

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

156.B.8 [2]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Cambyzes King of Persia

By THOMAS PRESTON

~~50/50~~ [C. 1584]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

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Entered on Stationers' Register 1569-70

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[B.M., C. 34, d. 56]

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Cambyzes King of Persia

By THOMAS PRESTON

[c. 1584]

This play was licensed to John Alde (the father of the printer of this edition) between July, 1569, and July, 1570, and Sir J. A. H. Murray, in the "Oxford English Dictionary," assigns the date of writing to "c. 1560."

The first edition probably appeared in 1570, shortly after its entry on the books of the Stationers' Register. As far as at present known, this impression cannot be dated earlier than 1584, when Edward Alde succeeded his father in business.

For what little is known of Preston consult "The Dictionary of National Biography."

Mr. J. A. Herbert (of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum), after comparing this facsimile with the original, says that it is "very excellently reproduced, hardly the minutest fault to be found."

JOHN S. FARMER.

4

A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of
plesant mirth, containing the life of Cam-
 bises king of Percia, from the beginning of his king-
 dome, vnto his death, his one good deede of execu-
tion, after that many wicked deedes and tyrannous mur-
ders, committed by and through him, and last
 of all, his odious death by Gods Iustice
 appointed. Done in such order
 as followeth.

By Thomas Preston.

The diuision of the parts.

Councell.		Prologue.	
Huf.		Sifamoes	
Praxaspes.	} For one man.	Diligence	
Murder.		Crueltie.	} For one man.
Lob.		Hob	
The third Lord.		preparatio	
Lord.		the 1. Lord	
Ruf.		Ambidexter	} For one man.
Commons cry.	} For one man.	Triall.	
Commons complaint		Meretrix.	
Lord Smirdis.		Shame.	} For one man.
Venus.		Orian.	
Knight.		Mother.	
Soul.		Lady.	
Small hability		Queene.	
Proof.	} For one man.	Yong child.	} For one man.
Execution.		Cupid.	
Attendance.			
Second Lord.			
Cambises.	} For one man.		
Epilogus.			



The Prologue entreth.

A Gathon he whose counsaill wise to pꝛinces weale extended,
By godd advice vnto a pꝛince 3. things he hath commended:
First is that he hath gouernment and ruleth ouer men:
Secondly, to rule with lawes, eke Justice (saith he) then.
Thirde, that he must wel conceiue, he may not alwaies raigne:
So, thus the rule vnto a pꝛince, Agathon squared platne.
Tullie the wise whose sapience, in volumes great both tell:
Was he in wisdom, in that time did many men excel.
A pꝛince (saith he) is of himselfe a plaine and speaking Law:
The law a Scholemaster deuine, this by his rule I do saw.
The sage and wittie Seneca his wordes thereto did frame:
The honest exercise of Kings, men wil inue the same.
But contrarie wise if that a King abuse his kingly seat:
His ignomie and bitter shame in line shal be more great.
In Persia there raigned a King, whose Cyrus hight by name:
Who did deserue as I do read, the lasting blast of fame.
But he, when others there had wrought, to there his vital thred,
As befre due to take the crowne, Cambises did proceed.
He in his youth was trained vp, by trace of vertues lore:
Yet (being King) did cleane forget his perfect race before.
When cleauing more vnto his wil such vice did immitate:
As one of Icarus his kind, fore warning then did hate.
Thinking that none could him dismay, ne none his fact could see,
Yet at the last a fall he looke, like Icarus to be.
As as the fish which oft had take the pleasant bait from hooke:
In safe did spring a pearce the streams when fisher fast did looke
To hoist vp from the watry waves vnto the dried land:
Then shapte at last by suttile bait come to the fishers hand.
Even so this King Cambises here, when he had wrought his will
A 2 Taking

A Comedie

Taking delight the Innocent, his guiltless blood to spill.
Then mightie loue would not permit, to prosecute offence,
But what measure the king did meane, & same did loue commence
To bring to end with shame his race, & reares he did not raise
His cruelty we will relate, and make the matter plaine.
Craving that this may suffice now, your patience to winne:
I take my way, behold hee I see the players comming in.

FINIS.

First enter Cambises the King Knight and Councellor.
Cambises.

My Counsaile grave & sapient with Lords of legall traine,
Attentive ears towards me bend & heare what shalbe saide,
So you likewise my valiant knight whose manly arms doth shaine,
By Bate of same that sounding tromp doth pierce the ayre sky
By sapient words I say perpend and so your shal relate,
You know that Mors banquisheth hath Cyrus that king of state,
And I by due inheritance possesse that princely crowne,
Ruling by sword of mightie force in place of great renowne.
You knowe and often haue heard tell my fathers worthy facts,
A manly Maris heart he bare appearing by his acts.
And what? shall I to ground let fall my fathers golden praises
No, no, I meane for to attempt this same more large to raise.
In that that I his sonne succeed his kingly seat as dur,
Extend your counsell vnto me in that I aske of you.
I am the king of Persia, a large and fertile soyle,
The Egyptians against vs repugne, as barlets slave and vyle.
Therefore I mean with Maris hart, much waite them to request
When to subdue as captives mine this is my hearts intent.
So shall I win honours delight, and praise of me shall go,
By Councell speake, and Lodgings eke, is it not best so for
Councell.

Oh puissant king, your blisful words deserves abundant praise,
That you in this do go about, your fathers same to raise.
Oh blisful day that king so young, such profit should conceiue,
His fathers praise and his to win, from those that would deceiue.
Dure my true and soueraigne king, I fall before you prest,
Mustere to giue as dutie mine, in that your grace request.

o f King Cambises.

W^hat your heart adides be, the Egyptians to conuince,
Throug^h Marfis aid the conqueste won, then Lord of happy prince,
Shall pearce the thies vnto the throne of the supernal seat,
And merite there a iust reward, of Iupiter the great.
But then your grace must not turne backe, from this p^resences
For to proceed in vertuous life, imploy indeuour still. Will,
Extinguish vice, and in that cup to drinke haue no delight,
No martiall feats and kingly sport, for all your whole delight.

King.

My counsell grace a thousand thanks, with hart I do you render
What you my case so prosperous, intirely doe tender.

I will not swerue fro^m those your steps, wherto you wold me train
But now my Lord and valiant knight, with words giue answer
Are you content with me to go, the Marfis games to try? (plain

Lord.

Yea p^rerelisse Prince to aid your grace, my selfe will tise and his
Knight.

And I for my habillity, for feare will not turne backe,
But as the ship against the rocks, sustaine and bide the bracke
King.

Oh tolling harts, a thousand thanks I render vnto you,
Strik vp your drums with corage great, we wil march forth
Counsell, (each note

Permit (O King) few words to heer, my duty serues no less,
Herfore giue leave to counsell thine, his mind for to exp^resse.

King.

Speake on my counsell what it be, you that haue saued mine.
Counsell.

When will I speake vnto your grace, as duty both me bind,
Your grace both meane for to attempt of war the manly art,
Your grace therein may hap receiue with others for your part,
The dent of death in those affaires, all persons are alike,
The heart couragious often times, his detriment doth sake.
Its best therefore for to permit, a ruler of your land,
To sit and iudge with equity, when things of right are stand.

King.

My grace both yeld to this your talke, to be thus now it shall,

A Comedie

My knight therefore prepare your selfe Sissammes for to call.
A Judge he is of prudent skill, even he that beare the sway,
In absence mine, when from the land I do depart my way.

Knight.

Your knight before your grace euen heere, himself hath ready prest
With willing heart for to fulfill as your grace made request.

Councel.

Exit.

Pleaseth your grace I judge of him to be a man right fit,
For he is learned in the Law having the gift of wit.
In your graces precinct I do not view for it a master man,
His learning is of good effect, bying proofe thereof I can.
I do not know what is his life, his conscience hid from me,
I doubt not but the feare of God before his eyes to be.

Lord.

Report declares he is a man that to himselfe is nie,
One that saoureth much the world and sets to much thereby:
But this I say of certainty, if hee your grace succeed,
In your absence but for a while he will be warme indeed:
No iustice for to frequent, no partiall Judge to prove,
But rule all things with equitie, to win your graces love.

King.

Of that he shall a warning haue, my heaile for to obey,
Great punishment for his offence against him will I lay.

Councel.

Behold I see him now agresse and enter into place.

Sissammes.

O puissant prince & mighty king, the Gods preserve your grace
Your graces message came to me, your will purposing forth,
With grateful minde I it receiv'd, according to mine oath.
Creating then my selfe with speed, before your graces eyes,
The tenor of your princely will, from you for to signifye.

King.

Sissammes, this the whole effect the which for you I sent,
Our minde it is to elevate you to great preferment:
By grace and gracious counsell he hath chose you for this cause
In iudgement you do office beare, which haue the skill in lawes.
We thinke that you accordingly, by iustice rule will deale,

What

of King Cambises.

What for offence none shall have cause of wrong you to appeale.
Sisannes.

Abundant thanks vnto your grace for this benignity,
To you his Councel in like case, with all of clemency,
What so your grace to me permits, if I therein offend:
Such execution then commence, and vse it to this end.
That all other (by that my deere) example so may take:
To admonish them to steere the same, by feare it may them make.

King.

When according to your words, if you therein offend:
I assure you even from my best, correction shall extend,
From Persia I meane to go into the Egypt land:
Them to conuince by force of armes, and win the upper hand,
While I therefore absent shall be, I doe you full permit:
As gouernour in this my right, in that estate to sit.
For to detect and keepe corrected, those that abuse my grace:
This is the totall of my wil, giue answere in this case.

Sisannes.

Unworthy much (O prince) am I, and for this gift vnfit,
But sith that it hath pleased your grace, that I in it must sit,
I do anouch vnto my death, according to my skill:
With equity for to obserue your graces mind and wil.
And nought from it to swaue indeed, but sincerely to stay,
Else let me tast the penalty, as I before did say.

King.

Well then of this authoritie, I giue you full possession.

Sisannes.

And I will it fulfill also, as I haue made profession.

King.

My Councel then let vs depart, a small stay to make,
To Egypt land now forth with speed, my voyage I will take,
Strike vp your drums vs to reioyce, to hear the warlike sound,
Stay you here Sisannes Iudge, and looke wel to your bound.

Exeunt King, Lord and Councill.

Sisannes.

Even now the King hath me extold, and set me vp aloft,
Now may I weare the bearded guard and lie in downe bed soft,

Now

A Comedie.

