

## *No-Body and Some-Body.*

Original spelling; style made consistent.

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# NO-BODY, AND SOME-BODY.

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

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



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

NO-BODY  
AND  
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**Characters in the Play**

Cornwell, an honest Counsellor.  
Martianus his friend, an honest Counsellor.  
Elydure, Heir to the throne of Britain.  
Vigenius, his younger brother.  
Peridure, his younger brother.  
Archigallo, the corrupt King of Britain.  
Lord Sicophant, a fawning courtier.  
Two petitioners: Lord Morgan and Lord Malgo.  
Queen  
Lady Elidure  
Flatterer  
Attendants  
Two Porters  
Nobody, an honest subject.  
Somebody, his opposite.  
Somebody's servants  
Clown.  
Wench.  
Rafe.  
A Man and His Wife  
Two Men  
A Prentice  
Several Keepers of the Prisons  
Constable  
Braggart  
Officers

## PROLOGUE

A subject, of no subject, we present,  
for No-body is Nothing:  
Who of nothing can something make?  
It is a worke beyond the power of wit,  
And yet invention is rife:  
A morrall meaning you must then expect  
grounded on lesser than a shadowes shadow:  
Promising nothing where there wants a toong;  
And deeds as few, be done by No-bodie:  
Yet something out of nothing we will show  
To gaine your loves, to whome our selves we owe.

*(Enter Cornwell and Martianus.)*

CORNWELL: My Lord Martianus.

MARTIANUS: My Lord of Cornwell.

CORNWELL: Morrow.

MARTIANUS: Morrow.

CORNWELL: You are sad my Lord.

MARTIANUS: You melancholy.

CORNWELL: So,  
The state itself mournes in a robe of Wo.

MARTIANUS: For the decease of Archigalloes vertues.  
I understand you, noble-minded Cornwell.  
What generous spirit drawes this Brittish ayre  
But droops at Archigalloes government?

CORNWELL: And reason, Martianus. When the Sunne  
Struggles to be delivered from the wombe  
Of an obscure Eclipse, doth not the earth  
Mourne to behold his shine enveloped?  
O Corbonon, when I did close thine eyes  
I gave release to Britaines miseries.

*(Enter Elydure.)*

MARTIANUS: Good morrow to Prince Elydure.

ELIDURE: The same to you and you: you are sad my Lordes;  
Your harts I thinke are frosty, for your blood  
Seemes crusted in your faces, like the dew  
In a September morne. How fares the King?  
Have you yet bid good morrow to his highnes?

CORNWELL: The King's not stirring yet.

*(Enter Vigenius and Peridure.)*

PERIDURE: Yonder's old Cornwell; come Vigenius  
Weele have some sport with him.

VIGENIUS: Brother, content.

PERIDURE: Good morrow to you brother *Elydure*.

CORNWELL: God morrow to *Cornwell*.

VIGENIUS: Morrow old gray-beard.

CORNWELL: My beards not so gray as your wits greene.

VIGENIUS: And why so?

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

CORNWELL: Would you would prove as honest princes as  
your great grandsire was, or halfe as wise as your elder brother was!  
Theres a couple of you! Sfoote I am ashamed you should be  
of the blood royall.

PERIDURE: And why, father Winter?

CORNWELL: You do not know your state. There's *Elydure*  
Your elder brother next unto the King;  
He plies his booke; when shall you see him trace  
Lascivious *Archigallo* through the streets,  
And fight with common hacksters hand to hand  
To wrest from them their goods an dignities?

PERIDURE: You are to saucy, *Cornwell*.

VIGENIUS: Bridle your spirit.

ELIDURE: Your words are dangerous, good honest subject,  
Old reverent states-man, faithful servitor:  
Do not traduce the King, hees vertuous.  
Or say he tread somewhat besides the line  
of vertuous government, his regality  
Brookes not taxation: Kings greatest royalties  
Are, that their subjects must aplaud their deedes  
As well as beare them. Their prerogatives  
Are murall interponents twixt the world  
And their proceedings.

CORNWELL: Well, well, I have served foure Kings,  
And none of those foure but would have ventured  
Their safeties on old *Cornwels* constancy.  
But thats all one; now I am cald a dotard.  
Go to, though now my limbes be starke and stiffe  
When *Cornwels* dead, Brittainye I know will want  
So strong a prop. Alasse, I needs must weepe  
And shed teares in abundance, when I thinke  
How Archigallo wrongs his government.

VIGENIUS: Nay, now youle fall into your techy humor.

*(Enter Lord Sicophant.)*

SICOPHANT: My Lords, Princes I should have said, and after, Lords, I am the Usher and  
Harbinger unto the Kings most excellent person, and his Majesty.

VIGENIUS: is fourth-comming.

SICOPHANT: Or comming fourth, hard by or at hand. Will you  
put your gestures of attendance on, to give his Majestie the  
*Bon joure?*

*(Enter Archigallo and two Lords, Morgan, Malgo.)*

ALL: Good morrow to our soveraigne Archigallo.

