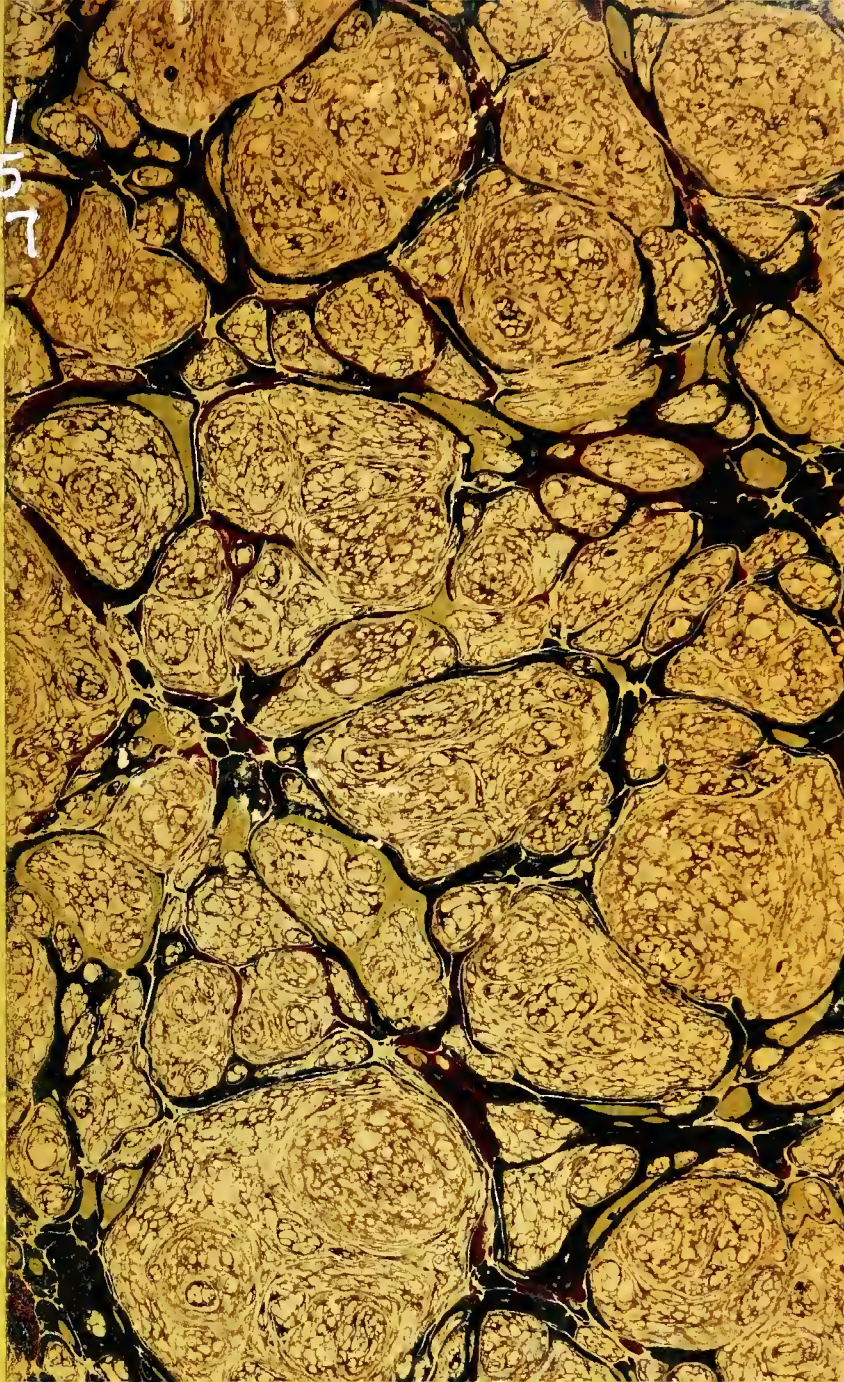


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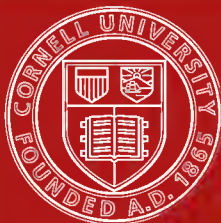
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Nobody and Somebody



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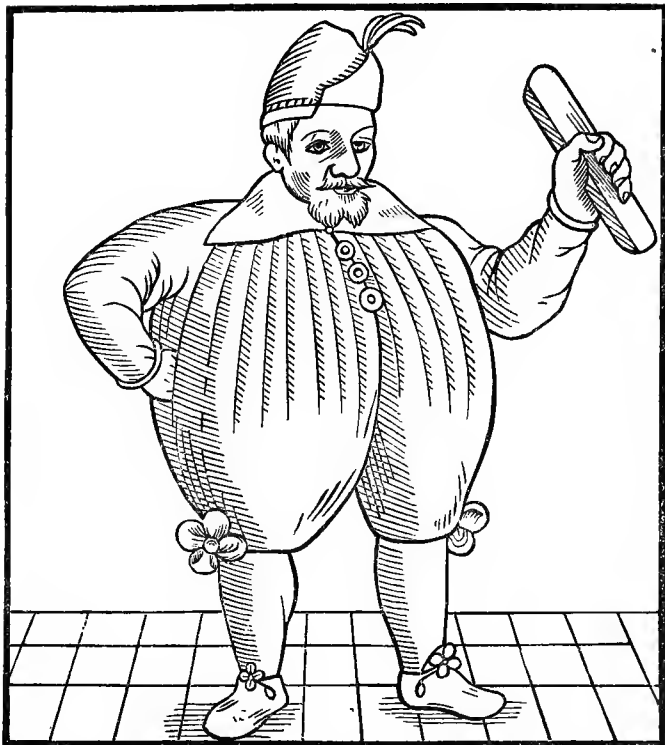
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NOBODY
= AND
SOMEBODY



Clow. But Maister, why doe you goe thus out of fashon;
you are euen a very hody doddy, all breech,
Nobod. And no body. (Sig. C.)

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

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NOTE.

THIS exceedingly clever and interesting Play is of sufficient intrinsic worth to justify its reproduction.

Excepting the exemplar in the British Museum, all the known copies of the original are more or less imperfect: the two in the Dyce Collection, South Kensington Museum, would, however, make a perfect copy between them. This Reprint has been made, as nearly as possible, a typographical facsimile—page for page, and line for line, with the peculiarities of type and spelling carefully preserved.

Ludwig Tieck, the distinguished Anglo-German scholar, in a list of Old English Plays which he sent to Mr. J. Payne Collier (inserted by the latter gentleman in his privately-printed "Old Man's Diary," Part IV., p. 91) includes "Nobody and Somebody," adding his opinion of it in these words—

"Excellent, and one I copied."

And whether we regard it as furnishing curious illustrations of early habits of life and manners, or as a dramatic composition, there can be no doubt that Tieck's eulogistic ascription is well deserved.

A notable allusion in the Play is that referring to the treatment of thieves taken in the theatres of that day:—

"*somebody* once pickt a pocket in this Play-houfe yard,
Was hoysted on the stage, and shamd about it." (Sig. I b.)

The only other reference to this peculiar custom is in Kemp's "Nine Daies Wonder," 1600, reprinted by the *Camden Society* in 1840.

In anticipation of the modern practice of photographing criminals, the following passage may be quoted:—

"*Somb.* What has he scapt vs.
Const. He is gone my Lord.

NOTE.

Somb. It shall be thus, now you haue seene his shape,
Let him be straight imprinted to the life:
His picture shall be set on euery stall,
And proclamation made, that he that takes him,
Shall haue a hundred pounds of *Somboduy.*" (Sig. D 4)

So also in Shakespeare's "King Lear" (Ac. ii., fc. 1):—

"*Glo.* the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will fend far and near, that all the kingdom
May haue due note of him."

Nobody himself is thus referred to in "The Tempest" (Ac. iii., fc. 2):—

"*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture
of No-body."

On Sig. F 4 we have a Shakespearian allusion:—

"It shal go hard, but I the shrew will tame."

"Nobody and Somebody" was described by the present writer in "Notes and Queries" for June 6, 1874 (5th S., vol. i., p. 441); and as the Play is without date, it was there conjecturally stated to have appeared sometime between 1604 and 1614. Since then, however, the "Stationers' Registers" have been referred to, with the following conclusive result (Mr. Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iii., pp. 308-316):—

"8° Januarij 1606.

"John Trundell Entred for his copie by direcccon from Master
ffield warden *The picture of No bodye!* vjd"

"12° Martij 1606.

"John Trundell Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of
Master WILSON and the Wardens A Booke called *no bodie
and somme bodie &c.* vjd"

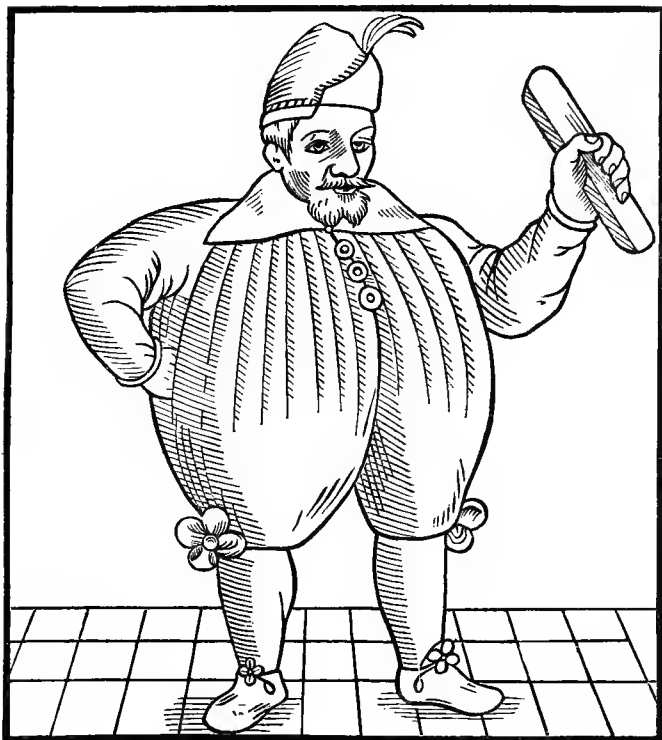
The present impresson has been limited to fifty copies
for private circulation.

S.

NO-BODY, AND SOME-BODY.

With the true Chronicle Historie of Elydure,
*who was fortunately three severall times
crowned King of England.*

*The true Coppy thereof, as it hath beene acted by the
Queens Maiesties Seruants.*



Printed for Iohn Trundle and are to be sold at his shop in
Barbican, at the signe of No-body.



The Prologue.

A subiect, of no subiect, we present,
for No-body, is Nothing:
Who of nothing can something make?
Jt is a worke beyond the power of wit,
And yet inuention is ripe:
A morrall meaning you must then expect,
grounded on leffer then a shadowes shadow:
Promising nothing wher there wants a toong;
And deeds as few, be done by No-bodie:
Yet something, out of nothing, we will shew,
To gaine your loues, to whome our felues we
owe.

NO-BODY, AND SOME-BODY.

Enter Cornewell and Martianus.

Corn.

MY Lord *Martianus*.

Mar.

My Lord of *Cornwell*.

Corn.

Morrow.

Mar.

Morrow,

Corn. You are fad my Lord.

Mar. You melancholy.

Corne. So,

The state it selfe mournes in a robe of Wo.

Mar. For the decease of *Archigalloes* vertues,
I vnderstand you Noble minded *Cornwell*,
What generous spirit draws this *Brittish* ayre,
But droops at *Archigalloes* gouernement.

corn. And reason *Martianus*, when the Sunne
Struggles to be deliuered from the wombe
Of an obscure Eclipse, doth not the earth
Mourne to behold his shine envelopped,
O *Corbonon* when I did close thine eyes,
I gaue release to *Brittaines* miferies.

Enter Elydure.

Mar. Good morrow to Prince *Elydure*.

Elyd. The fame to you, and you, you are fad my Lordes,
your harts I thinke are frosty, for your blood
Seemes crysted in your faces, like the dew
In a September morne, how fares the king,
Haue you yet bid good morrow to his highnes.

Corn. The kings not stirring yet.

Enter Vigenius and Peridure.

Perid Yonders old *Cornwell*, come *Vigenius*,
Weele haue some sport with him.

Nobody,

Vig. Brother content.

Perid. Good morrow to you brother *Elydure*.

Cornwel, God morrow to *Cornwell*.

Vig. Morrow old gray-beard.

Corn. My beards not so gray as your wits greene.

Vig. And why so.

Perid. We shall ha you come out now with some reason that was borne in my great grandfires time.

Corn. Would you would proue as honest princes as your great groundfire was, or halfe so wise as your elder brother was, theres a Couple of you, Sfoote I am ashamed you should be of the blood royall.

Perid. And why father vvinter.

Corn. You doe not knowv your state, theres *Elydure* Your elder brother next vnto the King, He plies his booke, vvhen shall you see him trace Lasciuious *Archigallo* through the streets, And fight with common hacksters hand to hand, To wrest from them their goods and dignities.

Perid. You are to faucy *Cornwell*.

Vig. Bridle your spirit.

Elyd. Your words are dangerous, good honest subiect Old reuerent states-man, faithful seruitor, Doe not traduce the King, hees vertuous Or say he tread somewhat besides the line Of vertuous gouernment, his regality Brookes not taxation, kings greatest royalties Are that their subiects must aplaud their deedes, As well as beare them their prerogatiues. Are murall interponents twixt the world, And their proceedings.

