

Damon and Pithias, 1571

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

Newly Imprinted, as the same was shewed be-
fore the Queenes Maiestie, by the Children of her Graces
Chappell, except the Prologue that is somewhat al-
tered for the proper vse of them that hereafter
shall have occasion to plie it, either in
Private, or open Audience. Made
by Master Edwards, then beyng
Master of the Children.

1571

Imprinted at London in
Fleetelane by Richard Iohnes, and are to be
solde at his shop, ioyning to the Southwest
doore of Paules Churche.

Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Latin translations also presented in Appendix I.

THE SPEAKERS' NAMES

Aristippus, *a Pleasant Gentleman*

Carisophus, *a Parasite*

Two Gentlemen of Greece

DAMON

PITHIAS

STEPHANO, *Servant to Damon and Pithias*

WILL, *Aristippus' Lackey*

JACK, *Carisophus' Lackey*
SNAP, *the Porter*
DIONYSIUS, *the King*
EUBULUS, *the King's Counselor*
GRONNO, *the Hangman*
GRIM, *the Collier*

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PROLOGUE

On every side whereas I glance my roving eye,
Silence in all ears bent I plainly do espy.
But if your eager looks do long such toys to see
As heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad to be,
Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought
Is frustrate quite of toying plays. A sudden change is wrought.
For lo, our author's muse, that masked in delight,
Hath forc'd his pen against his kind, no more such sports to write.
Muse he that lust, right worshipful, for chance hath made this change,
For that to some he seemed too much in young desires to range; ... [Pro.10]
In which, right glad to please, seeing that he did offend,
Of all he humbly pardon craves: his pen that shall amend.
And yet, worshipful audience, thus much I dare avouch:
In comedies the greatest skill is this: rightly to touch
All things to the quick, and eke to frame each person so
That by his common talk you may his nature rightly know.
A roister ought not preach -- that were too strange to hear --
But, as from virtue he doth swerve, so ought his words appear.
The old man is sober; the young man rash; the lover triumphing in joys;
The matron grave; the harlot wild, and full of wanton toys: ... [Pro.20]
Which all in one course they no wise do agree,
So correspondent to their kind their speeches ought to be.
Which speeches, well-prounounc'd, with action lively framed --
If this offend the lookers-on, let Horace then be blamed,
Which hath our author taught at school, from whom he doth not swerve,
In all such kind of exercise decorum to observe.
Thus much for his defense (he saith), as poets erst have done,
Which heretofore in comedies the self-same race did run.

But now, for to be brief, the matter to express
Which here we shall present is this: *Damon and Pithias*, ... [Pro.30]
A rare example of friendship true. It is no legend-lie,
But a thing once done, indeed, as histories do descry;
Which, done of yore in long time past, yet present shall be here
Even as it were in doing now, so lively it shall appear.
Lo, here is Syracuse, th' ancient town which once the Romans won,
Here Dionysius palace, within whose court this thing most strange was done.

[Note (lines 35-36): Adams points out that the speaker here probably pointed first to the "city" (with Damon's lodgings) on one side of the stage, next to the palace on the other side.) Players would enter from Damon's lodgings, from the palace, or from the rear of the stage.]

Which matter, mix'd with mirth and care, a just name to apply
As seems most fit, we have termed a "tragical comedy."
Wherein, talking of courtly toys, we do protest this flat:
We talk of Dionysius court; we mean no court but that! ... [Pro.40]
And that we do so mean, who wisely calleth to mind
The time, the place, the author, here most plainly shall it find.
Lo, this I speak for our defense, lest of others we should be shent.
But, worthy audience, we you pray, take things as they be meant.
Whose upright judgment we do crave with heedful ear and eye
To hear the cause and see th' effect of this new tragical comedy.

THE PLAY

[One one side, the city of Syracuse, with the lodging of Damon and Pithias in the foreground; on the other side, the palace of King Dionysius.]

[Here enter Aristippus.]

ARISTIPPUS: Too strange, perhaps, it seems to some
That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become;
A philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,
But now to the courtly behavior my life I frame.
Muse he that list. To you of good skill
I say that I am a philosopher still.
Loving of wisdom is termed philosophy;
Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?
For in loving of wisdom proof doth this try,
That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi*. ... [10]
I am wise for myself: then tell me, of troth,
Is not that great wisdom, as the world go'th?
Some philosophers in the street go ragged and torn,
And feed on vile roots, whom boys laugh to scorn;

But I in fine silks haunt Dionysius' palace,
Wherein with dainty fare myself I do solace.
I can talk philosophy as well as the best,
But the strait kind of life I leave to the rest.
And now I profess the courtly philosophy;
To crouch, to speak fair, myself I apply ... [20]
To feed the king's humor with pleasant devices;
For which I am called *Regius canis*.
But wot ye who named me first the king's dog?
It was the rogue Diogenes, that vile grunting hog!
Let him roll in his tub to win a vain praise;
In the court pleasantly I will spend all my days.
Wherein what to do I am not to learn;
What will serve mine own turn I can quickly discern.
All my time at school I have not spent vainly;
I can help one! Is not that a good point of philosophy? ... [30]

[Here entereth Carisophus.]

CARISOPHUS: I beshrew your fine ears, since you came from school.
In the court you have made many a wise man a fool!
And though you paint out your feigned philosophy,
So God help me, it is but a plain kind of flattery!
Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sort
That none but Aristippus now makes the king sport.
Ere you came hither poor I was somebody;
The king delighted in me. Now I am but a noddy!

ARISTIPPUS: In faith, Carisophus, you know yourself best!
But I will not call you noddy but only in jest. ... [40]
And thus I assure you: though I came from school
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's fool,
Or to fill his ears with servile squirrility.
That office is yours! You know it right perfectly!
Or parasites and sycophants you are a grave-bencher;
The king feeds you often from his own trencher.
I envy not your state, nor yet your great favor;
Then grudge not at all if in my behavior
I make the king merry with pleasant urbanity,
Whom I never abused to any man's injury. ... [50]

CARISOPHUS: By Cock, sir, yet in the court you do best thrive --
For you get more in one day than I do in five.

ARISTIPPUS: Why, man, in the court do you not see
Rewards given for virtue to every degree?

To reward the unworthy -- that world is done.
The court is changed. A good thread hath been spun
Of a dog's wool heretofore; and why? Because it was liked,
And not for that it was best trimmed and picked.
But now men's ears are finer, such gross toys are not set by;
Therefore to a trimmer kind of mirth myself I apply: ... [60]
Wherein, though I please, it cometh not of my desert
But of the king's favor.

CARISOPHUS: It may be so. Yet in your prosperity
Despise not an old courtier. Carisophus is he
Which hath long time fed Dionysius' humor.
Diligently to please, still at hand, there was never rumor
Spread in this town of any small thing but I
Brought it to the king in post by and by.
Yet now I crave your friendship; which if I may attain,
Most sure and unfeigned friendship I promise you again. ... [70]
So we two, linked in friendship, brother and brother,
Full well in the court may help one another.

ARISTIPPUS: By'r Lady, Carisophus, though you know not philosophy,
Yet surely you are a better courtier than I!
And yet I not so evil a courtier that will seem to despise
Such an old courtier as you, so expert and so wise.
But whereas you crave mine, and offer your friendship so willingly,
With heart I give you thanks for this your great courtesy,
Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nail,
Whiles life lasteth, never to fail. ... [80]

CARISOPHUS: A thousand thanks I give you. O friend Aristippus!

ARISTIPPUS: O friend Carisophus!

CARISOPHUS: How joyful am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now!

ARISTIPPUS: None so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God a vow!
I speak as I think, believe me.

CARISOPHUS: Sith we are now so friendly joined, it seemeth to me
That one of us help each other in every degree.
Prefer you my cause when you are in presence;
To further your matters to the king let me alone in your absence.

ARISTIPPUS: Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish. ... [90]
But, I pray you, tell me thus much by the way --
Whither now from this place will you take your journey?

CARISOPHUS: I will not dissemble -- that were against friendship:
I go into the city some knaves to nip
For talk, with their goods to increase the king's treasure.
In such kind of service I set my chief pleasure.
Farewell, friend Aristippus, now, for a time. [Exit.]

ARISTIPPUS: Adieu, friend Carisophus. In good faith now,
Of force I must laugh at this solemn vow!
Is Aristippus link'd in friendship with Carisophus? ... [100]
Quid cum tanto asino talis philosophus?
They say *Morum similitudo consuit amicitias*;
Then how can this friendship between us two come to pass?
We are as like in condition as Jack Fletcher and his bolt:
I brought up in learning, but he is a very dolt
As touching good letters; but otherwise such a crafty knave,
If you seek a whole region his like you cannot have;
A villain for his life; a varlet dyed in grain;
You lose money by him if you sell him for one knave, for he serves for twain;
A flattering parasite; a sycophant also; ... [110]
A common accuser of men; to the good an open foe.
Of half a word he can make a legend of lies,
Which he will avouch with such tragical cries
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth,
Where, indeed, to be hanged by and by,
He cannot tell one tale but twice he must lie.
He spareth no man's life to get the king's favor;
In which kind of service he hath got such a savor
That he will never leave. Methink then that I
Have done very wisely to join in friendship with him, lest perhaps I ... [120]
Coming in his way might be nipp'd; for such knaves in presence
We see oft times put honest men to silence.
Yet I have played with his beard in knitting this knot;
I promised friendship; but you love few words -- I spake it, but I meant it not.
Who marks this friendship between us two
Shall judge of the worldly friendship without any more ado;
It may be a right pattern thereof. But true friendship, indeed,
Of nought but of virtue doth truly proceed.
But why do I now enter into philosophy
Which do profess the find kind of courtesy? ... [130]
I will hence to the court with all haste I may
I think the king be stirring, it is now bright day.
To wait at a pinch still in sight I mean;
For, wot ye what? A new broom sweeps clean.
As to high honor I mind not to climb,
So I mean in the court to lose no time.
Wherein, happy man be his dole, I trust that I

Shall not speed worst, and that very quickly. [Exit.]

[Here entereth Damon and Pithias like mariners.]

DAMON: O Neptune, immortal be thy praise,
For that so safe from Greece we have passed the seas
To this noble city Syracuse, where we ... [140]
The ancient reign of the Romans may see,
Whose force Greece also heretofore hath known
Whose virtue the shrill trump of fame so far hath blown.

PITHIAS: My Damon, of right high praise we ought to give
To Neptune, and all the gods, that we safely did arrive.
The seas, I think, with contrary winds never raged so!
I am even yet seasick that I faint as I go.
Therefore, let us get some lodging quickly.
But where is Stephano? ... [150]

[Here entereth Stephano, laden with baggage.]

STEPHANO: Not far hence! a pox take these mariner-knaves!
Not one would help me to carry this stuff. Such drunken slaves
I think be accursed of the gods' own mouths!

DAMON: Stephano, leave thy raging, and let us enter Syracuse.
We will provide lodging, and thou shalt be eased of the burden by and by.

STEPHANO: Good master, make haste! For I tell you plain,
This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.

PITHIAS: Come on thy ways. Thou shalt be eased, and that anon.
[Exit Pithias, followed by Damon and Stephano.]

[Here entereth Carisophus.]

CARISOPHUS: It is a true saying, that oft hath been spoken:
"The pitcher goeth so long to the water, that he [it] cometh home broken." ... [160]
My own proof this hath taught me; for truly, sith I
In the city have used to walk very slyly,
Not with one can I meet that will in talk join with me.
And to creep into men's bosoms some talk for to snatch,
By which into one trip or other I might trimly them catch,
And so accuse them -- now not with one can I meet
That will join in talk with me. I am shunn'd like a devil in the street!
My credit is crack'd where I am known. But yet I hear say
Certain strangers are arrived. There were a good prey.

If happily I might meet with them, I fear not, I ... [170]
But in talk I should trip them, and that very finely.
Which thing I assure you, I do for mine own gain --
Or else I would not plod thus up and down, I tell you plain.
Well, I will for a while to the court to see
What Aristippus doth. I would be loath in favor he should overrun me.
He is a subtle child! He flattereth so finely that I fear me
He will lick all the fat from my lips, and so outwear me.
Therefore I will not be long absent, but at hand.
That all his fine drifts I may understand. [*Exit.*]

[*Here entereth Will and Jack.*]

WILL: I wonder what my master Aristippus means now-a-days ... [180]
That he leaveth philosophy and seeks to please
King Dionysius with such merry toys.
In Dionysius' court now he only joys,
As trim a courtier as the best,
Ready to answer, quick in taunts, pleasant to jest,
A lusty companion to devise with fine dames,
Whose humor to feed his wily wit he frames.

JACK: By Cock, as you say, your master is a minion!
A foul coil he keeps in this court! Aristippus alone
Now rules the roast with his pleasant devices, ... [190]
That I fear he will put out of conceit my master Carisophus.

WILL: Fear not that, Jack; for like brother and brother,
They are knit in true friendship the one with the other.
They are fellows, you know, and honest men both;
Therefore the one to hinder the other they will be loath.

JACK: Yea, but I have heard say there is falsehood in fellowship.
In the court sometimes one gives another finely the slip;
Which when it is spied, it is laugh'd out with a scoff,
And with sporting and playing quickly shaken off.
In which kind of toying thy master hath such a grace ... [200]
That he will never blush; he hath a wooden face.
But, Will, my master hath bees in his head;
If he find me here prating, I am but dead.
He is still trotting in the city; there is somewhat in the wind,
His looks bewrays his inward troubled mind.
Therefore I will be packing to the court by and by.
If he be once angry, Jack shall cry, "woe the pie!"

WILL: By'r Lady, if I tarry long here, of the same sauce shall I taste!
For my master sent me on an errand, and bad me make haste.
Therefore we will depart together. [*Exit.*] ... [210]

[*Here entereth Stephano.*]

STEPHANO: Oft times I have heard, before I came hither,
That "no man can serve two masters together";
A sentence so true, as most men do take it,
At any time false that no man can make it.
And yet, by their leave that first have it spoken,
How that may prove false, even here I will open:
For I, Stephano, lo, so named by my father,
At this time serve two masters together,
And love them alike; the one and the other
I duly obey -- I can do no other. ... [220]
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me;
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me;
To him I stand bound; yet serve I another,
Whom Damon, my master, loves as his own brother,
A gentleman, too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with virtue, whom vice never defamed.
These two, since at school they fell acquainted,
In mutual friendship at no time have fainted,
But loved so kindly and friendly each other
As though they were brothers by father and mother. ... [230]
Pythagoras' learning these two have embraced.
Which both are in virtue so narrowly laced
That all their whole doings do fall to this issue --
To have no respect but only to virtue.
All one in effect, all one in their going.
All one in their study, all one in their doing,
These gentlemen both, being of one condition,
Both alike of my service have all the fruition.
Pithias is joyful if Damon be pleased;
If Pithias be served, then Damon is eased. ... [240]
Serve one, serve both (so near), who would win them.
I think they have but one heart between them!
In traveling countries we three have contrived
Full many a year; and this day arrived
At Syracuse in Sicilia, that ancient town,
Where my masters are lodged; and I up and down
Go seeking to learn what news here are walking,
To hark of what things the people are talking.
I like not this soil; for as I go plodding
I mark there two, there three, their heads always nodding, ... [250]

In close-secret wise still whispering together.
If I ask any questions, no man doth answer,
But shaking their heads they go their ways speaking.
I mark how with tears their wet eyes are leaking.
Some strangeness there is that breedeth this musing!
Well, I will to my masters and tell of their using,
That they may learn, and walk wisely together.
I fear we shall curse the time we came hither. *[Exit.]*

[Here entereth Aristippus and Will.]

ARISTIPPUS: Will, didst thou hear the ladies so talk of me?
What aileth them? From their nips shall I never be free? ... [260]

WILL: Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the court do plainly report
That without mention of them you can make no sport.
They are your plain-song to sing descant upon;
If they were not, your mirth were gone.
Therefore, master, jest no more with women in any wise.
If you do, by Cock, you are like to know the price!

ARISTIPPUS: By'r Lady, Will, this is good counsel! Plainly to jest
Of women, proof hath taught me, it is not best.
I will change my copy; howbeit I care not a quinch;
I know the gall'd horse will soonest winch. ... [270]
But learn thou secretly what privily they talk
Of me in the court; among them slyly walk,
And bring me true news thereof.

WILL: I will, sir master, thereof have no doubt; for I,
Where they talk of you, will inform you perfectly.

ARISTIPPUS: Do so, my boy. If thou bring it finely to pass,
For thy good service thou shalt go in thine old coat at Christmas. *[Exeunt.]*

[Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.]

DAMON: Stephano, is all this true that you hast told me?

STEPHANO: Sir, for lies hitherto ye never controll'd me.
O, that we had never set foot on this land, ... [280]
Where Dionysius reigns with so bloody a hand!
Every day he sheweth some token of cruelty;
With blood he hath filled all the streets in the city;
I tremble to hear the people's murmuring;
I lament to see his most cruel dealing;

I think there is no such tyrant under the sun.
O, my dear masters, this morning what hath he done!

DAMON: What is that? Tell us quickly.

STEPHANO: As I this morning passed in the street,
With a woeful man (going to his death) did I meet.
Many people followed; and I of one secretly ... [290]
Asked the cause why he was condemned to die;
[Who] whispered in mine ear: "Nought hath he done but thus:
In his sleep he dreamed he had killed Dionysius;
Which dream told abroad, was brought to the king in post;
By whom, condemned for suspicion, his life he hath lost."
Marcia was his name, as the people said.