ARCHIGALLO: Morrow.

CORNWELL: Why do you frowne upon your servants, King?  
We love you, and you ought to favor us.  
Will you to Counsel? Heeres petitions,  
Complaints, and controversies twixt your subjects,  
Appealing all to youl

ARCHIGALLO: Lets see those papers. A controversie betwixt the Lord *Morgan* and the Lord *Malgo*, concerning their Tyttles to the Southerne Island. We know this cause and what their titles be. (*To Morgan*) You claim it by inheritance?

MORGAN: My liege, I do.

ARCHIGALLO (*to Malgo*): You by the marriage of Lord *Morgans* mother, To whom it was left joynture?

MALGO: True gracious Sovereaigne.

ARCHIGALLO: Whose evidence is the strongest? To which part Inclines the censures of our learned Judges?

MORGAN: We come not heer to plead before your grace  
But humblie to intreat your Majestie  
Peruse our evidence and censure it  
According to your wisdome.

ARCHIGALLO: What I determine, then, youle yeeld unto?

BOTH: We will, my Sovereaigne.

ARCHIGALLO: (*to Sicophant*) Then that Southerne Ile  
We take to our protection, and make you  
Lord governor thereof.

SICOPHANT: I humblie thanke your highnesse.

MALGO: I hope your Majesty --

ARCHIGALLO: Replie not, I but take it to myselfe  
Because I would not have dissention  
Betwixt two peeres. I love to see you friends;  
And now the Islands mine your quarrell ends.  
What's next? A poore Northern mans humble petition.  
~~ Which is the plaintive?

(*Enter clowne, Wench, and Rafe.*)

RAFE: If it please your Majestie I was betrothed to this maid.

ARCHIGALLO: Is this true my Wench?

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

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

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

CLOWNE: Rafe, you have your answer, you may be gon; your only way to save charges is to buy a halfpenniwoorth of Hobnailes for your shoes. Alasse, you might have looked into this, before; go silly Rafe, go, away, vanish.

ARCHIGALLO: Is not this lasse a pretty neat browne wench?

SICOPHANT: She is my liege, and mettell, I dare warrant.

ARCHIGALLO: Fellow, how long hast thou been married?

CLOWNE: I was, as they say, coupled the same day that my countryman Raphe begunne the law: for to tell your Majestie the truth, we are yet both Virgins, it did never freese betwixt us two in a bed I assure your grace.

ARCHIGALLO: Didst never lie with thy wife?

CLOWNE: Never yet, but nowe your Majestie hath ended the matter, Ile be so bold as take possession.

ARCHIGALLO: Harke my wench, wilt leave these rusticke fellowes and stay with me?

WENCH: What will your highnes doe with me?

ARCHIGALLO: Why, Ile make thee a Lady.

WENCH: And shal I goe in fine clothes like a Lady?

ARCHIGALLO: Thou shalt.

WENCH: Ile be a Lady then, that's flat. Sweet heart, farewell, I must be a Lady, so I must.

CLOWNE: How now, how now? but hear you Sis.

WENCH: Away you Clowne, away.

CLOWNE: But will your highnes rob me of my spouse?

ARCHIGALLO: What we will we will. away with those slaves.

CLOWNE: Zounds, if ever I take you in Yorkshire for this!

SICOPHANT: Away, you slaves.

CORNWELL: My Lord, these generall wrongs will draw your highnesse Into the common hatred of your subjects.

ARCHIGALLO: Whats that to thee? Old doting Lord, forbear.  
Whats heere? Complaints against one Nobody  
For over much relieving of the poore,  
Helping distressed prisoners, entertayning  
Extravagants and vagabonds. What fellowes this?

CORNWELL: My liedge I know him; he's an honest subject  
That hates extortion, usury, and such sinnes  
As are too common in this Land of Brittain.

ARCHIGALLO: Ile have none such as he within my kingdome;  
He shall be banisht.

SICOPHANT: Heare my advise my liedge: I know a fellow  
Thats opposite to Nobody in all things:  
As he affects the poore, this other hates them;  
Loves usurie and extortion. Send him straight  
Into the Country, and upon my life  
Ere many monthes he will devise some meanes  
To make that Nobody bankrout, make him flie  
His Country, and be never heard of more.

ARCHIGALLO: What doost thou call his name?

SICOPHANT: His name is Somebody my liedge.

ARCHIGALLO: Seeke out that Somebody, wele send him straight.  
What other matters stay to be decided



Determine you and you. The rest may follow  
To give attendance.

*(Exeunt all but the Lords. Manent Cornwell and Martianus.)*

MARTIANUS: Alls nought already, yet these unripe illls  
Have not their full growth; and their next degree  
Must needs be worse than nought: and by what name  
Doe you call that?

