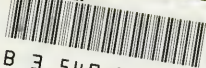


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Nobody and Somebody

*Date of the first known edition, . . . c. 1592*

*(B.M. C. 34, b. 36.)*

*Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911*



# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Nobody and Somebody

[c. 1592.]

THE  
TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXI

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXI





# Nobody and Somebody.

c. 1592.

*This play is reproduced from an original now in the British Museum; the only other known copy is at Bridgewater House. The B.M. copy is entered in general catalogue as "[London, 1606]."*

*"Nobody and Somebody" was probably written in 1592, but, according to Mr. Simpson, was evidently revised, perhaps re-written, when it was revived in the time of King James (see "School of Shakespeare").*

*"Nobody and Somebody" is of especial interest chiefly because—*

*(1) That it is in the German collection of English plays (published in 1620) played by Shakespeare's company in Germany (about 1600, as Herr Cohn supposes); (2) That the allusion in the "Tempest" to "the picture of Nobody" has reference to it; and (3) That the character of Lord Sycophant, contained therein, is supposed to be a stinging satire on Essex's (Shakespeare's hero and patron) great enemy, Lord Cobham.*

*Comparing this facsimile with the original Mr. Herbert reports the reproduction as "very good indeed." B3 recto, C3 recto, E2 recto, H2 recto and H3 verso are a shade (or thought) too heavy. On the other hand A2 verso and F2 recto are especially good examples, like most of the pages, showing the stained originals without exaggeration. The woodcuts on title and back pages are likewise earmarked as "very good indeed." In original the portrait on title-page has had the sleeves and stockings coloured with a wash of yellow, and the tunic and cap with a greyish-green.*

JOHN S. FARMER.



# 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 bene acted by the  
Queens Maiesties Seruants.*



Printed for John 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?  
It is a worke beyond the power of wit,  
And yet inuention is ripe:  
A morrall meaning you must then expect,  
grounded on lesse then a shadowes shadow:  
Promising nothing wher there wants a tooing;  
And deeds as few, be done by No-bodie:  
Yet something, out of nothing, we will shew,  
To gaine your loues, to whome our selues we  
owe.







# NO-BODY, AND SOME-BODY.

*Enter Cornwell and Marianns.*

*Corn.* MY Lord *Marianns.*

*Mar.* My Lord of *Cornwell.*

*Corn.* Morrow.

*Mar.* Morrow,

*Corn.* You are sad my Lord.

*Mar.* You melancholy.

*Corn.* So,

The state it selfe mournes in a robe of Wo.

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

*Corn.* And reason *Marianns* When the Sunne  
Struggles to be deliuered from the wombe  
Of an obscure Eclipse, doth not the earth  
Mourne to behold his shine enveloped,  
O *Carbonon* when I did close thine eyes,  
I gaue release to *Brittaines* miseries.

*Enter Elymore.*

*Mar.* Good morrow to Prince *Elymore.*

*Elyd.* The same to you, and you, you are sad my Lordes,  
your haire 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 Peridore.*

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

## Nobody,

*Fig.* Brother content.

*Perid.* Good morrow to you brother *Elydure*.

*Cornwel.* God morrow to *Cornwel*.

*Fig.* Morrow old gray-beard.

*Corn.* My beard, not so gray as your wits greene.

*Fig.* And why so.

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

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

*Perid.* And why f. ther vvinter.

*Corn.* You doe not know your state, theres *Elydure*

Your elder brother next vnto the King,

He plies his booke, vwhen 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 *Cornwel*.

*Fig.* Bridle your spirit.

*Elyd.* Your words are dangerous, good honest subiect

Old reuerent states-man, faithfull 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 applaud their decdes,

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 *Cornwells* constancy,

But thats all one, now I am cald a dotard,

Go to, though now my limbes be starke and stiffe,

When *Cornwells* dead Brittainyne I know will want







*and Somebody.*

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

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

*Enter Lord Sicophant.*

*Sicoph.* My Lords, Princes I should haue said, and after  
Lords, I am the Visser and Harbinger vnto the kings most  
Excellent person and his Maiesty.

*Vig.* Is fourth comming.

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

*Enter Archigallo and two Lords. Morgan. Malgo.*

*All.* Good morrow to our soueraigne *Archigallo*.

*Arch.* Morrow.

*Corn.* Why do you frowne vpon your seruants king,  
We loue you, and you ought to fauor vs:  
Will you to Counsel. 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 Island. We know this caule 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 euidentec is strongest, to which part  
Inclines the censures of our learned Iudges.

*Morgan.* We come not heer to plead before your grace,  
But humble to intreat your Maiestie,

Peruse our euidentec and censure it.

According to your wise dome.

*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.

*Scoph.* I humblie thanke your highnesse.

*Mal.* I hope your Maiesty.

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

*Enter clowne, Wench, and Rafe.*

*Rafe.* I if it please your Maiestie I was betrothed to this

*Arch.* Is this true my Wench. (maid.

*Wench.* Tis verie true and like your maiestie, but this  
tempting fellow after that, most felloniously 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 maiesty, though *Rafes*  
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 wast 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 saue 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 ?

*Scoph.* She is my liege, and mettell I dare warrant.

*Arch.*





*and Somebody.*

*Arch.* Fellow, how long hast thou been married?

*Clown.* I was as they say coupled the same day that my country man Raphe begunne the law: for to tell your Maiestie the truth, we are yet both virgins, it did neuer freefe betwixt vs two in a bed I assure your grace.

*Arch.* Didst neuer lie with thy wife?

*Clown.* Neuer yet, but nowe your Maiestie hath ended the matter Ile be so bold as take possession.

*Arch.* Harke my wench, wilt leaue these rusticke fellowes & stay with me?

*Wench.* What will your highnes doe with me?

*Arch.* Why Ile make thee a Lady.

*Wench.* And shall I goe in fine clothes like a Lady.

*Arch.* Thou shalt.

*Wench.* Ile be a Lady then, thats flat, sweet heart farewell, I must be a Lady, so I must.

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

*Wench.* Away you Clowne, away.

*Clown.* But will your highnes rob me of my spouse.

*Arch.* What we will, we will, away with those slaues.

*Clown.* Zounds, if euer I take you in Yorkshire for this:

*Sicoph.* Away you slaues.

*Corn.* My Lord, these generall wrongs will draw your highnesse into the common hatred of your subiects.

*Arch.* Whats that to thee, old doting Lord forbear.

Whats heere? complaints against one *Nobody*,

For ouermuch releueing of the poore,

Helping distressed prisoners, entertayning

Extrauagants and vagabonds, what fellowes this?

