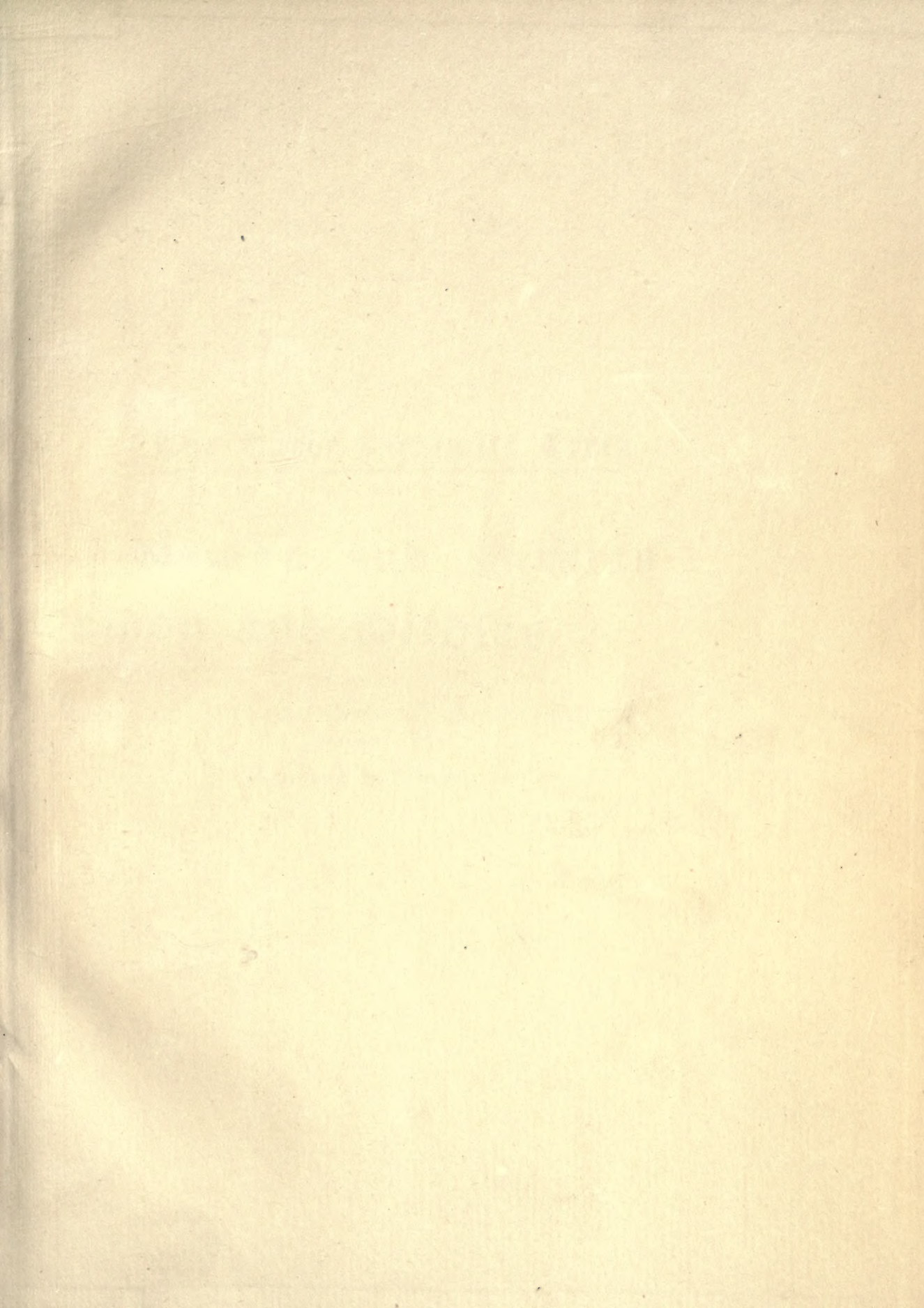




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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Damon and Pithias

Damon and Pithias

Litenseu 1500

*Date of Original (presumably there was an earlier
edition), 1571*

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

MON AND PITCHES

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Damon and Pythias

By RICHARD EDWARDS

Licensed 1568

*Date of Original (presumably there was an earlier
edition), 1571*

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 26.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Damon and Pythias

[By Richard Edwards]

1571

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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1571a

Damon and Pithias

BY RICHARD EDWARDS

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum, the press-mark being C. 34, c. 30. From the title-page of this copy, which is dated 1571, it would appear that it is not the first edition; if so, no copies of an earlier impression are known to be extant. A reprint appeared in 1582, and since then the play has been frequently re-issued in modern times.

It is uncertain when "Damon and Pithias" was first produced; some authorities are inclined to regard it as identical with the tragedy by Edwards which was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Richmond by the children of the chapel in 1564-5, and of course it must have been written before 1566, when Edwards died: it appears to have been licensed to the printer in 1568.

Richard Edwards, who wrote this and other plays not now extant, was born in Somersetshire about the year 1523, and died, as already stated, in 1566. "The Dictionary of National Biography" narrates all that is known of him.

Besides "Damon and Pithias" and "Palamon and Arcyte" (in two parts), Edwards was also the compiler of a very popular anthology—"The Paradise of Dainty Devices."

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, has compared this facsimile with the

original copy, and reports the workmanship (with one exception) as "excellent." Special points of information and criticism are as follows:—

(1) *Title-page, the darkening at the bottom right-hand corner very much exaggerates one or two slight stains in original.*

(2) *B. ii. verso, line 6, the script is in red ink in the original.*

(3) *B. iv. verso, line 14, the mark to the left of the catch-name "ARISTIPPVS" does not appear in the original.*

(4) *℄. ij. verso, line 7, the correcting stroke reversing the order of "furca" and "expellas" is in red ink. The stroke over the last "a" in "Natura" has also been in red.*

(5) *℄. iij. recto, line 1, "An . . . manus" is underlined in pencil, and "omitted" is pencilled against the line in the right-hand margin.*

(6) *℄. iij. recto, lines 9 and 10, the corrections between these two lines are in red ink.*

(7) *℄. iij. recto, the script in the bottom right-hand corner is in red ink.*

(8) *℄. iij. verso, lines 5 and 6, the bracket is in red ink.*

(9) *E. iv. recto, at the foot of this page is lightly pencilled "Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res
Hor".*

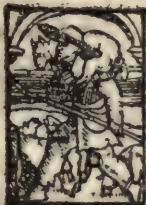
(10) *F. iv. verso, line 16, the blot at commencement of line is not in the original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

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

Newly Imprinted, as the ſame was ſhewed be-
fore the Quenes Maieſtie, by the Childzen of her Graces
Chappell, except the Prologue that is ſomewhat al-
tered for the proper uſe of them that hereafter
ſhall haue occaſion to plaie it, either in
Private, or open Audience. Made
by Maſter Edwards, then bepage
Maſter of the Childzen.

1571.



Imprinted at London in
Flectelane by Richarde Iohnes, and are to be
ſolde at his ſhop, toyning to the Southweſt
doore of Pauies Church.

THE PROLOGVE.




Ouerie syde, whereas I glaunce my roung eye,
 Silence in all eares bent I playnly do espie:
 Yet if your egre lookes doo longe suche toyes to see,
 As heretofore in countycall wise, were wont abroade to bee:
 Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought,
 Is frustrate quite of toying Playes. A soden change is wrought,
 For loe, our Tucthors Muse, that masked in delight,
 Hath forst his Penne agaynst his kinde, no more suche spoxes to write.
 Wuse he that lust, (right worshipfull) for chaunce hath made this change,
 For that to some he seemed too muche, in yonge desires to range:
 In whiche, right glad to please, seyng that he did offende,
 Of all he humbly: pardon craues: his Pen that shall amende:
 And yet (worshipfull Audience,) thus much I dare aduouche.
 In Commedies, the greatestt Skyll is this, rightly to touche
 All thynges to the quicke: and eke to frame eche person so,
 That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly know:
 A Koyster ought not praeche, that were to straunge to heare,
 But as from vertue he doth swerue, so ought his wordes appeare:
 The olde man is sober, the yonge man rashe, the Louer triumphyng in toyes,
 The Mytron graue, the Harlot wilde and full of wauon toyes,
 Whiche all in one course they no wise doo agree:
 So correspondent to their kinde their speeches ought to bee.
 Whiche speeches well pronounke, with action liuely framed,
 If this offende the lookers on, let H: race then be blamed,
 Whiche hath our Tathor taught at Schole, from whom he doth not swarue,
 In all suche kinde of exercise decorum to obserue,
 Thus much for his defence (he sayth) as Poetes earst haue donne,
 Whiche heretofore in Commedies the selfe same case did runne:
 But now for to be bryefe, the matter to expresse,
 Whiche here wee shall present: is this Damon and Pichias,
 A rare ensample of Friendship true, it is no Legend lie,
 But a thinge once donne in deede as Hystories doo deserue,
 Whiche doone of yore in longe time past, yet present shalbe here,
 Euen aa it were in dooyng now, so lincly it shall appeare:
 So here in Siracusa thauient Towne, which once the Romaines wonne,
 Here Dionisius Pallace, within whose Courte this thing most strange was donne,
 Whiche matter mixt with myeth and care, a iust name to applie,
 As seemes most fit wee haue it termed, a Tragicall Commedie,
 Wherein talkyng of Courtly toyes, wee doo protest this flat,
 Wee talke of Dionisius Courte, wee meane no Court but that,
 And that wee doo so meane, wyo w:lye calleth to minde,

The Prologue.

The time, the place, the Authours here most plainly shall it finde,
Loe this I speake for our defence, lest of others wee should be spene:
But woz the Audience, wee you pray, take thinges as they be ment,
Whole by right Judgement wee doo craue, with heedfull care and Eye,
To here the cause, and see the effect of this newe Tragicall Comedie.

E X I T.



The Speakers names.

Aristippus, a pleasant Gentleman.

Carisophus, a Parasite.

Damon, }
Pithias, } two gentlemen of Greece.

Stephano, seruant to Damon and Pithias.

V Vill, Aristippus lackey.

Iacke, Carisophus lackey.


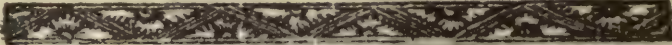
Snap, the Porter.

Dionihus, the Kynges.

Eubulus, the Kynges counsellour.

Gronno, the Hangman.

Grimme, the Colyer.



Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

T O strange (perhaps) it seemes to some,
That I Aristippus, a Courtier am become:
A Philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,
But now to the Courtly behauiour my lyfe I frame,
Wise he that lyst, to you of good skill,
I say that I am a Philosopher still:

Louers of Wisdom, are termed Philosophie,
Then who is a Philosopher so rightly as I?
For in louyng of wisdom, prose doth this trie,
That Frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi:
I am wylse for my selfe, then tell me of troth,
Is not that great Wisdom as the world goeth
Some Philosophers in the streete go ragged and tozned,
And seades on byle Rotes, whom Boyes laugh to scozned,
But I in fine Silkes haunt Dionysius Pallace,
Wherin with dayntie fare my selfe I do solace:
I can talke of Philosophie as well as the best,
But the strapte kynde of lyfe I leaue to the rest:
And I professe now the Courtly Philosophie,
To crouche, to speake fayre, my selfe I applie,
To saede the Kinges humour with pleasant deuites,
For whiche I am called Regius Canis:
But wot ye who named me first the Kinges Dogge?
It was the Roage Diogenes that vile granting Hogge:
Let him rolle in his Tubbe to winne a bayne prayse,
In the Courte pleasantly I wyll spende all my dayes:
Wherin what to do, I am not to learne,
What wyll serue myne owne turne I can quickly discearne:
All my tyme at Schole I haue not spent vayne,
I can helpe one, is not that a good point of Philosophie:

Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

I besyze your fine eares, since you came from Schole,
In the Court you haue made many a wise man a sole:
And though you paint out your fayned Philosophie,
So God helpe me, it is but a playne kinde of flattery:
Whiche you vse so finely in so pleasant a sozre,
That none but Aristippus, now makes the Kinge spozte,
Ere you came hither, for I was sombody,
The Kinge delighted in me, now I am but a nobby.

ARISTIPPVS.

In faith Carisophus, you know your selfe best,

The Tragical Commedie

But I will not call you noddie, but only in jest,
And thus I assure you, though I came from schole,
Do serue in this Court, I came not yet to be the Kinges sole,
Do to fill his eares with seruile squirillitie,
That office is yours, you know it right perfectlye,
Of Parasites and Scicophants you are a graue benchet,
The Kinge feeds you often from his owne trencher,
I enuys not your state, no; yet your great fauour,
Then grudge not at all, if in my behauiour:
I make the Kinge mery, with pleasant vrbantitie,
Whom I neuer abused to any mans iniurie.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ We cocke sir, yet in the Courte you do best thine,
For you get moze in on day then I do in mine.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ Why man in the Courte, do you not see,
Rewardes geuen for vertue, to euery degree?
Do rewarde the vnworthy that worlde is done,
The Courte is changed, a god thread hath bin sponne
Of Dogges woll heretofore, and why? be cause it was liked,
And not for that it was best trimmed and picked:
But now mens eares are finer, such grosse toys are not set by,
Therefore to a trimmer kynde of myrth my selfe I applye,
Wherin though I please, it cometh not of my desert,
But of the Kinges fauour.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ It may so be, yet in your prosperitie,
Dispise not an olde courtier, Carisophus is he,
Which hath longe time fed Dionisus humour:
Diligently to please. A yll at hand, there was neuer ramos,
Spread in this rowne of any smale thinge, but I
Brought it to the Kinge in post by and by,
Yet now I craue your friendship, which if I may attayne,
Post sure and vnfained friendship I promise you a gaine:
So we two linckt in friendship brother and brother,
Full well in the Courte may helpe one another.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ Sir Lady Carisophus, though you know not Philosophie,
Yet surely you are a better Courtier then I,
And yet I not so euill a courtier that wyll seeme to dispise,
Such an old courtier as you so expect and so wyse,
But where as you craue myne & offer your friendship so willingly,
With hart I gear you thanks for this your great curtesie: A. Fu.

OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

A surging of friendship both with tooth and nagle,
Whiles life lasteth neuer to fayle.

CARISOPHVS.

A thousand thanks I geue you, oh friend Aristippus

ARISTIPPVS.

Oh friend Carisophus.

CARISOPHVS.

How ioyfull am I sith I haue to friend Aristippus now?

ARISTIPPVS.

I none so glad of Carisophus friendship as I, I make God a bolue,
I speake as I thinke, belene me.

CARISOPHVS.

Sith we are now so friendly ioyned, it seemeth to me,
That one of vs helpe eche other in euery degree,
Prefer you my cause when you are in presence,
To further your matters to the Kinge let me alone in your absence,

ARISTIPPVS.

Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish,
But I pray you tell me, thus much by the way,
Whither now from this place will you take your iournay?

CARISOPHVS

I will not dissemble, that were against Friendship,
I go into the Citie some knaues to nip:

For talke with their godes, to increase the kynges Treasure,
In such kinde of seruice, I set my chiefe pleasure,
Farewell friend Aristippus now for a time,

EXIT.

ARISTIPPVS.

A delue friend Carisophus: In god faith now,
Of force I must laugh at this solempne vow,
Is Aristippus linckt in Friendship with Carisophus?
Quid cum tanto Afino, talis Philosophus?

They say, Morum similitudo consultat amicitias.

Then, how can this Friendship betwene vs two come to passe?
We are as like in condicions, as Iacke Fletcher and his Bowll,
I brought vp in learnyng, but he is a very dolt
As touchyng good Letters: but otherwise suche a craftie knaue,
If you seeke a whole Region, his lyke you can not haue:

A Villaine for his life, a Warler died in Shame,

You lose Money by him if you sel him for one knaue, for he serues for

A flatteryng Parasite, a Sicophant also,

(twaluet

A commen accuser of men: to the god, an open foe,

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

B. y.

Whiche

The Tragical Commedie

Which he wyll aduouch with such tragical cryes,
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth,
Where in dede to be hanged by and by,
He cannot tell one tale but t'wylse he must lie,
He spareth no mans life to get the kinges fauour,
In which kind of seruise he hath got such a fauour, *this line left out by D*
That he wyll neuer leaue, me thinke then that I,
Haue done very wysely to forns in friendship with him, lest perhaps I
Comming in his way might be nipt, for such knaues in presence,
We see oft times put honest men to silence:
Yet I haue played with his beard in knitting this knot,
I promist friendship, but you loue few words: I spake it, but I meant it
Who markes this friendship betwene vs two, (not.
Shal iudge of the worldly friendship without any more a do,
It may be a ryght Patron therof, but true friendship in dede,
Of nought but of vertue, doth truly profæde,
But why do I now enter into Philosophie,
Which do professe the fine kind of curtesie:
I will hence to the Courte with all haste I may,
I thinke the king be stirring, it is now bright day,
So waite at a pinche still in sight I meane,
For wot ye what: a new Brome sweepes cleane,
As to his honour I mynde not to clyme,
So I meane in the courte to lose no time:
Wherein happy man be his dole, I trust that I,
Shall not speede woꝝt, and that very quickly

EXIT.

Where entreteth DAMON and PITHIAS
lyke Mariners.

NEPTVNE, in most all be thy prayse,
For that so safe from Greece we haue pass the seas,
To this noble citie SIRACVSAE, where we
The auncient raygne of the Romaines may see,
Whose force, Greece also here tofore hath knowne,
Whose vertue, the Chyll trump of fame so farre hath blowne.
PITHIAS.

By Damon, of right high prayse we ought to geue,
To Neptune and all the Gods, that we safely dyd arryue,
The Seas I thinke with contrary winds, neuer raged so,
I am euen yet so Seasicke, that I saynt as I go:
Therefore let vs get some lodgyng quickly:
But where is Stephano?

Where

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Here entreth STEPHANO.

Not farre hence: a Pockes take these Daryner knaues,
Not one would healpe me to carry this stuffe, such Dronken slaues
I thinke be accursed of the Goddess owne mouthes.

DAMON.

Stephano, leaue thy ragyng, and let vs enter SIRACVSAE
We wil prouide lodgyng, and thou shalt be eased of thy burden by e by
STEPHANO.

God mayster make haste, for I tell you playne,
This heauy burden puts more Stephano to much payne.

PITHIAS.

Come on thy wayes, thou shalt be eased, and that anon. EXIT.

* Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

It is a true saying that oft hath bin spoken,
The pitcher goeth so longe to the water, that he commeth home broken
By owne prouise this hath taught me, for truly sith I,
In the Citie haue vsed to walke very slyly,
Not with one ean I mete, that will in talke toyne with me,
And to crepe into mens bosomes. some talke for to snatche,
By which into one trip or other, I might trimly them catche
And so accuse them: Now not with one can I mete,
That wyll toyne in talke w me, I am thund lyke a Deuill in y crate,
By credite is crackte where I am knowne, but yet I heare say,
Certayne straingers are arrived, they were a god pray,
If happely I might mete with them, I feare not I,
But in talke I should trippet them, and that very finely,
Which thinge, I assure you, I do for myne owne gayne,
O els I woulde not plodde thus vp and do wne, I tell you playne:
Well, I wyll for a whyle to the Court to see
What Aristippus doth, I would be loth in faner he shuld ouerrun me,
He is a subtile chyld, he flattereth so finely, that I feare me,
He wyll licke all the fatte from my lippes, and so outwery me:
Therefore I wyll not be longe absent, but at hand,
That al his fine dysces I may vnderstande. EXIT.

* Here entreth VVYLL and IACKE.

I wonder what my Master Aristippus meanes now a daies,
That he leaueth Philosophie, and seeks to please
Byng Dionisius, with such mery toys,
In Dionisius Court now he only toys,
As trim a Courtier as the best,
Ready to aunswer, quicke in tauntes, pleasaunt to lesse,

The Tragicall Commedie

A lusty companion to deuise with fine Dames,
Whose humour to sãde, his wylle writte he frames.

IACKE.

Be cocke as you say, your Maister is a Dinson,
A soule cople he keepes in this Courte. Aristippus alone
Now rules the roaiks with his pleasant deuises,
That I feare he wyll put out of conceit my Maister Carisophus.

VVYLL.

Feare not that Iacke, toz like bzoother and bzoother
They are knit in true Friendship the one with the other,
They are fellows you knowe, and honest men both,
Therfoze the one to hinder the other, they wyll be lothe.

IACKE.

Oea, but I haue heard say, there is falsshod in felowshippe,
In the Court somtimes, one genes another finely the slippe:
Which when it is spied, it is laught out with a scoffe,
And with sportyng and playyng, quietly shaken of:
In which kinde of toying, thy maister hath such a grace,
That he wyll neuer blush, he hath a wodden face:
But Wyll, my maister hath Bees in his head,
If he finde me heare pratinge, I am but dead:
He is skyll trotting in the Citie, there is sumwhat in the winds:
His loikes bewzayes his inwarde troubled mynde:
Therfoze I wyll be packing, to the Courts by and by
If he be once angry, Iacke shall cry wo the pye.

VVYLL.

O Wyz Lady, if I tary longe here, of the same sauce shall I tast,
For my maister sent me on an errand, and had me make haste,
Therfoze we wyll departe together.

EXEVNT.

Here entreteth STEPHANO.

Ofte times I haue heard, befoze I came hether,
That no man can serue two maisters together:
A sentence so true, as mosse men do take it,
At any tyme false, that no man can make it:
And yet by their leane, that first haue it spoken,
How that may proue false, euen here I wyll open:
For I Stephano, loe, so named by my father,
At this tyme serue two maisters together:
And loue them a lyke, the one and the other,
I duely obey, I can do no other,
A bondman I am so nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Grãce, a gentleman bought me:

To him

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

To him I stand bound, yet serue I another,
Whom Damon my Master loues, as his owne brother:
A Gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with Vertue, whom vice neuer defamed:
These two, since at Schoole they fell acquainted,
In mutuall friendship, at no time haue fainted:
But loued so kindly, and friendly eche other,
As though they were Brothers by Father and Mother:
Pythagoras learnyng, these two haue embras'd,
Whiche bothe are in vertue so narrowly laced:
That all their whole doynges do fall to this issue,
To haue no respect, but onely to vertue:
All one in effeate: all one in their goyng,
All one in their study, all one in their doyng:
These Gentlemen both, beyng of one condition,
Both alike of my seruice haue all the fruition:
Pithias is toyfull, if Damon be pleased:
If Pithias be serued, then Damon is eased:
Serue one, serue both: so neare, who would win them:
I thinke they haue but one hart betwene them:
In trauelyng Countreyes, we thre haue contrined,
Full many a yeare: and this day arrived
At SIRACVSAE in Sicillia that auient Towne,
Where my Masters are lodged: and I by and do wone,
Go seekyng to learne what Newes here are walkyng,
To harke of what thynges the people are talkyng.
I lyke not this Soyle: for as I go ploddyng,
I marke there two, there thre their heades alwayes noddynge,
In close secret wise, theyll whisperyng together:
If I aske any question, no man doth answer:
But shakynge their heads, they go their wayes speakyng,
I marke how with teares, their wet eyes are leakyng:
Some strangenesse there is, that bredeth this musyng.
Tell: I wyll to my Masters, and tell of their vsyng,
That they may learne, and walke wisely together,
I feare, we shall curse the time we came hether.

EXIT.

Here entreteth ARISTIPPVS and VVYLL.

ARISTIPPVS. Well, didst thou heare the Ladies so talke of me,
What apleth them: from their nippes shall I neuer be free:

VVYLL.

God saith Sir, all the Ladies in the Courte, do plainly report,
That without mencison of them, you can make no spozte:

They

The Tragical Commedie

They are your Playne songe to singe Descant vpon,
If they weare not, your mirth were gone,
Therefore master, lest no moze with women in any wise,
If you do, by cocke your are lyke to know the price.

ARISTIPPVS.

By, lady Wyl, this is god counsell, playnely to test
Of women, profe hath taught me it is not best,
I wyl change my coppy, how be it, I care not a quynche,
I know the galde horse will sonest winche:
But learne thou secretly what priuely they talke
Of me in the Courte, amonge them slyly walke,
And bynge me true newes thereof.

V VYLL.

I wyl say, maister therof haue no doubt, soz I
Wheare they talke of you, wyl ensozme you perfectly.

ARISTIPPVS.

Do so my boy: if thou bynge it finely to passe,
Foz thy god seruice, thou shalt go in thine olde coate at Chyristmas.

Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.

(EXEVNT)

Stephano, is all this true that thou hast tolde me.

STEPHANO.

Sir, soz lies, hetherto ye neuer controlde me,
Oh that we had neuer set foote on this land,
Whers Dionisius raygues, with so bloody a hande,
Euery day he sheweth some token of crueltie,
With blood he hath filled all the strates in the Citie:
I tremble to heare the peoples murmuring,
I lament, to see his most cruell dealing:
I thinke there is no suche tyraunt vnder the Sunne,
O my deare masters, this mozning what hath he done?

DAMON.

What is that? tell vs quickly.

STEPHANO.

As I this mozning past in the strate,
With a wofull man (going to his death) did I meete,
Many people soldwed, and I of one secretly,
Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die:
Whispered in mine eare, nought hath he done but thus,
In his sleape he dreamed he had killed Dionisius,
Which dreame tolde abzode was brought to the kinge in poste,
By whome condemned soz suspicion, his lyfe he hath lost:
Marcia was his name as the people sayde.

PITHIAS.

OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

My deare friende Damon, I blame not Stephano,
For wishyng we had not come hether, saynge it is so:
That so; so small cause, suche cruell death doth insue.

DAMON.

My Pithias, where Tyrantes raigne, suche cases are not new,
Whiche fearynge their owne state for great crueltie,
So sit fast as they thinke, do execute speedely,
All suche as any light suspicion haue tainted.

STEPHANO.

With suche quicke Barbers, I lyst not be acquainted.

DAMON.

So are they neuer in quiet, but in suspicion styll,
When one is made away, they take occasion another to kyll:
Euer in feare, hauyng no trustie friende, beyde of all peoples loue,
And in their owne conscience, a continuall Hell they proue.

PITHIAS.

As thynges by their contraries are alwayes best proued,
How happye are then mercifull Princes of their people beloued:
Hauyng sure friendes euerte wheare, no feare doth touch them,
They may safely spende the day pleasantly, at night

(Secure dormiunt in vtranque aurem)

Oh my Damon, if choyce were offred me, I would chose to be Pithias
As I am, (Damons friende:) rather then to be kyng Dionisius.

STEPHANO.

And god cause why: for you are enterly beloued of oue,
And as farre as I heare, Dionisius is beloued of none.

DAMON.

That state is mooste miserable, thysse happy are we,
Whom true loue hath ioyned in perfect Amptie:
Whiche amptie first spzong, without vaunting be it spoken, that is true
Of likelines of maners, toke rote by company, & now is conserued by
Whiche vertue alwayes through worldly things do not frams (Vertue
Per doth she atchiue to her followers immortall fame:
Wherof if men were carefull, for Vertues sake onely
They would honour friendship, and not for commoditie:
But suche as for prozite in friendship do lincke,
When thozmes come, they slide away soner then a man wyl thinke:
My Pithias, the somme of my talke falles to this issue,
To proue no friendship is sure, but that which is grounded on vertue.