CORNWELL: I know none bad enough:  
Base, vild, notorious, ugly, monstrous, slavish,  
Intollerable, abhorred, damnable!  
Tis worse than bad! Ile be no longer vassaile  
To such a tyrannous rule, nor accessarie  
To the base sufferance of such outrages.

MARTIANUS: Youle not indure it? -- How can you remedie  
A mayme so dangerous and incurable?

CORNWELL: There is a way: but walls have eares and eyes.  
Your eare, my Lord, and counsell.

MARTIANUS: I have eares  
Open to such discourse, and counsell apt,  
And to the full recovery of these wounds  
Made in the sick state, most effectual.  
A word in private.

*(Enter Peridure and Vigenius.)*

PERIDURE: Come brother, I am tyrde with revelling,  
My last Caranta made me almost breathlesse.  
Doth not the Kings last wench foote it with art?

VIGENIUS: 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-lived Counsellors  
In secret conference: they cannot indure  
This freedome.

PERIDURE: Nor the rule of *Archigallo*  
Because tis subject to his libertie.  
Are they not plotting now for some installement  
And change of state? Old gallants, if you be

Twill cost your heads.

VIGENIUS: Bodies and all for me.  
List them; such strict reproovers should not live  
Their austere censures on their kings to give.

CORNWELL: He must then be deposed.

PERIDURE: Ey, are you there? that word sounds treason.

VIGENIUS: Nay, but farther heare.

MARTIANUS: The King deposed, how must it be effected?  
What strengths and powers can sodenly be levied?  
Who will assist this busines, to reduce  
The state to better forme and government?

VIGENIUS: Ey, mary, more of that.

CORNWELL: All Cornwells at my becke; Devonshire our neighbour  
Is one with us; you in the North command.  
The oppressed, wrongd, dejected and suppress  
Will flock on all sides to this innovation:  
The Clergie late despised, the Nobles scorn'd,  
The Commons trode on, and the Law contemnd,  
Will lend a mutuall and combynd power  
Unto this happie change.

PERIDURE: Oh monstrous treason!

MARTIANUS: My Lord, we are betraide and over-heard  
By the two princes.

CORNWELL: How? betraide?

MARTIANUS: Our plots discovered.

CORNWELL: Ile helpe it all; doe you but sooth me up  
Wele catch them in the trap they lay for us.

MARTIANUS: Ile doot.

CORNWELL: Now sir, the King deposd  
Who shall succeed?

MARTIANUS: Some would say *Elidure*.

CORNWELL: 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 regal sceptre  
With joynt assistance, all our hopes were full!

VIGENIUS: A sceptre!

PERIDURE: And a crown!

MARTIANUS: What if we make the motion? We have wills  
To effect it, we have power to compasse it.

VIGENIUS: And if I make refusall, heaven refuse me.

PERIDURE: These Counsellors are wise, and see in us  
More vertue then we in ourselves discern.  
Would it were come to such election!

CORNWELL: My honord Lord, wele breake it to those princes,  
Those hopefull youths, at our convenient leasure.

MARTIANUS: With all my hart.

CORNWELL: You that our footsteps watcht  
Shall in the depth of your owne wiles be catcht. (*Exeunt.*)

VIGENIUS: A King!

PERIDURE: And were a crowne, a crowne imperiall!

VIGENIUS: And sit in state.

PERIDURE: Command.

VIGENIUS: And be obeyed.

PERIDURE: Our Nobles kneeling.

VIGENIUS: Servants homaging, and crying *Ave*.

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

VIGENIUS: Not for the world. I long to sit in state  
To purse the bountie of our gracious fate.

PERIDURE: To entertaine forreine Embassadors.

VIGENIUS: And have our names ranckt in the course of kings.

PERIDURE: Shadow us, State, with thy majesticke wings!

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

VIGENIUS: Now sir, my brother *Archigall* deposde.

CORNWELL: Deposd! did you heare that my Lord?

VIGENIUS: For his licensious rule, and such abuses  
As wele pretend gainst him in parliament --

ARCHIGALLO: Oh monstrous brothers!

ELIDURE: Oh ambitious youthes!

VIGENIUS: Thus wele divide the Land: all beyond Trent  
And Humber, shall suffise one moitie:  
The southpart of the Land shall make tother,  
Where we will keepe two Courts, and raigne devided,  
Yet as deere loving brothers.

ARCHIGALLO: As vild traitors.

PERIDURE: Then Archigall, thou that hast sat in pompe  
And seene me vassaile, shalt behold me crownd,  
Whilst thou with humble knees vailst to my state.

ARCHIGALLO: And when must this be doone? when shall my crowne  
Be parted and devided into halfes?  
You raigne on this side Humber, you beyond  
The river Trent! When do you take your states?  
Sit crownd and scepterd to receive our homage  
Our dutie, and our humble vassalage?

PERIDURE: I know not when.

ARCHIGALLO: Nor you?

VIGENIUS: Nor I.