*Corn.* My liedge I know him, he's an honest subiect

That hates extortion, vsury, and such sinnes.

As are too common in this Land of Brittain.

*Arch.* Ile haue none such as he within my kingdome,  
Hee shall be banisht.

*Sicoph.* Heare my aduise my liedge: I know a fellow

B.

Thats

## *Nobody,*

Thats opposite to *Nobody* in all thinges:  
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* bankrupt, make him flie  
His Country, and be neuer heard of more.

*Arch.* V What doost thou call his name.

*Sicoph.* His name is *Sombod* my liedge.

*Arch.* Seeke out that *Sombod*, wele send him straight;

V What 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 ill  
Haue not their full growth, and their next degree  
Must needes be worse then nought, and by what name  
Doe you call that?

*Cornw.* I know none bad enough:  
Base, vild, notorious, vgly-monstrous, stauiff;  
Intollerable, abhorred, damnable;  
Tis worse then bad; He be no longer vassalle  
To such a tyrannous rule, nor accessarie  
To the base sufferance of such out-rages.

*Mart.* Youle not indure it, how can you remedie  
A mayme so 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 such discourse, and counsell apt:  
And to the full recovery of these wounds  
Made in the sicke state, most effectwall,  
A word in priuate.

*Enter.*







and Somebody.

*Enter Peridure and Uigenius.*

*Perid.* Come brother, I am tyrd with seuellling,  
My last Caranta made me almost breathlesse,  
Dost not the Kings last wench foote it with art?

*Uige.* Oh rarely, rarely, and beyond opinion.  
I like this state where all are Libertines  
But by ambitions pleasure and large will:  
See, see, two of our strict liu'd Countessors  
In secret conference; they cannot indure  
This freedom.

*Perid.* Not the rule of *Archigallo*,  
Because tis subiect to his libertie.  
Are they not plotting now for some instalment  
And change of state: old gallants if you be  
Twill cost your heads.

*Uige.* Bodies and all for me.  
List them, such strict reproouers should not liue,  
Their aullere censures on their kings to giue.

*Corn.* He must be then deposd.

*Perid.* Ey, are you there, that word sounds treason.

*Uig.* Nay, but farther heare.

*Mars.* The King deposd, how must it be effected,  
What strengths and powers can sodenly be leuted,  
V Who will assist this busines, to reduce  
The state to better forme and government?

*Uig.* Ey mary, more of that.

*Corn.* All Corniwells at my becke, Deuonshire our neighbour  
Is one with vs, you in the North command.  
The oppressed, wrongd, deiectd and suppressd,  
Will flocke on all sides to this innovation:  
The Clergie late despisd, the Nobles scornd,  
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 sooth me vp,  
Wele catch them in the trap they lay for vs.

*Mart.* Ile doot.

*Corn.* Now sir, the king deposd  
Who shall succede?

*Mart.* Some would say *Elidure*.

*Corn.* Tush, 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 support the regall scepter  
With ioynt assistance, 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 compasse it.

*Vig.* And if I make refusall, heauen refuse me.

*Perid.* These Counsellors are wise, and see in vs  
More vertue then we in our selues discerne.  
Would it were come to such election.

*Corn.* My honord Lord, wele breake it to those princes,  
Those hopefull youths, at our conuenient leasure.

*Mart.* With all my hart.

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

*Vig.* A King.

*Perid.* And were a crowne, a crowne imperiall.

*Vig.* And sit in state.

*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 sit in state,  
To purse the bountie of our gracious fate.  
*Perid.* To entertaine forreine Embassadors.  
*Vig.* And haue our names ranckt in the course of kings.  
*Perid.* Shadow vs State with thy maiesticke wings.

Enter King, *Cormwell*, *Marshallans*, and  
*Elidure*.

*Vig.* Now sir, my brother *Archigall* deposde  
*Corn.* Deposd I did you heard that my Lord.  
*Vig.* For his licentious rule, and such abuses  
As wele pretend gainst him in parliament.  
*Arch.* Oh monstrous brothers.  
*Elidu.* Oh ambitious youthes.  
*Vig.* Thus wele deuide the Land, all beyond Trent  
And Humber, shall suffice one moitie:  
The southpart 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 hast sat in pompe  
And scene me vassaille, strait behoid me crownd,  
Whilst thou with humble knees vassit to my state.  
*Arch.* And when must this be doone, when shall my crowne  
Be parted and deuided into halfes.  
You raigne on this side Humber, you beyond  
The riuier Trent, when doe you take your states,  
Sit crownd and scepterd to receiue our homage,  
Our dutie, and our humble vassalage.  
*Perid.* I know not when.

## Nobody,

*Arch.* Nor you?

*Viz.* Nor I.

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

*Perd.* Heare vs excuse our selues.

*Viz.* Or lets discover

Who d ew vs to this hope of soueraignie.

*Arch.* That shall our further leysures arbitrate,

Our eares are deafe to all excuse pleas,

Come vnambitious brother *Adurus*,

Helpe vs to lauish our abundant treasures,

In toasks, sports, reuells, noys, and strange pleasures. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Somebody with two or three*

*seruants.*

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

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

*Somb.* Which *Sombod*y 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 obscure 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 souldiers,  
*Nobody* takes them in, provides them harbor,  
Maintaines their ruind fortunes at his charge,  
He giues to orphants, and for widdowes buildes  
Almes-houfes, Spittifes, and large Hospitals,  
And when it comes in question, who is apt  
For such good deedes, tis answerd *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 biefte,  
And choise of cheers, whose fragments at his gate  
Suffice the generall poore of the whole Laire.  
*Nobodies* table's free for traucellers,  
His buttry and his seller 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 heord 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 slaues ambitious, and his life I hate.

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

*Somb.*

## Nobody,

*Sombo.* Thus it shall be, vse my direction.  
In Court and country I am *Sombody*,  
And therefore apt and fit to be employed:  
Goe thou in secrete beeing a subtiler knaue,  
And sowe seditious slaunders through the Land,  
Oppresse the poore, suppress the fatherlesse,  
Deny the widdowes foode, the staru'd reliefe,  
And when the wretches shall complaine their wrongs,  
Beeing 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  
Belifted to their height, and double rate,  
And when the raisers of this dearth are sought  
Though *Sombody* 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 dissention 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 euery 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 City,  
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 serue no Maister as serue you, I was carried afore the Constable but yesterday, and they tooke mee vp for a strauagant; they askt mee whom I serued, 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 switch 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* keepes tall fellowes at his heeles,  
Yet if you meete a crew of rogues and beggars,  
Aske who they serue, theile aunswere *Nobody*.  
Your Caualiers and swaggerers 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 dastardst 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?