Corn. Well, well, I haue serued foure kings, And none of all those foure but would haue ventured Their safeties on old *Cornwels* constancy, But thats all one, now I am cald a dotard, Go to, though now my limbes be starke and stiffe, When *Cornwels* dead Brittainy I know will want

So

and Somebody.

So strong a prop, Alasse I needs must weepe,
And shed teares in abundance, when I thinke
How *Archigallo* wrongs his government.

Vig. Nay, now youle fall into your techy humor.

Enter Lord Sicophant.

Sicoph. My Lords, Princes I should haue said, and after
Lord, I am the Vsher and Harbinger vnto the kings most
Excellent perfon and his Maiefty.

Vig. Is fourth comming.

Sicoph. Or comming fourth, hard by or at hand, will you
Put your gestures of attendaunce on, to giue his Maieftie
the *Bon-ioure*.

Enter Archigallo and two Lords. Morgan Malgo.

All. Good morrow to our foueraigne *Archigallo*.

Arch. Morrow.

Corn. Why do you frowne vpon your seruants king,
We loue you, and you ought to fauor vs:
Will you to Counfel. Heeres petitions,
Complaints and controuerfies twixt your subiects,
Appealing all to you.

Arch. Lets see those papers. A controuerfie betwixt the
Lord *Morgan* and the Lord *Malgo*, concerning their Ty-
tles to the Southerne Ifland. We know this caufe and what
their titles be. You claime it by inheritance.

Morg. My liege I do.

Arch. You by the marriage of Lord *Morgans* mother,
To whom it was left ioynture.

Malgo. True gracious Soueraigne.

Arch. Whose euidence is strongest, to which part
Inclines the censures of our learned Iudges.

Morgan. We come not heer to plead before your grace,
But humblie to intreat your Maieftie,
Peruse our euidence and censure it,
According to your wifedome.

Arch.

Nobody,

Arch. What I determine then youle yeeld vnto.

Both. We will my Soueraigne.

Arch. Then that Southerne Ile
we take to our protection, and make you
Lord gouernor thereof.

Sicoph. I humblie thanke your highnesse.

Mal. I hope your Maiefty.

Arch. Replie not, I but take it to my selfe
Because I would not haue diffention
betwixt two peeres, I loue to see you friends,
And now the Islands mine, your quarrell ends.
Whats next. A poore Nothern mans humble petition.
Which is the plaintiue?

Enter clowne, Wench, and Rafe.

Rafe. I if it please your Maieftie I was betrothed to this

Arch. Is this true my Wench. (maid.

Wench. Tis verie true and like your maieftie, but this
tempting fellow after that, most feloniously stole my hart
awaie fro me, caried it into the church, and I running after
him to get my hart againe, was there married to this other
man.

clown. Tis verie true and like your maieftie, though *Raphe*
were once tooke for a propper man, yet when I came in
place it appeared otherwise: if your highnesse note his leg
and mine, there is ods, and for a foot, I dare compare, I
haue a waft to, and though I say it, that shoulde not saye it
there are faces in place of Gods making.

Arch. Thou art a proper fellow, and this wench is thine
by lawfull marriage.

clown. *Rafe* you haue your answer, you may be gon, your
onely way to faue charges, is to buy a halpenniwoorth of
Hob-nailes for your shooes: Alasse you might haue looked
into this before, go silly *Rafe* go, away, vanish.

Arch. Is not this Lasse a pretty Neat browne Wench?

Sicoph. She is my liege, and mettell I dare warrant.

Arch.

and Somebody.

Arch. Fellow, how long haft thou been married?

Clown. I was as they fay coupled the fame day that my country man Raphe begunne the law: for to tell your Maieftie the truth, we are yet both virgins, it did neuer freefe betwixt vs two in a bed I af-fure your grace.

Arch. Didft neuer lie with thy wife?

Clown. Neuer yet, but nowe your Maieftie hath ended the matter Ile be fo bold as take poffeffion.

Arch. Harke my wench, wilt leaue thefe rufticke fellowes & ftay with me?

Wench. What will your highnes doe with me?

Arch. Why Ile make thee a Lady.

Wench. And fhall I goe in fine clothes like a Lady.

Arch. Thou fhalt.

Wench. Ile be a Lady then, thats flat, sweet heart farewell, I muft be a Lady, fo I muft.

Clow. How now, how now, but heare you Sis.

Wench. Away you Clowne, away.

Clown. But will your highnes rob me of my fpoufe.

Arch. What we will, we will, away with thofe flaues.

Clown. Zounds, if euer I take you in Yorkfhire for this.

Sicoph. Away you flaues.

Corn. My Lord, thefe generall wrongs will draw your highneffe into the common hatred of your fubiefts.

Arch. Whats that to thee, old doting Lord forbear. Whats heere? complaints againft one *Nobody*, For ouermuch releeuing of the poore, Helping diftressed prifoners, entertayning Extrauagants and vagabonds, what fellowes this?

Corn. My liedge I know him, he's an honeft fubieft That hates extortion, vfury, and fuch finnes As are too common in this Land of Brittain.

Arch. Ile haue none fuch as he within my kingdome, Hee fhall be banifht.

Sicoph. Heare my aduife my liedge: I know a fellow

B.

Thats

Nobody,

Thats opposite to *Nobody* in all things:
As he affects the poore, this other hates them,
Loues vsurie and extortion. Send him straight
Into the Country, and vpon my life,
Ere many monthes he will deuise some meanes
To make that *Nobody* bankrout, make him fle
His Country, and be neuer heard of more.

Arch. VVhat doost thou call his name.

Sicoph. His name is *Sombody* my liedge.

Arch. Seeke out that *Sombody*, wele send him straight,
VVhat other matters stay to be decided
Determine you, and you, the rest may follow
To giue attendance. *Exeunt all but the Lords.*

Manent Cornwell and Martianus.

Mart. Alls nought already, yet these vnripe illls
Haue not their full growth, and their next degree
Must needes be worfe then nought, and by what name
Doe you call that?

Cornw. I know none bad enough:
Bafe, vild, notorious, vgly monftrous, flauish,
Intollerable, abhorred, damnable;
Tis worfe then bad; Ile be no longer vaffaile
To fuch a tirannous rule, nor acceffarie
To the bafe sufferance of fuch out-rages.

Mart. Youle not indure it, how can you remedie
A mayme fo dangerous and incurable?

Corn. There is a way; but walls haue eares and eyes,
Your eare my Lord, and counsell.

Mart. I haue eares
Open to fuch discourfe, and counsell apt:
And to the full recouery of these wounds
Made in the sicke state, most effectuall;
A word in priuate.

Enter

and Somebody.

Enter Peridure and Vigenius.

Perid. Come brother, I am tyrde with reuelling,
My laft Caranta made me almoft breathleffe,
Doth not the Kings laft wench foote it with art?

Vige. Oh rarely, rarely, and beyond opinion.
I like this ftate where all are Libertines
But by ambitions, pleafure and large will:
See, fee, two of our ftrict liu'd Counfellors
In fecret conference; they cannot indure
This freedome.

Perid. Nor the rule of *Archigallo*,
Because tis fubieft to his libertie.
Are they not plotting now for fome inftallement
And change of ftate: old gallants if you be
Twill coft your heads.

Vige. Bodies and all for me.
Lift them, fuch ftrict reproouers fhould not liue,
Their auftere cenfures on their kings to giue.

Corn. He muft be then depofd.

Perid. Ey, are you there, that word founds treason.

Vig. Nay, but farther heare.

Mart. The King depofd, how muft it be effected,
What strengths and powers can fodenly be leuied,
VVho will afsift this bufines, to reduce
The ftate to better forme and gouernment?

Vig. Ey mary, more of that.

Corn. All Cornwells at my becke, Deuonfhire our neighbour
Is one with vs, you in the North commaund.
The oppreffed, wrongd, deiefted and fuppreft,
Will flocke on all fides to this innovation:
The Clergie late depifd, the Nobles fcornd,
The Commons trode on, and the Law contemnd,
Will lend a mutuall and combyned power
Vnto this happie change.

Nobody,

Peri. Oh monstrous treason!

Mart. My Lord, we are betraide, and ouer-heard
By the two princes.

Corn. How, betraide.

Mart. Our plots discouered.

Corn. Ile helpe it all; doe you but footh me vp,
Wele catch them in the trap they lay for vs.

Mart. Ile doot.

Corn. Now fir, the king depofd
Who fhall fucceede?

Mart. Some would fay *Elidure*.

Corn. Tufh, he's too milde to rule.

But there are two young princes, hopefull youths
And of rare expectation in the Land,
Oh would they daigne to beare this weightie charge
Betwixt them, and fupport the regall fcepter
With ioynt afsiftance, all our hopes were full.

Vig. A Scepter.

Perid. And a Crowne.

Mart. What if we made the motion? we haue wills
To effect it, we haue power to compaffe it.

Vig. And if I make refusall, heauen refufe me.

Perid. Thefe Counfellors are wife, and fee in vs
More vertue then we in our felues difcerne.
Would it were come to fuch election.

Corn. My honord Lord, wele breake it to thofe princes,
Thofe hopefull youths, at our conuenient leafure.

Mart. With all my hart.

Corn. You that our footfteps watcht,
Shall in the depth of your owne wiles be catcht. *Exeunt.*

Vig. A King.

Perid. And were a crowne, a crowne imperiall.

Vig. And fit in ftate.

Perid. Commaund.

Vig. And be obeyed.

Peri.

and Somebody.

Perid. Our Nobles kneeling.

Vig. Seruants homaging, and crying *Aue.*

Perid. Oh brother, shall we through nice folly
Despise the profferd bountie of these Lords?

Vig. Not for the world, I long to fit in state,
To purse the bountie of our gracious fate.

Perid. To entertaine forreine Embassadors.

Vig. And haue our names ranckt in the courfe of kings.

Perid. Shadow vs State with thy maiesticke wings.

*Enter King, Cornwell, Martianus, and
Elidure.*

Vige. Now fir, my brother *Archigall* depofde

Corn. Depofd! did you heare that my Lord.

Vig. For his licenfious rule, and fuch abufes
As wele pretend gainft him in parliament.

Arch. Oh monftrous brothers.

Elidu. Oh ambitious youthes.

Vig. Thus wele deuide the Land, all beyond Trent
And Humber, shall fuffife one moitie:
The fouthpart of the Land shall make the tother,
Where we will keepe two Courts, and raigne deuided,
Yet as deere louing brothers.

Arch. As vild traitors.

Perid. Then *Archigall*, thou that haft fat in pompe
And feene me vaffaile, fhalt behold me crownd,
Whilft thou with humble knees vailft to my state.

Arch. And when muft this be doone, when shall my crowne
Be parted and deuided into halfes.
You raigne on this fide Humber, you beyond
The riuer Trent, when doe you take your ftates,
Sit crownd and fcepterd to receiue our homage,
Our dutie, and our humble vaffalage.

Perid. I know not when.

Nobody,

Arch. Nor you?

Vige. Nor I.

Arch. But I know when you shall repent your pride:
Nor will we use delays in our reuenge,
Ambitious boyes, we doome you prifonment,
Your Pallace royall shall a Taile be made,
Your thrones a dungeon, and your scepters Irons,
In which wele bound your proude aspiring thoughts:
Away with them, we will not mount our chayre
Till their best hopes be changd to blacke despaire.

Perid. Heare vs excuse our felues.

Vige. Or lets discouer
Who drew vs to this hope of foueraigntie.

Arch. That shall our further leyfures arbitrate,
Our eares are deafe to all excusiuue pleas,
Come vnambitious brother *Elidurus*,
Helpe vs to lauifh our abundant treasures,
In masks, sports, reuells, riots, and strange pleasures. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Somboddy with two or three
seruaunts.*

Somb. But is it true the fame of *Nobody*,
For vertue, almes-deedes, and for charitie,
Is so renownd and famous in the Country?

Seru. Oh Lord fir ey, hes talkt of farre and neere,
Fills all the boundleffe country with aplause,
There liues not in all Britaine one so spoke of,
For pittie, good mind, and true charitie.

Somb. Which *Somboddy* shall alter ert be long.

Seru. You may my Lord beeing in grace at Court,
And the high fauours of King *Archigallo*
Exile this petty fellow from the Land,
That so obfcures the beautie of your deedes.

Sombod. VVhat doth this *Nobody*?

Seru. You shall heare my Lord,

Come

and Somebody.

Come twentie poore men to his gate at once,
Nobody giues them mony, meate and drinke,
If they be naked, clothes, then come poore fouldiers,
Sick, maymd, and shot, from any forraine warres,
Nobody takes them in, prouides them harbor,
Maintaines their ruind fortunes at his charge,
He giues to orphants, and for widdowes buildes
Almes-houfes, Spittles, and large Hospitals,
And when it comes in question, who is apt
For fuch good deedes, tis anwerd *Nobody*.
Now *Nobodie* hath entertaind againe
Long banisht Hospitalitie, and at his boord
A hundred lustie yeomen daily waites,
Whose long backs bend with weightie chynes of biefes,
And choife of cheere, whose fragments at his gate
Suffice the generall poore of the whole shire.

Nobodies table's free for trauellers,
His buttry and his feller ope to all
That starue with drought, or thirst vpon the way,
Somb. His fame is great, how should we helpe it?

Seru. My Lord, tis past my reach, tis you must doe it,
Or't must be left vndone.

Somb. What deedes of note is he els famous for?

Seru. My Lord Ile tell you.