ARCHIGALLO: But I know when you shall repent your pride,  
Nor will we use delays in our revenge.  
Ambitious boyes, we doome you prisonment;  
Your Pallace royall shall a Jaile be made,  
Your thrones a dungeon, and your sceptres Irons,  
In which wele bound your proud aspiring thoughts.  
Away with them, we will not mount our chayre  
Till their best hopes be changd to black despaire.

PERIDURE: Heare us excuse ourselves.

VIGENIUS: Or lets discover  
Who drew us to this hope of soveraigntie.

ARCHIGALLO: That shall our further leysures arbitrate.  
Our eares are deafe to all excusive pleas.  
Come unambitious brother Elidurus,  
Helpe us to lavish our abundant treasures  
In masks, sports, revells, riots, and strange pleasures. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Somebody, with two or three servants.*)

SOMEBODY: But is it true the fame of *Nobody*  
For vertue, alms-deeds, and for charity  
Is so renowned and famous in the country?

SERVANT: O Lord, sir, ay, he's talkd of far and near  
Fills all the boundless country with applause;  
There lives not in all Britain one so spoke of  
For pity, good mind, and true charity.

SOMEBODY: Which *Somebody* shall alter e'er 't be long.

SERVANT: You may, my Lord, being in grace at Court  
And the high favours of King *Archigallo*,  
Exile this petty fellow from the land  
That so obscures the beauty of your deeds.

SOMEBODY: What doth this *Nobody*?

SERVANT: You shall hear, my Lord.  
Come twentie poore men to his gate at once,  
*Nobody* gives them mony meate and drinke;  
If they be naked, clothes. Then come poore souldiers  
Sick, maymd and shot, from any forraine warres,  
*Nobody* takes them in, provides them harbor,

Maintaines their ruind fortunes at his charge.  
He gives to orphants, and for widdowes buildes  
Almes-houses, Spittles, and large Hospitals:  
And when it comes in question, who is apt  
For such good deeds, tis answerd, *Nobody*.  
Now *Nobody* hath entertaing 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 cheere, whose fragments at his gate  
Suffice the generall poore of the whole shire.  
Nobodies table's free for travellers,  
His buttry and his seller ope to all  
That starve with drought, or thirst upon the way.

SOMEBODY: His fame is great; how should we helpe it?

SERVANT: My Lord, tis past my reach, tis you must doe it,  
Or't must be left undone.

SOMEBODY: What deedes of note  
Is he els famous for?

SERVANT: My Lord, Ile tell you.  
His Barnes are full, and when the Cormorants  
And welthy Farmers hoord up all the graine  
He empties all his Garners to the poore  
Under 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 indeed kept him in his known estate.

SOMEBODY: The slave's ambitious, and his life I hate.

SERVANT: How shall we bring his name in publick scandall?

SOMEBODY: Thus it shall be, use my direction.  
In Court and country I am Somboddy,  
And therefore apt and fit to be employed:  
Goe thou in secrete, beeing a subtile knave,  
And sowe seditious slaunders through the Land.  
Oppresse the poore, suppress the fatherlesse,  
Deny the widdowes foode, the starv'd releefe;  
And when the wretches shall complaine their wrongs,

Being cald in question swears twas *Nobody*.  
Racke rents, raise prises,  
Buy up the best and choise commodities  
At the best hand, then keepe them till their prises  
Be lifted to their height, and double rate;  
And when the raisers of this dearth are sought,  
Though *Sombod*y doe this, protest and swears  
Twas *Nobody*, fore Judge and Magistrate:  
Bring scandalls on the rich, raise mutinous lyes  
Upon the state, and rumors in the Court,  
Backbite and sow dissention amongst friends,  
Quarrels mongst neighbors, and debate mongst strangers,  
Set man and wife at ods, kindred at strife;  
And when it comes in question, to cleere us  
Let every one protest and swears for one,  
And so the blame will fall on *Nobody*.  
About it then; if these things well succede  
You shall prevaile, and we applaude your speede.

*(Enter Nobody and the Clowne.)*

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

NOBODY: Come on, myne owne servaunt, some newes, some newes,  
what report have I in the country? how am I talkt on in the Citty,  
and what fame beare I in the Court?

CLOWNE: Oh Maister, you are halfe hangd.

NOBODY: Hangd, why man?

CLOWNE: Because you have an ill name: a man had as good  
almost serve no Maister as serve you. I was carried afore the  
constable but yesterday, and they tooke mee up for a stravagant:  
they askt me whom I served; I told them *Nobody*: they presently  
drew me to the post, and there gave me the law of armes.

NOBODY: The law of armes?

CLOWNE: 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.

NOBODY: Sure *Sombod*y was the cause of all.

CLOWNE: 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 even a very hoddy doddy, all breech.