PITHIAS.

My Damon, of this thyng, there needes no prouise to me,

C. i.

The Goddes

The Tragical Commedie

The Gods forbid, but that Pithias wth Damon in al things shuld agree
For why it is said: Amicus alter ipse,
But that true friends should be two in body: but one in minde,
As it were one transformed into another, whiche against kynde
Though it seeme: yet in god faith, when I am alone,
I forget I am Pithias, me thinke I am Damon.

STEPHANO.

What could I neuer do, to forget my selfe, full well I know,
Wheresoeuer I go, that I am PAVPER STEPHANO:
But I pray you sir, for all your Philosophy,
See that in this Courte you walke very wisely:
You are but newly come hether, being strangers ye know,
Many eyes are bent on you in the streets as ye go:
Many spies are abroad, you can not be too circumspect.

DAMON.

Stephano, because thou art careful of mee thy maister, I do thee praise,
Yet thinke this for a faultie, no state to displease:
By talke or other wise, my friende and I entende, we wyll here
As men that come to see the soyle & maners of al men of euery degree,
Pithagoras said, that this world was like a Stage,
Wheron many play their partes: the lookers on the sage
Philosophers are saith he, whose parte is to learne
The maners of all Nations, and the good from the bad to discern.

STEPHANO.

God faith sir, concernyng the people they are not gay,
And as farre as I see, they be dummers, for nought they say,
For the moste parte what soeuer you aske them.
The soyle is such, that to lye heare I can not lyke.

DAMON.

Thou speakest accordyng to thy learnyng, but I say,
Omnis solum fortis patria: A wise man may lye euery where:
Therefore my deare friende Pithias,
Let vs view this Towne in euery place,
And then consider the Peoples maners also.

PITHIAS.

As you wyll my Damon, but how say you Stephano:
Is it not best ere we go further, to take some repast:

STEPHANO.

* In faith, I lyke well this queston, for: for all your haste,
To eat somewhat I pray you, thinke it no folly,
It is his dinner time, I know by my belly.

DAMON.

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

¶ Then let vs to our lodging departe, when dinner is done,
As will be to this Citie as we haue begonne. EXEANT

¶ Here entreteth CARISOPHVS.

¶ Once againe in hope of god wynd, I hope by my sayle,
I goe into the citie to finde som pray for mine auayle:
I hunger while I may see these straungers, that lately
Arrived, I were faine if once I might makee them happily,
Let them barke that lust, at this kinde of gaine,
He is a soule that for his profit will not take payne:
Though it be toynd with other mens hurt, I care not at all,
For profit I will accuse any man, hap what shall:
But soft sayes, I pray you buy sh, what are they that comes here,
By their apparell, and countinaunce some strangers they appeare,
I will shewes my selfe secretly, euen here for a while,
To heare all their talke that I may them beguyle.

* Here entreteth DAMON and STEPHANO.

¶ A horse horse some curried, my belly wareth thiner,
I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner:
Your philosophical diet, is so fine and small,
That you may eate your dinner & supper at once, & not surfatte at all.

DAMON.

¶ Stephano, much meat breeds heauyness, thynne diet makes the light

STEPHANO.

¶ I may be lighter thereby, but I shall neuer rume the sacker.

DAMON.

¶ I haue had iudicently discourse of amitte,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias and his pleasaunt companie
Hath fully satisfied me, it doth me good to see myne eyes on him.

STEPHANO.

¶ Course of discourse, your course is very course for all your talke,
You had but one bare course, and that was Pike, rise and walke,
And surely for all your talke of Philosophie,
I neuer heard that a man with wordes could fill his belly,
Feede your eyes (quod you) the reason from my wisdom I warneeth,
I cared on you both, and yet my belly starueth.

DAMON.

¶ Ah Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memozie.

STEPHANO.

¶ I care not for your craftie Sophistrie,
You two are fine, let me be fed lyke a grosse knave still,
I pray you licent me for a while to haue my will:

C. y.

At home

The Tragical Commedie

At home to tary whyles you take bew of this citie,
To finde some odde vicualles in a corner, I am very wittie.

DAMON.

At your pleasure sir, I will waite on my selfe this daye,
Yet attende vpon Dithias, whiche for a purpose tarieth at home,
So doyng, you waite vpon mee also.

STEPHANO.

With winges on my feete I go.

DAMON.

Not in vain the Poet saith *Natura furca expellas, tamen vsque recurrit.*
For trayne vp a bondman neuer to so good a behauiour,
Yet in some point of seruilitie, he will fauour:
As this Stephano, truste to mee his Master, louyng and kinde,
part touchyng his belly, a very bondman I him finde:
He is to be borne withall, hepyng so fast and true,
I assure you, I would not chaunge him for no new:
But mee thinkes, this is a pleasant Citie,
The deate is good, and yet not stronge, and that is great pitie.

CARISOPHVS.

I am safe, he is myne owne.

DAMON.

The Ayre subtle and fine, the people should be wittie
That dwell vnder this Climate in so pure a Region,
A trimmer Blotte I haue not sene in my peregrination:
Nothyng mispkerh mee in this Countrey,
But that I heare suche mutterynge of crueltie:
Fame reporteth strange thynges of Dionisus,
But thynges matters passyng our reache, pertayne not to vs.

CARISOPHVS.

Dionisus (quoth you) since the worlde began,
In Sicilia neuer raygned so cruell a man:
A despightfull Tyrant to all men, I maruayle I,
That none makes him away, and that sodaynly.

DAMON.

My frende, the Goddesses forbyd so cruell a thyng:
That any man should lift vp his Sworde against the kynge:
Or seeke other meanes by death him to prevent,
Whom to rule on earth, the mightie Goddesses haue sent:
But my frende, leaue off this talke of kynge Dionisus.

CARISOPHVS.

Why sir: he can not heare vs.

DAMON

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

DAMON

What then: An nescis longas Regibus esse manus?
It is no safe talkyng of them that strykes a sarre off:
But leauyng kynges matters, I pray you shew mee this curtelle:
To describe in few wordes, the state of this Citie:
A traouayler I am, desirous to know
The state of eche Countrey. wher euer I go:
Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience therby:
It is not for nought that the Poet doth crye,
Dic mihi Musa virum, captu post tempore Troya,
Multorum hominum mores qui vidit, & vrbis.
In whiche verses, as some Writers do scan,
The Poet describeth, a perfect wise man:
Euen so, I beyng a stranger, addicted to Phyllosophye,
To see the state of Countreys, my selfe I applie.

CARISOPHVS.

Sir, I lyke this entent, but may I aske your name without scozne?

DAMON.

My name is Damon, well knowen in my Countrey, a Gentleman

CARISOPHVS.

(boone)

You do wisely to serche the state of eche Countrie,
To heare intelligence therof whether you lust: He is a spie,
Sir, I pray you, haue pacience a while, so; I haue to do here by:
View this weake parte of this Citie as you stande, & I very quickly
Wyll retourne to you agayne, and then wyll I show,
The state of all this Countrie, and of the Courte also.

EXIT.

DAMON.

I thanke you so; your courtesie, this chaunceth well that I
Met with this Gentleman so happely,
Whiche as it seemeth, mistiketh some thyng,
Els he would not talke so boldly of the kyng,
And that to a stranger, but loe were he comes in haste.

Here entreth CARISOPHVS and SNAP.

This is he felow Snap, snay him vp: away with hym.

SNAP.

God felow thou must go with mee to the Courte.

DAMON.

To the Courte sir, and why?

CARISOPHVS.

Well, we wyll dispute that befoze the kyng, away with hym quickly.

DAMON.

Is this the curtelle you promysed mee: and that very lately.

C. ty.

Carisophus.

The Tragical Commedie

CARISOPHVS.

AWay with him I say.

DAMON

Use no violence, I will go with you quietly. Exiunt omnes.

Here entreteth ARISTIPPVS.

Oh Sira, by lady, Aristippus likes Dionisius Court very well,

Whiche in passyng ioyes and pleasures doth excell:

Where he hath Daphilæ cænas, gemals lectes, & auro.

Fulgentii turgmani zonam.

I haue plied the harness, and stroke when the pæron was hotte,

When I spied my time, I was not squeemish to craue God wotter:

But with some pleasant tyoe, I crept into the Kinges bosome.

For whiche, Dionisius gaue me Aure talentum magnum,

A large rewarde, for so simple seruices,

What then? the Kinges pryse standeth chiefly in bountifulnesse:

Whiche thyng, though I tolde the kinge very pleasantly,

Yet can I proue it by god Writers of great Antiquitie:

But that shall not neede at this time, since that I haue aboundantly,

When I lacke hereafter, I will vse this pointe of Philosophie:

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

As princely as it came, I will spende it as regallie:

Money is currant men say, and currant comes of currendo

Then will I make mony runne, as his nature requirerh I trow,

For what becomes a Philosopher best,

But to dispise mony aboue the rest:

And yet not so dispise it, but to haue in floze

Enough to serue his owne tourne, and somewhat moze,

With sondrie sports and tauntes, yester night I delighted the kinge,

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

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

But mumbouget for Carisophus I espie.

In haste to come hether, I must handle the knaue finely:

Oh Carisophus, my dearest frinde, my trusty companon,

What newes with you? where haue you been so longe?

Here entreteth CARISOPHVS.

By best beloued friend Aristippus, I am come at last,

I haue not spent all my time in wast,

I haue got a pray, and that a god one I trow.

ARISTIPPVS.

What praye is that? saine would I know.

CARISOPHVS.

Such a crasty spie I haue caught, I dare say,

As neuer

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

As neuer was in Sicilia, before this day,
Suche a one as belued enery weake place in the Citie,
Surueiled the Haven, and each bulwarke, in talke very wittles
And yet by some wordes, him selfe he dyd bewrag.

ARISTIPPVS.

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

CARISOPHVS.

¶ I handled him clackly. I toynd in talke with him courtesouly,
But when we were entred, I let him speake his wyll, and I
Suckt out thus much of his words, that I made him say playnely,
He was come hether to know the state of the Citie.
And not only this, but that he would vnderstande,
The state of Dioniskus Courte and of the whole land.
Which wordes when I heard, I desired him to staye,
Till I had done a little businesse of the way,
Promising him to returne agayne quickly: And so did conuaye
My self to y^e Court for Snap y^e Lipskaffe, which came & vpsnatched him:
Brought him to the Court and in the postres lodge dispatched him:
After I ran to Dioniskus as fast as I could,
And bewraged this matter to him which I haue you tolde:
Which thinge when he heard, beinge very mercy before,
He sodenly fell in a dump, and somyug lyke a Boze:
At last he swoze in a great rage that he should die,
By the swozde or the wheele, and that very shortly,
I am to shamefast for my travell and toyle,
I craue nothings of Dioniskus but only his spoyle:
Little hath he about him, but a few motheaten crownes of golde:
Cha pought them by all ready, they are sure in hold:
And now I goe in to the Citie to say soth,
To see what he hath at his lodginge, to make by my mouth.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ My Carisophus, you haue don good seruice, but what is the spies name.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ He is called Damon, borne in Cræce, from whence latly he came.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ By my trowth, I wyll goe see him, and speake with him to if I may.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ Do so I pray you, but yet by the way:

As occasion serueth, commende my seruice to the Kinge.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ Dicum sapientia sat est: friend Carisophus, shal I forget that thinge?

¶ No, I warrant you, though I say litte to your face,

I wyll:

The Tragicall Commedie

I will lay one month for you to Dionisius when I am in place:
If I speake one worde for suche a knaue, hange me. **EXIT.**

CARISOPHVS.

Our fine Phylolopher, our timme learned else,
Is gone to see as false a Spie as himselfe:
Damon smatters as well as he of craftie Phylolophie,
And can tourne Cat in the panne very pretily:
But Carisophus hath geuen him suche a mightie checke,
As I thinke in the ende will bzeake his necke:
What care I for that, why would he then pry,
And learne the secret state of our countrey and citie:
He is but a stranger, by his fall let others be wise,
I care not who fall, so that I may rylse:
As for fine Aristippus, I will keepe in with hym,
He is a shywe sole to deale withall, he can swym:
And yet by my trowth, to speake my conscience playnlie,
I will vse his friendship to myne owne commodytie:
While Dionisius fauoureth him, Aristippus shalbe mine,
But if the kynge once frowne on him, then god night Tomaline:
He shalbe as strange, as though he I neuer sawe hym befoze,
But I tarte to longe, I will prate no moze:
Iacke, come a waye.

IACKE.

At handesyz.

CARISOPHVS.

At Damons lodgyng if that you see,
Any thure to arlse, be shyll at hand by mee,
Rather then I will lose the spoyle, I will blade it out.

* Here entreth **PITHIAS** and **STEPHANO.**

What straunge Bewes are these, ah my Stephano:
Is my Damon in Pryson, as the voyce doth go:

STEPHANO.

It is true, oh cruell happe, he is taken for a Spie,
And as they say, by Dionisius owne mouty condempned to die.

PITHIAS.

To die: alas for what cause:

STEPHANO.

A Sicophant falsely accused hym: other cause there is none,
That oh Jupiter, of all wronges the Reuenger,
Seest thou this vniustice, and wilt thou stae any longer
From heauen to sende downe, thy hote consuming fire:
To destroy the workers of wronge, whiche prouoke thy iust ire:

Alas

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Alas maister Pithias, what shall we do?
Being in a strange country, beyde of triendes & acquaintance
As yore Stephano, hast thou liued to see this daye?
As for thy true Mayster vntruly made away?