Now may I purchase house and land, and haue all at my toll,
Now may I buie a princely place, my mind for to fulfil.
Now may I abrogate the law, as I shall thinke it good.
If any one me now offend, I may demaund his blood.
According to the proverbe old, my mouth I will by make,
Now it both lie all in my hand, to leaue or els to take.
To deale with iustice to me bound, and so to live in hope,
But oftentimes the birds be gone, while one for nesh both grops.
How well or ill, I dare anouch some soil on me will speake,
No truly yet I do not meane, the kings precepts to breake.
To place I meane for to returne my duty to fulfil. Exit.
Enter the Vice with an old Capcase on his head, an olde pail a-
bout his hips for harnes, a scumner and a poelid by his side and
a rake on his shoulder. Ambidexter.

Stand away stand away for the passion of God,
Warned I am prepared to the field:
I would haue bene content at home to haue bod,
But I am sent forth with my speare and shield.
I am appointed to fight against a sonne,
And within which the ancient shal beare:
I doot not but against him to preuaile,
To be a man my words shal declare.
If I overcome him, then a Butter flie takes his part,
His weapon must be a blew specked Pen:
But you shall see me ouerthrow him with a fart.
So without conquest he shal go home againe.
If I overcome him, I must fight with a stir,
And a blacke pudding the flies weapon must be:
At the first blow on the ground he shal lie.
I will be sure to throw him through the mouth to the knee,
To conquest these fellows the man I wil play:
Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile.
To see if I can all men beguile.
Ha, my name, my name would you so faine knowe?
Pea swis shal ye, and that with al speed:
I haue forgot it therefore I cannot shew.
A, a, now I haue it, I haue it in deed.

of King Cambises.

My name is Ambidexter, I signifie one,
That with both hands finely can play:
Now with King Cambises, and by and by gone,
Thus do I run this and that way.

For while I meane with a Souldier to be,
Then giue I a leape to Sifammes the Judge:
I dare aouch you shall his destruction see,
Of all kinde of estates I meane for to frudge.

Ambidexter, nay he is a fellow if ye knew all:
Cease for a while, hereafter heare more ye shall.

Enter three Ruffins, Huf, Ruf, and Snuf, singing.
Huf.

Cogs flesh and his wounds these warren reioyce my hart,
By his wounds I hope to doe well for my part.
By Cogs hart the world shall goe hard if I be not shift,
At some olde Carles budget I meane for to lift.

Ruf.

By his flesh, Nose, Eyes and Eares,
I will venter boord of all cares.
He is not a Souldier that doth feare any doubt:
If that he would bying his purpose about.

Snuf.

Feare that feare list, it shall not be I,
By Cogs wounds I will make some necke stand aye.
If I lose my share, I sweare by Cogs hart:
When let another take by my parte.

Huf.

Yet I hope to come the richest Souldier a day:

Ruf.

If a man aske ye, ye may haue to say nay

Snuf.

Let all men get what they can, not to lose I hope:
Where soeuer I goe, in eche corner I will grope.

Ambidexter.

What and ye run in the corner of some paitie maider

13

Snuf.

A Comedie

Snuf.

Lo grope there good fellow I will not be ashaid.

Huf.

Gogs wounds what art thou that with vs doest meke
Thou seemest to be a souldier the truth to tel.
Thou seemest to be harnessed, I cannot tel how:
I thinke he came lately from riding some Cow.
Such a deformed slave did I neuer see:
Ruf dost thou know him? I pray thee tel me.

Ruf. No by my troth fellow Huf I neuer see him before.

Snuf.

As for me I care not if I neuer see him more.
Come let vs run his arse against the poste:

Ambidexter.

I ye slaves, I will be with you at othe. heere let him
I ye knaves, I wil teach ye how ye shal me deride: swinge the about.
Out of my sight I can ye not abide.

Now Goodman poutchmouth, I am a slave with you.

Now haue at ye a fresh againe even now.

Wine arse against the poste you will run:

But I wil make you from that saying to turn.

Huf.

I beseech ye hartely to be content:

Ruf.

I insure you by mine honesty no hurt we ment.
Beside that againe we do not know what ye are:
Ye know that souldiers their stoutnes will declare.
Therefore if we haue any thing offended,
Pardon our rudenes and it shalbe amended.

Ambidexter.

Now Gods pittie begin ye to intreat mee
Haue at ye once againe by the masse I will beat ye.

Huf.

fight againe.

Gogs hart let vs kill him, suffer no longer:

Snuf.

draw their swords.

Thou shalt see we will see if thou be the stronger.

Ruf.

of King Cambises.

Ruf.

Strike of his head at one blow:
That we be souldiers Gogs hart let him know.

Ambidexter.

O the passion of God, I haue doon by mine honestie.
I will take your part hereafter verily.

All.

Then come let vs agree:

Ambidexter.

Shake hands with me, I shake hands with thee.
We are full of courtesie that is the best:
And you take great paine, ye are a mannerly guest.
Why maisters doe you not know me: the truth to me tel:

All.

No trust vs, not very well.

Ambidexter.

Why I am Ambidexter who many souldiers doe loue.
Huf.

Gogs hart to haue thy company needs we must pzo ne.
We must play with both hands with our hostes and host:
Play with both hands and scope on the poste,
Now and then with our Captain for many a delay:
We wil not sticke with both hands to play.

Ambidexter.

The honestest man ye may me trust.

Enter Meretrix with a staffe on her shoulder.

Meretrix.

What: is there no lads here that hath a lust:
To haue a passing trol to help at their need:
Huf.

Gogs hart she is come in deen.

What mistres Meretrix by his wounds welcome to me:

Meretrix.

What wil ye giue me I pray you let me see:

Ruf. By his hart she looke for gifts by and by.

A Comedie

Meretrix.

What maister Ruf. I cry you mercy.
The last time I was with you I got a broken head:
And lay in the street all night for want of a bed.

Snuf.

Dogs wounds kisse me my trull so white:
In thee I sweare is all my delight.
If thou shouldst haue had a broken head for my sake,
I would haue made his head to ache.

Meretrix.

What maister Ambidexter, who lookest for your
Ambidexter.

Spidres Meretrix, I thought not to see you here now.
There is no remedy at meeting I must haue a kill:

Meretrix.

What man? I will not strike for that by gillie.

kill.

Ambidexter.

Go home gramercy, I pray thee be gone,

Meretrix.

Day lost my friend I meane to haue one.

Day lost I sweare, and if ye were my brother,

Before I let go I will haue another.

kill, kill, kill,

Ruf.

Dogs part the whores would not kisse me yet:

Meretrix.

If I be a whore, thou art a knave then it is quit.

Huf.

But hearest thou Meretrix, with who this night wilt thou lye

Meretrix.

With him that giueth the most money.

Huf.

Dogs part, I haue no money in purse ne yet in clout:

Meretrix.

Then get thee hence and packe like a clout.

Huf.

Go like a whore.

Exit Huf.

Meretrix.

of King Cambises.

Meretrix.

Farwell like a knave.

Ruf.

Oge hailes, Maister Meretrix now he is gone:
A match ye shall make straight with me:
I will give thee six pence to lye one night with the.

Meretrix.

Oge hart haue you thinke I am a drunken Jug:
No wis ye Jack I looke a little more smug.

Sauf.

I will give her six pence to lye one night with the:

Meretrix.

Seamercy Sauf, thou art not the worst.

Ruf.

By Oge hart she were better be hanged, to forsaake me & take

Sauf.

where she for that shall be faine.

Ruf.

By Oge hart my Dagger into her I will thrust.

Sauf.

A ye boy, ye would do it and ye would.

Ambidexter.

Peace my maisters ye shall not fight,
He that draws first I will take fault.

Ruf.

Oge wounds Maister Sauf are ye so lassy?

Sauf.

Oge wounds Maister Ruf are ye so crassy?

Ruf.

You may happen to see:

Sauf.

Do what thou darest to me.

Heer draw & fight.

Heere she must lay on and coyle them both, the Vice
must run his way for feare, Sauf sling down his
sword and buckler & run his way.

A Comedie

Meretrix.

Goose likes knaves, saying to fight ye be so rough,
Defend your selves so; I will give ye both enough.
I will teach ye how ye shall fall out for me:
Pee thou slave Snuf, no more blowes wilt thou bide
To take thy hailes a time hast thou spide?
Thou villaine seeing Snuf is gone away:
A little better I meane thee to pay.

He falleth downe, she falleth vpon him and beats him,
and taketh away his weapons.

Ruf.

Alas good mistresse Meretrix no more:
My legs, sides, and armes with beating be sore.

Meretrix.

Thou a Souldier and lose thy weapon:
Goe hence sir boy, say a woman hath thee beaten.

Ruf.

Good mistresse Meretrix my weapon let me haue:
Take pittie on me mine honestie to saue.
If it be knowne this repulse I sustaine:
It will rebound to my ignomy and shame.

Meretrix.

If thou wilt be my man and waite vpon me:
This Sword and Buckler I will give thee.

Ruf.

I will doe all at your commaundment:
As servant to you I will be obedient.

Meretrix.

Then let me see how befoze me you can goe,
When I speake to you you shall doe so.
Of with your cap at place and at boord,
Forsooth mistresse Meretrix at euery woord.
Tut, tut, in the Campe such Souldiers there be:
One good woman would beat away two or thre.
Tut I am sure Customers tarry at home:

Meretrix

of King Cambises.

Enterly before and let us be gone.

Exeunt.

Enter Ambidexter.

O the passion of God, be they hear still or no:
I durst not abide to see her beat them so.
I may say to you I was in such a sight:
Body of me I see the heare of my head stand upright.
When I saw her so hard upon them lay on,
O the passion of God thought I she will be with me anon.
I made no maze ado but avoided the thrust:
And to my legs began for to trust.
And fell a laughing to my selfe when I was once gone:
It is wisdom (quoth I) by the masse to save one.
When into this place I intended to trudge:
Thinking to meete Silammes the iudge.
Beholde where he cometh I will him meet:
And like a gentleman I meane him to greet.

Enter Silammes.

Since that the Kings graces maiestie in office did me set:
What abundance of wealth to me might I get. (take
Now and the some vantage Iatchine, much more yet may I
But that I fear unto y thing, that some complaint will make.

Ambidexter.

Iesu maister Silammes you are unwise.

Silammes.

Why so? I pray thee let me agnise.
What maister Ambidexter, is it you?
Now welcome to me I make God a vow.

Ambidexter.

Iesu Maister Silammes with me you are wel acquainted,
By me rulers may be trimly painted.