NOBODY: And no body. But if my breeches had as much cloth in them as ever 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 serve, theile aunswere, *Nobody*. Your Cavaliers and swaggerers bout the towne That dominere in Taverns, sweare and stare, Urge them upon some termes: theile turne their malice To me, and say theile fight with *Nobody*; Or if they fight, and Nobody by chauce 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 a bout with me. What shall I doe?

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

CLOWNE: But do you heare Maister, when I have serv'd you a yere or two, who shall pay me my wages?

NOBODY: Why, *Nobody*.

CLOWNE: Indeede if I serve *Nobody*, *Nobody* must pay me my wages, therefore Ile even seeke out *Sombod*y or other to get me a new service; but the best is, Maister, if you runne away, you are easie to be found againe.

NOBODY: Why so sir?

CLOWNE: Mary, aske a deafe man whom hee heares, heele straight say Nobody, aske the blindest beetle that is, whom hee sees, and heele aunswere *Nobodie*. He that never saw in his life can see you, though you were as little as a moate; and hee that never heard can heare you, though you treade as softlie as a Mouse, therefore I shall be sure never to loose you. Besides you have one commoditie, Maister, which none hath besides you; if you should love the most fickle and inconstants wench that is in the world, sheele be true to Nobody, and therefore constant to you.



NOBODY: And thou sayest true in that my honest servant.  
Besides, I am in great especiall grace  
With the King *Archigallo* that now raignes  
In tyranny and strange misgovernment.  
Nobody loves him, and he loves *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 injures *Nobody*,  
All the world saies, ey, thats a vertuous man.  
And though a man have doone a thousand mischiefes,  
And come to prove the forfeit made to law,  
If he can prove he hath wrong'd *Nobody*,  
No man can touch his life. This makes me mad,  
This makes me leave the place where I was bred,  
And thousand times a day to wish me dead.

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

CLOWNE: Maister, I would wish you to leave the Country, and  
see what good entertainment you will have in the Citie. I do  
not think but there you will be most kindly respected. I have  
been there in my youth; there's Hospitalitie, and you talke of  
Hospitalitie, 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 love to have *Nobody* trouble  
them, and without good securitie they will lend *Nobody* mony.  
Come into Birch Lane, theyle give *Nobody* a sute, chuse where  
hee list; goe into Cheapeside, and *Nobody* may take up as much  
plate as he can carrie.

Nobody: Then Ile to London, for the Country tires me  
With exclamations and with open wrongs.  
Sith in the Cittie they affect me so.

CLOWNE: O Maister, there I am sure *Nobody* may have any thing  
without mony; Nobody may come out of the Tavern 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 have you been all this night?

WIFE: Why do you aske, husband?

MAN: Because I would know, wife.

WIFE: I have beene with *Nobody*.

NOBODY: Tis a lie good man, beleeve her not,  
shee was not with mee.

MAN: And who hath layne with you to-night?

WIFE: Lye with me, why *Nobody*.

NOBODY: Oh monstrous, they would make me a whore-maister.

MAN: Well, I doe not thinke but *Sombdy* hath been with you.

SOMEBODY: Sombdy was indeed.

WIFE: Gods life, husband, you doe me wrong, I lay with Nobody.

MAN: Well minion, though Nobody beare the blame,  
Use it no more, least Sombdy bide the shame.

NOBODY: I will endure no longer in this Clymate,  
It is so full of slaunders. Ile to the Cittie,  
And therefore performe the deedes of charitie.

*(Enter the 2d man and a prentice.)*

2 MAN: Now, you rascall, who have you beene withal at the  
alehouse?

PRENTICE: Sooth, I was with *Nobody*.

NOBODY: Not with me.

2 MAN: And who was drunke there with you?

PRENTICE: Sooth, Nobody was drunke with me.

NOBODY: O intollerable! they would make me a drunkard to.  
I cannot indure any longer, I must hence;  
No patience with such scandals 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 have cause; I have lent a friend of mine a  
hundred pounce, and have *Nobodyes* worde for the payment; bill  
nor bond, nor any thing to shew.

2 MAN: Have you *Nobodies* worde? Ile assure you that *Nobodie*  
is a good man; a good man, I assure you, neighbor, *Nobodie*  
will keep his worde; *Nobodies* worde is as good as his bond.

1 MAN: Ey, say you so? nay then, lets drinke down sorrow;  
If none would lend, then *Nobody* should borrow.

NOBODY: Yet there's one keeps a good tongue in his head,  
That can give 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 give schollers pensions, Poets gold,  
Arts their deserts, Philosophy due praise,  
Learning his merrit, and all worth his meede.  
There Ile release poore prisoners from their dungeons,  
Pay Creditors the debts of other men,  
And get myself a name mongst Cittizens,  
That after-times, pertakers of all blisse,  
May thus record, Nobody did all this.  
Country, farewell, whose slaunderous tongues I flie!  
The Cittie now shall lift my name on hie.