PITHIAS: My dear friend Damon, I blame not Stephano
For wishing we had not come hither, seeing it is so
That for so small cause such cruel death doth ensue. ... [300]

DAMON: My Pithias, where tyrants reign such cases are not new,
Which fearing their own state for great cruelty,
To sit fast, as they think, do execute speedily
All such as any light suspicion have tainted.

STEPHANO: [Aside.] With such quick carvers I list not to be acquainted!

DAMON: So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion still;
When one is made away, they take occasion another to kill;
Ever in fear, having no trusty friend, void of all peoples' love,
And in their own conscience a continual hell they prove.

PITHIAS: As things by their contraries are always best proved, ... [310]
How happy then are merciful princes, of their people beloved!
Having sure friends everywhere, no fear doth touch them;
They may safely spend the day pleasantly, at night *secure dormiunt in utranque aurem*.
O, my Damon, if choice were offered me I would choose to be Pithias
As I am -- Damon's friend -- rather than to be King Dionysius.

STEPHANO: And good cause why: for you are entirely beloved of one,
And, as far as I hear, Dionysius is beloved of none.

DAMON: That state is most miserable! Thrice happy are we,
Whom true love hath joined in perfect amity;
Which amity first sprung -- without vaunting be it spoken, that is true -- ... [320]
Of likeness of manners, took root by company, and now is conserved by virtue;
Which virtue always, though worldly things do not frame,

Yet doth she achieve to her followers immortal fame.
Whereof if men were careful, for virtue's sake only
They would honor friendship, and not for commodity.
But such as for profit in friendship do link,
When storms come they slide away sooner than a man will think.
My Pithias, the sum of my talk falls to this issue --
To prove no friendship is sure but that which is grounded on virtue.

PITHIAS: My Damon, of this thing there needs no proof to me. ... [330]
The gods forbid but that Pithias with Damon in all things should agree.
For why is it said, *Amicus alter ipse*,
But that true friends should be two in body, but one in mind,
As it were, one transformed into another? Which, against kind
Though it seem, yet in good faith, when I am alone
I forget I am Pithias, methink I am Damon.

STEPHANO: That could I never do, to forget myself! Full well I know,
Wheresoever I go, that I am *pauper* Stephano?
But I pray you, sir, for all your philosophy,
See that in this court you walk very wisely. ... [340]
You are but newly come hither; being strangers, ye know,
Many eyes are bent on you in the streets as ye go.
Many spies are abroad; you can not be too circumspect.

DAMON: Stephano, because thou art careful of me, thy master, I do thee praise.
Yet think this for a surety: no state to displease
By talk or otherwise my friend and I intend; we will here
As men that come to see the soil and manners of all men of every degree.
Pythagoras said that this world was like a stage,
Whereon many play their parts; the lookers-on, the sage
Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn ... [350]
The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.

STEPHANO: Good faith, sir, concerning the people -- they are not gay;
And, as far as I see, they be mummers, for nought they say
For the most part, whatsoever you ask them.
The soil is such that to live here I cannot like.

DAMON: Thou speakest according to thy learning; but I say,
Omne solum forti patria, a wise man may live everywhere.
Therefore, my dear friend Pithias,
Let us view this town in every place,
And then consider the people's manners also. ... [360]

PITHIAS: As you will, my Damon. But how say you, Stephano?
Is it not best, ere we go further, to take some repast?

STEPHANO: In faith, I like well this question, sir! For all your haste,
To eat somewhat I pray you think it no folly.
It is high dinner time, I know by my belly.

DAMON: Then let us to our lodging depart. When dinner is done
We will view this city as we have begun. *[Exeunt.]*

[Here entereth Carisophus.]

CARISOPHUS: Once again in hope of good wind I hoise up my sail:
I go into the city to find some prey for mine avail.
I hunger while I may see these strangers that lately ... [370]
Arrived. I were safe if once I might meet them happily.
Let them bark that lust at this kind of gain,
He is a fool that for his profit will not take pain!
Though it be joined with other men's hurt, I care not at all.
For profit I will accuse any man, hap what shall.
But soft, sirs; I pray you hush! What are they that comes here?
By their apparel and countenance some strangers they appear.
I will shroud myself secretly even here for a while,
To hear all their talk, that I may them beguile. *[He stands aside.]*

[Here entereth Damon and Stephano.]

STEPHANO: A short horse soon curried! My belly waxeth thinner; ... [380]
I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner.
Your philosophical diet is so fine and small
That you may eat your dinner and supper at once, and not surfeit at all.

DAMON: Stephano, much meat breeds heaviness; thin diet makes thee light.

STEPHANO: I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never run the faster.

DAMON: I have had sufficiently; discourse of amity,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias, and his pleasant company,
Hath fully satisfied me. It doth me good to feed mine eyes on him.

STEPHANO: Course or discourse, your course is very coarse. For all your talk,
You had but one bare course, and that was pick, rise, and walk.
And surely, for all your talk of philosophy, ... [390]
I never heard that a man with words could fill his belly.
Feed your eyes, quoth you? The reason from my wisdom swerveth;
I stared on you both -- and yet my belly starveth!

DAMON: Ah, Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memory.

STEPHANO: I care not for your crafty sophistry.
You two are fine; let me be fed like a gross knave still.
I pray you license me for a while to have my will
At home to tarry whiles you take view of this city.
To find some odd victuals in a corner I am very witty. ... [400]

DAMON: At your pleasure, sir; I will wait on myself this day,
Yet attend upon Pithias, which for a purpose tarrieth at home;
So doing, you wait upon me also.

STEPHANO: With wings on my feet I go! [Exit.]

DAMON: Not in vain the poet saith, *Naturam furca expellas, tamen usque recurret*;
For train up a bondman never to so good a behavior,
Yet in some point of servility he will savor:
As this Stephano, trusty to me his master, loving and kind,
Yet touching his belly a very bondman I him find.
He is to be borne withal, being so just and true.
I assure you, I would not change him for no new. ... [410]
But methinks this is a pleasant city.
The seat is good, and yet not strong; and that is great pity.

CARISOPHUS: [Aside] I am safe; he is mine own!

DAMON: The air subtle and fine; the people should be witty
That dwell under this climate in so pure a region.
A trimmer plat I have not seen in my peregrination.
Nothing misliketh me in this country
But that I hear such muttering of cruelty.
Fame reporteth strange things of Dionysius. ... [420]
But kings' matters, passing our reach, pertain not to us.

CARISOPHUS: [Advancing] Dionysius, quoth you? Since the world began,
In Sicilia never reigned so cruel a man!
A despiteful tyrant to all men! I marvel, I
That none makes him away, and that suddenly.

DAMON: My friend, the gods forbid so cruel a thing
That any man should lift up his sword against the king,
Or seek other means by death him to prevent,
Whom to rule on earth the mighty gods have sent.
But, my friend, leave off this talk of King Dionysius. ... [430]

CARISOPHUS: Why, sir? He cannot hear us.

DAMON: What, then? *An nescis longas regibus esse manus?*
It is no safe talking of them that strikes afar off.
But, leaving kings' matters, I pray you show me this courtesy,
To describe in few words the state of this city.
A traveler I am, desirous to know
The state of each country wherever I go --
Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience thereby.
It is not for nought that the poet doth cry,
Dic mihi musa virum, captae post tempore Troyae, ... [440]
Qui mores hominum multorum vident et urbes.
In which verses, as some writers do scan,
The poet describeth a perfect wise man;
Even so I, being a stranger addicted to philosophy,
To see the state of countries myself I apply.

CARISOPHUS: Sir, I like this intent. But may I ask your name without scorn?

DAMON: My name is Damon, well known in my country, a gentleman born.

CARISOPHUS: You do wisely to search the state of each country
To bear intelligence thereof whither you lust. *[Aside]* He is a spy.
Sir, I pray you have patience awhile, for I have to do hereby. ... [450]
View this weak part of this city as you stand, and I very quickly
Will return to you again; and then will I show
The state of all this country, and of the court also. *[Exit.]*

DAMON: I thank you for your courtesy. This chanceth well, that I
Met with this gentleman so happily;
Which, as it seemeth, misliketh something,
Else he would not talk so boldly of the king,
And that to a stranger. But lo, where he comes in haste.

[Here entereth Carisophus and Snap.]

CARISOPHUS: This is he, fellow Snap. Snap him up! Away with him!

SNAP: Good fellow, thou must go with me to the court. ... [460]

DAMON: To the court, sir! And why?

CARISOPHUS: Well, we will dispute that before the king. Away with him quickly!

DAMON: Is this the courtesy you promised me, and that very lately?

CARISOPHUS: Away with him, I say!

DAMON: Use no violence; I will go with you quietly. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

[*Here entereth Aristippus.*]

ARISTIPPUS: Ah, sirrah, by'r Lady, Aristippus likes Dionysius' court very well,
Which in passing joys and pleasures doth excel,
Where he hath *dapsiles caenas, geniales lectos, et auro*
Fulgentem tyranni zonam.

I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the iron was hot. ... [470]

When I spied my time, I was not squeamish to crave, God wot!

But with some pleasant toy I crept into the king's bosom,

For which Dionysius gave me *Auri talentum magnum* --

A large reward for so simple services.

What, then? The king's praise standeth chiefly in bountifulness;

Which thing, though I told the king very pleasantly,

Yet can I prove it by good writers of great antiquity.

But that shall not need at this time, since that I have abundantly;

When I lack hereafter I will use this point of philosophy.

But now, whereas I have felt the king's liberality, ... [480]

As princely as it came I will spend it as regally.

Money is current, men say, and current comes of *currendo*,

Then will I make my money run, as his nature requireth, I trow.

For what becomes a philosopher best

But to despise money above the rest?

And yet not so despise it but to have in store

Enough to serve his own turn, and somewhat more.

With sundry sports and taunts yesternight I delighted the king,

That with his loud laughter the whole court did ring --

And I thought he laugh'd not merrier than I when I got his money! ... [490]

But, mumbudget! For Carisophus I espy

In haste to come hither. I must handle the knave finely.

O Carisophus! My dearest friend! My trusty companion!

What news with you? Where have you been so long?

[*Here entereth Carisophus.*]

CARISOPHUS: My best beloved friend Aristippus, I am come at last.

I have not spent all my time in waste;

I have got a prey, and that a good one, I trow.

ARISTIPPUS: What prey is that? Fain would I know.

CARISOPHUS: Such a crafty spy I have caught, I dare say,

As never was in Sicilia before this day! ... [500]

Such a one as viewed every weak place in the city,

Surviewed the haven, and each bulwark; in talk very witty --
And yet by some words himself he did bewray.

ARISTIPPUS: I think so in good faith -- as you did handle him.

CARISOPHUS: I handled him clerkly. I joined in talk with him courteously;
But when we were entered, I let him speak his will; and I
Suck'd out thus much of his words, that I made him say plainly
He was come hither to know the state of the city;
And not only this, but that he would understand
The state of Dionysius' court and of the whole land. ... [510]
Which words when I heard, I desired him to stay
Till I had done a little business of the way,
Promising him to return again quickly; and so did convey
Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaff; which came and upsnatched him.
Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge dispatched him.
After I ran to Dionysius as fast as I could,
And bewrayed this matter to him which I have you told.
Which thing when he heard, being very merry before,
He suddenly fell in dump, and foaming like a boar,
At last he swore in great rage that he should die ... [520]
By the sword or the wheel, and that very shortly.
I am too shamefast; for my travail and toil
I crave nothing of Dionysius but only his spoil.
Little hath he about him but a few moth-eaten crowns of gold.
Cha pouch'd them up already -- they are sure in hold.
And now I go into the city, to say sooth,
To see what he hath at his lodging to make up my mouth.

ARISTIPPUS: My Carisophus, you have done good service. But what is the spy's name?

CARISOPHUS: He is called Damon, born in Greece, from whence lately he came.

ARISTIPPUS: By my troth, I will go see him, and speak with him too, if I may. ... [530]

CARISOPHUS: Do so, I pray you. But yet, by the way,
As occasion serveth, commend my service to the king.

ARISTIPPUS: *Dictum sapienti sat est*: friend Carisophus, shall I forget that thing?
No, I warrant you! Though I say little to your face,
I will lay on with my mouth for you to Dionysius, when I am in place.
[Aside.] If I speak one word for such a knave, hang me! [Exit.]

CARISOPHUS: Our fine philosopher, our trim learned elf,
Is gone to see as false a spy as himself!
Damon smatters as well as he of crafty philosophy,

And can turn cat in the pan very prettily; ... [540]
But Carisophus hath given him such a mighty check
As, I think, in the end will break his neck.
What care I for that? Why would he then pry,
And learn the secret estate of our country and city?
He is but a stranger! By his fall let others be wise.
I care not who fall, so that I may rise!
As for fine Aristippus, I will keep in with him;
He is a shrewd fool to deal withal; he can swim.
And yet, by my troth, to speak my conscience plainly,
I will use his friendship to mine own commodity. ... [550]
While Dionysius favoreth him, Aristippus shall be mine;
But if the king once frown on him, then good night, Tomalin!
He shall be as strange as though I never saw him before.
But I tarry too long; I will prate no more.
Jack, come away!
JACK: At hand, sir.

CARISOPHUS: At Damon's lodging if that you see
Any stir to arise, be still at hand by me;
Rather than I will lose the spoil I will blade it out.
[*Exeunt Carisophus and Jack.*]

[*Here entereth Pithias and Stephano.*]

PITHIAS: What strange news are these! Ah, my Stephano, ... [560]
Is my Damon in prison, as the voice doth go?

STEPHANO: It is true. O cruel hap! He is taken for a spy,
And, as they say, by Dionysius' own mouth condemned to die.

PITHIAS: To die! Alas, for what cause?

STEPHANO: A sycophant falsely accused him; other cause there is none.
But, O Jupiter, of all wrongs the revenger,
Seest thou this injustice, and wilt thou stay any longer
From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire
To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?
Alas, Master Pithias, what shall we do, ... [570]
Being in a strange country, void of friends and acquaintance too?
Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this day,
To see thy true master unjustly made away?

PITHIAS: Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremity,
Let us make virtue our friend of mere necessity.
Run thou to the court, and understand secretly

As much as thou canst of Damon's cause; and I
Will make some means to entreat Aristippus.
He can do much, as I hear, with King Dionysius.

STEPHANO: I am gone, sir. Ah, I would to God my travail and pain ... [580]
Might restore my master to his liberty again!

PITHIAS: Ah, woeful Pithias, sith now I am alone,
What way shall I first begin to make my moan?
What words shall I find apt for my complaint?
Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril! Of force I must now faint.
But, O music, as in joyful times thy merry notes I did borrow,
So now lend me thy yearnful tunes to utter my sorrow.

[Here Pithias sings, and the regals play.]

Awake, ye woeful wights
That long have wept in woe!
Resign to me your plaints and tears, ... [590]
My hapless hap to show.
My woe no tongue can tell,
Ne pen can well descry.
O, what a death is this to hear,
Damon my friend must die!
The loss of worldly wealth
Man's wisdom may restore;
And physic hath provided too
A salve for every sore:
But my true friend once lost, ... [600]
No art can well supply.
Then, what a death is this to hear,
Damon my friend must die!
My mouth, refuse the food
That should my limbs sustain.
Let sorrow sink into my breast
And ransack every vein.
You Furies, all at once
On me your torments try.
Why should I live, since that I hear ... [610]
Damon my friend must die?
Gripe me, you greedy grief,
And present pangs of death!
You sisters three with cruel hands,
With speed now stop my breath!
Shrine me in clay alive.
Some good man stop mine eye.

O death, come now, seeing I hear
Damon my friend must die.

[*He speaketh this after the song.*]

In vain I call for death, which heareth not my complaint. ... [620]
But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to faint?
Multum juva[t] in re mala annimus bonus.
I will to the court myself to make friends, and that presently.
I will never forsake my friend in time of misery.
Do I see Stephano amazed hither to run?

STEPHANO: O Pithias! Pithias! We are all undone!
Mine own ears have sucked in mine own sorrow!
I heard Dionysius swear that Damon should die tomorrow.

PITHIAS: How camest thou so near the presence of the king
That thou mightest hear Dionysius speak this thing? ... [630]

STEPHANO: By friendship I gat into the court, where in great audience
I heard Dionysius with how own mouth give this cruel sentence
By these express words: that Damon the Greek, that crafty spy,
Without further judgment tomorrow should die.
Believe me, Pithias, with these ears I heard it myself.

PITHIAS: Then how near is my death also! Ah, woe is me!
Ah my Damon, another myself, shall I forego thee?

STEPHANO: Sir, there is no time or lamenting now. It behoveth us
To make means to them which can do much with Dionysius,
That he be not made away ere his cause be fully heard; for we see ... [640]
By evil report things be made to princes far worse than they be.
But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great favor with king Dionysius.
Entreat him to speak a good word to the king for us,
And in the mean season I will to your lodging to see all things safe there.
[*Exit.*]

PITHIAS: To that I agree. But let us slip aside his talk to hear.
[*He stands aside.*]

[*Here entereth Aristippus.*]

ARISTIPPUS: Here is a sudden change, indeed! A strange metamorphosis!
This court is clean altered. Who would have thought this?
Dionysius, of late so pleasant and merry,
Is quite changed now into such melancholy

That nothing can please him. He walketh up and down ... [650]
Fretting and chaffing; on every man he doth frown.
In so much that when I in pleasant words began to play,
So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me up so short,
I perceive it is no safe playing with lions but when it please them;
If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease them --
And so perhaps get a clap. Mine own proof taught me this --
That it is very good to be merry and wise.
The only cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that wicked man,
Which lately took Damon for a spy, a poor gentleman,
And hath incensed the king against him so spitefully ... [660]
That Dionysius hath judged him tomorrow to die.
I have talk'd with Damon, whom though in words I found very witty,
Yet was he more curious than wise in viewing this city.
But truly, for aught I can learn, there is no cause why
So suddenly and cruelly he should be condemned to die.
Howsoever it be, this is the short and long --
I dare not gainsay the king, be it right or wrong.
I am sorry; and that is all I may or can do in this case.
Nought availeth persuasion where foward opinion taketh place.