Ye are unwise if ye take not time while ye may:

If ye wil not now when ye would ye shall haue nay.

What is he that of you dare make exclamation:

Of your wrong dealing to make explication?

Can you not play with both hands & turn with the winde?

Silammes.

A Comedie

Sisammes.

Welceme me your woordes beate deepe in my minde.
In coloure wise vnto this day to bydes I haue inclined:
More the same for to frequent of truth I am now minded,
Beholde euen now vnto me suters doe proceed.

Small habilitie.

(tender,

I beseech you heere good maister iudge a poore mans cause to
Condemne me not in wrongfull wise that neuer was offender.
You know right wel my right it is, I haue not for to giue:
you take away from me my due, that should my corpe release.
The Commons of you doe complaine, from the you denocate:
with anguish great & greuous woordes their parts do penetrate.
The right you sell vnto the wrong, your priuate gain to win:
You violate the simple man, and count it for no sinne.

Sisammes.

Hold thy tongue thou prattling knave, and giue to me reward:
Who in this wise I tell thee truth thy tale wil not be heard.
Ambidexter, let be goe hence, and let the knave alone.

Ambidexter.

Farewell Small habilitie for helpe now get you none,
Bydes hath corrupted him good lawes to perle: Exit.

Small habilitie.

A naughty man that will not obey the kings constituto.
With heere part I will returne till I see you my path. Exit.

Enter Shame with a trunp blacke.

Shame.

From among y^e grilly ghosts I come, from tirants teary fruit:
Unseemely Shame of death I am procured to make paine.
The opinion of good shewes none y^e Cambyses king hath use:
All pietie and vertuous life, he hath it cleane refuse.
Lechery and drunkenness he hath much frequent.
The Tigres kinde he hath to be both good full content.
He thought esteeme his counsell giue, he vertuous bringer
But now he receives the punishment, of damned vices cup.
He can haue no instruction, he takes so great delight

of King Cambyses.

In working of iniquitie, for to frequent his sight,
He frame both souerayn & royal trump of worthy men & friends:
So that both blots & detraiment blots & trump of shame on him.

(Exit.)

Enter the King, Lord, Praxaspes, and Sifamnes.

King.

O Judge since my departure hence, have you been indignant
affectionate toward I praye, the same I will requite. (right)

Sifamnes.

No doubt your grace shall not once hear, if I have done amis,

Praxaspes.

I much rejoice to heare, so good news as this.

Enter commons crying running in, speake this verse,
and goe out againe hastily.

Commons cry.

Woe, woe, woe are the Commons oppressed,
That this Tyrant Sifamnes by name
Hee hath made his heart should be requited,
Hee hath made his life so full of trouble.

Woe are the Commons and the poor out of hope,
Who are continually crying out for help:
For Sifamnes can give no release nor succour,
Nor grant them grace for repentance.

Run away crying.

King.

What a dolorous crye be these my I, that sound in mine eares
and in mine heart, unto your King declare.
Hearke if I hearth my Commons cry, they be lament and cry:
Out of Sifamnes indignation, ever more standing by.

Praxaspes.

Even so (as) thing it seems to me as you rehearse all made:
Hee hath made the Commons culpable, in some respect of trade.

Sifamnes.

Hee hath made King have no mistrust, no let your minde dismay
Hee is not one that can me charge or ought against me lay.

C

Enter

A Comedie

Enter Commons complaint, with Proofs, and Triall,
Commons complaint.

Commons complaint I represent, with the all of bolfull states
By urgent cause erected forth, my græfe for to vilate,
Unto the king I will prepare, my miserie to tell:
To haue releefe of this my græfe, and fettered feet so fet.
Redoubted Prince and mighty king, my self I prostrat heret
Monchafe (O king) with me to beare, for this that I appeere.
With humble sute I pardon craue, of your most royall grace:
To giue me leaue my minde to break, before you in this place.
King.

Commons complaint keep nothing back, fear not thy tale to tel
What ere be within this land, that hath not used thee wel.
As princes mouth shal sentence giue, he shal receive the same:
Unfolde the secrets of thy best, for I extinguish blame.

Commons complaint.

God preserve your royall grace, and send you blissfull daies:
that all your doings might still accord, to giue the God þe praise.
My complaint is (O mighty king) against that Iudge you by:
whose careless doings, gain to receive, hath made þe commons cry.
We, by taking bribes and gifts, the poore be both oppresse:
Taking releefe from Infants yong, widows and fatherles.

King.

(complaint,

Untrustfull traitor and corrupt Iudge, how liked thou this
Forewarning I to thee did giue, of this to make restraint:
And hast thou done this bluelich deed mine ire for to augment?
I sentence giue thou Iudas Iudge, thou shalt thy deed repent.
Sifannes.

O pusant Prince it is not so, his complaint I deny.

Commons complaint.

If it be not so (most mighty king) in place then let me bye.
Behold that I haue brought to me, both Proof & Triall true,
To stand euen here and sentence giue, what by him shal inue.

Proof.

I Proof to him in this appeal, he did the commons wrong:
Unjustly

of King Cambyses.

Whilſt he ſith them hath ſelf, his greedy was ſo ſtrong.
His hart did conat in to get, he cared not which way:
Who pay his lute their due a right, becauſe they want to pay.
Wnto him ſo; bybes indeed, this was his wanted ble:
Inperas poor grace god laies his make, he did y ſame abuſe.

Triall.

3 Triall heer to beriffe, what Proof ſouth now befolde:
He ſtand againſt him in his wrong, as now 3 dare be holde.

King.

How likeſt thou this, thou caitive velle, canſt thou y ſame being
Sifamnes.

Oh noble king forgive my ſad, 3 yeeld to thy mercy.

King.

Complaints and P:er, rebo: He will 3, all this your miſery:
Depart with ſpeed from whence you came,
And ſtraight command by me.

Who execution want to come, befoze my grace with haſte:

All

3 to fulfill this your request, no time we meane to waſte.

King.

Exeunt they three.

My Lord, befoze my grace goe call, Orian this Judges ſonne:
And he ſhal heare and alloſe, what his father hath don.
If he ſofter be ſhal ſofter death, the ſonne his roome ſucceed:
And if that he be no better prone, ſo likewiſe ſhall he ſpeid.

Praxaspes.

He poor grace hath comaundment given, 3 mean ſo to fulfill:

King.

ſtep aſide and fetch him.

Accuſed Judge couldeſt thou conſent to do this curſed de:
Exce:ding unto thy demand, thou ſhalt ſo; this thy giſt:
Wearine thy death befoze mine eyes, thy blood it ſhal be ſpilt.

Praxaspes.

Beholde (Oh King) Sifamnes ſonne befoze you both appeere.

King. Orian this is my minde, therfoze to me come neere.

My father her ſo; indgmet wrong procured hath his death:
And thou his ſon ſhalt him ſucceed, wher he hath loſt his heath:
And if that thou doſt once offend, as thou ſeſt thy father pent:

A Comedie

Thou likest thou shalt suffer death, no mercy shall thee save.

Oran.

O mighty king, beseech your grace, my father for me:

Forgive his fault, his pardon I beseech of you as yet.

Alas although my father hath your Majesty most offended:

Remember so, while he is yet alive, and faults shall be amended

In stead of his requested life, please to your grace take mine:

His offer I as tender child, so duty both me binds,

King.

I cannot intreat my grace no more, for he that eye the death:

There is the execution man, him to be true of breath.

Execution.

Enter execution.

Stand and if it like your grace, my duty to dispatch:

I hope that I when done is done, a good reward shall catch.

King.

Dispatch with speed this Judges life, extinguish fear & cares:

Go down, dispatch his cursed sin, strait over both his ears.

I will be the place done, and that before mine eyes.

Execution.

As for this thing my king commands I give the enterprise.

Sifannes.

Oran my leave the king to death by law hath me condemned,

And you in room and stead mine, his grace will hath placed:

His justice therefore in this case, and yield unto no wrong:

Oran.

O father dear, these words to hear, that you must dye by force

Here on my cheeks is dried tears, & my heart hath no remorse.

As he grievous grates and strained sighs,

My heart both breaks in flames:

And I beseech most woful child, that I should see you slain.

O false and wicked frowning dame, that turneth as the wind:

Is this the day in fathers age, thou art assigned to find?

O hateful day, unhappy hour, that loving child should see:

His father dear before his face thus put to death should be.

Yet father give me blessing thine, and let me once embrace:

As by comely corpse in fouled arms, and kiss thy ancient face.

Sifannes.

of King Cambises.

Sisamnes.

Ohilde thou makes my eyes to run as rivers do by dreame:
I leave I take of thee my sonne, beware of this my beame.

King.

Dispatch even now thou man of death no longer seems to stay:
Execution.

Come S. Sisamnes, come on your way, my office I must pay,
I forgive therfore my dea.

Sisamnes.

I do forgive it thee my friend, dispatch therfore with speed.
Smite him in the neck with a sword to signify his death.

Praxaspes.

Beholde O king how he hath bleed, being of life herast:

King.

In this wise he shall not yet be left.

Will his kin pierce his eyes to make his death more vile:
It wretch he was, a cruell theefe my commons to beguile.

Flea him with a false skin.

Orian.

What child is he of nature's mould, could live the same to see
His father dead in this wise: Oh how it greeves me.

King.

Orian, thou seest thy father dead, and thou art in his room:
If thou beest proud as he hath bene even therfore what thou

Orian.

(come.

O king, to me this is a glass, with greefe in it I view
Example that unto your grace I do not prove untrue.

Praxaspes.

Orian, convey your father hence, to tomb where he shall lye:

Orian.

And if it please your Lordship, it shall be done by and by.

Execution man for need, helpe me with him away:

Execution.

I will follow as you come did say.

They take him away.

King.

Oh now that my grace hath seen, that justice is this deed,

C :

20

A Comedie

To question mine giue tentative care,
And answer make with speed.

Haue not I don a gracious deed, to redresse my common wrong?
Praxaspes.

Yea truly if it please your grace, ye haue indeed don so.
But now (O king) in friendly wise, I counsel you in this:
Certain vices for to leaue, that in you placed is.
The vice of drunkennes (O king) which both you sore infect:
With other great abuses, which I wish you to detect.

King.

Peace my Lord, what needeth this? of this I will not heare:
To pallace now I will returne, and thereto make good cheere.
God Bacchus he bestow his gifts, we haue good store of wine.
And also that the Ladies be, both passing brane and fine.
But stay, I see a Lord now come, and eke a valiant knight:
What news my Lord: to see you heer, my hart it doth delight

Enter Lord, and Knight to meet the King.

