeld in readinesse, I will no time delay,

And then to combat for the Queene, I straight will take my way.

*Exit.*

*Enter Neronis like the Page.*

Sc. xx

*Nero.* Ah weary paces that I walke, with steps vnsteddy still,

Of all the gripes of grislie griefes, *Neronis* hath her fill.

And yet amidst these miseries, which were my first mishaps,

By brute I heare such newes alas, as more and more inwraps

1600

My wretched corps with thousand woes, more then I may support,

So that I am to be compar'd vnto the scaled fort,

Which doth so long as men and might, and sustenance preuaile,

G

Giue

## The Historie of Clyomon

Giue to the enemies repulse, that commeth to assaile:  
But when assistance gins to faile, and strength of foes increafe,  
They forced are through battering blowes, the same for to release.  
So likewise I so long as hope, my comfort did remaine,  
The grieffly griefes that me assailed, I did repulse againe:  
But now that hope begins to faile, and griefes anew do rise,  
I must of force yeeld vp the Forte, I can no way deuise  
To keepe the same, the Forte I meane, it is the wearie corse,  
Which sorrowes daily do assaile, and siege without remorse:  
And now to make my griefes the more, report alas hath told,  
How that my fathers aged bones, is shrined vp in mold,  
Since Norway king did me betray, and that my mother shee,  
Through Duke *Mustantius*, vncke mine, in great distresse to bee:  
For swaying of the Septer there, what should I herein say?  
Now that I cannot find my knight, I would at combat day  
Be gladly there, if case I could with some good maister meete,  
That as his Page in these affaires, would seeme me to intreate:  
And in good time, here commeth one, he seemes a knight to be,  
He profer seruice, if in case, he will accept of me.

1610

1620

*Enter Clyomon with his Sheeld couered, strangely disguised.*

*Clyo.* Well, now as one vnknowne, I will go combat for the Queene:  
Who can bewray me, since my Sheeld is not for to be seene?  
But stay, who do I here espie? of truth a proper Boy,  
If case he do a maister lacke, he shall sustaine no noy:  
For why in these affaires, he may stand me in passing steed.

*Nero.* Well, I see to passe vpon my way, this Gentlemans decreed,  
To him I will submit my selfe, in seruice for to be,  
If case he can his fancie frame, to like so well on me.  
Well met sir knight vpon your way.

1630

*Clyo.* My Boy gramercies, but to me say,  
Into what countrey is thy iourney dight?

*Nero.* Towards the strange Marshe, of truth Sir Knight.

*Clyo.* And thither am I going, high Ioue be my guide.

*Nero.* Would Gods I were worthy to be your Page by your side.

*Clyo.* My Page my boy, why what is thy name? that let me heare.

*Nero.* Sir Knight, by name I am called *Cur Daceer*.

*Clio. Cur*

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Clyo.* *Cur Daceer*, what heart of Steele, now certis my boy :  
I am a Gentleman, and do entertaine thee with ioy :  
And to the strange Marshes am I going, the Queene to defend,  
Come therefore, for without more saying, with me thou shalt wend.

1640

*Exit.*

*Nero.* As diligent to do my dutie as any in this land :  
Ah Fortune, how fauourable my friend doth she stand :  
For thus no man knowing mine estate nor degree,  
May I passe safely, a Page as you see.

*Exit.*

*Enter Bryan* fance foy *with the Head.*

Sc. xxi

*Bry.* Euen as the Owle that hides her head, in hollow tree till night,  
And dares not while fir *Phæbus* shines, attempt abroad in flight :  
So likewise I as Buzzard bold, while chearefull day is feene,  
Am forst with Owle to hide my selfe, amongst the luie Greene :  
And dares not with the feelie Snail, from cabbin show my head,  
Till *Vesper* I behold aloft, in skies begin to spread :  
And then as Owle that flies abroad when other fowles do rest,  
I creepe out of my drowfie denne, when summous hath supprett  
The head of euerie valiant heart, loe thus I shrowd the day,  
And trauell as the Owle by night vpon my wished way :  
The which hath made more tedious my iourney, by halfe part,  
But blame not *Bryan*, blame alas, his cowardly catiffes hart :  
Which dares not showe it selfe by day, for feare of worthy wights,  
For none can trauell openly, to escape the venturous Knights,  
Vnlesse he haue a noble mind, and eke a valiant hart,  
The which I will not brag vpon, I assure you for my part :  
For if the courage were in me, the which in other is,  
I doubtles had inioyed the wight whom I do loue ere this.  
Well, I haue not long to trauell now, to *Denmarke* I draw nie,  
Bearing knight *Clamydes* name, yet *Bryan fance foy* am I.  
But though I do vsurpe his name, his sheeld or ensigne here,  
Yet can I not vsurpe his heart, still *Bryans* heart I beare :  
Well, I force not that, he is safe enough, and *Bryan* as I am,  
I will vnto the Court, whereas I shall enioy that dame.

1652

1660

1670

*Exit.*

*Enter*

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*Enter Shift like a Wiffler.*

Sc. xxii

*Shift.* Rowme there for a reckning, see I beseech you if thale stand out of Iesu, Iesu, why do you not know that this is the day (the way,

That the combat must passe for *Mustantius* and the Queene?

But to fight vpon her side as yet no Champion is seene.

1680

And Duke *Mustantius* he smiles in his sleeue, because he doth see That neither for loue nor rewards, any one her Champion will be.

Ant were not but that my maister the other Champion is,

To fight for the Queene my selfe, I surely would not mis.

