

**HORESTES (A newe enterlude of vice)**  
**by John Pikeryng 1567**

Original spelling version (modified punctuation) --- Transcribed by Barboura Flues  
Edited for the web by Robert Brazil All rights reserved.  
Copyright © 2007 B. Flues, R. Brazil, and elizabethanauthors.com

**A NEWE**  
**Enterlude of Vice Conteyninge, the**  
**Historye of Horestes with the cruell**  
**reuengment of his Fathers death,**  
**vpon his one naturill Mother.**  
by John Pikeryng 1567



**The Players Names**

Vyce	Clytemnestra	Sodyer	Truthe
Rusticus	Haultersycke	Nobelles	Fame
Hodge	Hempstryng	Nature	Hermione
Horestes	Nestor	Provisyon	Dewty
Idumeus	Menelaus	Harrauld	Messenger
Councell	A woman	Sodyer	Egistus
			Commons

## The names devided for six to playe

1. Vyce, Nature, Dewtey
2. Rusticus, Idumeus, Sodyer, Menelaus, Nobulles
3. Hodge, Counsell, Messenger, Nestor, Commons
4. Horestes, a woman, Prologue
5. Haulltersicke, Sodyer, Egistus, Harrauld, Fame, Truth, Idleness
6. Hempstrynge, Clytemnestra, Provision, Hermione

Imprinted at London : In Fletestrete, at the  
signe of the Falcon by Wylliam Gryffith, and  
are to be solde at his shope in S. Dunstons  
Churcheyarde, Anno. 1567.

---

## HORESTES

[Enter the Vyce.]

VYCE: A, syrra! nay, soft! What? let me see --  
God morrowe to you, syr, how do you fare?  
Sante amen! I thincke it wyll be  
The next day in the morning, before I com thear.  
Well, forwarde I wyll, for to prepare  
Some weapons and armour the catives to quell:  
Ille teache the hurchetes agayne to rebell.

Rebell? ye, syr, how saye you there to?  
What? you had not beste their partes to take;  
Houlde the content, foole, and do as I do, [10]  
Or elles me chaunce your pate for to ake.  
Ye, and thats more, for feare thou shalt quake  
Before Horestes, when in good sooth he  
Shall arryve in this lande, revenged to bee.

Well, forwarde I wyll, thynges to pourvaye  
In good south for the wares as I shall thincke good.  
Farre well, good man dotterell, and marke what I saye  
Or eles it may chaunce you to seke a new houd.  
You would eat no more cakbread, I thincke then, by the roud.  
If that that same poulle from your shoulderes were hent; [20]  
You would think you were yll if so you were shent.

[Here entryth Rustycus and Hodge.]

RUSTICUS: Chyll never, nabore Hodge, have a glade harte

Tyll Egistous the kynge hath for his desarte  
Received dew punnyshment, for this well I knowe:  
Horrestes to Crete with Idumeous dyd go  
When his father was slayne by his mother most yll:  
And therefore I thincke that com heather he wyll,  
And revenge the injurey of his mother most dyare,  
Wastinge our land with zworde and with vyare.

HODGE: Jesu, nabor, with vyar and zworde? zaye you zo? [30]  
By Gys, nabor, chyll zave one, I tro,  
For iche have small good, by Gise, for to lose,  
And therefore iche care not how ever it gose.  
But chyll not be zlayne -- chyll love nothings worse;  
Chyll never be bournt for the mony in my purse.  
Iche have small roudockes, and sodyers, I kno  
Wyll robbe the riche chorles and let the poore knaves go.

VICE: A, syrre, nowe steye and pause their a whyle!  
Be not to hastye, but take all the daye. [40]  
Be God, I am wearey with comming this myle,  
And having no money my horse heyare to paye.  
Who! how! I rode on my fete all the waye.  
Jesu, what ground since yesterday at none  
Have I gut thorow with this pare of shoune.

RUSTICUS: Nabor Hodge, be Goge, hache none! I veare  
That this lyttell hourchet the devayaunce doth beare.  
Come let us go and of him, in good south,  
We woll conquer out the verey truth.

VYCE: Hurchyt! Goges oundes, gyppe with a wanyon!  
Are you so loustey in fayth, good man clound? [50]  
Oundes, hart, and nayles, this is a franion!  
Ille teache you to floute me -- I hould you a pounde --  
O, that it were not, in fayth, for my gound!  
[Yet] wyll I be knoc um yet for all that. [*Fight.*]

HODGE: Hould, good master, you mare my new hat.

VYCE: Ha, ha, he! mar his hat, quoth he! Thear was all his thought!  
Tout, tout, for the blose he set not a pyn!  
That garment is dyer that with blose is bought.  
Well, sieres, to intreat me, syth you begyn,  
I am contentyd; my blade now shaull in. [60]  
But tell me, syeres, tell me [now]: wherefore of me,  
The cause on this sort, your taullkynge should be?

RUSTICUS: By Gis, and iche chyll, master, for all my great payne,  
Of this matter to you to tell the very playne:  
My naybor Hodge and I, in good south,  
Mot hear in the veldes -- I tell you the truth;  
Now as we wear talkinge -- marke what I zaye --  
You came in straight and of us crost the waye;  
Which thinge for zartyn when I dyd espye,  
This fancy ylouncht in my head by and by [70]  
And to Hodge I zayde, that by Gys I dyd veare  
That your masshyp, good master, the devyaunce doth beare;  
And be cause you weare lyttell and of stature but smaull,  
Your person a houchet, in fayth, I dyd caull.  
But, by Gis, be contentyd, vor chyll neaver more  
Ofvend you a gaine, but cham zorey thearvore.

VYCE: Yf they weare not twayne, I cared not a poynt,  
But two is to meyney, the proverbe douth tell;  
Elles, be his oundes, I would jobard this joynt  
And teache them agaynste me againe to rebell. [80]  
O that I weare abull the knaves vor to quell.  
Then would I tryomphe passinge all measure.

HODGE: Zentyll man, zentyll man, at your owne pleasure  
In fayth we be, and thearvore we praye,  
What they name is to us vor to saye.

VYCE: My name would ye kno? Marrey, you shaull,  
Harke, frynde, fourst to the I wyll it declare:  
Master Pacience, Master Pacience, many on doth me caull.  
But com heather, nabor Hodge, thou must have a share.  
By Gys, unto the I wyll not spare [90]  
The same for to showe, whearfore, my frend,  
My name is Pacience, if thou it perpend.

HODGE: Past Shame? Godes gee, naybor? Past Shame?  
By Godes de, naybor, thates a tryccom name.

VYCE: Tell a mare a tal and shyell gerd out a fart.  
Se how the [ass] my wordes douth mystake!  
Would it not anger a saynt at the hart  
To se what a scoffe of my name he douth make?  
Ooundes of me, as still as a stake  
He standith, nought caring what of him maye be tyde. [100]  
Be his woundes, I wod have a arme or a syde!

Sought! Let me se -- it is best to be styll:  
'Good slepinge in a hole skynne,' ould foulkes do saye.  
Not withstanding, iwis, Ill have myne owne wyll.  
Naye, I wyll be revenged, by his oundes, and I maye  
Syrre, you good man Rustycus, marke what I saye;  
Harke in thine eare, man, this dyd I see  
A hodge of thyne wearyed to be.

RUSTICUS: Godes gee, Maister Pacience, I praye you me tell,  
What horsen chorles doge my hogge so dyd quell? [110]  
Iche zware by Gise and holye Zaynt Blyve  
Chyll bezwinge him and ich be a lyve!  
By Godes de, cham angry and not well content.  
Chould ha wear hear -- could make him repent!  
Ich had rather gyven vore stryke of corne  
Then to had my hogge on this wyse forlorne.  
But if I knewe whous dogge, chould be  
Revenged well inough, iche warrent the!

VYCE: He, ha, he! by God, Rusticus, I maye saye in no game,  
I knowe the person whose dogge so did slaye [120]  
Thy hogge. Fye, fye! man, it was a vearey shame  
For thy naybor Hodge to let it, by this daye.  
Well, I wyll go to him and se if I maye  
By anye meanes procure him to make the amendes;  
Ille do the best I can to make you both frendes.

RUSTICUS: Chyll be no frendes -- chad rather be hanged --  
Tyll iche have that ould karle wel and thryfteley hanged.  
And tweare not your masshype dyd me with hould,  
To swing the ouchet iche chould be bould.

VYCE: Ha, ha, he! nay, nay, spare not for me! [130]  
Go to it strayght, if thear to ye gre.

RUSTICUS: Hodge, I harde saye thou illy hast wrought,  
For my hogge unto death with thi dog thou haste brought.  
Iche byd the thy vaute to me to amend  
Or chyll zwaddell the, iche zweare, in my bat end.

HODGE: Zwaddell me? Godes get! chyll care not a poynte;  
Iche have a good bat, thy bones to a noynte.  
Thou olde carle, I zaye thy hodge hurtyd me,  
And therefore I wyll have a mendes now of the. [140]  
My rye and my otes, my beanes and my pease  
They have eaten up quight, but small for my ease

And therefore, iche zaye, all thy hogges kepe vaste  
Or iche wyll them wearey as longe as they laste.  
By Godes get! I can never come in my ground,  
But that zame zwyne in my pease iche have founde.

VYCE: Tout, tout, Rusticus, these wordes be but wynd.  
To him, man, to him, and swaddell him well!  
Ye, neaver leave him as longe as thou can fynd  
Him whot, but [teache] him a gaine to rebell.  
What nedest thou to care, thou his wordes be so fell? [150]  
Tout, tout, tharte unwyse; and followe my mynde  
And I warraunt the in end some ease thou shalt finde.

RUSTICUS: Godes gee, hourson Hoge, paye me for my zwine  
Or eles lerne to kepe that cockescome of thyne.  
[Up with thy staf and be readye to smyte; but Hodge smit first.]

HODGE: Godes de, do thy worst -- I care not a poynte!  
Chyll paye the none; chyll jobard a joynte.

VYCE: Nay, stand I styll? some what I wyll lend;  
[And let the Vise thwacke them both and run out.]  
Take this for a reward! Now a waye I must wend. [*Exit.*]

RUSTICUS: O Godes get, cham zwinged zo zore,  
Iche thincke chaul neaver lyve one houre more. [160]

HODGE: O godes ge, I thincke my bewnes will in zonder;  
Yf ich get home, by Gis, ittes a wounder.  
Farewell Rusticus, for by Gis iche chaull,  
When I mete the againe, bezwinge the vor all.

RUSTICUS: Nay letes be frendes, and chyll in good part  
Of browne ale at my house give the a whole whart.  
What Hodge, shake hondes, mon; be merey and lauffe;  
By Godes ge, iche had not the best end of the staffe.

HODGE: Cham contente, naybor Rusticus, shaull be ene so.  
Come, to thy house I praye the let us go. [170]  
[Go out. Horestes entrith.]

HORESTES: To caull to minde the crabyd rate of mothers ill attempt  
Provokes me now all pyttie quight from me to be exempt;  
Yet lo, Dame Nature teles me that I must with willing mind  
Forgive the faulte and to pytie some what to be inclynd;  
But lo, be hould, thadulltres dame on hourdome morder vill

Hath heaped up, not contented her spousaule bed to fyll  
With forrayne love, but sought also my fatal thred to share  
As, erst before, my fathers fyll in sonder she dyd pare.  
O paterne love, why douste thou so of pytey me request,  
Syth thou to me wast quit denied, my mother being prest? [180]  
When tender yeres this corps of mine did hould -- alas for wo --  
When frend my mother shuld have bin, then was she chefe my fo.  
Oh godes, therefore, sith you be just, unto whose poure and wyll  
All thing in heaven and earth also obaye and sarve untyll,  
Declare to me your gracious mind; shall I revenged be  
Of good Kynge Agamemnones death? Ye godes declare to me!  
Or shall I let the adulltres dame styll wallow in her sin?  
Oh godes of war, gide me a right when I shall war begyn. [*Enter Vyce.*]

VYCE: Warre, quoth he? I, war in dede! And trye it by the sworde?  
God save you, sir! The godes to ye have sent this kind of word: [190]  
That in the hast you armour take, your fathers fose to slaye,  
And I as gyde with you shall go to gyde you on the way.  
By me (thy mind) ther wrathful dome shalbe performd in dede;  
Therefore, Horestes, marke me well, and forward do procede  
For to revenge thy fathers death, for this they all have ment;  
Which thing for to demonstrat, lo, to the they have me sent.

HORESTES: As you, good syr, the messenger of godes, as you do saye?  
Wil they in revenging this wrong I make not long delay?

VYCE: What nede you dout? I was in heaven when al the gods did gre  
That you of Agamemnones death, for south, revengid should be. [200]  
Tout, tout, put of that childish love! Couldst thou with a good wil  
Contentyd be that one should so they father seme to kyll?  
Why waylst thou, man? Leave of, I say! Plucke corrage unto the!  
This lamentation sone shall fade, if thou imbrasydest me.

HORESTES: What is thy name, may I in quear? O sacrid wight, I pray  
Declare to me, and with this feare do not my hart dismaye.

VYCE: Amonge the godes celestiaall I Courrage called am;  
You to assyste in vearey truth from out the heavens I cam;  
And not without god Marsis his leave I durst hear show my face,  
Which thou shalt fele, if that ther gift thou dost forthwith imbrace. [210]

HORESTES: And sith it is thear gracious will, welcom thou art to me.  
O holy wight, for this thear gyft I thanke them hartelley.  
My thinkes I fele all feare to fley, all sorrow, grieve and payne.  
My thinkes I fele corrage provokes my wil for ward againe  
For to revenge my fathers death and infamey so great.

Oh, how my hart doth boyle in dede, with firey perching heate.  
Corrage, now welcom by the godes: I find thou art in dede  
A messenger of heavenly gostes. Come, let us now procede  
And take in hand to bringe to pas revengyd for to be  
Of those which have my father slaine -- but soft, now let me se -- [220]  
*[Enter Idumeus and Councill.]*

Idumeus, that worthy kinge, doth come into this place.  
What saye you, Corrage, shal I now declare to him my case?

VYCE: Faul to it then and slacke no time, for 'tyme once past away  
Doth cause repentence but to late to com,' old foulks do say.  
When stede is stolen, to late it is to shyte the stable dore.  
Take time, I say, while time doth give a leasure good therefore.

IDUMEUS: What ever he be that sceptar beares or rules in state full hie  
Is sonest down through fortunes eyar and brought to myserey;  
As of late yeares the worthy kinge, Agamemnon by name,  
Whos prais throughout the world is bloun by golden trump of Fame, [230]  
His wel won fame in marshall stoure doth reache unto the sky;  
Yet, lo! through Fortunes blind attempt he lo in earth doth lie.  
He that had past the fate of war, where chaunce was equall set,  
Through Fortunes spight is caught, alacke, within olde Meros net;  
And he, which sometime did delight in clothed coat of maylle,  
Is now constraynd in Carones bote over the brouke to saylle,  
That flose upon the fatall bankes of Plutoes kingdome great  
And that in shade of silent wodes and valeys greene do beate,  
When soules of kinges and other wights a poyntyd are to be  
In quiet state, there also is this worthy reall tree. [240]  
Of south, I joye for to behold Horestes actyve cheare,  
The which in father sometime was, in son doth now apear.  
But where is he, that all this day I neaver sawe his face?

HORESTES: *[Knell downe.]* hand, O kynge, thy sarvant is, which wisheth to thy grace  
All hayl with happye fate certayne, with pleasures many fould.  
But yet my leege, a sute I have if I might be so bold  
To crave the same, my soferayn lord, wherby I might aspyer  
Unto the thing [which] very much, O kynge, I do requier.

IDUMEUS: What thing is that? If we suppose it lafull for to be,  
On prynces faith without delaye it shall be given the. [250]

VYCE: Tout, let him alone now we may, in good south,  
I was not so lustey my pourpose to get,  
But now of my honestey, I tell you of truth,  
In revenging the wronge his mynd he hath set.  
It is not Idumeus that hath poure to let

Horestes fro sekinge his mother to kyll  
Tout, let hym alone, hele have his owne wyll.

HORESTES: Sith that your grace hath willed me this my desiar to show,  
Oh gracious kynge, this thing it is: I let your grace to know  
That long I have request to vew my fathers kingley place; [260]  
And eke for to revenge the wrong done to my fathers grace  
Is myne intent; wherefore, O kynge, graunt that without delaye  
My earytage and honor eke atchyve agayne I maye.

IDUMEUS: Stey their a whyle, Horestes mine, tyll Councell do decree  
The thing that shall unto your state most honorabell bee.  
My councler, how do you thinke? Let us your counsell have.  
How think you by this thing the which Horestes now doth crave?

COUNCELL: As I do thinke, my soferayne lord, it should be nothing ill,  
A prynce for to revenged be on those which so dyd kyll  
His fathers grace; but rather shall it be a feare to those [270]  
That to the lyke at anye time their cruell mindes dispose.  
And also, as I thinke, it shall an honer be to ye,  
To adjuvate and helpe him with some men revenged to be.  
This do I thinke most fyttest for your state and his also.  
Do as you lyst, sieth that your grace my mind herin doth kno.

IDUMEUS: Sith Councell thinkes it fyt in ded revenged for to be,  
That you Horestes, in good south, for to revenge I gree;  
And also to mayntaine your war I graunt you with good will  
A thousand men of stomake bolde, your enimise to kyll.  
Take them forth with and forward go; let slyp no time ne tyd, [280]  
For chaunce to leasure to be bound, I tell you, can not byd.  
Go, therefore, straight provide your men, and like a manly knight  
In place of stouer put forth thy selfe; assay with all thy might  
To win the fame, for glorey none in chambering doth rest.  
Marke what I saye: to get thy men I take it for [the] best.