*Nobe.* Why *Nobody*.

## Nobody,

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

*Nobod.* Why so sir?

*Clowne.* Maye aske a deafe man whom hee heares, heele straight say *Nobody*, aske the blindest beetle that is whom hee sees, and heele aunswere, *Nobodie*, hee that neuer saw in his life can see 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 sure neuer to loose you. Besides, you haue one commoditie *Maister*, 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 seruant,  
Besides, I am in great especiall grace  
With the King *Archigallo* that now raignes  
In tyranny, and strange misgouerment,  
*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 deone a thousand mischieses,  
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 entertainement you wil haue in the Citie, I do not think but there you will be most kindly respected, I haue been there in my youth, there's Hospital tie, & you talke of Hospitaltie, 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 Birch Lane, theyle giue *Nobody* a sute, 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 Citie 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* VVhy doe you aske husband?

*Man* Because I would know wife.

*Wife.* I haue beene with *Nobody*.

*Nobod.* Tis a lie good man, belecue 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* hath been with you.

*Sombo.* *Sombod* 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* 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 rascal, 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 scandalls can dispence.

*2 Man.* Well sirra, 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 sir I haue cause, I haue lent a friend of mine a hundred pounce, 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 *Nobody* is a good man, a good man I assure you neighbor, *Nobody* 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 keepe 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 chimneyes shall cast smoake at once:  
There Ile giue schollers pensions, Poets gold,  
Arts their deserts, Philotophy due praise.

Lea-





*and Somebody.*

Learning his merit, and all worth his meede.  
There Ile release poore prisoners from their dung sons,  
Pay Creditors the debts of other men,  
And get my selfe a name amongst Citizens,  
That after times pertakers of all blisse,  
May thus record, *Nobody* did all this.  
Country farewell, whose flanderous tongues I flie,  
The Cittie now shall life my name on hie.

*Sombody* Whether Ile follow thee with Swallows wings,  
And nimble expedition, there to raise  
New brawles and rumors to eclipse thy praise.  
Those subtil, sic insinuating fellows  
Whom *Sombody* hath sent into the country,  
To rack, transport, extort, and to oppresse,  
VVill I call home, and all their wits employ  
Against this publique Benefactor, knowne  
Honest, for all the rumors by vs sowne.  
But howsoeuer, I am sworne his foe,  
And opposite to all his meriting deedes.  
This way must doe, though my deuining thoughts  
This augurie amidst their changes haue,  
That *Sombody* will at length be proou'd a knaue.

*Exeunt.*

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

*Sicoph.* Good day to you both faire Ladies,  
But fairest of them both my gracious Queene,  
Good day to your high Maiestie, and madam  
The royall Lady of great *Elidure*,

My Soueraignes brother, vnto you I wish  
This morning prooue as gracious and as good.

*Queene* Those greetings from the Lady *Elidure*  
VVould pleasingly sound in our princely eares.

*Lady* Such greetings from great *Archibalds* queene

*Nobody,*

VVould be more gracious to our princely care.

*Queene.* Whom to good morrow and our grace so neere.  
Reach me my gloue.

*Lady.* VVhom speakes this woman to?

*Queene.* Why to my subject, to my waiting maide,  
Am not I mightie *Archizalloes* queene?  
Is not my Lord the for all 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.* Mimon, my gloue.

*Sicoph.* Madam, her highnes gloue.

*Lady.* My tear is false, 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 dutillesse 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 subiect should attend on her,  
And take her gloue vp, is it meete that I  
Should stoope for yours? You're proud, sic, sic, 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,  
He to the King, and if he saue thy life  
He shall haue mine: madnes and wrath attend,  
My thoughts are leuel'd at a bloody end. *Exit,*

*Lady.* Shee's shadow,







and Somebody.

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

Enter Cornwell, Martiennus, Morgan and  
Matzo.

Cornw. Helth to your Ladiship, I would say Queene  
If I might haue in 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 scorne, 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 witness Madam, Ile goe tell the King  
That they speake treason.

Matzo. 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 *Etidurnus* 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 sort,  
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* VWhich of you will perswade my *Elidore*  
To take vpon him Englands royaltie.

*Mart.* Madam, we all haue so importund him,  
Laying vnto his iudgement euery thing  
That might attraēt his fences to the crowne,  
But he frost braind will not be obtaind  
To take vpon him this Realmes gouernment.

*Maig.* Hee is the verie soule of lenitie,  
If euer moderation liu'd in any,  
Your Lord with that rich vertue is possesst.

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

*Enter Elidore.*

*Cormo.* See maddam where he comes reading a booke.

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

Then to be looke on, and the Crowne so neere:  
You know these Lords for tyrannie haue sworne  
To banish *Archiegallo* from the throne,

And to invest you in the royaltie:  
VWill you not thanke them, and with bounteous hands  
Sprinkle their greatnes with the names of Earles,  
Dukes, Marquesses, and other higher termes.

*Elid.* My dearest loue, the essence of my soule,  
And you my honor'd Lords, the sure you make,  
Though it be iust for many wrongs impold,  
Yet vnto me it seemes an iniurie.

VWhat 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 horred treasures, then much more on Crownes:  
The middle path, the golden meane for me,  
Leaue me obedience, take you Maiestie.





and Somebody.

*Lady.* Why this is worser 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 else where.

*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 tירrany,  
And in thy goodnes only to be curde.  
Thou art cald foorth amongst a thousand men,  
To minister this saueraigne Ancidore,  
To amend thy brothers crueltie with loue,  
And if thou wilt not from oppression free  
Thy natiue Countrey, thou art vilde as he.

*Elid.* I had rather stay his leasure to amend.

*Lady.* Men, heauen, gods, deuills, what power should I inuoke,  
To fashion him a new : thunder come downe,  
Crowne me with ruine, since 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 despiight let him be straight waies Crownd,  
That I may triumphe whilst the trumpets sound.

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

*Lady.* Helpe Lords to teate him, nay helpe euery one :  
So should the Maiestie of England sit,  
Whilst we in like state doe associate him.

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

*Lady.* Paine me in this sort 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 depofd,  
Him and his proud Queene, bring vnto our fight,  
That in her wrongs we may haue our delight.

*Enter Archiballo, 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.