Alas good Lady, she and her child is like to lose all the land,

Because none will come in, in her defence for to stand.

For where she was in election, if any Champion had come

To rule till she was deliuered, and haue the Princes roome:

Now shall Duke *Mustantius* be sure the Scepter to sway,

If that none do come in to fight in her cause this day.

1690

And King *Alexander* all this while hath he stayed the triall to see,

Well here they come, roome there for the King, heres such thrusting of women as it grieueth mee.

*Enter King Alexander, the Queene, Mustantius, two Lords, and Clamydes like a Champion.*

*Mustan.* O *Alexander* lo behold, before thy royall grace My Champion here at pointed day I do present in place.

*Alexand.* Well fir Duke in your defence is he content to be?

*Clamy.* Yea worthy Prince, not fearing who incounter shall with me:

Although he were with *Hercules* of equall power and might,

1700

Yet in the cause of this same Duke, I challenge him the fight.

*Alexa.* I like your courage well fir Knight: what shal we call your name?

*Clamy.* *Clamydes*, sonne to the *Swauian* King, O Prince so hight the same.

*Alexa.* Now certainly I am right glad *Clamydes* for to see, Have valiant courage to remaine within the mind of thee.

Well Lady, according to the order tane herein, what do you say,

Haue you your Champion in like case, now ready at the day?

*Queene.* No sure ô King no Champion I, haue for to ayde my cause,

Vnlesse twill please your noble grace on further day to pause.

For I haue sent throughout this Ile, and euery forraine land,

1710

But none as yet hath proffered, to take the same in hand.

*Alex.* No,



*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Alex.* No, I am more forie certainly, your chance to see so ill,  
But day deferred cannot be, vnlesse *Mustantius* will,  
For that his Champion readie here, in place he doth present,  
And who so missed at this day, should loose by full consent  
Of either part, the tytle right, and sway of regall Mace,  
To this was your consentment giuen, as well as his in place,  
And therefore without his assent, we cannot referre the day?

*Shift.* Ant shall please your grace, herein trie *Mustantius* what he will say.

*Alex.* How say you *Mustantius*, are you content the day to deferre? 1720

*Mustan.* Your Grace will not will me I trust, for then from law you erre:  
And hauing not her Champion here, according to decree,  
There resteth nought for her to loose, the Crowne belongs to mee.

*Shift.* Nay ant shall please your grace, rather then she shall it lose,  
I my selfe will be her Champion for halfe a doozen blowes.

*Mustan.* Wilt thou? then by full congo to the Challenger there stands.

*Shift.* Nay soft, of sufferance commeth ease, though I cannot rule my  
tongue, ile rule my hands.

*Mustan.* Well noble *Alexander*, sith that she wants her Champion as  
you see, 1730

By greement of your royall grace, the Crowne belongs to mee.

*Alex.* Nay *Mustantius*, she shall haue law, wherefore to sound begin,  
To see if that in three houres space no Champion will come in.

*Sound here once.*

Of truth Madam I forie am, none will thy cause maintaine,  
Well, according to the law of Armes, yet Trumpet found againe.

*Sound second time.*

What, and is there none will take in hand, to Combat for the Queene?

*Shift.* Faith I thinke it must be I must do the deed, for none yet is seene.

*Queene.* O King let pittie pleade for me, here in your gracious sight, 1740  
And for so slender cause as this depriue me not of right:

Consider once I had to spowse a Prince of worthy fame,  
Though now blind Fortune spurne at me, her spight I needs must blame.

And though I am bereft O King, both of my child and mate,  
Your Grace some greement may procure, consider of my state,  
And suffer not a Widow Queene with wrong oppressed so,  
But pitie the young Infants case, wherewith O King I go:

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And though I suffer wrong, let that find fauour in your fight.

*King.* Why Lady I respect you both, and fure would if I might  
Entreate *Mustantius* thereunto, some such good order frame,  
Your strife should cease, and yet each one well pleased with the same.

1750

*Queene.* I know your grace may him perswade, as reason wils no lesse.

*King.* Well Sir *Mustantius*, then your mind to me in breefe expresse,  
Will you vnto such order stand here limited by me,  
Without deferring longer time, say on if you agree?

*Mustan.* In hope your grace my state will way, I giue my glad consent.

*King.* And for to end all discord say, Madame, are you content?

*Queene.* Yea noble King.

*King.* Well then before my nobles all, giue eare vnto the King,  
For swaying of the sword and Mace all discord to beate downe,  
The child when it is borne, we elect to weare the Crowne.

1760

And till that time *Mustantius*, you of lands and liuing heere,  
Like equall part in euerie point, with this the Queene shall share:

But to the child when it is borne, if Gods grant it to liue,  
The kingdome whole in euery part, as tytle we do giue.

But yet *Mustantius*, we will yeeld this recompence to you,  
You shall receiue fise thousand Crownes for yearely pension due,  
To maintaine your estate, while you here liue and do remaine,  
And after let the whole belong vnto the Crowne againe.

Now say your minds if you agree?

1770

*Page.* I would the like choise were put to me.

*Must.* I for my part O Noble King therewith am well content:  
Well better halfe then nought at all, I likewise giue consent.

*Enter Clyomon, as to Combat.*

*Clyo.* Renowned King and most of fame, before thy royall grace,  
The Queene to aid, I do present my person here in place.

*Mustan.* You come too late in faith Sir knight, the houre and time is past.

*Clyo.* Your houre I am not to respect, I entered with the blast.