PITHIAS.

Stephano, sayng the matter is come to this extremitie,
Let vs make Vertue our friend, of meare necessitie:
Runne thou to the Court and vnderstand secretly,
As muche as thou canst of Damons cause, and I
Will make some meanes to entreate Aristippus:
He can do muche as I heare with kyng Dionisius.

STEPHANO.

I am gone sir: ah, I would to God, my trauaile and payne
Might restore my Mayster to his libertie agayne.

PITHIAS.

Ah wofull Pithias, sithe now I am alone,
What way shall I first beginne to make my moner
What wordes shall I finde apt for my complaynte,
Damon my friend, my toy, my life is in perill, of soyce I must now faint
But oh Musicke, as in ioyfull tunes, thy mery notes I did heare,
So now lend mee thy yernfull tunes, to vtter my sorow.

Here PITHIAS sings, and the Regalles play.



Alas ye wofull nightes,
That longe haue wept in wo:
Resigne to me your plaintes and teares,
my haplesse hap to sho:
My wo no tongue can tell,
ne Pen can well descrite:

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

The losse of worldly wealth,
mannes wisdom may restore,
And Physicke hath provided too,
a Salue for euerie soze:

But my true frende once lost,
no Arte can well supplie:

Then, what a death is this to heare?
DAMON my friend must die.

The Tragittall Commedie

My mouth refuse the foode,
that should my limmes sustayne:
Let sorow stike in to my brest,
and ransacke every bayne:
You furte s all at once,
on me your tormentes trise:
Why Would I liue, since that I heare:
Damon my friend should die:

Cripe me you greedy greeks,
and present pangues of death,
You Syffer s thzee, with cruell handes,
with speed now stop my breath:
Shryne me in clay a liue,
some good man stop mine eye:
Oh death com now, leting I heare,
Damon my friend must die.

He speaketh this after the songe.

In vaine I call for Death, whiche heareth not my complaint,
But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to faint:
Maltum iuua in re mala animas bonus.

I will to the Courte my selfe to make friendes, and that presently,
I will neuer forsake my frende in time of miserie:
But do I see Stephano amazed hether to roune?

Here entreth S. T E P H A N O.

O Pithias, Pithias, we are all vndone,
Mine owne eares haue sucked in mine owne sorow:
I heard Dionisus sweare, that Damon should die to morow.

P I T H I A S.

How camest thou so neare the presence of the kyng,
That thou mightest heare Dionisus speake this thyng.

S T E P H A N O.

By friendship I gate into the Courte, where in great Audience,
I heard Dionisus with his owne mouth geue this cruell sentence
By these expresse wordes: that Damon the Greke that craftie spie,
Without farther Judgement, to morow should die:
Beloue me Pithias, with these eares I heard it my selfe.

P I T H I A S.

Then how neare is my death also, ah woe is me.

Ah my

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

Oh my Damon, another my selfe: shall I forgo thee?

STEPHANO.

¶ Hey, there is no tyme of lamentyng now, it becometh vs,
To make meanes to them which can do much with Dionisius:
That he be not made awaye ere his cause be fully heard, for we see
By euill reporte, thynges be made to Dunces far worse then they be,
But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great fanour to kyng Dionisius
Enreate hym to speake a good worde to the kyng for vs:
And in the meane season, I wyll to your lodgyng, to see all thyngs safe

PITHIAS.

EXIT.

(there.)

¶ To that I agree but let vs slip asyde hys talke to heare.

¶ Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

¶ Here is a sodayne chaunge in dede, a strange Metamorphosis,
This Courte is cleane altered, who would haue thought this:
Dionisius of late so pleasant and mery,
Is quite changed now into such melancholy:
That nothing can please hym, he walked by and downe,
Fretting and chafyng, on euery man he doth frowne:
In so much that when I in pleasant wordes began to play,
So sternly he frowned on mee, and knitt me by so thert,
I perceyue it is no safe playng with Lyons, but when it please them,
If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease them:
And so perhaps get a clap, myne owne pwose taught mee this,
That it is very good to be mery and wise:
The onely cause of this burly burly, is Carisophus that wicked man,
Whiche lately toke Damon for a Spie, a poye Gentle man:
And hath incensed the kyng against him so despightfully,
That Dionisius hath iudged him to me now to die:
I haue talkt with Damon, whom though in words I found very witt, is
Yet was he more curious then wise in vewyng this Citie:
But truly for ought I can learne, there is no cause why
So sodenly and cruelly, he should be condemned to die:
How so euer it be, this is the short and longe,
I dare not gainsay the kyng, be it right or wrong:
I am so ry, and that is all I may or can do in this case,
Pought anayther perswasion, where stowarde opinion taketh place!

PITHIAS.

¶ Sir, if humble suites you would not despise,
Then biew on mee your pittiful eyes:
My name is Pithias, in Greece well knowne,
A perfect friend to that most ill Damon,
Whiche now a poye captiue, in this Courte doth lie,

By the

D. y.

By the

The Tragical Commedie

By the kinges owne mouth as I here, condemned to die
For whom I craue your maisterships goodreke,
To stand his friend in this his great distresse:
Naught hath he done worthy of Death, but very fondly,
Being a stranger, he bewed this Citie,
For no euill practises, but to seede his eyes,
But seeing Dionisius is informed otherwise,
My sute is to you, when you see time and place,
To asswage the kinges anger, and to purchase his grace,
In which doing, you shall not do good to one onely,
But you shall further too, and that fully.

ARISTIPPVS.

My friend, in this case I can do you no pleasure.

PITHIAS.

By, you serue in the Court as Fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPVS.

I am of the Court in deede, but none of the Counsell.

PITHIAS.

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

ARISTIPPVS.

(this day,

The more in fauour, the lesse I dare say.

PITHIAS.

It is a Courtiers prayse to helpe strangers in miserie.

ARISTIPPVS.

To helpe an other and hurte my selfe, it is an euill point of courtelie;

PITHIAS.

You shall not hurt your selfe to speake for the innocent.

ARISTIPPVS.

Hets not innocent, whom the kinge iudgeth nocent.

PITHIAS.

Why he: do you thinke this matter passe all remedie

ARISTIPPVS.

So fare past that Dionisius hath sworne Damon to morrow shall die

PITHIAS.

This word my trembling heart cutted in two,
Ah he, in this wofull case, what wilt I best to do.

ARISTIPPVS.

Best to content your selfe, when there is no remedie;

He is well relued that for knoweth his miserie,

Yet if any com'out be, it resteth in Cebulus,

The chiefest counsellour about kinge Dionisius:

Whish pittiech Damons case in this great extremitie,

Perfwadyn

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Perfwading the kyng from all kynde of crueltie.

PITHIAS.

The mightie Gods preferre you for this worde of comferte,
Takyng my leaue of your goodnesse, I wyll now resorte,
To Cubulus that good Counseller:
But hearken, misthinke I heare a Trompet blow.

ARISTIPPVS.

The kyng is at hand, keepe close in the vpraise, beware: if he know
You are friend to Damon, he wyll take you for a spie also:
Farewell I dare not be seene with you.

There entreteth kyng DYONYSIVS, EVBVLVS the Counseller,
and GRONOO the Hangman.

DYONYSIVS.

Grone, do my commaundement, strike off Damons Irons by & by,
Then bring you out, I my selfe will see him executed presently.

GRONOO.

The mightie Godd, your commaundement wyll I do speedely.

DIONYS.

Cubulus: thou hast talked in vaine, for sure he shall die.
Shall I suffer my life to stande in peryll of euery spie?

EVBVLVS.

That he conspired against your person, his Accuser can not say,
He onely blessed your Title, and wyll you so; that make hym away.

DYONYS.

What he would haue done, the gette is great, he minded me to hurt
That came so stilly to sech out the secret estate of my Courte:
Shall I still lye in feare? no, no: I wyll cut off suche Iumpes betime,
Least that to my further daunger, to hie they elude.

EVBVLVS.

Yet haue the mightie Goddes, immortall Fame assigned,
To all wooldy Princes, whiche in mercie be inclined.

DYONYSIVS.

Let Fame talke what she list, so I may lye in safetie.

EVBVLVS.

The onely meane to that, is to vse mercie.

DYONYS.

A milde Prince the people despiseth.

EVBVLVS.

A cruell kyng the people hateth.

DYONYSIVS.

Let them hate me, so they feare me.

EVBVLVS.

That is not the way to lye in safetie.

Blank.

The Tragical Commedie

DYONYSIVS.

C My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.

EVBVLVS.

C That is sooner procured by mercy and gentlenesse.

DYONYS.

C Dionysius ought to be feared.

EVBVLVS.

C Better for him to be wellbeloued.

DYONYSIVS.

C Fortune maketh all things subject to my power.

EVBVLVS.

C Beleue her not she is a light Goddess, she can laugh & to wret

DIONYS.

C A kings prayse standeth in the reuenging of his enemy

EVBVLVS.

C A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie.

DYONYS.

C To suffer the wicked liue, it is no merite.

EVBVLVS.

C To kill the innocent, it is great crueltie,

DYONISYVS.

C Is Damon innocent, which so craftely vndermined Carisophus,
To bid stand what he could of kings Dionysius:

Which suruiled the Haven and eche Bulwarcke in the Citty,

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

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

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

EVBVLVS.

C But yet, O mightie, my dutie bindeth me,
To geue such counsell as with your honour may best agree,

The strongest pillars of princely dignitie,

I finde this iustice, with mercy and prudent liberalitie,

The one iudgeth all things by vpright equitie,

The other rewardeth the worthy, slyng eche extremitie:

As to spare those, which offend maliciously,

It may be called no iustice, but extreame iniurie:

So vpon suspicion, of each things not well proued,

To put to death presently, whom enuious flattery accused,

It seemeth of tyranny, and vpon what sickle ground all tyrants do stand

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

And not only these Citizens, but who curiously seeks,

The whole Historie of all the world, not only of Romaines & Grekes

shall

OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

Shall well perceyue of all Tirantes the ruinous fall,
Their state vncertaine, beloued of none. but hated of all:
Of mercifull Princes to set oute the passyng felicitie
I neede not: ynough of that, euen these dayes do testifie:
They liue deuoid of feare, their fleapes are sound, they dread no enemye
They are feared and loued, and why: they rule with Justice & mercie:
Extending Justice to such, as wickedly from Justice haue swarued,
Mercie vnto those, where opinion, simplenesse haue mercie deserued.
Of libertie nought I say, but onely this thyng,
Lybertie vpholdeth the state of a kynge:
Whose large bountifullnesse ought to fall to this issue,
To rewarde none, but suche as deserue it for vertue:
Whiche mercifull Justice, if you would follow, & prouident liberte gyfte,
Neither the Caterpillers of all Courtes, Et fruges consumere nati,
Parasites with wealth pufft vp, should not looke so hie,
Nor yet for this simple face, worse Damon should die.

DIONYSIVS.

With payne mine eares haue heard this bayne talke of mercie,
I tell thee, feare and terrour, defendeth kynges onely:
Tyll he be gone whome I suspect, how shall I lyue quietly:
Whose memoirie is chilling horroz, fills my breast day & night vnsolently:
My dreadfull dreames of him, bereaues my rest: On bed I lie
Shakynge and trembling, as one ready to yelde his throate to Damons
Whis quakynge dread, nothyng but Damons bloud can stay, (sword,
Better he die, then I to be tormented with feare alway:
He shall die, though Cubalus consent not thereto,
It is lawfull for kynges as they list all thynges to do.

There GRONOO bringeth in DAMON: and
PITHIAS meeteth him by the way.
PITHIAS.

O Oh my Damon.

DAMON.

O Oh my Pithias, seynge Death must parte vs, farewell for euer.

PITHIAS.

O Oh Damon, oh my swete friende.

SNAP.

A way from the Dyspouer, what a ptease haue we here.

GRONOO.

As you commaunded, O mighty Kinge, we haue brought Damon

DIONYS.

Then go to, make ready I will not stirre out of this place,
Till I see his head broken off befoze my face.

GRONOO

The Tragical Commedie

GRONOO.

It shalbe done fir: Because your eyes haue made suche a do,
I wyl knocke down this your Lantern, & shut vp your they window th.

DAMON.

O mightie king, where as no truet h, my innocent lyfe can saue,
But that so greedily you thrust, my guiltlesse blood to haue:
Albeit, (euen soz thought) soz ought against your person:
Yet now I plead not soz lyfe, ne wyl I craue your pardon:
But seynge in Graece my Countrey, where well I am knowne,
I haue worldly thinges, fit soz mine Aliance when I am gone,
To dispose them eoz I die, if I might obtaine leasure,
I would account it (O kyng) soz a passyng great pleasure:
Not to prolonge my lyfe ther by, soz whiche I reken not this,
But to set my thynges in a day: and surely I wyl not misse,
Upon the faith which all gentylmen ought to embrace,
To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to yeld my body here for
Graunt me O Kinge (such time to dispatch this iniurie, (his place:
And I wyl not fayle, when you appointed, euen here my lyfe to pay.

DIONISIVS.

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

DAMON.

There is no surer noz greater pledge, then the faith of a Gentleman

DIONYS.

It was wout to be, but other wise now the world doth stande,
Therefore do as I say, els presently yeld thy necke to the sword,
If I might with mine honour I would recall my worde.

PITHIAS.

Stand to your worde, O Kinge, soz Kinges ought nothing say,
But that they would performe, in perfect deeds alway:
A pledge you did require, when Damon his sute did makeus,
For which, with heart and stretched handes, most humble thanks I
And that you may not say, but Damon hath a frinde, (geue,
That loues him better then his owne life, and will do to his ende:
Take me, O mightie Kinge, my lyfe I palvne soz his,
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day to misse.

