

Renascence Editions

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[Renascence Editions](#)

Damon and Pithias.

Richard Edwards.

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

Newly Imprinted, as the same was shewed before the Queenes *Maiestie*, by the Children of her *Graces* Chappell, except the Prologue that is somewhat altered for the proper vse of them that hereafter shall haue occasion to plaie it, either in Priuate, or open Audience. Made by Maister *Edvwards*, then beyng Maister of the Children.
1 5 7 1.



Imprinted at London in

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

THE PROLOGVE.



N euerie syde, whereas I glaunce my rouyng eye,
Silence in all eares bent I playnly do espie:
Bvt if your egre lookes doo longe suche toyes to see,
As heretofore in commycall 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 Authours *Muse*, that masked in delight,
Hath forst his Penne agaynst his kinde, no more such sportes to write.
Muse he that lust, (right worshipfull) for chauce hath made this change,
For that to some he seemed too muche, in yonge desires to range:
In which, right glad to please: seyng that he did offende,
Of all he humble pardon craues: his Pen that shall amende:
And yet (worshipfull Audience,) thus much I dare aduouche.
In Commedies, the greatest 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 Royster ought not preache, that were to straunge to heare,
But as from vertue he doth swerue, so ought his woordes appeare:
The olde man is sober, the yonge man rashe, the Louer triumphyng in ioyes,
The Matron graue, the Harlot wilde and full of wanton toyes.
Whiche all in one course they no wise doo agree:
So correspondent to their kinde their speeches ought to bee.
Which speeches well pronounste, with action liuely- framed,
If this offende the lookers on, let *Horace* then be blamed,
Which hath our Author taught at Schole, from whom he doth not swarue,
In all such kinde of exercise *decorum* to obserue,

Thus much for his defence (he sayth) as Poetes earst haue donne.
 Which heretofore in Commodies the selfe same rase did ronne:
 But now for to be briefe, the matter to expresse,
 Which here wee shall present: is this *Damon* and *Pithias*,
 A rare ensample of Friendship true, it is no Legend lie,
 But a thinge once donne in deede as Histories doo discrie,
 Whiche doone of yore in longe tme past, yet present shalbe here,
 Euen a[s] it were in dooyng now, so liuely it shall appeare:
 Lo here in *Siracusæ* thauncient Towne, which once the Romaines wonne,
 Here *Dionisius* Pallace, within whose Courte this thing most strange was donne,
 Which matter mixt with myrth and care, a iust name to applie,
 As seemes most fit wee haue it termed, a Tragicall Commedie,
 Wherein talkyng of Courtly toyes, wee doo protest this flat,
 Wee talke of *Dionisius* Courte, wee meane no Court but that,
 And that wee doo so meane, who wysely calleth to minde,
 The time, the place, the Authours here most plainely shall it finde,
 Loe this I speake for our defence, lest of others wee should be shent:
 But worthy Audience, wee you pray, take things as they be ment,
 Whose vpright Iudgement wee doo craue, with heedefull eare and Eye,
 To here the cause, and see theeffect of this newe Tragicall Commedie.

E X I T.

The Speakers names.

Aristippus, a pleasant Gentilman.

Carisophus, a Parasite.

Damon. } two Gentlemen of Greece.

Pithias, }

Stephano, seruant to *Damon* and *Pithias*.

VVill, *Aristippus* lackey.

Iacke, *Carisophus* lackey.

Snap, the Porter.

Dionisius, the Kynge.

Eubulus, the Kynges counselour.

Gronno, the Hangman.

Grimme, the Colyer.

¶ Here Entreth A R I S T I P P V S.



TOO strange (perhaps) it seemes to some,
That I Aristippus, a Courtier am become:
A Philosopher of late, not of the meanist name,
But now to the Courtly behaiour my lyfe I frame,
Muse he that lyst, to you of good skylly,
I say that I am a Philosopher styll:
Louers of Wisdom, are termed Philosophie,

Then who is a Philosopher so rightly as I?
For in louyng of Wisdom, prooffe doth this trie,
That *Frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi*:
I am wyse for my selfe, then tell me of troth,
Is that not great Wisdom as the world goth?
Some Philosophers in the streete go ragged and torne,
And feedes on vyle Rootes, whom Boyes laugh to scorne:
But I in fine Silkes haunt Dionysius Pallace,
Wherein with dayntie fare my selfe I do solace:
I can talke of Philosophie as well as the best,
But the strayte 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 feede the Kinges humour with pleasant deuises,
For whiche I am called *Regius Canis*:
But wot ye who named me first the Kinges Dogge?
It was the Roage Diogenes that vile grunting Hogge:
Let him rolle in his Tubbe to winne a vayne prayse,
In the Courte pleasantly I wyll spende all my dayes:
Wherin what to doo, I am not to learne,
What wyll serue myne owne turne I can quickly discearne:
All my tyme at Schoole I haue not spent vay[n]ly,
I can helpe one, is not that a good point of Philosophy?

¶ Here Entreth C A R I S O P H V S.

¶ I beshrew your fine eares, since you came from Schoole,
In the Court you haue made many a wiseman a foole:
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 sorte,
That none but Aristippus, now makes the Kinge sporte,
Ere you came hyther, poore I was somebody,

The Kinge delighted in mee, now I am but a noddy.

A R I S T I P P V S.

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

C A R I S O P H V S.

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

A R I S T I P P V S.

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

C A R I S O P H V S.

☛ It may so be, yet in your prosperitie,
Dispise not an olde courtier, Carisophus is he,
Which hath longe time fed Dionisius humor:
Diligently to please styll at hand, there was neuer rumor,
Spread in this towne of any 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,
Most sure and vnfained frindship I promyse you againe:
So we two linckt in frindshippe brother and brother,
Full well in the Courte may helpe one another.

A R I S T I P P V S.

☛ Bir Lady Carisphus, though you know not Philosophie,
Yet surely you are a better Courtier then I,
And yet I not so euyll a courtier that will 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 geaue you thanks for this your great curtesie;
 Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nayle,
 Whiles life lasteth neuer to fayle.

C A R I S O P H V S.

☛ A thousand thanks I geue you, oh friend Aristippus[.]

A R I S T I P P V S.

Oh friend Carisophus.

C A R I S O P H V S.

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

A R I S T I P P V S.

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

C A R I S O P H V S.

☛ Sith we are now so friendly ioyned, it seemeth to mee,
 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.

A R I S T I P P V S.

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

C A R I S O P H V S.

☛ I wyll not dissemble, that were against Friendship,
 I go into the Citie some knaues to nip:
 For talke with their goodes, to encrease the kynges Treasure,
 In such kinde of seruice, I set my cheefe pleasure,
 Farewell friend Aristippus now for a time[.] EXIT.

A R I S T I P P V S.

☛ A dewe friend Carisophus: In good faith now,
 Of force I must laugh at this solempne vow,
 Is Aristippus linct in Friendship with Carisophus?

Quid cum tanto Asino, talis Philosophus?

They say, *Morum similtudo consultat amicitias.*

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

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

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

As touching 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 Varlet died in Graine,

You lose Money by him if you set him for one knaue, for he serues for twaine:

A flattering Parasite, a Sicophant also,

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

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

Which he wyll aduouch with such tragicall 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 twyse he must lie,
 He spareth no mans life to get the kynges fauour,
 In which kind of seruis he hath got such a sauour,
 That he wyll neuer leaue, me thinke then that I,
 Haue done very wisely to ioyne 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 frendship, but you loue few words: I spake it, but I meant it not.
 Who markes this friendship betwene vs two,
 Shal iudge of the worldly friendship without any more a doo,
 It may be a ryght Patron therof, but true friendship in deede,
 Of nought but of vertue, doth thuly proseede,
 But why doo I now enter into Philosophie,
 Which doo professe the fine kind of curtesie?
 I wyll hence to the Courte with all haste I may,
 I thinke the King be stirring, it is now bright day,
 To waite at a pinche still in sight I meane,
 For wot ye what? a new Broome sweepes cleane,
 As to hie honour I mynde not to clime,
 So I meane in the courte to lose no time:
 Wherein happy man be his dole, I trust that I,
 Shall not speede worst, and that very quickly[.] EXIT.

☛ Here entreth D A M O N and P I T H I A S
 lyke Mariners.

O N E P T V N E, immortall be thy prayse,
 For that so safe from Grace we haue past the seas,
 To this noble citie S I R A C V S A E, where we
 The auncient raygne of the Romaines may see,
 Whose force, Greece also here tofore hath knowne,
 Whose vertue, the shrill trump of fame so farre hath blowne.

P I T H I A S.

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

☪ Here entreth S T E P H A N O.

☪ Not farre hence: a Pockes take these Maryner knaues,
Not one would healde me to carry this stuffe, such dronken slaues
I think be accursed of the Goddes owne mouthes.

D A M O N.

☪ Stephano, leaue thy ragyng, and let vs enter S I R A C V S A E
We will prouide lodging, and thou shalt be eased of thy burden by & by[.]

S T E P H A N O.

☪ Good mayster make haste, for I tell you playne,
This heauy burden puts poore Stephano to much payne.

P I T H I A S.

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

*Here entreth C A R I S O P H V S.

It is a true saying that oft hath bin spoken,
The pitcher goeth so longe to the water, that he commeth home broken.
My owne prooffe this hath taught me, for truly sith I,
In the Citie haue vsed to walke very slyly,
Not with one can I meete, that will in talke ioyne with mee,
And to creepe 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 meete,
That will ioyne in talke w^t mee, I am shund lyke a Deuill in y^e streete.
My credite is crackte where I am knowne, but yet I heare say,
Certayne straingers are arriued, they were a good praye,
If happely I might meete with them, I feare not I,
But in talke I should trippe them, and that very finely,
Which thinge, I assure you, I doo for myne owne gayne,
Or els I would not plodde thus vp and downe, I tell you playne:
Well, I wyll for a whyle to the Court to see
What Aristippus doth, I would be loth in fauer he shuld ouerrun mee,
He is a subtile chyld, he flattreth so finely, that I feare mee,
He will licke all the fatte from my lippes, and so outwery mee:
Therefore I wyll not be longe absent, but at hand,
That al his fine driftes I may vnderstande. EXIT.