His Barnes are full, and when the Cormorants
And welthy Farmers hoord vp all the graine,
He empties all his Garners to the poore
Vnder the stretcht prise that the Market yeelds,
Nobody racks no rents, doth not oppresse
His tenants with extortions. When the King
Knighted the lustie gallants of the Land,
Nobody then made daintie to be knighted,
And indeede kept him in his knowne estate.

Somb. The flaues ambitious, and his life I hate.

Seru. How shall we bring his name in publick scandall?

Sombo.

Nobody,

Sombo. Thus it shall be, vse my direction.
In Court and country I am *Somboddy*,
And therefore apt and fit to be employed:
Goe thou in secrete being a subtile knaue,
And fowe feditious flaunders through the Land,
Oppresse the poore, suppress the fatherlesse,
Deny the widdowes foode, the staru'd releefe,
And when the wretches shall complaine their wrongs,
Being cald in question, sweare twas *Nobody*,
Racke rents, raise prises,
Buy vp the best and choise commodities
At the best hand, then keepe them till their prises
Be lifted to their height, and double rate,
And when the raisers of this dearth are fought
Though *Somboddy* doe this, protest and sweare
Twas *Nobody* fore Iudge and Magistrate:
Bring scandalls on the rich, raise mutinous lyes
Vpon the state, and rumors in the Court,
Backbite and sow diffention amongst freends,
Quarrels mongst neighbors, & debate mongst strangers,
Set man and wife at ods, kindred at strife,
And when it comes in questiou, to cleere vs,
Let every one protest and sweare for one,
And so the blame will fall on *Nobody*.
About it then, if these things well succede,
You shall preuaile, and we applaude your speede.

Enter Nobody and the Clowne.

See where he comes, I will withdraw and see,
The euent and fortunes of our last pollicie.

Nobod. Come on myne owne seruauant, some newes, some newes,
what report haue I in the country? how am I talkt on in the Citty,
and what fame beare I in the Court?

Clowne. Oh Maister you are halfe hangd.

Nobod.

and Somebody.

Nobod. Hangd, why man?

Clowne. Because you haue an ill name: a man had as good almost ferue no Maister as ferue you, I was carried afore the Constable but yesterday, and they tooke mee vp for a strauagant; they askt mee whom I ferued, I told them *Nobody*, they presently drew mee to the post, and there gaue me the law of armes.

Nobody. The law of armes.

Clow. Ey, as much lawe as their armes were able to lay on, they tickled my Collifodium, I rid post for a quarter of an houre, with fwitch though not with spurre.

Nobod. Sure *Sombod*y was the cause of all.

Clow. Ile be sworne of that, *Sombod*y tickled me a heate, and that I felt, but Maister, why doe you goe thus out of fashion; you are euen a very hoddy doddy, all breech,

Nobod. And no body. But if my breeches had as much cloth in them, as euer was drawne betwixt Kendall and Canning street, they were scarce great enough to hold all the wrongs that I must pocket: Fie, fie, how I am slaunderd through the world.

Nobody keeps tall fellowes at his heeles,
Yet if you meete a crew of rogues and beggars,
Aske who they ferue, theile aunswere *Nobody*.
Your Caualiers and fwaggerers bout the towne,
That dominere in Tauerns, sweare and stare,
Vrge them vpon some termes, theile turne their malice
To me, and say theile fight with *Nobody*,
Or if they fight, and *Nobody* by chaunce
Come in to part them, I am sure to pay for it,
And *Nobody* be hurt when they scape scotfree:
And not the daftardst coward in the world
But dares about with me. What shall I doe?

Somb. Doe what thou wilt, before we end this strife,
Ile make thee tenne times weary of thy life.

Clown. But doe you heare Maister, when I haue seru'd you a yere or two, who shall pay me my wages?

Nobo. Why *Nobody*.

Nobody,

Clowne. Indeede if I serue *Nobody*, *Nobody* muft pay me my wages, therefore Ile euen seeke out *Sombody* or other, to get me a newe seruice; but the best is Maifter if you runne away, you are eafie to be found againe.

Nobod. Why fo fir?

Clowne. Mary aske a deafe man whom hee heares, heele ftraight fay *Nobody*, aske the blindest beetle that is whom hee fees, and heele aunfwere, *Nobodie*, hee that neuer faw in his life can fee you, though you were as little as a moate, and hee that neuer heard, can heare you, though you treade as softlie as a Mouse, therefore I shall be fure neuer to loofe you. Befides, you haue one commoditie Maifter, which none hath besides you, if you should loue the most fickle & inconstants wench that is in the world, sheele be true to *Nobody*, therefore constant to you.

Nobod. And thou sayest true in that my honest seruauant, Befides, I am in great especiall grace With the King *Archigallo* that now raignes In tyranny, and strange misgouernment, *Nobody* loues him, and he loues *Nobody*. But that which most torments my troubled soule, My name is made mere opposite to vertue, For he is onely held peacefull and quiet, That quarrels, brawles, and fights with *Nobody*, He's honest held that lies with *Nobodies* wife, And he that hurts and iniures *Nobody*, All the world saies, ey thats a vertuous man. And though a man haue doone a thousand mischiefes, And come to proue the forfeit made to law, If he can proue he hath wrong'd *Nobody*, No man can touch his life. This makes me mad, This makes me leaue the place where I was bred, And thousand times a day to wish me dead.

Somb. And Ile pursue thee where so ere thou fliest, Nor shalt thou rest in England till thou diest.

Clowne

and Somebody.

Clowne. Maister, I would wish you to leaue the Country, and see what good entertainment you will haue in the Cittie, I do not think but there you will be most kindly respected, I haue been there in my youth, there's Hospitality, & you talke of Hospitality, and they talke of you bomination to see: for there Maister come to them as often as you will, foure times a day, and theyle make *Nobody* drinke, they loue to haue *Nobody* trouble them, and without good securitie they will lend *Nobody* mony. Come into Birchin Lane, theyle giue *Nobody* a fute, chuse where hee list; goe into Cheape-side, and *Nobody* may take vp as much plate as he can carrie.

Nobod. Then Ile to London, for the Country tires me
With exclamations, and with open wrongs,
Sith in the Cittie they affect me so.

Clowne. O Maister, there I am sure *Nobody* may haue anie thing without mony, *Nobody* may come out of the Tauerne without paying his reckoning at his pleasure.

Enter a man meeting his wife.

Nobody. Thats better then the Country. Who comes heere?

Man Minion, where haue you been all this night?

Wife Why doe you aske husband?

Man Because I would know wife.

Wife. I haue beene with *Nobody*.

Nobod. Tis a lie good man, beleeeue her not, shee was not with mee.

Man And who hath layne with you to night?

Wife Lye with mee, why *Nobody*.

Nobod. Oh monstrous, they would make me a whore-maister.

Man Well, I doe not thinke but *Sombod*y hath been with you.

Sombo. *Sombod*y was indeed.

Wife. Gods life husband, you doe me wrong, I lay with *Nobody*.

Man. Well minion, though *Nobody* beare the blame,
Vse it no more, least *Sombod*y bide the shame.

Nobod. I will endure no longer in this Clymate

Nobody,

It is so full of flanders, Ile to the Cittie,
And there performe the deedes of charitie.

Enter the 2 man and a prentice.

2 Man. Now you rascall, who haue you beene withall at the ale-
Prent. Sooth I was with *Nobody.* (house?)

Nobod. Not with me.

2 Man. And who was drunke there with you?

Prent. Sooth *Nobody* was drunke with me.

Nobod. O intollerable! they would make me a drunkard to,
I cannot indure any longer, I must hence,
No patience with such scandals can difpence.

2 Man. Well firra, if I take you so againe, Ile so belabour you:
O neighbour good morrow.

1 Man. Good morrow,

2 Man You are sad me thinkes,

1 Man Faith fir I haue cause, I haue lent a friend of mine a hundred ponde, and haue *Nobodies* worde for the payment, bill, nor bond, nor any thing to shew.

2 Man. Haue you *Nobodies* worde, Ile assure you that *Nobodie* is a good man, a good man I assure you neighbor, *Nobodie* will keepe his worde, *Nobodies* worde is as good as his bond.

1 Man Ey, say you so, nay then lets drinke downe sorrow,
If none would lend, then *Nobody* should borrow.

Nobody Yet there's one keeps a good tongue in his head,
That can giue *Nobody* a good report,
I am beholding to him for his praise:
But since my man so much commends the Cittie,
Ile thether, and to purchase me a name,
Take a large house of infinite receipt,
There keepe a table for all good spirits,
And all the chimneys shall cast smoake at once:
There Ile giue schollers pensions, Poets gold,
Arts their deferts, Philofophy due praise,

Lear-

and Somebody.

Learning his meritt, and all worth his meede.
There Ile release poore prifoners from their dungeons,
Pay Creditors the debts of other men,
And get my felfe a name mongft Cittizens,
That after times pertakers of all bliffe,
May thus record, *Nobody* did all this.
Country farewell, whofe flaunderous tongues I flie,
The Cittie now fhall lift my name on hie.

Sombdy Whether Ile follow thee with Swallowes wings,
And nimble expedition, there to raife
New brawles and rumors to eclipse thy praife.
Thofe fubtile, flie infinuating fellowes
Whom *Sombdy* hath fent into the country,
To rack, transport, extort, and to opprefse,
VVill I call home, and all their wits employ
Againft this publique Benefactor, knowne
Honeft, for all the rumors by vs fowne.
But howfoeuer, I am fworne his foe,
And oppofite to all his meriting deedes,
This way muft doe, though my deuining thoughts
This augurie amidfts their changes haue,
That *Sombdy* will at length be prou'd a knaue. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene, Sicophant, and Lady Elidure
feuerallie.*

Sicoph. Good day to you both faire Ladies,
But faireft of them both my gracious Queene,
Good day to your high Maieftie, and madam
The royall Lady of great *Elidure*,
My Soueraignes brother, vnto you I wifh
This morning prooue as gracious and as good.

Queene Thofe greetings from the Lady *Elidure*
VVould pleafingly found in our princely eares.

Lady Such greetings from great *Archigalloes* queene

Nobody,

VVould be moſt gracious to our princely eare.

Queene. What no good morrow and our grace ſo neere.
Reach me my gloue.

Lady. VVhom ſpeakes this woman to?

Queene. Why to my ſubieſt, to my waiting maid,
Am not I mightie *Archigalloes* queene?
Is not my Lord the royall Engliſh King,
Thy husband and thy ſelfe my ſeruitors?

Lady Is my Coach ready, where are all my men
That ſhould attend vpon our awfull frowne,
VVhat not one neere?

Queen. Minion, my gloue.

Sicoph. Madam, her highnes gloue.

Lady. My ſcarfe is falne, one of you reach it vp.

Queene. You heare me.

Lady Painted Maieſtie be gone,
I am not to be countercheckt by any.

Quee. Shall I beare this?

Sicoph. Be patient, I will ſchoole her.
Your excellence greatly forgets your ſelfe
To be ſo dutileſſe vnto the Queene,
I haue ſeene the world, I know what tis to obey,
And to commaund. What if it pleaſe the Queene
That you her ſubieſt ſhould attend on her,
And take her gloue vp, is it meeete that I
Should ſtoope for yours? You're proud, fie, fie, you're proud.
This muſt not be twixt ſuch two royall ſiſters
As you by marriage are; goe to ſubmit,
Her Maieſtie is eaſie to forgiue.

Lady. Sawcie Lord forbear, there's for your exhortation.

Queene. I cannot beare this, tis inſufferable,
Ile to the King, and if he ſaue thy life
He ſhall haue mine: madnes and wrath attend,
My thoughts are leueld at a bloody end. *Exit.*

Lady. Shee's ſhadow,

We

and Somebody.

We the true substance are: follow her those
That to our greatness dare themselves oppose.

Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.

Cornw. Helth to your Ladship, I would say Queene
If I might haue my minde, bir lady Ladie.

Mart. I had a sute vnto the King with this Lord
For the great office of high Seneshall,
Because of our good seruice to the state,
But he in scorn, as he doth euery thing,
Hath tane it from vs both, and gin't a foole.

Morg. To a Sicophant, a courtly parasite.

Sicoph. Beare witnes Madam, Ile goe tell the King
That they speake treason.

Malgo. Passe vpon our swords,
You old exchequer of all flatterie,
I tell thee *Archigallo* shall be deposd,
And thou disroab'd of all thy dignitie.

Sicoph. I hope not so.

Cornw. See heere the Counsels hands,
Subscrib'd to *Archigallos* ouerthrow.
The names of sixteene royall English Peeres,
Ioynd in a league that is inviolate,
And nothing wants but *Elidurus* grant
To accept the kingdome when the deede is done.

Sicoph. Nay then Ile take your parts, and ioyne with you.

Mart. We will not haue a Clawbacks hand comixt
With such heroick peeres.

Sicoph. I hope my Lady
Is not of their minds. My most gracious Queene,
What I did speake in reprehensiu fort,
Was more because her Maiestie was present
Then any offence of yours, and so esteeme it,
God knowes I loue your highnes, and these Lords.

Lady

Nobody,

Lady VVhich of you will perfwade my *Elidure*
To take vpon him Englands royaltie.

Mart. Madam, we all haue fo importund him,
Laying vnto his iudgement eury thing
That might attraçt his fences to the crowne,
But he froft braind will not be obtaind
To take vpon him this Realmes gouernment.

Malg. Hee is the verie foule of lenitie,
If euer moderation liu'd in any,
Your Lord with that rich vertue is poſſeſt.

Lady This mildnes in him makes me fo deſpiſd
By the proude Queene, and by her fauourits.

Enter Elidure.

Cornw. See maddam where he comes reading a booke.