[*Pithias advances.*]

PITHIAS: Sir, if humble suits you would not despise, ... [670]
Then bow on he your pitiful eyes.
My name is Pithias, in Greece well known,
A perfect friend to that woeful Damon
Which now a poor captive in this court doth lie,
By the king's own mouth, as I hear, condemned to die;
For whom I crave your mastership's goodness,
To stand his friend in this his great distress.
Nought hath he done worthy of death; but very fondly,
Being a stranger, he viewed this city,
For no evil practices, but to feed his eyes. ... [680]
But seeing Dionysius is informed otherwise,
My suit is to you, when you see time and place,
To assuage the king's anger, and to purchase his grace.
In which doing you shall not do good to one only,
But you shall further two, and that fully.

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

PITHIAS: Sir, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPUS: I am of the court, indeed, but none of the Council.

PITHIAS: As I hear, none is in greater favor with the king than you at this day.

ARISTIPPUS: The more in favor, the less I dare say. ... [690]

PITHIAS: It is a courtier's praise to help strangers in misery.

ARISTIPPUS: To help another, and hurt myself, it is an evil point of courtesy.

PITHIAS: You shall not hurt yourself to speak for the innocent.

ARISTIPPUS: He is not innocent whom the king judgeth nocent.

PITHIAS: Why, sir, do you think this matter past all remedy?

ARISTIPPUS: So far past that Dionysius hath sworn Damon tomorrow shall die.

PITHIAS: This word my trembling heart cutteth in two.

Ah, sir, in this woeful case what wist [ye] I best to do?

ARISTIPPUS: Best to content yourself when there is no remedy.

He is well relieved that foreknoweth his misery. ... [700]

Yet, if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus,

The chiefest counselor about King Dionysius,

Which pitieh Damon's case in this great extremity,

Persuading the king from all kind of cruelty.

PITHIAS: The mighty gods preserve you for this word of comfort!

Taking my leave of your goodness, I will now resort

To Eubulus, that good counselor.

But hark! Methink I hear a trumpet blow.

ARISTIPPUS: The king is at hand. Stand close in the prease. Beware! If he know

You are friend to Damon, he will take you for a spy also. ... [710]

Farewell; I dare not be seen with you.

[Here entereth King Dionysius, Eubulus the Counselor, and Gronno the Hangman.]

DIONYSIUS: Gronno, do my commandment; strike off Damon's irons by and by,
And bring him forth. I myself will see him executed presently.

GRONNO: O mighty king, your commandment will I do speedily.

DIONYSIUS: Eubulus, thou hast talked in vain, for sure he shall die.
Shall I suffer my life to stand in peril of every spy?

EUBULUS: That he conspired against your person, his accuser cannot say.
He only viewed your city; and will you for that make him away?

DIONYSIUS: What he would have done, the guess is great. He minded me to hurt
That came so slyly to search out the secret estate of my court.... [720]
Shall I still live in fear? No, no; I will cut off such imps betime,
Lest that to my farther danger too high they climb.

EUBULUS: Yet have the mighty gods immortal fame assigned
To all worldly princes which in mercy be inclined.

DIONYSIUS: Let fame talk what she list, so I may live in safety.

EUBULUS: Thy only mean to that is to use mercy.

DIONYSIUS: A mild prince the people despiseth.

EUBULUS: A cruel king the people hateth.

DIONYSIUS: let them hate me, so they fear me.

EUBULUS: That is not the way to live in safety. ... [730]

DIONYSIUS: My sword and power shall purchase my quietness.

EUBULUS: That is sooner procured by mercy and gentleness.

DIONYSIUS: Dionysius ought to be feared.

EUBULUS: Better for him to be well-beloved.

DIONYSIUS: Fortune maketh all things subject to my power.

EUBULUS: Believe her not, she is a light goddess; she can laugh and low'r.

DIONYSIUS: A king's praise standeth in the revenging of his enemy.

EUBULUS: A greater praise to win him by clemency.

DIONYSIUS: To suffer the wicked live, it is no mercy.

EUBULUS: To kill the innocent, it is great cruelty. ... [740]

DIONYSIUS: Is Damon innocent which so craftily undermined Carisophus
To understand what he could of king Dionysius?
Which survewed the haven, and each bulwark in the city,

Where battery might be laid, what way best to approach? Shall I
Suffer such a one to live, that worketh me such despite?
No, he shall die! Then I am safe: a dead dog cannot bite.

EUBULUS: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me.
To give such counsel as with your honor may best agree.
The strongest pillars of princely dignity
I find this -- justice with mercy, and prudent liberality: ... [750]
The one judgeth all things by upright equity,
The other rewardeth the worthy, flying each extremity.
As to spare those which offend maliciously,
It may be called no justice, but extreme injury;
So, upon suspicion of each thing not well-proved,
To put to death presently whom envious flattery accused,
It seemeth of tyranny. And upon what fickle ground all tyrants do stand,
Athens and Lacedemon can teach you, if it be rightly scann'd;
And not only these citizens, but who curiously seeks
The whole histories of all the world -- not only of Romans and Greeks ... [760]
Shall well perceive of all tyrants the ruinous fall;
Their state uncertain, beloved of none, but hated of all.
Of merciful princes to set out the passing felicity
I need not; enough of that even these days do testify,
They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound, they dread no enemy,
They are feared and loved. And why? They rule with justice and mercy --
Extending justice to such as wickedly from justice have swerved,
Mercy unto those who in opinion of simpleness have mercy deserved.
Of liberty nought I say, but only this thing:
Liberty upholdeth the state of a king, ... [770]
Whose large bountifulness ought to fall to this issue --
To reward none but such as deserve it for virtue.
Which merciful justice, if you would follow, and provident liberality,
Neither the caterpillars of all courts, *et fruges consumere nati*,
Parasites with wealth puff'd up, should not look so high;
Nor yet for this simple fact poor Damon should die.

DIONYSIUS: With pain mine ears have heard this vain talk of mercy.
I tell thee, fear and terror defendeth kings only.
Till he be gone, whom I suspect, how shall I live quietly,
Whose memory with chilling horror fills my breast day and night violently?
My dreadful dreams of him bereaves my rest; on bed I lie ... [780]
Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yield his throat to Damon's sword.
This quaking dread nothing but Damon's blood can stay,
Better he die, than I to be tormented with fear alway.
He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto.
It is lawful for kings, as they list, all things to do.

[Here Gronno, assisted by Snap, bringeth in Damon; and Pithias meeteth him by the way.]

PITHIAS: O my Damon!

DAMON: O my Pithias! Seeing death must part us, farewell for ever!

PITHIAS: O Damon! O my sweet friend!

SNAP: Away from the prisoner! What a prease have we here! ... [790]

GRONNO: As you command, O mighty king, we have brought Damon.

DIONYSIUS: Then, go to; make ready. I will not stir out of this place. Till I see his head stroken off before my face.

GRONNO: It shall be done, sir. [To Damon.] Because your eyes have made such ado I will knock down this your lantern, and shut up your shop-window too.

DAMON: O mighty king, whereas no truth my innocent life can save, But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have, Albeit (even in thought) I had not ought against your person. Yet now I plead not for life, ne will I crave your pardon. But seeing in Greece, my country, where well I am known, ... [800] I have worldly things fit for mine alliance when I am gone, To dispose of them ere I die, if I might obtain leisure, I would account it, O king, for a passing great pleasure -- Not to prolong my life thereby (for which I reckon not this), But to set my things in a stay. And surely I will not miss, Upon the faith which all gentlemen ought to embrace, To return again, at your time to appoint, to yield my body here in this place. Grant me, O king, such time to dispatch this inquiry, And I will not fail, when you appoint, even here my life to pay.

DIONYSIUS: A pleasant request! As though I could trust him absent ... [810] Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present. And yet, though I sware the contrary, do that I require: Give me a pledge for thy return, and have thine own desire. He is as near now as he was before.

DAMON: There is no surer nor greater pledge than the faith of a gentleman.

DIONYSIUS: It was wont to be; but otherwise now the world doth stand. Therefore do as I say, else presently yield thy neck to the sword. If I might with my honor, I would recall my word.

PITHIAS: [Advancing.] Stand to your word, O king. For kings ought nothing say
But that they would perform in perfect deeds alway. ... [820]
A pledge you did require when Damon his suit did move;
For which with heart and stretched hands most humble thanks I give.
And that you may not say but Damon hath a friend
That loves him better than his own life, and will do, to his end,
Take me, O might king! My life I pawn for his.
Strike off my head if Damon hap at his day to miss.

DIONYSIUS: What art thou that chargest me with my word so boldly here?

PITHIAS: I am Pithias, a Greek born, which hold Damon my friend full dear.

DIONYSIUS: Too dear, perhaps, to hazard thy life for him! What fondness moveth thee?

PITHIAS: No fondness at all, but perfect amity. ... [830]

DIONYSIUS: A mad kind of amity! Advise thyself well: if Damon fail at his day,
Which shall be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to me his life to pay?

PITHIAS: Most willingly, O might king. If Damon fail, let Pithias die.

DIONYSIUS: Thou seemest to trust his words that pawnest thy life so frankly.

PITHIAS: What Damon saith, Pithias believeth assuredly.

DIONYSIUS: Take heed! For life wordly men break promise in many things.

PITHIAS: Though wordly men do so, it never haps amongst friends.

DIONYSIUS: What callest thou friends? Are they not men; is not this true?

PITHIAS: Men they be, but such men as love one another only for virtue.

DIONYSIUS: For what virtue dost thou love this spy, this Damon? ... [840]

PITHIAS: For that virtue which yet to you is unknown.

DIONYSIUS: Eubulus, what shall I do? I would dispatch this Damon fain;
But this foolish fellow so chargeth me that I may not call back my word again.

EUBULUS: The reverent majesty of a king stands chiefly in keeping his promise.
What you have said this whole court beareth witness.
Save your honor, whatsoever you do.

DIONYSIUS: For saving mine honor, I must forbear my will. Go to.
Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee;
For two months he is thine. [To Gronno.] Unbind him; I set him free.
Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon, ... [850]
Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon!
Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in his bed,
If he returneth not then, thou shalt either hang or lose thy head!

PITHIAS: For this, O mighty king, I yield immortal thanks! O joyful day!

DIONYSIUS: Gronno, take him to thee. Bind him; see him kept in safety.
If he escape, assure thyself for him thou shalt die.
Eubulus, let us depart to talk of this strange thing within.

EUBULUS: I follow.

[Exit, Eubulus following Dionysius and his train. Gronno, Snap, Damon and Pithias remain.]

GRONNO: Damon, thou servest the gods well today; be thou of comfort. ... [860]
As for you, sir: I think you will be hanged in sport.
You heard what the king said; I must keep you safely.
By Cock, so I will; you shall rather hang than I!
Come, on your way.

PITHIAS: My Damon, farewell! The gods have thee in keeping.

DAMON: O, my Pithias, my pledge, farewell! I part from thee weeping.
But joyful at my day appointed I will return again,
When I will deliver thee from all trouble and pain.
Stephano will I leave behind me to wait upon thee in prison alone;
And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this misery, will walk home.
Ah, my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my friend, farewell! ... [870]

PITHIAS: Farewell, my Damon!

DAMON: Loath I am to depart. Sith sobs my trembling tongue doth stay,
O music, sound my doleful plaints when I am gone my way.

[Exit Damon.]

GRONNO: I am glad he is gone; I had almost wept too. Come, Pithias.
So God help me, I am sorry for thy foolish case.
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so fondly?

PITHIAS: It is no venter: my friend is just, for whom I desire to die.

GRONNO: Here is a madman! I tell thee, I have a wife whom I love well,
And if ich would die for her, chould ich were in hell!
Wilt thou do more for a man than I would for a woman? ... [880]

PITHIAS: Yea, that I will.

GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must to prison in haste.
I fear you will repent this folly at last.

PITHIAS: That shalt thou never see. But, O music, as my Damon requested thee,
Sound out thy doleful tunes in this time of calamity.
[Exit Pithias, led away by Gronno.]

*[Here the regals play a mourning song, and Damon
cometh in in mariner's apparel and Stephano with him.]*

DAMON: Weep no more, Stephano; this is but destiny.
Had this not happ'd, yet I know I am born to die;
Where or in what place, the gods know alone
To whose judgment myself I commit. Therefore leave off thy moan,
And wait upon Pithias in prison till I return again, ... [890]
In whom my joy, my care, and life doth only remain.

STEPHANO: O my dear master, let me go with you; for my poor company
Shall be some small comfort in this time of misery.

DAMON: O Stephano, hast thou been so long with me,
And yet dost not know the force of true amity?
I tell thee once again, my friend and I are but one.
Wait upon Pithias, and think thou art with Damon.
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away;
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journey.
Therefore farewell, Stephano!: commend me to my friend Pithias, ... [900]
Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this woeful case.

STEPHANO: Farewell, my dear master, since your pleasure is so.
[Exit Damon.]
O cruel hap! O poor Stephano!
O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tragedy!
[He hears a noise in Damon's lodging.]
But what a noise is this? Is all well within, trow ye?
I fear all be not well within; I will go see. ... [He goes in.]
Come out, you weasel! Are you seeking eggs in Damon's chest?
Come out, I say! Wilt thou be packing? By Cock, you were best!

[Reenter Stephano, pulling out Carisophus, Jack following.]

CARISOPHUS: How durst thou, villain, to lay hands on me?

STEPHANO: Out, sir knave, or I will send ye!
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully, ... [910]
But wilt thou rob him also, and that openly?

CARISOPHUS: The king gave me the spoil; to take mine own wilt thou let me?

STEPHANO: Thine own, villain! Where is thine authority?

CARISOPHUS: I am authority of myself; dost thou not know?

STEPHANO: By'r Lady, that is somewhat! But have you no more to show?

CARISOPHUS: What if I have not?

STEPHANO: Then for an earnest penny take this blow. [*Strikes him.*] I shall bombast you, you mocking knave! Chill put pro in my purse for this time!

CARISOPHUS: Jack, give me my sword and target. ... [920]

JACK: I cannot come to you, master; this knave doth me let. Hold, master.
[*Extending the sword.*]

STEPHANO: [*To Jack.*] Away, Jackanapes, else I will colpheg you by and by!
Ye slave, I will have my pennyworths of thee therefore, if I die!
About, villain! [*He beats Carisophus.*]

CARISOPHUS: O citizens, help to defend me!

STEPHANO: Nay, they will rather help to hang thee.

CARISOPHUS: Good fellow, let us reason this matter quietly; beat me no more.

STEPHANO: Of this condition I will stay -- if thou swear, as thou art an honest man,
Thou wilt say nothing to the king of this when I am gone.

CARISOPHUS: I will say nothing -- here is my hand -- as I am an honest man. ... [930]

STEPHANO: Then say on thy mind. I have taken a wise oath on him, have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honesty?
As he is an honest man (quoth you!) he may bewray all to the king,
And break his oath for this never a whit -- but, my franion, I tell you this one thing:
If you disclose this I will devise such a way
That whilst thou livest thou shalt remember this day.

CARISOPHUS: You need not devise for that, for this day is printed in my memory!
I warrant you I shall remember this beating till I die.
But seeing of courtesy you have granted that we should talk quietly,
Methinks in calling me knave you do me much injury. ... [940]

STEPHANO: Why so, I pray thee heartily?

CARISOPHUS: Because I am the king's man. Keeps the king any knaves?

STEPHANO: He should not; but what he doth, it is evident by thee.
And, as far as I can learn or understand,
There is none better able to keep knaves in all the land.

CARISOPHUS: O sir, I am a courtier; when courtiers shall hear tell
How you have used me, they will not take it well.

STEPHANO: Nay, all right courtiers will ken me thank. And wot you why?
Because I handled a counterfeit courtier in his kind so finely.
What, sir, all are not courtiers that have a counterfeit show; ... [950]
In a troop of honest men, some knaves may stand, ye know,
Such as by stealth creep in under the color of honesty,
Which sort under that cloak do all kinds of villainy.
A right courtier is virtuous, gentle, and full of urbanity,
Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of all villainy;
But such as thou art, fountains of squirrility and vain delights;
Though you hang by the courts, you are but flatt'ring parasites.
As well deserving the right name of courtesy
As the coward knight the true praise of chivalry.
I could say more, but I will not, for that I am your well-willer. ... [960]
In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier, but a caterpillar,
A sycophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave!
Whether I will or no, these names you must have;
How well you deserve this by your deeds it is known,
For that so unjustly thou hast accused poor Damon,
Whose woeful case the gods help alone.

CARISOPHUS: Sir, are you his servant that you pity his case so?