*Eld.* 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, sit 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 dissemble piety,  
And therein hath depofd 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, diefted Lady  
You doe forget your selfe, and where you are,  
Duty is debt, and it is fit since now  
You are a subiect, o beare humble thoughts:  
Follow my counsell Lady and submit,  
Her Maestie 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 cuerthrowe.  
And thus I sentence them.

*Eld.* Leaue that to me?

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

Thou







and Somebody.

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

*Elid.* Nor from his life I pray.

*Lady.* He vnto whom the greatest wrongs are done,  
Dispatch him quickly.

*Morg.* That will I.

*Maglo.* Or I.

*Elid.* And therein Lords effect my tragedie.

*Lady.* Why strike you not, ehtis a dangerous thing,  
To haue a liuing subiect of a King:  
Much treason may be wrought, when in his death,  
Our safety is secur'd.

*Elid.* Banish him rather, oh sweete spare his life,  
He is my brother.

*Arch.* Crownd, and pray thy wife.

*Elid.* Oh brother, if you roughly speake, I knowe  
There is no hope but your sure ouerthrowe,  
Pray be not angry with me for my loue:  
To banishment since it must needs be so,  
His life I giue him who soere saies no.

*Lady.* What and his Ladies to.

*Elid.* I hers and all.

*Lady.* But Ile not haue you banisht with the King,  
No Minion no, since you must liue, be assur'd  
We make thee meanest of my waiting Maides.

*Queene.* I scorne thy pride.

*Arch.* Farewell deceiuing state,  
Pride making Crowne, my deere wife farewell:  
I haue beene a Tyrant, and Ile be so still. *Exit.*

*Elid.* Alas my brother,

*Lady.* Dry vp childish teares,  
And to these Lords that haue inuested 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 Island 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,

*Queen.* Torment on torment, tutord by a foole.

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

*Lady.* Young *Perichurus* and *Vigenius*, Lords  
Release from prison, and becaule 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 ever  
Thorough our raigne beheld a festiuall:  
And tryumphe Lords that England is set 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.* Ahemboy, Nobody is found yet for all his troubles.

*Clow.* And so is Nobodies man for all his whipping, but Master  
we are nowe in the City, wald about from slaunder, 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 vppon  
all





and Somebody.

all passengers.

*Nobody.* O this City, if Nobody live to be as old againe, be it spoken in secret, Ile haue fenst about with a wall of brasse.

*Clowne.* Of Nobodies making, that will be rare.

*Nobody.* Ile bring the Terns through the middle of it, empty Moore-ditch at my owne charge, and build vp Paules-ſteple without a collection. I ſee not what becomes of theſe collections.

*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 ſo thorough out the City.

*Clowne.* Doe not you knowe that? theres not an orphants portion loſt out of the Chamber, but Nobody has got it, no Corne transported without warrant, but Nobody has donne it, no goods ſolne 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 thars by Somebody.

*Clowne.* I thinke Somebody had a hand in't, but Nobody ſometimes paies for the nurſing 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 deſird her maiden-head: redeemed many Gentlemens lands, that haue thankt Nobody for it, built Peſt-houſes, and other places of retirement in the ſicknes 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 ſhall not make me mad, I am All ſpirit, *Nobody* let them grieue,  
That ſerape for wealth I will the poore relieue,  
Where are the Maifters of the ſeuerall priſons:  
Witlun and nere adioyning to the City,  
That I may ſpred 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 reuenues 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 prisoners, that are like nere to come forth  
without satisfaction.

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

2 As many as in the other prison.

*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 limerwigs, 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 prisoner,  
Because they all shall pray for *Nobody*.

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

*A wife within.* Follow, fellow, follow.

*Nobody.* What outcries that ?

*Enter Somebody, with two or three.*

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

For







*and Somebody.*

For gold will answer there is *Nobody*:  
He for all bankrouts is a common baile,  
And when the execution should be serud  
Vpon the sureties, they find *Nobody*:  
In priuate houses who so apt to lie,  
As those that haue beene taught by *Nobody*,  
Seruants forgetfull of their Maisters friends,  
Being askt how many were to speake with him  
Whilst he was absent, they say *Nobody*,  
*Nobody* breakes more glasses in a house,  
Then all his wealth hath power to satisfie:  
If you will free this City then from shame,  
Sease *Nobody*, and let him beare the blame.

*Const.* Lay hold vpon him.

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

*Clowne.* Yes Maister, I *Nobodies* man.

*Nobody.* Stand to me nobly then, and feare them not,  
Thy Maister *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 escape.*

What has he scapt vs.

*Const.* He is gone my Lord.

*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 *Sombody*,  
Country and City, I shall thus set 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 such great iniury,  
For my good life within thy gouernment:  
No more will *Nobody* be charitable,  
No mote will *Nobody* relieue the poore.  
Honor your Lord, and Maister *Somebody*,  
For *Somebody* is he that wrongs you all.  
He to the Court the changing of the ayre,  
May peraduenture change my iniuries,  
And if I speede no better being there,  
Yet say that *Nobody* liu'd euery where. *Exit.*

*Enter Archigallo.*

*Archi.* I was a King, but now I am slaue,  
How happie were I in this base estate,  
If I had neuer tasted royaltie:  
But the remembrance that I was a King,  
Vnseasons the Content of pouertie,  
I heare the hunters musicke, heere He lie,  
To keepe me out of sight till they passe by.

*Enter Morgan, and Malgo.*

*Morgan.* The stag is hearded, come my Lord  
Shall we to horse and single him againe.

*Malgo.* Content, the King will chase, the day is spent  
And we haue kild no ganie, to horse, away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Elidure.*

*Elid.* Hearded, goe single him, or couple straight,  
He will not fall to day, what fellowes this.

*Archi.* I am a man.

*Elid.* A banisht man I thinke,  
My brother *Archigallo*, ist not so.

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





and Somebody.

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

*Elidu.* And I may be a wretch: poore *Archigallo*,  
The sight of thee that wert my Soueraigne,  
In this estate, drawes riuers from mine eyes.  
VVill you be king againe? if they agree  
He redeliuer all my royaltie,  
Saue what a second brother and a subiect  
Keepes in an humble bosome, for I swear  
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, I de weepe teares of blood  
To expresse both loue and pittie: say 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 say,  
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 liegde.  
VVhat fellowes this?

E.

*Elidu.*

## Nobody,

*Elid.* 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?

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

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

*Elid.* Yet looke vpon his misery, his teares  
Argue repentance; thinke not honourd Lords  
The feare of dangers waiting on my Crowne  
Makes me so willing to resigne the same,  
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 government,  
Wele set 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 government of *Elidure*.