Lord.

No news (O king) but of duty come, to wait vpon your grace
King.

I thank you my Lord a louing knight, I pray you with me tace.
O Lord and knight I pray ye tel, I will not be offended:
Am I worthy of any crime once to be reprehended?

Praxaspes.

(comment)

The Persians much do praise your grace, but one thing dis-
In that to wine subiect you be, wherein you do offend.
With that y might of wines effect, both oft subdue your brain:
My counsel is to please their harts, from it you would refrain

Lord.

No, no, my Lord, it is not so, for this of p[ri]nce they tel:
For vertuous p[ro]ofe and princely facts, Cyrus he both excel.
By y his grace by conquest great, the Egyptians did conuince:
Of him report abroad both passe, to be a worthy p[ri]nce.

Knight.

(compare,

In person of Cresus I answer make, we may not his grace

In

of King Cambises.

In whole respect to be like, Cyrus the Kings father. (Whose
In so much your grace hath yet no child, as Cyrus left be.
Even you I mean, Cambises King, in whom I favour finde.
King.

Cresus said well in saying so, but Praxaspes tel me why:
What to my mouth in such a sort thou shouldst auouch a lye.
Of drunkennes me thus to charge, but thou with speed shalt see
Whether that I a sober King, or els a drunkard be.
I know thou hast a blisfull babe, wherein thou dost delight:
For to reuenge of these thy words, I will go wake this spight:
When I the most haue tasted wine, my bow it shall be bent:
At hart of him even then to shote, is now my whole intent.
And if that I his hart can hit, the King no drunkard is:
If hart of him I doe not kill, I yeeld to thee in this.
Wherefore Praxaspes fetch to me, thy yongest son with speed:
There is no way I tell thee plaine, but I will see this deed.
Praxaspes.

He doubtes Prince spare my sweet child, he is mine only toy:
I trust your grace to infants hart, no such thing will employ.
If that his mother hear of this, she is so nigh her sight:
In clay her corpes will soone be shyned, to passe from worlds de-
King. (light.

Do more adoe, go fetch me him, it shall be as I say:
And if that I doe speak the word, how dare ye once say nay?
Praxaspes.

I will go fetch him to your grace, but so I trust it shall not be:
King.

For feare of my displeasure great, goe fetch him hute me.
As he cometh by the Gods I will see as I say:
My Lord therefore fill me some wine, I hartely you pray.
For I must drinke to make my braine somewhat interlate:
When that the wine is in my head, oh frimly I can prate.
Lord.

Here is the cup with filled wine, thereof to take repast:
King.

Give it me to drinke it off, and see no wine be wast. Drink
Once

A Comedie

Once againe enlarge this cup, for I must eate it still. Drink
 By the Gods I thinke of pleasant wine. I cannot take my fill.
 Now drink to me giue me my bow, and arrows for my knight:
 At hart of childe I meane to shoot, hoping to cleare it right.

Knight.

Behold (O king) where he doth come, his infant going in hand:
 Praxaspes.

A mighty thing your grace behest with sorrowe I haue leant.
 And brought my childe fro mothers knee, before you to appear
 And the thereof no whit hath know that he in place is here.

King.

Let him open my warke to be. I will shoot at his hart:

Praxaspes.

I beseech your grace not to do so, let this presence a part.
 I am not my best and louing hebe, come hither thy father beere:
 I am a we light to me it is, to see thee before men peers.
 In this the game now from the king, for giuing counsell good:
 He be my face with such delight, to see my sons hart blood:
 O heavy day to me this is, and no more in like case.

Young childe.

O father, father, wipe your face,
 I see the teares run from your eye:
 My mother is at home weeping of a band,
 Alas dear father, why do you cry?

King.

(wille to fulfill)

Behold he is a mark to be shot at, I will shoot at him my
 Young childe.

Alas father, father will you not
 O my mothering he not shoot at me, my mother looke me well

King.

(of all)

I am not my best and louing hebe, come hither thy father beere:
 I am a we light to me it is, to see thee before men peers.
 In this the game now from the king, for giuing counsell good:
 He be my face with such delight, to see my sons hart blood:
 O heavy day to me this is, and no more in like case.

Knight.

He shall be won (O mighty king) with all his life.

Lord.

of King Cambises.

Lord.

(walking :

My Lord Praxaspes, this had not been, but your tongue must be
To the king of correction you must needs be talking.

Praxaspes.

No correction my Lord, but counsel for the best:

Knight.

Where is the hart, according to your graces behest.

King.

Beholde Praxaspes thy sonnes owne hart,

Oh how well the same was hit :

After this wine to be this deed, I thought it very fit.

Esteem thou maist right well therby, no drunkard is y King:

What in the midst of all his cups, could be this ballant thing.

My Lord and Knight on me attend, to pallace we will goe:

And leave him heer to take his son, when we are gone him fro.

All.

With al our harts we give consent, to wait vpon your grace:

Praxaspes.

A wooll man O Lord am I, to see him in this case.

My baies I deem desires their end, this deed will help me hence :

To have the blossoms of my feeld, destroyed by violence.

Enter Mother.

Alas, alas, I be heare tell, the thing hath kild my sonne:

If it be so, too woorth the deed, that ever it was done.

It is even so, my Lord I see, how by him be death weep:

What ment I that from hands of him, this childe I did not

Alas husband and Lord, what did you meane,

(keepe:

To fetch this childe away?

Praxaspes.

O Lady wife I little thought for to have seene this day.

Mother.

O blissful babe O joy of wombs, harts comfort and delight:

For counsel given unto the King, is this thy last requite:

O heavy day and dolefull time, these mourning tunes to make:

With blubberd eyes into mine armes fro earth I wil thee take.

And to ap thee in mine apron white, but oh my heavy hart:

D

The

A Comedie

The spiteful pangs y^e it sustains, wold make it in two to part.
 The death of this my Sonne to see, O heavy mother now
 What from thy sweet & sugred toy, to sorrow so thoulost becom.
 What grief in womb did I retain, before I did thee see? (me.
 Yet at the last when death was gone, what toy wert thou to
 How tender was I of thy foot, for to preserve thy state
 How killed I thy tender hart, at times early and later
 With belnet paye I gave thee suck, with issue from my brest:
 And danced thee upon my knee, to bring thee unto rest.
 Is this the toy of thee I reape (O King) of tigers brest?
 Oh tigers whelp hadst thou y^e hart, to see this childe hart blest.
 Nature misfoyleth me alas, in this wise to deplore:
 To wing my hands O welay, that I should see this houre.
 Thy mother yet will kisse thy lips, like soft and pleasant white:
 With winging hands, lamenting for to see thee in this plight
 My Lording deer let us goe home our mourning to augment.
Praxaspes.

My Lady deer with heavy hart, to it I doe consent.
 Between us both y^e childe to bere unto our lordly place. Exit

Enter Ambidexter.

Iur'd as ye say, I have been absent a long space.
 But is not my Cousin catporse, with you in the meane tyme?
 To it, to it Cousin, and doe your office first.
 How like you Sifammes for using of me?
 He plaid with both hands, but he sped illanourly.
 The King himselfe was gobly up trained:
 He professed vertue, but I think it was fained.
 He plaies with both hands, good deeds and ill:
 But it was no good deed Praxaspes sonne for to kill.
 As he for the good deed, on the Judge was commended,
 For all his deeds els he is reprehended.
 The most evill disposed person that ever was,
 All the state of his life he would not let passe.
 Some good deeds he will doe, though they be but few:
 The like things this tirant Cambises both shew.

17
of King Cambises.

No goodnes from him, to none, is exhibited:
But still malicion abroad is distributed.
And yet ye shall see in the rest of his race:
What infamy he will work against his owne grace.
Whil, no more words, heere comes the Kings brother.

Enter Lord Smirdis, with Attendance & Diligence.
Smirdis.

The Kings brother by birth am I, issued from Cyrus loynes:
I grieve to me it is to heare, of this the Kings repines.
I like not well of those his deeds, that he hath still frequent:
I wish to God that other waies, his minde he could content.
For I am and next to him, no more of us there be:
I would be glad a quiet Recluse in this his reign to see.

Attendance.

My Lord your good a willing hart, the Gods will recompence
In that your minde so penurious, for those his great offence.
My Lord, his grace shall have a time, to pause and to amend:
Happy is he that can escape, and not his grace offend.

Diligence.

(here:

If that wicked vice he could refrain, from wasting wine for:
A moderate life he would frequent, amending this his square.

Ambidexter.

My Lord, and if your hono^r it shall please:
I can informe you what is best for your ease.
Let him alone, of his deeds doe not talke:
When by his side, ye may quietly walke.
After his death you shall be King,
When may you reforme eche kinde of thing.
In the meane time live quietly, doe not with him deale:
So shall it rebound much to your weale.

Smirdis.

Thou saist true my seene, that is the best:
I know not whether he love me, or bee me detest.

Attendance.

Leave from his company all that you may:

A Comedie

I faithfull Attendance will your hono^r obey.
If against your hono^r he take any ire:
His grace is as like to kindle his fire.
As your hono^rs destruction, as other wise:
Diligence.

Wherefore my Lord take good advise.
And I Diligence your case will so tender:
What to his grace your hono^r shalbe none offender.
Smirdis.

I thank you both intire freends, with my hono^r stil remaine:
Ambidexter.

Beholde where the king doth come with his train.
Enter King and a Lord.

King.
O Lording heer and brother mine, I ioy your state to see.
Murmuring much what is the cause, you absent thus from me.
Smirdis.

Pleaseth your grace, no absence I, but redy to fulfill:
At all affaires my W^{ince} and King, in that your grace me wil
What I can do in true defence, to you my W^{ince} aright:
In readines I alwaies am, to offer forth my might.

King.
And I the like to you againe do heer avouch the same.

All. (name.
For this your good agreement heer, now praised be Gods
Ambidexter.

But heare ye noble W^{ince}, heare in your eare.
It is best to do as I did declare.

King.
My Lord and brother Smirdis now, this is my minde & will:
What you to Court of mine returne, and there to tary still
Till my returne within thort space, your hono^r for to greet:
Smirdis.

At your behest so will I doo, till time againe we meet.
My leave I take from you O King, even now I do departs.
Exeunt Smirdis, Attendance and Diligence.

King.

180
of King Cambises.

King.