DIONYS.

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

PITHIAS.

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

I am Pithias, a Greeke boyne, whiche hold Damon my friend full
DIONIS. (dear)

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

No fondnesse at all, but perfect amitie.

DIONYSIVS.

A mad-kind of amitie: aduise thy self well, if Damon sayle at his day
Which shalbe in thy appoynted, wilt thou die for him, to mee his life to
PITHIAS. (pay.)

Most wyllyngly, O mightie kyng: if Damon sayle, let Pithias die.

DIONYSIVS.

Thou seemest to trust his wordes, that pawnest thy life so franckly.

PITHIAS.

What Damon saith, Pithias beleueth assuredly.

DYONYSIVS.

Take heed for thy life, worldly men bryake promise in many thinges.

PITHIAS.

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

DIONYSIVS.

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

PITHIAS.

Yea they be, but such men as loue one another onely for vertue.

DIONYSIVS.

For what vertue, dost thou loue this spye, this Damon.

PITHIAS.

For that vertue, which yet to you is vnknowne.

DYONYSIVS.

Cubulus, what shall I do? I would dispatch this Damon sayne;
But this foolish selow so chargeth mee, that I may not call backe my
EVBVLVS. (woorde agayne.)

The reuerent maiesty of a King, stands chiefly in keeping his promise.

What you haue sayde, this whole Courte beareth witnesse:

Sauē your honour what so euer you do.

DYONYSIVS.

For saueing mine honour, I must so beare my wyll, go to,
Pithias, seeing thou tokest me at my word, take Damon to thee:
For two mounthes he is thine, vnbinde him, I set him free,
Which time once expired, if he appeare not the next day by none,
With out further delay, thou shalt lose thy life, and that full sone.
Whether he die by the way, or lie sicke in his bed,
If he retourne not then, thou shalt either hange or lose thy head.

E. j.

PITHIAS.

The Tragicall Commedie

PITHIAS.

For this O mightie kinde, I veld in moztall thankes, O ioyfull day

DYONYSIVS.

Grone, take him to thee, bind him, see him kept in safetie.
If he escape assure thy selfe, for him thou shalt die,
Cubulas, let vs departe, to talke of this straunge thinge with him,

EVBVLVS,

I followe.

EXIT.

GRONNO:

Damon, thou seruest the Gods well to day, be thou of comfort,
As for you he, I thinke you wyl be hanged in spozte,
Vn heard what the Kinge sayde: I must kepe you safely,
By cocke so I wyl, you shall rather hange then I:
Come on your way,

PITHIAS.

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

DAMON:

O my Pithias, my Pleadge farewell, I parte from thee weeping
But ioyfull at my day appoynted I wyl retourne agayne,
Wher I wyl deliuer thee from all trouble and paine:
Stephano wyl I leaue behinde me to waite vpon thee in prison alone,
And I whom fortune hath reserued to this miserie, wyl walke home,
Ad my Pithias, my Pleadge, my life, my friend, farewell.

PITHIAS.

Farewell my Damon.

DAMON:

Loth I am to departe, with sobbes my trembling tounge doth say,
Oh musicke, sounde my dolefull playntes when I am gone my way.

GRONNO:

I am glad he is gone, I had almost wept to, come Pithias
So God helpe me, I am soyy for thy foolish case,
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man, so fondly?

PITHIAS:

It is no venter, my friende is iust, for whom I desire to die.

GRONNO:

Here is a mad man I tell thee, I haue a wyfe whom I loue well,
And if she would die for her, should I chould I wear in Hell:
Wylt thou do more for a man, then I would for a woman,

PITHIAS:

yea, that I wyl

GRONNO:

Then come on your wayes, you must to prison in haste,
I feare you wyl repent this folly at laste.

PITHIAS:

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

That shalt thou neuer see: but oh wretched as my Damon requested the
Sounded out thy dolefull tunes, in this time of calamitie. EXIT

Where the Regalles play a mourning songe, and Damon
cometh in, in Partners apparell, and Stephano with
him.

Take no more Stephano, this is but destinie,
Had not this hapt, yet I know I am borne to die:
Where o; in what place, the Gods know alone,
To whose iudgement my selfe I commit, therfore leaue of thy mone,
And wayte vpon Pithias in Prison, till I retourne agayne,
In whom my toy, my care and lyfe doth only remayne.

STEPHANO.

O my deare Master, let me go with you, for my poore companie,
Shalbe to me small comfort in this time of miserie.

DAMON.

O Stephano, hast thou ben so longe with me,
And yet dost not know the force of true amitie:
I tel thee once agayne, my friend and I are but one,
Waite vpon Pithias, and thinke thou art with Damon.
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away,
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shalbe my iournay:
Therefore farewell Stephano, commend me to my friende Pithias
Whom I trust to deliuer in time out of this wofull case.

STEPHANO.

Farewell my deare Master, since your pleasure is so,
Oh cruell happe, oh poore Stephano:
O cursed Carisophus, that first moued this Tragedie,
But what a noyes is this? Is all well within troye?
I feare all be not well within, I wyl go see:
Come out you Mesell, are you seekinge Eggs in Damons chesse,
Come out I say, wylt thou be packing: by cocke you weare bests.

GARISOPH.

How durst thou villains to lay handes on me?

STEPHANO.

Out sir knaue o; I wyl sende y;,
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully,
But wilt thou robbe him also, and that openly?

CARISPH.

The Kinge gaue me the spoyle, to take myne owne willt thou let

STEPHANO.

Thine owne villains; Where is thine authoritie?

C. J.

CARISOPH.

The Tragical Commedie

CARYSOPHVS.

I am authoritie of my selfe, doest thou not know?

STEPHANO.

Byz lady, that is somewhat, but haue you no more to show?

CARYSOPHVS.

What if I haue not?

STEPHANO.

Then for an earnest pence, take this blow

I shall humbly you, you mocking knave, schill put yo in my purse for
CARYSOPH. (this time.)

Iacke geue me my sword and targat.

IACKE.

I can not com to you matter, this knave doth me let. Hold matter,

STEPHANO.

Away Iacke napes, els I wyll colpege you by and by,
We haue I wyll haue my penywozthes of the, therfore if I die,
Aboute villayns.

CARYSOPH.

O Citizens, helpe to defend me.

STEPHANO.

Pay, they wyll rather helpe to hange the.

CARYSOPH.

God felow, let vs reason this matter quietly, beat me no more.

STEPHANO.

Of this condition I wyll say, yf thou swere as thou art an honest man
Thou wyll say nothyng to the kinge of this when I am gonne.

CARYSOPH.

I wyll say nothyng, here is my hand, as I am an honest man.

STEPHANO.

Then say on thy minde: I haue taken a wife othe on him, haue I not
To trust such a falle knave vpon his honestie, (trow yee
As he is an honest man (quoth you) he may betray all to the kinge,
And bjeke his oth for this neuer a whit, but my franton I tell you this
If you disclose this, I wyll deuyse such a way, (one thing)
That whilst thou liuest thou shalt remember this day.

CARYSOPH.

You neede not deuise for that, for this day is printed in my memory,
I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I die:
But seing of courtesse you haue granted that we should talke quietly,
We thinke, in calling me knave, you do me muche iniurie.

STEPHANO.

Why so? I pray the hartely.

CARYSOPH.

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS,

CARYSOPHVS.

Because I am the Kinges man, k'epes the kinge any knaues?

STEPHANO.

He should not, but what he doth it is euident by thée:
And as farre as I can learne or vnderstand,
Thers is none better able to k'epe knaues in all the land.

CARISOPHVS.

Oh sir, I am a Courtier, when Courtiers shall heare tell,
How you haue vsed me, they will not take it well.

STEPHANO.

Pay, all right courtiers will kenne me thanke, and wot ye whye?

Be cause I handled a counterfeit Courtier in his kinde so finely,

What sy: all are not Courtiers that haue a counterfeit show,

In a trope of honest men, some knaues may stand ye know:

Such as by stealth creep in, vnder the colour of honestie,

Which sorte vnder that cloke, do all kind of villanie:

A right courtier is vertuous, gentill, and full of vrbantie,

Hurting no man, good to all, deuoid of all villanie:

But suche as thou art, fountaines of squirillie, & vayne delightes,

Though you hang by the coartes, you are but flatering Parasites,

As well deseruing the right name of courtesse,

As the colward knight, the true praise of cheualrie:

I could say more, but I will not, for that I am your well toiler,

In faith Carisophus, you are no Courtier but a caterpillar,

A Sicophant, a Parasite, a flatterer, and a knaue:

Whether I will or no, these names you must haue:

How well you deserue this, by your deedes it is knowne,

For that so vnjustly thou hast accused poore Damon,

Whose wofull case the Gods helpe alone.

CARYSOPH.

Sy, are you his seruant that you pittie his case so?

STEPHANO.

No hum troth, good man Grumbe, his name is Stephano!

I am called Onaphets, if needes you will know,

The knane beginneth to list me, but I turne my name in & out,

Cretiso cum cretense, to make him a loute.

CARYSOPH.

What mumble you with your selfe? After Onaphets.

STEPHANO.

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

CARYSOPH.

You haue payde me more then you did owe me.

C. 14.

STEPHANO.

The Tragical Commedie

STEPHANO.

Pay, vpon a farther reckoning, I wyll pay you more if I know
Either you talke of that is done, or by your Sicophanticall enuye,
You prycke forth Dionisius the soner, that Damon may die:
I wyll so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattell in thy skinne,
Remember what I haue sayde, Onaphets is my name. **EXIT**

CARYSOPH.

The Ambric knaue is gone, the Deuyll him take,
He hath made my head, shoulders, armes, sides, and all to ake:
Thou hozson villaine boy, why didst thou waite no better:
As he payde me, so wyll I not die thy debter.

IACKE.

Maister, why do you fight with me: I am not your match you see,
You durst not fight w him if is gone, & wyll you weake your anger on
CARYSOPHVS. (me)

Thou villaine, by thee I haue lost mine honour,
Betten with a codgell like a Slaue, a Macaboun, or a lasse Lubber,
And not geuen one blow agayne, hast thou handled me well:

IACKE.

Maister I handled you not, but who did handle you very handsomly
CARYSOPHVS. (you can tell.)

Handsomly thou crake rope.

IACKE.

Pea sir, very handsomly, I holde you a grote,
He handled you so handsomly, that he left not one mote in your cote.

CARISOPH.

O I had firckt him trimly thou villaine, if thou hadst geuen me my
IACKE. (Sword)

It is better as it is, Maister be leue me at a worde:
If he had sene your weapon, he would haue ben fierfer,
And so perhaps beate you worse, I speake it with my harte,
You were neuer yet at the dealing of fence blowes, but you had soure
It is but your lucke, you are man god enough, (away for your part)
But the Wealche Onaphets, was a vengeaunce knaue and rough,
Maister you were best go home and reke in your bedde,
He thinkes your cappe warerth to little for your heade.

CARYSOPH.

What doth my head swell:

IACKE.

Pea as bigge as a Cobshed, and bleades to.

CARYSOPH.

I am ashamed to show my face with this heu.

IACKE.

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

IACKE.

No shame at all, men haue bin beaten sacre better then you;

CARISOPHVS.

I muste go to the Chiruricians, what shall I say when I am a dresyng?

IACKE.

You may say truly, you met with a knaues blessing. EXEVNT.

¶ Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

¶ By mine owne experience, I proue true that many men tell,
To liue in Courte not beloued, better be in Hell:
What cryng out; what cursyng is there within of Carisophus,
Because he accused Damon to Kinge Dionisius:
Euen now, he came whynng & cryng into the Courte for the nonce,
Shewinge that one Onaphets had broke his knaues sconce:
Which straunge name when they heard, every man laught hartely,
And I by my selfe scand his name secretly,
For well I knewe it was some madheaded chylde
That inuented this name, that the logheaded knaue might be begildet:
In toking it often with my selfe to and fro,
I found out that Onaphets, backward spelled Stephano:
I smiled in my sleue, how to see by tournyng his name, he dyell him,
And how for Damo his Masters sake, wth a woddon cogell he blest him:
None pittied y^e knaue, no man nor woman, but all laught him to scoone:
To be thus hated of all better vnbozne:
Farre better Aristippus hath prouided I trowe,
For in all the Courte, I am beloued both of hie and lowe:
I offends none, in so muche that women stryze this to my great pryse,
Omnis Aristippum docuit colore, & locus & res.
But in all this ioylitie, one thinge maseh me,
The straungest thinge that euer was harde or knowne:
Is now happened in this Court by that Damon:
Whom Carisophus accused, Damon is now at libertie,
For whos returne Pithias his friend lieth in priso, alas in great scopartye
To morow is y^e day, which day by none if Damon return not, earnestly
The kinge hath sworne that Pithias should die,
Wherof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,
Wishing that Damon may not returne, tyll he haue payde
His lyfe for his friend: hath it ben heare to fore euer sayde,
That any man for his friend would die so wyllyngly:
O noble friendship, O perfect amitie,
Why force is heare scene, and that very perfectlie:
The kinge him selfe maseh here at, yet is he sacre out of square,
That he trusteth none, to come nere him not his owne daughters will
he haue.

¶ Enterth

The Tragicall Commedie

Unrecht to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbarous his beard
Not with knife or Rasour, for all edge toles he feares, (to haue:
But with hote burning Butshales, they sence of his heares.
Was there euer man that liued in such miserie:

Well, I wyll go in with a beaue and pensue hart to,
To think how Pisthias this poore gentleman to morrow shall die **EXIT**

C Here entreteth **IACKE** and **VVYLL**.