*Here entreth V V Y L L and I A C K E.

I wonder what my Master Aristippus meanes now a daies,
That he leaueth Philosophie, and seekes to please
Kyng Dionisius, with such mery toyes,
In Dionisius Court now he only ioyes,
As trim a Courtier as the best,
Ready to aunswer, quicke in tauntes, pleasant to ieste,

A lusty companion to deuse with fine Dames,
Whose humour to feede, his wylie witte he frames.

I A C K E.

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

V V Y L L.

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

I A C K E.

☛ Yea, but I haue heard say, there is falshood in felowshippe,
In the Court somtimes, on geues another finely the slippe:
Which when it is spied, it is laught out with a scoffe,
And with sporting and playing, quietly shaken of:
In which kinde of toying, thy master hath such a grace,
That he wyll neuer blush, he hath a wodden face:
But Wyll, my maister hath B[ee]s in his head,
If he finde me heare pratinge, I am but dead:
He is styll trotting in the Citie, there is sumwhat in the winde:
His lookes bewrayes his inwarde troubled mynde:
Therefore I wyll be packing to the Courte by and by
If he be once angry, Iacke shall cry wo the pye.

V V Y L L.

☛ Byr Lady, if I tary longe here, of the same sauce shall I tast,
For my master sent me on an errand, and bad mee make haste,
Therefore we wyll departe together. EXEVNT.

☛ Here entreth S T E P H A N O.

☛ Oftentimes I haue heard, before I came hether,
That no man can serue two maisters together:
A sentence so true, as moste men doo take it,
At any time false, that no man can make it:
And yet by their leaue, that first haue it spoken,
How that may proue false, euen here I wyll open:
For I Stephano, loe, so named by my father,
At this time serue two masters together:
And loue them alike, the one and the other,
I duely obey, I can doo no other,
A bondman I am so nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman bought me:
To him I stand bond, yet serue I another,
Whom Damon my Master loues, as his owne brother:

A Gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
 Fraught with Vertue, whom vice neuer defamed:
 These twoo, since at Schoole they fell acquainted,
 In mutuall friendship, at no time haue fainted:
 But loued so kindly, and friendly eche other,
 As thoughe they were Brothers by Father and Mother:
 Pithagoras learnynge, these two haue embrased,
 Whiche bothe are in vertue so narrowly laced:
 That all their whole dooynges do fall to this issue,
 To haue no respect, but only to vertue:
 All one in effecte: all one in their goynge,
 All one in their study, all one in their doying:
 These Gentlemen both, beyng of one condicion,
 Both alike of my seruice haue all the fruition:
 Pithias is ioyfull, if Damon be pleased:
 Yf Pithias be serued, then Damon is eased:
 Serue one, serue both: so neare, who would win them?
 I thinke they haue but one hart betwene them:
 In traelyng Countreyes, we three haue contriued,
 Full many a yeare: and this day arriued
 At SIRACVSAE in Sicillia that auncient Towne,
 Where my Masters are lodged: and I vp and downe,
 Go 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 three their heads alwayes noddynge.
 In close secret wise, styll whisperyng together:
 If I aske any question, no man doth answer:
 But shakyng their heads, they go their wayes speakyng,
 I marke how with teares, their wet eyes are leakyng:
 Some strangenesse there is, that breedeth this musyng.
 Well: 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 entreth A R I S T I P P V S and V V Y L L.

☛ Wyll, didst thou heare the Ladies so talke of mee,
 What ayleth them? from their nippes shall I ne[u]er be free?

V V Y L L.

☛ Good faith sir, all the Ladies in the Courte, do plainly report,
 That without mencion of them, you can make no sporte:
 They are your Playne songe to singe Descant vpon,
 If they weare not, your mirth were gone,
 Therefore master, iest no more with women in any wise,
 If you doo, by cocke [you] are lyke to know the price.

A R I S T I P P V S.

Byr lady Wyll, this is good counsell, playnly to iest
Of women, prooffe hard hath taught mee it is not best,
I wyll change my cobby, how be it, I care not a quince,
I know the galde horse will soonest winche:
But learne thou secretly what priuely they talke
Of me in the Courte, amonge them slyly walke,
And bringe me true newes thereof.

V V Y L L.

I wyll syr, maister therof haue no doubt, for I
Where they talke of you, wyll enforme you perfectly.

A R I S T I P P V S.

Doo so my boy: if thou bringe it finely to passe,
For thy good seruice, thou shalt go in thine olde coate at Christmas. EXEVNT[.]

☛ Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.

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

S T E P H A N O.

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

D A M O N.

What is that? tell vs quickly.

S T E P H A N O.

As I this morning past in the streete,
With a wofull man (going to his death) did I meete,
Many people folowed, 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 sleepe he dreamed he had killed Dionisius,
Which dreame tolde abrode was brought to the kinge in poste,
By whome condemned for suspicion, his lyfe he hath lost:
Marcia was his name as the people sayde.

P I T H I A S.

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

D A M O N.

☛ My Pithias, where Tirantes raigne, suche cases are not new,

Whiche fearynge their owne state for great crueltie,
To sit fast as they thinke, doo execute speedely,
All suche as any light suspition haue tainted.

S T E P H A N O.

☞ With such quicke Karvers, I lyst not be acquainted.

D A M O N.

☞ 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, voyde of all peoples loue,
And in their owne conscience, a continuall Hell they prooue.

P I T H I A S.

☞ As thynges by their contraryes are alwayes best prooued,
How happie are then mercifull Princes of their people beloued?
Hauyng sure friendes euerie 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 choose to be Pithias
As I am, (Damons friende:) rather then to be kyng Dionisius.

S T E P H A N O.

☞ And good cause why: for you are entierly beloued of one,
And as farre as I heare, Dionisius is beloued of none.

D A M O N.

☞ That state is moste miserable, thrise happy are we,
Whom true loue hath ioyned in perfect Amytie:
Which amytye first sprong, without vaunting be it spoken, that is true
Of likelines of maners, take roote by company, & now is conserued by vertue
Which vertue alwaies through worldly things do not frame
Yet 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 profite, in friendship do lincke,
When stormes come, they slide away sooner then a man wyll thinke:
My Pithias, the somme of my talke falles to this issue,
To prooue no friendship is sure, but that which is grounded on vertue.

P I T H I A S.

☞ My Damon, of this thyng, there needes no prooffe to mee,
The Gods forbyd, but that Pithias w^t Damon in al things shuld agree
For why it is said: *Amicus alter ipse*,
But that true friendes should be two in body: but one in minde,
As it were one transformed into another, which against kynde
Though it seeme: yet in good faith, when I am alone,
I forget I am [Pithias], me thinke I am Damon.

S T E P H A N O.

☞ That could I neuer doo, to forget my selfe, full well I know,

Wheresoeuer I go, that I am P A V P E R S T E P H A N O:

But I pray you sir, for all your Phylosophie,

Soe that in this Courte you walke very wisely:

You are but newly come hether, beyng straungers ye know,

Many eyes are bent on you in the streetes as you go:

Many spies are abroad, you can not be too circumspect.

D A M O N.

Stephano, because thou art carefull of mee thy maister, I do thee praise,

Yet thinke this for a suertie, no state to displease:

By talke or otherwise, my friende and I entende, we wyll here

As men that coms 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

Phylosophers are saith he, whose part is to learne

The maners of all Nations, and the good from the bad to discerne.

S T E P H A N O.

☛ Good faith sir, concernynge the people they are not gay,

And as far as I see, they be Mummings, for nought they say,

For the most parte what soeuer you aske them.

The soyle is suche, that to liue heare I can not lyke.

D A M O N.

Thou speakest accordynge to thy learnynge, but I say,

Omnis solum fortis patria, A wise man may lyue euery wheare:

Therefore my deare friende Pithias,

Let vs view this Towne in euerie place,

And then consider the Peoples maners also.

P I T H I A S.

☛ As you wyll my Damon, but how say you Stephano?

Is it not best ere we go further, to take some repast?

S T E P H A N O.

*In faith, I lyke well this question, Sir: for all your haste,

To eate somewhat I pray you, thinke it no folly,

It is hie dinner time, I know by my belly.

D A M O N.

The let vs to our lodging departe, when dinner is done,

We wyll view this Citie as we haue begonne. [EXEVNT].

☛ Here entreth C A R I S O P H V S.

Once agayne in hope of good wynd, I hoyse my sayle,

I goe into the citie to finde som pray for mine auayle:

I hunger while I may see these straungers, that lately

Arriued, I were safe if once I might meete them happily,

Let them barke that lust, at this kinde of gaine,

He is a foole that for his profit will not take payne:

Though it be ioyned with other mens hurt, I care not at all,

For profit I wyll accuse any man, hap what shall:

But soft syrs, I pray you huysch, what are they that comes here,
By their apparell, and continuance some strangers they appeare,
I wyll shrowde my selfe secretly, euen here for a while,
To heare all their talke that I may them beguyle.

*Here entreth D A M O N and S T E P H A N O.

☞ A shorte horse soone curried, my belly waxeth thinner,
I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner:
Your philosophicall diet, is so fine and small,
That you may eate your dinner & supper at once, & not surfaite at all.

D A M O N.

☞ Stephano, much meat breedes heauynes, thinne diet maks thee light[.]

S T E P H A N O.

☞ I may be lighter thereby, but I shall neuer rune the faster.

D A M O N.

☞ I haue had sufficiently discourse of amitie,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias and his pleasaunt companie
Hath fully satisfied me, it doth me good to feede myne eyes on him.

S T E P H A N O.

☞ Course or 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 swarueth,
I stared on you both, and yet my belly starueth.

D A M O N.

☞ Ah Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memorie.

S T E P H A N O.

☞ I care not for your craftie Sophistrie,
You two are fine, let mee be fed lyke a grose knaue styll,
I pray you license mee for a whyle to haue my will:
At home to tary whiles you take vew of this citie,
To finde some odd victualles in a corner, I am very wittie.

D A M O N.