Farwel Lord and brother mine, farwel with all my hart.
My Lord, my brother Hamerbiste, of youth and manly might:
And in his sweet and pleasant face my hart both take delight.

Lord,

Open noble prince, if that your grace before his hono: dye:
We will succede a vertuous King, and rule with equitie.

King.

As you have said my Lord, he is cheefe heire next my grace:
And if I dye to morrow next, he shall succede my place.

Ambidexter.

And if it please your grace to King, I heard him say
For your death unto the God, day and night he did pray.
We would live so vertuously, and get him such a praise:
That Fame by trump his due deserts in hono: should praise
We said your grace deserved had, the cursing of all men:
That ye should neuer after him get any praise againe.

King.

Did he speake thus of my grace, in such despightful wise?
Or els dost thou presume to fill my princely cares with lyes?

Lord.

I cannot think it in my hart, that he would report so.

King.

How said thou speake the truth, was it so or no?

Ambidexter.

I thinke so if it please your grace, but I cannot tell:

King.

Thou plaist with both hands, now I perceiue well:
But for to put al doubts aside, and to make him leese his hope
We shall dye by dint of sword, or els by choking Rope.
Shall he succede when I am gone, to haue more praise then I:
Where he rather as brother mine, I swere that he shall dye.
To pallaise mine I will therefore, his death for to pursue.

Ambidexter.

Exit

Are ye gone? straight way I will follow you.
How like ye now my maisters: both not this geere cotten?

Id 3

The

A Comedie

The proverbe olde is verified, soone ripe and soone rotten,

We wil not be quiet til his brother be kild :

His delight is wholly to have his blood spild.

¶ Mary sir I tolde him a notable lye,

If it were to doo againe, I durst doe it I.

¶ Mary when I had done, so it I durst not stand :

Wherby you may perceiue I use to play with the hand.

But how now Cossin cutpurse with whom play you?

Take heed so; his hand is groping euen now.

Cossin take heed, if you doe secretly grope :

If ye be taken Cossin, ye must looke through a rope.

Exit.

Enter Lord Smirdis alone.

I am wandring alone heere and there to walke.

The Court is so unquiet, in it I take no ioy:

Solitary to my selfe now I may talke,

If I could rule I wold what to say.

Enter Cruelty and Murder with bloody hands.

Cruelty.

My coequall partner Murder, come away.

From me, long thou maist not stay.

Murder.

Yes from thee I may stay, but not thou from me :

Wherefore I haue a prerogative aboue thee.

Cruelty.

But in this case we must together abide :

Come, come, Lord Smirdis I haue spide.

Lay hands on him with all festination :

that on him we may worke our indignation.

Smirdis.

What now my friends, what haue you to doe with me?

Murder.

King Cambises hath sent vs vnto thee.

Commanding vs straightly, without mercy or fauour:

Upon thee to bestowe our behauiour.

With Cruelty to murder you, and make you away.

Smirdis.

of King Cambises.

Smirdis.

Strike him in
diuers places

Get pardon me I hartely pray:
Consider the King is a tyrant tyrannous:
And all his doings be damnable and pernicious.
Favour me therfore, I vnto him neuer offend:

Cruelty.

A little bladder of
Vineger pickt.

No favour at all, your life is at an end.
Then now I strike his body to wound:
He holde now his blood springs out on the ground.

Murder.

Now he is dead, let vs present him to the King:

Cruelty.

Lay to your hands away him to bring.

Exeunt.

Enter Ambidexter.

O the passion of God, wonder is a heuy Court:
Some weepes, some wailles, and some make grent sport.
Loth Smirdis by Cruelty and Harber is slaine:
But Jesus for want of him how some doo complaine.
If I should haue had a thousand pound, I could not forbear
How Jesus haue his blessed soule in keeping. (weeping:
Oh, god, how, to think on him, how it dooth me greue:
I cannot forbear weeping, ye may me helpe. Weep

O my hart, how my pulles do beate,
With sorrowfull lamentations I am in such a heate.
Oh my hart how for him it doth sorrow:
Now I haue done in faith now, and God giue ye good moztow
Wa, ha, weep, nay laugh, with both hands to play:
The King through his cruelty hath made him away.
But hath not he wrought a most wicked deed:
Because King after him he should not proceed.
His owne naturall brother, and hauing no more:
To procure his death by violence fore.
In spight because his brother should neuer be King:
His hart being wicked, consented to this thing.
Now he hath no more brothers nor kindred a line:
If the King be this geere still, he cannot long thine.

Hob.

A Comedie

Enter Hob and Lob.

Hob.

Gods hat neighbour come away, its time to market to goe.

Lob.

Gods Wilt saybo: say ye so?

The Clock hath stricken nine ich think by laken:

Wum bay wrom sleep cham not very well waken.

Wnt naybo: Hob, naybo: Hob, what haue ye to yele

Hob.

Wum troth naybo: Lob to you I chil tel.

Chau two Codlings, and a Chine of Poxke:

there is no better between this and Poxke.

Chau a pot of Strawberies and a Calues head:

A yennight since to morrow it hath been dead.

Lob.

Chau a scoze of Egges, and of Butter a pound:

Westerday a nest of godly yong Rabits I found.

Chau boxty things mo of more and of lesse:

My brain is not very good them to expelle.

Wnt Gods hat saybo:, wotst what?

Hob.

Go not wel saybo:, whats that?

Lob.

Wum bay saybo:, maister King is a ybode lad.

So God help me and holldam, I think the wol be man.

Some say he deale cruelly his Brother he bid kill:

And also a godly yung lads hart blood he bid spill.

Hob.

Wozbo: of God saybo: has he plaid such a volish need:

Ambidexter.

Godman Hob and godman Lob, God be your speed.

As you two towards market ow walke:

Of the Kings cruelty I bid heare you talke.

I insure you, he is a king most vile and parricides:

His doings and life are odious and vicious.

Lob. It were a good deed some body would break his head.

Hob.

of King Cambises.

Hob.

Bum bay Paybo? Lob, I chule be were dead.

Ambidexter.

So would I Lob and Hob with all my hart:
Now with both hands will you see me play my part:
A ye Whorson traitorly knaves:
Hob and Lob out upon you slaves.

Lob.

And thou callst me knave thou art another:
My name is Lob, and Hob my next Paybo?

Ambidexter.

Hob and Lob, a ye Cuntry patches:
A ye foolen ye haue made wong matches.
Ye haue spoken treason against the kings grace:
For it I will accuse ye befoze his face.
When so; the same ye shalbe martered,
At the least ye shalbe hangd, drawne and quartered.

Hob.

O gentleman ye shal haue two weareppes and tel not of me.

Lob.

By God a bat Once chil giue thee:
I think no hurt by my Wathersoule I sweare.

Hob.

Thane lined wel all my life time my naybozs among:
And now chuld be loth to come to such wong.
To be hangd and quartered the greefe would be great:

Lob.

A foule enill on thee Hob, who bid thee on it treat:
Who; it was thou that first did him name.

Hob.

Thou lpest like a varlet, and thou saidst the same.
It was such a foolish Lob as thou:

Lob. Speak many words and by gods nailes I bold.
Upon thy pate my staffe I will lay.

Ambidexter.

By the masse I will cause them to make a fray.

A Comedie

Pea Lob thou said true, all came through him.

Lob.

But say thou Hob, a little would make me pe trim.

Give thee a sway on thy nose till thy hart ake:

Hob.

If thou darest do it els man cry erke.

I trust before thou hurt me:

With my staffe chil make a Lob of thee.

Heer let them fight with their staves, not come neer an other
by three or foure yardes, the Vice set them on as hard
as he can, one of their wines come out and all
to beat the Vice, he run away.

Enter Marian may be good, Hobs wife running in with
a Broome and partethem.

Marian.

O the body of me husband Hob, what meane ye to fight?

For the passion of God, no more blowes smite:

Neighbours and freends so long, and now to fall out:

What: in your age to sceme so stout:

If I had not parted ye, one had killd another:

Lob.

I had not cared I swore by Gods mother.

Marian.

Shake hands againe at the request of me:

As ye haue been freends, so freends still be.

Hob.

But troth cham content, and said to his neighbour Lob:

Lob.

I am content agreed neighbour Hob.

Shake hands and

Marian.

laugh hartily one

So, get you to market no longer stay.

at another.

And with your knave let me make a tray.

Hob.

Content wife Marian, shall we as thou wilt say: But

2.
of King Cambises.

But blesse me ich pray thee at going away. Exit Hob Lob.

Marian.

(sight)

Thou who? son knave and pickpocket boy, why dost thou let them
If one had killd another heer, couldst thou their deaths requite
It beares a signe by this thy deed, a cowardly knave thou art:
Wilt thou draw y^e weapon thine, like a knave them to

Ambidexter.

(parts)

What Marian may be good, are you come prattling?

We may hap get a box on the eare with your talking.

If they had killd one another, I had not cared a pease.

Heer let her swinge him in her brome, she gets him down
and he her down, thus one on the top of another

make pastime.

Marian.

A villain, my selfe on thee I must ease.

Give me a box on the eare: that will I cry:

Who shall be wailer thou shalt see by and by.

Ambidexter.

No more, no more I beseech you hartly:

Run his way

Even now I yield, and give you the mastery.

out while

Marian.

she is down.

If thou knave, wilt thou throb me down and run the way?

If he were heer againe, oh how I would him pay.

I will after him, and if I can him meet:

With these my nallies his face I wil greet.

Enter Venus leading out her sonne Cupid blinde, he must
haue a bow and two shafts, one headed with
golde and th'other with lead.

Venus.

Come forth my sonne unto my wo:ds att this eares resigne:

What I pretend see you frequent, to force this game of mine.

The King a kinswoman hath aboord with beauty store:

And I wish that Dianas gifts they twain shal keep no more.

But use my bluer sagred game, their loves so to augment:

When I doe speak to wound his hart, Cupid my son confesse

And shoot at him the shaft of love, that beares y^e head of golde.

A Comedie

To wound his hart in louers wise, his gréefe for to vnfolde.
Though kin the be vnto his grace, that nature me expell:
Against the course thereof he may, in my game please me wel,
Wherfore my sonne do not forget, forthwith pursue the deid:
Cupid.

Whether I meane for to obey, as you haue whole decreed.
But you must tel me mother deere, when I that arrow shal be:
His your request to be attained, will not be worth a straw.
I am blinde and cannot see, but stil doo shoot by gesse:
The Poets wel in places shewe, of my might doe expresse.

Venus.