SOMEBODY: Whether Ile follow thee with Swallowes wings  
And nimble expedition, there to raise  
New brawles and rumors to eclipse thy praise.  
Those subtile slie insinuating fellowes  
Whom *Sombodie* hath sent into the country  
To rack, transport, extort, and to oppresse,  
Will I call home, and all their wits employ  
Against this publique Benefactor, knowne  
Honest, for all the rumors by us sowne.

But howsoever, I am sworne his foe,  
And opposite to all his meriting deedes.  
This way must doe; though my devining thoughts  
This augurie amidst their changes have,  
That *Sombod*y will at length be proov'd a knave. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Queen, Sicophant and Lady Elidure severallie.*)

SICOPHANT: Good day to you both, faire Ladies!  
But fairest of them both, my gracious Queene!  
Good day to your high Majestie! and madam,  
The royall Lady of great *Elidure*,  
My Soveraignes brother, unto you I wish  
This morning proove as gracious and as good.

QUEENE: Those greetings from the Lady *Elidure*  
Would pleasingly sound in our princely eares.

LADY: Such greetings from great *Archigalloes* queene  
Would be most gracious to our princely eare.

QUEENE: What, no good morrow, and our grace so neere?  
Reach me my glove.

LADY: Whom speakes this woman to?

QUEENE: Why, to my subject to my waiting maid;  
Am I not mightie *Archigalloes* queene?  
Is not my Lord the royall English King?  
Thy husband and thy selfe my servitors?

LADY: Is my Coach ready? where are all my men  
That should attend upon our awfull frowne?  
What, not one neere?

QUEENE: Minion, my glove,

SICOPHANT: Madam, her highnes glove.

LADY: My scarfe is falne, one of you reach it up.

QUEENE: You heare me?

LADY: Painted Majesty, begone!  
I am not to be countercheckt by any.

QUEENE: Shall I beare this?

SICOPHANT: Be patient, I will schoole her.  
Your excellence greatly forgets your selfe  
To be so dutillesse unto the Queene;  
I have seene the world; I know what 'tis to obey  
And to command. What if it please the Queene  
That you her subject should attend on her  
And take her glove up, is it meete that I  
Should stoope for yours? You're proud, fie, fie, you're proud!  
This must not be twixt two such royall sisters  
As you by marriage are; go to, submit,  
Her Majestie is easie to forgive.

LADY: Sawcie Lord, forbear; there's for your exhortation! (*Strikes him.*)

QUEENE: I cannot beare this, tis insufferable:  
Ile to the King; and if he save thy life,  
He shall have mine: madnes and wrath attend,  
My thoughts are level'd at a bloody end. (*Exit.*)

LADY: Shee's shadow;  
We the true substance are: follow her those  
That to our greatness dare themselves oppose.

(*Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.*)

CORNWELL: Helth to your Ladiship. I would say Queene  
If I might have my minde, bir lady, Ladie.

MARTIANUS: I had a sute unto the King with this Lord  
For the great office of high Seneshall,  
Because of our good service to the state.  
But he in scorne, as he doth every thing  
Hath tane it from us both, and gin't a foole.

MORGAN: To a Sicophant, a courtly parasite.

SICOPHANT: Beare witnes, Madam, Ile goe too the King  
That they speake treason.

MALGO: Passe upon our swords,  
You old exchecker of all flatterie.  
I tell thee, *Archigallo* shall be deposd,  
And thou disroab'd of all thy dignitie.

SICOPHANT: I hope not so.

CORNWELL: See heere the Counsels hands,  
Subscrib'd to *Archigallos* overthrow.  
The names of sixteene royall English Peeres  
Joynd in a league that is inviolable;  
And nothing wants, but *Elidurus* grant  
To accept the kingdome when the deede is done.

SICOPHANT: Nay then, Ile take your parts, and joyne with you.

MARTIANUS: We will not have a Clawbacks hand comixt  
With such heroick peeres.

SICOPHANT: I hope, my Lady  
Is not of their minds. My most gracious Queene,  
What I did speake in reprehensive sort  
Was more because her Majestie was present,  
Then any offence of yours, and so esteeme it.  
God knowes I love your highnes and these Lords.

LADY: Which of you will persuade my Elidure  
To take upon him Englands royaltie?

MARTIANUS: Madam, we all have so importund him  
Laying unto his judgement every thing  
That might attract his sences to the crowne;  
But he, frost-braind, will not be obtaind  
To take upon him this Realmes government.

MALGO: Hee is the verie soule of lenitie.  
If ever moderation liv'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 favourits.

*(Enter Elidure.)*

CORNWELL: See, Maddam, where he comes, reading a booke.

LADY: My Lord and husband, with your leave, this booke  
Is fitter for an Universitie,  
Than to be lookt on, and the Crowne so neere.  
You know these Lords, for tyrannie, have sworne  
To banish Archigallo from the throne,

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

ELIDURE: My deerest love, the essence of my soule,  
And you my honord Lords; the sute you make,  
Though it be just for many wrongs imposd,  
Yet unto me it seemes an injurie.  
What is my greatnes by my brothers fall,  
But like a starved body nourished  
With the destruction of the other lymbes?  
Innumerable are the griefes that waite  
On horded treasures, then much more on Crownes.  
The middle path, the golden meane for me!  
Leave me obedience, take you Majestie.