C Wyll, by my honesty, I wyll marre your monckes face if you so
VVYLL. (fondly prate

C Jacke, by my troth, seeing you are without the Courte gate,
If you play Jacke napes, in mocking my master, and dispising my face,
Euen here with a Pantacle, I wyll you disgrace:
And though you haue a farre better face then I,
Yet, who is better man of vs two, these sikkes shall trie,
Unlesse you leaue your taunting.

IACKE.

C Thou beganst first, didst thou not say euen now,
That Carlisophus my Master was no man but a cowe,
In takinge so many blowes, and gaue neuer a blow agayne?

VVYLL.

C I sayde so in dede, he is but a tame Russian,
That can swere by his flaske & tynche bar & Gods precious lady:
And yet he will be beaten with a faggot stick:
These barking whelpes were neuer god biters,
He yet great crakers were euer great fighters:
But seeinge you eg mee so much I wyll somewhat more resight,
I say Carlisophus thy master is a strutting Parasite:
Gleuing away the sweet from the worthy in all the Courte,
What tragidie hath he moued of late? y deuell take him he doth much

IACKE.

(hurt.

C I pray you what is Arisippus thy master, is not he a Parasite to,
That with scoffing and teasting in the Court makes so much a do?

VVYLL.

C He is no Parasite, but a pleasant Gentleman, full of curtessie,
Thy master is a churlish loute the heyze of a dourng forke, as boyde of
As thou art of honour. (honestie,

IACKE.

C Nay if you wyll needes be prating of my master skyll,
In faith, I must coole you my friends Dapper Wyll,
Take this at the beginning.

VVYLL.

C Praise well your winning, my Pantacle is as readie as yours.
Jacke.

Of DAMON and PITHIAS

IACKE. By the Masse I wylł bore you.

VVYLL. By cocke I wylł Fore you

IACKE. Wylł, was I with you.

VVYLL. Iacke, did I lye?

IACKE. Alas pretie cockerell, you are so weake.

VVYLL. In faith Dutting Duttell, you wylł crye creake,

¶ Here entreth SNAP.

Alway you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the Courte gate?
And I take you heare agayns, I wylł swindge you both, what? **EXIT**

IACKE.

I beshrew Snap the Tipstaffe that great knaves hart, y bether did.
Had he not ben, you had cried ere this Victus, victa, victum, (comes
But seing we haue bzeathed our selues, if ye list,
Let vs agree like friends, and shake eche other by the fist.

VVYLL.

Content am I, for I am not malicous, but on this cond itton,
That you talke no moze so brode of my matter as bere you haue done,
But who haue we here, is Cobex epi comming ponder.

IACKE. Wylł, let vs stipp aside and be we him well.

¶ Here entreth GRIMME the Coliar whistling.

What Dewell, iche wæne y Pozters are dzunke, will they not dnp the
(gate today?
Take in Coles for y Kings owne mouth, wylł no body skur I say?
Ich might haue layne tway bowlers longer in my bedde,
Cha taried so longe here, that my tæth chatter in my heade.

IACKE. Wylł, after our fallinge out, wilt thou laugh merily?

VVYLL. I mary Iacke, I pray the hartely.

IACKE.

Then folow me, and hemme in a worde now and then:
What bzaulynge knaue is there at the Courte gate so earlye

VVYLL.

It is some bzainficke Willaine, I durst lay a pennie.

IACKE.

It was you sir that cryed so lowde, I trow,
And bid vs take in Coles for the Kinges mouth, euen now.

GRIMME It was I indæde.

IACKE.

Why sir: how dare you speake such pette treason:
Doth the Kinge eate Coles at any season?

GRIMME.

The Tragical Commedie

Here is a gaye worlde, Hopes no lo fettes olde men to scrole,
I sayde well enough, what Iacke sauce, thinkst cham a soles &
At Bake house, Buttrie hatch, Kitchin, and Seller,
Do they not say soz the Kinges mouth?

VVYLL. What then god man Collier?

GRIMME.

What then? seing wout coles thei cannot finely dresse þ Kinges meat,
May I not say, take in coles soz þ Kinges mouth, though coles be do not

IACKE.

James Chylle, came euer from a Colier an aunswere so trimme &
You are learned, are you not Father Grimme?

GRIMME.

Grimme is my name in deod, cham not learned, & yet þ Kinges collier
This doxtie wnter cha bin to the Kinge a seruttier,
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte enough whole & some

VVYLL.

So it seemes, you haue so much mother witt, that you lacke your

GRIMME.

(fathers wisdome,

Waste, cham well be set: heres is a trimme cast of Purlons.

What be you my pretie cockerels, that aske me these questions.

IACKE.

God faith master Grimme, if such Parlines on your pouch may light
Thei are so quick of winge & quickly they can carie it out of your sight
And though we are cockerels now, we shall haue spurs one day,
And shall be able perhaps to make you a Capon:

But to tell you trouth: we are the Porters men, which early & late,

Waipte on suche Gentlemen as you to open the Courte gat &:

GRIMME. Are ye seruants then?

VVYLL. Yea sir, are we not prestle men?

GRIMME.

Pretie men (o you) nay, you are Aronge men, els you could not beare

VVYLL.

(these bitches.

Are these great hose? in faith godman Collier you see with your nose
By myne honestie, I haue but soz one lining in one hose, but by els of.

GRIMME.

(Koug.

That is but a little, yet it makes the same a great Bugge.

IACKE.

How say you godman Collier, can you finde any fault heres

GRIMME.

Say you should finde saught, mary heres trimme geare,
Alas little knaue, doest not sweate, thou goest with great payne,
These are no hose, but watter bougets, I tell the playne:

OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

God so; none, but suche as haue no buttockes.
Dyd you euer see two suche little Robin ruddockes,
So laden with braches: chill say no more, lest I offende,
Who inuented these monsters first, did it to a godly ende:
To haue a male, readie to put in other folkes staffe,
Whe see this euident by dayly p[ro]ffe:
One preached of late not farre hence, in no Pulpet, but in **Maxyne**
That spake enough of this, but for my parte, (carte,
Chill say no more, your owne necessitie,
In the ende wyll force you to finde some remedy.

IACKE.

Whe, holde this raylynge knaue with a talke when I am gone,
I wyll fetch him his filling ale for his godd sermone.

VVYLL.

Go thy way: father Grimme, gayly well you do say,
It is but youngmens folly that liste to playe:
And make a while in the net of their owne deuisse,
When they come to pour age, they wyll be wyse.

GRIMME.

Bum troth, but few such roysters come to my peares at this day;
They be cut off be times, or they haue gone halfe their iourney:
I wyll not tell why, let them gesse that can, I meane somewhat thereby

Enter IACKE. with a pot of wyne, and
a cup to dynke on.

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

GRIMME.

Wyne, mary, that is welcome to Colliers, chyl swapt of by e by,
Chwas stirring so early that my very soule is dype.

IACKE.

This is skoutely done wyll you haue it warmed father Grimme.

GRIMME.

No, it is warme enough: it is very lousious and trimme,
Dis Hasselden ich wone, of fellowship let me haue an other spurt,
Ich can dynke as easily now, as if I late in my Hurte.

IACKE.

By cocke and you shall haue it, but I wyll beginne and that anon
Iebit a tow mon companion.

GRIMME.

Ihar bow pleads pety Zayne,

IACKE.

Can you speake Frenche: hers is a trimme collier by this day.

F. 4.

GRIMME.

The Tragical Commedie

GRIMME.

What man: ich learned this when ich was a Souldier,
When ich was a luffy fellow, and could parke a whip trimly,
Better then these boy Coliers that come to the Courte dailly:
When there were not so many captious fellowes as now,
That would toruppe men for euery trifell, I wot not how:
As there was one Damon, not longe since, taken for a Spie,
Ho w tuffly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

VVYLL.

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

GRIMME.

A bengaunce take him, it was a gentleman, one Paister Crolosphus.

VVYLL.

Crolosphus, you clippe the Kinges language, you would haue said
But I perceue now, either the winde is at the South, (Carisophus)
Or els your tounge cleaueth to the roose of your mouth.

GRIMME.

A murian take this Wine, it so intercate my braine,
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake platne.

IACKE.

You speake knaughtly playne, seinge my master you do mocke.
In faith ere you go, I wyll make you a lobbe cocke:
Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abode?

GRIMME

All men are forie for him, so helpe me God.
They say a false knaue cused him to the King wrongfully,
And he is gone, and should be here to morow to die,
Or els his fellow which is in prison, his rowme shall supplie:
Chil not be his halfe for boxie shillinges, I tell you playne,
I thinke Damon be to wise to returne agayne.

VVYLL.

Wyll no man speake for them in this wofull case.

GRIMME.

No chill warrant you, one maister Stippus is in place,
Where he may do good, but he frames him selfe so,
Whatsoeuer Dionisius wylleth to that he wyll not say no:
Tis a suttell Tor, he wyll not tread on thornes for none,
A mery Harcoppe tis and a pleasant companion,
A right courtier, and can pouldre for one.

IACKE.

Wyll,

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

Appl, how lyke you this geare: your master Aristippus also;
At this Coliers hande hath had a bloe:
But in faith father Grimme cannot ye Coliers,
Prouide for your selues far better then Courtiers.

GRIMME.

Nes I trow, blacke Coliers go in threade bare cotes,
Yet so prouide they, that they haue the faire white groates:
Ich may say in counsell, though all day I moyle in dourte,
Chill not change liues with any in Dioniskus Courte:
For though their apparell be neuer so fine,
Yet sure their credit is farre woyle then mine:
And by cocke I may say, for all their hie lokes,
I know some stiches full deepe in Marchants bookes:
And deper will fall in, as fame me telles,
As long as in stæde of Honey, they take by Haukes hods & Belles:
Wherby they fall into a swelling disease, which Coliers do not knowe,
With a mad name, it is called schwaene, Centum pro cento.
Some other in Courtes, make others laugh merily,
When they wayle and lament their owne estate secretly:
Friendship is dead in Courte, Hypocrisie doth raigne,
Who is in fausur now, to mozoow is out agayne:
The state is so vncertaine, that I by my well,
Will neuer be courtier, but a Colier Appl.

VVYLL.

It seemeth that Coliers haue a very trim lyfe.

GRIMME.

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

IACKE.

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

GRIMME.

Had to be mery withal, had goulde enough in his hutch:

IACKE.

Can goulde make men mery: they say who can singe so mery a note,
As he that is not able to change a grote:

GRIMME.

Who singes in that case singes neuer in tune I knowe for my parte,
That a heauy pouch with goulde makes a light harte:

Of which

The Tragical Commedie

It which I haue prouided for; a deare yeare god Roze;
And these Benters I trowe, shall anone get me moze.

VVYLL.

By leasing the Courte with coles you gaynde all this monye.

GRIMME.

By the Court onely I assure ye.

IACKE.

After what sort I pray the tell me:

GRIMME.

Pay, ther hate me an ace (quod Boulon) I can weare a hozne & blowe it
IACKE. By lady the wiser man. (not

GRIMME,

Shall I tell you by what list I got all this monye
Then ich weare a noddie in daede: no, no, I warreant ye,
Yet in few words I tell you this one thinge,
He is a very sole that can not gayne by the Kinge.

VVYLL.

Well sayde father Grimme, you are a tollie Colier & a bzane,
I see now there is no knaue to the olde knaue.

GRIMME.

Buche knaues haue mony, when courtiers haue none,
But tell me, is it true that a bzode is blowne:

IACKE. What is that?

GRIMME.

Hath the Kinge made those saye Damsels his daughters,
To be come now fine and trimme Barbers.

IACKE. Yea truly to his owne person.

GRIMME.

God fellowes beleue me, as the case now standes,
I would geue one sacke of Coles, to be washt at their hands:
If ich came so neare them, so; my wyt chould not geue thze chippes,
If ich could not steale one sway at their lippes.

IACKE.

Wyll, this knaue is bzunke, let vs dzesse him,
Let vs riffell him so that he haue not one pennie to blesse him,
And steale away his Debenters too.

VVYLL.

Content inuent the waye, and I am ready.

IACKE. Faith, and I wyll make him a noddie:

Father Grimme, if you praise me well, I wyll wash you & shawe you to
Euen after the same fashion as the Kinges daughters do:

In all poyntes as they handle Dionisus, I wyll dzesse you trim & fine

GRIMME

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

GRIMME

Child bayne learne þ: come on then, chil geue thee a whol pint of wine
At Tauerne for thy labour, when cha mony for my We nters heare,
Here Wyl fetcheth a Barbers bason, a pot with water, a
Raysour, and Clothes and a payze of Sps stacles.

IACKE.

Com wthne owne Father Grimme, sit do wne.

GRIMME

Was to beginne withall, heare is a trimme chayze.

IACKE.

What man I wyl use you like a pynce: Sir boy, fetch me my gearde.

VVYLL. Here sy.

IACKE. Holde by father Grimme.

GRIMME. We seame my head both swimme.

IACKE.

My Costly perfumes make that, away with this Sir Boy: be quicke,
Aloffe, aloffe, how how pretie it is, is not here a god face:
A fine Oules eyes, a mouth lyke an Ouen,
Father you haue god Butter teeth, full sente,
You weare weaned, els you would haue ben a great Calf,
Ah trimme lippes to sweepe a Dancer, here is a chinne,
As softe as the hose of an horse.

GRIMME.

Doth the Kinges daughters rubbe so harde:

IACKE.

Hold your head strait man, els all wyl be marde,
By: ladie, you are of a good complexion,
A right Croyden sanguine, helpe me,
Hould by father Grimme, Wyl can you besturre yes

GRIMME

We thinks after a maruelous fashon you do besmoure me.