☞ At your pleasure sir, I wyll wayte on my selfe this daye,
Yet attend vpon Pithias, whiche for a purpose tarieth at home,
So dooyng, you wayte vpon mee also.

S T E P H A N O.

☞ With winges on my feete I go. [EXIT.]

D A M O N.

Not in vain the Poet saith *Natura furca expellas, tamen vsque recurrit.*
For trayne vp a bondman neuer to so good a behaiour,
Yet in some poinct of seruiltie, he wyll sauour:
As this Stephano, trustie to mee his Mayster, louyng and kinde,

Yet touchyng his belly, a very bondman I him finde:
 He is to be borne withall, beyng so iust and true,
 I assure you, I would not chaunge him for no new:
 But mee thinkes, this is a pleasant Citie,
 The Seate is good, and yet not stronge, and that is greate pitie.

C A R I S O P H V S.

¶ I am safe, he is myne owne.

D A M O N.

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

C A R I S O P H V S.

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

D A M O N.

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

C A R I S O P H V S.

¶ Why sir? he can not heare vs.

D A M O N.

¶ What then? *An nescis longas Regibus esse manus?*
 It is not safe talkynge of them that strykes a farre off:
 But leauing kynges matters, I pray you shew me this curtesie:
 To describe in few wordes, the state of this Citie?

A trauayler 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, captæ post tempore Troyæ

Multorum hominum mores qui vidit, & vrbis.

In which verses, as some Writers do scan,

The Poet describeth, a [perfect] wise man:

Euen so, I beyng a Stranger, addicted to Phylosophie,

To see the state of Countreyes, my selfe I applie.

C A R I S O P H V S.

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

D A M O N.

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

C A R I S O P H V S.

☞ You do wisely to serche the state of each Countrie,
To beare intelligence therof whether you lust: He is a spie,
Sir, I pray you, haue pacience a while, for 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.

D A M O N.

☞ I thanke you for your courtesie, this chaunceth well that I
Met with this Gentleman so happely,
Whiche as it seemeth, misliketh some thyng,
Els he would not talke so boldly of the kynge,
And that to a stranger, but loe [here] he comes in haste.

☞ Here entreth CARISOPHVS and SNAP.

☞ This is [the] felow Snap, snap him vp: away with hym.

S N A P.

☞ Good felow thou must go with mee to the Courte.

D A M O N.

☞ To the Courte sir, and why?

C A R I S O P H V S.

Well, we wyll dispute that before the Kyng, away with hym quickly.

D A M O N.

☞ Is this the curtesie you promysed mee? and that very lately.

C A R I S O P H V S.

☞ Away with hym I say.

D A M O N[.]

☞ Vse no violence, I wyll go with you quietly. *Exiunt omnes.*

☞ Here entreth A R I S T I P P V S.

☞ Ah Sira, byr lady, Aristippus lykes Dionisius Court very well,
Whiche in passyng ioyes and plasures doth excell:
Where he hath *Dapsilæ cænas, gemalis lectes, & auro,*
Fulgentii turgmani zonam.

I haue plied the Haruest, and stroke when the Yron was hotte,
When I spied my time, I was not squemish to craue, God wotte:
But with some pleasant [toye], 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 prayse standeth chiefly in bountifulnesse:
Whiche thyng, though I tolde the kinge very pleasantly,
Yet can I priue it by good Writers of great Antiquitie:
But that shall not neede at this time, since that I haue abundantly,

When I lacke hereafter, I wyll vse this point of Phylosophie:
 But now, where as I haue felt the kynges lyberalytie,
 As princely as it came, I wyll spende it as regallie:
 Money is currant men say, and currant comes of *currendo*
 Then wyll I make money runne, as his nature requireth I trow,
 For what becomes a Philosopher best,
 But to dispise mony aboue the rest:
 And yet not to dispise it, but to haue in store,
 Enough to serue his owne tourne, and somewhat more,
 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 merrier 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 companyon,
 What newes with you? where haue you been so longe?

☛ Heere entreth C A R I S O P H V S.

☛ My 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 good one I trow.

A R I S T I P P V S.

☛ What praye is that? faine would I know.

C A R I S O P H V S.

Such a crafty spie I haue caught, I dare say,
 As neuer was in Cicilia, before this day,
 Suche a one as vewed euery weake place in the Citie,
 Suruewed the Hauen, and each bulwarke, in talke very wittie:
 And yet by some wordes, himselfe he dyd bewray.

A R I S T I P P V S.

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

C A R I S O P H V S.

☛ I handled him clarkly, I ioyned in talke with him courteously,
 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 Dionisius 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 Tipstaffe, which came & vpsnatched him
 Brought him to the Court and in the porters lodge dispatched him:
 After I ran to Dionisius as fast as I could,
 And bewrayed this matter to him which I haue you tolde:

Which thinge when he heard, being very mery before,
 He sodenly fell in a dump, and fomyng lyke a Bore:
 At last he swore in a great rage that he should die,
 By the sworde or the wheele, and that very shortly,
 I am too shamefast for my trauell and toyle,
 I craue nothings of Dionisius but only his spoyle:
 Litle hath he about him, but a few motheaten crownes of golde
 Cha poucht them vp all ready, they are sure in hold:
 And now I goe to the Citie to say sooth,
 To see what he hath at his lodginge to make vp my mouth.

A R I S T I P P V S.

My Carisophus, you haue don good seruice, but what is the spies name[?]

C A R I S O P H V S.

☪ He is called Damon, borne in Greece, from whence lastly he came.

A R I S T I P P V S.

☪ By my trouth, I wyll goe see him, and speake with him to if I may.

C A R I S O P H V S.

☪ Doo so I pray you, but yet by the way:

As occasion serueth, commend my seruice to the Kinge.

A R I [S] T I P P V S.

Dictum sap[i]lenti sat est: friend Carisophus, shal I forget that thinge,

No, I warrant you, though I say litle to your face,

I wyll lay one month for you to Dionisius when I am in place:

If I speake one worde for suche a knaue, hange mee. EXIT.

C A R I S O P H V S.

Our fine Phylosopher, our timme learned elfe,

Is gone to see as false a Spie as himselfe:

Damon smatters as well as he of craftie Phylosophie,

And can tourne Cat in the panne very pretily:

But Carisophus hath geuen him suche a mightie checke,

As I thinke in the ende wyll breake his necke:

What care I for that, why would he then prie,

And learne the secret estate 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 ryse:

As for fine Aristippvs, I wyll keepe in with hym,

He is a shrewde foole to deale withall, he can swym:

And yet by my trouth, to speake my conscience playnlie,

I wyll vse his friendship to myne owne commodytie:

While Aristippus faouereth him, Aristippus shalbe mine,

But if the kyng once frowne on him, then good night Tomaline:

He shalbe as straunge, as thoughe I neuer sawe hym before,

But I tarie too longe, I wyll prate no more:

Iacke, come awaye.

I A C K E.

☞ At hande syr.

C A R I S O P H V S.

☞ At Damons lodgyng if that you see,
Any sturre to arise, be styll at hand by mee,
Rather then I wyll lose the spoyle, I wyll blade it out.

*Here entreth P I T H I A S and S T E P H A N O.

☞ What straunge Newes are these, ah my Stephano?
Is my Damon in Pryson, as the voyce doth go?

S T E P H A N O.

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

P I T H I A S.

☞ To die? alas for what cause?

S T E P H A N O.

☞ A Sicophant falsely accused hym: other cause there is none,
That oh Iupiter, of all wronges the Reuenger,
Seest thou this vniustice, and wilt thou staie any longer
From heauen to sende downe, thy hote consumyng fire?
To destroy the workers of wronge, whiche prouoke thy iust ire:
Alas maister Pithias, what shall we do?
Being in a strange countrey, voyde of friendes & acquaintance so
Ah poore Stephano, hast thou liued to see this daye?
To see thy true Mayster vniustly made away?

P I T H I A S.

☞ Stephano, seeyng the matter is come to this extremytie,
Let vs make Vertue our frend, of meane necessytie:
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 much as I heare with kyng Dionisius.

S T E P H A N O.

☞ I am gone sir: ah, I would to God, my trauayle and payne
Myght restore my Mayster to his lybertie agayne. [EXIT.]

P I T H I A S.

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

☞ Here P I T H I A S singes, and the Regalles play.



Wake ye wofull Wightes,
 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 descric:

O what a death is this to heare,
 D A M O N my friende must die.

¶ The losse of worldly wealth,
 mannes wisdome may restore,
 And Phisicke hath prouided too,
 a Salue for euerie sore:
 But my true Frende once lost,
 no Arte can well supplie:
 Then, what a death is this to heare?
 D A M O N my friend must die.

¶ My mouth refuse the food,
 that should my limmes sustayne:
 Let sorow sinke in to my brest,
 and ransacke euery vayne:
 You Furies all at once,
 on me your tormentes trie:
 Why should I liue, since that I heare?
 Damon my friend should die?

¶ Gripe me you greedy greefs,
 And present pangues of death,
 You Systers three, with cruell handes,
 with speed now stop my breath:
 Shrine me in clay aliue,
 some good man stop mine eye:
 Oh death com now, seing 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 wisdome is this, in suche extremytie to faint?

Multum iuua in re mala animas bonus.

I wyll to the Courte my selfe to make friendes, and that presently.

I wyll neuer forsake my friende in time of miserie:

But do I see Stephano amazed hether to ronne?

☞ 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 Dionisius sweare, that Damon should die to morow.

P I T H I A S.

☞ How camest thou so neare the presence of the kynge,

That thou mightest heare Dionisius speake this thynges.

S T E P H A N O.

☞ By friendship I gate into the Courte where in great Audience,

I heard Dionisius with his owne mouth geue this cruell sentence

By these expresse words: that Damon the Greeke that craftie spie,

Without farther Iudgement, to morow should die:

Beleeue me Pithias, with these eares I heard it my selfe.

P I T H I A S.

☞ Then how neare is my death al so, ah woe is mee.

Ah my Damon, another my selfe; shall I forgo thee?

S T E P H A N O.