LADY: Why, this is worser to my lofty minde  
Then the late checks given by the angry Queene.

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

LADY: On your younger brother,  
And then no doubt we shall be awde indeed,  
When the ambition of the elders wife  
Can scarsly give our patience any bounds.  
England is sicke of pride and tirrorie,  
And in thy goodnes only to be curde.  
Thou art cald fourth amongst a thousand men  
To minister this soveraigne Antidote;  
To amend thy brothers cruelty with love;  
And if thou wilt not from oppression free  
Thy native Country, thou art vilde as he.

ELIDURE: I had rather stay his leasure to amend.

LADY: Men, heaven, gods, devills, what power should I invoke  
To fashion him anew? Thunder, come downe!  
Crowne me with ruine, since not with a Crowne.

CORNWELL: Long life unto the Kingly Elidure!  
Trumpets, proclaim it, whether he will or no.

LADY: For that conceit, Lords, you have wonne my hart.  
In his despight let him be straight waies Crownd,  
That I may triumph while the trumpets sound.

ELIDURE: Carry me to my grave, not to a Throne!

LADY: Helpe, Lords, to seate him! nay, helpe every one!  
So should the Majestie of England sit,  
Whilst we in like state do associate him.

ELIDURE: Never did any less desire to raigne  
Then I: heaven knowes this greatnes is my paine.

LADY: Paine me in this sort, great Lords, every day;  
Tis sweete to rule.

ELIDURE: Tis sweeter to obay.

CORNWELL: Live King of England long and happily!  
As long and happily your Highnes live!

LADY: We thanke you, Lords; now call in the deposd!  
Him and his proud Queen, bring unto our sight,  
That in her wrongs we may have our delight.

*(Enter Archigallo and his Queene bound.)*

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

ELIDURE: Good brother, grieve not! tis against my will  
That I am made a King. Pray take my place;  
I had rather be your subject then your Lord.

LADY: So had not I; sit still my gracious Lord,  
Whilst I looke through this Tyrant with a frowne.  
Minion, reach up my glove.

QUEENE: Thinkst thou because  
Thy husband can dissemble piety,  
And therein hath deposd my royall Lord,  
That I am lesser in estate than Queene?  
No, thine owne answere lately given to me  
I thus revet. Stoope then, proud queene, for me!



SICOPHANT: Nay then, as I did lately to her Highnes,  
I must admonish you. Dejected lady,  
You do forget yourself, and where you are.  
Duty is debt; and it is fit, since now  
You are a subject, to beare humble thoughts.  
Follow my counsell, Lady, and submit;  
Her Majestie no doubt will pardon it.

QUEENE: There's for your paines! (*Strikes him.*)

SICOPHANT: Which way soere I goe,  
I have it heere, whether it ebbe or flowe.

LADY: That pride of thine shall be thy overthrowe.  
And thus I sentence them.

ELIDURE: Leave that to me.

LADY: No, you are too mild; judgment belongs to me.  
Thou, *Archigallo*, for thy tirannie,  
For ever be excluded from all rule  
And from thy life!

ELIDURE: Not from his life, I pray.

LADY: He unto whom the greatest wrongs are done,  
Dispatch him quickly.

MORGAN: That will I.

MAGLO: Or I.

ELIDURE: And therein, Lords, effect my tragedie.

LADY: Why strike you not? Oh, tis a dangerous thing  
To have a living subject of a King:  
Much treason may be wrought, when in his death  
Our safety is secur'd.

ELIDURE: Banish him rather. Oh sweete, spare his life!  
He is my brother.

ARCHIGALLO: Crownd, and pray thy wife.

ELIDURE: Oh brother, if you roughly speake, I knowe  
There is no hope but your sure overthrowe.

Pray be not angry with me for my love.  
To banishment! since it must needs be so.  
His life I give him, whosoere saies no.

LADY: What? and his Ladies to?

ELIDURE: I, hers and all.

LADY: But Ile not have you banisht with the King.  
No, minion, no, since you must live, be assur'd  
Ile make thee meanest of my waiting Maides.

QUEENE: I scorne thy pride.

ARCHIGALLO: Farewell, deceiving state!  
Pride-making Crowne! my deerest wife, farewell!  
I have been a Tyrant, and Ile be so still. *(Exit.)*

ELIDURE: Alas, my brother!

LADY: Dry up childish teares,  
And to these Lords that have invested you,  
Give gracious lookes an honorable deedes.

ELIDURE: Give them my Crowne, oh, give them all I have!  
The throne I reckon but a glorious grave.