STEPHANO: No, bum troth, goodman Grumb; his name is Stephano.
I am called Onaphets, if needs you will know.
[Aside.] The knave beginneth to sift me; but I turn my name in and out, ... [970]
Cretiso cum Cretense, to make him a lout.

CARISOPHUS: What mumble you with yourself, Master Onaphets?

STEPHANO: I am reckoning with myself how I may pay my debts.

CARISOPHUS: You have paid me more than you did owe me!

STEPHANO: Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I will pay you more, if I know
Either you talk of that is done, or by your sycophantical envy
You prick forth Dionysius the sooner that Damon may die.
I will so pay thee that thy bones shall rattle in thy skin.
Remember what I have said; Onaphets is my name. *[Exit.]*

CARISOPHUS: The sturdy knave is gone; the devil him take! ... [980]
He hath made my head, shoulders, arms, sides, and all to ache.
Thou whoreson villain, boy, why didst thou wait no better?
As he paid me, so will I not die thy debtor. *[Strikes him.]*

JACK: Master, why do you fight with me? I am not your match, you see.
You durst not fight with him that is gone; and will you wreak your anger on me?

CARISOPHUS: Thou villain, by thee I have lost mine honor, --
Beaten with a cudgel like a slave, a vacabone, or a lazy lubber,
And not given one blow again! Hast thou handled me well?

JACK: Master, I handled you not, but who did handle you very handsomely, you can tell.

CARISOPHUS: Handsomely, thou crack-rope? ... [990]

JACK: Yea, sir, very handsomely! I hold you a groat,
He handled you so handsomely that he left not one mote in your coat.

CARISOPHUS: O, I had firk'd him trimly, thou villain, if thou hadst given me my sword.

JACK: It is better as it is, master, believe me, at a word.
If he had seen your weapon he would have been fiercer,
And so perhaps beat you worse. I speak it with my heart,
You were never yet at the dealing of fence blows but you had four away for your part.
It is but your luck. You are man good enough;
But the Welsh Onaphets was a vengeance-knave, and rough!
Master, you were best go home and rest in your bed; ... [1000]
Methinks your cap waxeth too little for your head.

CARISOPHUS: What! Doth my head swell?

JACK: Yes, as big as a codshead, and bleeds too.

CARISOPHUS: I am ashamed to show my face with this hue.

JACK: No shame at all; men have been beaten far better than you.

CARISOPHUS: I must to to the chirurgeon's. What shall I say when I am a-dressing?

JACK: You may say truly you met with a knave's blessing. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Here entereth Aristippus.*]

ARISTIPPUS: By mine own experience I prove true that many men tell:
To live in court not beloved, better be in hell.
What crying out, what cursing is there within of Carisophus, ... [1010]
Because he accused Damon to King Dionysius!
Even now he came whining and crying into the court for the nonce,
Showing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's sconce.
Which strange name, when they heard, every man laugh'd heartily,
And I by myself scann'd his name secretly;
For well I knew it was some mad-headed child
That invented this name that the log-headed knave might be beguil'd.
In tossing it often with myself to and fro,
I found out that Onaphets backward spelled Stephano.
I smiled in my sleeve to see how by turning his name he dress'd him, ... [1020]
And how for Damon his master's sake with a wooden cudgel he bless'd him.
None pitied the knave, no man nor woman; but all laugh'd him to scorn.
To be thus hated of all, better unborn!
Far better Aristippus hath provided, I trow;
For in all the court I am beloved both of high and low.
I offend none; insomuch that women sing this to my great praise,
Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.
But in all this jollity one thing 'mazeth me:
The strangest thing that ever was heard or known
Is now happened in this court by that Damon ... [1030]
Whom Carisophus accused: Damon is now at liberty,
For whose return Pithias his friend lieth in prison, alas, in great jeopardy!
Tomorrow is the day; which day by noon, if Damon return not,
earnestly
The king hath sworn that Pithias should die;
Whereof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,
Wishing that Damon may not return till he hath paid
His life for his friend. Hath it been heretofore ever said
That any man for his friend would die so willingly?
O noble friendship! O perfect amity!
Thy force is here seen, and that very perfectly. ... [1040]
The king himself museth hereat; yet is he far out of square,
That he trusteth none to come near him. Not his own daughters will he have
Unsearch'd to enter his chamber; which he hath made barbers his beard to shave,
Not with knife or razor -- for all edge-tools he fears --
But with hot burning nutshells they singe off his hairs.
Was there ever man that lived in such misery?

Well, I will go in -- with a heavy and pensive heart, too,
To think how Pithias, this poor gentleman, tomorrow shall die. [Exit.]

[*Here entereth Jack and Will.*]

JACK: Will, by my honesty, I will mar your monkey's face if you so fondly prate!

WILL: Jack, by my troth, seeing you are without the court-gate, ... [1050]
If you play Jack-napes in mocking my master and despising my face,
Even here with a pantacle I will you disgrace.
And though you have a far better face than I,
Yet who is better man of us two these fists shall try,
Unless you leave your taunting.

JACK: Thou began'st first. Didst thou not say even now,
In taking so many blows, and gave never a blow again?

WILL: I said so, indeed. He is a tame ruffian
That can swear by his flask and twich-box, and God's precious lady, ... [1060]
And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick!
These barking whelps were never good biters,
Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters.
But seeing you egg me so much, I will somewhat more recite:
I say Carisophus, thy master, is a flatt'ring parasite,
Gleaning away the sweet from the worthy in all the court.
What tragedy hath he moved of late! The devil take him! He doth much hurt.

JACK: I pray you, what is Aristippus, thy master? Is not he a parasite too,
That with scoffing and jesting in the court makes so much ado?

WILL: He is no parasite, but a pleasant gentleman full of courtesy. ... [1070]
Thy master is a churlish lout, the heir of a dung-fork; as void of honesty
As thou art of humor.

JACK: Nay, if you will needs be prating of my master still,
In faith I must cool you, my friend dapper Will.
Take this at the beginning! [*Strikes him.*]

WILL: Praise well your winning. My pantacle is as ready as yours.

JACK: By the mass, I will box you!

WILL: By Cock, I will fox you!

JACK: Will, was I with you?

WILL: Jack, did I fly?

JACK: Alas, pretty cockerel, you are too weak! ... [1080]

WILL: In faith, dutting duttell, you will cry creak!

[*Here entereth Snap.*]

SNAP: Away, you crack-ropes. Are you fighting at the court-gate?
And I take you here again I will swing you both; what! [Exit.]

JACK: I beshrew Snap the tipstaff, that great knave's heart, that hither did come.
Had he not been, you had cried ere this Victus, victa, victum.
But seeing we have breathed ourselves, if ye list,
Let us agree like friends, and shake each other by the fist.

WILL: Content am I, for I am not malicious; -- but on this condition,
That you talk no more so broad of my master as here you have done. ... [1090]
But who have we here? 'Tis Coals, I spy, coming yonder.

JACK: Will, let us slip aside and view him well. [*They stand aside.*]

[*Here entereth Grim the Collier, whistling.*]

GRIM: What devil! Ich ween the porters are drunk. Will they not dup the gate today?
Take in coals for the king's own mouth! Will nobody stir, I say?
Ich might have lain tway hours longer in my bed;
Cha tarried so long here that my teeth chatter in my head.

JACK: Will, after our falling-out wilt thou laugh merrily?

WILL: Ay, marry, Jack, I pray thee heartily.

JACK: Then follow me, and hem in a word now and then.
[*They advance.*]

What brawling knave is there at the court-gate so early? ... [1100]

WILL: It is some brain-sick villain, I durst lay a penny.

JACK: It was you, sir, that cried so loud, I trow,
And bid us take in coals for the king's mouth even now.

GRIM: 'Twas I, indeed.

JACK: Why, sir, how dare you speak such petty treason?
Doth the king eat coals at any season?

GRIM: Here is a gay world! Boys now sets old men to school.
I said well enough. What, Jack-sauce! Think'st cham a fool?
At bake-house, butt'ry-hatch, kitchen, and cellar,
Do they not say "for the king's mouth"? ... [1110]

WILL: What, then, goodman collier?

GRIM: What, then! Seeing without coals they cannot finely dress the king's meat,
May I not say, "take in coals for the king's mouth," though coals he do not eat?

JACK: James Christe! Came ever from a collier an answer so trim?
You are learned, are you not, father Grim?

GRIM: Grim is my name, indeed. Cham not learned, and yet the king's collier;
This vorty winter cha been to the king a servitor.
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother-wit enough, whole and some.

WILL: So it seems; you have so much mother-wit that you lack your father's wisdom.

GRIM: Mass, cham well beset! Here's a trim case of murlons! ... [1120]
What be you, my pretty cockerels, that ask me these questions?

JACK: Good faith, Master Grim, if such merlins on your pouch may light,
They are so quick of wing that quickly they can carry it out of your sight;
And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs one day,
And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon [to your pay].
But to tell you the truth, we are the porter's men, which early and late
Wait on such gentlemen as you, to open the court-gate.

GRIM: Are ye servants then?

WILL: Yes, sir; are we not pretty men?

GRIM: Pretty men, quoth you?
Nay, you are strong men, else you could not bear these breeches. ... [1130]

WILL: Are these great hose?
In faith, goodman collier, you see with your nose.
By mind honesty, I have but for one lining in one hose but seven ells of rug.

GRIM: This is but a little, yet it makes thee seem a great bug.

JACK: How say you, goodman collier, can you find any fault here?

GRIM: Nay, you should find fau't. Marry, here's trim gear!
Alas, little knave, dost not sweat? Thou goest with great pain.
These are no hose, but water-bougets, I tell thee plain;
Good for none but such as have no buttocks.
Did you ever see two such little Robin ruddocks ... [1140]
So laden with breeches? Chill say no more, lest I offend.
Who invented these monsters first, did it to a ghostly end,
To have a mail ready to put in other folks' stuff;
We see this evident by daily proof.
One preached of late not far hence, in no pulpit but in a wain-cart,
That spake enough of this. But for my part,
Chill say no more; your own necessity
In the end will force you to find some remedy.

JACK: Will, hold this railing knave with a talk when I am gone;
I will fetch him his filling ale for his good sermon. ... [1150]

WILL: Go thy way. [*Exit Jack.*] Father Grim, gaily well you do say.
It is but young men's folly that list to play
And mask awhile in the net of their own device;
When they come to your age they will be wise.

GRIM: Bum troth, but few such roisters come to my years at this day;
They be cut off betimes ere they have gone half their journey --
I will not tell why; let them guess that can; I mean somewhat thereby.

[Enter Jack with a pot of wine, and a cup to drink on.]

JACK: Father Grim, because you are stirring so early
I have brought you a bowl of wine to make you merry.

GRIM: Wine! Marry, that is welcome to colliers! Chill swap't off by and by.
Chwas stirring so early that my very soul is dry. ... [1160]

JACK: This is stoutly done. Will you have it warmed, Father Grim?

GRIM: No, it is warm enough; it is very lousious and trim.
'Tis musselden, ich ween! Of fellowship let me have another spurt.
Ich can drink as easily now as if I sat in my shirt.

JACK: By Cock, and you shall have it! But I will begin, and that anon:
Jebit avow, mon companion!

GRIM: *Ihar vow pleadge, pety Zawne.*

JACK: Can you speak French? Here is a trim collier, by this day!

GRIM: What, man! Ich learned this when ich was a soldier; ... [1170]
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yerk a whip trimly --
Better than these boy-colliers that come to the court daily;
When there were not so many captious fellows as now,
That would torup men for every trifle -- I wot not how;
As there was one, Damon, not long since taken for a spy --
How justly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

WILL: [Aside.] This wine hath warmed him. This comes well to pass.
We shall know all now, for *in vino veritas*.
Father Grim, who accused this Damon to King Dionysius?

GRIM: A vengeance take him! 'Twas a gentleman, one Master Crowsphus. ... [1180]

WILL: Crowsphus! You clip the king's language; you would have said Carisophus.
But I perceive now either the wind is at the south,
Or else your tongue cleaveth to the roof of your mouth.

GRIM: A murrain take thilk wine! It so intoxicate my brain
That, to be hanged by and by, I cannot speak plain.

JACK: [Aside.] You speak knavishly plain, seeing my master you do mock.
In faith, ere you go, I will make you a lobcock.
Father Grim, what say they of this Damon abroad?

GRIM: All men are sorry for him, so help me God!
They say a false knave 'cused him to the king wrongfully; ... [1190]
And he is gone, and should be here tomorrow to die,
Or else his fellow, which is in prison, his room shall supply.
Chill not be his half for vorty shillings, tell you plain!
I think Damon be too wise to return again.

WILL: Will no man speak for them in this woeful case?

GRIM: No, chill warrant you. One Master Stippus is in place
Where he may do good; but he frames himself so,
Whatever Dionysius willeth, to that he will not say no.
'Tis a subtle vox! He will not tread on thorns for none!
A merry harecop tis, and a pleasant companion, ... [1200]
A right courtier, and can provide for one.

JACK: [Aside to Will.] Will, how like you this gear? Your master Aristippus also
At this collier's hand hath had a blow!
But, in faith, Father Grim, cannot ye colliers
Provide for yourselves far better than courtiers?

GRIM: Yes, I trow! Black colliers go in thread-bare coats,
Yet so provide they that they have the fair white groats.
Ich may say in counsel, though all day I moil in dirt
Chill not change lives with any in Dionysius' court;
For though their apparel be never so fine, ... [1210]
Yet sure their credit is far worse than mine.
And, by Cock, I may say, for all their high looks,
I know some sticks full deep in merchants' books;
And deeper will fall in, as fame me tells,
As long as instead of money they take up hawks' hoods and bells.
Whereby they fall into a swelling disease, which colliers do not know;
'Tath a made name! It is called ich ween, Centum pro cento.
Some other in courts make others laugh merrily,
When they wail and lament their own estate secretly.
Friendship is dead in court; hypocrisy doth reign; ... [1220]
Who is in favor now, tomorrow is out again;
The state is so uncertain that I, by my will,
Will never be courtier but a collier still.

WILL: It seemeth that colliers have a very trim life.

GRIM: Colliers get money still; tell me, of troth,
Is not that a trim life now, as the world go'th?
All day though I toil with main and might,
With money in my pouch I come home merry at night,
And sit down in my chair by my wife, fair Alison,
And turn a crab in the fire as merry as Pope John. ... [1230]

JACK: That pope was a merry fellow of whom folk talk so much.

GRIM: H'ad to be merry withal -- h'ad gold enough in his hutch.

JACK: Can gold make men merry? They say, "Who can sing so merry a note
As he that is not able to change a groat?"

GRIM: Who sings in that case sings never in tune. I know, for my part,
That a heavy punch with gold makes a light heart;
Of which I have provided for a dear year good store;
[He shows his purse.]
And these benters, I trow, shall anon get me more.

WILL: By serving the court with coals you gain'd all this money?

GRIM: By the court only, I assure ye. ... [1240]

JACK: After what sort, I pray thee tell me?

GRIM: Nay, there bate an ace, quod Bolton! I can wear a horn and blow it not.

JACK: By'r Lady, the wiser man!

GRIM: Shall I tell you by what sleight I got all this money?
Then ich were a noddy indeed! No, no, I warrant ye!
Yet in few words I tell you this one thing --
He is a very fool that cannot gain by the king.

WILL: Well said, Father Grim! You are a wily collier, and a brave.
I see now there is no knave to the old knave.

GRIM: Such knaves have money when courtiers have none. ... [1250]
But tell me, is it true that abroad is blown?

JACK: What is that?

GRIM: Hath the king made those fair damsels, his daughters,
To become now fine and trim barbers?

JACK: Yea, truly -- to his own person.

GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands,
I would give one sack of coals to be wash'd at their hands!
If ich came so near them, for my wit should not give three chips
If ich could not steal one swat at their lips!

JACK: [Aside.] Will, this knave is drunk. Let us dress him. ... [1260]
Let us rifle him so, that he have not one penny to bless him,
And steal away his debenters too.

WILL: [Aside.] Content; invent the way, and I am ready.

JACK: [Aside.] Faith, and I will make him a noddy.
Father Grim, if you pray me well, I will wash you and shave you too,
Even after the same fashion as the king's daughters do;
In all points as they handle Dionysius, I will dress and trim you fine.

GRIM: Chuld vain learn that! Come on, then, chill give thee a whole pint of wine
At tavern for thy labor, when 'cha money for my benters here.
[Here Will fetcheth a barber's basin, a pot with water, a razor,
and cloths, and a pair of spectacles.]

JACK: Come, mine own Father Grim; sit down. ... [1270]

GRIM: Mass, to begin withal, here is a trim chair!

JACK: What, man, I will use you like a prince. Sir boy, fetch me my gear.

WILL: Here, sir.

JACK: Hold up, Father Grim.

GRIM: Me-seem my head doth swim.

JACK: My costly perfumes make that. Away with this, sir boy; be quick!
[*Hands Will the collier's purse.*]

Aloyse, aloyse, how how pretty it is! Is not here a good face?

A fine owl's eyes! a mouth like an oven!

Father you have good butter-teeth full seen.

[*Aside.*] You were weaned, else you would have been a great calf. ... [1280]

Ah, trim lips to sweep a manger! Here is a chin,

As soft as the hoof of an horse.

GRIM: Doth the king's daughters rub so hard?

JACK: Hold your head straight, man, else all will be marr'd.

By'r Lady, you are of a good complexion,

A right Croyden sanguine, beshrew me.

Hold up, Father Grim. Will, can you bestir ye?