VYCE: Com on, Horestes, sith thou hast obtayned thy desier.  
Tout, tout, man, seke to dysytroye as doth the flaming fier,  
Whose properte, thou knoest, doth gro as long as any thing  
Is left wher by the same may seme som suckcor for to bring.

HORESTES: I thanke your grace, I shall sequest your gratius mind herin. [290]  
*[Go out.]*

VYCE: Se, se, I praye you, how he joyse that he must war begin!  
*[Go out.]*

IDUMEUS: My counsell, now declare to me, how think you by this wight?  
Doth not he seme in south to be in tyme a manley knight?  
By all the godes I thinke in south a man may easeley kno  
Whose son he was, so right he doth his fathers steppes follow.

COUNCELL: Undoubtedly, my soferaynd lorde, he semeth unto me  
Not to sequest his fathers steppes in feates of chevallrey,  
But rather for to imitate the floure of Greation land:  
I meane Achilles, that same knight, by whose one only hand  
The Greacians have obtained at laingth the conquest of old Troy, [300]  
For which thei did holl ten yeres space their labor great imploy.

IDUMEUS: Syth he is gon for to purvaye such thinges as shall in dede  
Suffise to sarve his tourn in wares, wherof he shal have nede,  
Let us depart; and when he shall retourne heather a gayne,  
To see the mustor of his men we wyll sure take the payne.  
*[Go out. (Haultersyke) entriethe and syngeth this song to the tune of 'Have over the water to Floride' or 'Sellengers Round'.]*

#### The Songe

HAULTERSYCKE: Farre well, adew, that courtlycke lyfe,  
To warre we tend to gowe,  
It is good sport to se the stryfe  
Of sodyers on a rowe:  
How mereley they forward march [310]  
These enemys to slaye,  
With hey trym and tryxey to,  
Their banners they dysplaye.

Now shaul we have the golden cheates,  
When others want the same,  
And sodyares have foull maney feates  
Their enemyes to tame:  
With couckinge heare, and bomynge their,  
They breake thear fose araye,  
And loustey lades, amid the feldes, [320]  
Thear ensines do dysplaye.

The droum and flute playe lousteley.  
The troumpet blose a mayne,  
And ventrous knightes corragiousley  
Do march before thear trayne:  
With speare in reste, so lyvely drest,  
In armour bryghte and gaye,

With hey trym and tryxey to,  
Thear banners they dysplaye.

*[Hempstring commeth in and speaketh.]*

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges oundes, Haultersycke, what makes thou heare? [330]

HAULTERSYCKE: What? Jacke Hempstringe! Welcom, draw neare.

HEMPSTRINGE: By his oundes! I have soughte the, some newse to tell.

HAULTERSYCKE: Godes bloud, what newse? Ist the devell in hell?

HEMPSTRINGE: In faythe, thou art mearey; but this is the matter:  
Doust thou hear, Haltersicke, each man doth clatter  
Of warres, ye of warres, for Horestes wyll go  
His erytage to wyn. Boye, the truth is so.

HAULTERSYCKE: Nay, but Jacke Hempstringe, sease of this prate:  
Yf thou caull me boye, then beware thy pate!

HEMPSTRINGE: What? Hould thy peace! As far as I se, [340]  
We be boyse both -- thearfor let us gree.

HAULTERSYCKE: Boye? Naye, be God! though I be but smaull,  
Yet, Jacke Hempstringe, a hart is worth all;  
And have not I an hart that to warres dare go?  
Yes, Hempstringe, I warrant the, and that thou shouldest know,  
If Dycke Haltersyckes mynde thou move unto eyar,  
Colles neaver bourne tyll they be set one fyare.

HEMPSTRINGE: Ye, but if they bourne so that they flame,  
Yet water, Dycke Halltersycke, the bourning cane tame. [350]  
But, harke thee, my master will venter a joynt,  
And me to wayte on him he all readye doth poynt.  
But, hearste thou? Thou knowest my master loves well  
Now and then to be snappinge at some dayntye mossell;  
But, by Goges bloud, Halltersycke, if thou love me,  
Take some prytey wenche our laundrar to be,  
And, be Goges bloud, I am contentyd to beare  
Halfe of her chargis, when that she comes thear.

HAULTERSYCKE: As fyt for the warre, Jacke Hempstringe, thou art,  
In fayth, as a be is to drawe a carte. [360]  
He is lyke to be manned, that hath such a knight  
Under his banner, I sweare, for to fight,

When Horestes in fight moste busiest shalbe,  
Then with thy gynney we must seke the.

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges oundes, hart and nayles, you are a franion!  
Come of, with a myschiefe, my gentell companion!  
By your sleve, sire Haultersicke, I thine [think] that a be  
As good a sodyer as ever was ye.

HAULTERSYCKE: He hath learned his lesson, but of south I feare  
He hath quight forgotten the waye for to sweare.  
Oundes, hart, and nayles! Marey, hes no lad; [370]  
And he be not hanged, he wyll be starke mad.

HEMPSTRINGE: Hange me no hanginge; yf ye be so quicke,  
Roube not to hard, lest Hempstringe do kycke!

HAULTERSYCKE: Had better be styll, and a sleepe in his head;  
Yf a kycke me, me chaunce to breake his head!  
*[(Haultersycke) flort him.]*

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges bloud, good man Haltersycke, begine you to flout me?

HAULTERSYCKE: No, not at all; he douth but lout ye.  
What, Hempstringe, I saye, are you angred at jeste?  
In fayth, Goodman Lobcocke, your handsomley drest!  
*[Flort him on the lipes.]*

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges bloud, so to flout me, thou art muche to blame! [380]

HAULTERSYCKE: Why, all that I do, man, is but in game.

HEMPSTRINGE: Take thou that for they jeste, and flout me no more.  
*[Give him a box on the eare.]*

HAULTERSYCKE: For that same on blowe, thou shalt have a score.  
Drawe thy sword, vyllyne, yf thou be a man,  
And then do the worst that ever thou can.

HEMPSTRINGE: Naye, set sword a syde, and at boffetes well trey,  
Wheather of us both shal have the masterey.

HAULTERSYCKE: Goges oundes! thou art bygger, yet I care not a poynt,  
Yf to be revenged I jobard a joynt.

HEMPSTRINGE: I have coylde the well, but I holde the a grote, [390]  
Yf thou meddell with me, I wyll swinge thye cote.  
*[Fyght at bofites with fystes.]*

HAULTERSYCKE: Indede, I must saye, I have cought the worst,  
but I wyll be revengd, or eles I shall bourste.  
Yf tyme did not call me from hence to depart,  
I should anger the, Hempstring, even at the hart.  
Therefore farwell tyll an other daye,  
But, hearste thou, take this to spend by the waye.  
*[Give him a box on the eare and go out.]*

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges oundes, is he gon? Naye, after I wyll,  
And of the slave, by his oundes, I wyll have my fyll.  
*[Go out.]*

*[Let the drum playe and Horestes enter with his men and  
lette him kneele downe and speake.]*

HORESTES: Oh godes, be prosperous, I praye, and eke preserve my band [400]  
Show now that ye be gods in ded, stretch out your mighty hand  
And give us hartes and willes also, where by we may prevayl,  
And suffer not you godes, I praye, our courragis to fayll.  
But let our hartes addytyd be for aye as we pretend,  
And of that vile adulltres dame, oh gods, now make an end.  
My hands do thyrst her blod to have, nought can my mind content  
Tyll that on her I have perfourmed, oh gods, your just judgment.  
*[(Enter Nature. Horestes) stand up.]*

NATURE: Nay, stey, my child! From mothers bloud withdraw thy bloody hand!

HORESTES: No, nought at all, oh Nature, can my purpose now withstand.  
Shall I for give my fathers death? My hart can not agre, [410]  
My father slayne in such a sorte and unrevengyd to be.

NATURE: Consider first, Horestes myne, what payne for the she toke.

HORESTES: And of my fathers death againe, O Nature, do thou louke.

NATURE: I do confesse, a wycked facte it was; this is most playne;  
Not withstanding, from mothers bloud thou must thy hands refrain.  
Canst thou (a lacke, unhappye wight!) consent revenged to be  
On her whose pappes, before this time, hath given foud to the?  
In whom I, Nature, formyd the, as best I thought it good.  
Oh now requight her for her pain; withdraw thy hands from bloud.

HORESTES: Who offendith the love of God, and eke mans love with willing hart, [420]  
Must by [that] love have punnishment as dutye due for his desart.  
For me therfor to punish hear, as law of gods and man doth wil,  
Is not a crime, though that I do, as thou dost saie, my mother kil.

NATURE: The cruel beasts that raung in feldes, whose jause to blod ar whet,  
Do not consent their mothers paunch in cruell wise to eate:  
The tyger fierse doth not desire the ruine of his kinde;  
And shall Dame Nature now in the such tyraney once finde  
As not the cruell bestes voutsafe to do in aney case?  
Leve now, I say, Horestes myne, and to my wordes give place,  
Lest that of men this facte of thine may judged for to be [430]  
Ne lawe, in south, ne justys eke, but cruell tyraney.

HORESTES: Pythagoras doth thincke it, lo, no tyraney to be,  
When that justyse is mynestrud as lawe and godes decree.  
If that the law doth her condemne as worthy death to have,  
Oh Nature, woulst thou wil that I her life should seme to save?  
To save her lyfe whom law doth slay, is not justise to do;  
Therefore, I saye, I wyll not yeld they hestes to com unto.

NATURE: Yf Nature cannot brydell the, remember the decaye  
Of those which hereto fore, in south, their parents sought to slay:  
Oedippus fate caull thou to minde, that slew his father so, [440]  
And eke remember now what fame of him a brode doth go.

HORESTES: What fame doth blowe I forse not, I, ne yet what fame I have,  
For this is true: that bloud for bloud my fathers deth doth crave,  
And lawe of godes and lawe of man doth eke request the same.  
Therefore, oh Nature, sease to praye; I forse not of my name.

NATURE: For to lament this heavey fate, I cannot other do.  
A lacke, a lacke! that once my chyld should now consent unto  
His mothers death; wherefore farewell -- I can no longer stey. [*Go out.*]

HORESTES: Farwel, Dame Nature. To my men I straight wil take my way.  
[*Go out. Enter Idumeus and Councill.*]

IDUMEUS: To se this mouster let us go, for I suppose it tyme. [450]  
Where is Horestes? Why stease he? The truth to me define.  
[*Let the drum playe.*]

COUNCELL: Oh soferayne lord, me thinkes I here him for to be at hand.  
Yft please your grace, he is in sight even now with al his band.  
[*Let the drum play and enter Horestis with his band; a bout the stage.*]

IDUMEUS: Com on, Horestes; we have stayd your mouster for to se.

HORESTES: And now at hand my men and I all redy armed be.  
Lo, mighty kynge, this champions here agre with me to wende;  
Oh gracious kynge, that they shall so, wylt please you condissend?

IDUMEUS: I do agree; and now awhyle give eare your king unto.  
It doth behoufe corragious knightes on this wyse for to do: [460]  
That is to stryve for to obtayne the victorey and prayse.

That lasts for aye, when death shal end the [fine] of these our dais.  
Wherefore be bold and feare no fate; the gods for you shall fight,  
For they be just and will not se that you in case of right  
Shall be desstrest; wherefore attend, and do your busey payne,  
The crabyd rage of enymyse by forse for to restrayne.  
And, as to me your trusteynes hath here to fore be knowne,  
So now to this Horestes here let eke the same be showne.  
Be to his heastes obaydient; be stoute to take in hand  
Such enterpryse which he shal thinke most for his state to stand; [470]  
Which if you do, the fame is youres; the glorey and renoune,  
That shal arise of this your facts, throughout the world shal sound;  
The which you may, I pray the godes your gydes here in to be.  
And now farwell, but [note] that well that I have sayde to ye.

SODYERS: The godes preserve your grace for aye, and you defend from wo;  
That we have don as you commaund, ful wel your grace shal kno.

IDUMEUS: Now harke, Horestes, sith thou must of men the gyder be,  
And that the wyll of godes it is thou must now part from me,  
Take yet my last commaundement, and beare it in thy minde:  
Let now they men courragiousnes in the, their captayne, finde; [480]  
And as thou art courragious, so lyke wyse let their be

For safegard of thy men, a brayne well fraught with pollicye;  
For over rashe in doinge ought doth often damage bringe;  
Therefore take councell first, before thou dost anye thinge.  
For councell, as Plaato doth tell, is sure a heavenly thinge;  
And Socrates, a certaynte, doth say, councell doth brynge  
Of thinges in dout; for Lyvy sayes, no man shall him repent  
That hath, before he worked ought, his tyme in councell spent;  
And be thou lybraull to thy men, and gentell be also,  
For that way, at thy wil, thou mayst have them through fire to go;  
And he that shall at any tyme deserve ought well of the, [490]  
Soffer him not for to depart, tyll well reward he be.  
Thus have you hard, Horestes mine; remembar well the same;  
In doing thus you shall pourchas to the immortaull fame,  
The which I hope you wyll assaye for to atchife in dede.  
The gods the blis, when in the war thou forward shalt procede.

HORESTES: I thanke your grace, and now of you my leave I here do take.

IDUMEUS; Farwell, my sonne Horestes, I thy partinge yll shall take;  
Yet, eare thou go, let me imbrace the once, I the do praye.

Alacke, alacke, that now from me thou must nedes part away.

*[Imbrace him.]*

Yet whyell thou art in present place, receive of one this kys.

[500]

Farwell, good knight, for now I shal thy swete imbrascings mys. *[Kys him.]*

HORESTES: The sacred godes preserue and save thy state, oh kynge, I pray;

And send the helth, and after death to rayne with him for aye.

Come on my men, let us depart.

SODYERS: As please your grace, with all our hart. *[March about and go out.]*

IDUMEUS: Ah, ah, how grevous is his parting now, my Councell, unto me.

The godes him bles and send him helth, I praye them harte.

Wo worth the time, the day and hour! Now may Horestes wayle,

And Clytemnestra may lament, that so she dyd assayle

His father deare; for now on bloud Horestes mind is set

[510]

And to revenge his fathers death, sure, nought their is can let.

In voyding of a mischefe smal they have wrought their decay.

For now nought elles in Horestes but sore reveng bears sway.

COUNCELL: For to causes, my soferayne lord, revengment ought to be.

The on, least others be in fecte with that that they shall se

Their princes do; the other is, that those that now be yll

May be revoked and may be taught for to subdew their wyll.

Plato, a wyse phylosopher, dyd thinke it for to be

A prynceley facte, when as a kynge shall punnishe seriously

Such persons as dyd trayne their lyfe to follow that was naught,

[520]

The which their prince at ani time shal by mischaunce have wrought.

Protegeus, an evell kinge a carryne lykenes to,

Which all the place about the same to stinke causeth to do.

Therefore, O kynge, if that her faute should unrevengyd be,

A thousand evylles would insu their of, your grace should se.

Her faute is great, and punnyshment it is worthy for to have,

For by that meane the good, in south, from daungers may be saufe.

For lo, the unyversauill scoll of all the world we knowe

Is once the pallace of a kinge, where vyces chefe do flow

And, as to waters from on head and fountayne oft do spring,

[530]

So vyce and vertue oft do flo from pallace of a kinge;

Whereby the people, seeing that the kinge adycte to be,

Toprosecute the lyke they all do labor, as we se.

Therefore the gods have wyllid thus, Horestes for to take

His jorney, and to recompence for fathers death to make.

IDUMEUS: Sith gods have wild the same to be, good lucke the gods him send,  
Com on, my Councill; now from hence we purpose for to wend.  
[Go out.]

*[Enter Egistus and Clytemnestra singinge this songe to the tune of 'King Salomon.']*

EGISTUS: And was it not a worthy sight  
Of Venus childe, Kinge Priames sonne,  
To steale from Grece a ladye bryght, [540]  
For whom the wares of Troye begon?  
Naught fearinge daunger that might faull,  
Lady, ladie,  
From Grece to Troye he went with al,  
My deare lady.

CLYTEM: When Paris firste arrived there,  
Where as Dame Venus worshyp is,  
And bloustringe Fame abroade dyd beare  
His lyvely fame, she dyd not mys  
To Helena for to repayre, [550]  
Her for to tell  
Of prayse and shape so trym and fayre  
That dyd excell.

EGISTUS: Her beautie caused Paris payne,  
And bare chiefe sweye with in his mynde.  
No thinge was abell to restraine  
His wyl, some waye fourth for to finde,  
Whereby he might have his [desyare],  
Lady, ladye, [560]  
So great in him was Cupids fyare,  
My deare ladye.

CLYTEM: And eke as Paris dyd desyare  
Fayre Helena for to possesse,  
Her hart, inflamid with lyke fyear,  
Of Paris love [desyard] no lesse,  
And found occasion him to mete  
In Cytheron,  
Where each of them the other dyd grete  
The feast uppon.

EGISTUS: Yf that in Paris Cupides shafte, [570]  
O Clytemnestra, toke such place,  
That tyme ne waye he never left  
Tyll he had gotte her comley grace.

I thinke my chaunce not ill to be,  
Ladye, ladye,  
That ventryd lyfe to purchase ye,  
My dere ladye.