Lady My Lord and husband, with your leaue this booke
Is fitter for an Vniuerſitie

Then to be lookt on, and the Crowne ſo neere:
You know theſe Lords for tyrannie haue ſworne
To baniſh *Archigallo* from the throne,
And to inueſt you in the royaltie:
VVill you not thanke them, and with bounteous hands
Sprinkle their greatnes with the names of Earles,
Dukes, Marqueſſes, and other higher termes.

Elid. My deereſt loue, the eſſence of my foule,
And you my honor'd Lords, the fute you make,
Though it be iuſt for many wrongs impoſd,
Yet vnto me it ſeemes an iniurie.
VVhat is my greatnes by my brothers fall,
But like a ſtarued body nourished
With the deſtruction of the other lymbes.
Innumerable are the griefes that waite
On horded treafures, then much more on Crownes:
The middle path, the golden meane for me,
Leaue me obedience, take you Maieſtie.

Lady

and Somebody.

Lady. Why this is worfer to my lofty minde,
Then the late checks giuen by the angry Queene.

Corn. If you refuse it, knowe we are determined
To lay it elsewhere.

Lady. On your younger brother,
And then no doubt we shall be awde indeed,
When the ambition of the elders wife,
Can scarcely giue our patience any bounds:
England is sicke of pride and tirrany,
And in thy goodnes only to be curde.
Thou art cald forth amongft a thousand men,
To minister this foueraigne Ancidote,
To amend thy brothers crueltie with loue,
And if thou wilt not from opprefsion free
Thy natiue Country, thou art vilde as he.

Elid. I had rather stay his leafure to amend.

Lady. Men, heauen, gods, deuills, what power should I invoke.
To fashion him a new: thunder come downe,
Crowne me with ruine, fince not with a Crowne.

Cornw. Long life vnto the Kingly *Elidure*,
Trumpets proclaime it whether he will or no.

Lady. For that conceit Lords, you haue wonne my hart,
In his despight let him be fraight waies Crownd,
That I may triumphe whilft the trumpets found.

Elid. Carry me to my graue, not to a Throne.

Lady. Helpe Lords to feate him, nay helpe euery one:
So should the Maieftie of England fit,
Whilft we in like state doe associate him.

Elid. Neuer did any leffe desire to raigne
Then I, heauen knowes this greatnes is my paine.

Lady. Paine me in this fort great Lords euery day,
Tis sweete to rule.

Elid. Tis sweeter to obay.

Cornw. Liue King of England long and happily,
As long and happily your Highnes liue.

D.

Lady.

Nobody,

Lady. We thanke you Lords, now call in the deposd,
Him and his proud Queene, bring vnto our fight,
That in her wrongs we may haue our delight.

Enter Archigallo, and his Queene bound.

Archi. Betrayd, tane prisoner, and by those that owe
To me their duty, and allegiance:
My brother the vsurper of the Crowne,
Oh this is monstrous, most insufferable.

Elid. Good brother grieue not, tis against my will,
That I am made a King, pray take my place,
I had rather be your subiect then your Lord.

Lady. So had not I, fit still my gracious Lord,
Whilst I looke through this Tyrant with a frowne,
Minion reach vp my gloue.

Queene. Thinkst thou because
Thy husband can diffemble piety,
And therein hath deposd my royall Lord,
That I am lesse in estate then Queene?
No thine owne answere lately giuen to me,
I thus reuet, stoope thou proud Queene for me.

Sicoph. Nay, then as I did lately to her Highnes,
I must admonish you, diected Lady
You doe forget your selfe, and where you are,
Duty is debt, and it is fit since now
You are a subiect, to beare humble thoughts:
Follow my counsell Lady and submit,
Her Maieftie no doubt will pardon it.

Queene. Theres for your paines.

Sicoph. Which way so ere I goe,
I haue it heere, whether it ebbe or flowe.

Lady. That pride of thine shall be thy ouerthrowe,
And thus I sentence them.

Elid. Leaue that to me?

Lady. No your are too mild, iudgment belongs to me:

Thou

and Somebody.

Thou *Archigallo* for thy tirranie,
For euer be excluded from all rule,
And from thy life.

Elid. Not from his life I pray.

Lady. He vnto whom the greateft wrongs are done,
Difpatch him quickly.

Morg. That will I.

Maglo. Or I.

Elid. And therein Lords effect my tragedie.

Lady. Why ftrike you not, oh tis a dangerous thing,
To haue a liuing fubiect of a King:

Much treason may be wrought, when in his death,
Our fafty is secur'd.

Elid. Banifh him rather, oh sweete fpare his life,
He is my brother.

Archi. Crownd, and pray thy wife.

Elid. Oh brother, if you roughly fpeake, I knowe
There is no hope but your fure ouerthrowe,
Pray be not angry with me for my loue:
To banifhment fince it muft needes be fo,
His life I giue him whofoere faies no.

Lady. What and his Ladies to.

Elid. I hers and all.

Lady. But Ile not haue you banifht with the King,
No Minion no, fince you muft liue, be affur'd
Ile make thee meaneft of my waiting Maides.

Queene. I fcorne thy pride.

Archi. Farewell deceiuing ftate,
Pride making Crowne, my deereft wife farewell:
I haue beene a Tyrant, and Ile be fo ftill. *Exit.*

Elid. Alas my brother.

Lady. Dry vp childifh teares,
And to thefe Lords that haue inuefted you,
Giue gracious lookes, and honorable deedes.

Elid. Giue them my Crowne, oh giue them all I haue,

Nobody,

Thy Throne I reckon but a glorious graue.

Lady. Then from my selfe these dignities receiue,
The Iland wrested from you I restore,
See it be giuen them backe Lord Sicophant.
The office of hie Seneschall bereft you,
My Lord of *Cornwell* to your grace we giue.
You *Martianus* be our Treasurer,
And if we find you faithfull, be assur'd
You shall not want preferment at our hands.
Meane time this office we impose on you,
Be Tutor to this Lady, and her pride
With your learnd principles whereof you are full
Turne to humility, or vex her soule,

Queene. Torment on torment, tutord by a foole.

Sicoph. Madam, it is her Highnes will be pleas'd.

Lady. Young *Peridurus* and *Vigenius*, Lords
Release from prison, and because your King,
Is mightely affected vnto Yorke,
Thether dismisse the Court incontinent.

Sicoph. Shall it be so my Liedge.

Lady. Are not we King.

His silence saies it, and what we ordaine,
Who dares make question of: this day for euer
Thorough our raigne beheld a festiuall:
And tryumphe Lords that England is fet free,
From a vild tyrant and his crueltie?

Elid. On to our funerall, tis no matter where,
I sinne I knowe in suffering pride so neere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nobody, and the Clowne.

Nobody. Ahem boy, Nobody is found yet for all his troubles.

Clow. And so is Nobodies man for all his whipping, but Maister
we are nowe in the Citty, wald about from flaunder, there can-
not a lie come in but it must runne thorough bricke, or get the
goodwill of the warders, whose browne bills looke blew vpon
all

and Somebody.

all paffengers.

Nobody. O this Citty, if Nobody liue to be as old againe, be it fpooken in fecret, Ile haue fenft about with a wall of braffe.

Clowne. Of Nobodies making, that will be rare.

Nobody. Ile bring the Tems through the middle of it, empty Moore-ditch at my owne charge, and build vp Paules-fteeple without a collection. I fee not what becomes of thefe collctions.

Clowne. Why Nobody receaues them.

Nobody. I knaue?

Clowne. You knaue: or as the world goes, Somebody receiues all, and Nobody is blamd for it.

Nobody. But is it rumord fo thorough out the Citty.

Clowne. Doe not you knowe that? theres not an orphants portion loft out of the Chamber, but Nobody has got it, no Corne transported without warrant, but Nobody has donne it, no goods stolne but by Nobody, no extortion without Nobody: and but that truth will come to light, fewe wenches got with child, but with Nobody.

Nobody. Nay thats by Somebody.

Clowne. I thinke Somebody had a hand in't, but Nobody sometimes paias for the nurfing of it.

Nobody. Indeede I haue taken into my charge many a poore infant left to the almes of the wideworld, I haue helpt many a vertuous maide to a good husband, & nere defird her maiden-head: redeemed many Gentlemens lands, that haue thankd Nobody for it, built Pest-houfes, and other places of retirement in the ficknes time for the good of the Cittie, and yet *Nobody* cannot get a good word for his labor.

Clowne. Tis a mad world Maifter.

Nobody. Yet this mad world fhall not make me mad, I am All fpirit, *Nobody* let them grieue,
That fcrape for wealth I will the poore relieue,
Where are the Maifters of the feuerall prifons:
Within and neere adioyning to the Citty,
That I may fped my charity abroad.

Clowne. Heere they be Sir.

Nobody,

Enter three or foure.

Nobody. Welcome Gentlemen :

You are they that make poore men housholders
Against their wills, and yet doe them no wrong:
You haue the actions, and the cafes of your sides,
Whilst your Tenants in comon, want money to fill them.
How many Gentlemen of lesse reuenewes then *Nobody*,
Lie in your Knights ward, for want of maintenance.

1 I am Sir a Keeper of the Counter, and there are in our wards
about a hundred poore prisioners, that are like nere to come foorth
without satisfaction.

Nobody. But *Nobody* will be their benefactor. What in yours.

2 As many as in the other prision.

Nobody. Theres to release them. What in yours.

3 Double the number, and in the Gayle.

Nobody. Talke not of the Gayle, tis full of limetwigs, lifts, and
pickpockets.

1 Is it your pleasure Sir to free them all.

Nobody. All that lie in for debt.

2 Ten thousand pound, and ten to that will not doe it.

Nobody. *Nobody* Sir will giue a hundred thousand,
Ten hundred thousand, *Nobody* will not haue a prisioner,
Because they all fhall pray for *Nobody*.

Clowne. Tis great pittie my Maister has *Nobody*, and so kind a hart.

A noise within. Follow, follow, follow.

Nobody. What outcries that?

Enter Somebody, with two or three.

Somebody. That is the gallant, apprehend him straight,
Tis he that sowes sedition in the Land,
Vnder the couler of being charitable,
When searck is made for such in euery Inne,
Though I haue feene them houfd, the Chamberlaine

For

and Somebody.

For gold will anfwere there is *Nobody*:
He for all bankrounts is a common baile,
And when the execution fhould be ferud
Vpon the fureties, they find *Nobody*:
In priuate houfes who fo apt to lie,
As thofe that haue beene taught by *Nobody*,
Seruants forgetfull of their Maifters friends,
Being askt how many were to fpeake with him
Whilft he was abfent, they fay *Nobody*,
Nobody breakes more glaffes in a houfe,
Then all his wealth hath power to fatifie:
If you will free this Citty then from fhame,
Seafe *Nobody*, and let him beare the blame.

Const. Lay hold vpon him.

Nobody. What on *Nobody*, giue me my fword, my morglay,
My friends, you that doe know how innocent I am,
Draw in my quarrell, fuccor *Nobody*,
What *Nobody*, but *Nobody* remaining.

Clowne. Yes Maifter, I Nobodies man.

Nobody. Stand to me nobly then, and feare them not,
Thy Maifter *Nobody*, can take no wounds,
Nobody is no coward, *Nobody*
Dares fight withall the world.

Somb. Vpon them then.

*A fight betwixt Somebody and Nobody,
Nobody escapes.*

What has he fcapt vs.

Const. He is gone my Lord.

Somb. It fhall be thus, now you haue feene his fhape,
Let him be ftraight imprinted to the life:
His picture fhall be fet on euery ftall,
And proclamation made, that he that takes him,
Shall haue a hundred pounds of *Somboddy*,
Country and Citty, I fhall thus fet free,

And

Nobody,

And haue more roome to worke my villanie. *Exeunt.*

Nobody. What are they gonne, then Citty now adew,
Since I haue taken fuch great iniury,
For my good life within thy gouernment:
No more will *Nobody* be charitable,
No more will *Nobody* relieue the poore,
Honor your Lord, and Maifter *Somebody*,
For *Somebody* is he that wrongs you all.
Ile to the Court the changing of the ayre,
May peraduenture change my iniuries;
And if I speede no better being there,
Yet fay that *Nobody* liu'd euery where. *Exit.*

Enter Archigallo.

Archi. I was a King, but now I am flauie,
How happie were I in this bafe estate,
If I had neuer tafted royaltie:
But the remembrance that I was a King,
Vnfeafons the Content of pouertie,
I heare the hunters muficke, heere Ile lie,
To keepe me out of fight till they paffe by.

Enter Morgan, and Malgo.

Morgan. The ftag is hearded, come my Lord
Shall we to horfe and fingle him againe.

Malgo. Content, the King will chafe, the day is fpent
And we haue kild no game, to horfe, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elidure.

Elid. Hearded, goe fingle him, or couple ftraight,
He will not fall to day, what fellowes this.

Archi. I am a man.

Elid. A banifht man I thinke,
My brother *Archigallo*, ift not fo.

Archi. Tis fo, I am thy brother *Elidure*,

and Somebody.

All that thou haft is mine, the Crowne is mine,
Thy royaltie is mine; thefe hunting pleasures
Thou dooft vſurpe: ambitious *Elidure*
I was a King.

Elidu. And I may be a wretch: poore *Archigallo*,
The fight of thee that wert my Soueraigne,
In this eſtate, drawes riuers from mine eyes.
VVill you be king againe? if they agree
Ile redeliuer all my royaltie,
Saue what a fecond brother and a ſubieſt
Keepes in an humble boſome, for I ſweare
The Crowne is yours that *Elidure* doth weare.