Cupid my son when time shal serue, þ thou shalt do this deed:
The warning I to thee wil giue, but see thou shoot with speed.

Enter a Lord, a Lady, and a waiting maid.

Lord.

Lady deere to bring a kin, forthwith let vs proceed:
No trace abroad the beauty selde, as erst we had decreed.
The blooming buds whose sauerly sentes our sense wil much de,
the sweet smel of musk white rose, to please þ appetite. (light
The chirpīg birds whose pleasant tones therein shal hear receiue
That our great ioy we shal it finde, in selde to walk abroad.
On Lute and Cittern there to play a heavenly harmony:
Our eares shal heare, hart to content, our sports to beautify.

Lady.

Unto your words most comely Lord, my selfe submit doe I:
No trace with you in selde so green, I meane not to deny.

heere trace vp and downe playing.

Maid.

And I your waiting maid at hand, with diligence will be:
For to fulfil what hand and hand, when you shal commaund me.

Enter, King, Lord and knight.

King.

Come on my Lord & knight abroad, our mirth let vs employ:
Since he is dead this part of mine, in corpe I feel it ioy. (breath
Should brother mine haue raigned king, when I had yielded
A thousand brothers I rather had, to put them all to death.

But

of King Cambises.

But oh, beholde where I doe see, a Lord and Lady faire:
For beauty she most worthy is, to sit in Princes chaire.

Venus.

(part:

Shoot forth my Son now is the time, & thou must wound him
Cupid.

Content you Mother I will do my parte.

Shoote there, and goe out Venus and Cupid.

King.

Of truth my Lord in eye of mine, all Ladies she doth excell:
Can none repozte what name she is, and to my grace it tell:
Lord.

Reverend Prince pleaseth your grace, to you she is a kin:
Cousin Jarmin nigh of birth, by mothers side come in.

Knight.

And that her waiting maiden is attending her upon:
He is a Lord of Princes Court, and will be there anon.
They sport themselves in pleasant field, to former bliss ble:
King.

My Lord & knight of troth I speak, my hart it cannot chuse.
But with my Lady I must speake and so expresse my minde:
My Lord and Ladyes walking there, if you will favour finde.
Present your selves unto my grace, and by my side come stand:
First Lord.

We will fulfil most mighty king, as your grace doth commaund
King.

Lady deere, intelligence my grace hath got of late:
You issued out of mothers stocke, and kin unto my state.
According to rule of birth you are, Cousin Jarmin mine:
Yet do I wish that farther of, this kindred I could finde.
For Cupid he that eyelesse boy, my hart hath so enflamed:
With beauty you me to content, the like cannot be named.
For since I entred in this place, and on you first mine eyes:
Most burning fits about my hart, in ample wise did rise.
The heat of the such force doth yeild my corpe they scorche alas
And burns the same with wasting heat, as Titan doth & gras
And such this heat is kindled so, and fresh in hart of me:

A Comedie

There is no way but of the same, the quencher you must be.
By meaning is y beauty yours my hart with loue both woo'd
to giue me loue, minde to contēt, my hart hath you out sound.
And you are she must be my wife, els shall I end my daies.
Consent to this & be my Queen, to weare y crown with praise

Lady.

(quest.

If it please your grace (O mighty king) you shall not this re-
It is a thing that natures course, both vtterly detest.
And high it would the God displease, of all that is the worst:
To graunt your grace to marry so, it is not I that durst.
Yet humble thanks I render now vnto you mighty king:
That you vouchsafe to great estate, so gladly would me bring
Where it not it were offence, I would it not deny:
But such great honoz to atchieue, my hart I would apply.
Wherefore O king with humble hart, in this I pardon craue:
Mine answer is in this request, your minde ye may not haue.

King.

May I not? nay then I will by all the Gods I beow,
And I will marry thee as wife, this is mine answer now.
Who dare say nay what I p̄tend, who dare the same withstand?
Shall lose his head & haue repozte, as traitor through my land.
There is no nay I wil you haue, and you my Quene shall be:

Lady.

(me.

The mighty king I craue your grace to beare the words of
Your counsell take of Lordings wit, the lawes aright peruse:
If I with safe may graunt this deed, I will it not refuse.

King.

No, no, what I haue said to you, I meane to haue it so:
For counsell theirs I mean not I, in this respect to goe.
But to my Wallaie let vs goe, the marriage to prepare:
For to auoid my wil in this, I can it not forbear.

Lady.

O God forgive me if I do amisse:
The king by compulsion enforce th me this.

Maid.

Vnto the Gods for your estate, I will not cease to pray:

What

of King Cambises.

That you may be a happy Queen and see most ioyfull day.
King.

Come on my Lords with glad some hearts,

Let vs reioyce with glee:

Your Husbick shew to ioy this deed, at the request of me.

Both.

For to obey your graces words our honours doe agree. Exeunt.

Enter Ambidexter.

O the passion of me, mary as ye say, yonder is a royal Court:

Where is triumphing and spoyle vpon spoyle.

Such loyall Lords, with such Lordly exercise:

Frequenting such pastime as they can deuise.

Running at tilt, Jousting, with running at the ring:

Dashing and maiming with eche kinde of thing.

Such daunting, such singing, with muscull harmony:

Beleeue me I was loth to absent their company. (maried:

But wil you beleeue? Iesu what hast they made till they were
not for a million of pounds one day longer they would haue taried

Oh there was a banquet royall and superexcellent:

Thousands, and thousands at that banquet was spent.

I muse of nothing but how they can be maried so soone:

I care not if I be maried befoze to morow at none.

If marriage be a thing that so may be had:

How say you maids to marry me wil ye be glad.

Out of doubt I beleeue it is some excellent treasure:

Else to the same belongs abundant pleasure.

Yet with mine eares I haue heard some say:

What euer I was maried, now cursed be the day.

Those be they with curst wiues be matched:

What husband for haukes meat, of them is vp snatched.

Head broke with a bedstaffe, face all to be scratched.

Wnaue, slave, and villain, a coyde rote now and then:

When the wife hath giuen it, she wil say alas good man.

Such were better vnmarrried my maisters I trow:

When all their life after to be matched with a wyow.

Enter

A Comedie

Enter Preparation.

With speed I am sent all things to prepare:
My message to doe as the king did declare.
His grace both meane a banquet to make:
Dining in this place repast for to take.
What the cloth shalbe laid and all things in rebines.
To Court to return when boon is my business.

Ambidexter.

A proper man and also fit:
For the kings estate to prepare a banquet.

Preparation.

What Ambidexter? thou art not unknowne:
A mischance on all good faces, so that I curse not mine owne.
Now in the knaves name shake hands with me,

Ambidexter.

What said Goodman pouchnouth your reuerence I see.
I will teach ye, if your manners no better be.
A ye flane, the king both me a gentleman allow:
Therefore I looke that to me ye should bow.

Fight.

Preparation.

Good maister Ambidexter, pardon my behauiour:
For this your needs, you are a knave for your labour.

Ambidexter.

Why ye shall counterly villaine, nothing but knave.

fight.

Preparation.

I am sorry your maister ship offended I haue.
Shake hands that betweene vs agreement may be:
I was overhot with my selfe, I do see.
Let me haue your helpe this furniture to provide:
The king from this place will not long abide.

Set the fruit on the boord.

Ambidexter.

Content, it is the thing that I would wish:
I my selfe will goe fetch one dish.

Let the Vice fetch a dish of Nuts, and let them fall
in the bringing of them in.

Preparation.

2
of King Cambiles.

Preparation.

Clenly maister Ambidexter, for faire on the ground they lye.

Ambidexter.

I will haue them by againe by and by.

Preparation.

To let all in readines I will put you in trost:

There is no way to the Court now I must. Exit Preparation.

Ambidexter.

Have ye no doubt but all shalbe wel:

Spary fir as you say, this geer doth excell.

All things is in a readines, when they come hither:

the kings grace and the Queene both togither.

I beseech ye my maisters tell me is it not best:

that I be so bolde as to bid a guest:

He is as honest a man as ever spard Cobs:

My Collin cutpurse I meane, I beseech ye iudge you:

Releene me Collin if to be the kings guest ye could be taken:

I trust that offer will neuer be forsaken.

But Collin because to that office ye are not like to come:

I frequent your exercises, a bozne on your thum.

A quick eye, a sharpe knife, at hand a receiver:

But then take heed Collin ye be a clenly conuagour.

Content your selfe Collin, for this banquet you are bid:

Whan such as I at the same am unworthy to sit.

Enter King, Queene, and his traine.

King.

My Maister and Lords to take repast, let vs attempt the same:

War is the place delay no time, but to our purpose frame.

Queene.

With willing hearts your whole behest, we minde for to obey:

All.

And we the rest of your traine, will do as you do say.

King.

fir at the banquet.

We think mine vares both with the sound of musicks harte: my

war to play before my gract in place I woule them spy.

Play at the banquet.

A

Ambidexter

A Comedie

Ambidexter.

Alloy be at hand fir with sticke and fiddle,
They can play a new haunce called hey biddle biddle.

King.

My Ambidexter pend what I pronounce I will not violate:
That one thing which my hart makes glad, I minde to replicate.
You know the Court up trained is, a Lyon very young:
Of one litter two whelps beside, as yet not very strong.
I did request one whelp to see, and this young Lyon fight:
But Lion did the whelp overcome, by strength of force & might.
His brother whelp perceiving that the Lion was to goe:
And he by force was like to see, the other whelp his blood
With force to Lyon he did run, his brother fox to helpe:
A wonder great it was to see that friendship in a whelp.
So then the whelps betwixt them both, the Lyon did overcome:
Which thing to see beset mine eyes, did glad the hart of Prince.

At this tale tolde let the Queene weep.

Queene.

(eyes.

These words to heare makes stilling teares, issue from chaill
King.

What dost thou meane my spouse to weep, for losse of any prisse.

Queene.

No, no, O King, but as you see, friendship in brothers whelp:
When one was like to have repulse, the other yielded helpe.
And was this favour shewd in dogs, to shame of royall thing:
Alack I with these eares of mine, had not once heard this thing.
When so should you (O mighty King) to brother beene a day:
And not without offence to you, in such wise him to slay.
In all affaires it was your part, his cause to have defended:
And who so ever had him misused, to have them reprehended.
But faithfull love was more in Dog, then it was in your grace.

King.

O contemning vicious and vile, I hate thee in this place.
His haught is at an end, take all these things away:
Before my face thou shalt repent, the words that thou dost say.
O wretch most vile, dost thou the cause of brother mine so tender?