IACKE.

It is with VNGVENTVM of Daucus Paucus, that is very costly,
I geue not this washinge ball to euery body:
After you haue ben dress so finely at my hande,
You may kisse any Ladies lippes within this lande:
A, you are trimly washt, how say you, is not this trimme water?

GRIMME.

It may be holsome, but it is vengeannce sower.

IACKE.

It scours the better, sy: boy, geue me my raysour.

VVYLL. Here at hand sy.

GRIMME

The Tragick Commedie

GRIMME.

Gods ayres, tis a chopping knyfe, tis no Rapsour.

IACKE.

**It is a Rapsour and that a very good one,
It came lately from Palarrime, it cosse me .xx. crownes alone
Your eyes daffell after your washing, these spectacles put on:
Now vew this Rapsour, tell me, is it not a good one?**

GRIMME.

They be gay Barnikels, yet I see neuer the better.

IACKE.

**In deede, they be a young sight, and that is the matter,
But I warrant you, this Rapsour is very easie.**

GRIMME.

Go to then, since you begonne, do as please ye.

IACKE.

Holde by father Grimme.

GRIMME.

O your Rapsour doth hurt my lippe.

IACKE.

**No, it serapeth of a pimpell, to ease you of the Pippe,
I haue done now, how say you: are you not well?**

GRIMME.

Cham lighter then ich was, the truth to tell.

IACKE.

Will you singe after your shauinge?

GRIMME.

Was content, but chill be polde first or I singe.

IACKE.

Say that shall not naede, you are pould neare enough soz this time.

GRIMME.

**Go to then lustily, I wyll singe in my mans voyce,
Chauc a troublinge base busse.**

IACKE.

**You are like to heare the bobbe, soz we wyll gene it,
Set out your busseng base, and we wyll quiddell vpon it.**

GRIMME singeth Busse.

IACKE singes,

To nidden, and to nidden.

VVYLL singes.

**To nidden, and to dle to dle do nidden,
Is not Grimms the Colier most finely hauen.**

GRIMME:

OF DAMON and PITHIAS;

GRIMME.

Why my fellows toinke Iche am a colwe, that you make such toyngs
IACKE.

**Say byz lady, you are no colw by your singing,
Pet your wyfe tolde me you were an Dre.**

GRIMME.

**Did she so: tis a pestens quene she is full of such mockea,
But go to, let vs singe out our sorge merely.**

The Songe at the flaxing of the Colier.

IACKE.

Suche Barbers God send you at all times of néde.

VVYLL.

What can dyesse you finely, and make such quicke spēde,

IACKE.

Your face like an Incozre, new shyneth so gay,

VVYLL.

That I with your Rostrels of soyce must nédes play,

With to nidden, and to nidden.

IACKE.

**With to nidden, and todle todle to nidden,
Is not Grimme the Colier most finely shauen.**

VVYLL.

With shauing you shine lyke a pestle of Pozke:

IACKE.

Here is the trimmest Hogges fleshy from London to Pozke:

VVYLL.

It woulde be trimme Baken to hange by a while,

IACKE.

To play with this Hogline, of soyce I must sayle,

With to nidden, and to nidden.

VVYLL. With to nidden, and todle &c.

GRIMME.

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

VVYLL.

Your wife now wyll busse ydu, because you are sweater.

GRIMME.

Peare woulde I be poled, as neare as cham shauen.

VVYLL.

Then out of your Jerkin nédes must you be shauen.

With to nidden, and to nidden, &c.

GRIMME.

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

G. j.

The Tragical Commedie

VVYLL.

Their handes are so true that they neuer do hurte.

GRIMME.

We thinke ich am lighter then euer ich was.

VVYLL.

Our haueinge in the Courte hath brought this to passe.
With too nidden, and too nidden.

IACKE.

With too nidden and toole toole do nidden.
Is not Grimme the Colier most finely haue.

Finis.

GRIMME.

This is trimly done, no wchill pitche my roles not sarre hense,
And then at the Tauerne chll bestowe whole tway pence.

IACKE.

Farewell cocke, before the Colier againe do vs seke,
Let vs into the Courte to parte the spoyle, share and share like, **EXIT**
VVYLL Away then.

Where entrech GRIMME.

Out alas, where shall I make my money.

My Pouche, my Benters and all is gone.

Wher is that villayne that dyd me shauer
Hath robbed me alas of all that I haue.

Where entrech SNAP.

Who crieth so at the Courte gate.

GRIMME

I, the poore Colier, that was robbed of late.

SNAP Who robbed thee?

GRIMME.

Two of the Porters men that dyd shauer me.

SNAP.

Why: the Porters men are no Barbers?

GRIMME.

Reuengance take them they are quicke caruers.

SNAP. What stature weare they of?

GRIMME.

As little dapper linages as they trimly could scoffe.

SNAP.

They were Lackeyes, as neare as I can geate them.

GRIMME.

Such Lackes make me lacke: an halter bestwenge them.

Chamvndon they haue my Benters too.

SNAP.

Doct

DIONANDPITHIAS)

Doest thou know them if thou seest them?

GRIMME.

Yea that I do?

SNAP.

Then come with me, we will finde them out and that quickly.

GRIMME.

I follow mast I please, they be in the Courte it is likely.

SNAP.

Then trie no more, come away.

EXEUNT.

Here entreteth Carisophus, and Aristippus.

If ever you will shew your friendship, now is the time,
Being the King is displeas'd with me, or my party without any crime.

ARISTIP.

It should appeare it comes of some euell behaviour,
That you so sodenly are cast out of fauour.

CARISOPH.

Nothing haue I done but this in talke I ouerthwarted Cubulus.

When he lamented Pithias case to Kinge Dionisius,

Which to morrow shall die, but for that false knaue Damon

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

He grew so hot in talke, that Cubulus protested playnly,

Which held his eare open to parasiticall flattery,

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

Crying that flatterers haue ben the destrictors of Kinges:

Which talke in Dionisius harte hath made so deepe impression,

That he trusteth me not as heretofore in no condition:

And some wordes brake from him as though that hee,

Began to suspect my trouth and honestie:

Which you of friendship I know will defend, how so euer the world

My friend for my honestie, will you not take an othe? (goeth)

ARISTIP.

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

CARISOPH.

Should you so in deede? I would that were knowne,

If your boyde friendship come thus to passe.

ARISTIP.

I fel to the proverbe: Amicus Vsq̄ ad aur̄as.

CARISOPHVS.

Where can you see I ever lost mine honestie.

ARISTIPPVS.

You neuer lost it, for you neuer had it, as saure as I know.

CARISOPH.

Ex.

Exit you

The Tragical Commedie

CARISOPHVS.

May you so defend Aristippus whom I trust so well?

ARISTIPPVS.

Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell.

CARISOPH.

Will you not stretche one paynt: to bringe me in fauour agaynes?

ARISTIP.

I loue no stretching, so may I breede myne owne payne.

CARISOPH.

A friende ought to shonne no payne, to stand his friend in need.

ARISTIP.

Where true friendship is, it is so in very deede.

CARISOPH.

Why fir: hath not the chaine of true friendship, linked vs two

ARISTIP.

together?

The cheifest linke lacked therof, it must needs deseuer.

CARISOPH.

What linke is that: saue would I know.

ARISTIP. Honestie.

CARISOPH.

Doth honestie knit the perfect knot in true friendship,

ARISTIP:

yea truly, and that knot so knit wyll neuer slippe.

CARISOPH.

Belike then there is no frindship but betwene honest men.

ARISTIP.

Betwene the honest only, so; Amicitia inter bonos: saith a learned man.

CARISOPH.

Yet euell men vse frindship in thinges vn honest, wher fancy doth serue

ARISTIP.

That is no frindship, but a lewde likeing, it lastes but a while.

CARISOPH.

What is the perfect frindship among men that euer grew:

ARISTIP.

Where men loued one another, not for profit but for vertue.

CARISOPH.

Are such frindes both alike in ioy and also in smarte:

ARISTIP.

They must needs, for in two bodes they haue but one harte.

CARISOPH.

Friend Aristippus, becaue me not with sophistrie,

Is there no perfect frindship, but where is vertue and honestie:

ARISTIP.

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

ARISTIPPVS

What a Deuell then went Carisophus,
To toyne in frindship with fine Aristippus:
In whom is as much vertue, trueth and honestie,
As there are true fethers in the thre Craines of the bestrle:
Yet these fethers haue the shadow of liuely feathers the truth o scan
But Carisophus, hath not the shadowe of an honest man,
To be playne, because I know thy villany:
In abusinge Dionisus, to many mens inturp:
Under the cloke of frindship, I playd with his head,
And sought meanes how thou with thine owne fancy might be lead,
My frindship thou soughtest for thine owne commoditie,
As worldly men do by profite measuring amittie:
Which I perceauing, to the lyke my selfe I framed,
Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be blamed:
If you aske me Quare: I answere, Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare
To speake more playner, as the prouerbe doth go,
In falsly Carisophus, Cum cretence cretiso:
Yet a perfect frinde I shew my selfe to the in one thing,
I do not dessemble, now I say I wpll not speake for the to the King,
Therefore sinke in thy sorrow, I do not deceaue the,
A false knaue I found the, a false knaue I leaue the.

FXIT

CARISOPHVS.

He is gone: is this frindship to leaue his frind in the plaine feldes?
Well I see now, I my selfe haue beguyld,
In matching with that false for in amittie:
Which hath me vsed to his owne commoditie.
Which seeing me in distresse, vnfainedly goes his wayes,
Loe this is the perfect frindship among men now a daies:
Which kinde of frindship toward him I vsed secretly:
And he with me the like, hath requited me craftly.
It is the Gods iudgement, I see it playnely,
For all the world may know, Incide in foueam quam scd.
Well I must content my selfe none other helpe I knowe:
Untill a merrier gale of winde may happe to blowe:

EXIT

EVBVLVS.

Who deals with Kings in matters of great waight,
When froward wpll, doth beare the cheifest way:
Must yeld of force, their neede no subtle seight:
No paynted speach the matter to conuay,
No prayer can moue, when kindled is the fire,
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.

Thit

The Tragickall Commedie

This thinge I proue in Pithias wofull case,
Whose hauny hap with teares I doe lament:
The day is come when he in Damons place,
Must lose his life the time is iully spent:
Nought can my words now with the Kinge preualle,
Against the wind and stringing streame I sayle:
For die thou must alas thou sely Greke,
Oh Pithias, now come is thy dolefull houre:
A perfect friend none such a world to seeke.
Though bitter death shall geue thee sauce full sower:
Yet for thy faith enrold shall be thy name,
Among the Gods within the booke of fame:
Who knoweth his case, and wpll not melt in teares:
His gillies blood shall trickle downe anon.

¶ Then the Muses singe.

Alas what happe hast thou poore Pithias now to die,
Who worth the which man for his death hath geuen vs cause to crye.

EVBVLVS.

Me thinke I heare with yelow rented heares,
The Muses frame their notes my state to moone:
Among which sorte as one that moorneth with barte,
And dolefull tunes, my selfe wpll heare a parte.

MUSES.

Who worth the man which for his death. &c.

EVBVLVS.

With yelow rented heares come on you Muses nine,
I fill now my breast with heany tunes, to me your plaints resign:
For Pithias I bewaile which presently must die,
Who worth the man which for his death hath geuen vs cause. &c.

MUSES.

Who worth the man which for his. &c.

EVBVLVS.

Was euer such a man that would die for his friend,
I thinke euen from the heauens a boue, the Gods did him do wne send
To shew true friendshipps power, which sortt thee now to die,
Who worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MUSES.

Who worth the man, &c.

EVBVLVS.

What Tigars whelp was he, that Danton dyd accuse?
What saith hast thou, which for thy friend, thy death dost not refuse
O heany happs haost thou to play toys Tragidie,

ACT

Who worth

OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Who worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MVSES.

Who worth the man, &c.

EVBVLVS.

Thou young and worthy Græke, that thou wert such perfect Ioue,
The Gods receaue thy simple ghost, into the heauens aboue.
Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye,
Who worth the man which for his death, &c.

MVSES.

Who worth the man which for thy death,
hath giuen vs cause to grie.

FINIS.

EVBVLVS.

Eternall be your saue ye Muses, for that in miserie,
Ye did vouchsafe to strayne your notes to walke:
My harte is rent in two, with this miserable case,
Yet am I charged by Dionysus mouth, to se this place.

At all poynts ready for the execution of Pithias.

Præde hath no law: wyl I or nil I, it must be done,

But loe the bloody minister, is euen here at hande.

Gronno, I can ne hether now to vnderstand,

If all thinges are well appoynted for the execution of Pithias.

The kinge him selfe will se it done here in this place.

GRONNO.

Sir, all thinges are ready, here is the place, here is the hand, here is the
Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a word, (two)

If he were present, I could finely strike of.

You may repozte that all thinges are ready.

EVBVLVS.

I go with an heauy harte to repozt it, ah woofull Pithias:
Full nere now is thy misery.

GRONO.

I maruell very much, vnder what constellation,
All hangmen are borne: for they are hated of all, beloved of none:
Which hatred is holued by this poynt evidently,
The Hangman alwayes dwelles in the vilest place of the Citie:
That such sight should be, I know no cause why,
Vnlesse it be for thir offices sake, which is cruell and bloody:
Yet some men must do it to execute lawes:
We thinke they hate me without any iust cause.

But I

The Tragicall Commedie

But I must looke to my toyle, Pithias must lose his head at one blow,
Els the Boyes wyll stone me to death in the street as I go:
But harke, the prisoner cometh, and the Kinge also,
I see there is no help, Pithias his life must so go.