Arch. Then giue it me; vſe not the common ſleights,
To pittie one, and keepe away his right.
Seeſt thou theſe ragges, doe they become my perſon?
O *Elidure*, take pittie on my ſtate,
Let me not ſtill liue thus infortunate.

Elidu. Alas, if pittie could procure your good,
Inſteed of water, Ide weepe teares of blood
To expreſſe both loue and pittie: fay deere brother
I ſhould vncrowne my ſelfe, the angry Peeres
VVill neuer let me reach the imperiall wreath
To *Archigalloes* head. There's ancient *Cornwell*,
Stout *Martianus*, *Morgan*, and bold *Malgo*,
From whom you tooke the pleaſant Southerne Ile,
VVill neuer kneele to you: what ſhould I fay,
Your tirannie was cauſe of your decay.

Arch. What ſhall I die then? welcome be that fate
Rather then ſtill liue in this wretched ſtate.

Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.

Corn. Yonders the King; my ſoueraigne you haue loſt
The fall of a braue ſtagge, he's dead my liedge.
VVhat fellowes this?

E.

Elidu.

Nobody,

Elidu. Knowest him not Cornwell?

Corn. No my liedge not I.

Arch. I am thy King.

Elid. Tis *Archigallo* man.

Corn. Thou art no king of mine, thou art a traytor,
Thy life is forfeit by thy stay in Brittain.
VVert thou not banisht?

Elidu. Noble Cornwell speake
More gently, or my piteous hart will breake,
Lord *Martianus*, *Morgan*, and the rest,
I am a wearie of my gouernment,
And willinglie refigne it to my brother.

Mart. Your brother was a tyrant, and my knee
Shall neuer bow to wrong and tirannie.

Elid. Yet looke vpon his misery, his teares
Argue repentance; thinke not honoured Lords
The feare of dangers waiting on my Crowne
Makes me so willing to refigne the fame,
For I am lou'd I know, but iustice bids
I make a resignation, tis his right,
My calls but vsurpation.

Corn. Elidure,

If you are wearie of your gouernment,
Wele fet the Crowne vpon a strangers head
Rather then *Archigallo*. Harke ye Lords,
Shall we make him our King we did depose,
So might our heads be chopt of, Ile loose mine
Ere my poore Country shall endure such wrongs,
As that iniurious tyrant plagues her with,

Mor. Keepe still your Crowne my Liedge, happy is Brittain
Vnder the gouernment of *Elidure*.

Arch. Let it be so,
Death is the happy period of all woe.
The wretch thats torne vpon the torturing wrack,
Feeles not more deuilish torment then my hart.

When

and Somebody.

When I but call to minde my tirannie,
I record heauen my Lords, my brothers fight,
The pittie that he takes of my distresse,
Your loue and true allegiance vnto him,
Hath wrought in me a reconciled spirit,
I doe confesse my sinne, and freely say,
I did deferue to be deposd.

Elidu. Alas good Prince, my honorable Lords,
Be not flint-harted, pittie *Archigallo*,
I know his penitentiall words proceede
From a remorsefull spirit, Ile ingage
My life vpon his righteous gouernment.
Good *Cornwell*, gentle *Martianus*, speake,
Shall *Archigallo* be your king againe?

Arch. By heauen I not desire it.

Elidu. See my Lords,
Hee's not ambitious, as thou lou'ft me *Cornwell*,
As thou didst loue our Father, let his sonne
Be righted, giue him backe the gouernment
You tooke from him.

Corn. VVhat should I say? faith I shall fall a weeping:
Therefore speake you.

Elid. Lord *Martianus* speake.

Mart. What say these Lords that haue been wrongd by him.

Elidu. *Morgan* and *Malgo*, all I haue in Brittain
Shall be ingag'd to you, that *Archigallo*
Will neuer more oppresse you, nor impose
Wrong on the meanest subiect in the Land.

Morg. Then weele embrace his gouernment.

Elidu. Saies *Malgo* so?

Malg. I doe my Lord.

Elidu. What saies *Martianus*?

Mart. Faith as my Lord of *Cornwell*.

Corn. I say that I am forry he was bad,
And now am glad hee's chang'd; his wickednes

Nobody,

We punisht, and his goodnes there's great reafon
Should be rewarded; therefore Lords fet on
To Yorke then, to his Coronation.

Elidu. Then happie *Elidurus*, happie day
That takes from me a kingdomes cares away.

Arch. And happie *Archigallo* that haue rangd
From fin, to fin, and now at laft am changd.
My Lords and friends, the wrongs that you haue feene
In me, my future vertues shall redeeme.
Come gentle brother, pittie that should rest
In women most, is harbor'd in thy brest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene, Lady Elidure, and Flatterer.

Lady Come haue you done your taske, now doe you see
What tis to be so proude of Maieftie,
We must take vp your gloue, and not be thought
Worthy the name of Sifter, thus you minx
Ile teach you ply your worke, and thanke me to,
This paines will be your owne another day.

Queene. Infulting, ouer-proude, ambitious woman,
Queene I diddaine to call thee, thou dooft wrong
Thy brothers wife, indeede thy Kings espoufd,
And mauger all thy tyrannie I sweare,
Rather then still liue thus, Ile perrish heere.

Sicoph. You are not wise, deiefted as you are
To bandie braues againft her Maieftie,
You must consider you are now her subiect,
Your tongue is bounded by the awe of dutie,
Fie, fie, I needes must chide you, since I see
You are so sawcie with her foueraigntie.

Queene. Time was bafe spaniell thou didst fawne as much
On me, as now thou striueft to flatter her:
O God, that one borne noble should be so bafe,
His generous blood to scandall all his race.

Lady My Lord, if she continue these proude termes,

and Somebody.

I giue you libertie to punish her.
Ile not maintaine my prisoner and my slaue
To raile gainst any one that honours me.

Enter Morgan and Malgo.

Morg. Health to the Queene, and happines to her
That must change states with you, and once more raigne
Queene of this Land.

Queene Speake that againe, ô I will blesse my fate,
If once more I supply my former state.

Malgo. Long may your highnes liue, your banisht Lord
Is by his brother *Elidurus* feated
Once more in Britaines throne.

Lady O I could teare my haire, base *Elidure*
To wrong himselfe, and make a slaue of me.

Queene Now minion, Ile cry quittance with your pride,
And make you stoope at our imperiall side.
But tell me *Morgan* by what accident
You met with my beloued *Archigallo*?

Morg. Euen in the woods where we did hunt the stagge,
There did the tender harted *Elidure*
Meete his distressed Brother, and so wrought
By his importunate speech with all his Peeres,
That after much deniall, yet at last
They yeilded their allegiance to your Lord,
Whom now we must acknowledge our dread King,
And you our princelie Queene.

Lady Thou Screchowle, Rauens, vglie throated slaue,
Theres for thy newes.

Queene Refraine her good my Lord.

Sicoph. Fie madam fie, fore God you are too blame
In presence of my soueraigne ladie Queene
To be thus rude, it would become you better
To shew more dutie to her Maiestie.

Lady. O monstrous, was not I thy Queene but now.

Nobody,

Sicoph. Yes, when your husband was my King you were.
But now the streame is turnd, and the States currant,
Runnes all to *Archigallo*, blame not mee,
Wifedome nere lou'd declined Maieftie.

*Enter Archigallo crownd, Elidure, Peridure, Vigenius,
Cornwell, Martianus, and
others.*

Queene. VVelcome from banishment my louing Lord,
Your kinglie prefence wraps my soule to heauen.

Arch. To heauen, and my kind brother *Elidure*,
Faire Queene we owe chiefe thanks for this our greatnes,
Next them, these honourable Lords.

Corn. Great Queene,
Once more the tribute of our bended knees
We pay to you, and humbly kisse your hand.

Mart. So doth *Martianus*.

Perid. And I.

Vige. And I.

Queene. Our brothers, by how much that name exceeds
The name of Lord, so much the more this dutie
Deserues requitall, thanks both, and thanks to all.

Arch. Set on there.

Exeunt all but Lady & Sicophant

Sicoph. Madam, you are not wife to grieue at that
Heauen hath decreed, and the state yeelded to,
No doubt her Maieftie will vse you well.

Lady VVell faiest thou: no I looke that she should treble
All the disgraces I haue layd on her.

I shall turne Laundresse now, and learne to starch,
And set and poke, and pocket vp such bafenes
As neuer princeffe did: did you obserue
What lookes I cast at *Elidure* my husband?

Sicoph. Your lookes declar'd the pafsion of your hart,
They were all fire.

Lady

and Somebody.

Lady. Would they had burnt his eyes out
That hath eclips'd our state and Maiestie.

Enter Queene, Morgan, and Malgo.

Queene. Bring hether the proude wife of *Elidure*,
Sicop. It shall be done.

Queene Our shoe string is vntied, stoope minion, stoope.

Lady Ile rather stoope to death thou moone-like *Queene*,
New changd, and yet so proude: theres those are made
For flexure, let them stoope, thus much Ile doe,
You are my *Queene*, tis but a debt I owe.

Queene Bring me the worke there, I will taske you to,
That by the howre spin it, I charge you doe.

Lady A distaffe and a spindle, so indeed
I told you this, *Diana* be my speede.

Morg. Yet for his Princelie worth that made you *Queene*
Respect her as the wife of *Elidure*.

Enter Cornwell.

Cornw. Wheres the *Queene*?

Queene What newes with *Cornwell*, why so sad my Lord?

Corn. Your husband on the suddaine is false sicke.

Queene. How; sicke.

Lady Now if it be thy will, sweet blessed heauen
Take him to mercie.

Quee. Doe not heare her prayers heauen I beseech thee.

Enter Martianus.

Mart. Madam, his highnes.

Queen. Is he aliue, or dead.

Mart. Dead madam.

Queene O my hart.

Corn. Looke to the *Queene*, let vs not loose her to;
She breathes, stand of, where be those wemen there,
Good *Queene* that shall be, lends a helping hand,

Helpe

Nobody,

Helpe to vnlace her.

Lady. Ile see her burft first.

Queene Now as you loue me let no helping hand
Preferue life in me, I had rather die
Then loofe the title of my foueraigntie.

Lady Take backe your Distaffe yet, wele stay our rage,
We will forbear our spleene for charitie
And loue vnto the dead, till you haue hearfd
Your husbands bones, conduēt her Lords away,
Our pride though eager, yet for foode shall stay.

Sicoph. Wilt please your high imperiall Maiestie
Commaund my feruice, I am humbly yours.

Lady We doe commaund what we well know youle doe,
Follow the stronger part, and cleaue thereto. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Elidure crownd, all the Lords and Ladies
attendants.*

Elidu. Once more our royall temples are ingirt
VVith Brittaines golden wreath, all seeing heauen
Witnes I not desire this foueraigntie,
But since this kingdoms good, and your Decrees,
Haue laid this heauen loade of common care
On *Elidure*, we shall discharge the same
To your content, I hope, and this Lands fame:
Our brother once interd, we will not stay,
But then to Troynouant weele speede, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Porters.

1 Porter Come fellow Porter, now the Court is heere
Our gaines will flie vpon vs like a tide,
Let vs make vse of time, and whilst theres plentie
Stirring in Court, still labour to increafe
The wealth which by our office we haue got.

2 Porter. Out of our large allowance we must faue
Of thousandes that passe by vs, and our office,

We

and Somebody,

we will giue entertainment to No-body.

Enter No-body.

No-body. My name is *No-body*,

1. *Port.* You are welcome fir, ere you peruse the court,
Tast the kings beere, heere at the Porters lodge,
A dish of beere for maister *No-body*.

Nobody. I thanke you fir.

2. *Port.* Heere maister *No-body*, withall my hart,
A full Carouse, and welcome to our Office.

Nobo. I thanke you fir, and were your beere tems water,
Yet No-body would pledge you, to you fir.

1. *Port.* You are a stranger here, how in the Citty,
Haue you bin long in towne.

Nobo. I fir, too long, vnlesse my entertaine
Had bin more pleasing, for my life is fought,
I am a harmeleffe well dispos'd plaine man,
That iniure none, yet what fo ere is done
Amisse in London, is impos'd on me,
Be it lying, secreet theft, or any thing
They call abuse, tis done by No-body,
I am pursued by all, and now am come,
To see what safety is within the Court
For a plaine fellow.

2. *Por.* You are welcome hether fir.
Methinkes you do looke wilde, as if you wanted sufficient
Sleepe.

Nobo. O do not blame me fir,
Being pursued I fled, comming through Poules,
There No-body kneeld downe to say his prayers,
And was deuout I wis, comming through Fleetstreet,
There at a tauern doore two fwaggerers
Were fighting, being attacht, twas askt who gaue
The first occasion, twas answered *nobody*,
The guilt was laid on me, which made me fly
To the Themis side, desired a Waterman,

Nobody,

To row me thence away to Charing-crosse,
He askt me for his fare, I answered him
I had no money, whats your name quoth he,
I told him No-body, then he bad me welcome,
Said he would carry No-body for nothing.
From thence I went
To see the law Courts held at Westminster,
There meeting vvith a friend, I straight vvas askt
If I had any fute, I ansvvered, yes,
Marry I vvanted money, fir quoth he,
For you, because your name is *No-body*
I vvill follicit law, and *no-body*
Assure your selfe, shall thriue by futes in Lavv,
I thankt him, and so came to see the court,
Where I am very much beholding to your kindnesse.