☞ Syr, there is no tyme of lamenting now, it behoueth vs,

To make meanes to them which can doo much with Dionisius:

That he be not made awaye ere his cause be fully heard, for we see

By euyll reporte, thynges be made to Princes far worse then they bee,

But lo, yonder com[m]eth Aristippus, in great fauour w^t kyng Dionisius

Entreate hym to speake a good worde to the kynge for vs:

And in the meane season, I wyll to your lodgyng, to see all thyngs safe there. EXIT.

P I T H I A S.

☞ To that I agree but let vs slip aside his talke to heare.

☞ Here entreth A R I S T I P P V S.

☞ Here is a sodayne chaunge in deede, 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 suche melancoly?

That nothing can please hym, he walked vp and downe,

Fretting and chafyng, on euerie man he doth frowne:

In so much that when I in pleasant wordes began to play,

So sternly he frowned on mee, and knit me vp so short,

I perceyue it is no safe playing 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 prooffe taught mee this,

That it is very good to be mery and wise:

The only cause of this burly burly, is Carisophus that wicked man,

Whiche falsely tooke Damon for a Spie, a poore Gentleman:

And hath [incencst] the kynge against him so despightfully,
That Dionisius hath iudged him to morow to die:
I haue talkt with Damon, whom though in words I found very wittie
Yet was he more curious then wise in viewing this Citie:
But truely for ought I can learne, there is no cause why
So sodenly and cruelly, he should be condempned to die:
Howsoeuer it be, this is the short and longe,
I dare not gainsay the kynge, be it right or wrong:
I am sorry, and that is all I may or can doo in this case,
Naught auayleth perswasio[n], where frowarde opinion taketh place.

P I T H I A S.

☛ Sir, if humble sutes you would not despise,
Then bow on mee your pitifull eyes:
My name is Pithias, in Grece well knowne,
A perfect friend to that woful Damon,
Whiche now a poore captiue in this Courte doth lie,
By the kinges owne mouth as I here, condemned to die:
For whom I craue your masterships goodnesse,
To stand his friend in this his great distresse:
Nought hath he done worthy of Death, but very fondly,
Being a straunger, he vewed this Citie,
For no euill practices, but to feede his eyes,
But seing 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 dooyng, you shall not doo good to one onely,
But you shall further too, and that fully.

[A R I S T I P P V S.]

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

P I T H I A S.

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

A R I S T I P P V S.

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

P I T H I A S.

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

A R I S T I P P V S.

The more in fauour, the lesse I dare say.

P I T H I A S.

It is a Courtiers prayse to helpe Straingers in miserie.

A R I S T I P P V S.

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

P I T H I A S.

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

A R I S T I P P V S.

He is not innocent, whom the kinge iudgeth nocent.

P I T H I A S.

Why sir? doo you thinke this matter paste all remedie?

A R I S T I P P V S.

So fare past that Dionisius hath sworne Damon to morow shall die[.]

P I T H I A S.

This word my trembling heart cutte[t]h in twoo,

Ah sir, in this wofull case, what wist I best to doo.

A R I S T I P P V S.

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

He is well reliued that forknoweth his miserie,

Yet if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus,

The chiefest counsellour about kinge Dionisius:

Which pittieith Damons case in this great extremitie,

Perswadyng the kyng from all kynde of crueltie.

P I T H I A S.

☞ The mightie Gods preserue you for this worde of comforte,

Takyng my leaue of your goodnesse, I wyll now resorte,

To Eubulus that good Counsellor:

But harke, methinke I heare a Trompet blow.

A R I S T I P P V S.

☞ The kyng is at hand, stande close in the prease, 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.

☞ Here entreth Kyng D Y O N Y S I V S, & E V B V L V S the Counsellor,

and G R O N O O the Hangman.

D Y O N Y S I V S.

☞ Gronoo, doo my com[m]aundement, strike off Damons Irons by & by,

Then bryng him forth, I my selfe will see him executed presently.

G R O N O O.

☞ O mightie Kyng, your commaundement wyll I doo speedely.

D I O N Y S.

☞ Eubulus: thou hast talked in vaine, for sure he shall die.

Shall I suffer my lyfe to stande in peryll of euerie Spie?

E V B V L V S.

☞ That he conspired against your person, his Accuser can not say,

He onely viewed your Citie, and wyll you for that make hym away.

D Y O N Y S.

What he would haue done, the gesse is great, he minded mee to hurt

That came so slily to serch out the secret estate of my Courte:

Shall I lyue in feare? no, no: I wyll cut off suche Impes betime,

Least that to any further daunger, too hie they clime.

E V B V L V S.

☞ Yet haue the mightie Goddes, immortall Fame assigned,

To all worldly Princes, whiche in mercie be inclined.

D Y O N Y S I V S.

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

E V B V L V S.

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

D Y O N Y S.

☞ A milde Prince the people despiseth.

E V B V L V S.

☞ A cruell kynge the people hateth.

D Y O N Y S I V S.

☞ Let them hate me, so they feare mee.

E V B V L V S.

That is not the way to lyue in safetie.

D Y O N Y S I V S.

☞ My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.

E V B V L V S.

☞ That is sooner procured by mercy and gentilnesse.

D Y O N Y S.

☞ Dionisius ought to be feared.

E V B V L V S.

☞ Better for him to be welbeloued.

D Y O N Y S I V S.

☞ Fortune maketh all thinges subiect to my power.

E V B V L V S.

☞ Beleue her not she is a light Goddesse, she can laugh & lowre:

D I O N Y S.

☞ A kinges prayse standeth in the reuenging of his enemye[.]

E V B V L V S.

☞ A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie.

D Y O N Y S.

☞ To suffer the wicked liue, it is no mercie.

E V B V L V S.

☞ To kill the innocent, it is great crueltie,

D Y O N I S Y V S.

☞ Is Damon innocent, which so craftely [vndermined] Carisophus,
To vnderstand what he could of kinge Dionisius:

Which suruewed the Hauen and eche Bulwarcke in the Citie,

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

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

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

E V B V L V S.

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

To geve such counsell as with your honour may best agree,

The strongest pillers of princely dignitie,

I find this iustice, with mercy and prudent liberalitie,
 The one iudgeth all thinges by vpright equitie,
 The other rewardeth the worthy, flying eche extremitie:
 As to spare those, which offend maliciously,
 It may be called no iustice, but extreame iniurie:
 As vpon sispicion, of each thinges not well proued,
 To put to death presently, whom enuious flattery accused,
 It seemeth tyranny, and vpon what fickle ground al tirants doo stand
 Athenes and Lacedemon, can teache you yf it be rightly scande:
 And not only these Citizens, but who curiously seekes,
 The whole Histories of all the world, not only of Romaines & Greekes
 Shall well perceyue of all Tirantes the ruinous fall,
 Their state vncertaine, beloued of none, but hated of all:
 Of mercifull Princes to set out the passyng felycitie
 I neede not: ynough of that, euen these dayes do testifie:
 They liue deuoid of feare, their sleapes are sound, they dreed no enemie[;]
 They are feared and loued, and why? they rule with Iustice & mercie,
 Extending iustice to such, as wickedly from Iustice haue swarued,
 Mercie vnto those, where opinion, simplenesse haue mercie deserued:
 Of lybertie nought I say, but onely this thyng,
 Lybertie vpholdeth the state of a kynge:
 Whose large bountifulnesse ought to fall to this issue,
 To rewarde none, but such as deserue it for vertue:
 Whiche mercifull Iustice, if you would folow, & prouident liberalyte,
 Neither the Caterpillers of all Courtes, *Et fruges consumere nati.*
 Parasites with wealth puft vp, should not look so hie,
 Nor yet for this simple facte, poore Damon should die.

D I O N Y S I V S.

¶ With payne mine eares haue heard this vayne talke of mercie,
 I tell thee, feare and terrour, defendeth kynges onely:
 Tyll he be gone whome I suspect, how shall I lyve quietly?
 Whose memorie w^t chilling horror, fils my breast day & night violently
 My dreadful dreames of him, bereues my rest: On bed I lie
 Shakyng and trembling, as one ready to yelde his throate to Damons sword,
 This quaking dread, nothing but Damons bloud can stay,
 Better he die, then I to be tormented with feare alway:
 He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto,
 It is lawfull for kynges as they list all thynges to doo.

¶ Here entreth G R O N O O bringeth in D A M O N: and
 P I T H I A S meeteth him by the way.

P I T H I A S.

¶ Oh my Damon.

D A M O N.

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

P I T H I A S.

☞ Oh Damon, oh my sweete friende.

S N A P.

☞ Away from the Prisoner, what a prease haue we here.

G R O N O O.

As you commaunded, O mighty Kinge, wee haue brought Damon[.]

D I O N Y S.

☞ Then go to, make redy I will not stirre out of this place,
Till I see his head stroken off before my face.

G R O N O O.

☞ It shall be done sir: because your eyes haue made suche a doo,
I wyl knock down this your Lantern, & shut vp your shop window too.

D A M O N.

☞ O mightie king, where as no trueth, my innocent lyfe can saue,
But that so greedily you thrust, my giltlesse bloud to haue:
Albeit, (euen for thought) for ought against your person:
Yet now I plead not for lyfe, ne wyll I craue your pardon:
But seyng in Greece my Countrey, where well I am knowne,
I haue worldly thiges, fit for mine Aliance when I am gone,
To dispose them or I die, if I might obtaine leasure,
I would account it (O kyng) a passyng great pleasure:
Not to prolonge my life therby, for which I reken not this,
But to set my thinges in a stay: and surely I wyll not misse,
Vpon the faith which all gentylnen ought to embrace,
To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to yeld my body here in this place:
Graunt me (O kyng[.]) such time to dispatch this iniurie,
And I wyll not fayle, when you appointed, euen here my lyfe to pay.

D I O N I S I V S.

☞ 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, doo that I require,
Geue me a pledge for thy returne, and haue thine owne desire:
He is as nere now as he was before.

D A M O N.

☞ Ther is no surer nor greater pledge, then the faith of a Gentleman[.]

D I O N Y S.

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

P I T H I A S.

☞ Stand to your worde, O Kinge, for Kinges ought nothing say,
But that they would performe, in perfect deeds alway:
A pledge you did require, when Damon his sute did meeue,
For which, with heart and stretched handes, most humble thankes I ge[u]e,

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

D I O N Y S.