Alas

of King Cambises.

The losse of him should graue the part, he being none offender.
He bid me god his death to haue, so will it to haue thin:
What friendship he hadst my hands, & same euen I shall finde.
I giue consent and make a vow, that thou shalt dye the death:
My Cruell sword and sworder set, euen thou shalt lose thy breath
Ambidexter see with speed, to Cruelly ye get:
Cause him hither to appaere, Murder with him also.

Ambidexter.

I reedy am so, to fulfill, if that it be your graces will.

King.

When nought oblight my message giuen, absent thy selfe away:

Ambidexter.

When in this place, I will no longer stay.

If that I durst, I would mourne your case:

But alas, I dare not for feare of his grace.

King.

Exit Ambidex.

When cursed I am by all the Gods, I take an othe and sweare:
that flesh of thine these hands of mine in perre's small could teare.
But thou shalt dye by bent of sword, there is no fraud no feare:
I shall finde remorse at Princes hand, to saue the life of thee.

Queene.

O mighty King a husband mine, benepate to heare me speak:
And heere I giue to spoue of thine, her patient minde to break.
For tender loue into your grace, my looke I did so frame:
If you will haue both part of living me, tolerate and blame.
And to your grace is this offence, that I should purchase death:
When emiled time that I was Queene, to shorten this my breath:
your grace both know by marriage true, I am your wife & spoue
and one to saue anothers helth at trothlight made our vowe.
Wherefore O King let louing Durtu, at thy hand finde remorse:
Let pitle be a meane to quench, that cruell raging force.
And pardon plight from princes mouth, vnto grace vnto you
that amity wth faithfull zeal, may euer be be bestowed. (Queene)

King.

I calue bile to pitle thee, my hart it is not bent:

As yet to pardon your offence, it is not mine intent.

A Comedie

First Lord.

Our mighty Prince to humble suite of your grace this I crave:
That this request it may take place your favour far to have.
Let mercy yet abundantly, the life of Queen preserve:
With her in most obedient wise, your graces will both serve.
As yet your grace but while with her hath had cohabitation:
And sure this is no desert why, to give her indignation.
Therefore (O King) her life prolong to day her daies in blisse:

Second Lord.

Your grace shall win immortall fame, in granting unto this.
She is a Queene whose goodly hue, excels the royal Rose:
For beauty bright Dame nature she, a large gift did dispose.
For comelines who may compare: of all she beares the best:
this should give cause to move your grace, to love her very well.
Her silver best in those your armes, to sing the songs of love:
Fine qualities most excellent, to be in her you proue.
A precious pearle of price to prince, a Jewell passing all:
Therefore O King, to beg remoyce on both my knees I fall.
To grant her grace to have her life, with hart I do desire:
King.

You villains twain, with raging force ye set my my hart on fire.
If I consent that she shall dye, how dare ye crave her life?
You two to aske this at my hand, doth much enlarge my strife.
were it not so; shame you two should dye, that for her life do strive:
But favour mine from you is gone, my Lords I tell you true.
I sent for Cruelty of late, if he would come away:
I would commit her to his hands, his cruell part to play.
Even now I see where he doth come, it doth my hart delight:

Enter Cruelty and Murder.

Cruelty.

Come Murder come, let us goe forth with might.
Once againe the Kings commaundement we must fulfill.

Murder.

I am contented to do it with a good will.

King.

Murder and Cruelty, for both of you I sent.

of King Cambises.

With all festination your officers to frequent:
Lay hold on the Queene take her to your power:
And make her away within this houre.
Spare for no feare I do you full permit:
So I from this place, do means for to sit.

Both.

With courageous hearts (O King) we will obey:

King.

When come on my Lords let us departe away.

Both the Lords.

With heug hearts we will do all your grace both say.

Cruelty.

Exeunt King & Lord.

Come Lady and Queene now are you in our handling:

In faith with you we will vse no handling.

Murder.

With all expedition I am her will take place:

Though thou be a Queene, yet be under my grace.

Queene.

With patience I will you both away:

Cruelty.

So more words but goe with us away.

Queene.

Yet before I say some Psalm to God let me sing:

Both.

We be content to permit you that thing.

Queene.

Farewell you Ladies of the Court, with all your masking hue:

I do forsake these bordered gardens, and all the fashions new.

The Court and all the courtly train wherein I had delight:

I banished am from happy sports and all by spitefull spite.

Yet with a ioyfull hart to God a Psalm I meane to sing:

Forgiving all and the king, of ev' kinde of thing. sing & exeunt

Enter Ambidexter weeping.

A, A, A, A, I cannot chuse but weepe for the Queene:

Nothing but mourning now at the Court there is scene.

Oh, oh, my hart, my hart, oh my bum will break:

A Comedy

Every grace so formenture that scarce I can speake.
 Who could but weep for the loss of such a Lay?
 What cannot I do, if I were by mine hand.
 But alas for the Ladies mourne crying alack:
 Nothing is worse now but onely black. (ferus:
 I beleue all cloth in reflecting Street, to make golons would not
 If I make a lye the Hould let go ferus.
 All Ladies mourne both yong and olde:
 There is not one that beareth a paine worthy of Calde.
 There is a lexe for feare for the thing we pray:
 What would have him surely the malle I durst say.
 What a thing was he that hath been such a tyrant?
 He was a kin to Bishop Manner, I think verily.
 For both their delights was to shed blood:
 But neuer intended to do any good.
 Cambyses put a yonge to death, that was a good deed:
 But to kill the yong Shyne was worse in deed.
 A murder hee together, and then his owne wife:
 For help me God and holidom, it is pittie of his life.
 Forare yet I will lay twenty thousand pound:
 What the thing himselfe doth by some wound.
 He hath shed so much blood, that his will be shed:
 If it come to passe in such sort he is dead.

Enter the King without a crown, a sword thrust
into his side bleeding.

And alas what that I cannot life is that:
 Which I am by death's chance, my blood is minishen.
 Oge had what wonder might I make my life to preferre
 So there might to be my begetter, is there might to beget
 And yet the Lord and I know that there remains:
 To help my griefs in this my sole, till none of them take pain:
 And but I in such a little time, the world's round have got
 As I on horseback by the leap, my thoughts from labour that,
 And ran me there into the sea, as you right well may see:

2
A marvelous chaunce unfortunate, that in this world should be.
I feele my selfe a dying note, of life bereft am I:
And death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blood I lye.
Whose gasping heere on ground I lye, for nothing I can care:
A just reward for my misdeeds, my death hath plainely shewd.
Heere let him quake and shir.

Ambidexter.

Woe now noble King pluck up your hart:
What will you doe and from us depart?
Speake to me and ye be answer
We cannot speak, but beholde how with death he hath striven.
Alas good King, alas he is gone:
The Devil take me, if so, him I make any more:
I did prognosticate of his end by the spaffe:
Like as I did say, so is it come to passe.
I will be gone, if I should be found heere:
that I should kill him it would appeare.
For feare with his death they doe me charge,
✓ Farwell my maisters I will now take vantage.
I meane to be packing now is the tyme:
Farwell my maisters I will no longer abide.
Exit Ambidexter.

Enter three Lords.

First Lord.

Beholde my Lord it is even so, as he to us hath told.
His grace is dead upon the ground, by dint of sword most cold.

Second Lord.

As he in fables would have left, his sword from sheath hee got:
Wounding him by the side the ribbe, his life was ended so.

Third Lord.

His blood so fast hee shed out, that nought could him prolonge:
Yet before hee fell by the ghost, his hart was very strong.

First Lord.

A just reward for his misdeeds, the God above hath brought:
For certainly the life he led was to be counted nought.

Second

Second Lord.

Yet a princely buriall he shall haue, according to his estate:
And more of him heere at this time we haue not to dilate.

Third Lord.

My Lord: let vs take him vp and carry him away.

Both.

Content we are with one accord, to doe as you doe say.

Exeunt all.

Epilogue.

Right gentle Audience, heere haue you perused,
The tragicall history of this wicked king.
According to our duty we haue not refused,
But to our best intent exprest euery thing.
We trust none is offended by this our being.

Our Author craves likewise he haue squared amisse.

My gentle admonition to him in where the fault is.

His good will shall not be neglected to amende the same,
Praying all to beare therefore with this simple man.
Whill the time serue a better he may frame.
We haue giuing you thanks to and we becracke.
That you so gently haue suffered us to preacke.

In such patient wils as to beare and see:

• We can but thank ye therefore, we can doe no more we.

His duty binde vs for our noble Angene let vs pray,
And for her honorable Council the truth that they may be:
To pacifie Justice and defend her grace the day.
To maintain Gods word they may not refuse.
To correct all those that would her graces lawes abuse,

Wherby shee may ouer vs she may reigne long:

To be guided by truth and defended from wrong.

Amen quod Thomas Preston.

Imprinted at London by Edward Allde.



of King Cambises.

Hob.

Winn day Paybo: Lob, I chuld be were dead.

Ambidexter.

So would I Lob and Hob with all my hart:
Now with both hands will you seme play my part:
I ye Wilbo: son traitorly knaves:
Hob and Lob out upon you slaves.

Lob.

And thou cald me knave thou art another:
My name is Lob, and Hob my next Paybo:.

Ambidexter.

Hob and Lob, a ye Cuntry patches:
I ye fooles ye haue made wrong matches.
Ye haue spoken treason against the Kings grace:
fo: it I will accuse ye befoze his face.
Then fo: the same ye shalbe martured,
At the least ye shalbe hangd, dhaluns and quartered.

Hob.

O gentleman ye shal haue two Desreyes and tel not of me.

Lob.

By God a bat Once chil giue thee:
I think no hurt by my Mather's soule I sweare.

Hob.

I haue liued wel all my life time my naybo: among:
And now chuld be loth to come to such wrong.
To be hangd and quartered the grasse would be great:

Lob.

A foule end on that Hob, who bid that on it treat:
Woz it was thou that first bid him name.

Hob.

Thou speest like a barlet, and thou said the same.
It was such a foolish Lob as thou:

Lob. Speak many words and by robes nailes I bold.
Upon thy pate my staffe I will lay.

Ambidexter.

By the masse I will cause them to make a fray.

A Comedie

Woe Lob thou saist true, all came through him.

Lob.

Woe bay thou Woe, a little would make me ye trim.

Woe thee a swop on thy nose till thy hart ake :

Hob.

If thou dar'st do it els man cry ere he.