*Clamy.* What Princox is it you, are come to combat for the Queene?  
Good Fortune now, I hope ere long your courage shall be seene.

1780

*Clyo.* And fure I count my hap as good, to meete with you Sir knight,  
Come according to your promise made, prepare your selfe to fight.

*Clamy.* I

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

*Clamy.* I knew you well inough fir, although your sheeld were hid from mee.

*Clyo.* Now you shall feele me as well as know me, if hand and hart agree.

*King.* Stay, stay Sir knights, I charge you not in combat to proceed,  
For why the quarell ended is, and the parties are agreed:  
And therefore we discharge you both, the combat to refraine:

*Page.* The heauens therefore O noble King, thy happie sheeld remaine.

*Clamy.* O King although we be discharged for this contention now, 1790  
Betwixt vs twaine there resteth yet a combat made by vow:  
Which should be fought before your Grace: and since we here be met,  
To iudge twixt vs for victorie, let me your Gtace entreat.

*King.* For what occasion is your strifes fir knights, first let me know?

*Clamid.* The truth thereof renowned king thy seruant he shall show:  
What time O king, as I should take of *Suauia* king my fier,  
The noble orders of a Knight, which long I did desier:  
This knight a straunger comes to court, and at that present day,  
In cowardly wise he comes by stealth, and takes from me away  
The honour that I should haue had, for which my father he, 1800  
Did of his blessing giue in charge, O noble king to me,  
That I should know his name, that thus bereaued me of my right  
The which he will not shew, vnles he be subdued in fight:  
Whereto we either plighted faith, that I should know his name,  
If that before thy Grace O King, my force in fight could frame,  
To vanquish him, now hauing met thus happily together,  
Though they are greed, our combat rest, decreed ere we came hither.  
Are you that knight that did subdue Sir *Samuel* in field,  
For which you had in recompence of vs, that Golden Sheeld?

*Clyo.* I am that knight renowned Prince, whose name is yet vnknowne, 1810  
And since I foyld Sir *Samuel*, some prowesse I haue showne.

*Queen.* Then as I gesse, you are that Knight by that same sheeld you bear  
Which sometime was restored to health within our Pallace here?  
By *Neronis* our daughter she betrayed by Norway king.

*Clyo.* I am that knight indeed O Queene, whom she to health did bring.  
Whose seruant euer I am bound wherefoeuer that she be,  
Whose enimie O Queene is slaine pursuing her, by me.

*Queene.* Know

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*Queene.* Know you not where she abides, Sir knight to vs declare?

*Clyo.* No certis would to Gods I did, she should not liue in care,  
But escaped from the Norway king, I am assur'd she is.

1820

*Queene.* Well her absence was her fathers death, which turnd to bale my  
(blis.

*Clyo.* And till I find her out againe, my toile no end shall haue

*Queene.* Alas he is nigh inough to her, small toile the space doth craue.

*King.* Well Sir knights, since that you haue declar'd before me here,  
The cause of this the grudge which you to each other beare:

I wish you both a while to pause, and to my words attend,

If Reason rest with you, be sure Knights, this quarell I will end,

Without the sheading any blood betwixt you here in fight:

*Clamydes,* wey you are nobly borne, and will you then sir Knight,

1830

Go hazard life so desperately? I charge you both refraine,

Since for so final a cause, the strife doth grow betwixt you twaine:

And let him know your name sir knight, and so your malice end:

*Clyo.* I haue vowed to the contrary, which vowe I must defend. (knowne:

*King.* Well though so it be that you haue vowed, your name shall not be  
Yet not detracting this your vow, your countrey may be showne,  
And of what stocke by birth you bee:

*Shift.* Bur Lady he is dashed now I see.

*Clyo.* Indeed this hath astond me much, I cannot but confesse,  
My country and my birth, my state, which plainly wil expresse  
My name, for that vnto them all my state is not knowne,

1840

*King.* Sir knight, of our demand from you againe, what answere shall be

*Clyo.* Of *Denmarke* noble Prince I am, and son vnto the king: (showne?

*King.* Why then sir *Clyomon* hight your name, as rare report doth ring?

*Clyo.* It doth indeed so hight my name, O Prince of high renowne,  
I am the Prince of *Denmarkes* sonne, and heire vnto the Crowne.

*Clamy.* And are you son to *Denmarke* king? then do imbrace your friend,  
Within whose heart here towards you, all malice makes an end:  
Who with your sister linked is, in loue with loyall hart:

*Clyo.* And for her sake, and for thine owne, like friendship I impart.

1850

*King.* Well sir knights, since friendship rests, where rancor did remaine,  
And that you are such friends become, I certaine am right faine,  
In hope you wil continue stil, you shall to Court repaire,  
And remaine if that you please awhile, to rest you there

Till

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Till time you haue decreed which way your iourney you will frame :

*Both.* We yeeld you thanks, befeeching Ioue ftill to augment your fame.

*Exeunt.*

*Clamydes.* Well, come my *Clyomon* let vs paffe, and as we iourne by way,  
My moft misfortunes vnto thee I wholly will bewray  
What hapned in my laft affaires, and for thy fifters fake. 1860

*Clyomon.* Well then *Cœur d'acer* come and waite, your iourney you fhall  
And feeing thou art prepared, and haft all things in readineffe, (take,  
Haft thee before to *Denmarke* with speedineffe,  
And tell the King and the Queene that *Clyomon* their fonne  
In health and happie ftate to their court doth returne,  
But in no wife to *Iuliana* fay any thing of mee.