GRIM: Methinks, after a marvelous fashion you do besmear me.

JACK: It is with unguentum of Daucus Maucus, that is very costly;

I give not this washing-ball to everybody. ... [1290]

After you have been dress'd so finely at my hand,

You may kiss any lady's lips within this land.

Ah, you are trimly wash'd! How say you, is not this trim water?

GRIM: It may be wholesome, but it is vengeance sour!

JACK: It scours the better. Sir boy, give me my razor.

WILL: Here at hand, sir.

GRIM: God's arms! 'Tis a chopping knife! 'Tis no razor.

JACK: It is a razor, and that a very good one.

It came laterly from Palermo; it cost me twenty crowns alone.

Your eyes dazzle after your washing; these spectacles put on. ... [1300]

[*He places spectacles, with dark lenses, on him.*]

Now view this razor; tell me, is it not a good one?

GRIM: They be gay barnacles, yet I see never the better.

JACK: Indeed they be a young sight, and that is the matter.
But I warrant you this razor is very easy.

GRIM: Go to, then; since you begun, do as please ye.

JACK: Hold up, Father Grim.

GRIM: O, your razor doth hurt my lip.

JACK: No, it scrapeth off a pimple to ease you of the pip.
I have done now. How say you? Are you not well?

GRIM: Cham lighter than ich was, the truth to tell. ... [1310]

JACK: Will you sing after your shaving?

GRIM: Mass, content! But chill be poll'd first, ere I sing.

JACK: Nay, that shall not need; you are poll'd near enough for this time.

GRIM: Go to, then, lustily. I will sing in my man's voice.
Chave a troubling base buss.

JACK: You are like to bear the bob, for we will give it.
Set out your bussing base, and we will quiddle upon it.

[*Grim singeth Buss.*]

JACK: [*Sings.*] Too nidden and too nidden!

WILL: [*Sings.*] Too nidden and toodle toodle doo nidden!
Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

GRIM: Why, my fellows, think ich am a cow, that you make such toying? ... [1320]

JACK: Nay, by'r Lady, you are no cow, by your singing --
Yet your wife told me you were an ox.

GRIM: Did she so? 'Tis a pestens quean! She is full of such mocks.
But go to, let us sing out our song merrily.

[*The Song at the Shaving of the Collier*]

JACK: Such barbers God send you at all times of need --

WILL: That can dress you [so] finely, and make such quick speed.

JACK: Your face like an inkhorn now shineth so gay --

WILL: That I with your nostrils of force must needs play,
With too nidden and too nidden!

JACK: With too nidden and todle todle doo nidden! ... [1330]
Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

WILL: With shaving you shine like a pestle of pork.

JACK: Here is the trimmest hog's flesh from London to York.

WILL: It would be trim bacon to hang up awhile

JACK: To play with this hoglin of course I must smile.
With two nidden and two nidden!

WILL: With too nidden and todle, &c.

GRIM: Your sharing doth please me; I am now your debtor.

WILL: Your wife now will buss you, because you are sweeter.

GRIM: Near would I be polled, as near as cham shaven. ... [1340]

WILL: Then our of your jerkin needs must you be shaken. With too nidden and two nidden, &c.

GRIM: It is a trim thing to be wash'd in the court.

WILL: Their hands are so fine, that they never do hurt.

GRIM: Methink ich am lighter than ever ich was.

WILL: Our shaving in the court hath brought this to pass.
With two nidden and two nidden!

JACK: With too nidden and todle todle doo nidden!
Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?
[*End of song.*]

GRIM: This is trimly done! Now chill pitch my coals not far hence. ... [1350]
And then at the tavern chill bestow whole tway pence. [*Exit Grim.*]

JACK: Farewell, [by] Cock. Before the collier again do us seek,
Let us into the court to part the spoil, share and share alike. [Exit.]

WILL: Away then. [Exit.]

[*Here entereth Grim.*]

GRIM: Out, alas! Where shall I make my moan?
My pouch, my benters, and all is gone!
Where is that villain that did me shave?
H'ath robbed me, alas, of all that I have.

[*Here entereth Snap.*]

SNAP: Who crieth so at the court-gate?

GRIM: I, the poor collier, that was robbed of late. ... [1360]

SNAP: Who robbed thee?

GRIM: Two of the porter's men that did shave me.

SNAP: Why, the porter's men are no barbers.

GRIM: A vengeance take them, they are quick-carvers.

SNAP: What stature were they of?

GRIM: As little dapper knaves as they trimly could scoff.

SNAP: They were lackeys, as near as I can guess them.

GRIM: Such lackeys make me lack. An halter beswing them!
Cham undone; they have my benters too.

SNAP: Dost thou know them if thou seest them? ... [1370]

GRIM: Yea, that I do!

SNAP: Then come with me; we will find them out, and that quickly.

GRIM: I follow, Mast Tipstaff. They be in the court, it is likely.

SNAP: Then cry no more; come away. [*Exeunt.*] <1374>

[*Here entereth Carisophus and Aristippus.*]

CARISOPHUS: If ever you will show your friendship, now is the time. ...<1375>
Seeing the king is displeased with me of my part without any crime.

ARISTIPPUS: It should appear it comes of some evil behavior
That you so suddenly are cast out of favor.

CARISOPHUS: Nothing have I done but this: in talk I over-thwarted Eubulus
When he lamented Pithias' case to King Dionysius, ... [1380]
Which tomorrow shall die, but for that false knave Damon,
He hath left his friend in the briars, and now is gone.
We grew so hot in talk that Eubulus protested plainly,
Which held his ears open to parasitical flattery.
And now in the king's ear like a bell he rings,
Crying that flatterers have been the destroyers of kings.
Which talk in Dionysius' heart hath made so deep impression
That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no condition;
And some words brake from him, as though that he
Began to suspect my truth and honesty.
Which you of friendship I know will defend, howsoever the world goeth. ... [1390]
My friend, for my honesty will you not take an oath?

ARISTIPPUS: To swear for your honesty I should lose mine own.

CARISOPHUS: Should you so, indeed? I would that were known
Is your void friendship come thus to pass?

ARISTIPPUS: I follow the proverb: *Amicus usque ad aras.*

CARISOPHUS: Where can you say I ever lost mine honesty?

ARISTIPPUS: You never lost it, for you never had it, as far as I know.

CARISOPHUS: Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom I trust so well?

ARISTIPPUS: Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell. ... [1400]

CARISOPHUS: Will you not stretch one point to bring me in favor again?

ARISTIPPUS: I love no stretching; so may I breed mine own pain.

CARISOPHUS: A friend ought to shun no pain to stand his friend in stead.

ARISTIPPUS: Where true friendship is, it is so in very deed.

CARISOPHUS: Why, sir, hath not the chain of true friendship linked us two together?

ARISTIPPUS: The chiefest link lacked thereof; it must needs dissever.

CARISOPHUS: What link is that? Fain would I know.

ARISTIPPUS: Honesty.

CARISOPHUS: Doth honesty knit the perfect knot in true friendship?

ARISTIPPUS: Yea, truly; and that knot so knit will never slip. ... [1410]

CARISOPHUS: Belike, then, there is no friendship but between honest men.

ARISTIPPUS: Between the honest only; for *Amicitia inter bonos*, saith a learned man.

CARISOPHUS: Yet evil men use friendship to things dishonest, where fancy doth serve.

ARISTIPPUS: That is no friendship, but a lewd liking; it lasts but a while.

CARISOPHUS: What is the perfectest friendship among men that ever grew?

ARISTIPPUS: Where men love one another not for profit but for virtue.

CARISOPHUS: Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart?

ARISTIPPUS: They must needs; for in two bodies thy have but one heart.

CARISOPHUS: Friend Aristippus, deceive me not with sophistry.

Is there no perfect friendship but where is virtue and honesty? ... [1420]

ARISTIPPUS: What a devil then meant Carisophus
To join in friendship with fine Aristippus?
In whom is as much virtue, truth, and honesty
As there are true feathers in the Three Cranes of the Vintree.
Yet these feathers have the shadow of lively feathers, the truth to scan,
But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an honest man.
To be plain, because I know thy villainy
In abusing Dionysius to many men's injury,
Under the cloak of friendship I play'd with his head,
And sought means how thou with thine own fancy might be led. ... [1430]
My friendship thou soughtest for thine own commodity,
As worldly men do, by profit-measuring amity;
Which I perceiving, to the like myself I framed,
Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be blamed.
If you ask me, Quare? I answer, *Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare*.
To speak more plainer, as the proverb doth go,
In faith, Carisophus, *cum Cretense cretiso*.

Yet a perfect friend I show myself to thee in one thing:
I do not dissemble now I say I will not speak for thee to the king.
Therefore sink in thy sorrow! I do not deceive thee; ... [1440]
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee! [Exit.]

CARISOPHUS: He is gone! Is this friendship, to leave his friend in the plain field?
Well, I see now I myself have beguiled
In matching with that false fox in amity,
Which hath me used to his own commodity,
Which seeing me in distress, unfeignedly goes his ways.
Lo, this is the perfect friendship among men now-a-days!
Which kind of friendship toward him I used secretly;
And he with me the like hath requited me craftily.
It is the gods' judgment, I see it plainly; ... [1450]
For all the world may know, *Incide in foveam quam feci*.
Well, I must content myself. None other help I know,
Until a merrier gale of wind may hap to blow. [Exit.]

[Enter Eubulus.]

EUBULUS: Who deals with kings in matters of great weight,
When froward will doth bear the chiefest sway,
Must yield of force. There need no subtle sleight,
Ne painted speech the matter to convey.
No prayer can move when kindled is the ire;
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.
This thing I prove in Pithias' woeful case, ... [1460]
Whose heavy hap with tears I do 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 king prevail;
Against the wind and striving stream I sail --
For die thou must, alas, thou seely Greek.
Ah Pithias, now come is thy doleful hour!
A perfect friend: none such, a world to seek!
Though bitter death shall give thee sauce full sour,
Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name ... [1470]
Among the gods within the book of fame.
Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.

[Then the Muses sing.]
Alas, what hap hast thou, poor Pithias, now to die!
Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us cause to cry!

EUBULUS: Methink I hear, with yellow rented hairs,
The Muses frame their notes my state to moan.
Among which sort, as one that mourneth with heart,
In doleful tunes myself will bear a part.

MUSES: Woe worth the man which for his death, &c. ... [1480]

EUBULUS: With yellow rented hairs, come on, you Muses nine!
Fill now my breast with heavy tunes; to me your plaint resign;
For Pithias I bewail, which presently must die.
Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us cause, &c.

MUSES: Woe worth the man which for his, &c.

EUBULUS: Was ever such a man, that would die for his friend?
I think even from the heavens above the gods did him down send
To show true friendship's power, which forc'd thee now to die.
Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c. ... [1490]

MUSES: Woe worth the man, &c.

EUBULUS: What tiger's whelp was he that Damon did accuse!
What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death doth not refuse!
O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragedy!
Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MUSES: Woe worth the man, &c.

EUBULUS: Thou young and worthy Greek, that sheweth such perfect love,
The gods receive thy simple ghost into the heavens above!
Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye.
Woe worth the man, which for his death, &c.

MUSES: Woe worth the man, which for thy death has given us cause to cry. ... [1500]
[*Finis song.*]

EUBULUS: Eternal be your fame, ye Muses, for that in misery
Ye did vouchsafe to strain your notes to walk.
My heart is rent in two with this miserable case;
Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth to see this place
As all points ready for the execution of Pithias.
Need hath no law; will I or nill I, it must be done.
But lo, the bloody minister is even here at hand.

[Enter Gronno.]

Gronno, I came hither now to understand,
If all things are well appointed for the execution of Pithias.
The king himself will see it done here in this place. ... [1510]

GRONNO: Sir, all things are ready. Here is the place, here is the hand, here is the sword!
Here lacketh none but Pithias, whose head at a word,
If he were present, I could finely strike off!
You may report that all things are ready.

EUBULUS: I go with an heavy heart to report it. Ah, woeful Pithias!
Full near now is thy misery. *[Exit.]*

GRONNO: I marvel very much under what constellation
All hangmen are born; for they are hated of all, beloved of none.
Which hatred is showed by this point evidently:
The hangman always dwells in the vilest place of the city. ... [1520]
That such spite should be, I know no cause why,
Unless it be for their office's sake, which is cruel and bloody.
Yet some men must do it to execute laws.
Methink they hate me without any just cause.
But I must look to my *toil*. Pithias must lose his head at one blow,
Else the boys will stone me to death in the street as I go.
But hark, the prisoner cometh, and the king also.
I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forego.

[Here entereth Dionysius and Eubulus, with courtiers and others.]

DIONYSIUS: Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant companion,
Which took me at my word, and became pledge for Damon. ... [1530]
It pricketh fast upon noon. I do him no injury
If now he lose his head, for so he requested me,
If Damon return not -- which now in Greece is full merry.
Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by,
He thought, belike, if Damon were out of the city
I would not put him to death for some foolish pity:
But seeing it was his request, I will not be mock'd. He shall die!
Bring him forth.

[Here entereth Snap, leading in Pithias, Stephano accompanying him.]

SNAP: Give place! Let the prisoner come by! Give place!

DIONYSIUS: How say you, sir? Where is Damon, your trusty friend? ... [1540]
You have play'd a wise part, I make God a vow!
You know what time a day it is; make you ready.

PITHIAS: Most ready I am, mighty king, and most ready also
For my true friend Damon this life to forego,
Even at your pleasure.

DIONYSIUS: A true friend! A false traitor that so breaketh his oath!
Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loath.

PITHIAS: I am not loath to do whatsoever I said,
Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismay'd.
The gods now I know have heard my fervent prayer, ... [1550]
That they have reserved me to this passing great honor
To die for my friend, whose faith even now I do not mistrust.
My friend Damon is no false traitor; he is true and just.
But sith he is no god, but a man, he must do as he may;
The wind may be contrary, sickness may let him, or some misadventure by the way --
Which the eternal gods turn all to my glory,
That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die.
He breaketh no oath which doth as much as he can.
His mind is here; he hath some let; he is but a man.
That he might not return, of all the gods I did require, ... [1560]
Which now to my joy do grant my desire.
But why do I stay any longer, seeing that one man's death
May suffice, O king, to pacify thy wrath?
[*Turning to Gronno.*]
O thou minister of justice, do thine office by and by.
Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die.
Stephano, the right pattern of true fidelity,
Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon! And of him crave liberty
When I am dead, in my name; for thy trusty services
Hath well deserved a gift far better than this.
O my Damon, farewell now forever! A true friend to me most dear! ... [1570]
Whiles life doth last, my mouth shall still talk of thee;
And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witness of amity,
Shall hover about the place, wheresoever thou be.

DIONYSIUS: Eubulus, this gear is strange! And yet, because
Damon hath fals'd his faith, Pithias shall have the law.
Gronno, despoil him, and eke dispatch him quickly.

GRONNO: It shall be done. Since you came into this place
I might have stroken off seven heads in this space.
[*Gronno takes off Pithias' outer garments.*]
By'r Lady, here are good garments! These are mine, by the rood!
It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good. ... [1580]
Now, Pithias, kneel down, ask me blessing like a pretty boy,
And with a trice thy head from thy shoulders I will convey.

[*Pithias kneels, and Gronno lifts his sword to strike.*]

[*Here entereth Damon running, and stays the sword.*]

DAMON: Stay! Stay! Stay! For the king's advantage, stay!
O mighty king, mine appointed time is not yet fully passed;
Within the compass of mine hour, lo, here I come at last.
A life I owe, I life I will you pay.
O my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friend!
Ah, woe is me! For Damon's sake how near were thou to thy end!
Give place to me; this room is mine; on this stage must I play.
Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionysius his blood to pay. ... [1590]

GRONNO: Are you come, sir? You might have tarried, if you had been wise.
For your hasty coming you are like to know the price.

PITHIAS: O thou cruel minister, why didst not thou thine office?
Did I not bid thee make haste in any wise?
Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twice?
Not to die for my friend is present death to me; and alas!
Shall I see my sweet Damon slain before my face?
What double death is this! But, O mighty Dionysius,
Do true justice now; weigh this aright, thou noble Eubulus;
Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case, ... [1600]
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias;
By misadventure -- not by his will -- his hour is past; therefore I,
Because he came not at his just time, ought justly to die.
So was my promise, so was thy promise, O king.
All this court can bear witness of this thing.

DAMON: Not so, O mighty king! To justice it is contrary
That for another man's fault the innocent should die:
Ne yet is my time plainly expired; it is not fully noon
Of this my day appointed, by all the clocks in the town.

PITHIAS: Believe no clock; the hour is past by the sun. ... [1610]

DAMON: Ah my Pithias, shall we now break the bonds of amity?
Will you now over-thwart me, which heretofore so well did agree?

PITHIAS: My Damon, the gods forbid but we should agree!
Therefore agree to this -- let me perform the promise I made for thee.
Let me die for thee; do me not that injury
Both to break my promise and to suffer me to see thee die,
Whom so dearly I love. This small request grant me;
I shall never ask thee more; my desire is but friendly.