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

P I T H I A S.

☛ I am Pithias, a Greeke born, which hold Damon my friend full deare:

D I O N I S.

To dere perhaps, to hazard thy life for him, what fondnes moueth thee[?]

P I T H I A S.

No fondnesse at all, but perfect amitie.

D I O N I S I V S.

A mad kind of amitie: aduise thy self well, if Damon fayle at his day
Which shalbe iustly app[o]incted, wilt thou die for him, to mee his lyfe to pay.

P I T H I A S.

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

D I O N Y S I V S.

Thou seemest to trust his wordes, that pawnerst thy lyfe so franckly.

P I T H I A S.

What Damon saith, Pithias beleueth assuredly.

D Y O N Y S I V S.

Take heede for lyfe, worldly men breake promise in many thinges.

P I T H I A S.

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

D I O N I S I V S.

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

P I T H I A S.

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

D I O N I S I V S.

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

P I T H I A S.

For that vertue, which yet to you is vnknowne.

D Y O N Y S I V S.

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

E V B V L V S.

The reuerent [maiestie] of a King, stands chiefly in keeping his promise
What you haue sayde, this whole Court beareth witnesse:
Saue your honour what so euer you doo.

D Y O N Y S Y V S.

For saueing mine honour, I must forbear my wyll, go to,
Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee:
For two mounthes his is thine, vnbinde him, I set him free,

Which time once expired, yf he appeare not the next day by noone,
With out further delay, thou shalt lose thy lyfe, and that full soone.
Whether he die by the way, or lie sicke in his bead,
If he retourne not then, thou shalt either hange or lose thy head.

P I T H I A S.

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

D Y O N Y S I V S.

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

E V B V L V S[.]

I folowe. EXIT.

G R O N N O.

Damon, thou seruest the Gods well to day, be thou of comfort,
As for you, sir, I thinke you wyll be hanged in sporte,
You heard what the Kinge sayde? I must kepe you safely,
By cocke I wyll, you shall rather hange then I:
Come on your way.

P I T H I A S.

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

D A M O N.

Oh my Pithias, my Pledge farewell, I parte from thee weeping
But ioyfull at my day appointed I wyll retourne agayne;
When I wyll deliuer thee from all trouble and paine:
Stephano wyll I leaue behind me to wayte vpon thee in prison alone,
And I whom fortune hath reserued to this miserie, wyll walke home,
Ah my Pithias, my Pledge, my life, my friend, farewell.

P I T H I A S.

Farewell my Damon.

D A M O N.

Loth I am to departe, sith sobbes my trembling tounge doth stay,
Oh Musicke, sounde my dolefull playntes when I am gone my way. [EXIT.]

G R O N N O.

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

P I T H I A S.

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

G R O N N O.

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

P I T H I A S.

Yea, that I wyll.

G R O N N O.

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

P I T H I A S.

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

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

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

S T E P H A N O.

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

D A M O N.

Oh Stephano, hast thou ben so longe with me,
And yet doest 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 iourney:
Therefore farewell Stephano, commend me to my friend Pithias
Whom I trust to deliuer in time out of this woful case. [EXIT.]

S T E P H A N O.

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

[C] A R I S O P H.

How durst thou villaine to lay handes on me?

S T E P H A N O.

Out sir knaue or I wyll send yee,
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully,
But wilt thou robbe him also, and that openly?

C A R I S [O] P H.

The Kinge gaue me the spoyle, to take myne owne wilt thou let mee[?]

S T E P H A N O.

Thine owne villaine: Where is thine authority?

CARYSOPHVS.

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

STEPHANO.

Byr ladie, that is somewhat, but haue you no more to show?

CARYSOPHVS.

What if I haue not?

STEPHANO.

Then for an earnest penie, take this blow.

I shall bumbast you, you mocking knaue, schil put pro in my purse for this time.

CARYSOPH.

Iacke geue me my sword and targat.

IACKE.

I can not com to you master, this knaue doth me let. Hold maister.

STEPHANO.

Away Iacke napes, els I wyll colp heg you by and by,

Ye slaue I wyll haue my penyworthes of thee, therefore if I die,

Aboute villayne.

CARYSOPH.

O Citezens, helpe to defend me.

STEPHANO.

Nay, they wyll rather helpe to hange thee.

CARISOPH.

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

STEPHANO.

Of this condition I wyll stay, yf thou swere as thou art an honest man

Thou wylt say nothing to the Kinge of this when I am gonne.

CARISOPH.

I wyll say nothing, here is my hand, as I am an honest man.

STEPHANO.

Then say on thy minde: I haue taken a wise othe on him, haue I not trow yee?

To trust such a false knaue vpon his honestie,

As he is an honest man (quoth you) he may bewray all to the Kinge,

And breke his oth for this neuer a whit, but my scan[s]ion I tell you this one thing,

If you disclose this, I wyll deuyse such a way,

That whilst thou liuest thou shalt remember this day.

CARYSOPH.

You need not deuyse for that, for this day is printed in my memory.

I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I die:

But seeing of courtesie you haue granted that we should talke quietly,

Me thinkes, in calling me knaue, you doo me much iniurie.

STEPHANO.

Why so? I pray thee hartely?

CARYSOPHVS.

Because I an the Kinges man, keepes the kinge any knaues?

STEPHANO.

He should not, but what he doth it is euident by thee:
And as farre as I can learne or vnderstand,
There is none better able to keepe 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.

S T E P H A N O.

Nay, all right courtiers will kenne me thanke, and wot ye why?
Be cause I handled a counterfait Courtier in his kinde so finely,
What syr: all are not Courtiers that haue a counterfait show,
In a trope of honest me, some knaues may stand ye know:
Such as by stelth creep in, vnder the colour of honestie,
Which sorte vnder that cloke, doo all kind of villanie:
A right courtier is vertuous, gentill, and full of vrbanitie,
Hurting no man, good to all, deuoid of all villanie:
But such as thou art, fountaines of squirilitie, & vayne delightes,
Though you hange by the courtes, you are but flatring Parasites,
As well deseruing the right name of courtesie,
As the coward Knight, the true praise of cheualrie:
I could say more, but I wyll not, for that I am your well willer,
In faith Carisophus, you are no Courtier but a caterpillar,
A Sicophant, a Parasite, a flatterer and a knaue?
Whether I wyll or no, these names you must haue:
How well you deser[u]e this, by your deedes it is knowne,
For that so vniustly thou hast accused poore Damon,
Whose wofull case the Gods help a;one.

CARYSOPH.

Syr, are you his seruant that you pitie his case so?

S T E P H A N O.

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

CARYSOPH.

What mumble you with your selfe Master Onaphets.

STEPHANO.

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

CARYSOPH.

You haue paide me more then you did owe me.

STEPHANO.

Nay, vpon a farther reckoning, I wyll pay you more if I know
Either you talke of that is done, or by your Sicophanticall enuye,
You pricke forth Dionisius the sooner, that Damon may die:

I wyll so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattle in thy skinne,
Remember what I haue sayde, Onaphets is my name. EXIT[.]

CARYSOPH.

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

I A C K E.

Mayster, why doo you fight with me? I am not your match you see,
You durst not fight w^t him y^t is gone, & wyll you wreke your anger on mee[?]

CARYSOPHVS.

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

I A C K E.

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

CARYSOPHVS.

Handsomly thou crake rope.

I A C K E.

Yea sir, very hansomly, 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 Sword[.]

I A C K E.

It is better as it is, Maister beleue me at a worde:
Yf he had seene your weapon, he would haue ben fierser,
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 foure away for your part
But the Wealche Onaphets, was a vengeaunce knaue and rough,
Maister you were best go home and reste in your bedde,
Me thinkes your cappe wareth to little for your heade.

CARISOPH.

What? doth my head swell?

I A C K E.

Yea as bigge as a Codshed, and bleades too.

CARYSOPH.

I am ashamed to show my face with this hew.

I A C K E.

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

C A R I S O P H V S.

I muste to the Chirurgians, what shall I say when I am a dressyng?

I A C K E.

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

☛ Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

C By my 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 whining & cryng into the Courte for the nonce,
 Shewing that one Onaphets had broke his knaues sconce:
 Which straunge name when they heard, euery man laught hartely,
 And I by my selfe scand his name secretly,
 For well I knewe it was some madheded chylde
 That inuented this name, that the logheaded knaue might be begilde:
 In tossing it often with my selfe to and fro,
 I found out that Onaphets, backward spelled Stephano:
 I smiled in my sleue, how to see by tournyng his name, he drest him,
 And how for Damo[n] his Masters sake, w^t a wodden congell he blest him:
 None pittied y^e knaue, no man nor woman, but all laught him to scorne
 To be thus hated of all better vnborne:
 Farre better Aristippus hath provided I trowe,
 For in all the Courte, I am beloued both of hie and lowe:
 I offende none, in so mucche that wemen singe this to my great prayse:
Omnis Aristippus docuit colore, & locus & res.
 But in all this ioylitie, one thing maseth me,
 The stra[n]gest 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 return Pithias his frie[n]d lieth in priso[n], alas in great ieopardy
 To morow is y^e day, which day by noone 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 wyllingly?
 O noble friendship, O perfect amitie,
 Thy force is heare seene, and that very perfectlie:
 The kinge him selfe museth here at, yet is he farre out of square,
 That he trusteth none, to come nere him not his owne doughters will he haue
 Vnsercht to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbars his beard to shaue:
 Not with Knife or Rasour, for all edge tooles he feares,
 But with hot burning Nutshales, they senge of his heares.
 Was there euer man that liued in such miserye?
 Well, I wyll go in with a heauye and pensiuie hart too,
 To think how Pithias this poore gentleman to morow shal die[.] EXIT.

C Here entreth IACKE AND VVYLL.

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

VVYLL.

☞ Iacke, by my troth, seeing you are without the Courte gate,
If you play Iacke 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 fistes shall trie,
Vnlesse you leaue your taunting.

IACKE.

☞ Thou began it first, didst thou not say euen nowe,
That Carisophus my Master was no man but a cowe,
In taking so many blowes, and neuer gaue a blow agayne?