*Curdafer.* I will not fhew one word amiffe contrary your decree.

*Clamydes.* Well then my *Clyomon*, to take our leau to court let vs repare :

*Clyomon.* As your friend and companyon *Clamydes* euery where. *Exit.*

*Neronis.* Oh heauens! is this my louing knight whom I haue ferud fo lög? 1870  
Now haue I tride his faithfull hart, oh fo my ioyes doth throng,  
To thinke how fortune fauoreth me, *Nerones* now be glad,  
And praife the gods, thy iourney now, fuch good fucceffe hath had  
To *Denmarke* will I haft with ioy my meffage to declare,  
And tell the King how that his fonne doth homeward now repaire.  
And more to make my ioyes abound, fortune could neuer frame  
A finer meane to ferue my turne, then this, for by the fame  
I may vnto the Queene declare my ftate in fecret wife,  
As by the way I will recount how beft I can deuife.  
Now pack *Nerones* like a page, haft hence left thou be fpide, 1880  
And tell thy maifters meffage there, the gods my iourney guide. *Exit.*

*Enter King of Denmarke, the Queene, Iuliana, two Lords.*

*Sc. xxiii*

*King.* Come Lady Queene, and daughter eke, my *Iuliana* deare,  
We mufe that of your Knight as yet no newes againe you heare,  
Which did aduenture for your loue the Serpent to fubdue.

*Iulia.* O father, the fending of that worthy knight my woful hart doth rue,  
For that alas the furious force of his outrageous might,  
As I haue heard fubdued hath full many a worthy knight.  
And this laft night O father paff, my mind was troubled fore,  
Me thought in dreame I faw a Knight not knowne to me before, 1890

H

Which

## The Historie of Clyomon

Which did present to me the head of that same monster slaine,  
But my *Clamydes* still in voyce me thought I heard complaine,  
As one bereft of all his ioy, now what this dreame doth signifie,  
My simple skill will not suffice the truth thereof to specifie.  
But fore I feare to contraries, the expect thereof will hap,  
Which will in huge calamities my wofull corps bewrap:  
For sending of so worthy a Prince, as was *Clamydes* he,  
To sup his dire destruction there, for wretched loue of me.

*Queene.* Tush daughter these but fancies be, which run within your mind:

*King.* Let them for to suppress your ioyes, no place of harbour find. 1900

*Lord.* O Princes let no dollors dant, behold your Knight in place:

*Iulia.* Ah happie fight, do I behold my knight *Clamydes* face?

*Enter Bryan Sance foy with the head on his sword.*

*Bryan.* Wel, I haue at last through trauell long, atchiued my iourneys end,  
Though *Bryan*, yet *Clamydes* name, I stoutly must defend.  
Ah happie fight, the King and Queene with daughter in like case  
I do behold, to them I will present my selfe in place:

The mightie Gods renowned King, thy princely state maintaine:

*King.* Sir *Clamydes*, most welcome sure you are to court againe.

*Bryan.* O Princes lo my promise here performed thou maist see, 1910  
The Serpents head by me subdude I do present to thee,  
Before thy fathers royall grace:

*Iulia.* My *Clamydes* do embrace.

Thy *Iuliana*, whose hart thou hast till vitall race be runne:

Sith for her sake so venturously this deed by thee was done.

Ah welcome home my faithfull Knight:

*Bryan.* Gramerces noble Lady bright.

*King.* Well *Iuliana* in our court your louer cause to stay,

For all our Nobles we will fend, against your nuptiall day.

Go cary him to take his rest:

*Iulian.* I shall obey your graces heft. 1920

Come my *Clamydes* go with me, in court your rest to take:

*Bryan.* I thanke you Lady, now I see accompt of me you make.

*Exeunt.*

*King.* Well my Queene, sith daughter ours hath chofen such a make,  
The terrour of whose valiant hart may cause our foes to quake,

Come

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Come let vs presently depart, and as we did decree,  
For all our nobles will we fend, their nuptialls for to see.

*Queene.* As pleafeth thee, thy Lady Queene O king is well agreed.

*Lo.* May it please your graces to areft, for loe with pofting fpeed

1930

A meffenger doth enter place :

*King.* Then will we ftay to know the cafe.

*Enter Neronis.*

*Nero.* The mightie powers renowned Prince preferue your ftate for ay,

*King.* Meffenger thou art welcome, what haft thou to fay ?

*Nero.* Sir *Clyomon* your noble fonne, knight of the golden Sheeld,

Who for his valiant victories in Towne and eke in field

Is famed through the world, to your court doth now returne,

And hath fent me before to Court, your grace for to enforme.

*King.* Ah meffenger declare, is this of truth the which that thou haft told ? 1940

*Nero.* It is moft true O Noble king, you may thereof be bold.

*King.* Ah ioy of ioyes furrpaffing all, what ioy is this to me ?

My *Clyomon* in Court to haue, the nuptiall for to see,

Of *Iuliana* fifter his, oh fo I ioy in mind.

*Queene.* My boy where is thy maifter fpeake, what is he far behind ?

Declare with fpeed, for thefe my eyes do long his face to view :

*Nero.* Oh Queene this day he will be here, tis truth I tell to you.

But noble Queene let pardon here my bold attempt excufe,

And for to heare a fimple boy in fecret not refufe.

Who hath ftrange tidings from your fonne to tell vnto your grace. *Exit.* 1950

*Lord.* Behold my Lord where as I gaffe, fome ftrangers enter place :

*King.* I hope my *Clyomon* be not far, Oh ioy, I fee his face.