Do me this honor, that fame may report triumphantly
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die. ... [1620]

DAMON: That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot deny;
Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villainy
To report that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias for him guiltless to die.
Therefore content thyself; the gods requite thy constant faith.
None but Damon's blood can appease Dionysius' wrath.
And now, O mighty king, to you my talk I convey.
Because you gave me leave my worldly things to stay,
To requite that good turn, ere I die, for your behalf this I say:
Although your regal state dame Fortune decketh so
That like a king in worldly wealth abundantly ye flow, ... [1630]
Yet fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants tread!
A thousand sundry cares and fears do haunt their restless head!
No trusty band, no faithful friends do guard thy hateful state.
And why? Whom men obey for deadly fear, sure them they deadly hate.
That you may safely reign, by love get friends, whose constant faith
Will never fail. This counsel gives poor Damon at his death.
Friends are the surest guard for kings. Gold in time do[es] wear away,
And other precious things do fade; friendship will never decay.
Have friends in store, therefore; so shalt you safely sleep;
Have friends at home, of foreign foes so need you take no keep. ... [1640]
Abandon flatt'ring tongues, whose clacks truth never tells;
Abase the ill, advance the good, in whom dame virtue dwells;
Let them your playfellows be. But, O you earthly kings,
Your sure defense and strongest guard stands chiefly in faithful friends!
Then get you friends by liberal deeds. And here I make an end.
Accept this counsel, mighty king, of Damon, Pithias' friend.
O my Pithias! Now farewell forever! Let me kiss thee, ere I die.
My soul shall honor thee; thy constant faith above the heavens shall fly.
[He divests himself, and kneels on the place of execution.]
Come, Gronno, do thine office now. Why is thy color so dead?
My neck is so short that thou wilt never have honesty in striking off this head? ... [1650]

DIONYSIUS: Eubulus, my spirits are suddenly appalled; my limbs wax weak!
This strange friendship amazeth me so that I can scarce speak.

PITHIAS: O mighty king, let some pity your noble heart move.
You require but one man's death; take Pithias, let Damon live.

EUBULUS: O unspeakable friendship!

DAMON: Not so. He hath not offended. There is no cause why
My constant friend, my Pithias, for Damon's sake should die.

Alas, he is but young; he may do good to many.
Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let me die?

GRONNO: My hand with sudden fear quivereth. ... [1660]

PITHIAS: O noble king, show mercy upon Damon; let Pithias die.

DIONYSIUS: Stay, Gronno! My flesh trembleth. Eubulus, what shall I do?
Were there ever such friends on earth as were these two?
What heart is so cruel that would divide them asunder?
O noble friendship, I must yield! At thy force I wonder.
My heart this rare friendship hath pierc'd to the root,
And quenched all my fury. This sight hath brought this about,
Which thy grave counsel, Eubulus, and learned persuasion could never do.
[To Dam. and Pith.] O noble gentlemen, the immortal gods above
Hath made you play this tragedy, I think, for my behoof. ... [1670]
Before this day I never knew what perfect friendship meant;
My cruel mind to bloody deeds was full and wholly bent;
My fearful life I thought with terror to defend.
But now I see there is no guard unto a faithful friend,
Which will not spare his life at time of present need.
O happy kings, who in your courts have two such friends indeed!
I honor friendship now; which that you may plainly see,
Damon, have thou thy life; from death I pardon thee.
For which good turn, I crave, this honor do me lend:
O friendly heart, let me link with you! To you make me the third friend! ... [1680]
My court is yours; dwell here with me. By my commission large
Myself, my realm, my wealth, my health, I commit to your charge.
Make me a third friend. More shall I joy in that thing,
Than to be called, as I am, Dionysius the mighty king.

DAMON: O mighty king, first for my life most humble thanks I give;
And next, I praise the immortal gods that did your heart so meve
That you would have respect to friendship's heavenly lore,
Foreseeing well he need not fear which hath true friends in store.
For my part, most noble king, as a third friend welcome to our friendly society.
But you must forget you are a king, for friendship stands in true equality. ... [1690]

DIONYSIUS: Unequal though I be in great possessions,
Yet full equal shall you find me in my changed conditions.
Tyranny, flattery, oppression, lo, here I cast away;
Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my joy.
True friendship will I honor unto my life's end;
My greatest glory shall be to be counted a perfect friend.

PITHIAS: For this your deed, most noble king, the gods advance your name.
And since to friendship's lore you list your princely heart to frame,
With joyful heart, O king, most welcome now to me!
With you will I knit the perfect knot of amity; ... [1700]
Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amity the mighty force, and eke the joyful end,
And how that kings do stand upon a fickle ground
Within whose realm at time of need no faithful friends are found.

DIONYSIUS: Your instructions will I follow; to you myself I do commit.
Eubulus, make hast to fet new apparel, fit
For my new friends.

EUBULUS: I go with joyful heart. O happy day! [Exit.]

GRONNO: I am glad to hear this word. Though their lives they do not lese.
It is no reason the hangman should lose his fees. ... [1710]
These are mine, I am gone with a trice.

[Exit Gronno, with discarded garments of Damon and Pithias.]
[Here entereth Eubulus with new garments.]

DIONYSIUS: Put on these garments now. Go in with me, the jewels of
my court.

DAMON and PITHIAS: We go with joyful hearts.

STEPHANO: O Damon, my dear master, in all the joy remember me.

DIONYSIUS: My friend Damon, he asketh reason.

DAMON: Stephano, for thy good service be thou free.

[Exit Dionysius, and the rest. Stephano remains.]

STEPHANO: O most happy, pleasant, joyful, and triumphant day!
Poor Stephano now shall live in continual play.
Vive le roy, with Damon and Pithias, in perfect amity!
Vive tu, Stephano, in thy pleasant liberality!, ... [1720]
Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest won.
I am a free man! None so merry as I now under the sun.
Farewell, my lords! Now the gods grant you all the sum of perfect amity,
And me long to enjoy my long-desired liberty. [Exit.]

[Here entereth Eubulus beating Carisophus.]

EUBULUS: Away, villain! Away, you flatt'ring parasite!
Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed tongue that forged lies
No more here shall do hurt. Away, false sycophant! Wilt thou not?

CARISOPHUS: I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's pleasure.
Why whip ye me alone? A plague take Damon and Pithias! Since they came hither
I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas! I know not whither. ... [1730]
Yet Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time shall try,
There shall be found, even in this court, as great flatterers as I.
Well, for a while I will forego the court, though to my great pain.
I doubt not but to spy a time when I may creep in again. [*Exit.*]

EUBULUS: The serpent that eats men alive -- flattery -- with all her brood,
Is whipped away in princes' courts, which yet did never good.
What force, what mighty power true friendship may possess,
To all the world Dionysius' court now plainly doth express;
Who, since to faithful friends he gave his willing ear,
Most safely sitteth in his seat, and sleeps devoid of fear. ... [1740]
Purged is the court of vice since friendship entered in.
Tyranny quails; he studieth now with love each heart to win;
Virtue is had in price, and hath his just reward;
And painted speech, that glozeth for gain, from gifts is quite debarred.
One loveth another now for virtue, not for gain.
Where virtue doth not knit the knot, there friendship cannot reign;
Without the which no house, no land, no kingdom can endure;
As necessary for man's life as water, air, and fire;
Which frameth the mind of man all honest things to do
Unhonest things friendship ne craveth, ne yet consents thereto. ... [1750]
In wealth a double joy, in woe a present stay,
A sweet companion in each state true friendship is alway;
A sure defense for kings; a perfect trusty band;
A force to assail, a shield to defend the enemies' cruel hand;
A rare and yet the greatest gift that God can give to man --
So rare, that scarce four couple of faithful friends have been since the world began.
A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish all kings to have.
But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith,
The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth! ... [1760]

FINIS

The Last Song (possibly added and/or sung by the players)

The strongest guard the kings can have
Are constant friends their state to save.
True friends are constant both in word and deed;
True friends are present, and help at each need;
True friends talk truly, they gloze for no gain;
When treasure consumeth, true friends will remain;
True friends for their true prince refuseth not their death.
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth!
Long may she govern in honor and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health! ... [1770]
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire,
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith.
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queen Elizabeth!

[Note that line 1772 may be a reference to the marriage question.

APPENDIX I - Glossary

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(OED refers to the OED compact disc; the full-volume set may well contain expanded entries.)
(FS means found in Shakespeare; NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

aloyse: meaning/origin unknown.

appall (v): weaken. FS (1H6); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Locrine.
"Unappalled" in Brooke Romeus.

bate an ace ...: an old proverb.

bear the bob: refrain, with a pun on the meaning "bitter test".

benters (n): debentures, notes due.

beshrew [part of an imprecation]: curse. FS (31); Edwards Dam&Pith; many others.

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldcastle; Lylly Bombie, Midas, Gallathea, Endymion, Campaspe, Whip; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willlobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

bolt (n): arrow. FS (3-MND, MWW, H5, AsYou, MM, Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Endymion; Harvey 4 Letters; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

bombast (v): beat, thrash. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Munday More..

by and by (adv): at once. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (9 times).

bug/bugg (n): bugbear, hobgoblin, bogey. FS (4-3H6, Ham, WT, Cymb); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Pasquil Countercuff, Apology; Arden; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

centum pro cento: hundred per cent.

clerkly (a): clever, scholarly. FS (2-MWW, 3d OED citation). (adv): artfully, scholarly. FS (2-2H6, TGV, 4th citation); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith. (OED missed Golding and Edwards 1st 2 citations.)

[by] Cock: by God.

cockerel (n): young cock, applied to a young man. FS (1-Temp); Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation); Marlowe Edw2.

colpheg (v): buffet, cuff. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith) OED 3d citation. OED contemp citation: 1577 T. Richards Misogonus Ile colfeke him my selfe forte, come onte what will.

commodity (n): personal advantage. FS (5-MV, 2H4, AWEW, Lear); Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation); Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Llyl Campaspe; (anon.) Somebody/Nobody; Nashe Absurdity, Menaphon; Bacon Letters; Chapman d'Olive.

controlled (v): berated/disciplined. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

crake/crack (v): brag. (LLL); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith (n, crackers); Peele Edw I; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Ironside, Willolie (n); (disp.) Greene's Groat (out-cracked); Munday More.

crack-rope/halter (n): alludes to hangman's rope, rascal destined to hang. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (2d OED citation); Gascoigne Supposes; Llyl Bombie.

Croyden/Croydon: sanguine (n, a): sallow color. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (1st of 3 OED citations).

cry creak (v): give up, cry uncle. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek. OED contempcitations: 1573 Tusser Husb. (1878) 102 When tilth plows breake, poore cattle cries creake.

1577 Stanyhurst Descr. Irel. in Holinshed VI. 52.

descant (v): improvise on a theme. FS (3-Rich3, Lucrece, PP); Golding Calvin on Ps; Edwards Dam&Pith; Harvey Pierce's Super

descry (v): reveal, discover, perceive. FS (14); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Greene James IV; Nashe Saffron; Peele Wives; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie, Penelope; Harvey Pierce's Super.

disease (v): distress. FS (2H4, Corio); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith.

dole [be his dole] (n): lot in life (a proverbial exclamation). FS (1H4, Shrew, MWW, AWEW, WT); Edwards Dam&Pith (OED missed 2d citation).

dressed [him] (v): deceived/played a prank on him. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

dung-fork (n): 3- or 4-pronged fork used to lift or spread dung. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

dup (v): open. FS (1-Ham); Edwards Dam&Pith.

dutting duttell: No OED entry.

faint: falter (v). FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; Llyl Midas; Marlowe Dido, Faustus; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Arden, Penelope; Harvey 3d Letter.

fence (n): fencing, fighting skill. FS (many); Golding Abraham, Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Arden.

Jack Fletcher: a fletcher is an arrow-maker; possibly from some ballad.

fondness (n): folly. foolish loyalty. FS (MM); Edwards Dam&Pith.

frame (v): prepare, create. FS (MM); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Gallathea. Common

franion (n): gallant/fellow (n). NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation); Peele Wives. OED contemp citations: 1587 Turberville Epitaphs & Sonn; 1589 (anon.) Rare Triumphs; Spenser FQ.

froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith. Common.

gear (n): (1) device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington. (2) clothes. FS (2-2H6, LLL); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr.

gloze/glose (n, v): specious, over-expansive talk, flattery; glozers: flatterers. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willlobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; Greene's Groat; (disp.) Maiden's. Cf. (anon.) Nobody/Somebody (v).

grave-bENCHer (n): magistrate. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

harecop (a): hare-brain (OED cites as only known use). Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

hoise/hoyse (v): hoist. FS (1-2H6); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe; Nashe Penniless.

hurly-burly (a): commotion. FS (2-John, Shrew, as hurly only); Golding Ovid, Calvin on Ps.; Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Penniless; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Penelope. OED also cites: 1580 Baret Alv.

Jack-sauce (n): saucy, impudent fellow. FS (H5); Edwards Dam&Pith.

jackanape (n): quasi-proper name of a man using tricks or displaying qualities, of an ape; one who is ape-like in tricks or behavior; ridiculous upstart, impudent fellow; coxcomb. FS (4-H5, MWW, AWEW, Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith; 1573 G. Harvey Letter-Bk.; Greene Upstart; Nashe Saffron Walden, Summers. 1st OED citations: 1534 Lett. & Pap. Hen. VIII; 1555 Harpsfield Divorce Hen.

ken (v): give. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (3d OED citation).

lese/leese (v): (1) lose, waste [time, life]. FS (1-Sonnet 5); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Geo a Greene.

let/letteth [his course] (v): hinder, slow down. FS (Errors, Lucrece); Golding Ovid; Oxford letters; Edwards Dam&Pith. Common.

lobcock (n): country bumpkin, lout, clown, bumbling fool. NFS. Cf. Udall Roister; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Nashe Unfortunate; (anon.) Locrine.

lousious: luscious.

lubber (n): fool, lout. FS (4-TGV, 12th, Lear, T&C); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe; Marlowe Faustus; Pasquil Apology; Chettle Kind Hart; Nashe Absurdity.

mail (n): bag, pouch. FS (2-LLL, T&C); Edwards Dam&Pith.

main (n): force, strength. FS (4-1H4, MV, T&C, Sonnet 60); Edwards Dam&Pith.

manger [sweep a] (v): eat sumptuously, clean one's plate. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

meve (v): obsolete version of move.

minion (n & a): lackey, wanton. FS (many); Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody. Common. Sometimes used to denote homosexual lover. Common.

moil (v): wallow. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation). OED contemp citations: 1575 Gascoigne Flowers, Fruite of Foes Poems; 1577 B. Googe Heresbach's Husb.

murlons (n): merlins (very small hawks). NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

murrain/murren (n): plague. FS (3-Temp, T&V, Corio); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Nashe Penniless, Summers (probably as a pun on morian (shield) and murrain (plague); (anon.) Woodstock; (disp.) Oldcastle. OED cites Hall's Chron. and a number of dramatic uses from Heywood, Ingelend, Richards, (anon.) Gammer Gurton, others.

musselden (n): Muscatel.

nip (v): arrest. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Cony.

nips (n): sarcasms/witticisms. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

noddy/noddie/noddle (n): simpleton. FS (2-TGV); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Cony; Lylly Bombie; (anon.) Dodypoll; Chettle Kind Hart.

for the nones/nonce (adv): expressly for the purpose. FS; Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Harvey Speculum; Bacon poetry; Marlowe Dido; (anon.) Marprelate.

pack/be packing (v): begone, depart. FS (5-Shrew, MV, MWW, Timon, PP); Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Willlobie. 1st 2 OED citations: 1508 Kennedie Flying w. Dunbar; 1601 Chester Love's Mart.

pantacle (n): pantofle, or slipper, symbolic of pages. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

pestens (a): pestilent.

pestle (n): haunch. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

pitiful (a): merciful. FS (11+); Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lylly Midas, Love's Met; (anon.) Ironside; Harvey 4 Letters; (disp.) Cromwell, Oldcastle.

played with his beard (v): deluded him. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

polled (v): (1) shorn. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith. (2) cheated, fleeced. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

pouched (a): pursed. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

prease/press/preace (n): press of people. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Locrine; Oxford letter.

prick (v): approach. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (2d OED citation). OED contemp. citations: 1565 T. Stapleton Fortr. Fait; 1580 Golding in Baret Alv; 1586 J. Hooker Hist. Irel. in Holinshed.

[chill put] **pro**: unknown meaning, not listed in OED.

quean (n): hussy, strumpet. FS (4-R&J, 2H4, MWW); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon./Greene) G a G; Llyl Midas; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willowie, Penelope, Yorkshire Tr; Harvey Sonnet Palace/Pleasure, 2d Letter; Peele Wives; (disp.) Maiden's.

quiddle (v): talk lightly about it. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

quinch (n): the least. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (only OED citation).

race (n): course. FS (3-John, MM, Sonnet); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Willowie; Spencer FQ.

[asketh] **reason** (v): asks for an accounting.

regals (n): small portable organs. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

ruddock (n): robin redbreast. FS (1-Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith.

rug (n): coarse woolen cloth. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Nashe Penniless.

sconce: (1) head, skull; (2) ability, wit. FS (6-Errors, Ham, Corio); Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Endymion, Bombie (OED missed citation); Greene Cony; G. Harvey New Let. OED contemp citation: 1586 A. Day Eng. Secretary (1625) Master B. found Socrates in my Letter, and sent to seeke out your well reputed skonce to expound it.

scurrility/squirrility (n): the quality of being scurrilous; buffoon-like jocularity; coarseness/indecency of language, esp. in invective and jesting. 2d work cited by OED. FS (LLL); Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Pap; Nashe Strange News, Almond.

seely (a): innocent, unfortunate, defenseless. FS; Golding Ovid; many others.

shent (a): disgraced. FS (5-MWW, 12th, T&C, Ham, Corio); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Endmion; (anon.) Penelope.

sift (v): question, examine; also understand, comprehend. FS (3-Rich2, Ham Q2, AWEW); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Gallathea, Woman ... Moon; Greene Never too Late, Pandosto; (anon.) Ironside, Weakest.

smatter (v): chatter, prattle. FS (1-R&J); Edwards Dam&Pith.