VVYLL.

☞ I sayde so in deede, he is but a tame Ruffian,
That can swere by his flaske & twiche box & Gods precious lady:
And yet he will be beaten with a faggot stick:
These barking whelpes were neuer good biters,
Ne euer great crakers were euer great fighters:
But seeinge you eg mee so much I wyll somewhat more resight,
I say Carisophus thy master is a flattering Parisite:
Cleuing away the sweet from the worthy in all the Courte,
What tragidie hath he moued of late y^e deuell take him he doth much hurt.

IACKE.

☞ I pray you what is Aristippus thy master, is not he a Parasite to,
That with scoffing and iesting in the Court makes so much a doo?

VVYLL.

☞ He is no Parisite, but a pleasant Gentleman, full of curtesie,
Thy master is a churlish loute the heyre of a dounge forke, as voyde of honestie,
As thou art of honour.

IACKE.

☞ Nay yf you wyll needes be praying of my master styll,
In faith, I must coole you my frinde Dapper Wyll.
Take this at the beginning.

VVYLL.

☞ Prayse well your winning, my Pantacle is as readie as yours.

IACKE. By the Masse I wyll boxe you.

VVYLL. By cocke I wyll Foxe you.

IACKE. Wyll, was I with you.

VVYLL. Iacke, did I flie?

IACKE. Alas pretie cockerel, you are to weake.

VVYLL. In faith Dutting Duttell, you wyll crye creake[.]

☞ Here entreth SNAP.

Away you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the Courte gate?
And I take you heare agayne, I will swindge you both, what?

EXIT.

IACKE.

I beshrew Snap the Tipstaffe that great knaues hart, y^t hether did come
Had he not ben, you had cried ere this *Victus, victa, victum*,
But seing we haue breathed our selues, if ye list,
Let vs agree like friends, and shake each other by the fist.

VVYLL.

Content am I, for I am not malicious, but on this condition,
That you talke no more so brode of my master as here you haue done,
But who haue we here, is *Cobex epi* comming yonder.

IACKE. Wyll, let vs slipp aside and vewe him well.

¶ Here entreth GRIMME the Coliar whistling.

What Deuell, iche weene y^t Porters are drunke, will they not dup the gate today?
Take in Cole for y^e Kings owne mouth, wyll no body stur I say?
Ich might haue layne tway howers longer in my bedde,
Cha taried so longe here, that my teeth chatter in my heade.

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

VVYLL. I mary Iacke, I pray thee hartely.

IACKE.

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

VVYLL. It is some brainsicke Villaine, 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[.] Twas I indeede.

IACKE.

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

GRIMME.

Here is a gaye worlde, Boyes now settes olde men to scoole,
I sayde well enough, what Iacke sauce, thinkst cham a foole?
At Bake house, Buttrie hatch, Kitchin and Seller,
Doo they not say for the Kinges mouth?

VVYLL. What then good man Coliar?

GRIMME.

What then? seing w^tout coles thei cannot finely dresse y^e kinges meat,
May not I say, take in coles for y^e kinges mouth, though coles he do not eate?

IACKE.

Iames Christe, came euer from a Colier an aunswere so trimme?
You are learned, are you not Father Grimme?

GRIMME.

Grimme is my name in deed, cham not learned & yet y^e Kinges colier

This dortie winter cha bin to the Kinge a seruiter,
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte enough whole & some[.]

VVYLL.

So it seemes, you haue so much mother wit, that you lacke your fathers wisdom[.]

GRIMME.

Masse, cham well be set: heres a grimme cast of Murlons.

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

IACKE.

Good faith, maister Grimme, if such Marlines on your pouch may light

That are so quick of winge y^t 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 the trouth: we are the Porters men, which early & late,

Wayte on such Gentlemen as you to open the Courte gate.

GRIMME. Are ye seruants then?

VVYLL. Yea sir, are we not pretie men?

GRIMME.

Pretie men ([say] you) nay, you are stronge men, els you could not beare these britches.

VVYLL.

Are these great hose? in faith goodman Colier you see with your nose

By myne honestie, I haue but for o[n]e lining in one hose, but by els of Roug.

GRIMME.

That is but a little, yet it makes thee seeme a great Bugge.

IACKE.

How say you good man Colier, can you finde any fault here?

GRIMME.

Nay you should finde faught, mary heres trimme geare,

Alas little knaue, doest not sweat, thou goest with great payne,

These are no hose, but watter bougets, I tell thee playne:

Good for none, but suche as haue no buttockes.

Dyd you euer see two suche little Robin ruddockes,

So laden with breeches? chill say no more, lest I offende,

Who inuented these monsters first, did it to a gostly ende:

To haue a male, readie to put in other folkes stuffe,

Wee see this euident by dayly prooffe:

One preached of late not farre hence, in no Pulpet, but in [Wayne] cart,

That spake enough of this, but for my parte,

Chil say no more, your owne necessitie,

In the ende wyll force you to finde some remedy.

I A C K E.

Well, holde this raylynge knaue with a talke when I am gone,

I wyll fetch him his filling ale for his good sermone.

VVYLL.

Go thy way: father Grimme, gayly well you doo say,

It is but youngmens folly that liste to playe:
And maske a whyle in the net of their owne deuse,
When they come to your age, they wyll be wise.

GRIMME.

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

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

Father Grimme, because you are sturring 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 & by,
Chwas sturring so early that my very soule is drye.

IACKE.

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

GRIMME.

No, it is warm enough: it is very loustrous and trimme,
Tis Musselden ich weene, of fellowship let me haue an other spurt,
Ich can drinke as easly now, as if I sate in my shurte.

I A C K E.

By cocke and you shall haue it, but I wyll beginne and that anone
Iebit auow mon companion.

GRIMME.

Ihar vow pleadge pety Zawne[.]

IACKE.

Can you speake Frenche? here is a trimme colier by this day.

GRIMME.

What man? iche learned this when ich was a Souldier,
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could parke a whip trimly,
Better than these boy Coliers that come to the Courte daily:
When there were not so many captious fellowes as now,
That would toruppe men for euey trifell, I wot not how:
As there was one Damon, not longe since, taken for a Spie,
How iustly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

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 vengauce take him, twas a gentleman, one Maister Crowsphus.

VVYLL.

Crowsphus, you clippe the Kinges language, you would haue said Carisophus
But I perceue now, either the winde is at the South,

Or else your tounge cleaueth to the roofe of your mouth.

GRIMME.

A murian take thi[s] Wine, it so intoxicate my braine,
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake plaine.

IACKE.

You speake knauishly playne, seinge my master you doo mocke,
In faith ere you go, I wyll make you a lobbe cocke:

Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abrode?

GRIMME[.]

All men are sorie 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 vortie 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 doo good, but he frames him selfe so,
Whatsoever Dionisius wylleth to that he wyll not say no:
Tis a suttell Uor, he wyll not tread on thornes for none,
A mery Harecoppe tis and a pleasant companion,
A right courtier, and can prouide for one.

IACKE.

Well, how lyke you this gear? 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 than Courtiers.

GRIMME.

Yes 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 Dionisius Courte:
For though their apparell be neuer so fine,
Yet sure their credit is farre worse then mine:
And by cocke I may say, for all their hie lookes,
I know some stickes full deepe in Marchants bookes:
And deeper will fall in, as fame me telles,
As long as in steede of Money, they take vp Haukes hoods & Belles:
Wherby they fall into a swelling disease, which Coliers doo not know
[H]ath a mad name, it is called ich weene, *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, Hipocrisie doth raigne,
Who is in fauour now, to morow is out agayne:
The state is so vncertaine, that I by my wyll,
Will neuer be courtier, but a Colier styll.

VVYLL.

It seemeth that Coliers haue a very trim lyfe.

GRIMME.

Coliers get money styll: 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 Iohn.

I A C K E.

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

GRIMME.

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

I A C K E.

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 know for my parte,
That a heauy pouch with goulde makes a light harte:
Of which I haue prouided for a deare yeare good store,
And these Benters I trowe, shall anone get me more.

VVYLL.

By seuaing the Courte with coles you gaynde all this money.

GRIMME.

By the Court onely I assure ye.

I A C K E.

After what sort I pray thee tell mee?

GRIMME.

Nay, ther bate me an ace (quod Boulon) I can weare a horne & blow it not[.]

IACKE. Byr lady the wiser man.

GRIMME[.]

Shall I tell you by what slite I got all this money
Then ich weare a noddy in deede: no, no, I warrant ye,
Yet in few words I tell you this one thinge,
He is a very foole that can not gayne by the Kinge.

VVYLL.

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

GRIMME.

Suche knaues haue money, when courtiers haue none,

But tell me, is it true that a brode is blowne?

IACKE. What is that?

GRIMME.

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

IACKE. Yea truly to his owne person.

GRIMME.

Good fellowes beleue [m]e, as the case now standes,
I would geue one sacke of Coles, to be washt at their hands:
If ich came so neare them, for my wyt chould not geue three chippes,
If ich could not steale one swap at their lippes.

I A C K E.

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

VVYLL.

Content inuent the waye, and I am readie.

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

Father Grimme, if you praie me well, I wyll wash you & shaue you too
Euen after the same fashion as the Kinges daughters doo:

In all poyntes as they handle Dionisius, I wyll dresse you trim & fine

GRIMME.

Chuld vayne learne y^t: come on then, chil geue thee a whol pint of wine
At Tauerne for thy labour, when cha mony for my Benters heare.
Here Wyll fetcheth a Barbers bason, a pot with water, a
Raysour, and Clothes and a payre of Spectacles.

IACKE.

Come mine owne Father Grimme, sit downe.

GRIMME[.]

Mas to beginne withall, heare is a trimme chayre.

IACKE.

What man I wyll vse you like a prince: sir boy, fetche me my geare.

VVYLL. Here syr.

IACKE. Holde vp father Grimme.

GRIMME. Me seeme my head doth swimme.

IACKE.