CLYTEMHESTRA: Kyng Priames sonne loved not so sore  
The Gretian dame [they brothers wyfe]  
But she his person estemed more, [580]  
Not for his sake savinge her lyfe,  
Which caused her people to be slayne  
With him to flye  
And he requight her love a gayne  
Most faythfullye.

EGISTUS: And as he recompence agayne  
The fayre Queen Hellyn for the same,  
So whyle I lyve I wyll take payne  
My wyll alwayes to yours to frame,  
Syth that you have voutsafe to be, [590]  
Ladye, ladye,  
A queene and ladye unto me,  
My deare ladye.

CLYTEM: And as she lovyd him best whyle lyfe  
Dyd last, so tend I you to do,  
Yf that devoyd of warr and stryfe  
The godes shall please to graunt us to;  
Syeth you voutsafest me for to take,  
O my good knyght,  
And me thy ladye for to make, [600]  
My hartes delyghte.

EGISTUS: As joyful as the warlyke god is Venus to behoulde;  
So is my hart repleate with joye much more a thousand fould,  
Oh lady deare, in that I do posses my hartes delyghte.  
*[Let the trumpete blowe with in.]*  
*What meanes this sound? for very much it doth my hart [afright].*

CLYTEM: Feare nought at all, Egistus myne, no hurt it doth pretend.  
But, lo, me thinkes a messenger to us heather doth wend.  
*[Enter (Messenger).]*

MESS: The gods presarve your equall state and send you of their blys.

CLYTEM: Welcom, good messenger; what newese, I pray the, with the is?

MESS: Yf please your grace even now their is aryved in this land. [610]  
The mightey knight, Horestes, with a mightey pewsaunt band,  
Who purposith for to invade this Mycoene citie stronge,  
And, as he goese, he leyse both tower and castell all alonge.  
It boutes no man defence to make, for yf he wyll not yeld,  
By sodyeres rage he straight is slayne in mydest of the felde. *[Go out.]*

CLYTEM: Ah, syr, is he come in dede? He is wellcom by this daye.  
Egistus, now in south, with spede from hence take you your way  
In to our realme and take up men, our tyghtull to defend.  
Tyll your retourne this citie I to kepe do sure intend. [620]  
For all his strength he shall not get to enter once here in;  
The walles be strong and for his forse I sure set not a pyn.

EGISTUS: Syth you be abell to defend this citie as you saye,  
Farwell in south; to get me men I now wyll take my waye  
And sone againe I wyll returne, his pamprid pryd to tame.

CLYTEM: Farwell, Egistus, and in south I strayght will do the same.  
*[Go out Clytemnestra and Egistus.*  
*Enter a woman lyke a beger rounning before (the) sodier,*  
*but let the sodier speke first; but let the woman crye first pitifulley.]*

SODYER: Yeld the, I saye, and that by and bye,  
Or with this sword, in fayth, thou shalt dye.

WOMAN: Oh with a good wyll I yeld me to the,  
Good master sodier, have mercye on me!  
My husband thou hast slayne in most cruell wyse, [630]  
Yet this my prayer do now not dyspyse.

SODYER: Come on then in hast; my prysoner thou art,  
Come, followe me, I saye, we must nedes depart.  
*[Go a fore her and let her fal downe upon the (sodier)al to be beate him.]*

WOMAN: A, horson slave, I wyl teach the in faye  
To handle a woman on an other waye!  
To put me in feare with out my dezarte --  
I wyll teache the, in faye, to playe such a parte!

SODYER: Be contentyd, good woman, and thou shalt be  
Neaver heare after molysted for me.

WOMAN: Naye, vyllyn, slave! A mendes thou shalt make, [640]  
In that thou, be fore, me as prysinor dydest take.  
Now I have cought the, and my prysoner thou art;

By his oundes, horson slave, this gose to they harte!  
[Take his weapons and let him ryse up and then go out both.]

SODYER: Naye, save my lyfe, for I wyll be  
Thy prysoner and, lo, I yelde me to the.

WOMAN: Come, wend thou with me, and they wepon thou shalt have,  
Syth that thou voutsafyste my lyfe for to save.

*[Enter the Vyce synginge this song to the tune of 'The Paynter'.]*

VYCE: Stand backe, ye slepinge jackes at home,  
And let me go.  
You lye, syr knave, am I a mome? [650]  
Why saye you so?  
Tout, tout, you dare not come in felde  
For feare you shoulde the goste up yelde.  
With blose he gose, the gunne shot flye,  
It feares, it seares, and their doth lye.

A houndreth in a moment be  
Disstroyed quight.  
Syr sause, in fayth, yf you shoulde se  
The gonne shot lyght,  
To quake for feare you would not stynte, [660]  
When as by forse of gounshots dynte  
the rankes in raye are tooke awaye,  
As pleaseth fortune oft to playe.

But in this stower who beares the fame  
But onely I?  
Revenge, Revenge, wyll have the name,  
Or he wyll dye.  
I spare no wight, I feare none yll,  
But with this blade I wyll them kyll,  
For when myne eayre is set on fyare [670]  
I rap them, I snap them -- that is my desyare.

Farwell, a dew, to wares I muste  
In all the hast.  
My cosen Cutpurse wyll, I truste,  
Your pursse well tast.  
But to it, man, and feare for nought;  
Me saye to the, it is well fraught  
Wyth ruddockes red. Be at a becke!

Beware the arse! breake not thy necke!

*[Go out. Horestes entrith with his bande and marcheth about the stage.]*

HORESTES: Come on my sodyers, for at home aryved their we be, [680]

Where as we must have our desyare or els dye manfulley.

The walles be hye, yet I intend uppon them first to go

And, as I hope, you sodiers will your captayne eke follow.

Yf I for sake to go before, then sley you eke be hynde,

And as I am, so eke I trust my sodyers for to finde.

Come hether harauld; go proclame this mine intent straightway.

To yonder [citie] say that I am come to their decaye.

Unlesse they yeld, I will destroye both man, woman and childe,

And eke their towers that for the war so strongly they do bylde.

Byd them in hast to yeld to me, for nough I do a byde [690]

But for their aunswear; or elles fourthwith for them and theres provid.

HARRAULD: Your gracious minde straight shalbe don. Cum, trompet, let us go.

That I have don your message wel, your grace ful wel shal kno.

*[Let the trumpet go towarde the citie and blowe.]*

HORESTES: Hye the apase and let me have agayne an aunswear sone,

And then a non thou shalt well se what quickly shalbe done.

*[Let the trumpet leave soundyng and let Harrauld speake, and speake over the wal.]*

HARRAULD: How! [who] is their that kepes the gate? Give eare my words unto!

CLYTEM: What wouldst thou have? Harald, declare, what has thou her to do?

HARRAULD: My master bydes the, yeld to him this citie out of hande,

Or elles he will not leave on stone on other for to stand;

And all things elles within this towne he wil have at his wil, [700]

As pleaseth him by any meanes to save or elles to spyll.

What you will now therefore declare, and aunswere to him send.

CLYTEM: This citie here against him and his I wyll defende.

HARRAULD: Then in his name I do defye both the and all with in.

CLYTEM: By him and his, tell him in south, we do not set a pyn.

HARRAULD: Yf it please your grace, this word she sends: she wil not yeld to ye.

But yf you com, unto your harme she sayes that it shalbe.

*[Let the Haraulde go out here.]*

HORESTES: Sith that my grace and eke good wil they on such sort dispise,

For to destroye both man and chyld I surely do devyse.

Com on, my men, bend now your forse this citie for to wyn; [710]  
Save no mans lyfe that once should make rysistaunce there within,  
And when you shall posses the towne and have all things at wil,  
Loke out my mother, but to her do ye no kynde of yll.  
Let her not die, though that she would desiar the death to have,  
For other wyse my fathers death revengement doth crave.

SODYER: We shall your hestes obaye with spede. Oh captayne, we desiar  
That we were there, for to revenge our hartes are set on fyar.  
*[Enter Vyce.]*

VYCE: Lyke men, by God I sweare, well sayd! Horestes, let us gow.  
Nowe to thy men lyke manley hart I praye the for to showe,  
And, as thou seiste, be firste the man that shall the citie wyn. [720]  
How, how, now for to flye all ready they begynne!

HORESTES: With lyvely hartes, my troumpeters, exault your tubal sound,  
And now, my sodyers, in your harts let courage eke be found.  
Com, let us go! The godes for us shall make an easey waye;  
Spare none a lyve, for I am bent to seke their great decaye.  
*[Go and make your lively battel, and let it be longe eare youwin the citie, and when you have won it, let Horestes bringehis mother by the arme and let the droum sease playing andtrumpet also. When she is taken, let her knele downe and speake.]*

CLYTEM: A lack, what heaps of myschefes great me, selly wight, torment!  
Now is the tyme falune me upon which I thought to prevent.  
Yet, best I seke my lyfe to save; perhappes he will me here.  
A lacke, revengement he dothe crave, for slaying his father dere.  
Yf aney sparke of mothers bloud remaynd within thy breste, [730]  
Oh gracious child, let nowe thine eares unto my words be prest.  
Pardon I crave, Horestes myne, save now my corpes from death;  
Let no man saye that thou wast cause I yeldyd up my breath.  
I have offendyd, I do confesse; yet save my lyfe, I praye,  
And do they mother this request, O knight, do not denaye.

HORESTES: For to repent this facte of thyne, now that it is to late,  
Can not be thought a recompence for kylling of thy mate.  
Go, have [her] hence therfore with spede, and se her sureley kepte,  
And, for that fact a fore thou dydest, thou surley shouldst have wept.  
*[Clytemnestra go out with on of the sodiares.]*

VICE: Nay, far you wel. In fayth you have an aunswer: get you hence! [740]  
Oundes of me, I would not be in her cote for forty pence.  
Nay, nay, a way, far well, a dew! now, now, it is to late  
When stede is stollen, for you in south to shut the stable gate.  
She should have wept when first she went the kynge about to slay.

It makes no matter; she foull well dyd brede her owne decaye.

[Let Horestes syth hard.]

Ounds of me, what meane you, man? Begyn you now to faynt?

Jesu, God! how styll he syttes; I thinke he be a saynt.

O, oo, oo! you care not for me. Nay, sone I have don, I warrant ye.

*[(Vyce) wepe, but let Horestes ryse and bid him pease.]*

HORESTES: By all the godes, my hart dyd fayle, my mother for to se

From hye estate for to be brought to so great mysery,

[750]

That all most I had graunted lyfe to her, had not this be

My fathers death, whose death, in south, chefe causer of was she.

VYCE: Even as you saye; but harke, at hand Egistus draweth nye,

Who purposieth the chaunce of war, Horestes for to trye.

[Let Egistus enter and set hys men in araye, and let the dromtyll Horestes speaketh.]

*HORESTES:* And, by the godes, I purpose eke my honour to defend.

Com on, my men, kepe your araye, for now we do pretend,

Eather to be the conquerer, or elles to dye in felde;

Lyft up your hartes, and let us se how ye your blose can yeld.

EGISTUS: Lyke manley men adresse your selves to get immortall fame.

Yf ye do flye, lo, what doth rest behynde but foull defame?

[760]

Strike up your drums, let trumpets sound, your baners eke display,

And I, my selfe, as captayne, to you wyll lead the waye.

HORESTES: Thou, traytor to my father dere, what makest the here in feld?

Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me strayght do yeld!

EGISTUS: Thou pryncoks boy and bastard slave! Thinks thou me to subdew?

It lyeth not with in thy powre, thou boye, I tell the trew;

But yf I take thy corpes, it shalbe a fode the byrdes to fede.

Stryke up your droums, and forward now, to wars let us prosede!

*[Stryke up your drum, and fyght a good whil, and thensum of Egistus men flye, and then take hym and letdrau him vyolentlye, and let the drums sease.]*

HORESTES: Oh vyllayne trayghtor! Now the gods ne mortall man shall save

Thy corps from death, for blud for blud my fathers deth doth crave.

[770]

Oh tyraunt fyrese, couldest thou voutsafe my father so to slaye?

But now, no forse, for thou hast wrought at last thine one decay.

EGISTUS: A lacke, a lacke, yet spare my lyfe, Horestes, I the praye.

HORESTES: Thy lyfe? Naye, trayghtor vyle, that chefe I do denaye!

For as thou hast deservyd, so I shall thy facte requit,

That once couldst seme to me and mine for to work such dispight

Therefore com forth, and for thy facte receave dew punnishment.  
Repent, I say, this former lyfe, for this is my judgment:  
That for my fathers death, the which we finde [thee] chefe to be  
The cause of, thou shalt be hanged, where we thy death may see; [780]  
And, as thou for my fathers death dew punnishment receive,  
So shall my mother in lykewise, for that she gave the leave  
Him for to slaye, and eke to it with good will condysende.  
Therefore com of and some dyspatch, that we had made an end.

EGISTUS: Ah, heavey fate and chaunce most yll! Wo worth this hap of mine!  
For give my faute, you sacryd godes, and to my wordes incline  
Your gracious eare; for causes furst I was -- this is most plaine --  
Of Agamemnons death, wherefore I must receave this paine.  
Pardon I crave; voutsafe ye godes the same to graunt it me.  
Now sodier worke thy wyll in hast, I praye the harteley! [790]  
*[Flinb him of the lader, and then let on bringe in his mother,  
but let her loke wher Egistus hangeth.]*

CLYTEM: Ah heavey fate! Would God I had in tormoyle great byn slayne,  
Syth nothing can Horestes hands from sheding bloud restraine.

VYCE: How chaunce you dyd not then lament, his father when you slew?  
But now when death doth you prevent to late ites for to rew.

CLYTEM: Yet hope I that he will me graunt my lyfe that I should have.

VYCE: Even as much as thou voutsafest his fathers lyfe to save!  
Therefore com of; we must not stey all daye to wayght on thee;  
Lo, myghtye prince, for whom ye sent, lo, preasent her is she.

CLYTEM: Have mercy, sonne, and quight remitte this faute of mine, I praye.  
Be mercyfull, Horestes myne, and do not me denaye. [800]  
Consider that in me thou hadest they hewmayne shape composid;  
That thou shouldst slay thy mother, son, let it not be disclosyd.  
Spare to perse her harte with sword; call eke unto thy mynd  
Edyppus fate, as Nero showe not thy selfe unkynde.  
*[Take downe Egistus and bear him out.]*

HORESTES: Lyke as a braunche, once set a fyare, doth cause the tree to bourne,  
As Socrates supposeth, so a wicked wight doth tourne  
Those that be good and cause them eke his evell to sequest;  
Wherefore the poete Juvenal doth thinke it for the beste,  
That those that lyve lycentiousley should brydlyd be with payne,  
And so others, that elles would syn, therby they might restraine; [810]  
For thus he sayeth, that cities are well governed in dede,  
Where punnishment for wycked ones by lawe is so decrede,

And not decrede, but exersyesd in punnyshinge of those  
Which law ne pain from waloing still in vice their mind dispose.  
And as thou hast byn chiefes cause of yelding up they breath,  
So call to minde thou wast the cause of Agamemnons death;  
For which, as death is recompence of death, so eke with the:  
For kyllinge of my father thou now kyllled eke shault be.  
This thinge to se accomplyshyd, Revenge with the shall go.  
Now have her hence, sieth that you all my judgment here do kno. [820]

CLYTEM: A lacke, a lack, with drawe thy hand, my son, from sheding blood!

VYCE: Thou art a foule, thus for to prate; this doth Horestes good.  
Com on, a way! thou doust no more but him with words molest,  
A foulyshe foull, that thou wart ded, he takes it for the best.  
*[(Clytemnestra) knele downe.]*

CLYTEM: Yf ever aney pytie was of mother plante in the,  
Let it appeare, Horestes myne, and showe it unto me.

HORESTES: What pyttie thou on father myne dydest cursedley bestowe,  
The same to the, at this present, I purpose for to showe,  
Therefore, Revenge, have her a way, and as I judgment gave,  
So se that she, in order lyke, her punishment dew have. [830]

VYCE: Let me alone! Com on, a way -- that thou weart out of sight!  
A pestelaunce on the, crabyd queene! I thinke thou do delyght  
Him to molest. Com of, in hast, and troubell me no more.  
Com on, com on, ites all in vaine, and get you on a fore.  
*[Let Clytmnestra wepe and go out, Reveng also.]*

HORESTES: Now, syeth we have the conquest got of all our mortall fose,  
Let us provide that occasion we do not chaunce to lose.  
Stryke up your droummes, for enter now we wyll the citie gate;  
For nowe resestaunce none there is, to let us in there at.  
*[Go out and let all the sodyers folow him in araye. Enter in Fame.]*

FAME: As eache man bendes him selfe, so I report his fame in dede:  
Yf yll, then yll through iarne trump his fame doth [straight] prosede, [840]  
Yf good, then good through golden trump I blo his lyveley fame;  
Through heavens, throgh earth and surging sease, I bere abrod the same.  
Perhaps, what wind me heather drives, within your minds you muse?  
From Crete I com to you, my frends; I bring this kind of newse:  
That Agamemnons brother is arivydy in this land,  
And eke with him his ladey, fayre Quene Helen, understand;  
Whom for to se, a great frequent of people their aryve.

This newse to shew at this present me heather now dyd drive.  
*[Enter the Vyce singing this songe.]*

VYCE: A newe master, a new!  
No lenger I maye [850]  
A byde: by this daye  
Horestes now doth rew.

A new master, a new!  
And was it not yll  
His mother to kyll?  
I pray you, how saye you?