*Clyo.* Come Knowledge, come forward, why art thou alwaies flacke ?

Get you to Court, bruffh vp our apparell, vntruffe your packe :

Go feeke out my Page, bid him come to me with all fpeed you can :

*Shift.* Go feek out, fetch, bring here, gogs ounds, what am I, a dog or a man ?

I were better be a hangman, and liue fo like a drudge :

Since your new man came to you, I muft packe, I muft trudge.

*Clyo.* How ftands thou knaue ? why gets thou not away ?

*Shift.* Now, now fir, you are fo haltie now, I know not what to fay. 1960

*Clyo.* O noble Prince, the Gods aboue preferue thy royall grace :

*King.* How ioyfull is my heart deare fonne, to view againe thy face ?

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*Clyomon.* And I as ioyfull in the view of parents happie plight,  
Whome sacred gods long time maintaine in honor day and night.  
But this my friend O father deere, euen as my selfe intreate,  
Whose noblenes when time shall serue to you he shall repeate.

*King.* If case my sonne he be thy friend, with hart I thee imbrace:

*Clyomon.* With loyall hart in humble wise, I thanke your noble grace.

*King.* My *Clyomon* declare my sonne in thine aduentures late,  
What hath bin wrought by fortune most to aduance thy noble state? 1970

*Clyomon.* O father, the greatest ioy of all the ioyes which was to one assignd  
Since first I left your noble court by cruell fortune blind,  
Is now bereft from me away, through her accursed fate,  
So that I rather finde she doth enuy my noble state,  
Then seeke for to aduance the same, so that I boldly may  
Expreffe the neuer gaue so much, but more she tooke away.  
And that which I haue lost by her, and her accursed ire,  
From trauell will I neuer cease, vntill I may aspire  
Vnto the view thereof oh King, wherein is all my ioy.

*King.* Why how hath fortune wrought to thee this care and great anoy? 1980

*Clyomon.* O father vnto me the heauenly powers assignd a noble dame,  
With whome to liue in happy life, my hart did wholie frame.  
But not long did that glasing starre, giue light vnto mine eyes,  
But this fell fortune gins to frowne, which euery state despise,  
And takes away through cancred hate that happy light from me,  
In which I fixed had my hope, a blessed state to see:  
And daughter to the King she was, which of strange Marshes hight,  
Bearing brute each where, to be dame Bewties darling bright:  
Right heire vnto dame Vertues grace, dame Natures patterne true,  
Dame Prudence scholler for her wit, dame *Venus* for her hue.

*Diana* for her daintie life, *Susanna* being sad,  
Sage *Saba* for her soberneffe, mild *Marpha* being glad.  
And if I should reentre make, amongst the Muses nine,  
My Lady lackt no kind of art, which man may well define  
Amongst those daintie dames to be, then let all iudge that heare,  
If that my cause it be not iust, for which this penfiue cheare  
Fell fortune forceth me to make.

*King.* Yet *Clyomon* good counsell take.



*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Let not the losse of the Lady thine so pinch thy hart with griefe,  
That nothing may vnto thy mind giue comfort or reliefe:  
What man there Ladies are enow, although that she be gone,  
Then leaue to waile the want of her, cease off to make this mone.

2000

*Clyo.* No father, neuer seeme for to perswade, for as is said before,  
What trauell I haue had for her, it shall be tryple more,  
Vntill I meete with her againe.

*Clamy.* Well *Clyomon*, a while refraine,  
And let me here my woes recount before your fathers grace,  
But let me craue, your sifter may be sent for into place.  
O King vouchsafe I may demaund a simple bound,  
Although a straunger, yet I hope such fauour may be found,  
The thing is this, that you will send for *Iuliana* hither,  
Your daughter faire, that we may talke a word or twaine together.

2010

*King.* For what, let me know sir knight, do you her sight desire?

*Clyo.* The cause pretends no harme my Liege, why he doth this require.

*Ki.* My Lord go bid our daughter come and speake with me straight way.

*Lo.* I shall my Liege in euerie point, your mind herein obey. *Exit.*

*Clyo.* Oh father this is *Clamydes*, and sonne to *Swauia* King.  
Who formy sifter ventured life, the serpens head to bring:  
With whom I met in trauell mine, but more whad did befall,  
To worke his woe when as she comes, your grace shall know it all.

2020

*King.* My sonne you are deceiued much, I you assure in this,  
The person whom you tearme him for, in court alreadie is.

*Clamy.* No father I am not deceiued, this is *Clamydes* sure.

*King.* Well my sonne do cease a while such talke to put in vre:  
For loe thy sifter entereth place, which soone the doubt shall end.

*Clamy.* Then for to shew my name to her, I surely do pretend,  
My *Iuliana* noble Dame, *Clamydes* do embrace,  
Who many a bitter brunt hath bode, since that he saw thy face.

*Enter Iuliana.*

Auant dissembling wretch, what credit canst thou yeeld?  
Wher's the serpens head thou brought, where is my glittering Sheeld?  
Tush, tush sir knight, you counterfet, you would *Clamydes* be,  
But want of these bewraies you quite, and shewes you are not he.