*Arch.* Let it be so,  
Death is the happy period of all woe.  
The wretch thats torne vpon the torturing wrack,  
Fecles not more deuillish 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 deserue to be deposd.

*Elid.* 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 government.  
Good *Cornwell*, gentle *Martianus*, speake,  
Shall *Archigallo* be your king againe?

*Arch.* By heauen I not desire it.

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

*Corn.* VWhat 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.

*Elid.* *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 government.

*Elid.* Saies *Malgo* so?

*Malg.* I doe my Lord.

*Elid.* What saies *Martianus*?

*Mart.* Faith as my Lord of *Cornwell*.

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

## Nobody,

We punisht, and his goodnes there's great reason  
Should be rewarded; therefore Lords set 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 sin, to sin, and now at last am changd,  
My Lords and friends, the wrongs that you haue scene  
In me, my future vertues shall redeeme.  
Come gende 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 Maiestie,  
We must take vp your gloue, and not be thought  
Worthy the name of Sister, thus you minx  
Ile teach you ply your worke, and thanke me to,  
This paines will be your owne another day.

*Queene.* Insulting, ouer-proude, ambitious woman,  
Queene I disdaine to call thee, thou doost wrong  
Thy brothers wife, indeede thy Kings espould,  
And mauger all thy tyrannie I sweare,  
Rather then still liue thus, Ile perrish heere.

*Sicoph.* You are not wise, deiected as you are  
To bandie braues against her Maiestie,  
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 soueraignie.

*Queene.* Time was base spaniell thou didst fawne as much  
On me, as now thou strivest to flatter her:  
O God, that one borne noble should be so base,  
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.  
He not maintaine my prisoner and my slave  
To raile gainst any onethat honours me.

*Enter Morgan and Malgo.*

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

*Queene* Speake that againe, & 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* seated  
Once more in Britaines throne.

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

*Queene* Now minion, He cry quittance with your pride,  
And make you stoope at our imperiall side.  
But tell me *Morgan* by what accident  
You met with my beloved *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 yelded their allegiance to your Lord,  
Whom now we must acknowledge our dread King,  
And you our princelie Queene.

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

*Queene* Restraine 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,  
Wisedome nere lou'd declined Maiestie:

*Enter Archigallo crown'd, Elisidure, Peridure, Viganini,  
Cornwell, Martianus, and  
others.*

*Queene.* Welcome from banishment my louing Lord,  
Your kinglie presence wraps my soule to heauen.

*Arch.* To heauen, and my kind brother *Elisidure*,  
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 haw 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 wise to grieue at that  
Heauen hath decreed, and the state yeilded to,  
No doubt her Maiestie will vse you well.

*Lady.* VVell saiest 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 basenes  
As neuer princeesse did: did you obserue  
What lookes I cast at *Elisidure* my husband?

*Sicoph.* Your lookes declar the passion 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 Maieftie.

*Enter Queene, Morgan, and Malgo.*

*Queene.* Bring hether the proude wife of *Eldure*,

*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 *Eldure*.

*Enter Cornwall.*

*Cornw.* VVheres 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.

*Queene.* 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 burst first.

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

*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 heard  
Your husbands bones, conduct her Lords away,  
Our pride though eager, yet for foode shall stay.

*Sicoph.* Wilt please your high imperiall Maiestie  
Commaund my seruice, 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.*

*Elidur.* Once more our royall temples are ingirt  
VVith Brittaines golden wreath, all seeing beauen  
Witnes I not desire this soueraigntie,  
But since this kingdoms good, and your Decrees,  
Haue laid this heauen loade of cominon 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 here  
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 increase  
The wealth which by our office we haue got.

*2 Porter.* Out of our large allowance we must save  
Of thousands 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 sir, ere you peruse the court,  
Tast the kings beere, heere at the Porters lodge,  
A dish of beere for maister *No-body*.

*Nobody.* I thank you sir.

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

*Nobo.* I thank you sir, and were your beere tems water,  
Yet *No-body* would pledge you, to you sir.

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

*Nobo.* I sir, too long, vnlesse my entertaine  
Had bin more pleasing, for my life is sought,  
I am a harmelesse well dispos'd plaine man,  
That iniure none, yet what so ere is done  
Amisse in London, is impos'd on me,  
Be it lying, secret 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. *Port.* You are welcome hether sir.  
Methinkes you do looke wilde, as if you wanted sufficient  
Sleepe.

*Nobo.* O do not blame me sir,  
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 swaggerers  
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 Thems 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, whars 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 vwith a friend, I straight vvas askt  
If I had any sute, I answered, yes,  
Marry I vvented money, sir quoth he,  
For you, because your name is *No-body*  
I vwill sollicit law, and *no-body*  
Assure your selfe, shall thriue by sures in Law,  
I thank 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 vwelcome,  
Good fellow lead him to the Hall,  
Will you vvalke neare the court.

*nobo.* I thanke you sir.

*Exeunt nobody and Porters.*

*Enter Some-body and a Bragart.*

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

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

*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. Sgay.*

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

*Brag.* I challenge thee. (leauē.

*no.* I may chuse whither ile answer your challenge by your  
*Bra.* Ile haue thee pictured as thy first are, 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 abused one *Soms-body*. (will with me.

*nobo.* So haue my betters abused *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 vpon  
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, come 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 mercie

*Brag.* Ile kill thee novv.

*Fa.*

*nobody.*

## Nobody,

*Nobo.* I thinke youle sooner kill me then any body,  
But let me rise againe.

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

*Nobo.* Why then let me sir, 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 set thy prisoner 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 pompe.

*Brag.* Tis base, O base.

*Clow.* Zounds, ile naile thy lips to limbo vlesse 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 reuenged 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 Britissh kings,  
Oh take vpon you this so weighty charge,  
To great to be dischargd by Elidure.

*Vig.* Deere sister *Q.* how are we bound to you,  
In neerer bonds then a fraternal leag,

For





## and Somebody

For this your royall practise to raise 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 Scepter'd rule,  
My kinglie browes, itch for a stately Crowne,  
This hand to beare a round Monarchall Globe,  
This the bright sword of Iustice, and stern aw,  
Deere sister 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 *Elydare*.

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

*Perid.* The *Queene* is yours, the king shalbe depos'd,  
And the 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 auale our pompe,  
Or throne vs in the state of *Brittany*.

*Enter Morgan and Malgo.*

*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 *Elydare*.

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

## No-body

Two thousand Souldiers haue I brought from Wales,  
to waite vpon the princely *Perydure*.

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

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

*Malg.* To king *Vigenius*.