A new master, a new!  
Now ites to late  
To shut the gate;  
Horestes gines to rew. [860]

FAME: Denique non parvas animo dati gloria vires  
Et foecunda facit pectora laudis amor.  
As Ovid sayth, I am in dede the spure to each estate  
For by my troumpe I often cause the wicked man to hate  
Is fylthey lyfe and eke I stoure the good more good to be,  
So much the hart and will of man is lynked unto me.

VYCE: A new master, a new! Naye, I wyll go.  
Tout tout! Horestes is be com a newe man  
Now he sorroweth -- to bad that it is so  
Yet I wyll dresse him, by his oundes, and I can. [870]  
Who! Saintie amen! God morrowe, Mystress Nan,  
By his oundes, I am glad to se the so trycke;  
Nay, may I be so bould at your lypes to have a lycke?

Jesus, how coye do you make the same!  
You neaver knew me afore, I dare saye.  
In fayth, in fayth, I was to blame,  
That I made no courchey to you by the waye.  
Who! berladye, Nan, thou art trym and gaye!  
Woundes of me, she hath winges also!  
Who, whother with a myschefe doust thou thinke for to go? [880]

To heaven? or to hell? to pourgatorye? or Spayne?  
To Venys? to Pourtugaull? or to the eylles Canarey?  
Nay, stay a whyle! For a myle or twayne  
I wyll go with the, I sweare by Saynt Marey.  
Wylt thou have a bote, Nan, over seay the to carey?

For yf it chaunce for to rayne, as the weathers not harde,  
It may chaunce this trym geare of thine to be marde.

FAME: Omnia si perdis famam servare memento

Quo semel amissa postia nullus eris

Above eache thinge, kepe well thy fame, what ever that thou lose, [890]  
For fame, once gone, thy memory with fame away it gose;  
And it once lost, thou shalt in south accomptyd lyke to be  
A drope of rayne that faulyth in the bosom of the see.

Me, Fame, therefore, as Ovid thinkes, no man hath powre to hold;  
To those with whom I please to dwell, I am more rich then gold.  
What causid som for countris soyle them selves to perrell cast,  
But that [they] knew that after death [that] fame of thers shall last?  
Not on, but all do me desiare, both good and bad lykewyse,

As maye appeare yf we perpend of Nerose enterpryse,  
Which first did cause his masters death, and eke wheras he laye, [900]  
In mothers wound to se, in south, his mother dyd straight slay.

With this Horestes eke takes place, whose father being slayn  
through mothers gile, from mothers blod his hands could not refraine;  
But, lyke as he revengyd the death of father in his eyare,  
So fathers brother in lyke sort Revenge hath set on fyare,  
For he is gon for to request the ayde of prynces great,  
So sore his hart is set on fyare through raging rigorus heat.  
What to determayne all the kynges of Grece aryved be  
At Nestores towne, that Athens highte, their judgment to decre.

VYCE: Oundes, harte and nayles! naye, now I am drest. [910]

Is the Kinge Menalause at Athenes aryved,  
And I be hind? To be packinges the best,  
Least the matter, in south, to sone be contryved:  
Auxilia humilia firma consensus facit, this allwayes provided,  
That consent maketh suckers most sure for to be.  
Well, I wyl be their strayght wayse, you shall se. [Go out.]

FAME: As Publius doth well declare, we ought chefest to se  
Unto our selves, that nought be don after extremite.

Ab alio expectes alteri quod feceris:

For loke, what mesure thou dost meate, the same againe shalbe [920]  
At other tyme, at others hand, repayde againe to the.

Therefore I wyshe eache wight to do to others, as he would  
That they in lyke occasion unto him offer should.

Wel, forth I must, som newse to heare, for Fame no where can stay;  
But what she hears, throughout the world abrod she doth display.  
[Go out. Enter Provision.]

PROVISION: Make rome and gyve place! stand backe, there a fore!  
For all my speakinge, you presse styll the more!  
Gyve rome, I saye, quickeley, and make no dalyaunce!  
It is not now tyme to make aney taryaunce.

The kinges here do com, therefore give way, [930]  
Or elles, by the godes, I wyll make you, I saye,  
[Enter Nestor, Horestes and Menalaus.]  
Lo, where my lord Kyng Nestor doth com,  
And Horestes with him, Agamemnons sonne,  
Menelaus, a kyng lykewyse of great fame,  
Make rome, I I saye, before their -- with shame!

NESTOR: Nowe syeth we be here, Kyng Menalaih,  
Unto us, we praye you, your matter to saye.  
For these prynces here, after they have perpendyd,  
If ought be amys, it shall be amendyd.  
But, syrra Provision, go in haste and fet [940]  
Good Kyng Idumeus; tell him we are set.

PROVISION: As your gracis have wyllid, so tend I to do;  
I wyll fetche him strayght, and bringe him you to.  
[Go out. Pause a while till he be gon out, and then speak tretably.]

HORESTES: If ought be amys, the same sone shall be,  
If I have commytted, amendyd of me.  
But, lo, Idumeus, the good kyng of Crete,  
Is come to this place, us for to mete.  
*[Enter Idumius, and Provision comming with his cap in hisafore him and making waye.]*

IDUMEUS: The gods presarve your gracis all, and send you health for aye.

NESTOR: Well com, sier kinge; the same to ye contynewalley we pray.

MENALAUS: Two things ther is, o kigs, that moves me thus your ayds to pray, [950]  
And these be it, the which to you I purpose for to saye:  
The one is this, where with I fynde my selfe agrevid to be,  
That on such sort my systers slayne as all your gracis se;  
The other is that so her sonne without all kind of right  
Should to his mother in such case, I say, worke such dispight.  
These two be they; wherfore I drave your ayds, to joyn with me  
To the intent of such great ylles revengyd I may be.  
That thus he dyd, be hould the state of all my brothers land,  
And se, I pray you, in what place the same doth present stand.  
His crueltie is such, in south, as nether tower ne towne, [960]  
That letted once his passage, but is brought unto the ground.  
The fatherles he pyttyed not, where as he ever went,

The agyd wight whose yeres before their youthly poure had spent,  
The mayd whose parentes at the sege defending of their right  
Was slaine, the same this tyrant hath opressyd through his might.  
The widow, that through forrayne wars was left now comfortles,  
He spared not, but them and theres he cruelly dyd dystres;  
Wherfore sith that he thus hath wrought, as far as I can see,  
From Mycoene land we should provid him exylyd to be.

HORESTES: Syth that you have accusyd me, I must my aunswere make, [970]  
And here, before these kings of Grece, this for my aunswer take:  
Oounckel, that I never went revengment for to do  
On fathers fose, tyll by the godes I was comaund there to,  
Whose heastes no man dare once refuse, but wyllingly obaye;  
That I have slayne her wylfully, untruely you do saye.  
I dyd but that I could not chuse; ites hard for me to kycke,  
Syth the gods commaund, as on would say, in fayth, against the prick.  
In that you say I sparyd none, your grace full well may se  
That lyttell mercy they supposyd, in south, to show to me,  
When as they bad me do my worst, requesting them to yeld. [980]  
It is no jest when sodyares joyne to fight within a felde.  
Thus, I suppose, sufficiently I aunswerd have to end  
Your great complaynt, the which you so mightely did defend.

IDUMEUS: In dede, as Horestes doth declare no man can once estew  
The judgment of God most just, that for his fautes is dew.  
And as God is most mercyfull, so is he just lyke wyse,  
And wyll correcte, most suerley, those that his heastes dispysse.

NESTOR: As you, good Kyng Idumeus, have sayd, so lykewise I  
Do thinke it trew, therefore as nowe I do him here defye: [990]  
That one dare say that he hath wrought the thing that is not right,  
Lo, here my glove to him I give, in pledge with him to fyght.  
I promys here to prove there by Horestes nought dyd do,  
But that was just, and that the gods commaundyd him there to;  
That he is kinge of Mycoene land, who ever do deny  
I offer here my glove, with him therfore to lyve and dye.

*[Throws down glove.]*

Yf none there be wyll under take his tyghtull to with saye,  
Let us be frendes unto him nowe, my lordes, I do ye praye.  
It was the parte of such a knyght revengyd for to be.  
Should Horestes content him selfe his father slayne to se?  
No, no, a ryghtuous facte I thinke the same to be in dede, [1000]  
Syeth that it was accomplysht so as godes before decrede.

MENELAUS: In dede, I must confesse that I revengyd should have be,  
If that my father had byn slayne with such great cruelte;  
But yet I would for natures sake have spard my mothers lyfe,  
O wretched man, o cruell beast, o mortall blade and knyfe!

IDUMEUS: Sease of, syr kyng, leave morning; lo, nought can it you avaylle.  
Not with standing, be rulyd now, we pray, by our counsaylle.  
Consider first your one estate; consider what maye be  
A joyefull mene to end at leyngth this your calamytie.  
Horestes, he is younge of yeares, and you are somewhat olde, [1010]  
And sorrowe may your grace to sone within her net in folde,  
Therefore ites best you do forget, so shall you be at ease,  
Ad I am sure Horestes wyll indevor you to please.  
So far as it for him may be with honor lefe to do,  
He wyll not shrynke, but wyll consent your gracis bydding to.  
For assurance of your good wyll, Horestes here doth crave  
Your daughter, fayre Hermione, in maryage for to have  
Thereby for to contynew styll true love and amytié  
That ought, in sought, betwixte to such indefferent for to be.

MENALAUS: As for my frendshyp, he shall have; the godes his helper be! [1020]  
But for my daughters maryage, I can not graunt to be.  
She is but yong and much unfet such holy ryghtes to take;  
Therefore, syr kyngs, at this present no aunswere I can make.

NESTOR: She is a dame of comly grace, therefore Kyng Menalaye,  
Graunt this to us this stryfe to end; O kyng, we do the praye,  
For eache of them a grede be, the other for to have.  
Good syr, graunt this, that at thy handes so justley we do crave.

MENALAUS: O nobell kyng, what that it were I could not you denaye.  
I must nedes graunt, when nought I have against you to repley.  
Horestes, here before these kinges, my sonne I the do make. [1030]

HORESTES: And the, O kyng, whyle lyfe doth last, for father I do take.

NESTOR: Ryght joyfull is this thinge to us, and happye for your state;  
Therefore with spede let us go hence, the maryage to seleybrate;  
And all the godes, I praye, presarve and kepe you both from wo.  
Com on, syr king, shall we from hence unto our pallace go?

MENALAUS: As it shall please your grace, in dede, so we consent to do.

IDUMEUS: And we lykewyse, oh gracious prynce, do condisend there to.  
[Go out all. Vyce entrith with a staffe and a bottell or dysshewallet.]

VYCE: I woulde I were ded and layde in my grave.  
Oundes of me, I am trymley promouted.  
Ah, ah, oh! Well, now for my labor these trynketes I have. [1040]  
Why, se you not, I praye you, how I am flouted?  
A bagge and a bottell -- thus am I louted.  
Eache knave, now a dayes, would make me his man,  
But chyll master them, I, be his oundes, and I can!

A begginge, a begginge, nay, now I must go;  
Horestes is maryed -- God send him much care --  
And I, Revenge, am dryven him fro,  
And then ites no marvayll though I be thus bare;  
But peace! Who better then beggars doth fare --  
For all they be beggares and have no great port -- [1050]  
Who is maryer then the pooryste sort?

What, shall I begge? Nay thates to bad!  
Is their neare a man that a sarvaunt doth lacke?  
Of myne honestye, gentle woman, I would be glad  
You to sarve but for clothes to put on my backe.  
A waye with these rages, from me the shall packe!  
What, thinke you scorne, me your servaunt to make?  
Another wyl have me yf you me for sake.  
*[Put of the beggares cote and all thy thynges.]*

Parhappes you all mervayll of this sodayne mutation?  
How [sone] I was downe from so hye a degre! [1060]  
To satisfye your myndes, I wyl yuse a perswation:  
This one thinge you knowe, that on caulyd Amyte  
Is unto me, Revenge, most contrarey;  
And we twayne to geather could not abyde,  
Whych causyd me to sone from hye state to slyde.

Horestes and his ounckell, Kynge Menalaus,  
Is made such sure frendes, without paradventure,  
Through the pollycye of old Idumeus,  
That, as far as I can se, it is to hard to enter;  
Ye, and thates worsse, when I sought to venture, [1070]  
I was dryven with out comfort awaye from their gate;  
I was glad to be packinge for feare of my pate.

Yet before I went, my fancye to please,  
The maryage selebratyd at the church I dyd se.  
Wyllinge I was them all to dysease;  
But I durst not be so bold, for Master Amyte  
Sot by Menalaus and bore him companye;

On the other syde, Dewtey with Horestes boure swaye,  
So that I could not enter by no kynde of waye.

Well, syeth from them both I am bannyshyd so, [1080]  
I wyll seke a new master, yf I can him finde.  
Yet I am in good comfort, for this well I knowe,  
That the most parte of wemen to me be full kynde;  
Yf they saye near a worde, yet I knowe their mynde.  
Yf they have not all thinges when they do desiare,  
They wyll be revengyd, or elles lye in the myare.

Nay, I knowe their quallytes, the lesse is my care,  
As well as they do knowe Revengys operation.  
Ye, faull to it, good wyves, and do them not spare!  
Nay, Ille helpe you forward, yf you lacke but perswacion. [1090]  
What man a moste is free from invasion?  
For as playnely Socrates declareth unto us,  
Wemen for the most part are borne malitious.

Perhappes you wyll saye, maney on, that I lye;  
And other sume, I am sure, also wyll take my parte.  
Not withstandinge what I have sayde [thy] wyll veryfye,  
Ye, and do it, iwys, in spyght of thy hart.  
Yf, therefore thou wylt lyve quyetye, after their desart  
Reward [them], so shault thou brydell their affection.  
And unto [thy] wyll shall have them in subjection. [1100]

In Athenes dwellyd Socrates, the phyllosopher dyvine,  
Who had a wyfe namyd Exantyp, both develyshe and yll,  
Which twayne, beenge faulne out uppon a tyme --  
Perhappe cause Exantyp could not have her wyll --  
He went out of dores, syttinge there styll;  
She cround him with a pyspot and their he  
Was wet to the skynne, moste pytifull to se.

I praye God that such dames be not in this place,  
For then I might chaunce neare a mistres to get.  
Nay, yf ye anger them, they wyll laye you on the face, [1110]  
Or elles their nayles in your chekes they wyll set.  
Nay, lyke a rasor some of their nayles are whet,  
That not for to pare, but to cut to the bone,  
I count him most happest that medelles with none.

Well, far you well, for I must be packinge.  
Remembar my wordes, and beare it in mynde:  
What, suffer the myll a whyle to be clackinge,

Yf that you intend aney ease forto fynde;  
Then wyll they be to you both lovinge and kinde.  
Farwell, Cosen Cutpursse, and be ruled by me, [1120]  
Or elles you may chaunce to end on a tre.  
*[Go out. Enter Horestes and Hermione, Nobilytye Cominyalte,  
Truth and Dewty (bearing the crown).]*

HORESTES: Syth that the gods have geven us grace this realme for to posses,  
Which florysheth aboundauntlye with gold and great riches,  
Let us now se, how much the [wills] and minde of all this land  
Is unto us, and of their state lykewyse to understand.

HERMIONE: I deme of them, Horestes myne, that they contentyd be,  
With humbell hart, for to submyte, O kyng, them selves to ye.  
Wherefore my love, inquire their state this preasante tyme,  
And of their hartes good wyll to us, O kynge, let them devyne.

HORESTES: As I do love the, laydye bright, so eke I thynke in dede [1130]  
That love for love as equallye shalbe reward of mede [meed].  
*[Let Dewty and Truth take the crowne in their right hands.]*

HERMIONE: The godes never prolonge my lyfe, that day I shall a peare  
To breake my fayth, to the now plyght, my loving lord so dere.

HORESTES: Com on, my Lordes and Commons eke, let me now understand  
Of all your mindes; for I desiare to know what case this land  
Doth now consyst; [voutsafe] the same therfore to shew to me,  
And yf that ought be now a myse, amendyd it shalbe.

NOBELLES: Most regall prynce, we now are voyd of mortall wars vexation,  
And through your grace we ar joynd in love with every nation;  
So that your nobelles may now lyve in pleasaunt state, sartaine, [1140]  
Devoyd of wars and civill stryfes, whyle that your grace doth raine;  
The which you may, I pray the god, with happy days and blys,  
And after death to send you there where joyse shall never mys.  
As syne of our obedyence, lo, Dewty doth the crownd  
And Truth also, which doth me bynd they subjecte to be found.  
*[Let Truth and Dewty crowne Horestes.]*

HORESTES: My Nobels all, I gyve you thankses for this now showed to me,  
And as you have, so eke wyll I the lyke show unto ye.  
My Commons, how gose it with you? Your state now let me know.

COMMONS: Where as such on as you do raine, there nedes must riches gro. [1150]  
We are, O kynge, easyd of the yoke, which we have so desiard.  
The state of this our common welth nede not to be inquiard;

Peace, welth, joye and felycitie, O kynge, it is we have,  
And what thing is their, the which subjects ought more to crave?

HORESTES: Syeth al thinges is in so good state, my Commons, as you saye,  
That it may so contynew styll, the sacred godes I praye;  
And as to me your trusteynes shall anye wayes be found,  
So, styll to mayntayne your estate, I sureley shalbe bound;  
And for your faythfull harts, the which you graunted have to me,  
Both you, my Lordes and Commons eke, I thanke you harte.  
Therefore, with time wil have an end, and now my mind you know, [1160]  
Let us give place to tyme, and to our pallase let us go.