2030

*Clamy.* O Princes do not me disdaine, I certaine am your knight:

H 3

*Iulia.* What

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*Iulia.* What art thou franticke foolish man? auant from out my fight.  
If thou art he, then shew my sheeld, and bring the Serpents head:

*Clamy.* O Princeffe heare me shew my case, by Fortune fell decreed.  
I am your Knight, and when I had subdued the monfter fell,  
Through wearie fight and travell great as Knowledge here can tell:  
I laid me downe to rest a space within the Forrest, where  
One *Bryan* than *Sance foy* hight, who with cowardly vsage there,  
By chaunting charme, brought me a sleepe, then did he take from me  
The Serpents head, my coate and sheeld, the which you gaue to me:  
And left me in his prison loe, still sleeping as I was.

2040

Loe Lady thus I lost those things the which to me you gaue,  
But certainly I am your Knight, and he who did deprave  
The flying Serpent of his life according as you willed,  
That who so wonne your loue by him, the same should be fulfilled.

*Iuli.* Alas poore knight, how simplie haue you framed this excuse?  
The name of such a noble knight to vsurpe and eke abuse.

2050

*Clyo.* No siste you are deceiued, this is *Clamydes* sure:

*Iulia.* No brother, then you are deceiued, such tales to put in vre:  
For my *Clamydes* is in Court, who did present to me,  
In white attire the Serpents head and Sheeld, as yet to see.

*Clamy.* That shall I quickly vnderstand, O king permit I may  
Haue conference a while with him, whom as your grace doth say,  
Presents *Clamydes*, for to be before your royall grace:

*Iuli.* Behold no whit agast to shew himselfe, where he doth enter place.

*Cl.* Ah traytor, art thou he that doth my name and state abuse?

*Iuli.* Sir knight you are too bold in presence here, such talke against him  
for to vse.

2060

*Bry.* Wherefore doest thou vpbraid me thus, thou varlet do declare?

*Clyo.* No varlet he, to call him so, fir knight you are too blame:

*Clamy.* Wouldst thou perstand for what intent such talk I here do frame?  
Because I know thou doest vsurpe my state and noble name.

*Bry.* Who art thou, or whats thy name? reanfwere quickly make:

*Clamy.* I am *Clamydes*, whose name to beare, thou here doest vndertake.

*Bry.* Art thou *Clamydes*? vaunt thou false vsurper of my state,  
Auoyd this place, or death shall be thy most accursed fate.

How

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

How dareſt thou enterpriſe to take my name thus vnto thee ?

2070

*Clamy.* Nay rather, how dareſt thou attempt to vſurpe the name of me ?

*Iulia.* You lie Sir Knight, he doth not ſo, gainſt him you haue it done.

*Clyo.* Siſter you are deceiued, my frind here is *Clamydes* Prince, the King of *Suauias* ſonne.

*Iulia.* Nay Brother, neither you nor he can me deceiue herein.

*Clamy.* O King bowe downe thy princely eares, and liſten what I ſay,  
To proue my ſelſe the wight I am before your royall grace,  
And to diſproue this faithleſſe Knight which here I find in place,  
For to vſurpe my name ſo much, the combat will I trie :  
For before I will mine honour looſe, I rather chuſe to die.

2080

*Ki.* I like well your determind mind, but how ſay you ſir knight ?

*Bryan.* Nay by his ounds ile gage my gowne he dares not fight :

By gogs bloud I ſhall be flaine now, if the Combat I denie,  
And not for the eares of my head with him I dare trie.

*King.* Sir knight why do you not reanſwere make in triall of your name ?

*Bry.* I will O King, if caſe he dare in combat trie the ſame.

*King.* Well then go to prepare your ſelues, each one his weapons take :

*Iulia.* Good father let it not be ſo, reſtraine them for my ſake.

I may not here behold my Knight in daunger for to be,  
With ſuch a one who doth vſurpe his name to purchaſe me :  
I ſpeake not this for that I feare his force or ſtrength in fight,  
But that I will not haue him deale with ſuch a deſperate wight.

2090

*King.* Nay ſure, there is no better way then that which is decreed,  
And therefore for to end their ſtrife the combat ſhall proceed :  
Sir knights prepare your ſelues, the truth thereof to trie.

*Clamy.* I readie am, no cowardly heart ſhall cauſe me to denie.

*Bry.* Nay ile neuer ſtand the triall of it, my heart to fight doth faint :  
Therefore ile take me to my legs, ſeing my honour I muſt attaint.

*King.* Why whither runs *Clamydes* ? Sir knight ſeeme to ſtay him :

*Clyo.* Nay it is *Clamydes* O King that doth fray him.

2100

*Clamy.* Nay come ſir come, for the combat we will trie :

*Bry.* Ah no my heart is done, to be *Clamydes* I denie.

*King.* Why how now *Clamydes*, how chance you do the combat here thus ſhunne ?

*Bry.* Oh King grant pardon vnto me, the thing I haue begunne  
I muſt denie, for I am not *Clamides*, this is plaine :

Though

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Though greatly to my shame, I must my words reuoke againe:  
I am no other then the knight, whome they *Sance Foy* call,  
This is *Clamydes*, the feare of whom, my danted mind doth pall.

*Iulian.* Is this *Clamydes*? ah worthy Knight, then do forgiue thy deere, 2110  
And welcome eke ten thousand times vnto thy Lady heere.

*Clamy.* Ah my *Iuliana* bright, whats past I do forgiue,  
For well I see thou constant art, and whilst that I do liue,  
For this, my firmed faith in thee for euer ile repose.

*Iulian.* O father now I do deny that wretch, and do amongst my foes  
Recount him for this treason wrought.