Here entreteth Dionisius and Cubulus.

Bring forth Pithias that pleasant companion,
Which tooke me at my woerde and became pleadge for Damon:
It pricketh fast vpon none, I do him no iniurie,
If now he lose his head so; so he requested me.
If Damon returne not, which now in Greece is full mery:
Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by,
He thought belike, if Damon were out of the Citie,
I would not put him to death, for some tolde the pittie:
But seeing it was his request, I wyll not be mockt he shall die,
Bring him forth.

Here entreteth Snap.

Gene place, let the prisoner come by, gene place.

DIONISIVS.

How say you sir: wher is Damon your trais friend:
You haue playd a wise part I make God a vow,
You know what time a day it is, make you ready.

PITHIAS.

Most ready I am mightie king and most ready also,
For my true frinde Damon this lyfe to so; go,
Euen at your pleasure.

DIONISIVS.

A true friend, a false Trayto; that so breaketh his oth,
Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be neuer so loth.

PITHIAS.

I am not loth to do what so euer I sayde,
He at this present pinch of death am I dismayde:
The Gods now I know, haue heard my seruent prayer,
That they haue reserued me to this passynge great honour,
To die for my frind, whose faith, euen now, I do not mistruste:
My frinde Damon is no false traytour, he is true and iuste:
But sith he is no God but a man, he must do as he may,
The winde may be contrary, sicknes may let him, or some misadventure
Which the eternall Gods tourne al to my glorie, (by the way,
That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die:
He breaketh no oth, which doth as much as he can,
His minde is heare, he hath some let, he is but a man.
That he might not retourne, of all the Gods I did requyre,

Which

OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

Which now to my loy, doth graunt my desire:
But why doe I stay any longer, seeing that one mans death,
May suffice A King, to pacifie thy wrath?
Thou minister of iustice, doe thyne office by and by,
Let not thy hand tremble, for I remble not to die:
Stephano the right patrone, of true fidelitie,
Commend me to thy master my sweet Damon, & of him craue libertie:
When I am dead in my name, for thy trustie seruices,
Hath well deserued a gift farre better then this,
Oh my Damon farewell now for euer, a true friend to me most deare:
Whyles lyfe doth laste, my mouth shall styll talke of thee,
And when I am dead my simple ghost true witnes of amittie:
Shall houer about the place wheresseuer thou be,

DIONISIUS.

Cubulus, This geare is strange, and yet because,
Damon hath salt his faith, Pithias shall haue the lawe:
Gronno, dispoyle hym, and eke dispatch him quickly.

GRONNO.

It shal be done: since you came into this place,
I might haue stoken of seauen heads in this space:
Ber lady here are good garments, these are myne by the roode,
It is an euill wynde that bloweth no man good:
Now Pithias kneele downe, aske me blessing like a prattie boy,
And with a trise thy head from thy shoulders I wyll conuay.

Here entreteth Damon running & stapes the sword.

Stay, stay, stay, for the kinges aduantage stay,
O mightie kyng, myne appoynted time is not yet fully pass,
Within the compasse of myne houre loe, here, I come at last:
A life I owe, a life I wyll you pay:
Oh my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friende,
Oh wo is me for Damons sake, how neare were thou to thy ende:
Gene place to me, this rowme is myne, on this stage must I play,
Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionisius his blood to pay.

GRONNO.

Are you come sir: you might haue tarted if you had bene wyse,
For your hattie coming you are lyke to know the prise.

PITHIAS.

Thou cruell misnister, why didst not thou thine office,
Did not I bidde thee make hast in any wyse:
Hast thou spared to kill me once that I may die wyse:
Not to die for my friend, is present death to me, and alas,
Shall I see my sweet Damon, slaine befoze my face:

H. J.

What

The Tragical Commedie

What double death is this? but O mightie Dionissus,
Do true iustice now, way this aright, thou noble Cubulus:
Let me haue no wronge, as now standes the case,
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:
By misadventure, not by his wyll, his holure is past, therfore
Because he came not at his last tyme, ought iustly to die:
So was my promise, so was thy promise O kynge,
All this Courte can beare witnesse of this thinge.

DAMON.

Not so, O mightie kynge, to Justice it is contrarie,
That for an other mans faulte, the Innocent should die:
Pe yet is my time playnly expired, it is not fully none,
Of this my day appointed, by all the Clockes in the Towne.

PITHIAS.

Belæue no Clocke, the houre is past by the Sonne.

DAMON.

Oh my Pithias, shall we now breake the bondes of Amittie:
Will you now ouerthwart me, whiche heretofore so well did agree.

PITHIAS.

Oh Damon, the Goddess forbids, but we should agree,
Therfore agree to this, let me performe the promise I made for thee:
Let me die for thee, do me not that iniurie,
Both to breake my promise, and to suffre me to see thee die
Whome so dearly I loue: this small request graunt me,
I shall neuer aske thee more, my desire is but kindly:
Do me this honour, that fame may reporte triumphantly,
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die.

DAMON.

That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot denie,
yet fame shall neuer touch me with such a villanie:
To reporte that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias, for his gillesse to
Therfore content thy selfe, the Gods requite thy constant faith, (die,
None but Damons blood can appease Dionissus wrath:
And now O mightie kynge, to you my talke I conuay,
Because you haue me leaue, my worldly thinges to say:
So requite that god tourne ere I die, for your behalfe this I say,
Although your Regall state, dame Fortune decketh so,
That like a kinze in worldly wealth, abundantly ye doe:
yet sickle is the ground whereon all Tyrants treade,
A thousand sundrie cares and feares, do haunt their restless head:
No trustie hand, no faithfull friendes do garde thy hatefull state,
And why? whom men obey for deadly feare, sure them they deadly hate

That

Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

That you may safely raigne, by loue get friends, whose constant faith
I will neuer sayle, this counsell geues youe Damon at his death :
Friends are the surest garde, for Kinges golden time doo wear away,
And other precious thinges doo fade, friendship will neuer decay :
Haue friends in those therfoze, so shall you safely sleape,
Haue friends at home of foraine soes, so neede you take no heape :
Abandon flatering tounge, whose clackes truth neuer tels,
Abuse the yll, aduance the good, in whome dame vertue dwels :
Let them your play felowes be, but O you earthly kinges,
Your sure defence and strongest garde, standes chiefly in faithfull friends
Then get you friends by liberall deedes, and here I make an ende,
Accept this counsell mightie Kinge of Damon Pithias friende :
Oh my Pithias, now farewel for ener, let me kisse thee or I die,
My soule shall honour thee, thy constant faith aboue the heauens shall
Come Cronno doo thine office now, why is thy colour so dead : (his
My neck is so is short, that thou wilt neuer haue honestie in striking of
DIONISIVS. (this head

Cubulus, my spirittes are sodenly appauled, my lines ware weake,
This straunge friendship amaseth me so, that I can scarce speake.
PITHIAS.

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

O vspeakeable friendship,
DAMON.

Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why :
My constant frind my Pithias, for Damons sake should die :
Alas he is but young, he may doo good to many,
Thou co warde minister, why doest thou not let me die :

GRONNO.

My hand with soden feare quauereth.

PITHIAS.

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

DIONISIVS.

Stay Cronno, my flesh trembleth, Cubulus, what shall I doe
Where there euer such frindes on earth as were these two :
What harte is so cruell that would deuide them asunder :
O noble friendship, I must yeld, at thy force I wonder :
My hart, this rare friendship hath pearst to the rote,
And quenched all my fury, this sight hath bzought this aboute :
Which thy graue counsell Cubulus, and learned perswasion could
neuer doo :
H. y. O noble

The Tragical Commedie

O noble gentlemen, the immortal Gods above,
Hath made you play this Tragicke, I thinke for my behouer
Whose this day I neuer knew what perfect friendship ment,
My cruell mind to bloudy deedes, was full and wholly bent:
My fearefull life, I thought with terrour to defende,
But now I see there is no garde vnto a faithfull friend:
Which will not spare his life at time of present neede,
O happie kinges within your courtes haue two such friends in deed:
I honour friendship now, which that you may playnly see,
Damon, haue thou thy life, from death I pardon thee:
For which god tourne, I craue this honour do me lend:
O friendly harte: let me linke with you, to you make me y^e third friend:
My courte is yours, dwell here with mee, by my commission large,
My selfe, my realme, my welth, my health, I commit to your charge:
Make me a thirde friend, more shall I ioye in that thing,
Then to be called as I am, Dionisius the mightie kinge.

DAMON.

O mightie king, first for my life most humble thanks I geue,
And next, I prayse the immortal Gods, that did your harte so moue
That you would haue respect to friendships heavenly loze,
Forseing wel, he need not feare which hath true friends in those (societie)
For my part, most noble king, as a thirde friend, welcom to our friendly
But you must forget you ar a king, for friendship stands in teu equalitie

DIONISIVS.

Unequall though I be in great possessions,
Yet full equall shall you finde me in my changed conditions:
Tiranie, flatterie, oppression, loe, hear I cast away:
Justice, truth, loue, friendship shall be my toy:
True friendship will I honour vnto my liues end,
My greatest glorie shall be, to be counted a perfect friende.

PITHIAS.

For this your deede most noble King, the Gods aduance your name
And since to friendships loze, you list your Princely harte to frame:
With toyfull harte, O Kinge, most wellcome now to me,
With you will I knit the perfect knot of amitie:
Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amitie the mighty force and eke the toyful end:
And how that kinges do stand vpon a sickle ground,
Within whose Realme at tene of need, no faithfull friends are founde

DIONISIVS.

Your instruction will I follow, to you my selfe I do committe,
Cubulus, make haste to set new apparell fitte:

OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

For my new frindes.

EVBVLVS.

I go with a ioyfull hart, O happie day.

EXIT

GRONNO.

**I am glad to heare this word, though their liues they do not leaue,
It is no reason the Hangman should lose his fees:
These are mine, I am gone with a trisse.**

EXIT

Where entreteth EVBVLVS with new garmentes.

DIONISIVS.

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

(Court.

We go with ioyfull harts.

STEPHANO.

Oh Damon my deare master, in all this ioy remember me.

DIONISIVS.

By felend Damon he asketh reason :

Dam. Pithias.

DAMON.

Stephano, for thy god seruice, be thou free.

EXEUNT. DION

STEPHANO.

**O most happie, pleasant, ioyfull, and triumphant day,
Woe Stephano, now shall liue in continuall ioy:**

VIVE LE ROY with Damon and pithias in perfect amitie;

VIVE TV STEPHANO, in thy pleasant liberalitie:

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

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

Farewell my Lords, now by Gods graunt you al by som of perfect amitie

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

Where entreteth EVBVLVS beating CARISOPHVS.

**Away villaine, away you flatteringe Parasite,
Away the plague of this Courte, thy filed tongue that forged lies,
No more here shall do hurt, away false Sicophant, wilt thou not :**

CARISOPHVS.

I am gone sir, seing it is the kinges pleasure,

**Why whyppe me alone? a plague take Damon and Pithias since they
I am dyuẽ to sekerlee abod alas I know not whither, (came hither**

yet Cubulus, though I begone, here after time shall trie,

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

Well for a while I wpll for to the Court, though to my great payne,

I doubt.

The tragicall Commedie,

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

EVBUVS.

The Serpent that eates men aliuē, Flattery with all her broode,
Is whipte away in Princes Courtes whiche yet did neuer good,
What force: what mighty power, true Friendship may possesse:
To all the worlde Dionisius Courte now playnly doth expresse,
Who since to faithfull Friendes he gaue his willyng eare,
Doth satelē siteth in his Seate and sleepes deuoid of feare,
Poureged is the Court of vice, since Friendship entred in,
Tyrannie quailles, he studieth now with loue eche hart to win,
Vertue is had in price, and hath his iust rewarde:
And painted speache that gloseth foꝛ gayne, from gifts is quite debarde,
One loneth another now foꝛ vertue, not foꝛ gayne,
Where Vertue doth not knit the knot, there Friendship cannot raigne,
Without the whiche, no house, no land, ne kingdome can endure,
As necessarie foꝛ mans lyfe, as Water, Ayre, and Fier,
Which frameth the minde of man, all honest thinges to do,
Unhonest thinges Friendshippe ne craueth, ne yet consents therto,
In wealth a double ioye, in woe a present stay,
A swaete compaignon in eche state true Friendship is alway:
A iure defence foꝛ Kinges, a perfecte trustie bande,
A force to assaile, a Shield to defende the enemies cruell hande,
A rare, and yet the greatestt Gifte, that God can geue to man:
So rare, & scarce foure couple of faithfull frends haue ben since þe worlde
A Gifte so strange, & of such price, I wish all Kinges to haue, (began
But chiefly yet as duetie bindeth I humbly craue,
True friendship, and true friendes full fraught with constant faith,
The geuer of friends, the Lord grant her most noble Quene Elizabeth.

FINIS.



¶ The last songe.

The strongest garde that kynges can haue,
Are constant friends their state to saue:
True friendes are constant, both in word and deede,
True friendes are present, and help at each neede:
True friendes talke truly, they glose for no gayne,
When treasure consumeth, true frindes wll remayne,
True frindes for their tru Prince, refuseth not their death
The Lorde graunt her such frindes most noble Queene
(Elizabeth)

¶ Longe may she gouerne in honour and wealth,
Woyde of all sickenelle, in most perfect health:
Which health to prolonge, as true friendes require,
God graunt she may haue her owne hartes desire:
Which friendes wll defend with most stedfast faith,
The Lorde graunt her such friendes most noble Queene
(Elizabeth)

¶ FINIS.



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Edwards, Richard
Damon and Pithias

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