NOBELLES: We both wil waight upon your grace, yft please you to depart.

COMMONS: Eeven when you please, to [waight] you on I shall with all my hart.  
*[Go out all, and let Truth and Dewtye speake.]*

TRUTH: A kyngdome kept in amyte and voyde of dissention,  
Ne devydyd in him selfe by anye kynde of waye,  
Neather provoked by wordes of reprehention,  
Must nedes long contynew, as Truth doth saye;  
For desention and stryfe is the path to decaye,  
And continuinge therein must of nesecitie  
Be quight ruinate and brought unto myserye. [1170]

DEWTEY: Where I, Dewtey, am neglected of anye estate,  
Their, stryfe and dyssention my place do supplye;  
Cankred mallyse, pryde and debate  
There fore to rest, all meanes do trye;  
Then ruin comes after of their state, whereby  
They are utterly extynguyshed, levinge nought behynde  
Whereof so much as their name we maye fynde.

TRUTH: He that leadeth his lyfe as his phanse doth lyke,  
Though for a whyle the same he maye hyde,  
[Yet] Truth, the daughter of Tyme, wyll it seke, [1180]  
And so in tyme it wyll be discryde,  
Yet in such tyme as it can not be denyed,  
But receive dew punnishment as God shall se  
For the faute commytted most convenient to be;

As this storye here hath made open unto ye,  
Which, yf it have byn marked, much prophet may aryse;  
For, as Truth sayth, nothings wryten be  
But for our learninge, in anye kynde of wyse,  
By which we may learne the yll to dispysse

And the truth to imitate -- thus Truth doth saye --  
The which for to do, I besech God, we maye.

[1190]

DEWTEY: For your gentle pacience we geve you thankes, hartely;  
And therefore, our dewtey weyed, let us all praye  
For Elyzabeth our Quene, whose gracious majestie  
May rayne over us in helth for aye;  
Lyke wyse for her Councell, that each of them maye  
Have the spyryte of grace, their doinges to dyrecte.  
In settinge up vertue and vyce to correcte.

TRUTH; For all the nobylytie and spiritualtie let us praye,  
For judges, and head officers, what ever they be,  
According to oure boundaunt dewties; espetially, I saye,  
For my Lord Mayre, lyfetennaunt of this noble cytie,  
And for all his brytherne, with the cominualtie,  
That eache of them doinge their dewties a ryght  
May, after death, posses heaven to their hartes delyght.

[1200]

*Finis* quoth J. P.

**A New Enterlude of Wyce.**

**In settinge by vertue, and wyce to correcte.**

**Truth.**

**For all the Nobyltie, and spirituallie, let vs praye,  
For Judges, and head officers, what euer they be:  
According to our boundaunt deuities, especially I saye,  
For my Lord Mayre, lyceternant of this noble Cytie.  
And for all his bytherne, with the continuallie.  
That eache of them, doinge their deuities a ryght.  
May after death possesse heauen, to their hartes delyghe.**

**Finis. Q. I. P.**

**S A P I**

**W**



**Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, at the signe of the  
Faucon, by WylIAM Gryffith, and are to be sold  
at his shoppe in Saynte Dunstones Church  
yarde. Anno. Domini. 1567.**

IMPRINTED AT LONDON IN FLETE STRETE AT THE SIGNE OF THE  
FAUCON BY WYLIAM GRYFFITH AND ARE TO BE SOLD  
AT HIS SHOPPE IN SAYNTE DUNSTONES CHURCH  
YARDE. ANNO DOMINI 1567

Glossary and Appendices by Barboura Flues

Edited for the web by Robert Brazil All rights reserved.

Copyright © 2007 B. Flues, R. Brazil, and elizabethanauthors.com

---

## APPENDIX I --- Glossary

**addited** (a): Axton defines as "armed". The OED meaning "bound" or "addicted" seems applicable. Not in OED.

**adjuvate** (v): aid, assist. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes (not listed in OED). 1st OED citation 1599 A. M. Gabelhouer's Bk. Physic. Only 4 uses listed in OED, apparently then died out.

**amain** (adv, n): (1) at full speed, speed. FS (9-2H6, 3H6, LLL, Errors, Temp, Titus); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Marlowe Massacre, Edw2; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Orl Fur; (anon.) True Trag, Locrine, Prison Pent, Weakest, Arden. (2) at full voice. FS (4-1H6, T&C, Edw3, V&A); Pickering Horestes; Devices; (anon.) Arden.

**beswing** (v): see "swing", below.

**boot** (v, n): help, relief. FS (many); Heywood Prov; Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Churchyard De Tristibus; Sundrie Flowers; Robinson Delights; Lyly Euphues Eng; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene G a G, Maiden's Dream; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Leic Gh.

**caitiff/caitive** (n, a): wretch, sometimes prisoner. FS (13); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia; Greene James IV, Selimus; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Mucedorus; Drayton et al Oldcastle.

**cake-bread** (n): bread made in flattened cakes; or of the finer and more dainty quality of cake. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**cankered/cancred** (a): corrupt. FS (6-John, R&J, 1H4, 2H4, Corio); Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Euphues Wit, Love Met; others.

**Charon/ferryman** [across the river Styx] (n): [ferryman] (anon.) Arden. [Charon] FS (2-Rich3, T&C); Pickering H orestes; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; Sidney Antony. Widely used image in Ren. literature.

**chambering** (n): OED (omitting Horestes) defines as sexual indulgence, lewdness; luxury, effeminacy. Axton's definition of self-indulgence seems closer to the mark (but the idea of staying at home rather than venturing into battle should be included). NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**cheat** (n): booty, spoil. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Adlington Apuleius; Greene Cony.  
**cheer** (n): expression. FS (5-1H6, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Pickering Horestes; many others.

**chill/chyll** (v): rustic dialect -- I will/shall. Cf. Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith.

**churl/carl/carlot** (n): countryman, possibly slave; miser, churl, peasant; after 1500, fellow of low birth. FS (2-AsYou, Cymb); Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Bedingfield Cardanus; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Arden; Nashe Summers.

**coat** (n): skin, hide.

**cocking** (n): fighting, preparing to fire a gun. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**cockscorb** (n): fool's cap. FS (MWW); Pickering Horestes; Oxford Interrogatory (1583); (anon.) Locrine, Dodypoll; Nashe Penniless, Strange News, Astrophel, Summers; Jonson Cynthia.

**coil** (v): beat, thrash. NFS. Cf. Udall Erasmus; Pickering Horestes; Preston Cambises.

**commonality** (n): common people. FS (Corio); Pickering Horestes.

**curtsey** (n): bow, gesture of respect, curtsey. FS (1H4, Ado, AWEW); Udall Royster; Pickering Horestes.

**de** (n): death.

**descry** (v): reveal, discover, perceive. FS (14); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Gascoigne Jocasta; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Euphues Wit; Lodge Wounds; Greene Pandosto, James IV; Watson Tears; Nashe Saffron; Peele Wives; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Selimus, Ironside, Willobie, Penelope; Harvey Pierce's Super; Chapman Bl Beggar.

**disease** (n): distress. FS (1H6, 2H4); Golding Ovid; Greene Selimus. **disease** (v): distress. FS (2H4, Corio); Pickering Horestes; Brooke Romeus; Bedingfield Cardanus; Golding Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds.

**dotterel** (n): dotard, fool, simpleton; one easily caught in a trap. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Golding Calvin on Deut; Lyly Love's Met.

**dress** (v): manage. keep, prepare. FS (Rich2, A&A); Pickering Horestes. (2) **dress** [him] (v): (2) deceive/play a prank on him. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

**eke** (adv): also. FS (7-H5, MND, MWW, AsYou, AWEW); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Gates Defence; Churchyard De Tristibus; (anon.) Locrine, Willobie, Leic Gh; Armin Quips.

**ensign** (n): (1) standard. FS (Edw3, V&A); Pickering Horestes; many others. (2) standard-bearer (n). FS (H5). (3) body of men serving under one banner; a company, troop. NFS. Cf. Gates Defence; Greene Alphonsus.

**estew** (v): eschew, avoid.

**fell** (a): savage, cruel, dire. FS (many, Q1); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene Selimus; Marlowe Edw2; Armin Quips; (anon) Leir, Loctrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.

**fet** (v): fetch/fetched. FS (2H6, H5); Heywood Prov; Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Lodge Wounds; Greene Selimus.

**fill/fyle** (n, line 178): fillet, strip of thread (thread of life). Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**fine** (n): (1) conclusion, end. FS (Ado, AWEW); Devices. (2) purpose. NFS. Dekker Patient Grissel. (3) the fine of life: the end of life. FS (AWEW); Hall Chron (1548); Pickering Horestes. (4) in fine: in short. FS (Ham); Churchyard De Tristibus, (anon.) Leic Gh.

**flirt/flurt** (v): give a sudden sharp strike or blow. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes. Only OED citation until 1611: 1563-87 Foxe A. & M. (1631) III. xii. 881/1 Flirting him under the chin, and on the eares. **flirt/flurt** (n): (1) sharp tap or blow. NFS. Cf. Breton Flourish. (2) sudden jerk or movement; gust of wind. NFS. Cf. Greene Fr Bac (1st OED citation).

**flort**: see "flirt", above.

**flout** (n): mocking speech or action. FS (LLL): Lyly Euphues Eng, Whip. (v): mock, jest. FS (Shrew); Pickering Horestes; Armin Quips.

**franion** (n): gallant/fellow (n). NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation); Greene Pandosto (name of character); Peele Wives. OED contemp citations: 1587 Turbervile Epitaphs & Sonn; 1589 (anon.) Rare Triumphs; Spenser FQ.

**frequent** (n): crowd. This meaning not in OED. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**gear/geere** (n): clothes. FS (2-2H6, LLL); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr.

**gip** (int): expression of derision or contempt, "get out, go along with you." NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Greene Upst Court; Disp Cony; Heywod 1 EdwIV; Dekker Bach Banq.

**gird/gyrd** (v) : impel, release a blast. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**gise/gys**: Jesus. Part of imprecation.

**gynney:** see jenny, below.

**halter sycke/haulter sack** (n): gallows bird. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes (OED missed this 1st citation); Florio, Capestro,

**happet** (a): probably "fortunate", from hap "luck, fortune". NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**hempstring** (n): one who deserves the halter (hanging). NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Gascoigne Supposes (1st OED citation); Chapman d'Olive.

**hent** (v): (1) held, took, seized. FS (2-MM, WT); Cf. Brooke Romeus; Pickering Horestes.

**hest** (n): behest. FS (3-1H4, Temp); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Loctrine.

**hight/hyght** (v): (1) is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Pickering Horestes; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

**hourchet/hurchet** (n): Axton suggests "boy"; not listed in OED but possibly a variation "hurcheon" - urchin. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**Idumeneus:** King of Crete during the Trojan War. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**iwis/ywus** (adv): surely. FS (4-Rich3, Shrew, MV, Pericles); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; many others.

**jenny/gynney** (n): wench. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**jopard/jobard** (v, n): risk. NFS. Cf. Udall? Thersites; Pickering Horestes.

**let** (v): (1) hesitate. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic. (2) hinder, prevent. FS (Errors, Ham, Lucrece); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; Churchyard De Tristibus; Pickering Horestes; Bedingfield Cardanus; Oxford letters; Robinson Delights; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Greene Selimus. Common.

**lies** (n): lays, destroys, overthrows. (1) object inanimate. Cf. Pickering Horestes (considerably later than OED citations). (2) object a living being FS (John). Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**list** (v): choose. FS (many); Heywood Proverbs; Brooke Romeus; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Churchyard De Tristibus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Peele Phoenix; Lyly Euphues Eng; Gates Defence; Underdowne History; Lodge Wounds; Sidney Arcadia; Armin Quips; Chapman Bl Beggar; (anon.) Leir, Willobie, Leic Gh.

**lobcock** (n): country bumpkin, lout, clown, blundering fool. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Udall

Roister; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Nashe Unf Trav; (anon.) Loctrine.

**lout** (v): (1) make obeisance, bow. NFS. Cf. Spenser FQ; many earlier uses. (2) mock: almost certainly derived from the previous meaning. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes. (3) make a fool of. FS (1H6).

**meed** (n): (1) reward, prize. FS (19); Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1; Greene Card of Fancy; Pandosto; (anon.) Spenser FQ; Arden; Nobody/Somebody. (2) worth, merit. FS (3H6, Ham & Q2, not in Folio,).

**mome** (n): dolt, blockhead. FS (1-Errors); Pickering Horestes; Dekker Hornbook.

**oundes/ounds**: wounds. Usually short for "God's wounds".

**out of hand** (adv). suddenly, immediately. FS (4-1H6, 3H6, Titus, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Holinshed; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Leir, Yorkshire Tr.

**masship/masshyp** (n): mastership.

**pack/be packing** (v): begone, depart. FS (5-Shrew, MV, MWW, Timon, PP); Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Robinson Delights; Watson Hek; Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Leir, Willobie. 1st 2 OED citations: 1508 Kennedie Flyting w. Dunbar; 1601 Chester Love's Mart.

**packing** (n): order to send away. FS (5-1H6, 2H6, Rich3, 1H4, Ham, OED missed citations); Pickering Horestes; Bedingfield Cardanus; Nashe Unf. Trav.

**peradventure** (adv): by chance. FS (14); Q. Eliz. letters; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Gascoigne Supposes; Pasquil Return; Harvey 4 letters, Pierce's Super; Nashe Unf Travl, Menaphon, Almond, Summers, Astrophel; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Leic Gh.

**perpend** (v): weigh mentally, consider, investigate. FS (5-MWW, H5, AsYou, 12th, Ham); Pickering Horestes.

**poll/poulle** (n): head. FS (2H4, AWEW, Cor); Pickering Horestes.

**port** (n): (1) style of living. FS (Shrew); Pickering Horestes. (2) bearing, mien. FS (Shrew); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; (anon.) Leic Gh. (3) dignity, worth. FS (MV); (4) city gate. FS (AWEW).

**pressed** (a): active, weighed down, present. FS (V&A); Pickering Horestes.

**princox/princock** (n): pert, forward, saucy boy or youth; conceited young fellow; a coxcomb.

FS (1-R&J); Pickering Horestes; Underdowne History; Lyly Bombie; Nashe Absurdity, Penniless; (anon.) Locrine.

**prosperous** (a): favorable, auspicious, generous. FS (Timon); Pickering Horestes; Nashe Lenten Stuff.

**puissant** (a): powerful. FS (11); Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Peele Phoenix; Munday Zelauto; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; Nashe Unf Trav; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Leic Gh.

**reprehension** (n): rebuke, censure. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes (OED missed this 4th citation); (anon.) Arden; Sidney Arcadia.

**ruddock** (n): (1) robin redbreast. FS (1-Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith. (2) coin. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Lyly Midas; Drayton et al Oldcastle. Not in OED.

**ruinate** (v): ruin, destroy. FS (3H6, Sonnet 10); Pickering Horestes. OED 2st citation: 1548 Hall Chron (missed Horestes).  
Chron (missed Horestes).

**sauce-box** (n): person addicted to making saucy remarks. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; (anon.) Marprelate (1st OED citation), Locrine.

**seely/sielie** (a): silly, simple, innocent, vulnerable. FS (many); Brooke Romeus; Devices; Ovid Golding; Pickering Horestes; Churchyard De Tristibus; Bedingfield Cardanus; many others.

**sequest** (v): follow. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes (only 2 OED citations).

**shent** (a): disgraced, ruined, reviled. FS (5-MWW, 12th, T&C, Ham, Corio); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion; Greene Card of Fancy; (anon.) Penelope.

**sooth** (n): truth, faith, sometimes flattery. The meaning in Ironside may be, ironically, "untruths". FS (6-Rich2, H5, WT, 12th, AsYou, Pericles); Pickering Horestes; Devices; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Endymion, Woman/Moon; Kyd Sol&Per, Cornelia; Marlowe/Nashe: Dido; Greene James IV; (anon.) Woodstock, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chapman D'Olive; Marston Malcontent.  
sought: sooth, truth (see above.)

**stomach/stomacke** (n, v): (1) appetite for, inclination. FS (MV, Temp); Golding Ovid (used throughout); Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Dodypoll. (2) temper, pride. FS (3-Shrew, Rich2, H8); Painter Palace; Pickering Horestes; Golding Ovid; Devices; Lyly Endymion; Greene G a G; Alphonsus; (anon.) Marprelate, Ironside, Weakest; Spenser FQ; Harvey Pierce's Super; Sidney Antony. (3) disposition. FS (Lear, Ado); Golding Ovid.

**stour** (v): stir up. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes

**stour/stowre/stoor** (n): battle. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; (anon.) Lochrine.

**stout** (a): (1) bold, resolute. FS (3-2H6, 1H4, John); Brooke Romeus; Painter Palace; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon; Sidney Arcadia; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

**strike/stryke** (n): denomination of dry measure: bundle, bushel, handful (or corn stalks). NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**swing/swindge** (v): beat, thrash. FS (2H4, John); Pickering Horestes; Lyly Bombie.

**swaddle/zwaddle** (v): beat soundly. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**syth** (v): sigh. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

**tretably** (adv): Not in OED. Axton suggests "moderately".

**trick** (a): trim, neat, well adorned. FS (Ham); Pickering Horestes; Greene & Lodge Looking Gl; Sidney Arcadia.

**tricksy** (a): (1) artfully trimmed. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes. (2) clever. FS (MV, Temp); Marston Scourge; Dekker Honest Wh. tricksy (v) to make spruce, trim. Cf. Florio Nimfarsi.