*King.* Well Knowledge, take him vnto thee, and for the small regard  
The which he had to valiant Knights, this shalbe his reward,  
Sith he by charmes, his crueltie in cowardly manner wrought,  
On Knights, who as *Clamydes* did, the crowne of honour fought, 2120  
And trayterously did them betray, in prison for to keepe,  
The fruits of such like crueltie, himselfe by vs shall reape:  
By due desert therefore I charge to prison him conuay,  
There for to lye perpetually vnto his dying day.

*Bryan.* Oh King be mercifull, and shew some fauour in this case:

*King.* Nay, neuer thinke that at my hands thou shalt finde any grace.

*Clamydes*, ah most welcome thou, our daughter to enioy,  
The heauens be praifd that this hath wrought, to foile all future noy.

*Clamydes.* I thanke your Grace, that you thus so well esteeme of me.

*Enter Knowledge.* What is all things finished, and euery man eased? 2130  
Is the pageant packed vp, and all parties pleased?

Hath each Lord his Lady, and each Lady her loue?

*Clyomon.* Why *Knowledge*, what meanst thou those motions to moue?

*Knowledge.* You were best stay a while, and then you shall know,  
For the Queene her selfe comes, the motion to show.

You sent me if you remember, to seeke out your page,  
But I cannot find him, I went whisling & calling through the court in such  
At the last very scacely in at a chamber I did pry, (a rage:  
Where the Queene with other Ladyes very busy I did spy:

Decking vp a strange Lady very gallant and gay, 2140  
To bring her here in presence, as in court I heard say.

*Clyomon.* A strange Lady *Knowledge*, of whence is she canst thou tell me?

*Knowledge.* Not I ant shall please you, but anon you shall see.

For

*Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

For lo where the Lady with your mother doth come :

*Clyomon.* Then straightway my duty to her grace shalbe done.

The mighty Gods preferue your state, O Queene, and mother deare,  
Hoping your blessing I haue had, though absent many a yeare. (glad,

*Enter Queene.* My *Clyomon*, thy fight my son doth make thy aged mother  
Whose absence long and many a yeare, hath made thy pensiue parents sad.  
And more to let thee know my sonne, that I do loue and tender thee, 2150  
I haue here for thy welcome home, a present which ile giue to thee.

This Lady though she be vnknowne, refuse her not, for sure her state  
Deferues a Princes sonne to wed, and therefore take her for thy mate.

*Clyomon.* O noble Queene and mother deere, I thanke you for your great  
But I am otherwise bestowd, and sure I must my oath fulfill. (good will,  
And so I mind if gods to fore on such decree I meane to pause,

For sure I must of force deny, my noble father knowes the cause. (went,  
*King.* Indeed my Queene this much he told, he lou'd a Lady since he  
Who hath his hart and euer shall, and none but her to loue he's bent.

*Clyomon.* So did I say, and so I wil, no beauties blaze, no glistering wight, 2160  
Can cause me to forget her loue, to whom my faith I first did plight.

*Nerones.* Why are you so straight lac't fir Knight, to cast a Lady off so coy?  
Turne once againe and looke on me, perhaps my fight may bring you ioy.

*Clyo.* Bring ioy to me? alas which way? no Ladies looks cā make me glad:

*Nero.* Then were my recōpence but small, to quit my paine for you I had.  
Wherefore fir knight do wey my words, set not so light the loue I show,  
But when you haue bethought your selfe, you wil recant and turne I know.

*Queene.* My *Clyomon* refuse her not, she is and must thy Lady be:

*Clyo.* If otherwise my mind be bent, I trust your grace will pardon me.

*Nero.* Wel then I see tis time to speake, fir knight let me one questiō craue, 2170

*Say on your mind.* Where is that Lady now become, to whom your plighted  
faith you gaue?

*Clyo.* Nay if I could absolue that doubt, then were my mind at ease:

*Nero.* Were you not brought to health by her, whē you came sick once of

*Clyo.* Yea sure I must cōfesse a truth, she did restore my health to me, (ȳ seas?  
For which good deed I rest her owne, in hope one day her face to see.

*Nero.* But did you not promise her to returne, to see her at a certaine day,  
And ere you came that to performe, the *Norway* King stole her away?  
And so your Lady there you lost:

*Clyomon.* All this I graunt, but to his cost. 2180  
For stealing her against her will, this hand of mine bereft his life.

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*Ne.* Now sure fir knight you serud him wel, to teach him know an other mās  
But yet once more fir Knight replie, the truth I craue to vnderftand, (wife:  
In Forreft once, who gaue you drink, whereas you ftood with fword in hād,  
Fearing leaft fome had you perfude for fleying of your enemie?

*Cly.* That did a fillie fhepheards boy, which there I tooke my Page to be.

*Nero.* And what is of that Page become, remains he with you, yea or no?

*Clyo.* I fent him hither ere I came, becaufe the King and Queene ſhould  
That I in health returned was, but ſince I neuer faw him. (know,

*Ne.* And ſure he ftands not far from hence, though now you do not know 2190

*Clyo.* Not far from hence, where might he be? (him.

*Nero.* Of troth Sir Knight, my ſelfe am he:

I brought your meſſage to the King, as here the Queene can teſtifie:  
I gaue you drinke in Forreft ſure, when you with drougt were like to die.  
I found you once vpon the ſhore full ficke, when as you came from ſeas,  
I brought you home to fathers Court, I fought al means your mind to pleas,  
And I it was that all this while haue waighted like a Page on thee:  
Still hoping for to fpie a time wherein I might difcouer mee.