My Costly perfumes make that, away with this sir Boy: be quicke,
Aloyse aloyse, how how pretie it is, is not here a good face?
A fine Qules eyes, a mouth lyke an Quen,
Father you haue good Butter teeth, full seene,
You weare weaned, els you would haue ben a great Calfe,
Ah trimme lippes to sweepe a Manger, here is a chinne,
As softe as the hoofe of an horse.

GRIMME.

Doth the Kinges daughters rubbe so harde?

IACKE.

Hold your head strait man, else all wyll be marde,
Byr ladie, you are of a good complexion,
A right Croyden sanguine, beshrew mee,
Hould vp father Grimme, Wyll can you besturre ye?

GRIMME[.]

Me thinks after a maruelous fashion you do besmoure me.

IACKE.

It is with VNGVENTVM of Daucus Maucus, that is very costly,
I geue not this washinge ball to euery body:
After you haue ben drest 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 trimm water?

GRIMME.

It may be holsome, but it is vengea[u]nce sower.

IACKE.

It scouris the better, syr boy, geue me my raysour.

VVYLL. Here at hand syr.

GRIMME.

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

I A C K E.

It is a Raysour and that a very good one,
It came lately from Palarrime, it cost mee .xx. crownes alone
Your eyes dassell after your washing, these spectacles put on?
Now vew this Raysour, tell me, is it not a good one?

GRIMME[.]

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

I A C K E.

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

GRIMME.

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

IACKE.

Holde vp father Grimme.

GRIMME.

O your Raysour doth hurt my lippe.

IACKE.

No, it scrapeth 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.

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

IACKE.

Nay that shall not neede, you are pould neare enough for this time.

GRIMME.

Go to then lustyly, I wyll singe in my mans voyce,
Chauē a troublinge base busse.

IACKE.

You are like to beare the bobbe, for wee wyll geue it,
Set out your bussying base, and wee wyll quiddell vpon it.

GRIMME singeth Busse.

IACKE Singes,

Too nidden, and too nidden.

VVYLL singes.

Too nidden, and toodle toodle doo nidden,
Is not Grimme the Colier most finely shauen.

GRIMME.

Why my fellowes thinke iche am a cowe, that you make such toying?

IACKE.

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

GRIMME.

Did she so? tis a pestens quene she is full of such mockes.
But go to, let vs singe out our songe merely.

The Songe at the shauing of the Colier.

IACKE.

☛ Suc[h]e Barbers God send you at all times of neede.

VVYLL.

That can dresse you finely, and make such quicke speede.

I A C K E.

Your face like an Inorne, now shineth so gay,

VVYLL.

That I with your Nostrels of force must needes play.

With too nidden, and too nidden,

IACKE.

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

VVYLL

With shauing you shine lyke a pestle of Porke:

IACKE.

Here is the trimmest Dogges flesh from London to Yorke.

VVYLL.

It would be trimme Baken to hange vp a while,

IACKE.

To play with this Hogline, of force I must smyle,
With too nidden, and too nidden[.]

VVYLL. With too nidden and todle &c.

GRIMME.

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

VVYLL.

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

GRIMME.

Neare would I be poled, as near cham shauen.

VVYLL.

Then out of your Ierkin needes must you be shaken.

With too nidden, and too nidden, &c.

GRIMME.

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

VVYLL.

Their handes are so fine that they neuer doo hurte.

GRIMME.

Me thinke ich am lighter then euer ich was.

VVYLL.

Our shaueinge in the Courte hath brought this to passe.

With too nidden, and too nidden.

IACKE.

With too nidden, and todle todle doo nidden.

Is not Grimme the Colier most filely shauen. Finis.

GRIMME.

This is trimly done, now chill pitche my coles not farre hense,
And then at the Tauerne chil bestowe whole tway pence. [EXIT.]

IACKE.

Farewell cocke, before the Colier againe doo vs seeke,

Let vs into the Courte to parte the spoyle, share and share like. EXIT[.]

VVYLL[.] Away then.

☛ Here entreth GRIMME.

Out alas, where shall I make my mone?

My Pouche, my Benters and all is gone,

Wher is that villayne that dyd me shaue?

Hath robbed me alas of all that I haue.

☛ Here entre[t]h 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 shaue me.

SNAP.

Why? the Porters men are no Barbers?

GRIMME.

A vengeance take them they are quicke caruers.

SNAP. What stature weare they of?

GRIMME.

As little dapper knaues as they trimly could scoffe.

SNAP.

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

GRIMME.

Such Lackies make me lacke, an halter beswenge them,
Cham vndon they haue my Benters too.

SNAP.

Doest thou know them if thou seest them?

GRIMME.

Yea that I doo?

SNAP.

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

GRIMME.

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

SNAP.

Then crie no more, come away. EXEVNT.

¶ Here entreth Carisophus and Aristippus.

If euer you wyll shew your friendship, now is the time,
Seing the king is displeas'd with me, or my parte without any crime.

ARISTIP.

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

CARISOPH.

Nothing haue I done but this in talke I ouerthwarted Eubulus.
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 briers and now is gone.
We grew so hot in talke, that Eubulus protested playnely,
Which held his eare open to parasiticall flattery.
And now in the Kinges eare like a bell he ringes,
Cryng that flatterers haue ben the destroyers 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 trouthe and honestie:
Which you of friendship I know wyll defend, how so euer the world goeth,
My frind for my honestie, wyll you not take an othe?

ARISTIP.

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

CARISOPH[.]

Should you so in deede? I would that were knowne,
Is your voyde friendship come thus to passe.

ARISTIP.

I folow the prouerbe: *Amicus Vsque ad auras.*

CARISOPHVS.

Where can you say I euer lost mine honestie.

ARISTIPPVS.

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

CARISOPHVS.

Say you so friend Aristippus whom I trust so well?

ARISTIPPVS.

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

CARISOPH.

Wyll you not stretche one poynt? to bringe me in fauour agayne?

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 stead.

ARISTIP.

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

CARISOPH.

Why sir? hath not the chaine of true friendship, linked vs two together?

ARISTIP.

The chiefest linke lacked therof, it must needes deseuer.

CARISOPH.

What linke is that? faine 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 there is no frindship but betweene honest men.

[ARISTIP.]

Betweene the honest only, for *Amicitia inter bonus*: 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 perfectst 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 needes, for in two bodies they haue but one harte.

CARISOPH.

Friend Aristippus, deceaue me not with Sophistrie,

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

ARISTIPPVS[.]

What a Deuell then ment Caris[o]phus,

To ioyne in frindship with fine Aristippus?

In whom is asmuch vertue, trueth and honestie,

As there are true fethers in the three Craines of the ventrie:

Yet these fethers haue the shadow of liuely feathers the truth to scan

But Carisophus, hath not the shadowe of an honest man,

To be playne, because I know thy villany:

In abusing Dionisius, to many mens iniury:

Vnder 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 doo by profite measuring amitie:

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 dissmular.*

To speake more playner, as the prouerbe doth go,

In faith Carisophus, *Cum cretence cretiso*:

Yet a perfect frinde I shew my selfe to thee in one thing,

I doo not dessemble, now I say I wyll not speake for thee to the King,

Therefore sinke in thy sorrow, I doo not deceaue thee,

A false knaue I found thee, a false knaue I leaue thee. EXIT[.]

CARISOPHVS.

He is gone? is this frindship to leaue his friend in the plaine field?

Well I see now, I my selfe haue beguylde,

In matching with that false fox in amitie:

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 craft[e]ly.

It is the Gods iudgement, I see it playnely,

For all the world may know, *Incede in fouea in quam feci.*

Well I must content my selfe none other helpe I knowe,

Vntill a merier gale of winde may happe to blowe: EXIT[.]

EVBLVS.

Who deals with Kinges in matters of great waight,
When froward wyll, doth beare the chefest sway:
Must yeld of force, their neede no subtle sleight:
Ne paynted speach the matter to conuay,
No prayer can moue, when kindled is the ire,
The more ye quenche, the more increased is the fire.
This thinge I proue in Pithias wofull case,
Whose hauy hap with teares I doo lament:
The day is come when he in Damon's place,
Must lose his life the time is fully spent:
Nought can my words now with the Kinge preuaile,
Against the wind and striuinge streame I sayle:
For die thou must alas thou sely Greeke,
Ah 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 wyll not melt in teares?
His giltles blood shall trickle downe anon.

☛ Then the Muses singe.

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

*M*ee thinke I heare with yelow rented heares,
The Muses frame their notes my state to mone:
Among which sorte as one that morneth with harte,
In dolefull tunes, my selfe wyll beare a parte.
MVSES.

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

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

Wo 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 aboue, the Gods did him downe send
To shew true friendshipps power, which forst thee now to die,
Wo worth the man, which for thy death, &
MVSES.

Who worth the man, &c.

EVBVLVS.

What Tigars whelp was he, that Damon dyd accuse?

What faith hast thou, which for thy friend, thy death doth not refuse

O heauy hadde hadst thou to play this Tragidie,

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

MVSES.

Wo worth the man, &c.

EVBVLVS.

Thou young and worthy Greeke, that showest such perfect loue,

The Gods receaue thy simple ghost, into the heauens aboue:

Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye,

Wo worth the man which for his death, &c.

MVSES.

Wo worth the man which for thy death,

hath geuen vs cause to crie.

F I N I S.

EVBVLVS.

Eternal be your fame ye Muses, for that in miserie,

Ye did vouchsafe to strayne your notes to walke:

My harte is rent in two, with this miserable case,

Yet am I charged by Dionysius mouth, to se this place.

At all poynts ready for the execution of Pithias.

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

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

Gronno, I came hether now to vnderstand,

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

The Kinge himselve wyl se it done here in this place.

GRONNO.

Sir, all thinges are ready, here is the place, here is y^e hand, here is the sword,

Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a worde,

If he were present, I coulde finely strike of,

You may reporte that all thinges are ready.

EVBVLVS.

I go with an heauy harte to report it, ah wofull Pithias?

Full neare now is thy misery. [EXIT.]

GRONO.

I maruell very much, vnder what constilation,

All hangmen are borne. for they are hated of all, beloued of none?