I mean **somewhat** thereby: (per Adams) he suggests the gallows.

sooth (n): truth, sometimes flattery. FS (Rich2, Pericles); Edwards Dam&Pith; many others.

speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+,); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith. Common.

square, out of square (a): awry. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith.

scurrility (n): see scurrility.

target (n): shield. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta, Kyd Sol&Per; Llyl Campaspe; Marlowe Edw2; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Locrine.
thilk: this.

Three Cranes ...: the sign of a well-known tavern.

tipstaff (n): constable, bailiff, who carried a metal-tipped staff. FS (1-H8); Edwards Dam&Pith; (disp.) Cromwell; Jonson Cynthia.

toil (n): net, snare. FS (5-LLL, JC, Ham, A&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe Dido, Massacre; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.

torup: not in OED (tore up?).

toys (n): antics, games. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

trencher (n): serving plate or dish [usually with connotation of trencher-knight or freeloader]. FS (7-2H6, TGV, R&J, A&C, Tempest, Corio, Timon); Edwards Dam&Pith; many others.

trow (v): think, believe confidently. FS (16); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith; many others.

turn a crab ...: a crab-apple roasted in the fire and dropped into a mug of ale.

turn cat in the pan (v): make things appear the opposite of what they are.

twich-box (n): touch box, holding priming powder for muskets.

undermined (v): questioned guilefully. FS (1-2H6); Edwards Dam&Pith.

vacabone (n): vagabond.

victus, victa, victum: conquered (masc.), conquered (fem.), conquered (neut.).

wain/wayne (n): cart, chariot. (See also "Charles his wain".) NFS (except in phrase "Charles wain"). Cf. Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Spenser.

washing-ball (n): perfumed soap. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

water-bougets (n): leather bags used to carry water.

wight (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; Edwards Dam&Pith (song); many others.

winch (v): flinch. FS (1-John); Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Bombie; Nashe Almond.

wist (v): knew. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willlobie, Penelope, News Heaven/Hell; (disp.) Oldcastle. OED cites Llyl Euphues.

yerk/yark (v): lash, whip, kick out. FS (1-H5) ; Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Llyl Sapho.

Translations (Latin except where noted)

10: *frustra sapit* ... He is wise to no purpose who is not wise for himself.

22: *regius canis*: The king's dog.

101: *Quid cum tanto asino talis philosophus?*: What has such a philosopher in common with such an ass.

102: *Morum similitudo consuit amicitias*: Likeness of character cements friendships.

313: *secure dormiunt in utranque aurem*: they sleep securely on either ear (Terence Self Tormenter, 342).

332: *Amicus alter ipse*: A friend is a second self.

367: *Omne solum forti patria*: Every spoil is a fatherland to a brave man.

405: *Naturam furca expellas, tamen usque recurret*: Drive nature out with a pitchfork, still ever will she return (Horace, Epistles, I.10.24).

432: *An nescis longas regibus esse manus*: Know you not that kings have long hands (Ovid, Heroides, xvi, 166).

440-41: *Dic mihi musa virum, captae post tempore Troyae, Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*: Tell me, O Muse, of the man, who, after the capture of Troy, saw the manners and cities of many men (Odyssey, opening lines)

468-9: *dapsiles caenas, geniales lectos, et aur fulgentem tyranni zonam*: plentiful suppers, luxurious couches, and the king's purse full of gold at command.

473: *auri talentum magnum*: a great talent of gold.

533: *dictum sapienti sat est*: a word to the wise is sufficient.

622: *multum juva[t] in re mala annimus bonus*: a good spirit in misfortune helps much.

775: *et fruges consumere nati*: And born to consume the fruits of the earth (Horace Epist.,

1.2.27).

971: *Cretiso cum Cretense*: I lie with the Cretan (the Cretans were famed as liars).

1027: *Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res*: Every color, place, and thing suited Aristippus.

1167: (Jack's very bad French) *Jebit avow, mon companion (Je bois a vous, mon compagnon)*: I drink to you, my companion.

1168: (Grim's mangled reply) *Jhar vow pleadge, pety Zawne (Jai vous pleige, petit Zawne)*: I pledge to you, little clown.

1396: *amicus usque ad aras*: a friend even to the altar.

1414: *amicitia inter bonos*: friendship between the good.

1435: *quia prudentis est multum dissimulare*: because it is the part of a wise man to dissemble much.

1436: *cum Cretense cretiso*: with the Cretan I lie (see line 971).

1451: *incide in foveam quam feci*: I have fallen into a pit which I myself digged.

About the Author

Richard Edwards was appointed Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal in 1561, therefore devoting his time to writing plays to be acted before the Queen. Although known to have composed many plays before the Court, only *Damon and Pithias* survives under his name. It may have been performed during the Christmas season of 1564-65. Edwards died in 1566. The earliest extant version of this play bears the date 1571, noting that this is a reprint. Another edition appeared in 1582.

Length: 18,098 words

Suggested Reading

Adams, Joseph Quincy. *Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas*. Cambridge: Riverside Press (Houghton Mifflin), 1924.

APPENDIX II: CONNECTIONS

Language

Fool ... School

Edwards Dam&Pith (39) ARIS: ... And thus I assure you: / though I came from school
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's fool,

Shakes Much Ado (V.2): 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous

Nashe Summers (1450-55): Young men, young boys, beware of Schoolmasters;
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes;

They seek to lay the curse of God on you, / Namely, confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built, / Accursed were in the world's infancy.

Anon Willowie (XXVI.5): Your gravest men with all their schools
That taught you thus were heath-fools.

Note: The Nashe allusion is clearly built on Genesis 11.4-9 of the Bible; the Willowie Biblical

foundation is not clear; it would be built on the similarity to Nashe, and its probable amusing derivative in Much Ado.

Knight ... Carpet/Trencher

Edwards Dam&Pith (46) Aristippus: The king feeds you often from / his own trencher.

Golding Ovid Met (XII.) 673: Was by that coward carpet knyght beereaved / of his lyfe, ... (XIII.123): Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght

Shakes 2H6 (IV.1) SUFFOLK: Obscure and lowly swain, ...

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board.

TGV(IV.4) LAUNCE: ... and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:

LLL (V.2) BIRON: ... Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany, Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, That smiles his cheek in years ... / Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

Much Ado (V.2) BEN: ... Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of / these quondam carpet-mangers, ...

12th (III.4) SIR TOBY: He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; ...

Tempest (II.2) CALIBAN: ... Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ...

R&J (I.5) First Servant: Where's Potpan, ... He / shift a trencher? / he scrape a trencher!

Timon (I.1) Old Athenian: And my estate deserves an heir more raised Than one which holds a trencher.

(III.6) TIMON: ... You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, ...

A&C (III.13) ANTONY: I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment / Of Gneius Pompey's; Coriolanus (IV.5) CORIO: 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

Nashe Summers (793): take / not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be / waiting on my Lord's trencher.

Anon Mucedorus (Epi.): And weighting with a Trencher at his back,

Ironside (III.6.5): I say, ye trencher-scraping cutters, ye cloak-bag carriers, ye sword and buckler carriers,

Repent ... At the last

Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.

Lly Gallathea (I.1.) TYTERUS: But at the last, our countrymen repenting (and not too late);

Disp. Greene's Groat (166-68): that urges you at the last hour to remember your life, that eternal / life may follow your repentance.

Shakes H5 (IV.1.137): Shall join together at the latter day. (conforms to Bishops)

Anon. Willobie (XXXVII.4): To buy Repentance at the last. (conforms to Geneva)

Penelope's Complaint (VIII.4): Had I at first had this forecast, I need not thus repent at last.

Geneva Bible Job 19.25 my redeemer ... shall stand the last on earth

Repent ... Folly

Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.

Kyd ST (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;

Greene James 4 (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,

Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly,...

Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,

Anon. Willlobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,

Few words

Brooke Romeus (531): In few unfeigned words, your hidden mind unfold, (2713): In few plain words, the whole that was betide he told,

Golding Ovid Met. (II.978) Yet spake she briefly these few words to her without her gate:

(VII.1104): To utter these few words at last: ...

Gascoygne Supposes (II.2) ERO: ... either tell me, or at few words never think ...

Edwards Dam&Pith (124) I promised friendship; but you love few words -- ...

(435) DAMON: ... To describe in few words the state of this city.

(1246) GRIM: Yet in few words I tell you this one thing --

Watson Hek (XLII): and effectually set down (albeit in few words)

Lyl Endymion (I.4) TELLUS: Dipsas, listen in few words to my tale

Kyd ST ((III.15.1351)): "Pocas palabras!": few words.

Greene Alphonsus (II.1.15) ALPH: Laelius, few words would better thee become,

Chettle Kind Harts: bringeth forth more mischiefs than few words can express

Shakes H5 (3.2.36-37): ... men of few words are the best men.

[Similar sayings were also proverbial.]

Anon. Willlobie (XIV.4): Few words suffice where hearts consent,

Greene's Groatsworth (307) Brother, said Lucanio, lets use few words.

Geneva Bible Eccles. 5.1 let thy words be few

Burden ... Heavy

Edwards Dam&Pith (157) STEPH: This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.

Marlowe T1 (III.2.239) THER: Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains, Edw2 (V.4.63) MOR Suscepit that provinciam [very heavy burden], ...

Nashe Summers (874): are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty:

Shakes Hamlet (III.1.58): O heavy burden!

Anon. Woodstock (II.2.106) WOOD: a heavy burthen has thou taken from me.

Willlobie (XLV.3): A heavy burden wearieh one,

L Gh. (863): The burden of my sins do weigh me down;

Geneva Bible Ps 38.4 For mine iniquities are ... & and as a weighty burden they are too heavy for me.

Close ... Secrets

Edwards Dam&Pith (251) STEPH: In close-secret wise still whispering together.

Gascoygne et al Jocasta (III.1.220) CREON: To keep full close this secret hidden grief.

Anon. Woodstock (IV.1) KING: but see ye carry it close and secretly,
Ironside (I.2.18) EDRICUS ... whisper close secrets in the giddy air;
be a newsmonger; feed the king with sooths;
Willowbie (LIII.2): But closely lies in secret heart:

Geneva Bible Tob 12.7 It is good to keep close the secrets of a King;
12.11 I said it was good to keep close the secret of a King,

All the world ... stage

Edwards Dam&Pith (348-51) DAMON: Pythagoras said that this world / was like a stage,
Whereon many play their parts; the lookers-on, the sage
Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn
The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.

Shakes AsYou (II.7) JAQUES: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts, / His acts being seven ages.

Fire ... Heaven

Shakes Lear (V.3) LEAR: He that parts us shall bring a brand
from heaven, / And fire us hence like foxes.

PPT (II.4) HELI: A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up / Their bodies, ...

Edwards Dam&Pith (567-69) STEPH: Seest thou this injustice, and wilt
thou stay any longer / From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire
Ironside (III.5.135) EDR: Fetch fire from heaven and mix it with thy ink,
Geneva Bible Gen 19.24; Ex 9.23, 2 Kings 1.10, 12, 14; 2 Kings 2.11;
1 Chr 21.26; 2 Chr 7.1; Job 1.16, Pss 18.12, 13, Eccl 48.3, 2 Mac 2.10,
Luke 9.54, Luke 17.29, 2 Pet 3.12, Rev. 13.13, Rev. 20.9

Note: Shaheen identifies the Lear quotation with Judges 15.4-5: Samson ... took three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned them tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the middes between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he sent them out into the standing corn. The Lear passage seems to be a mixture of Biblical images.

Woeful wight ... Hap

Golding Ovid (IX.562): Now woe is me, most wretched wight.

Brooke Romeus (2005): Her weary bed betime the woeful wight forsakes,
(2638): And them on divers parts beside, the woeful wight did hold.

Oxford poem#13 (Song: The Forsaken Man)

Drown me with trickling tears,
You wailful wights of woe;
Come help these hands to rend my hairs,
My rueful hap to show.

Care and Disappointment

Thus like a woeful wight I wove the web of woe.
To entertain my thoughts, and there my hap to moan.
possible **Oxford**, ascribed to Queen Elizabeth) (Importune Me No More)
How many weeping eyes I made to pine in woe;

How many sighing hearts I have no skill to show.

Greene Alphonsus (IV.2.51) CARI: Some woeful wight lamenting his mischance:

Edwards Dam&Pith (Song, 588-91)): Awake ye woeful wights,

That long have wept in woe:

Resign to me your plaints and tears,

My haplese hap to show.

Anon. Penelope (VI.3): For careless wights why do you care,
And causeless eke so woeful are?

Tongue ... Woe

Shakes Rich3 (IV.4): That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.

Edwards Dam&Pith (592, Song): My woe no tongue can tell.

Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.84) PER: My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak;

Oxford poem (Love thy choice): Who taught thy tongue the woeful words of plaint ?

Griping griefs

Although the OED cites the word "griping" as unique in this phrase, it seems possible that this is a spelling variation of "gripping", rendering an identical meaning.

Edwards Daintie Dev (53): Where griping grief the heart would wound ...

Note: Oxford was a major contributor to the Paradise of, possibly publisher. (See Looney, Vol. 1, pp. 547-48 ff.)

Damon and Pithias (612): Grip me you greedy griefs, ...

Watson Hek (LXXXV): Held Griping Grief the piked Anchor fast; ...

Shakes R&J (IV.5.126): When griping griefs the heart doth wound, ...

Anon. Willobie (LVII.2): The griping grief, and grievous groan,

(LXIII.2): And griping griefs do still renew:

Bible/Metrical Version of Ps. 30.5-6 (1549) Where griping grief the heart would wound.

Stop ... Breath

Golding Ovid Met. (II.358): ... (the smoke had stopped her breath).

(II.1036)) Strake to her heart, and closed her veins, and lastly stopped her breath:

(VI.854): The sorrow of this great mischance did stop Pandion's breath

(VII. 772.73) ... Some with halters stopped their wind, by death expulsing fear of death: ..

(VIII.639): His trespass I confess deserves the stopping of his breath,

Edwards Dam&Pith (615) SONG: With speed now stop my breath!

Shakes Rich3 (III.5) GLOU: ... Murder thy breath in the middle of a word, And then begin again, and stop again,

King John (III,4) CONSTANCE ... And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

Pericles (I.1) PERICLES ... The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts

Lucrece (169) ... 'Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.

Anon. Woodstock (V.3.89-90) KING: ... let drums sound death, and strike

at once to stop this traitor's breath.

Willolie (LXV.5): Till death so stop your husband's breath;

(LXVII.2): Conspire with grief to stop my breath,

Penelope (XI.4): Or wisely she had stopp'd his breath.

Pasquil Apology: even by the Sermons that spun him a halter
to stop his breath, he was no Protestant.

Religious Theology: **Purchase grace**

Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.562): Yet (if that these last words of mine may
purchase any grace),

Edwards Dam&Pith (683) PITH: To assuage the king's anger, and to
purchase his grace.

Anon. Willolie (XIV.1): I do not doubt to purchase grace.

(XXIX.4): And watch his turn to purchase grace,

Leic. Gh. (1436): Or by some fine discourse to purchase grace,

Cromwell (IV.5.34) GARD: And by it shall you purchase grace
from heaven.

Duty ... Bound

Edwards Dam&Pith (747): EUB: But yet, O might [king],
my duty bindeth me.

(1758) EUB: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave

Shakes 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both.

Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty:

To you I am bound for life and education;

(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ...

(III.3) IAGO: To show the love and duty that I bear you

Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater,
meantime, as it is bound to your lordship ,...

Kyd ST (II.1.59) PEDRING: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,

S&P (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,

Greene Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be
Bound to you all for this your courtesy.

DD (I.1.6): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ...

Guilty/Innocent ... Blood

Edwards Dam&Pith (796-97) DAMON: ... whereas no truth my innocent
life can save,

But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have,

(1472) EUB: Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?

His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.

Kyd ST (III.11.25-29) HIER: A habitation for their cursed souls,

There, in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove,

In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,

Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him

In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

Shakes Rich3 (I.3.221): The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Rich2 (V.6) BOLING: The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, ...
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Macbeth (2.2): Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood ...
Titus (V.2.183): The basin that receives your guilty blood.
Anon. Fam Vic. (814) ARCH: Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
Ironside (V.1.70) EDR: thirst not to drink the blood of innocents.
(V.2.159) EDR: and made a sea with blood of innocents;
(V.2.170) CAN: and glad for sparing of that guiltless blood
Woodstock (V.1) LAPOOLE: and my sad conscience bids the contrary
and tells me that his innocent blood thus spilt heaven will revenge.
Willowbie (IX.5): A guilty conscience always bleeds
(XIII.2): I rather choose a quiet mind, A conscience clear from bloody sins,
Geneva Bible Deut. 21.9: The cry of innocent blood.; Deut. 32.35
Jer. 2.34: In thy wings is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents.
Genesis 4.11: which hath opened thy mouth to receive thy brother's blood
Rom. 12.19, 13.4

Pawn ... Lives

Edwards Dam&Pith (825) PITH: Take me, O might king! My life I pawn for his.
(834) DION: Thou seemest to trust his words that pawnest thy life so frankly.
Shakes Edw3 (II.1) WAR: To pawn thine honor rather than thy life.
Lear (I.1) KENT: My life I never held but as a pawn ...
(I.2) EDMUND:.... I dare pawn down my life / for him ...
See also Merchant of Venice, the major plot
Lly Love's Met. (III.2) PROTEA: Let me, as often as I be bought for
money or pawned for meat,
Anon. Ironside (V.1.44) EDR: Doth Edmund thus reward his followers
that pawn their lives for him and in his cause?