And ſo by hap at laſt I did, I thanke your mothers noble grace:

She entertaind me courteouſly, when I had told her all my caſe. 2200

And now let this ſuffice my deare, I am *Neronis* whom you ſee,  
Who many a wearie ſtep hath gone, before and ſince I met with thee.

*Clyo.* O fudden ioyes, O heauenly ſight, O words more worth then gold,

*Neronis,* O my deare welcome, my armes I here vnfold,

To claſp thy comely corps withall, twice welcome to thy knight.

*Nero.* And I as ioyfull am no doubt, my *Clyomon* of thy happie ſight.

*Clyo.* *Clamydes* my affured friend, lo how Dame *Fortune* fauoureth mee,  
This is *Neronis* my deare loue, whoſe face ſo long I wiſht to ſee.

*Clamy.* My *Clyomon*, I am as glad as you your ſelfe to ſee this day:

*Ki.* Well daughter though a ſtranger yet, welcome to Court as I may ſay. 2210

*Queene.* And Lady as welcome vnto me, as if thou wert mine onely child.

*Nero.* For this your gracious curteſie, I thanke you noble Princes mild.

*Iu.* Thogh ſtrange and vnacquainted yet, do make account you welcome  
Your nuptiall day as well as mine, I know my father will prepare. (are,

*King.* Yes we are preſt your nuptiall day with daughter ours to ſee,  
As well as *Clyomons* our ſonne, with this his Lady faire:

Come therefore to our Court, that we the ſame may ſoone prepare.

For we are preſt throughout our land, for all our Peeres to ſend:

*Ommes.* Thy pleaſure moſt renowned King, thy ſeruants ſhall attend.

F I N I S.

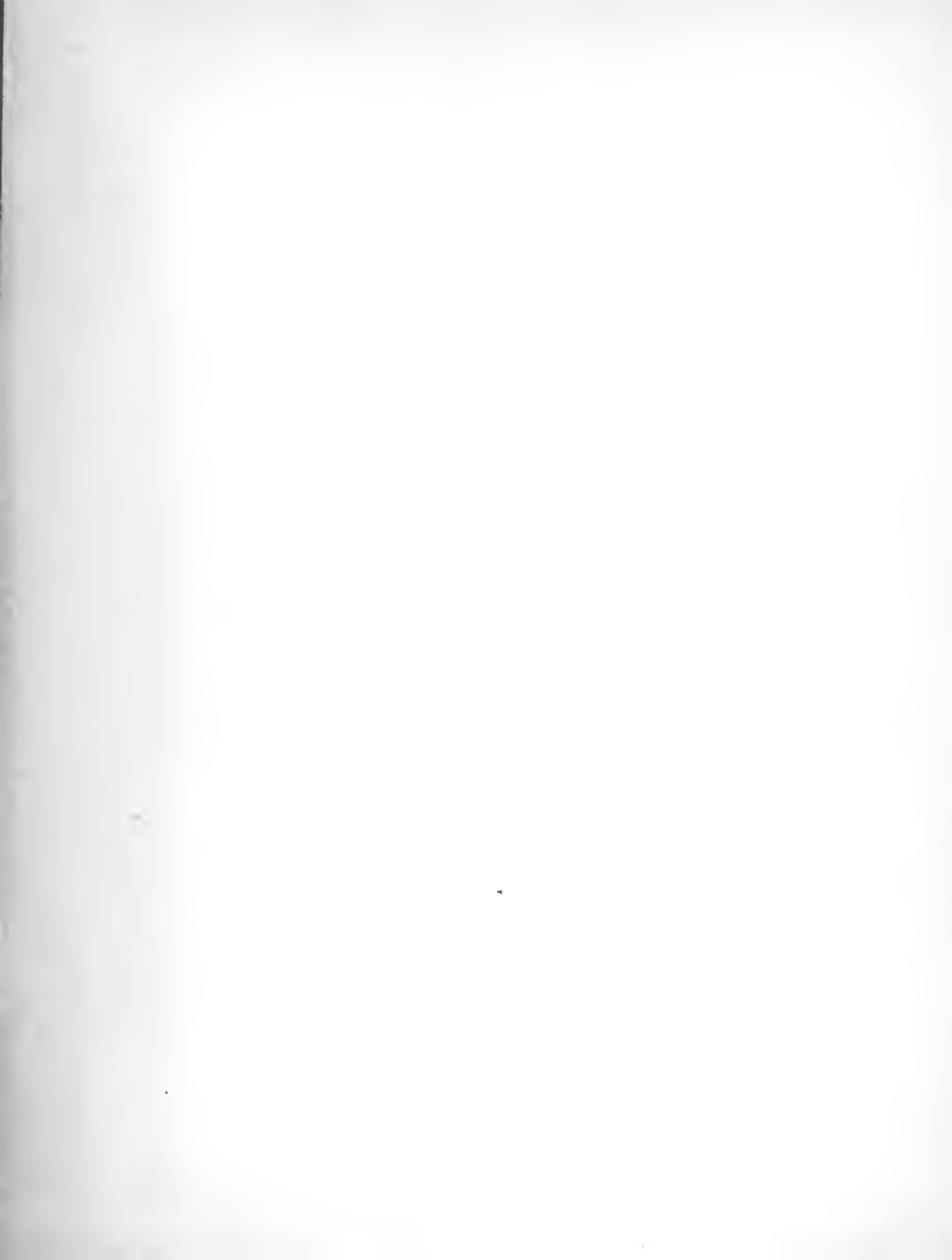
















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