I trust before thou hurt me :

With my staffe chil make a Lob of thee.

Heer let them fight with their staves, not come neer an other
by three or foure yarges, the Vice set them on as hard
as he can, one of their wines come out and all
to best the Vice, he run away.

Enter Marian may be good, Hobs wife running in with
a Broome and parte them.

Marian.

O the body of our husband Woe, what meane ye to fight :

For the passion of Woe, no more blowes smite.

Neighbours and freends so long, and now to fall out :

What: in your age to seme so stout :

If I had not parted ye, one had killd another :

Lob.

I had not cared I swore by Wodes mother.

Marian.

Shake hands againe at the request of me :

As ye haue been freends, so freends still be.

Hob.

Woe troth chame content, and saist woe neighbour Lob :

Lob.

I am content agreed neighbour Woe.

Marian.

Shake hands and

laugh hartly one

at another.

So, get you to market, no longer stay.

And with yonder knage let me make a frag.

Hob.

Content wife Marian, childe as thou wilt say :

of King Cambises.

But baffle me ich pray thee at going away. Exit Hob Lob.

Marian.

(sighs)

Thou who son knowe and pickard boy, why dost thou let them
If one had killd another here, couldst thou their deaths requite
It beares a signe by this thy deed, a cowardly knowe thou art:
O! wouldst thou draw y^e weapon thine, like a knowe them to

Ambidexter.

(parts)

What Marian may be good, are you come prattling?
You may hap get a box on the eare with your talking.
If they had killd one another, I had not cared a pease.

Heer let her swinge him in her brome, she gets him down
and he her down, thus one on the top of another

make pastime.

Marian.

A villain, my selfe on this I must ease.

Give me a box on the eare: that will I try:

Who shall be after thou shalt see by and by.

Ambidexter.

No more, no more I beseech you hartly:

Even now I yield, and give you the mastery.

Marian.

Run his way

out while

she is down.

At thou knowe, dost thou throtle me down and run the way?

If he were here againe, oh how I would him pay.

I will after him, and if I can him meet:

With these my nailles his face I will greet.

Enter Venus leading out her sonne Cupid blinde, he must
have a bow and two shafts, one headed with
golde and the other with lead.

Venus.

Come forth my sonne unto my words attende earre religne:

What I pretend see you frequent, to force this game of mine.

The King a Kinswoman hath adorned with beauty store:

And I with that Dianus giste, they twain shall keep no more.

But ble my silver sugred game, their loves for to augment:

When I do speak to wound his heart, Cupid my sonne comit.

And shot at him the shaft of love, that beares y^e head of golde.

A Comedie

To wound his hart in louers wise, his grāse for to increase.
Though him she be vnto his grace, that nature me expell:
Against the course thereof he may, in my game please me well.
Wherfore my sonne bee not forget, forthwith pursue the deed:
Cupid.

Whether I meane for to obey, as you haue whole decreed.
But you must tel me mother deere, when I that arrow shall draw:
His your request to be attained, will not be worth a straw.
I am blinde and cannot see, but still doe shoot by gesse:
The doers well in places theye, of my might doe expresse.

Venus.

Cupid my son when time that serue, y then shalt do this deed:
The warning I to thee will giue, but for thou shoot with speed.

Enter a Lord, a Lady, and a waiting maid.

Lord.

Lady vnto thing a kin, forthwith let be proceed:
To trace abroad the beauty felds, as erst we had decreed.
The blowing buds whose sauerly sentes our sense will much be,
The sweet smell of musk white rose, to please y appetite. (light
The chirping birds whose pleasant tones therein shall hear record
What our great ioy we shall it finde, in felds to walk abroad.
On Lute and Cittern there to play a heauenly harmony:
Our eares shall heare, hart to content, our sporte to beautify.

Lady.

Wills your words most comely Lord, my selfe submit doe I:
To trace with you in felds so green, I meane not to deny.

heere trace vp and downe playing.

Maid.

And y your waiting maid at hand, with diligence will be:
For to folow you at hand, when you that commaund me.

Enter, King, Lord and knight.

King.

Come on my Lord & knight abroad, our mirth let be employ:
Since he is dead this part of mine, in coysps I set it toy. (hast
Should brother mine haue raigned king, when I had ydled
A thousand brothers I rather had, to put them all to death.

of King Cambises.

But oh, beholde where I doe see, a Lord and Lady faire:
For beauty the most worthy is, to sit in Princes chaire.

Venus.

(Part:

Whoe soe my sonne is the time, if thou must wound him
Cupid.

Content you Mother I will do my parte.

Shoote there, and goe out Venus and Cupid.

King.

Of truth my Lord in eye of mine, all Ladies the both excell:
Can none repaire what damage she is, and to my grace it telle
Lord.

Rebated Prince pleaseth your grace, to you she is a kin:
Cousin Jarmin nigh of birth, by mothers side come in.

Knight.

And that her waiting maiden is attending her upon:
He is a Lord of Princes Court, and will be there anon.
They spent themselves in pleasant feile, to former blessed ble:
King.

My Lord & knight of truth I speak, my hart it cannot chuse.
But with my Lady I must speake and so expresse my minde:
My Lord and Ladyes walking there, if you will fauour finde.
Present your selues vnto my grace, and by my side come stonde:
First Lord.

Woe tell tell most mighty King, as your grace both commaund
King.

Lady deere, intelligence my grace hath got of late:
You issued out of mothers flocke, and bin vnto my state.
According to rule of birth you are, Cousin Jarmin mine:
Yet so I with that farther of, this kindred I could finde.
For Cupids that yelke boy, my hart hath so enflamed:
With beauty you me to content, the like cannot be named.
For since I entred in this place, and on you first mine eyes:
Most burning sit about my hart, in ample wise did rise.
The heat of the such force both yeld my corpe they scorche alas
And burns the same with wailing heat, as Titan both & gras
And with this heat is kindled so, and fresh in hart of me:

A Comedie

There is no way but of the same, the quencher you must be.
 My meaning is y^e beauty yours my hart with loue both wo^od
 to giue me loue, minde to content, my hart hath you out found.
 And you are the must be my wife, els shall I end my daies.
 Consent to this & be my Quene, to weare y^e crown with praise
(quest.
Lady.

If it please your grace (O mighty king) you shall not this re-
 It is a thing that natures course, doth utterly detest.
 And high it would the God displease, of all that is the worst:
 So graunt your grace to marry so, it is not I that durst.
 Yet humble thanks I render now vnto you mighty king:
 That you vouchsafe to great estate, so gladly would me bring
 Where it not it were offence, I would it not deny:
 But such great hono^r to atchieue, my hart I would apply.
 Therefore O king with humble hart, in this I pardon craue:
 Mine answer is in this request, your minde ye may not haue.
King.

Say I not: nay then I will by all the Gods I bow,
 And I will marry ther as wife, this is mine answer now.
 Who dare say nay what I p^retend, who dare the same withstand?
 What lose his head & haue rep^rte, as traitor through my land.
 There is no nay I will you haue, and you my Quene shall be:
(me.
Lady.

The mighty king I craue your grace to heare the words of
 Your counsel take of counsellers wit, the lawes aright peruse:
 If I with safe may graunt this deede, I will it not refuse.
King.

No, no, what I haue said to you, I meane to haue it so:
 For counsel theirs I mean not I, in this respect to goe.
 But to my Wallis let us goe, the marriage to prepare:
 For to auoid my will in this, I can it not forbear.

Lady.

O God forgive me if I doe amisse:
 The king by compulsion inforceth me this.

Maid.

Vnto the Gods for your estate, I will not cease to pray:

That

of King Cambises.

What you may be a happy Duran and see most ioyfull day,
King.

Come on my Lords with gladsome hearts,
Let vs reioyce with glee:
Your Dutie shew to ioy this deed, at the request of me.
Both.

For to obey your graces wordes our honours we agree. Exeunt.

Enter Ambidexter.

O the passion of me, marie as ye say, ponder is a royal Court:
Where is triumphing and spoyle vpon spoyle.
Such ioyall Lords, with such Lordly exercise:
Frequenting such pastimes as they can deuise.
Hunning at tilt, Jostling, with running at the ring:
Dancing and mummings with eche kinde of thing.
Such dauncing, such singing, with muscull harmony:
Welcume me I was loth to absent their company. (maried)
But will you beloeue Iesu what hast they made till they were
not for a million of pounds one day longer they would haue taried
Wh there was a banquet royall and superexcellant:
Thousands, and thousands at that banquet was spent.
I mule of nothing but how they can be maried so sone:
I care not if I be maried before to morrow at noon.
If marriage be a thing that so may be had:
How say you maids to marry me wil ye be glad.
Out of doubt I beleue it is some excellent treasure:
Wie to the same belongs abundant pleasure.
Yet with mine eares I haue heard some say:
That euer I was maried, now cursed be the day.
Those be they with curst wiues be matched:
That husband for haukes meat, of them is vp snatched.
Head broke with a bedstaffe, face all to be scratched.
Knaue, slave, and villain, a coyler rote now and then:
When the wife hath giuen it, we wil say alas good man.
Such were better vnmarried my maisters I trow:
Then all their life after to be matched with a spow.

Enter

A Comedie

Enter Preparation.

With speed I am sent all things to prepare:
My message to bee as the King did declare.
His grace both meane a banquet to make:
Dining in this place repast for to take.
While the cloth shalbe laid and all things in redines,
To Court to returne when booke is my business.

Ambidexter.

A proper man and also fit:
For the Kings estate to prepare a banquet.

Preparation.

What Ambidexter? thou art not unknowne:
A mischief on all good faces, so that I curse not mine owne.
Now in the knowes name shalbe hands with me,

Ambidexter.

What false Goodman perchunto your reverence I see,
I will teach ye, if your manners no better be.
If ye deare, the King both me a gentleman allowe:
Therefore I thinke that to me ye shoulde bowe.

Fight.

Preparation.

Good maister Ambidexter, pardon my behauiour:
For this your deeds, you are a knave for your labour.

Ambidexter.

Why ye shall counterly obtaine nothing but knave.

fight.

Preparation.

I am sorry your maister hath offended I haue.
Shake hands that betwene us agreement may be:
I was overhot with my selfe, I would.
Let me haue your helpe this furniture to provide:
The thing from this place will not long abide.

Set the fruit on the boord.

Ambidexter.

Content, it is the thing that I would wish:
If my selfe will goe fetch one dish.

Let the Vice fetch a dish of Murr, and let them fall
in the bringing of them in.

Preparation.