Which hatred is showed by this poynt euidently,

The Hangman alwayes dwelles in the vilest place of the Citie:

That such spight should be, I know no cause why,

Vnlesse it be for their offices sake, which is cruell and bloody?
Yet some men must doo it to execute lawes?
Me thinke they hate me without any iust cause:
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 streat as I go:
But harke, the prisoner cometh, and the Kinge also,
I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forgo.

¶ Here entreth Dionisius and Eubulus.

Bring forth Pithias that pleasant companion,
Whiche tooke me at my worde and became pleadge for Damon:
It pricketh fast vpon noone, I doo him no iniurie,
If now he lose his head for 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 foolishe pitie:
But seeing it was his request, I wyll not be mockt he shall die.
Bring him forth.

¶ Here entreth Snap.

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

DIONISIVS.

How say you sir? wher is Damon your trustie 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 friend Damon this lyfe to forgo,
Euen at your pleasure.

DIONISIVS.

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

PITHIAS.

I am not loth to doo what so euer I sayde,
Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismayde:
The Gods now I know, haue heard my feruent prayer,
That they haue reserued me to this passynge great honour,
To die for my frind, whose faith, euen now, I doo 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 doo as he may,
The winde may be contrary, sicknes may let him, or som misadue[n]ture by the way,
Which the eternall Gods tourne al to my glorie,
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 require,
Which now to my ioy, doth graunt my desire:
But why doo I stay any longer, seing that one mans death,
May suffise O king, to pacifie thy wrath?
O thou minister of Iustice, doo thine office by and by,
Let not thy hand tremble, for I [tremble 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 amitie:
Shall hooer about the place wheresoeuer thou bee,

DIONISIVS.

Eubulus, This geare is straunge, and yet because,
Damon hath falst 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 stroken of seauen heads in this space:
Ber lady here are good garments, these are myne by the roode,
It is an euyll wynde that bloweth no man good:
Now Pithias kneele downe, aske me blessing like a pretie boy,
And with a trise thy head from thy shoulders I wyll conuay.

☛ Here entreth Damon running & stayes the sword.

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

GRONNO.

Are you come sir? you might haue taried if you had bene wyse,
For your hastie comming you are lyke to know the prise.

PITHIAS.

O thou cruell minnister, 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 twyse:
Not to die for my friend, is present death to me, and alas,
Shall I see my sweet Damon, slaine before my face:
What double death is this? but O mightie Dionisius,

Doo true iustice now, way this aright, thou noble Eubulus:
Let mee haue no wronge, as now standes the case,
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:
By misadventure, not by his wyll, his howre is past, therefore I
Because he came not at his iust tyme, ought iustly to die:
So was my promise, so was thy promise O Kynge,
All this Courte can beare witnessse of this thinge.

D A M O N.

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

P I T H I A S.

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

D A M O N.

Ah my Pithias, shall we now breake the bondes of Amitie?
Will you now ouerthwart mee whiche heretofore so well did agree.

P I T H I A S.

My Damon, the Goddes forbid, but wee should agree,
Therefore agree to this, let mee perfourme the promise I made for thee[;]
Let mee die for thee, doo mee not that iniurie,
Both to breake my promise, and to suffre mee to see thee die
Whome so dearly I loue: this small request graunt mee,
I shall neuer aske thee more, my desire is but frindly:
Doo me this honour, that fame may reporte triumphantly,
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die.

D A M O N.

That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot denie,
Yet fame shall neuer touch me with such a villanie:
To report that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias, for him giltles to die,
Therefore content thy selfe, the Gods requite thy constant faith,
None but Damons bloud can appease Dionisius wrath:
And now O mightie Kinge, to you my talke I conuay,
Because you gaue me leaue, my worldly thinges to stay:
To requite that good tourne ere I die, for your behalfe this I say,
Although your Regall state, dame Fortune decketh so,
That like a kinge in worldly wealth, abondantly ye floe:
Yet fickle is the ground whereon all Tirrants treade,
A thousand sundrie cares and feares, doo haunt their restles head:
No trustie band, no faithfull friendes doo garde thy hatefull state,
And why? whom men obey for deadly feare, sure them they deadly hate[.]
That you may safely raigne, by loue get friends, whose constant faith
Wyll neuer fayle, this counsell geues poore Damon at his death:
Friendes are the sure garde, for Kinges golden time doo wear away,

And other precieous thinges doo fade, frindship wyll neuer decay:
Haue friendes in store therfore, so shall you safely sleape,
Haue friendes at home of forraine foes, so neede you take no keepe:
Abandon flating tounge, whose clackes truth neuer tels,
Abase 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 chifely in faithfull frie[n]ds
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 farewell for euer, let me kisse thee or I die,
My soule shall honour thee, thy constant faith aboute the heaue[n]s shall flie
Come Gronno doo thine office now, why is thy colour so dead?
My neck is so [short], that thou wylt neuer haue honestie is striking of this head

DIONISIVS.

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

PITHIAS.

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

EVBLVS.

O vnspeakable frindship.

DAMON.

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

GRONNO.

My hand with soden feare quiuereth.

PITHIAS.

O noble kinge, shewe mercy on Damon, let [P]ithias die[.]

DIONISIVS.

Stay Gronno, my flesh trembleth, Eubulus, what shall I doo?
Were there euer such frindes on earth as were these two?
What harte is so cruell that would deuide them asunder?
A noble friendship, I must yeld, at thy force I wonder:
My hart, this rare frindship hath pearst to the roote,
And quenched all my fury, this sight hath brought this aboute:
Which thy graue counsell Eubulus, and learned perswasion could neuer doo:
O noble gentlemen, the immortall Gods aboute,
Hath made you play this Tragidie, I thinke for my behoue:
Before this day I neuer knew what perfect friendship ment,
My cruell mind to bloody deedes, was full and wholly bente:
My fearefull life, I thought with terrour to defende,
But now I see there is no garde vnto a faithfull friend:

Which wyll not spare his lyfe at time of present neede,
O happie kinges within your courtes haue twoo such frinds in deed?
I honour friendship now, which that you may playnly see,
Damon, haue thou thy lyfe, from death I pardon thee:
For which good tourne, I craue this honour doo me lend?
Oh frindly harte? let me linke with you, to make me y^e third frei[n]de[.]
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 lyfe most humble thanks I geue,
And next, I prayse the immortall Gods, that did your harte so meue
That you would haue respect to friendships heauenly lore,
Forseing wel, he need not feare which hath true frei[n]ds in store
For my part, most noble king, as a third frind, welcom to our friendly societie
But you must forget you ar a king, for frindship stands in tru equalitie[.]

DIONISIVS.

Vnequall though I be in great possessions,
Yet full equall shall you finde me in my changed conditions:
Tirranie, flatterie, oppression, loe, hear I cast away?
Iustice, thruth, loue, frindship, shall be my ioy:
True friendship wyl I honour vnto my liues end,
My greatest glorie shalbe, to be counted a perfect friende.

PITHIAS.

For this your deede most noble King, the Gods aduance your name
And since to friendships lore, you list your Princely harte to frame:
With ioyful harte, O Kinge, most wellcome now to me,
With you wyll I knit the perfect knot of amitie:
Wherein I shall enstruct you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amitie the mighty force and eke the ioyful end:
And how that kinges doo stand vppon a fickle ground,
Within whose Realme at time of need, no faithfull friends are founde[.]

DIONISIVS.

Your instruction wyll I folow, to you my selfe I doo commite,
Eubulus, make haste to set new apparell fitte:
For my new frindes.

EVBLVS.

I go with a ioyfull hart, O happie day. EXIT[.]

GRONNO.

I am glad to heare this word, though their liues they doo not leese,
It is no reason the Hangman should lose his fees:
These are mine, I am gone with a trise. EXIT[.]

¶ Here entreth EVBVLVS with new garmentes.

DIONISIVS.

Put on these Garmentes now, go in with mee the Iewelles of my Court.

DAMON and PITHIAS.

We go with ioyfull harts.

STEPHANO.

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

DIONISIVS.

My friend Damon he asketh reason? Dam. Pithias.

DAMON.

Stephano, for thy good seruice, be thou free. EXEVNT. DION[.]

STEPHANO.

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

Poore Stephano, now shall liue in continuall ioy:

VIVE LE ROY with Damon and [P]ithias in perfect amitie,

VIVE TV STEPHANO, in thy pleasant liberalite:

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

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

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

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

¶ Heare entreth EVBVLVS beatyng CARISOPHVS.

Away vilaine, away you flatringe Parasite,

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

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

CARISOPHVS.

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

Why whyp ye me alone? a plague take Damon and Pithias since they came hither

I am driue[n] to seke relee abroad alas I know not whither,

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

There shall be found euen in this Co[u]rt as great flatterers as I:

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

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

EVBVLVS.

The Serpent that eats men aliue, Flattery with all her broode,

Is whipte away in Princes Courtes whiche yet did neuer good,

What force? what mighty power, true Friendship may possesse?

To all the worlde Dionisius Courte now playnly doth expresse,

Who since to faithfull Friendes he gaue his willyng eare,

Most safely sitteth in his Seate and sleepes deuoid of feare,

Poured is the Court of vice, since Friendship entred in,

Tirrannie 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 for gayne, from gifts is quite debarde,
 One loueth another now for vertue, not for 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 for mans lyfe, as Water, Ayre, and Fier,
 Which frameth the minde of man, all honest thinges to doo,
 Unhonest thinges Friendshippe ne craueth, ne yet consents thertoo,
 In wealthe a double ioye, in woe a present stay,
 A sweete compaignion in eche state true Friendship is alway:
 A sure defence for Kinges, a perfecte trustie bande,
 A force to assaile, a Shield to defende the enemies cruell hande,
 A rare, and yet the greatest Gifte, that God can geue to man:
 So rare, y^t scarce couple of faithfull frends haue ben since y^e world began
 A Gift so strange, & of such price, I wish all Kyngs to haue,
 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 Queene 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 wyll 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,
 Voyde of all sicknesse, in most perfect health:
 Which health to prolonge, as true friends require,
 God graunt she may haue her owne hartes desire:
 Which friendes wyll defend with most stedfast faith,
 The Lorde graunt her such friendes most noble Queene Elizabeth.

FINIS.



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