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

*Mal.* King *Elidurus* 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 liues vs to the imperiall seat,  
Our powers and will shall study to make great.

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

*Queen.* When will you giue the attempt.

*Perid.* Now royall sister.

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 Counsell, 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 maicstick brow, cal in the souldiers,







*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 souldiours, 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 sound.

*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 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 *Eldure* shall bend.

*Vig.* Our raign beginning hath when his lines end.

*Alarum, Enter at another doore Elydsie, stept by the  
Queene.*

*Lady* What traitrous hand dares interdict our way?

*Queene.* Why that dare ours, tis we command thee staie.

*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.

*Alarm Enter Elisidre.*

*Elisidre.* What seeke ye Lords? What meane these loud  
Alarums, in the still silence of this hunned ni ght?

*Perid.* King we seeke thee.

*Vig.* And more we seeke thy Crowne.

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

*Vig.* We plead our powers & strength, we two must ra:gn.

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

*Corn.* Doe not resigne, good King.

*Perid.* How saucy Lord?

*Corn.* Ile keepe still thy Crowne.

*Perid.* I say that word shall cost old *Cornwells* 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 thar aduiseeth so.

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

*Queen.* Giue vp thy state to these two princely youtnes,  
and thy regiment shal preserue thy life.

*Lady.* Wilt thou so much wrong both thy selfe and wife?  
Hast liued a king, and canst thou die a slaue,  
A royal seat, doth aske a royal 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? j

*Queene.* That no more *Queen*, thy husband must resigne.

*Corn.* Resigne, to whom?

*Perd.* 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.

*Perd.* So shall all,  
that doe nor prostrate to our homage fall.  
Shall they nor 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 pleas'd to dye,  
Rather then this indure.

*Lady.* The third am I.

*Queene.* Nay strike her first.

*Perd.* Rage giue my fury way.

*Vig.* Strike valiant brother king.

*Elid.* Yet heare me, stay.

*Perd.* 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 swallowes this sweete sugred pill,  
Twill make him sicke with troubles that grow stil:  
Alasse you seeke to ease me being wearied  
And lay my burthen on your able loines,  
My vnambitious thoughts haue bin long tird,

G

With

## Nobody,

With this great charge, and now they rest desir'd,  
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, as soone as borne,  
How happy had I bin.

*Elid.* Patience swete wife,  
Thinkst thou I praise my Crowne aboute 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.

*Scoph.* My Lords receiue the crowne of Elydure,  
Fairst 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 descend 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 crown'd, and my selfe stand bare,  
Rather this wreath maiestick let me try,  
And sit in thron'd, in pompious Maiesty.

*vig.* And I attend, whilst you ascend the throne,  
Where had we right, we should sit crown'd 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 deserue to dye.

*Lady.* Yes to let two such vsurpers liue.

*Sisoph.* 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 flattering groome slauish 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 prisoner to that princeesse.

*Lady.* In her power,  
Oh dubble slauery.

*Perid.* Conuay both hence.

*Elid.* My doomes feuerer then my small offence.

*Queene.* Come *Minion*, will you goe.

*Lady.* To dearch, to hel,  
Rather then in thy base subiection dwell.

*Vig.* *Cornwell* and *Martianus* you both see,  
We are possesst of this imperiall seate,  
And you that were sworne liedgemen to the Crowne,  
Should now submit to vs that owe the same,  
We know without your graue directions,  
We cannot with experience guide the land,  
I therefore weele study to deserue your loues.

*Perid.* It was not ambition, or the loue of state,  
that drew vs to this businesse, but the feare,  
Of *Elidurnus* 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 unable to support his fall,  
Rather then the whole land should shrinke,  
You shall haue my assistance in the state.

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

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

*Vig.* Receiue our grace, keepe still your offyces,  
Imbrace these peeres that raised 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 releasvnto your sister *Queene*,  
Being a Lady in the land beloud.

*Vig.* You haue aduisd 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 counseld *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 yourequall,  
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.* Sit 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 spyed.

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

*perid.* Claimst thou pcheminence, com down proud boy

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

*They wraastle and are parted*

*peri.* They that loue Peridure deuide themselues vppon  
their part.

*Corn.* That am I.

*Mar.* and I.

*vig.* They that loue vs on this side.

*Mar.* I.

*Mal.* And I.

*vig.* Then to the field, to set our sister free.

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

*vig.* Trumpets aud Drums, triumphant musick sing.

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

*Alarm, Enter Some-body and Sicophant.*

*Somb.* Sir you haue sworne to manage these affaires,  
Euen with your best of iudgement.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Sicoph.* I haue provided, 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, som notable knaury

*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. person, but I beleue

*Somb.* wil pay fort, ile tickle your long wast for this ifaith,

*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 Asses indeed.

*som.* Those Brisse dice.

*clo.* Tis like they brisse, for I am sure theile breed anger

*scop.* Now sir, as you haue compast all the Dice,

So I for cards. These for the game at maw,

All saving 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.

*scop.* these for Premero cut vpon the sides,

As thr other on the ends.

*clow.* Marke the end of all this.

*scop.* these are for post and paire, these for saunt,  
these for new cut.

*clown.* theile make you cut a fether one day,

*sico.* Well, these disperst, and No-body

Attache for all these crimes, shalbe hangd.

*clow.* I or els you shall hange for him,

*sico.* Come, shals about our busines.

*som.* Content, lets straight about it.

*clow.* O my hart, that it was my fortune to heare all chys,

but

*Exeunt*







## and Somebody

but beware a lucky man whilst you liue, Alasse if I had not rescued my maister, the swaggering fellowe woulde haue made No-body of him. Againe if I had not ouerheard this treason to his person, these Cunnicatching knaues, woulde haue made lesse then Nobody of him. For indeed they wold haue hangd him, but heeres my maister, O sweet maister how caere you?

*Enter No-body.*

*Nobo.* O excellent, admirable, and beyond comparison, I thinke my shape inchants them.

*elo.* I think not so, for if I wer a Lady, I should neuer abide you: but Maister, I can tell you rare newes, you must 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 simple honest man, hunted from place to place by *some-body.*

*elo.* tis true sir, it is one *some*. that would attach you, therefore Looke to your selfe, but Mai. if you be rooke 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 sought, you know when twas inquird, Who brought the false Dice, and the cheating cards Into the court, twas answered *No-body.*

*elo. No.* (qd. tha) I am affraid youle proue the knaue *som.*

*som.* Lay hold vpon him, beare him to the prison.

*No.* To prison, say you well, if I be guilty, this fellow is my partner take him to.