**trow** (v): think, believe confidently. FS (16); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Pickering Horestes; Churchyard De Tristibus; Devices; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds, Greene G a G, Alphonsus, James IV; Marlowe Jew/Malta, Edw2; (anon.) Woodstock, Marprelate, Ironside, Willobie; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Pasquil Apology; Phoenix; Chapman Bl Beggar.

**trump/trompe** (n): one who or that which proclaims, celebrates, or summons loudly like a trumpet; esp. in trump of fame and the like. NFS. Cf. Udall Eras; Brooke Romeus; Devices; Pickering Horestes.

**tryccom** (n): Not listed in OED. Axton suggests "trickery".

**waniand/wanion** (n): vengeance (refers to waning moon; use as an imprecation, with a waniand). FS (Per); Pickering Horestes; Peele Wives; Nashe Saffron.

**wearied** (ppa): worried, harassed.

**whart** (n): quart.

**whether** (n): which of the two. FS (AWEW); Pickering Horestes; Stubbes Anatomy.

**wight** (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid,

Abraham; Oxford poem; Pickering Horestes; many others.

**withsay** (n): contradict, deny. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes. This is an early word, apparently dying out during this period. Last 2 OED citations: 1530 Palsgr. ; 1567 Turberv. Ovid's Ep.

---

## Suggested Reading

**Axton**, Marieed. Three Tudor Classical Interludes. Cambridge, D. S. Brewer; Totowa, NJ, Rowman and Littlefield. 1982.

The Bible (Geneva Version, Fascimile 1560 ed.). Columbus, Ohio, Lazarus Ministry Press, 1998.

**George**, Jodie Ann. "A pestelaunce on the crabyd queane: The Hybrid Nature of John Pikeryng's Horestes." Sederi: yearbook of the Spanish and Portuguese Society for English Renaissance Studies, N0. 14 (2004). This article discusses the possibility that Horestes might be a commentary on the murder of Lord Darnley. Link on "Discargar Articulo" to download the article. (Thanks for Nina Green providing this information.)

[http://dialnet.unirioja.es/servlet/listaarticulos?tipo\\_busqueda=ANUALIDAD&revista\\_busqueda=7539&clave\\_busqueda=200](http://dialnet.unirioja.es/servlet/listaarticulos?tipo_busqueda=ANUALIDAD&revista_busqueda=7539&clave_busqueda=200)

**Pickering**, John. Horestes. Malone Society reprint. This hard-to-find book contains words and score for musical interludes in Horestes.

**Shaheen**, Naseeb. Biblical References in Shakespeare's Comedies. Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1993.

Biblical References in Shakespeare's History Plays. Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1989.

Biblical References in Shakespeare's Tragedies. Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1987

**Showerman**, Earl. "Orestes and Hamlet From Myth to Masterpiece, Part I". The Oxfordian: The Annual Journal of the Shakespeare Oxford Society, No. 7 (2004).

**Stritmatter**, Roger. The Marginalia of Edward de Vere's Geneva Bible" Providential Discovery, Literary Reasoning, and Historical Consequence (a dissertation). Northampton, Mass., Oxenford Press, 2001.

**Tilley**, Morris Palmer. Elizabethan Proverb Lore in Lyly's Euphues and in Pettie's Petite Pallace. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926.

---

## APPENDIX II: Connections

**Legal terms**

**Legal term: Break FAITH.**

Pickering Horestes (1132-33) HER: The gods never prolong my life, that day I shall appear / To break my faith, to thee now plight, my loving lord so dear.

Brooke Romeus (2029): Have kept my faith unbroke, steadfast unto my friend.

Golding Ovid Met (VII.1076): For breaking faith: and fretting at a vain surmised shame

MB Devices (67.16): For an example to the rest, if I shall break my faith.

Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.437) JOCASTA: Of friendly faith which never can be broke.

Shakes LLL (I.1) BIRON: If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;

(IV.3) FERDINAND: You would for paradise break faith, and troth;

Rich3 (IV.4) Q ELIZ ... If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him, / If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him, / Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.

Rich2 (III.2) RICHARD II: ... They break their faith to God as well as us:

Edw3 (II.1) WARWICK: That he hath broke his faith with God and man,

K. EDW.: (IV.4) Which if thysself without consent do break, / Thou art not charged with the breach of faith.

King John (II.1) BASTARD: ... That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith, / That daily break-vow, he that wins of all, ... / Since kings break faith upon commodity,

2H4 (4.2) ARCHB OF YORK: Will you thus break your faith?

MND (II.1) OBERON: And make him with fair AEgle break his faith,

MV (V.1) ANT: My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord / Will never more break faith advisedly.

T&C (V.3) HECTOR: I must not break my faith.

Pericles (I.2) PERICLES: I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:

Anon. Ironside (I.1.120): AYLWARD: Remember he hath often broke his faith

Willobie (XXXVII.2): Your words command the lawless rite, . Of Plato's laws that freedom gave, / That men and women for delight, / Might both in common freely have, / Yet God doth threaten cruel death, / To them that break their wedlock faith. [Note: In Plato his commonwealth all women were common, contrary to the commandment of God. Exod. 20, 14. Levit. 18. 20, 29. (No Match)]

(LIIII.2): Though some there be, that have done ill, / And for their fancy broke their faith:

**Legal term: PARRICIDE; Prosecute ... revenge.**

Pickering Horestes (420-431): HORESTES: Who offendeth the love of God, and eke man's love with willing heart / Must by [that] love have punishment as duty due for his dessert. / For me therefor to punish here, as law of gods and man doth will, / Is not a crime, though that I do, as thou dost say, my mother kill.

NATURE: The cruel beasts that range in fields, whose jaws to blood are wet, / Do not consent their mothers' paunch in cruel wise to eat: / The tiger fierce doth not desire the ruin of his kind; / And shall Dame Nature now in thee such tyranny once find / As not the cruel beasts vouchsafe to do in aney case? / Leave now, I say, Horestes mine, and to my words give place, / Lest that of men this fact of thine may judged for to be / Ne law, in sooth, ne justice eke, but cruel tyranny.

Greene Orl Fur (IV.1.33) MANDRICARD: To prosecute revenge against Marsilius,

Selimus (II.1.127-34) SELIMUS: And yet I think, think other what they will, / That parricide, when death hath given them rest, / Shall have as good a part as have the best; / And that's just nothing: for as I suppose / In Death's void kingdom reigns eternal Night, / Secure of evil and secure of foes, / Where nothing doth the wicked man affright, / No more than him that dies in doing right.

See also 26.3-13.

Anon. Leir (22.103-108) CAMBRIA: But I will prove her title to be nought / But shame, and the reward of Parricide, / And make her an example to the world, / For after-ages to admire her penance. / This will I do, as I am Cambrian King, / Or lose my life, to prosecute revenge.

Disp. Greene's Groat: and as ye would deal with so many parricides, cast them into the fire; ...

Shakes Lear (II.1) EDMUND Persuade me to the murder of your lordship; / But that I told him, the revenging gods / 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;

(V.3) REGAN: [to Edmund] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Titus (IV.1) MARCUS: That we will prosecute by good advice / Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

Bible 1 Tim 1.9 refers to parricides, "murderers of fathers and mothers" (No Match).

## Proverbs, Epigrams, Wit and Wisdom, Science and Natural History

### **Proverb: Of DELAY.**

Heywood Proverbs, #7: He that will not when he may, / When he would he shall have nay. / But to that nay, nay I say: / If of my wife I delay, / To take shrewd words: yet that stay / Stayeth them not from me next day.

Pickering Horestes (197-98) HORESTES: As you, good sir, the messenger of gods, as you do say? / Will they in revenging this wrong I make not long delay?

Aesop Fable: The loiterer often blames delay on his more active friend.

### **Proverb: It is useless to KICK against the blows.**

Heywood Proverbs, #254: Folly to spurn or kick against the hard wall. / Being shod with cakebred, that spurner marth all. ... Otherwise: Folly to spurn or kick against the hard wall, / But against soft walls spurners spurn and kick all.

Pickering Horestes (976-77) HORESTES: I did but that I could not choose; it's hard for me to kick, / Sith the gods command, as one would say, in faith, against the prick.

Oxford letter (1-3-76, to Lord Burghley): It is but vain calcitrare contra li buoi (it is useless to kick against the blows)

Anon. Pasquil Apology (para 24): What is this, I pray you, but to fall groveling to the earth in the questions and controversies scanned between us, and being down, to use the last refuge, to kick and spurn?

True Trag (1025) SHORE'S WIFE: by reason he knew it bootless to kick against the prick.

Shakes Errors (III.1.17): Marry, so it doth appear / By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear, / I should kick, being kick'd; and being at the pass, / You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.

Bible Acts 9. 5 It is hard for thee to kick against pricks. 26.14. So when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against pricks. (No Match).

### **Proverb: Too LATE to shut the stable door when the steed/horse is stolen.**

Pickering Horestes (225) VICE: When steed is stolen, to late it is to shut the stable door.

(742-43) VICE: it is too late / When steed is stolen, for you in sooth to shut the stable gate.

Lyly Euphues Wit: It is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen.  
Pettie Palace (I.175-76): it is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen.  
Underdowne History: This is when the steed is stolen, to shut the stable door.  
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #378.

**Proverb: Give MEASURE for measure: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.**

Bedingfield Cardanus (III: 98b): Thereby we are taught to be mindful of another life, and that we ought not to do that to another, which we would not have done to ourselves.

Pickering Horestes (920-21) FAME: For look, what measure thou dost meet, the same again shall be / At other time, at other's hand, repaid again to thee.

Lyly Euphues Wit: I will pray that thou mayest be measured unto with the like measure that thou hast meten unto another.

Pettie Palace: For it is God's word and will that such measure as is met met shall be measured again. ... They which deal vigorously with other, shall be rudely dealt withal themselves.

Munday Zelauto (p. 71): If you knew what God is, you would then consider with yourselves, how you should do to another man as you would be done to yourself.

(92) and work no worse to her, than you would to your own selves.

(175): seeing you should use to all men as you would be dealt withal.

Greene GaG (II.3.139-42): GEORGE: Why, my Lord, measure me but by yourself. / Had you a man had served you long and heard your foe / misuse you behind your back, and would not draw his sword / in your defense, you would cashier him.

Shakes 3H6 (II.6.55): Measure for measure must be answered.

MM (V.1.416): Like doth quite like, and Measure still for Measure.

Bible Matt. 7.2 (No Match).

See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #436-37.

**Proverb: Take TIME in time ere time be taken.**

Heywood Proverbs, #285: Take time when time cometh, we are oftentimes told of it, / But when time cometh, yet can we take no hold of it. ... Otherwise: Take time when time cometh, assay to be bold of it, / But slipper[y] as an eel's tail is the hold of it. ... Otherwise: Take time when time cometh, are we set time to take? / Beware time, in mean time, take not us in brake, ... Otherwise: Take time when time cometh, when time cometh thou sayst well / But when cometh good time to take, I cannot tell.

Pickering Horestes (226) VICE: Take time, I say, while time doth give a leisure good therefore.

Pettie Palace: Therefore to avoid inconveniences, take time in time.

Greene Alphonsus (IV.148-49) BELINUS: Let us make haste and take time while we may, / For mickle danger hapneth through delay.

Farmeer Madrigals: Take time while time doth last,

See Tilley Eliz. Proverb Lore, #629.

**Proverb: TIME and tide tarry for no man.**

Heywood Proverb, #170: The tide tarryeth no man. but here to scan, / Thou art tied so, that thou tarryest every man.

Gosson Abuse: They do but tarry the tide: watch opportunity, and wait for the reckoning,

Pickering Horestes (280): IDU: Take them forthwith and forward go; let slip no time ne tide, /

For chance to leisure to be bound, I tell you, cannot bide.

Whetstone Devices (110.85): Think on thy end. the tide for none doth wait,

Anon. Pleasant Delights (Scoff of a Lady): The tide will not tarry, / All times it doth vary,

Lyly Euphues Eng: Euphues knowing the tide would tarry for no man ...

Endimion (IV.2.9-12) EPITON: Why? You know it is said, the tide tarrieth no man. ... SAMIAS:

True. ... EPITON: A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

Munday Zelauto: the tide tarryeth no man, and when we are assured of our wished Jewel: then may we defer the time as long as we list.

Lodge Wounds (V.5.326-28) SCILLA: My Flaccus, worldly joys and pleasures fade. / Inconstant time, like to the fleeting tide, / With endless course man's hopes doth overbear.

Rosalind: Til at last Aliena perceived time would tarry no man,

Shakes TGV: (III.3.39-41) PANTHINO: Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUNCE: It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Anon. Pasquil Counter (para 10): In the mean season, because the Wind and the Tide will stay for no Man,

See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #627; Howell English Proverbs, #7 and #10.

### **Proverb: TRUTH is the Daughter of Time.**

Lempriere's Classical dictionary indicates that Veritas (truth) was considered the daughter of Saturn (time) -- the Greek equivalents would have been Chronos (or Kronos) and Aletheia -- though Lempriere doesn't so specifically state. His work is more Latinate than Greek in his references. But this had to have been a common Greek and Roman tradition -- and no doubt a commonplace in the renaissance.

Aulus Gellius (AD 130-180): Truth is the daughter of time

Another old poet: Truth is the daughter of Time.

Giordano Bruno:"For upholding this second view of science, Giordano Bruno was imprisoned for seven years and, when it was seen that in spite of the repeated tortures he would not agree even to a partial recantation was finally put to death. It must be kept in mind that in the famous passage in which Bruno sums up his cosmology with the motto veritas temporis filia (a motto that was later adopted by Galileo)..." (De immenso, VI, 19; Op. lat. I, 2, 229)

Irish coin (1553) VERITAS: TEMPORIS: FILIA: M:D:LIII

Pickering Horestes (1178) TRUTH: He that leadeth his life as his fancy doth like, / Though for a while the same he may hide, / [Yet] Truth, the daughter of Time, will it seek, / And so in time it will be descried,

Whitney Choice of Emblems 4 (1586) Veritas Filia Temporis

Bacon: Truth is the daughter of time, not of authority.

Note: Thanks to Andy Hanna, Robert Brazil, and Mark Alexander for classical background and citations.

### **Proverb: Rash Ventring/VENTURING.**

Heywood Proverbs, #160: I will set all, even at syxe and at seven, / Ye, and repent all, betwene ten and eleven.

Pickering Horestes (1070-72): Ye, and thates worsse, when I sought to venture, / I was dryven with out comfort away from their gate; / I was glad to be packinge for feare of my pate.

See also: Heywood Prov. #77.

**Proverb: WORDS are but wind.**

Pickering Horestes (146) VICE: Tout, tout, Rusticus, these words be but wind.

Hill Devices (68.5): But now I see, that words are nought but wind,

Gascoigne Supposes (II.8) SIENNESE: since I have received no greater injury than by words, let them pass like wind, I take them well in worth:

Jocasta (V.5.110] CREON: Thou doest but waste thy words amid the wind.

Lyly Euphues Eng: ... that the painted words were but wind,

Woman/Moon (II.1.234) STESIAS: Her hardest words are but a gentle wind;

Pettie Palace: ... he shall find their words to be but wind, their faith forgery, ...

Greene Card (para 59): She that is won with a word will be lost with a wind;

Anon. Leir (3.40) GONORILL: Which cannot be in windy words rehearsed,

Ironside (III.1.29-30) CANTERBURY: Stay, York, and hear me speak. Thy puffy words, / thy windy threats, thy railing curses,

Arden (I.1.436-37) ALICE: ... oaths are words, and words is wind, / And wind is mutable.

Shakes Errors (III.1) DROMO/EPHESUS: A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind, / Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Ado (V.2) BEATRICE: A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind, / Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Lucrece (190): And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Pass Pilg (XXI): Words are easy, like the wind;

Nashe Summers (1489) SUMMER: Words have their course, the wind blows where it lists;

Munday Zelauto (p. 178): ... this is but a trifle, and your words are now to be esteemed as wind,

John a Kent (1.4) SIR GRIFFIN: Wind-breathed words are vainer than the wind;

Huntington (III.17) ROBIN: For the rough storm thy windy words hath raised

Chapman D'Olive (II.2.244-46) D'Olive: whether by answering a fool I should myself seem / no less; or by giving way to his wind (for words are but / wind) might betray the cause;

See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #713.

**Religious/Biblical**

(MARKED means marked in Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible)

(No Match means not marked in Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible)

**Sin: ADULTERY, PARRICIDE.**

Pickering Horestes (187) HOR: Or shall I let the adulteress dame still wallow in her sin?

Nashe Penniless: Clytemnestra, that slew her husband to enjoy the Adulterer Ægistus, and bathed herself in milk every day to make her young again, had a time when she was ashamed to view herself in a looking-Glass, and her body withered, her mind being green.

Shakes Edw3 (II.1) COUNTESS: In violating marriage sacred law, / You break a greater honor than yourself:

Anon. Willobie (XVIII.2): To seek to spoil his neighbor's wife,

(XXVI.5) No sin to break the wedlock faith?

(XXXVII.2): Your words command the lawless rite, / Of Plato's laws that freedom gave, / That men and women for delight, / Might both in common freely have, / Yet God doth threaten cruel death, / To them that break their wedlock faith. / Note: In Plato his commonwealth all women were common, contrary to the commandment of God.