Joy ... Care

Brooke Romeus (1906) Of me your child (your jewel once, your only
joy and care),
Golding Ovid Met. (II.797): And as the burthen brought some care
the honor brought him joy.
Edwards Dam&Pith (891) DAMON: In whom my joy, my care, and
life doth only remain.
Watson Hetk. (XCIII): When others joy'd, to cares I did incline,
Anon. Locrine (IV.1.102): One dram of joy, must have a pound of care.
Oxford poem (#12, The trickling tears...): She is my joy, she is my care and woe;

Fountain of Wit

Edwards Dam&Pith (956) STEPH: But such as thou art, fountains of squirrility ...
Anon. Ironside (V.2.97) EDR: fountain of wit, the spring of policy ...
Geneva Bible Baruch 3.12 Thou has forsaken the fountain of wisdom

Out of Square ... Out of Frame

Golding Ovid's Met (Ep.8) Hath Ovid into one whole mass in this book brought in frame.

(II.536): He fell to kissing: which was such as out of square might seem,

(V.620): A time will one day come when you to mirth may better frame,

(VI.600): His talk at will. As oft as he demanded out of square,

(XI.14): And heady riot out of frame all reason now did dash,

(XI.443): In dressing of her head, before she had it brought in frame,

Shakes: LLL (III.1) BIRON: like a German clock,

still a-repairing, ever out of frame, ...

Hamlet (I.2) CLAUDIUS: ... Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,

MuchAdo (IV.1) BENEDICK: ... Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Anon. Weakest (VIII.99) SIR NICH: Can make a grave, and keep our Clock in frame,

Willowbie (XX.2): Your new-found tricks are out of frame,

(XLIII.2): And strike the senses out of frame?

(XLIII.3): My humors all are out of frame,

(LXVIII.2): My person could not please, my talk was out of frame,

There is a close relationship in:

Edwards Dam&Pith (1041): The king himself museth hereat; yet is he far out of square, ...

Falling-out

Edwards Dam&Pith (1097) JACK: Will, after our falling-out wilt thou laugh merrily?

Shakes: Merchant of Venice, and

Hamlet (II.1) POLONIUS: There falling-out at tennis; ...

T&C (III.1): Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Brain-sick

Edwards Dam&Pith (1101) WILL: It is some brain-sick villain, I durst lay a penny.

Watson Hek (XCVIII): Love is a Brain-sick boy, and fierce by kind;

Kyd ST (IV.4.119): And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,

Greene Maidens Dream (Complaint/Religion, 274): The brainsick and illiterate surmisers, ...

Shakes: 2H6 (III.1): Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess

(V.1): Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!

Titus (V.2): Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

T&C (II.2): Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures

Marlowe Edw2 (I.1.125) MOR: Come uncle, let us leave the brain-sick King

Anon. Willowbie (XVIII.3): A brain-sick youth was stricken blind,

Penelope's Complaint (XI.6): Than did the brain-sick doting queen:

(XXI.5): Should match with such a brain-sick boy

(XLIII.2): Which wiser men doth brain-sick make,
L Gh. (1156): What brainsick lightness, and what furious mood

Legal term: **Case stands**

Brooke Romeus (1696): The tidings of your health and how your doubtful case shall stand;
Edwards Dam&Pith (1256) GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands ...,
(1600) PITHIAS: Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case
Golding Abraham (Pro.22): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
(341) SHEPHERDS SONG: Because, as stood the case,
Watson Hek (XXXVI): My letters tell in what a case I stand,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.45) LOR: Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest,
Anon. Weakest (XVIII.215) VILLIERS: My Lord of Bulloigne, thus then stands my case,
Shakes 3H6 (IV.5): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
R&J (III.5) NURSE: Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
WT (II.3) PAULINA: For, as the case now stands, it is a curse ...
Cymb (I.5) QUEEN: ... The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
(III.4) IMOGEN: ... yet the traitor / Stands in worse case of woe.

Two bodies, one heart

Edwards Dam&Pith (1417) CARIS: Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart.
(1418) ARIS: They must needs, for in two bodies they have but one heart.
(V.5.7) LOVE: Their souls are knit, though bodies be disjoined:
Anon. Willobie (resolution, 2): To join in heart the bodies that are twain,
Shakes MND (III.2) So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
See also
Kyd Sol&Per (IV.1.30) SOL: For what are friends but one mind in two bodies?

Legal term: **Enroll**

Edwards Dam&Pith (1470) EUB: Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name
Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.3) PHILIPPO: Assembled here in thirsty honor's cause,
To be enrolled in the brass-leaved book
Marlowe Edw2 (I.4.269-70) MOR: And in the Chronicle enroll his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague.
Shakes 3H6 (II.1) WARWICK: He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
MM (I.2): CLAUDIO: ... but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
JC (III.2) BRUTUS: The question of
his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3): SHRIEVE/KENT: ... I plead our ancient liberties
recorded and enrolled in the King's crown office,
Willobie (XXXVI.3): These strange effects I find enrolled,

Within this place since my return,
Penelope (III.3): A gift with fame worthy to be enroll'd.
Leic. Gh. (2086-87): But chiefly when the Muses did enrol
Their names in honor's everlasting scroll,

Will I or nill I

Edwards Dam&Pith (1506): Need hath no law; will I or nill I, it must be done.
Spenser Faerie Queen (I.3.43): And will or nill, Beares her away.
Shakes Shrew (II.1.273): Will you, nill you, I will marry you.
1599 Sylvester Sonn. Mirac. Peace xii, A sacred rage.. Will-nill-I,
raps mee boldly to rehearse Great Henrie's Tropheis.

Crave ... Liberty

Edwards Dam&Pith (1567): Commend me to thy master, ... And of him
crave liberty
Kyd S&P (III.1.97) ERAS: Then this, my gracious Lord, is all I crave:
That, being banish'd from my native soil
I may have liberty to live a Christian.
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.348) MAR: In prison here and craved but liberty,
Shakes 1H6 (III.4) BASSET: But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
Anon. Dodypoll (I.1.154): ... And must crave liberty to provide for them.

Evil/Good

Brooke Romeus (To the Reader): So the good doings of the good, & the evil
acts of the wicked
Gascoigne Jocasta (I.1.395-96) ANT: Yet, for because itself partaker am
Of good and evil with this my country soil,
(II.1.456) JOCASTA: If the head be evil the body cannot be good.
(III.1..195) TIRESIAS: Though evil for thee, yet for thy country good.
Edwards Dam&Pith (1583): It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.
Lyl Sapho & Phao (II.2.) SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there
should be an evil eye.
Kyd ST (I.2.339) ALEXANDRO: Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.
Shakes Rich3 (I.3.334): do good for evil. Also I.2.69 and I.3.315-16.
TNK (I.2.38-40) ARCITE: It is for our residing where every evil
Hath a good color, where every seeming good's / A certain evil,
Anon. Willolie (To ... Reader): That speak good of evil, and evil of good
Willolie seems a perfect inversion of the Bible and Shakespeare citations.
Geneva Bible 1Thess. 5.15 See that none recompense evil for evil unto
any man; but ever follow that which is good.
1 Sam. 24,18 Thou art more righteous than I; for thou has rendered me
good, and I have rendered thee evil
Rom. 12.21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with goodness.

Pierced ... Root

Edwards Dam&Pith (1666): My heart this rate friendship hath pierc'd to the root,

Chaucer Cant. Tales (1-2): Whan that Aprille, with his shoures soote, The droghte of March hath perced to the roote

Tongues ... Filed/Smooth

Brook Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,

Gascoigne Jocasta (II.1.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file thy sugared tongue,

Supposes (II.5) CLEANDER: Now to the matter, how said you?

-- PHILOGANO: ... but what is that to the matter?

Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): Away, the plague of this court!

Geneva Bible Psalms. 140.3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their lips.

Thy filed tongue that forged lies

Lyl Campaspe (IV.2) CAMP: Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Sapho (II.4) SYBILLA: whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him enchanted.

Greene J4 (I.1.236) ATEU: But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue

Shakes LLL (V.1) HOLO: ... discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, ...

Lear (I.4.288): How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is.

Pass Pilgrim 19 (2): Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, ...

Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place

Anon. Willlobie (I.10): A filed tongue which none mislikes.

Ironside (II.3.149-50) CAN: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised if not, I'll cut them shorter by an inch.

(V.2.162) CAN: Edmund, Report shall never whet her tongue upon Canutus to eternize thee.

-- SEE ALSO Forged lies

Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)

Geneva Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Eccl 51.2

Brooke Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,

Golding Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie: (IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow),

Watson Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge: So forge, that I may speed without delay;

Greene Alph (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that forged tale

Kyd ST (I.2.92) VILUPPO: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ...

S&P (II.1.117) PERSEDA: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,

Shakes TA (V.2) TAM: ... Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love

(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit

Rich3 (IV.1) FITZ: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

Where it was forged, ...
Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmar
Is by a forged process of my death / Rankly abused: ...
V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.
Sonnet 137: Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...
AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.
Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.101) EDM: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.
(V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,
Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.

Painted words

Golding Abraham (Ep.7): It is no lie, it is no painted tale,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1740) And painted speech, that glozeth for gain,
from gifts is quite debarred.
Marlowe (I.2.9) CALLAPINE: To paint in words, what I'll perform in deeds,
Anon. Willobie (XI.3): Your painted words, your brave pretense,
Dodypoll (I.1.11) LUCILIA: You paint your flattering words, [Lord] Lassinbergh,
Shakes Ham (III.1.53) CLAUD: Than is my deed to my most painted word:

Hot coals, hot vengeance ... upon [my] head

Golding Ovid Met (I.266-67): ... I overthrew
The house with just revenging fire upon the owner's head,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1768): From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire
To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?
Anon. Ironside (III.1.38) YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head
Kyd S&P (II.1.114) ERASTUS: Which if I do, all vengeance light on me.
Marlowe T2 (IV.1.) JERUSALEM: ... heaven, filled with the meteors
Of blood and fire ..., / Will pour down blood and fire on thy head:
(V.1) TAMB: Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himself,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,
Edw2 (IV.5.16) KENT: Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Shakes: 2H 6 (5.2.36): Hot coals of vengeance!
Rich2 (I.2.8): Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Anon. Locrine (I.1.164-165) BRUT: Or let the ruddy lightning of great Jove
Descend upon this my devoted head.
(IV.1.174-75) COR: But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy head.
(V.1.) THRASIMACHUS: If there be gods in heaven, ...
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And power their plagues upon thy cursed head.
Arden (I.1.336) MOSBY: Hell-fire and wrathful vengeance light on me
If I dishonor her or injure thee.
Ironside (849): YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head
Willobie (XXXVII.4): What bosom bears hot burning coals.

Disp. Cromwell (II.3) MIST BAN: To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,

(III.1) CROMWELL: All good that God doth send light on your head;
Queen Elizabeth Identified

Geneva Bible "vengeance fall" invokes s. 7.16 His mischief shall
return upon his own head, and his cruelty shall fall upon his own page.
Ps. 140.10 Let coals fall upon them: let him cast them into the fire, &
into the deep pits, that they rise not.

Always the Same: Queen Elizabeth's motto: *semper eadem* (always the same)

Edwards Dam&Pith (1758-60) EUB: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth,
I humbly crave True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith,
The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth!

(1768-74) SONG: The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth!
Long may she govern in honor and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health!
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire,
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith.

The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queen Elizabeth!

Anon. Willobie Alway[s] the same/Avisa: (XXXII, XLI, XLIII, LXII, LXXII)
L Gh. (87): I by a Queen did live, and was advanced.

(92-99): And, for that, lost his life; I, my renown,
Till sacred Cynthia to the kingdom came,
That gave new life to my late-dying fame.
That peerless Queen of happy memory,
Who late like Deborah this kingdom swayed,
Now triumphs in the jasper-coloured sky,
In star-embroidered vesture richly rayed,
She, she restored my honor then decayed,
(149-52}: By the Queen's help, my power, and threatening looks,
I ruled the pawns, the bishops, knights and rooks.

Thus did I play at chess, and won the game,
Having the Queen my puissance to support;

See also 291-93, 298-301, 571, 608-612, 646, 651-52, 655-61, 670,
711-12, 715, 776-77, 1096, 1250-54, 1271-73, 1284, 1285-87, 1313-15,
1649, 168-69, 1691-96, 1714-16, 1749-50, 1783-85, 1996-98, 2124, 2135-38.

Shakes Sonnet (76): ... Why write I still all one, ever the same,
"All one" also invokes the Southampton motto: "One for all, all for one."

Nashe Will Summers (132-38): SUMMER: And died I had indeed unto the earth,
But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen, On whom all seasons
prosperously attend,

Forbad the execution of my fate, Until her joyful progress was expir'd.
For her doth Summer live, and linger here, And wisheth long to
live to her content;

Repent ... Folly:

Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.

Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;

Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,

Anon. Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,

Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,

Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

Functional References

References to Aristippus, a character in Damon & Pithias

Kyd S&P (I.5.58) HALEB: Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,

Anon. Leicester's Gh (466-067): Now Aristippus is in more request,

That knew the way to please a monarch's mind

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Favored Words, Phrases:

by and by (9 times); creep into [the king's] bosom; feed [my] eyes [on]; frame; honest man; make means (2); sorrow ... sink; joyful heart' for my/your part; secretly

Distinctive Words, Phrases:

My credit is cracked, knit me up so short

Compound Words:

41 words (verbs, nouns, adj, adv, prep, conj)
bake-house (n), boy-colliers (n), brain-sick (a), butter-teeth (n), buttery-hatch (n), close-secret (n), court-gate (n), crack-rope (n), dung-fork (n), edge-tools (n), faggot-stick (n), falling-out (n), fence-blows (n), grave-bencher (n), hurly-burly (n), jack-napes (n), jack-sauce (n), legend-lie (n), log-headed (a), long-desired (a), lookers-on (n), mad-headed (a), mariner-knaves (n), moth-eaten (a), mother-wit (n), over-thwart (v), plain-song (n), profit-measuring (a), quick-carvers (n), self-same (a), shop-window (n), thread-bare (a), twitch-box (n), vengeance-knave (n), wain-cart (n), washing-ball (n), water-bougets (n), well-beloved (a), well-pronounced (a), well-proved (a), well-willer (n)

Words beginning with "con":

20 words (11 verbs, 6 nouns, 5 adj).
conceit (n), concerning (v), condemn (v), condition (n), conquest (n), conscience (n), consent (v), conserve (v), consider (v), conspire (v), constant (a), constellation (n), consume (v), consuming (a), content (v, a), continual (a), contrary (a, n), contrived (v), control (v), convey (v)

Words beginning with "dis": 13 words (11 verbs, 3 nouns).
discern (v), disclose (v), discourse (n), disease (v, n), disgrace (v), dismay (v), dispatch (v), displeased (v), dispose (v), dispute (v), dissemble (v), dissever (v), distress (n)

Words beginning with "mis": 5 words (2 verbs, 2 nouns, 1 adj).
misadventure (n), miserable (a), misery (n), mislike (v), mistrust (v)

Words beginning with "over": 2 words (2 verbs).
overrun (v), over-thwart (v)

Words beginning with "pre": 7 words (5 verbs, 1 noun, 1 adj, 1 adv).
prefer (v), presence (n), present (v, a), presently (adv), preserve (v), prevail (v), prevent (v)

Words beginning with "re": 28 words (18 verbs, 11 nouns, 2 adj, 1 adv).
recall (v), receive (v), recite (v), reckoning (v, n), refuse (v), regal[ly] (a, adv), relief (n), relieve (v), remain (v), remedy (n), remember (v), repast (n), repent (v), report (v, n), request (n), require (v), requite (v), reserve (v), resign (v), resort (v), resound (v), respect (n), restore (v), return (v, n), revenger (n), revenging (n), reverent (a), reward (n)

Words beginning with "un","in": 38 words (19, 16, 3)
(12 verbs, 7 nouns, 11 adj, 2 adv, 3 prep, 4 conj).
incensed (v), inclined (v), increased (v), indeed (conj), inform (v), injury (n), innocent (a), inquiry (n), insomuch (conj), instead (conj), instruct (v), instructions (n), intelligence (n), intend (v), intent (n), into (prep), intoxicate (v), invent (v), inward (a)
unbind (v), unborn (a), uncertain (a), undone (v), unequal (a), unfeigned[ly] (a, adv), unguentum (n), dishonest (a), unjustice (n), unjustly (adv), unknown (a), unless (conj), unsearched (a), unspeakable (a), until (prep), unworthy (a)
under (prep), undermine (v), understand (v)

Words ending with "able": (2 adj)
miserable (a), unspeakable (a)

Words ending with "less": 3 words (3 adj).
guiltless, hapless, restless

Words ending with "ness": 12 words (12 nouns).
bountifulness, business, fondness, gentleness, goodness, heaviness, likeness, quietness, sickness, simpleness, strangeness, witness

Words ending with "ize": none.
reflexives: advise thyself, assure thyself, content yourself/thyself, convey myself, I fear me, forget myself, myself I apply