*som.* Are you confederate in this treason sirra?

*elo.* If I be not sir *some-body* is, but if I be guilty I must beare it off with head and shoulders.

*som.* To prison with them, now the bird is caught,

For

*Somebody and*

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

*Clow.* I beleecue I haue a bird in a box, shal catche you for all this.

*Someb.* Away with them I say.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter severally Peridure, Vigenius, Cornewell, Martianus, Morgan, Malgo, with drum and Colours.*

*Vig.* In Armes we'll 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 souldiors 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 untrue.

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

*Perid.* Blushes *Vigenius* at thy overthrow,  
Who wast that told me he would submit.

*Sicoph.* T was I my Lord.

*Vig.* Peace foole thou dost forget,

Tis not an hower since, to our princely care,

Thou saidst thou did desire vs to forbear.

*Sicoph.* True my good Lord.

*Perid.* True that I sought 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 glose I see to insinuate our good will.

*Vig.* That whosoever conquerd, he might gaine.

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

*Vig.* But henceforth we cashiere thee from the fildc.

*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 beseech *Ione* heare my prair, 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 delays.

*Vig.* then where the fiede consists 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.* Grasse turne to Crimson if *vigenius* spare it.

*Eld.* Aire be made purple with our reaking gore.

*vig.* Follow my frends.

*Perid.* Conquer or neare giue ore.

*Alarum, Excursions, 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 bene spent,  
Now therefore since the difference in themselves,  
Is reconciled in eithers overthrow,  
Let vs be as we were before this Iar,  
And ioyning hands like honorable friends,  
Inter their boyls as becomes their state,  
And which is rare once more to *Eldore*,  
Who now in prison 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 Sicophants.*

*Sico. Madam.*

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

*Sicoph.* Where is the Lady *Eldor* 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 love with her,  
Canst thou affect such a dejected wretch,  
Thou I perceiue thy flattery is folly,  
Or thou 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 loves you dearer then the British Crowne,  
Whilst hees conqueror, vsē me to destroy  
Your greatest enemy, and I will doe it.

*Queene.* Thou wilt not.

*scoph.* Be it *Elidure* the king,  
The prisoner I should say, Iē 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 beatiude,  
And tedious vnto me.

*sc.* 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,

*sc.* 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 slave, to one baser then slavery

*sio.* I will release you by a speedy death.

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

*sc.* By heauen I am sent to kill you.

*Lady.* By whose meanes.

*sio.* By one that will anouch 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 Diuell 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 hasty of your death.

*Lady.* no, for she had rather haue my life prolonged.

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

*Lady.* Oh monstrous lie.

*sicoph.* beleene 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.

sure.

*Q.* So thou muderst hir.

*sico.* Know that Lord *perideras* and his  
brother, are in the battell slaine, and by the nobles,  
her husband *Elydure* raisd to the state,  
setting aside all iesting, Queene beleene it.

And





*and No-body.*

And truce with her, least she triumph againe.

*Queen.* For Gods sake make vs friends.

*sicoph.* Good Lord how strange this reconciled foes behold each other.

*Lady.* Sister.

*Queen.* Kind sister.

*sicoph.* Then make me your brother, say are you friends.

*Both.* We are.

*sicoph.* Then chance what can,  
in this I haue prooud my selfe an honest man.

*Enter Maigo.*

*Malgo.* The king your husband, madam new releast,  
Desires your presence at his Coronation.

*Lady.* My *Elydore* a third time to be crown'd.

*Mal.* True Madam, and expects your company.

*Lady.* And you knew this before.

*sicoph.* No on mine honor.

*Lady.* Neither you Sister.

*Queene.* neither.

*Lady.* If you did

My oath is past, and what I haue lately sworne ile hold inuiolate, here all stryfe ends, thy wit has made two proude shrewes perfect friends.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter in state, Elabore, Cornwell, Marrianus, Morgan, and all the Lords.*

*Corn.* A third time liue our gracious soueraigne  
Monarch of England, crown'd by these hands.

*Elid.* A third time Lords, I do returne your loue,  
And wish it with my soule, so heauen were pleas'd,  
My ambitious Brothers had not died for this,  
But we haue given them honorable graues.

H 3

*Enter*

*Somebody and*

*Enter Queen and Lady.*

And mournd their most vntimely funerall,  
My loued Queen, come sear thee by my side,  
Partner in all my sorrowes and my ioyes,  
And you her reconciled Sister fir,  
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.

*Eld.* My Lord of *Cornwell*, whose that whispers 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.

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

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

*Enter some-body, bringing in No-body and his men, with Billes and  
frames.*

*Som.* now sirs ha we haue brought you before the king,  
Wheres your hart now?

*Nob.* My harts in my hose, but my face was neuer assum-  
med to shew it selfe, yet before king or Keyser.

*Som.* And wheres your hart sirs ha?

*Claw.*







*and No-body.*

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

*som.* Health to your Maicstie, and to the Queene,  
With a hart lower then this humble earth  
whereon I kneele. I beg against this fellow,  
Iustice my liege.

*Eli.* Against whom.

*som.* Against *No-body.*

*No.* My liege, his words wel sute vnto his thoughts,  
He wishes no man Iustice, being composd  
Of all deceit, of subtilty and flight,  
For mine own part, if in this royall presence,  
And before all these true iudiciall Lords,  
I cannot with sincerenes cleare my selfe,  
Of all suggestions falsly coynd against me,  
Let me be hangd vp sunning in the ayre,  
And made a scar-crow.

*Mar.* Lets heare his accusations,

And then how well thou canst aquit thy selfe.

*som.* First, when this monster made his residence  
Within the country, and disperst his shape  
Through euery shire and country of the Land,  
Where plenty had before a quiet tear,  
And the poore commons of the Land were full,  
With rich abundance and faciety,  
At his a iue, great dearths and scarcety,  
By ingrosing corne, and racking poore mens rents.  
This makes so many poore and honest Farmers,  
to sell their leases, and to beg their bread,  
this makes so 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 traſt him, and so found him out,  
But should your Lordship not beleue my prooffe,  
Examine all the rich and wealthy chuffes,

Whose

*Somebody and*

Whose full cramd Garners to the roofes are filld,  
In euery dearth who makes this scarcitye,  
And euery man will clearely quit himselfe,  
Then consequently, it must be *No-body*.  
Base copper money is stampd, the mint disgraft,  
Make search who doth this, euery man cleares one,  
So consequently it must be *No-body*.  
Besides, whereas the nobles of the land,  
And Gentlemen built goodly manner houses,  
Fit to receiue a King, and all his traine,  
And there kept royall hospitality,  
Since this intestine monster *No-body*,  
Dwels in these goodly houses keeps no traine,  
A hundred Chimnies, and not one cast smoke,  
And now the cause of these, mock-beggers Hal,  
Is this they, are dwelt in by *No-body*,  
For this out of the countrey he was chafte.