1. *Port.* And Maister *no-body* you are very vvelcome,
Good fellow lead him to the Hall,
Will you vvalke neare the court.

nobo. I thanke you fir.

Exeunt nobody and Porters.

Enter Some-body and a Bragart.

Som. Fie vvhat a toile it is to find out *nobody*,
I haue dogd him very close, yet he is got into the court be-
fore me.

Sir you haue sworne to fight with *nobody*,
Do you stay heere, and watch at the court gate,
And when you meet him challenge him the field,
Whilst I fet Lime-twigs for him in all Offices,
If either you or I, but prosper right,
He needs must fall by policy or slight. *Exit.*

Brag. I would this roundman *nobody* would come,
I that professe much valor yet haue none,
Cannot but be too hard for *nobody*,
For what can be in *nobody*, vnlesse
He be so cald because he is al spirit,
Or say he be all spirit, wanting limbes,

How

and Somebody,

How can this spirit hurt me, sure he dies,
And by his death, my fame shall mount the skies.

Enter nobody.

nobody. By thy leaue my sweet friend,
Theres for thy farewell.

Brag. Stay.

nobo. Thats but one word, let two go to the bargain if it
please you, why should I stay.

Brag. I challenge thee. (leaue.

no. I may chuse whither ile answer your challenge by your

Bra. Ile haue thee picturd as thy picture, vnles thou answer

no. For what sir, pray why wold you haue me printed. (me

Brag. For cowardice.

nobo. Methinkes your picture woulde doe better for the
picture of cowardice then mine sir, but pray whats your

Brag. Thou hast abusd one *Some-body*, (will with me.

nobo. So haue my betters abusd *Som-body* in their time

Brag. Ile fight with thee for that.

no. Alas sir I am *nobody* at fighting, yet thus much let mee
tell you, *nobody* cannot run away, I cannot budge.

Brag. Prepare thee then, for I will spit thy body vppon
this weapon.

nobo. nay by faith that you cannot, for I haue no bodye.

Brag. Thy bowels then.

no. They are the fairer mark a great deal, com on sir, come on

Brag. Haue at thy bellie.

nobo. You must either hit that or nothing.

Brag. Ile kill and quarter thee.

nobo. Youle hardly find my ioynts I think to quarter me,
I am so well fed, come on sir.

Fight nobody is downe,

Brag. now thou art at my mercie.

no. What are you the better to haue *nobody* at your mercy

Brag. Ile kill thee novv.

Nobody,

Nobo. I thinke youle fooner kill me then any body,
But let me rife againe.

Brag. No I will let *No-body* rife.

Nobo. Why then let me fir, I am *No-body*.

Enter Clowne.

Clown. How now, O fates, O heauens, is not that my M.
what shall I do, be valiant. and reskue my sweet maister,
Auant thou Pagan, Pug, what ere thou be,
Behold I come to fet thy prifoner free.

Brag. Fortune that giddy Goddesse hath turnd her wheel,
I shall be matcht, thus will I gore you both. Hold captains,
not *Hercules* himselfe would fight with two, I yeeld.

Clown. Twas your best course, down vassall down, and kisse
My pumpe.

Brag. Tis base, O base.

Clow. Zounds, ile naile thy lips to limbo vnlesse thou kis.

Brag. Tis done.

Nobo. Thanks honest seruant.

Clow. Zounds if I say ile doet, ile doet indeed.

Nobo. For this ile carry thee into the Court,
Where thou shalt see thy Maister *No-body*
Hath friends will bid him welcome, so farewell,

Clown. Farewell maister Braggart, farewell, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brag. Ile follow, I shall meet with *Some-body*,
That will reuenge, ile plot and ert be long
Ile be reuengd on *No-body* for this wrong.

Exit.

Enter Vigenius Peridure and the Queene.

Queene. Your hopes are great faire brothers, and your
names, shall if in this you be aduisd by vs,
Be rankt in scroule of all the Brittish kings,
Oh take vpon you this so weighty charge,
To great to be dischargd by Elidure.

Vig. Deere sifter Q. how are we bound to you,
In neerer bonds then a fraternall league,

For

and Somebody

For this your royall practife to raife vs,
Vnto the height of honor and estate,
Let me no longer breath a prince on earth,
Or thinke me woorthy of your regall blood,
If we imbrace not this high motion.

Perid. Imbrace it brother, we are all on speed,
My princely thought inflam'd with Ardency
Of this imperiall state, and Scepterd rule,
My kinglie browes, itch for a stately Crowne,
This hand to beare a round Monarchall Globe,
This the bright fword of Iustice, and stern aw,
Deere sifter you haue made me all on fire,
My kingly thoughts, beyond their bounds aspire.

Vig. How shall we quit your loue, when we ascend
The state of *Elydure*.

Queen. All that I craue,
Is but to make the imperious Queene my flauie,
That she that aboue Iustice now commands,
May tast new thraldome at our royall hands.

Perid. The Queene is yours, the king shalbe depof'd,
And she disgraded from all Soueraignty.

Queen. That I might liue to see that happy houre,
To haue that sterne commandresse in my power.

Vig. Shees doomd alreadie, and at your dispose,
And we prepard for speedy execution,
Of any plot that may auaille our pompe,
Or throne vs in the state of Brittainy.

Enter Morgan and Mallgo.

Perid. Heere comes the Lords of this pretended league,
How goes our hope, speake valiant English Peeres,
Are we in way of Soueraignty, or still stand we
Subiects vnto the aw of *Elidure*.

Mor. Long liue the valiant brothers of the King,
With mutuall loue to weare the *Brittish* Crowne,

No-body

Two thousand Souldiors haue I brought from Wales,
to wait vpon the princely *Perydure*.

Malg. As many of my bold confederates
Haue I drawne from the South to fweare allegiance,
to young *Vigenius*.

Vig. Do but call me king,
the charming Spheres so sweetly cannot fing.

Malg. To king *Vigenius*.

Vig. Oh but wheres our Crowne,
that make knees humble, when their soueraignes frowne.

Mal. King *Eliduras* shall his state resigne.

Perid. Say *Morgan* so, and *Britains* rule is mine.

Mor. king *Peridure* shall raigne.

Perid. And sit in state.

Mor. And thousand subiects on his glory waite.

Perid. Then they that lifts vs to the imperiall feate,
Our powers and will shall study to make great.

Vig. And thou that raifest vs, as our best friend,
Shall as we mount the like degrees ascend.

Queen. When will you giue the attempt.

Perid. Now royall sifter.

Before the king haue notice of our plot,
Before the Lords that loue his government,
Prepare their opposition.

Vig. Well determined,
And like a king in *Esse*, now this night,
Lets make a hostile vprore in the Court,
Surprize the king, make ceazure of the Crowne,
Lay hands vpon the Counfell, least they scape
to leuy forces, those Lords
that serue the king, and with austere reproofes,
punish the hatefull vices of the Land,
Must not awe vs, they shall not raigne, we wil,
those that applaud vs, raise, despise vs, kill,

Perid. I see a kind of state appeare already
In thy maieftick brow, cal in the souldiors,

and Some body

Man the Court gates, barricade al the streets,
Defend the waies, the lands and passages,
And girt the pallace with a treble wall
Of armed souldiors, and in dead of night,
When all the peeres ly drownd in golden sleepe,
Sound out a fodaine and a shrill Alarum,
to maze them in the midft of horrid dreames.

Vig. The king and Crowne is ours.

Q. The Queen I claime.

Perid. It shal go hard, but I the shrew will tame,
trumpets and drums, your dreadfull clamors found.

Vig. Proclaime me captiue, or a king new crownd.

*Alarum, they watche the doores, Enter at one doore
Cornwell.*

Corn. Treason, treason.

Perid. thou art mine what ere thou be.

Corn. Prince Peridure.

Perid. I Cornwell and thy king.

Corn. He discords taught, that taught thee fo to sing.

Alarum Enter at another doore Martianus.

Mar. Who stops this passage.

Vig. *Martianus* we.

Mar. *Vigenius*.

Vig. Vnto whom thou owest thy knee.

Mar. My knee to none, but *Elydure* shal bend.

Vig. Our raign beginning hath when his lines end.

*Alarum, Enter at another doore Elydure, stopt by the
Queene.*

Lady What traitrous hand dares interdickt our way?

Queene. Why that dare ours, tis we command thee ftaie.

Lady.

No-body

Lady. Are we not Queene?

Queene. Ist you, then happily met,
I haue owed you long, and now Ile pay that dept.

Lady. Vild traitresse, darest, thou lay a violent hand on
vs thy Queene?

Queene. We dare commaund thee stand,
Thou wast a Queene, but now thou art a slaue.

Lady. Before such bondage, graunt me heauen a graue.

Alarum Enter Elidure.

Elidure. What seeke ye Lords? What meane these loud
Alarums, in the still silence of this hunned night?

Perid. King we seeke thee.

Vig. And more we seeke thy Crowne.

Elidure. Why Princely brothers is it not our owne,
That tis ours we plead the law of kings,
The giuft of heauen, and the antiquety on earth,
Election from them both.

Vig. We plead our powers & strength, we two must raign.

Perid. We were borne to rule, and homage we disdaine.

Corn. Doe not resigne, good King.

Perid. How faucy Lord?

Corn. Ile keepe still thy Crowne.

Perid. I say that word shall cost old *Cornwels* life.

Corn. Tush this for care.

Tirants good subiects kills and traitors spare.

Vig. Wilt thou submit thy Crowne?

Mar. Dread soueraigne, no.

Vig. He hates his owne life that aduifeth so.

Mar. I hate all traitors, and had rather die,
Then see such wrong done to his soueraignty.

Queen. Giue vp thy state to these two princely youthes,
and thy resigment shal preferue thy life.

Lady. Wilt thou so much wrong both thy selfe and wife?
Hast liued a king, and canst thou die a slaue,
A royall feat, doth aske a royall graue,

Though

and Nobody.

Though thousand swords thy present safety ring,
Thou that hast bin a Monarche, dye a king.

Queen. Whether he liue or dye, thou sure shalt be no longer Queene, but Vassalle vnto me, Ile make ye now my drudge.

Lady. How mynion, thine?

Queene. Thart no more Queen, thy husband must resigne.

Corn. Refigne, to whom?

Perid. I am one.

Vig. And I another.

Lady. Canst be so base to see a younger brother,
Nay two young Boyes plaft in thy throne of state,
And thou their sodaine in their traines to waite,
Ile dye before I endure it.

Perid. So shall all,
that doe not prostrate to our homage fall.
Shall they not brother king?

Vig. They shall by heauen.

Mar. Come kill me first.

Corn. Nay make the number euen,
And kill me to, for I am pleasd to dye,
Rather then this indure.

Lady. The third am I.

Queene. Nay strike her first.

Perid. Rage giue my fury way.

Vig. Strike valiant brother king.

Elid. Yet heare me, stay.

Perid. Be brieft for Gods sake then.

Elidure. O heauen, that men so much should couet care,
Septers are golden baites, the outsidcs faire:
But he that swallows this sweete sugred pill,
Twill make him sicke with troubles that grow ftill:
Alasse you seeke to ease me being wearied
And lay my burthen on your able loines,
My vnambitious thoughts haue bin long tird,

Nobody,

With this great charge, and now they rest desird,
And see the kinde youths coueting my peace,
Bring me of all these turmoiles free release.
Heere take my Crown.

Lady Wilt thou be made a stale,
Shall this proud Woman, and these boyes preuaile?
Shal I for them be made a publike scorne,
Oh hadst thou buried bin, assoone as borne,
How happy had I bin.

Eliid. Patienc sweete wife,
Thinkst thou I praise my Crowne about thy life,
No take it Lords, it hath my trouble bin,
And for this Crowne, oh giue me backe my Queene.

Queene. Nay shes bestowed on me.

Elydure. Then what you please,
Heere take my trouble, and resigne your ease.

Sicoph. My Lords receiue the crowne of Elydure,
Faire hopefull blossoms of our future peace,
Happy am I, that *I* but liue to see,
the Land rul'd by your dubble Soueraignty.

Vig. Now let the king discend to be dispos'd of
At our high pleasure, come giue me the Crowne.

perid. Why you the Crown, good brother more then we.

vig. Weele proue it how it fits our kingly temples,
And how our brow becomes a wreath so faire.

perid. Shall *I* see you crownd, and my selfe stand bare,
Rather this wreath maiestick let me try,
And sit inthron'd, in pompious Maiesty.

vig. And *I* attend, whilst you ascend the throne,
Where had we right, we should sit crownd alone.

perid. Alone, darst thou vsurpe vpon my right.

vig. I durst do much, had *I* but power and might,
But wanting that, come let vs raigne together,
both kings, and yet the rich crowne worne by neither.

perid. Content, the king doth on our sentence waite,

and Somebody,

To doome him, come lets take our dubble state,
What shall he liue, or dye?

Elid. I know not how I should deferue to dye.

Lady. Yes to let two such vsurpers liue.

Sicoph. Nay *Madam*, now *I* needes must tell your grace,
You wrong these kings, forget both time and place,
It is not as it was, now you must bowe,
Vnto this dubble state, ile shew you how.

Lady. Base flattring groome flauish parasite,

Vig. Shall I pronounce his sentence.

Perid. Brother doe.

Vig. Thy life we graunt thee and that Womans to,
But liue deuided you within the tower,
You prifoner to that princeffe.

Lady. In her power,

Oh dubble flauery.

Perid. Conuay both hence.

Elid. My doomes feuerer then my small offence.

Queene. Come Minion, will you goe.