Disp. Greene's Groat: for my gluttony, I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my adultery, ulcerous sores

Bible (No Match, passages that follow) Exod. 20.14 Thou shalt not commit adultery; 20.17 ... neither shalt thou covet thy neighbour's wife, ... nor anything that is thy neighbor's. Lev. 18.20,29. Deut. 5.18 Neither shalt thou commit adultery; 5.21 Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's wife, nor ought that is thy neighbor hath.

### **ALL HAIL ... Sovereign.**

Pickering Horestes (244-45) HORESTES: At hand, O king, thy servant is, which wisheth to thy grace/ All hail with happy fate certain, with pleasures many fold.

Anon. Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd. ... MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.

Lyly Campaspe (II.1.5) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.

Endymion (II.2.104) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!

(V.2.52) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?

Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.

Anon. Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign! ... STITCH:

Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say / 'all hail' and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed. ... EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!

Leic Gh. (1904): Even they betrayed my life that cried all hail.

Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.

Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ...

TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.

Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.

Note: Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase 'all hail' and that Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play *The Agony and the Betrayal*.

Note: If the authors of Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also with ironic overtones. Religious connotation in Horestes seems dubious.

### **Commandments: BLOOD for Blood; Eye for Eye, etc.**

Golding Ovid Met (XV.194-95): Forbear (I speak by prophesy) your kinsfolks' ghosts to chase / By slaughter: neither nourish blood with blood in any case.

Pickering Horestes: (443) HOR: ... that blood for blood my father's death doth crave,

Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.546-47) POLY: And who is he that seeks to have my blood, / And shall not shed his own as fast as mine?

(IV.1.253-54) CHORUS: Can flesh of flesh, alas can blood of blood, / So far forget itself, as slay itself?

(IV.1.334) CREON: Why should my blood be spilt for other's guilt?

Lodge Wounds (IV.1.301-02) CORNELIA: No, Marius, but for every drop of blood / And inch of wrong, he shall return thee two.

Marlowe T2 (IV.1.145) JERU: And with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee

Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.410-12) HIER: Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so; / For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge, / Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.

Greene Fr Bac (IV.3.51) SERLS: Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.

Shakes 1H6 (IV.6) TALBOT: And misbegotten blood I spill of thine, / Mean and right poor, for

that pure blood of mine

King John (I.1) KING: Here have we war for war and blood for blood,

(II.1) 1 CIT: Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows

R&J (III.1) LADY CAP: For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

Mac (III.4) MAC: It will have blood, they say. Blood will have blood.

Anon. True Trag (I.1) GHOST: Cresce cruor! Sanguis satietur sanguine! / Cresce, Quod spero  
citò. O citò, citò, vendicta! [ Increase, blood! Let blood be satiated by blood! Rise up that which I  
hope for, quickly! O quickly, quickly, revenge!]

Arden (V.5.10-11) ALICE: And let me meditate upon my Saviour Christ, / Whose blood must  
save me for the blood I shed.

Penelope (L.2): For blood shall I pay blood again.

Munday John a Kent (1.44) POWYS: but blood for blood shall duly be repaid.

Bible (No Match) Gen. 3.6 Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in  
the image of God made he man. Num. 35. (27) And the revenger of blood find him without the

borders of the city of his refuge, and the revenger of blood kill the slayer; he shall not be guilty  
of blood: (33) So ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are: for blood it defileth the land: and  
the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it.

1 Kings 21.19 Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs  
lick thy blood, even thine. Matt. 23.35 That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed  
upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias son of Barachias,  
whom ye slew between the temple and the altar.

### **FAME ... Valor ... Death.**

Pickering Horestes (896-97) FAME: What caused some for country's soil themselves to peril  
cast, / But that they knew that after death that fame of theirs shall last?

Lodge Wounds (III.2.54) MARIUS: Till they their shame, and I my fame attain by death.

Marlowe Edw2 (I.5.6-7) EDWARD: Give me my horse, and let's reinforce our troupes / And in  
this bed of honor die with fame.

Anon. True Trag (398) RICHARD: Valor brings fame, and fame conquers death.

Shakes Ado (V.3) Done to death by slanderous tongues / Was the Hero that here lies: / Death, in  
guerdon of her wrongs, / Gives her fame which never dies. / So the life that died with shame /  
Lives in death with glorious fame.

### **GOD ... Mighty hand.**

Brooke Romeus (2905): Whose mighty hand doth wield them in their violent sway,

Pickering Horestes (401) HORESTES: Show now that ye be gods in deed, stretch out your  
mighty hand

Golding Ovid Met (II.626): But God almighty held his hand, and lifting both away

(V.465): And he that rules the powers on Earth obey thy mighty hand:

Watson Hek (LVII): Persuade yourselves, Love hath a mighty hand, (matches Deut. 7.8)

Marlowe T1 (II.5.4) TAMB: Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,

(V.1) SULTAN: Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand

Note: Many lines seem to equate the power of Tamburlaine with that of God, using familiar  
Biblical allusions (including the phrase mighty arm twice in T1).

Anon. Woodstock (V.4.440-41) KING: and that almighty hand permits not / murder unrevenged  
to stand.

Willobie (IX.2): On worldly fear, you think I stand, / Or fame that may my shame resound, / No Sir, I fear his mighty hand, / That will both you and me confound,  
 Bible Deut. 7.8 ... the Lord hath brought you out by a mighty hand and delivered you out of the house of bondage from the hand of Pharaoh King of Egypt (MARKED).  
 Deut. 4.34 ... and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm, and by great fear, according unto all that the Lord your God did unto you in Egypt... (No Match, NEAR 4.31)  
 Deut. 19 2.The great temptations which thine eyes saw, ... and the mighty hand, ... so shall the LORD thy God do unto all the people of whom thou art afraid. (No Match)  
 Other Biblical uses of "mighty hand" omit the factors of fear and temptation. Gen. 49.24; Exod. 3.19 ; Exod. 32.11; Deut. 3.24, 5.15, 6.21, 7.8. 9.26, 11.42, 26.40, 34.12; 2 Chron. 6.32; Ezek. 20.33, 34; 1 Esdras 8.47; 8.61; 1 Pet. 5.6

### **GOD ... Sees/directs everything ... Sparrow.**

Pickering Horestes (183-84) HORESTES: Oh gods, therefore, sith you be just, unto whose power and will / All thing in heaven and earth also obey and serve until,  
 Brooke Romeus (2187-88): Then go (quoth he) my child, I pray that God on high / Direct thy foot, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye [guide]:  
 (2872-73): That no respect of hours, ought justly to be had, / But at all times men have the choice of doing good or bad;  
 Gascoigne ... Jocasta (III.2.84) MENECEUS: But God it seeth that every secret seeth (III.2.164): Who thinks that Jove the maker of us all, / And he that tempers all in heaven on high, The sun, the moon, the stars celestial, / So that no leaf without his leave can fall, / Hath not in him omnipotence also / To guide and govern all things here below?  
 Supposes (II.8) PHILOGANO: you should have feared the vengeance of God the supreme judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts)  
 Lyly Euphues Eng: Do you think Gentleman that the mind being created of God, can be ruled by man, or that anyone can move the heart, but he that made the heart?  
 Greene James IV (II.I.28-29) IDA: God with a beck can change each worldly thing, / The poor to rich, the beggar to the king.  
 (III.3.68) SIR BARTRAM: God will conduct your steps and shield the right.  
 Anon. Ironside (V.1.12): ULF: Surely, my lord, you are highly favored / of God, who sees each human action, ...  
 Fair Em (V.1.198) EM: That pleaseth God, which all things doth dispose --  
 Leir (3.7) LEIR: None knows, but he, that knows my thoughts & secret deeds.  
 (19.138-43) LEIR: Is Queen of France, no thanks at all to me, / But unto God, who my injustice see. / If it be so, that she doth seek revenge, As with good reason she may justly do, / I will most willingly resign my life, / A sacrifice to mitigate her ire:  
 Cromwell (I.3) FRISKIBALL: For God doth know what to myself may fall.  
 Leic Gh. (166-68) For though he may delude the People's sight, / It is in vain before God to dissemble, / Whose power the devils know, and knowing tremble.  
 Shakes AsYou (2.3.43-44) ADAM: He that doth the ravens feed, / Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, ...  
 Hamlet (V.2.168-69) HAM: Not a whit, we defy Augury; there's a special / Providence in the fall of a sparrow. (Q2, lines 3518-19, substantially the same; Q1, lines 2058-59: there's a predestinate providence / in the fall of a sparrow:)  
 Bible Matt. 10.29 Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the

ground without your Father? Luke 12.6: Are not five sparrows bought for two fardings, (No Match).

**Proverb: It is useless to KICK against the blows. See Proverbs.**

**REPENT ... Late/too late.**

Brooke Romeus (1137): And I that now too late my former fault repent,  
(2582): To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late he doth repent.  
Pickering Horestes (223-224) VYCE: Fall to it then and slack no time, for 'time once passed away / Doth cause repentance but too late to come,' old folks do say.  
Golding Ovid Met (Ep.74): Repentance when it is too late that all redress is past.  
(Ep.92): For fear that men too late to just repentance should be driven.  
(Ep.180): Repentance when it is too late for thinking things amiss.  
(II.770): Than all too late, alas too late gan Phebus to repent  
Oxford letter (1-3-76, to Lord Burghley): Wherefore for things passed amiss to repent them it is to late, to help them, which I cannot but ease them that I am determined to hope for anything I do not, but if anything do happen preter spem  
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (V.Ep.28) Who climbs too soon, he oft repents too late.  
Lyly Gallathea (III.1) EUROTA: Tush Ramia, 'tis too late to recall it, to repent it a shame.  
Anon. Ironside (III.2.34-35) HERALD: I fear your wills will put your wits to pain / and you repent it when it is too late.  
Weakest (I.66): MERCURY: And with repentant thoughts for what is past,  
Arden (V.5.18-19 ALICE: But now I find it, and repent too late.  
Willobie (IV.1): Then to repent will be too late  
(XII.6): I was thy friend, but now thy foe, / Thou hadst my heart, but now my hate, / Refusing wealth, God send thee woe, / Repentance now will come too late,  
(XXX.5): Fond women oft repent too late.  
Shakes Lear (I.4): Woe, that too late repents, --  
Pass.Pil. (19): And then too late she will repent  
Bible A number of verses combine the thought of repentance and time passing, including: Luke 10.13; Acts 3.10, 17.30; Eph. 5.15-16; and Rev. 2.5, 2.16 (both Rev. MARKED)  
Rev.2.21 (see below) conforms to the Willobie passages concerning impure women).  
Rev. 2.21 And I have her space to repent of her fornication, and she repented not (MARKED).

**TRUMPETS ... Blow.**

Pickering Horestes (230) IDUMEUS: Whose praise throughout the world is blown by golden trump of Fame,  
(322-25) SONG: The drum and flute play lustily. / The trumpet blows amain, / And vent'rous knights courageously / Do march before thear train:  
Brooke Romeus (29): Whose praise with equal blast, fame in her trumpet blew:  
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (IV.1.47) NUNCIUS: When dreadful blast of braying trumpets sound,  
(V.2.730 NUNCIUS: So said Eteocles, and trumpets blown,  
Edwards Dam&Pith (708) PITHIAS: But hark! Methink I hear a trumpet blow.  
Anon. Willobie (XV.1): What now? what news? new wars in hand? / More trumpets blown of fond conceits?  
Sun Tsu Art of War: and a drunk military man should order gallons and put out more flags in

order to increase his military splendor.

Bible Matt. 6.2 The shalt not make a trumpet to be blown before thee, as the hypocrites do in the Synagogues, and in the streets, to be praised of men ... (MARKED).

### **Inversions: VIRTUE ... Vice.**

Pickering Horestes (530-31) COUNCIL: And, as to waters from one head and fountain oft do spring, / So vice and virtue oft do flow from palace of a king;

(1196-98) DUTY: Likewise for her Council, that each of them may / Have the spirit of grace, their doings to direct. / In setting up virtue and vice to correct.

Golding Ovid Met (EP.562-64): To further or allure to vice: but rather this is meant, / That men beholding what they be when vice doth reign instead / Of virtue, should not let their lewd affections have the head.

Pref. (19): There was no virtue, no nor vice: there was no gift of mind

(Pref. 90): Decline from virtue unto vice and live disorderly,

(Pref.153): Each vice and virtue seems to speak and argue to our face,

Lyly Campaspe (II.2.19) ALEXANDER: Is love a vice? – HEPHESTION: ~~~ It is no virtue.

Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: And what was honored in fruits and flowers as a virtue, / to violate in a virgin as a vice?

MB (V.3) MEMPHIO: Well, patience is a virtue, but pinching is worse than any vice.

Love's Met. (I.2) NIOBE: Inconstancy is a vice which I will not swap for all the virtues.

(II.1) CERES: ... and though to love, it be no vice, yet spotless virginity is the only virtue.

Shakes Rich3 (III.5) GLOU: So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue, ...

LLL (V.2) PRINCESS: You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke; / For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

King John (II.1) BASTARD: And being rich, my virtue then shall be / To say there is no vice but beggary.

Merchant (III.2) BASSANIO: There is no vice so simple but assumes / Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:

R&J (II.3) FRIAR LAURENCE: Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;

Hamlet (III.4.158-60) HAM: ... Forgive me this my Virtue, / For in the fatness of this pury times, / Virtue itself, of Vice must pardon beg, (Q2, lines 2351-53: substantially the same; not in Q1.)

Oth (II.3) IAGO: ... And give direction: and do but see his vice; / Tis to his virtue a just equinox,

Chettle Kind Hart: Everything hath in itself his virtue and his vice:

Anon. Willobie (I.18): Or virtue from a vice proceed?

(I.22): They find their vice by virtue crossed,

(XVIII.6): The time and place may not condemn, / The mind to vice that doth not sway, /But they that virtue do condemn, /By time and place, are led astray.

(XXVI.6): Your lewd examples will not serve, / To frame a virtue from a vice,

Leic Gh. (2236): He both in vice, and virtue, did excel.

Bible Wisd. of Salomon 5.13 ... and have showed no token of virtue, but are consumed in our own wickedness (MARKED). 7.30 ... but wickedness cannot overcome wisdom. (No Match)

See Shaheen, Comedies (191) ... re Measure for Measure, virtue, and Rom. 7.15, 19, 23 (No Match).

## **Authorship Considerations**

Note: Within the eight entries, nineteen possible Biblical sources have been identified. Four are marked in Oxford's Geneva Bible, and one is very near a marked passage.

The De Vere Bible has 1063 marked verses [figures from Stritmatter].

Approximately 1,000 Biblical verses were used by Shakespeare.

Approximately 199 of the marked verses have been used by Shakespeare.

There are approximately 35,000 verses in the Bible [figures from Stritmatter].

Thus, roughly 1 in 5 of the verses marked in Oxford's Geneva Bible were used by Shakespeare.

Thus approximately 1 in 35 of all Biblical verses were used by Shakespeare.

Stritmatter waters down the Oxford factor somewhat by assuming that only 1/3 of the Biblical verses are suitable for such references. Thus the favor of 1 in 35 would be reduced to approximately 1 in 10. The favored use of marked verses is still notable.

BF figures, including arguments and chapter heads, are similar but tilt slightly more toward the odds favoring use of marked passages.

The most "Shakespearean" of the texts on the elizabethanauthors site contain numerous passages that refer back to the Bible, showing heavy preference for the marked passages. Edmund Ironside in particular used many of the marked passages not used by texts of the acknowledged Shakespeare canon.

Note that 1 in 5 of the Biblical passages identified above, were marked in Oxford's Geneva Bible.

## Functional Phrases, Imagery, Vocabulary, Other

### **BREATH ... Yield.**

Pickering Horestes (733) CLYTEM: Let no man say that thou wast cause I yielded up my breath.

(815) HORESTES: And as thou hast been chiefest cause of yielding up thy breath,

Brooke Romeus (523): For pity and for dread well nigh to yield up breath.

(1057): Was wasted quite, and he thus yelding up his breath,

(1139): That soon my joiceless corps shall yield up banishd breath,

(1172): Alas what cause hast thou thus soon to yield up living breath?

(1423): With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yield up his breath,

(1820): (Before his time, forced by his foe) did yield his living breath,

(2961): With Romeus' dagger drawn, her heart and yielded breath,

Golding Ovid Met. (III.137): The third did straight as much for him and made him yield the breath,

(X.203): Upon the ground, so Hyacinth in yielding of his breath

Shakes 1H6 (IV.7) TALBOT: Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!

Rich3 (V.3): Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

### **Due DESERT.**

Golding Ovid Met (II.369): But put the case that my desert destruction duly crave,

(V.35): And which he hath by due desert of purchase dearly bought.

Pickering Horestes (421) HORESTES: Must by [that] love have punishment as duty due for his

desert.

Hill Devices (36.3-4): To mortal creatures they assign / Their due deserts for recompense.

Heywood Devices (95.3): The doubtful hope, to reap my due desert,

Oxford poem (Cardanus): With due desert reward will never be.

Greene Pandosto (Para. 30): should have cause to think his rigor proceeded of due desert:

Disp. Greene's Groat (265): He simply gave to due desert her right,

Anon. True Trag (1468) CATESBY: else the due deserts of a traitor.

Willobie (commendation): But rather strive by due desert for like renown,

(LI.2): Love oft doth spring from due desert,

(LVII.2): Whose eyes discern the due deserts,

Penelope (I.2): Of those whom due desert doth crown

(I.5): His perfect zeal by due desert

### **DEVOID of.**

Pickering Horestes: (1141) NOBELLES: Devoid of wars and civil strifes, ...