*No.* My royall liedge whie am I thus disgraft,  
Ile proue that slanderous wretch hath this al done.

*Elid.* Tis good you can acquit you, such abuses,  
Growe in the countrey, and vnknowne to vs:  
nay then no maruell that so manie poore,  
starue in the streets and beg from doore, to doore.  
Then sir ha purge you from this countrey blame,  
Or we will make thee the worlds publike shame.

*Corn.* now *No-body*, vvhath can you say to this.

*Clo.* My M. hath good cards, on his side Ile vvarant him.

*No.* my Lord, you knowv that slanders are no proofes,  
nor vvords without their present euidence,  
If things were done, they must be done by *some-body*,  
Else could they hatte no being. Is corne hoorded,  
*some-body* hords it, else it would be delr,  
In mutuall plentie throughout all the land,  
Are their rents raisd, if *No-body* should doe it,  
then should it be vndone. Is

Base





*and Somebody,*

Base money stampd, and the kings letters forgd,  
*Some-body* needes mult doe it, therefore not I,  
And where he saies, great houses long since built,  
Lye destitute, and wast because inhabited,  
By *No-body* my liedge, I answer thus,  
If *Some-body* dwelt therein, I would giue place.  
Or wold he but alow those chimnies fire,  
They would cast cloudes to heauen, the Kitchin-foode  
It would releue the poore, the sellers beere,  
It would make strangers drinke, but he commits  
These outrages then laies the blame on me,  
And for my good deeds, I am made a scorne.  
I onely giue the tired a refuge seat,  
The vnclothd garments, and the starued meate.

*Clow.* How say you by this maister *Some-body*. I belecue  
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,  
Vntlesse he better can acquit himselfe.

*Sich.* Touch him with the city, since you haue taken the  
foile in the Countrey.

*Mr.* Sirha, what can you say to this?

*Someb.* What should I saie my Lord, see heare complaints,  
Made in the city against *no-body*,  
As well as in the country. See their bills,  
Heeres one complaines his wife hath bin abroad,  
And asking where she reuels night, by night,  
She answers she hath bin with *no-body*.  
Hears queanes maintain in euery suburbe streete,  
Aske who maintains them, and tis *no-body*.  
Watches are beaten and Constibles are scoft,  
In dead of night men are made drunke in tauerne,  
Girles loose their maiden heads at thirteene yeares,  
Pockets pickt, and purses 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 slaunders dogs my steps,  
And cunningly assumes my borrow'd shape,  
Women lie out, if they be tooke and found  
with *somebody*, then *No-body* goes cleere,  
Else the blame is mine, he doth these faults vnknowne,  
then slaunders my chaste innocence for prooffe,  
*somebody* doth maintaine a common strumpet  
ith Garden-allies, and vndid himselfe.  
*somebody* swaggered with the watch last night,  
was carried to the counter.

*somebody* once pickt a pocket in this Play-house yard,  
Was hoisted on the stage, and sham'd 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 nurses,  
What should I say, your highnes loue I craue,  
That am all iust.

*corn.* Then *somebodies* a knaue.

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

*son.* 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, therfore *nobodies*.

*Mar.* Besides strange rumors and false buzzing tales,

Of







*and Somebody,*

Of mucinous leavings raised by *No-body*.

*Malg.* False dice and Cheating brought euen to the presence. and who dares be so impudently knauish,  
Vnlesse some fellow of your name and garbe.

*Morg.* Cards of aduantage with such cheating tricks,  
Brought euen amongst the noblest of the land,  
And when these cosening shifts are once discovered,  
There is no cheater found saue *No-body*.

*som.* How canst thou answer these.

*nobo.* Euen as the rest,

Are libels cast, if *nobody* did make them,  
And *no-bodies* name to them, they are no libels,  
For he that sets his name to any slander,  
Makes it by that no libell, this aproues  
He forg'd those slanderous writs to scandall me.  
And for false cards, and dice, let my great slops  
And his big bellied dublet both be sercht,  
And see which harbors most hipocrisie.

*queene.* Let them both be sercht.

*sico.* Ile take my leau of the presence.

*Clow.* nay *M. sycophant* weelchaue the inside of your pockets translated to, weele see what stuffyng they haue, Ile take a litle paines with you.

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

*Corn.* Here are my liedge bonds soiseit by poore men,  
Which he releist our of the vsurers hands,  
And canceld. Leases likewise forfeited,  
By him repurchaft. These petitions,  
Of many poore men to preferre their sutes,  
Vnto your highnesse.

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

*queene.* What bumbast beares his gorge.

*M r.* False Cards, false Dice;

The *plugs* hand counterfeit,

## Nobody,

Bonds put in sute to gaine the forfeitures,  
for good deedes to cheate men of their ancient land,  
And thousand such like trafike.

*Cl.* 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, passedge comes a pace.

*som.* Mercy great King.

*Sicoph.* Mercy my Soueraigne.

*Corn.* My liedge you cannot to be seuer in punishing,  
These monstrous 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 Coync,  
And traitrous impresse of our kingly seale,  
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.

*Cl.* 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 Oylly knaue, egregious parasite,  
Thou turning vaine, and changing Weather-cocke,  
My sentence is thou shalt be naked stript,  
And by the ci. ty beadles soundly whipt.

*Clow.*





## and Somebody

*Clow.* He 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 *Euery-body*.

*The Epilogue.*

**H**eer if you wonder why the king *Elidorus* 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 ill 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 *Euery-body* haue pleased you, for being offended with *no-body*, nor Any-body can finde himselfe agriued, 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 *Euery-body*.

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

I 3

Exitus

FINIS.



# SOME-BODY















































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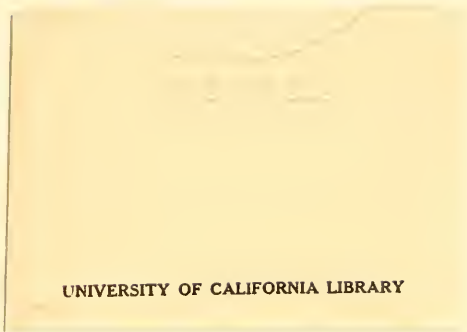
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