Lady. To death, to hel,

Rather then in thy base subiection dwell.

Vig. *Cornwell* and *Martianus* you both see,
We are possfett of this imperiall feate,
And you that were sworne liedgemen to the Crowne,
Should now submit to vs that owe the fame,
We know without your graue directions,
We cannot with experience guide the land,
Therefore weele study to deferue your loues.

Perid. Twas not ambition, or the loue of state,
that drew vs to this businesse, but the feare,
Of *Elidurus* weakenesse whom in zeale,
To the whole land we haue deposd this day,
speake, shall we haue your loues?

corn. My lords, and Kings,

Tis bootlesse to contend gainst heauen and you,

Some-body

Since without our consent the kings despoild,
And we vnable to support his fall,
Rather then the whole land should shrinke,
You shall haue my affystance in the state.

Mar. *Cornwell* and I will beare the selfe same state.

Perid. We now are Kings indeede and *Brittaine* fway,
When *Cornwell* and his brother *Vine* say

Vig. Receiue our grace, keepe still your offyces,
Imbrace these peeres that raïsd vs to the throne,
Brittaine reioice, and Crowne this happy yeare,
Two sonnes at once shine in thy royall sphere.

Corn. And thats prodigious, I but waite the time
To see their sodaine fall that swiftly clime.

Mar. My Lord much honor might you win your land
To giue release vnto your sister Queene,
Being a Lady in the land beloud.

Vig. You haue aduïsd vs well, it shall be so.

Corn. Shold you set free the Princesse might not she
Make vprors in the land, and raise the Commons.
In the releasment of the Captiue King.

Perid. Well counfeld *Cornwell*, she shall liue in bondage.

Mar. Renowne your selfe by being kind to her.

Corn. Secure your state by her imprisonment.

Vig. Weele haue the Queene set free.

Perid. Weele haue her guarded,
With stricter keeping and seuerer charge.

Mar. Will you be braued by one thats but your equall,
Hauing no more then party government.

Corn. Or you be scornd by one to you inferior,
In generall estimation of the land.

vig. Set free the Princesse, say the king commaunds.

Perid. Keepe her in thraldome still, and captiue bands.

vig. Weele not be contermaunded.

perid. Sir nor we.

vig. Before Ile be halfe a king and contrould

and No-body.

In any regality, ile hazard all,
Ile be compleat or none.

Perid. Before ile stand,
Thus for a Cipher with my halfe command,
Ile venture all my fortunes, how now pride,
Percht on my vpperhand.

Corn. By heauen well fpyed.

vig. Tis ours by right, and right we will inioy.

perid. Claimft thou preheminece, com down proud boy

vig. Then lets try maiftries, and one conquer all,
We climd at once, and we at once will fall.

They wrastle and are parted

peri. They that loue Peridure deuide themfelues vppon
their part.

Corn. That am I.

Mor. and I.

vig. They that loue vs on this fide.

Mar. I.

Mal. And I.

vig. Then to the field, to fet our fifter free.

perid. By all my hopes with her ile captiue thee.

vig. Trumpets and Drums, triumphant mufick fing.

perid. this day a captiue, or a compleat king. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, Enter Some-body and Sicophant.

Somb. Sir you haue fworne to manage thefe affaires,
Euen with your beft of iudgement.

Enter Clowne.

Sicoph. I haue prouided, you will let me share,
Of the Grand-benefit you get by dice,
Deceitfull Cards, and other cozening games
you bring into the Court.

No-body

- C. O rare, now shall I find out crab, fom notable knauery
Somb. You shall haue equall share with *Somebody*,
Prouided, you will help to apprehend that *Nobody*,
On whom the guilt shall lye,
Of all those cheting tricks I haue deuisd.
- C. O the fates, treason against my m. perfon, but I beleuee
Somb. wil pay fort, ile tickle your long waft for this yfaith.
Sico. Giue me some bales of dice. What are these?
som. Those are called high Fulloms.
Clo. Ile Fullom you for this.
som. Those low Fulloms.
- C. They may chance bring you as hie as the Gallowes.
som. Those Demi-bars. (the gallows.
clow. Great reason you should come to the barre before
som. Those bar Sizeaces.
Clo. A couple of Affes indeed.
som. Those Brisle dice.
clo. Tis like they brisle, for I am sure theile breed anger
ficop. Now fir, as you haue compaft all the Dice,
So I for cards. These for the game at maw,
All faving one, are Cut next vnder that,
Lay me the Ace of Harts, then cut the Cards,
O your fellow must needs haue it in his first tricke.
clow. Ile teach you a trick for this yfaith.
ficop. these for Premero cut vpon the sides,
As the other on the ends.
clow. Marke the end of all this.
ficop. these are for post and paire, these for faunt,
these for new cut.
clown. theile make you cut a fether one day,
fico. Well, these disperft, and No-body
Attacht for all these crimes, shalbe hangd.
clow. I or els you shall hange for him,
fico. Come, shals about our bufines.
som. Content, lets straight about it. *Exeunt*
clow. O my hart, that it was my fortune to heare all thys,
but

and Somebody

but beware a lucky man whllst you liue, Alaffe if I had not refcued my maifter, the fwaggering fellowe woulde haue made No-body of him. Againe if I had not ouerheard this treason to his perfon, thefe Cunnicatching knaues, woulde haue made leffe then Nobody of him. For indeed they wold haue handg him, but heeres my maifter, O fweet maifter how cheere you?

Enter No-body.

Nobo. O excellent, admirable, and beyond comparifon, I thinke my fhape inchants them.

clo. I think not fo, for if I wer a Lady, I fhould neuer abide you: but Maifter, I can tell you rare newes, you muft be apprehended, for a Cheater, a Cozener, a Libiller, and I know not what.

Nobo. Not I, I am an innocent, no Cheater, no Cozener, but a fimple honeft man, hunted from place to place by *some-body*.

clo. tis true fir, it is one *som.* that would attach you, therefore Looke to your felfe, but Mai. if you be tooke neuer feare, I heard all their knauery, and I can cleare you I warrant.

Enter Some-body and officers.

Som. O haue I found you, this is he my friends, We haue long fought, you know when twas inquird, Who brought the falfe Dice, and the cheating cards Into the court, twas answered *No-body*.

Clo. No. (qd. tha) I am affraid youle proue the knaue *som.*
som. Lay hold vpon him, beare him to the prifon.

No. To prifon, fay you well, if I be guilty, this fellow is my partner take him to.

som. Are you confederate in this treason firra?

clo. If I be not fir *some-body* is, but if I be guilty I muft beare *If* off with head and fhoulders.

som. To prifon with them, now the bird is caught,

For

Somebody and

For whom so long, through *Britane* haue I fought.

Clow. I beleuee I haue a bird in a box, shal catcht you for all this.

Someb. Away with them I fay.

Exeunt.

Enter feuerally Peridure, Vigenius, Cornewell, Martianus, Morgan, Malgo, with drum and Coulors.

Vig. In Armes well met, ambitious *Peridure*,

Perid. *Vigenius* thou salutes me with a title,
Most proper to thy selfe,

Vig. Art thou not proud.

Perid. Onely to meet thee on this bed of death,
Wherein the Title to the English Crowne,
Shall perish with thy selfe.

Vig. Faire is the end

Of such as die in honourable warre,
Oh far more faire, then on a bed of downe.

Mar. Warre is the fouldiors haruest it cuts downe.

Perid. The liues of such as hinder our renowne.

Vig. Such as are apt for tumult.

Perid. Such as you,

That to our lawfull Soueraigne are vntrue.

Vig. Blushes not *Peridure* to braue vs fo.

Perid. Blushes *Vigenius* at thy ouerthrow,

Who waft that told me he would submit.

Sicoph. Twas I my Lord.

Vig. Peace foole thou doest forget,

Tis not an hower since, to our princely eare,
Thou saidst thou did desire vs to forbear.

Sicoph. True my good Lord.

Perid. True that I fought to stay.

vig. That I would basely my ritcht hopes betray.

Sico. I did it of mine owne head to make you friends.

Perid. Still playing of the Sicophant.

vig.

and Nobody.

Vig. What still.

Perid. A glofe *I* see to insinuate our goodwill.

Vig. That whofoeuer conquer, he might gaine.

Perid. the fauour of vs both, that was his trayne.

Vig. But henceforth we cashiere thee from the filde.

Perid. Neuer heereafter beare a souldiers shield,
A souldiers sword, nor any other grace,
But what is like thine owne, a double face.

sicoph. Now I befeech *Ioue* heare my praier, let them bee
both slaine in the battell. *Exit.*

Perid. If there be any other of his hart,
We giue them free licence to depart.

corn. Cornwell hates flattery.

Mar. So does *Martianus*.

Malg. *Malgo* is resolute for all affaires.

Morg. And so is *Morgan*, for he scornes delayes.

Vig. then where the fieelde confists of such a spirit,
He that subdues conquers the Crowne by merit.

perid. thats I.

Vig. tis I.

Perid. Ryuers in blood declare it.

Vig. Graffe turne to Crimfon if *vigenius* spare it.

Elid. Aire be made purple with our reaking gore.

vige. Follow my frends.

Perid. Conquer or neare giue ore.

*Alarum, Excursious, periduras, and vigenius fight, and
both slaine.*

*Enter cornwell, Martianus, Morgan, and
Malgo.*

Mar. this way *I* saw *vigenius* on the spur.

corn. *I* *periduras*, this way.

Morg. A strang fight, my Lord is breathlesse.

Malg. My deare Lord is dead

H

Mar.

Some-body

Mar. True Brothers in ambition, and in death.

Corn. Yet we are enemies, why fight we not
With one another, for our generals losse.

Mar. To much blood already hath beene spent,
Now therefore since the difference in themfelues,
Is reconfiled in eithers ouerthrow,
Let vs be as we were before this Iar,
And ioyning hands like honorable friends,
Enter their bodyes as becomes their state,
And which is rare once more to *Elidure*,
Who now in prifon leads a wearied life,
With true submission offer Englands Crowne.
Of all the charges of tumultuous fate,
This is most strange three times to flow in state. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene and Sicophant.

Sico. Madam.

Queene. You are welcome, what new flatteries,
Are a coyning in the mint of that smoth face?

Sicoph. Where is the Lady *Elidor* I pray.

Q. Amongst my other waiting maides at worke.

sicoph. Tis well, yet *Madam* with your gracious leaue
I wish it better.

Queene. What in loue with her,
Canst thou affect such a deiected wretch,
Then I perceiue thy flattery is folly,
Or thout proue honest, louing one so poore.

Sico. I know not *Madam* what your highnesse gathers
Out of my troubled words, I loue you well,
And though the time should alter, as I am sure,
It is impossible, yet I would follow
All your misfortunes with a patient hart.

Queene. I haue seene too much of thee to credit thee.

Sico. Now in your height of glory vse your seruant,
Now

and Nobody.

now *Madam*, whilst the noble *Peridure*
That loues you dearer then the Brittish Crowne,
Whilst hees conqueror, vse me to destroy
Your greatest enemy, and I will doe it.

Queene. Thou wilt not.

ficoph. Be it *Elidure* the king,
The prisoner I should say, Ide murder him,
To shew how much I loue your maiesty.

Q. Thou wouldst not poyson for me his base *Queene*,
Whom I so often haue triumphed ore,
That torment now is her beatitude,
And tedious vnto me.

fico. no more, shes dead.

Enter Lady Elidure.

queene. See where she comes, dispatch her presently,
For though the Princely *Peridure* be king,
His brothers death in time will make him odious
Vnto his subiects, and they may restore
Mild *Elidure* againe, and then I dye,

fico. Withdraw, shes dead, as surely as you liue.

Lady. What shall I neuer from this seruitude
Receiue releasant euermore be plagud,
With this insulting Queen? Is there no change,
no other alteration in the state

I know there is not, I am borne to be
a slaue, to one baser then flauery

sioo. I will release you by a speedy death.

Lady. By death, alasse, what tongue pronounst that word?
What my Lord weather-cocke? nay then I see,
Death in thy mouth is but base flattery.

fico. By heauen I am sent to kill you.

Lady. By whose meanes.

sico. By one that will auouch it when tis done.

Lady. not the proud queene.

Some-body

sico. Yes, but *I* am determin'd
in full amends for all my flattery,
to saue your life, and kill her instantly.

La. Oh if a Divell would vndertake that deed,
I card not though she heard me, *I* would say,
He were a starre more glorious then the day.

sicoph. And would you for that good deed pardon me.

Lady. And quite all former iniury.

sicoph. But let me tell your highnes by the way,
the Queene is not so hafty of your death.

Lady. no, for she had rather haue my life prolongd.

sicoph. *I* do assure your highnes on mine honor,
When *I* did say she sent me to destroy you,
I flauderd her great mercy towards you,
For she had giuen me order to releafe you.

Lady. Oh monstrous lie.

sicoph. beleeeue it, for tis true:

And this moreouer, she somuch repents
Her former pride and hardnes towards you,
that she could wish it neuer had bin done.

Lady. then *I* repent me of my wrongs towards her,
And in the stead of a reward proposd
to him that should destroy her, *I* do wish,
Death be his death, that vndertakes the deed.

sicoph. but will you not forget these princelie words,
if any alteration should ensue.

Lady. not *I*, *I* in my oths am true.

sicoph. Except once more the Lords crowne *Elydure.*

Lady. though that should chance, ile hold my promise

sicoph. And you too Madam. fure.

Q. So thou muderst hir.

sico. Know that Lord *periduras* and his
brother, are in the battell slaine, and by the nobles,
her husband *Elidure* raifd to the state,
setting aside all iesting, Queene beleeeue it.