Brooke Romeus (618): Think that the whilst fair Juliet is not devoid of care.

Edwards Dam&Pith (765) EUBULUS: They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound, ...

Watson Hek (I): My heart devoid of cares did bathe in bliss,

(XXXVII): And yet through love remain devoid of blame:

(LXXXII): The life I led in Love devoid of rest

Greene Pandosto (Para. 24): the King, who quite devoid of pity commanded that ...

Anon. Leir (13.6) CORDELLA: When as I was devoid of worldly friends,

(19.319) LEIR: Since the other two are quite devoid of love;

(23.48) LEIR: In a strange country, and devoid of friends,

(28.8) KING: Devoid of sense, new-waked from a dream,

(29.5) 1 CAP: We are betrayed, and quite devoid of hope,

(30.66) CORDELLA: Fie, shameless sister, so devoid of grace,

Willobie (I.35): That mounts aloft, devoid of crime;

(XIII.3): I love to live devoid of crime,

(LXXIV.6): Devoid of lust, and foolish care,

Lochrine (I.2.16) BRUTUS: Devoid of strength and of their proper force,

Shakes Hamlet Q1 only (202-204) HAM: O God, a beast / Devoid of reason would not have made / Such speed:

Titus (V.3.) LUCIUS: Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;

### **ELIZABETH (Queen) Identified.**

**Always the Same: Queen Elizabeth motto: semper eadem (always the same).**

Pickering Horestes DUTY: For your gentle patience we geve you thanks, heartily; / And therefore, our duty weighed, let us all pray / For Elizabeth our Queen, whose gracious majesty / May reign over us in health for aye; / Likewise for her Council, that each of them may / Have the spirit of grace, their doings to direct. / In setting up virtue and vice to correct.

Sundrie Flowers (Ever/Never) Gascoigne's Passion (9): Always in one and evermore shall be,

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. True Trag (2265 ff.) QUEEN: Worthy Elizabeth, a mirror in her age, by whose / wise life and civil government, her country was defended from / the cruelty of famine, fire and sword, war's fearful messengers. / This is that Queen, as writers truly say, / That God had marked down to live for aye. ' Then happy England mongst thy neighbor isles, / For peace and plenty still attends on thee; / And all the favorable Planets smiles / To see thee live, in such prosperity. / She is that lamp that keeps fair England's light, / And through her faith her country lives in peace. / And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight, / And been the means that civil wars did cease. / Then England, kneel upon thy hairy knee, / And thank that God that still provides for thee. / The Turk admires to hear her government, / And babies in Jewry, sound her princely name, / All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent, / After her rule was rumored forth by fame. / The Turk hath sworn never to lift his hand, / To wrong the Princess of this blessed land. / 'Twere vain to tell the care this Queen hath had, / In helping those that were oppressed by war, / And how her Majesty hath still been glad, / When she hath heard of peace, proclaim'd from far. / Geneva, France, and Flanders hath set down, / The good she hath done, since she came to the crown. / For which, if e'er her life be ta'en away, / God grant her soul may live in heaven for aye. / For if her Grace's days be brought to end, / Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.

Nashe 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;

(1841-58) SUMMER: Unto Eliza, that most sacred Dame, / Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name, / All my fair days remaining I bequeath, ...To wait upon her till she be return'd.

Anon. Willobie Always the same/Avisa: (XXXII, XLI, XLIII, LXII, LXXII)

Leic. Gh. Many.

Shakes Sonnet (76): ... Why write I still all one, ever the same,

Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.59-61) D'OLIVE: They are deceived that think so; I must confess / it would make a fool proud, but for me, I am semper / idem.

### **FORTUNE ... Spite/friend.**

Brooke Romeus (2745): Where spiteful Fortune hath appointed thee to be,

Golding Ovid Met (VII.580): But that there followed in the neck a piece of fortune's spite.

Pickering Horestes (234) IDUMEUS: Through Fortune's spite is caught, alack, within old Meroe's net;

Anon. E.S. Devices: (50.25-27): But such is Fortune's hate I say, / Such is her will on me to wreak: / Such spite she hath at me alway,

Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.43) CHORUS: That now complains of fortune's cruel spite.

Supposes (II.3) DAMON: oh spiteful fortune, thou doest me wrong I think,

Watson Hek (LXXXVII): My song shall be; Fortune hath spit her spite,

Lodge Wounds (I.1.317) GRANIUS: Ambition makes fell Fortune's spiteful thralls.

Greene G a G (I.4.50) BETTRIS: Oh lovely George, fortune be still thy friend!

(II.3.3) GEORGE: And fancy, being checked by fortune's spite,

Munday John a Kent (8.22-23) MARIAN: Not I, Sidanen, I with you complain / On fortune's

spite and over-deep disdain.

Shakes 3H6 (IV.7): Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite

AWEW (V.2): ... let the justices make you and fortune friends:

Sonnet (37): So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,

Sonnet (90): Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,

Anon. True Trag (2003) KING: Daunted before by fortune's cruel spite,

Lochrine (II.4.41) ALBA: By Humber's treacheries and fortune's spites.

Willobie (III.7): And fortune's friends, felt fortune's spite:

Leic Gh. (1327): Received his deadly wound through fortune's spite;

(1635): Even so, when Fortune, through my foes' despite,

### **PIN: worthless value of.**

Pickering Horestes (57) VYCE: Tut, tut, for the blows he set not a pin!

(621) CLYTEM: The walls be strong and for his force I sure set not a pin.

(705) CLYTEM: By him and his, tell him in sooth, we do not set a pin.

Greene Alphonsus (I.1.160) ALPH: Whoere it be, I do not pass a pin,

Lodge Rosalind: I'll count your power not worth a pin;

Shakes TGV (II.7) LUCETTA: A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin, / Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

LLL (IV.3) BIRON: By the world, I would not care / a pin, if the other three were in.

MWW (I.1) Shallow: Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Hamlet (I.1.69) HAM: I do not set my life in a pin's fee. (Q1, line 447; Q2, line 671)

MM (II.2) LUCIO: if you should need a pin, / You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:

(III.1) ISA: O, were it but my life, / I'd throw it down for your deliverance / As frankly as a pin.

Munday More HARRY: I'll not bate ye a pin on't Sir, for, by this cudgel tis true.

### **STATE ... Quiet.**

Pickering Horestes (240) IDUMEUS: In quiet state, there also is this worthy real tree.

Golding Ovid Met (II.482-83): My lot (quoth he) hath had enough of this unquiet state / From first beginning of the world.

Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.460) CHORUS: What careful toil to quiet state it brings,

(II.2) CHORUS: Of our estate that erst in quiet stood.

(IV.1.317) CREON: A quiet end of her unquiet state.

Watson Hek I (XCVI): live secure and quiet in estate,

Lodge Wounds (I.1.10) SULPITIUS: Hath forced murders in a quiet state;

(II.1.131) ANTHONY: But seek not, Scilla, in this quiet state, / To work revenge upon an aged man,

(IV.1.113) OCTAVIUS: At not to boast their arms in quiet states.

Greene Selimus (8.3) ACOMAT: Hath changed his quiet to a soldier's state.

(21.13-14): CORCUT: But here no fear nor care is harbored / But a sweet calm of a most quiet state.

Anon. Ironside (I.1.28) CANUTUS: I plant you in your former quiet states.

Nashe Summers (1316) WINTER: But living loosely in a quiet state,

### **WILL ... Power.**

Brooke Romeus (1658): And wisely by her princely power suppress rebelling will,

Pickering Horestes (183-84) HORESTES: Oh gods, therefore, sith you be just, unto whose power and will / All thing in heaven and earth also obey and serve until,  
 (255-57) VICE: It is not Idumeus that hath power to let / Horestes from seeking his mother to kill / Tut, let him alone, he'll have his own will.

Lyly Love's Met (III.2) MERCHANT: You are now mine, Protea. ... PROTEA: And mine own.  
 MERCHANT: In will, not power. ... PROTEA: In power, if I will.

Shakes LLL (II.1) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will; / Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills / It should none spare that come within his power

T&C (I.3) ULYSSES: Then every thing includes itself in power, / Power into will, will into appetite; / And appetite, an universal wolf, / So doubly seconded with will and powe

(II.2) PARIS: Were I alone to pass the difficulties / And had as ample power as I have will,

Pericles (II.2) SIMONIDES: Which shows that beauty hath his power and will, / Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

TNK (V.6.66) PIRITHOUS: and fell to what disorder / His power could give his will, bounds; comes on end;

Anon. Leir (14.15) PERILLUS: To think your will should want the power to do.

Chapman D'Olive (IV.1.10-3) VANDOME: No will, nor power, can withstand policy.

Bible 1 Cor 7.37 ... Nevertheless he that standeth firm in his heart, that he hath no need, but hath power over his own will, & hath so decreed in his heart, that he will keep his virgin, he doeth well (No Match). Note: Biblical origin of this common thought is questionable.

### **WOE worth.**

Pickering Horestes: (508): IDU: Woe worth the time, the day and hour! Now may Horestes wail,  
 (785) EGISTUS: Ah, heavy fate and chance most ill! Woe worth this hap of mine!

Edwards Devices (7.25-27): Woe worth the time that words, so slowly turn to deeds,  
 Woe worth the time, yet fair sweet flowers, are grown to rotten weeds.  
 But thrice woe worth the time, that truth, away is fled,

(66.4, 8, 12, 14-16): Woe worth the wily heads that seeks, the simple man's decay. ...  
 Woe worth the feigning looks, one favor that do wait,  
 Woe worth the feigned friendly heart, that harbors deep deceit:  
 Woe worth the Viper's brood, oh thrice woe worth I say,

Hill Devices (36.17): Therefore I cry woe worth the hour,  
 (97.130; My love is lost, woe worth in woe I die,

Oxford Devices (77.refrain): And sing Bis woe worth on me, forsaken man.

Edwards Dam&Pith (1075, refrain) MUSES Song: Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us cause to cry!

Watson Hek (XCIII): MY love is past, woe worth the day and hour / When to such folly first I did incline,

Greene Alphonsus (I.1.87-88) ALBINIUS: Woe worth Albinus, / Whose babbling tongue hath caused his own annoy.

Nashe Summers (1880)WOOD NYMPHS, Song: Trades cry, Woe worth that ever they were born;

Anon Willobie (LXIII.4): And if thou canst, woe worth the place, / Where first I saw that flattering face.

Penelope (VII.4) Woe worth the wretch that did bewray / My good Ulysses' wary wit,  
 Shakes TNK (III.6.249-250) EMILIA: Despise my cruelty and cry woe worth me, / Till I am

nothing but the scorn of women.

Bible (King James) Ezekiel 30.2 (No Match).

Note: The poetry of "RH" is attributed to Richard Hill, a contemporary of Edwards, Hunnis, Heywood, and others represented in this volume.

Note: Shakespeare's Two Noble Kinsmen is inevitably associated with Edwards, whose lost play Palamon and Arcite is believed to be the immediate source of TNK.

Note: Penelope's Complaint is associated with Willobie his Avisas: possibly as a response, possibly the work of the same author.

---

## APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Distinctive Words, Phrases:

Truth, the daughter of time (see Connections). "Slack" as a verb.

Favored Words, Phrases: heavy fate (3); heart and nails (4); gracious mind (4) bridle (3); revenge the/my wrong (3); cruel beasts (3); in faith (13); brought to misery (3)

Compound Words: 8 words (3 nouns, 4 adj, 1 adv).

(nouns): bat-end, cake-bread, setting-up. (adj): cruel-wise, knock-um, over-rash, thousand-fold. (adv): well-won.

Words beginning with "con": 20 words (12 verbs, 4 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).

(nouns): conqueror, conquest, consent, contrary. (verbs): condemn, condescend, confess, conquer, consent, consider, consist, constrain, contain, content, continue, contrive. (adj): content, contented, convenient. (adv): continually.

Words beginning with "dis": 8 words (7 verbs, 1 noun).

(noun): dissension. (verbs): disclose, disease, dismay, dispatch, display, dispose, distress.

Words beginning with "mis": 5 words (4 nouns, 1 verb).

(nouns): mischance, mischief, misery, mistress, (verb): mistake.

Words beginning with "over": 1 word (adj): over-rash.

Words beginning with "pre": 7 words (1 noun, 5 verbs, 1 adj).

(nouns): present. (verbs): prepare, preserve, pretend, prevail, prevent. (adj): present.

Words beginning with "re": 34 words (10 nouns, 20 verbs, 4 adj).

(nouns): recompense, renown, repentance, request, resistance, return, revenge, revengement, revenging, reward. (verbs): rebel, receive, recompense, refrain, refuse, remain, remember, remit, repair, repent, reply, report, request, require, requite, restrain, return, revenge, revoke, reward. (adj): regal, repaid, replete, reward.

Words beginning with "in": 14 words (5 nouns, 4 verbs, 3 adj, 1 prep, 1 conj).  
(nouns): infamy, injury, intent, interlude, invasion. (verbs): incline, inquire, intend, invade.  
(adj): indifferent, infect, inflamed. (prep): into. (conj): indeed.

Words beginning with "un": 15 words (3 verbs, 6 adj, 2 adv, 2 prep, 2 conj).  
(verbs): unrevenge, understand, undertake. (adj): unfit, unhappy, universal, unkind, unrevenge, unwise.  
(adv): undoubtedly, untruly. (prep): under, unto. (conj): unless, until.

Words ending with "able": 1 word (adj): honorable.

Words ending with "less": 3 words (2 adj, 1 conj).  
(adj): comfortless, fatherless. (conj): unless.

Words ending with "ness": 4 words (nouns). courageousness, likeness, trustiness, wickedness.

## APPENDIX IV: Sentence Construction

Grammatical inversions are notable in Horestes, in volume and complexity. Shown below are examples (updated spelling).

(9-14) VICE: What? you had not best their parts to take;

\* \* \*

Or else me chance your pate for to ache.

\* \* \*

Shall arrive in this land, revenged to be.

(59-60) VICE: Well, sirs, to entreat me, sith you begin, / I am contented; my blade now shall in.

(172) HORESTES: Provokes me now all pity quite from me to be exempt;

(183-84) HORESTES: Oh gods, therefore, sith you be just, unto whose power and will

All thing in heaven and earth also obey and serve until,

(199-200) VICE: What need you doubt? I was in heaven when all the gods did gree

That you of Agamemnon's death, for sooth, revenged should be.

(207-208) VICE: Among the gods celestial I Courage called am;

You to assist in very truth from out the heavens I came;

(235-239) IDUMEUS: And he, which sometime did delight in clothed coat of mail,

Is now constrained in Charon's boat over the brook to sail,

That flows upon the fatal banks of Pluto's kingdom great

And that in shade of silent woods and valleys green do beat,

When souls of kings and other wights appointed are to be

(281) IDUMEUS: For chance to leisure to be bound, I tell you, cannot bide.

(332) HEMPSTRING: By his ounds! I have sought thee, some news to tell.

(436-37) HORESTES: To save her life whom law doth slay, is not justice to do;

Therefore, I say, I will not yield thy hests to come unto.

(438-39) NATURE: If Nature cannot bridle thee, remember the decay

Of those which heretofore, in sooth, their parents sought to slay:

(445) IDUMEUS: Come on, Horestes; we have stayed your muster for to see.

(484-87) IDUMEUS: For counsel, as Plato doth tell, is sure a heavenly thing;  
And Socrates, a certainty, doth say, counsel doth bring  
Of things in doubt; for Livy says, no man shall him repent  
That hath, before he worked ought, his time in counsel spent;  
(495) IDUMEUS: The gods thee bliss, when in the war thou forward shalt proceed.  
(502-03) HORESTES: The sacred gods preserve and save thy state, oh king, I pray;  
And send thee health, and after death to reign with him for aye.  
(522-23) COUNSEL: Protegeus, an evil king a carrion likeness to,  
Which all the place about the same to stink causeth to do.  
(566-69) CLYTEM: And found occasion him to meet  
In Cytheron,  
Where each of them the other did greet  
The feast upon.  
(619) CLYTEM: Till your return this city I to keep do sure intend.  
(653) VYCE: For fear you should the ghost up yield.

# A NEWE

Enterlude of Vice Conteyninge, the  
Hystorie of Hojelles with the cruell  
renegment of his Fathers death,  
vpon his one naturill Socher.  
by John Pikeriug.

## The players names.

The Alice,	Clytemnestra.	Sodper.	Trathe.
Kullicus.	Halterfocke.	Robulle.	Fame.
Hodge.	Hempstreyng.	Nature.	Hermione.
Hojelles	Belioz.	Woulfson.	Deuotey.
Thumeus.	Penelaus.	Harrard.	Messenger.
Councell.	A woman.	Sodper.	Egeus.
			Commons.

## The names deuised for vs. to playe.

- The first the Alice and Nature. and Deuotey. 3.  
2. Kullicus. Thumeus. 2. Sodper. Penelaus. & Robulle. 5.  
3. Hodge. Counsell. Messenger. Belioz. & Commons. 5.  
4. Hojelles. a woman. & Prologue. 1  
5. Halterfocke. Sodper. Egeus. Harrard. Fame. Truth  
and Thumeus. 7.  
6. Hempstreyng. Clytemnestra. Woulfson. & Helione. 4.

Printed at London in flectestrete, at the  
signe of the Falcon by William Spitch. and  
are to be solde at his shoppe in S. Dunstons  
Churchyearde. Anno. 1567.

†  
\* † \*