And

and No-body.

And truce with her, leaft the triumph againe.

Queen. For Gods fake make vs friends.

sicoph. Good Lord how ftrange this reconciled foes behold each other.

Lady. Sifter.

Queen. Kind fifter.

sicoph. Then make me your brother, fay are you friends.

Both. We are.

sicoph. Then chance what can,
in this I haue prooud my felfe an honeft man.

Enter Malgo.

Malgo. The king your husband, madam new releaft,
Defires your prefence at his Coronation.

Lady. My *Elydure* a third time to be crownd.

Mal. True Madam, and expects your company.

Lady. And you knew this before.

sicoph. No on mine honor.

Lady. Neither you Sifter.

Queene. neither.

Lady. If you did

My oath is pafte, and what I haue lately fworne ile hold inuiolate, here all ftryfe ends, thy wit has made two proude fhrewes perfect friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter in fteate, Elidure, Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan, and all the Lords.

Corn. A third time liue our gracious foueraigne
Monarch of England, crowned by thefe hands.

Elid. A third time Lords, I do returne your loue,
And wifh it with my foule, fo heauen were pleafed,
My ambitious Brothers had not died for this,
But we haue giuen them honorable graues.

Somebody and

Enter Queen and Lady.

And mournd their moſt vntimely funerall,
My loued Queen, come feat thee by my ſide,
Partner in all my forrowes and my ioyes,
And you her reconciled Siſter ſit,
By her in ſecond place of maieſty,
It ioyes me that you haue outworne your pride.

Lady. Methinks my gracious husband and my King,
I neuer tooke more pleaſure in my glaſſe,
Then I receiue in her ſociety.

Queen. Nor I in all my ſtate as in her loue.

Elid. My Lord of *Cornwell*, whoſe that whippers to you?
Or whats the newes?

Corn. My liege, he tels me heeres a great contention
betwixt two noted perſons of the Land
much ſpoke of by all ſtates, one *some-body*
Hath brought before your highnes and this preſence,
An infamous and ſtrange opiniond fellow,
Cald *No-body*, they would intreat your highnes,
To heare their matters ſcand.

Elid. Weele fit in perſon on their controuerſies,
Admit them *Cornwell*.

Lady. Is that ſtrange monſter tooke, ſomuch renownd,
In Citty, Court, and Country, for lewd prancks.
Tis well, weel heare how he can purge himſelfe.

Enter some-body, bringing in No-body and his man, with Billes and ſtaues.

Som. now firrha we haue brought you before the king,
Wheres your hart now?

Nob. My harts in my hoſe, but my face was neuer aſhamed
to ſhew it ſelfe, yet before king or Keyfer.

som. And wheres your hart firrha?

Clow.

and No-body.

Clowne. My harts lower then my hofe, for mine it at my heel, but wherfoeuer it is, it is a true hart, and fo is not *somb.*

som. Health to your Maieftie, and to the Queene,
With a hart lower then this humble earth
whereon I kneele. I beg againft this fellow,
Iuftice my liege.

Eli. Againft whom.

som. Againft *No-body.*

No. My liege, his words wel fute vnto his thoughts,
He wifhes no man Iuftice, being compofd
Of all deceit, of subtilty and flight,
For mine own part, if in this royall prefence,
And before all thefe true iudiciall Lords,
I cannot with fincerenes cleare my felfe,
Of all fuggeftions falfly coynd againft me,
Let me be hangd vp funning in the ayre,
And made a fcar-crow.

Mar. Lets heare his accufations,
And then how well thou canft aquit thy felfe.

som. Firft, when this monfter made his refidence
Within the country, and difperft his fhape
Through euery fhire and country of the Land,
Where plenty had before a quiet feat,
And the poore commons of the Land were full,
With rich abundance and faciety,
At his ariue, great dearths and fcarfity,
By ingrofing corne, and racking poore mens rents.
This makes fo many poore and honeft Farmers,
to fell their leafes, and to beg their bread,
this makes fo many beggers in the Land.

Corn. I but what prooffe or lawfull euidence
Can you bring forth, that this was done by him.

som. My Lord I traf't him, and fo found him out,
But fhould your Lordfhip not beleeeue my prooffe,
Examine all the rich and wealthy chuffes,

Whofe

Somebody and

Whose full cramd Garners to the roofes are filld,
In euery dearth who makes this scarfitye,
And euery man will clearely quit himfelfe,
Then confequently, it muft be *Nobody*.
Bafe copper money is stampd, the mint difgraft,
Make fearch who doth this, euery man cleares one,
So confequently it muft be *Nobody*.
Besides, whereas the nobles of the land,
And Gentlemen built goodly manner houfes,
Fit to receiue a King, and all his traine,
And there kept royall hofpitality,
Since this intestine monfter *Nobody*,
Dwels in thefe goodly houfes keeps no traine,
A hundred Chimnies, and not one caft fmoke,
And now the caufe of thefe, mock-beggers Hal,
Is this they, are dwelt in by *No-body*,
For this out of the countrey he was chaft.

No. My royall liedge whie am I thus difgraft,
Ile proue that flandrous wretch hath this al done.

Elid. Tis good you can aquit you, fuch abufes,
Growe in the countrey, and vnknowne to vs:
nay then no maruell that fo manie poore,
ftarue in the ftreets and beg from doore, to doore.
Then firha purge you from this countrey blame,
Or we will make thee the worlds publike fhame.

Corn. now *No-body*, vvhat can you fay to this.

Cl. My M. hath good cards, on his fide Ile vvarrant him.

No. my Lord, you knowv that flanders are no proofes,
nor vvords without their prefent euidence,
If things were done, they muft be done by *some-body*,
Elfe could they haue no being. Is corne hoorded,
some-body hords it, elfe it would be delt,
In mutuall plentie throughout all the land,
Are their rents raifd, if *No-body* fhould doe it,
then fhould it be vndone. Is

Bafe

and Somebody,

Bafe money stamp, and the kings letters forgd,
Some-body needes must doe it, therefore not I,
And where he faies, great houfes long fince built,
Lye deftitute, and waft becaufe inhabited,
By *No-body* my liedge, I anfwer thus,
If *Some-body* dwelt therein, I would giue place.
Or wold he but alow thofe chimnies fire,
They would caft cloudes to heauen, the Kitchin-foode
It would releeeue the poore, the fellers beere,
It would make ftrangers drinke, but he commits
Thefe outragies then laies the blame on me,
And for my good deeds I am made a fcorne.
I onely giue the tired a refuge feat,
The vnclotd garments, and the ftarued meate.

Clow. How fay you by this maifter *Some-body*. I beleeeue
you will be found out by and by.

Corn. If this be true my liedge, as true it is,
Some-body will be found an arrant cheater,
Vnleffe he better can acquit himfelfe.

Sich. Touch him with the citty, fince you haue taken the
foile in the Countrey.

Mar. Sirha, what can you fay to this?

Someb. What fhould I faie my Lord, fee heare complaints,
Made in the citty againft *no-body*,
Afwell as in the country. See their bills,
Heeres one complaines his wife hath bin abroad,
And asking where fhe reuels night, by night,
She anfwers fhe hath bin with *no-body*.
Heares queanes maintaind in euery fuburb ftreete,
Aske who maintaines them, and tis *no-body*.
Watches are beaten, and Conftables are fcoft,
In dead of night men are made drunke in tauernes,
Girles loofe their maiden heads at thirteene yeares,
Pockets pickt, and purfes cut in throngs.

Queene. Inough, inough, doth *no-body* all this?

Nobody,

Though he hath cleared himselfe from country crimes,
He cannot scape the city.

No. Yes dread Queene,
I must confesse these things are daily done,
For which *I* heere accuse this Some-body,
That euery where with flanders dogs my steps,
And cunningly assumes my borrowed shape,
Women lie out, if they be tooke and found
with *somebody*, then *No-body* goes cleere,
Else the blames mine, he doth these faults vnknowne,
then flanders my chaste innocence for prooffe.
somebody doth maintaine a common strumpet
ith Garden-allies, and vndid himselfe.
somebody fwaggered with the watch last night,
was carried to the counter.

somebody once pickt a pocket in this Play-house yard,
Was hoysted on the stage, and shamd about it.

Clow. Ha, ha, hath my maister met with you.

no. Alasse my liege, your honest No-bodie
Builds Churches in these dayes, and Hospitals,
Releues the seuerall prisons in the City,
Redeemes the needy debtor from the hole,
And when this *somebody* brings infant children,
And leaues them in the night at strangers doores,
Nobody fathers them, provides them nurfes,
What should I say, your highnes loue I craue,
That am all iust.

corn. Then *somebodies* a knaue.

sicoph. If neyther city nor countrie wil preuaile to him,
with the court ma. *somebody*, and there you will match him.

som. Then touching his abuses in the court.

corn. I marrie Nobody what say you to this,
See, heere are dangerous Libils gainst the state,
And no name to them, therefore *nobodies*.

Mar. Besides strange rumors and false buzzing tales,

Of

and Somebody,

Of mutinous leefings raifd by *No-body*.

Malg. False dice and Cheating brought euen to the pre-
fence, and who dares be fo impudently knauifh,
Vnleffe fome fellow of your name and garbe.

Morg. Cards of aduantage with fuch cheating tricks,
Brought euen amongft the nobleft of the land,
And when thefe cofening shifts are once difcouered,
There is no cheater found faue *No-body*.

som. How canft thou anſwer thefe.

nobo. Euen as the reft,

Are libels caft, if *nobody* did make them,
And *no-bodies* name to them, they are no libels,
For he that fets his name to any flander,
Makes it by that no libell, this aproues
He forgd thofe flanderous writs to fcandall me.
And for false cards, and dice, let my great flops
And his big bellied dublet both be fercht,
And fee which harbors moft hipocriefie.

queene. Let them both be fercht.

fico. Ile take my leaue of the prefence.

Clow. nay M. *sicophant* weele haue the infide of your poc-
kets tranſlated to, weele fee what ſtuffing they haue, Ile take
a little paines with you.

Elid. What haue you there in *nobodyes* pockets.

Corn. Here are my liedge bonds forfeit by poore men,
Which he releaft out of the vfurers hands,
And canceld. Leaſes likewise forfeited,
By him repurchaft. Theſe petitions,
Of many poore men to preferre their futes,
Vnto your highneffe.

Elid. Thou arte Iuſt we know,
All great mens pockets ſhould be lined fo.

queene. What bumbaft beares his gorge.

Mar. False Cards, false Dice;
The kings hand counterfeit,

Nobody,

Bonds put in fute to gaine the forfeitures,
forgd deedes to cheate men of their ancient land,
And thousand such like trafhe.

Clo. Nay looke you heere, heeres one that for his bones is
pretily stuf. Heeres fulloms and gourds: heeres tall-men &
low-men. Heere trayduce ace, paffedge comes a pace.

som. Mercy great King.

Sicoph. Mercy my Soueraigne.

Corn. My liedge you cannot to be feure in punishing,
Those monstros crimes, the onely staine and blemish
To the weale-publike.

Eli. Villaines heare your doome,
Thou that hast bin the oppressyon of the poore,
Shalt bee more poore then penury it selfe,
All that thou hast is forfit to the Law,
For thy extortion I will haue thee branded,
Vpon the forehead with the letter F:
For Cheating whipt, for forging loose thine eares,
Last for a basing of thy Soueraignes Coyne,
And traitrous impresse of our kingly feale,
Suffer the death of traitors. Beare him hence.

som. Since I must needs be martird graunt me this,
That *No-body* may whip, or torture me,
Or hang me for a traitor.

Morg. Away with him.

Som. Or if needs I must dye a traitors death,
That *No-body* may see me when I dye.

Malg. Hence with the traitor.

Clo. I know by your complexion you wer ripe for the hang-
man, but now to this leane Gentleman.

Lady. Let me doome him, smoth spaniel, soothing grome
Slicke Oyly knaue, egregious parasite,
Thou turning vane, and changing Weather-cocke,
My sentence is thou shalt be naked stript,
And by the citty beadles soundly whipt.

Clow

and Somebody

Clow. Ile make bold to see the execution.

No. Well hath the King decreed, now by your highnesse patience let *No-body* borrow a word or two of *Euary-body*.

The Epilogue.

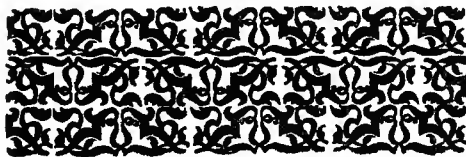
Heer if you wonder why the king *Elidurus* bestowes nothing on me for all my good seruices in his land, if the multitude shuld say he hath preferd *No-body*, *Some-body* or other would say it were not well done, for in doing good to *No-body* he should but get himselfe an il name. Therefore I will leaue my sute to him, and turne to you. *Kinde Gentleman* if any-body heere dislike *No-body*, then I hope *Euary-body* haue pleased you, for being offended with *no-body*, nor *Any-body* can finde himselfe agrieved, *Gentlemen* they haue a cold sute that haue *no-body* to speak in their cause, and therefore blame vs not to feare, yet our comfort is this, if *no-body* haue offended you cannot blame *No-body* for it, or rather we will finde *Some-body* heereafter shall make good the fault that *no-body* hath done, and so I craue the generall grace of *Euary-body*.

Eli. now forward Lords, long may our glories stand,
Three fundry times Crownd king of this faire land.

I 3

Exeunt.

FINIS.



SOME-BODY