LADY: Then from my selfe these dignities receive.  
The Hand wrested from you, I restore;  
See it be given them backe, Lord Sicophant.  
The office of his Seneschall bereft you,  
My Lord of Cornwell, to your grace we give.  
You, Martianus, be our Treasurer;  
And if we find you faithfull, be assured  
You shall not want preferment at our hands.  
Meanetime this office we impose on you;  
Be Tutor to this Lady; and her pride,  
With your learned principles whereof you are full,  
Turne to humility, or vex her soule.

QUEENE: Torment on torment! tutord by a foole!

SICOPHANT: Madam, it is her Highnes will; be pleased.

LADY: Young Peridurus and Vigenius, Lords,  
Release from prison; and because your King

Is mightely affected unto Yorke,  
Thether dismisse the Court incontinent.

SICOPHANT: 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 be held a festivall,  
And tryumphe, Lords, that England is set free  
From a vild tyrant and his crueltie.

ELIDURE: On to our funerall; tis no matter where:  
I sin I knowe, in suffering pride so neere. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Nobody and the Clowne.*)

NOBODY: Ahem boy, Nobody is sound yet, for all his troubles.

CLOWNE: And so is Nobodies man, for all his whipping. But  
Maister, we are now in the Citty, wald about from slaunder; there  
cannot a lie come in but it must runne through bricke, or get  
the good will of the warders, whose browne bills looke blew upon all  
passengers.

NOBODY: O this Citty, if Nobody live to be as old againe,  
be it spoken in secret,  
Ile have fenst about with a wall of brasse.

CLOWNE: Of Nobodies making, that will be rare.

NOBODY: Ile bring the Tems through the middle of it, empty  
Moore-ditch at my own charge, and build up Paules-steple without  
a collection. I see not what becomes of these collections.

CLOWNE: Why, Nobody receaves them.

NOBODY: I, knave?

CLOWNE: You, knave: or as the world goes, *Somebody* receaves  
all and *Nobody* is blamd for it.

NOBODY: But is it rumord so thorough out the Citty?

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 stolne but by *Nobody*, no extortion without *Nobody*: and but that truth will come to light, fewe wenches got with child, but with *Nobody*.

NOBODY: Nay, thats by *Somebody*.

CLOWNE: I thinke *Somebody* had a hand in 't, but *Nobody* some times paies for the nursing of it.

NOBODY: Indeede I have taken into my charge many a poore infant left to the almes of the wide world; I have helpt many a vertuous maide to a good husband, and nere desird her maiden-head; redeemed many Gentlemens lands, that have 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, Maister.

NOBODY: Yet this mad world shall not make me mad. I am  
All spirit, *Nobody*. Let them grieve  
That scrape for wealth; I will the poore relieve.  
Where are the Maisters of the several prisons  
Within and neere adjoining to the City?  
That I may spred my charity abroad.

CLOWNE: Heere they be Sir.

*(Enter three or four.)*

NOBODY: Welcome, gentlemen!  
You are they that make poore men housholders  
Against their wills, and yet doe them no wrong:  
You have the actions and the cases of your sides,  
Whilst your Tenants in comon want money to fill them.  
How many Gentlemen of lesse revenewes than *Nobody*  
Lie in your Knights ward for want of maintenance?

ONE: I am, Sir, a Keeper of the Counter, and there are in our wards  
above a hundred poore prisoners, that are like nere to come forth  
without satisfaction.

NOBODY: But *Nobody* will be their benefactor. What in yours?

THREE: Double the number, and in the Gayle.

NOBODY: Talke not of the Gayle; tis full of limetwigs, lifts, and pickpockets.

ONE: Is it your pleasure, Sir, to free them all?

NOBODY: All that lie in for debt.

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

NOBODY: *Nobody*, Sir will give a hundred thousand, Ten hundred thousand! *Nobody* will not have a prisoner, Because they all shall pray for *Nobody*.

CLOWNE: Tis great pittty my Maister has no body, and so kind a hart.

*(A noise within. "Follow, follow, follow.")*

NOBODY: What outcries that?

*(Enter Somebody with two or three.)*

SOMEBODY: This is the gallant, apprehend him straight.  
Tis he that sowes sedition in the Land  
Under the couler of being charitable.  
When search is made for such in every Inne,  
Though I have seene them housd, the Chamberlaine,  
For gold, will answere there is Nobody.  
He for all bankrouts is a common baile;  
And when the execution should be servd  
Upon the sureties, they find Nobody:  
In private houses, who so apt to lie  
As those that have been taught by Nobody?  
Servants 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 Citty then from shame,  
Sease Nobody, and let him beare the blame.

CONSTABLE: Lay hold upon him.

NOBODY: What, on Nobody? Give me my sword, my morglay!  
My friends, you that doe know how innocent I am,

Draw in my quarrell, succor Nobody!  
Wht? Nobody but Nobody remaining?

CLOWN: 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 with all the world.

SOMEBODY: Upon them, then.

*(A fight betwixt Somebody and Nobody; Nobody escapes.)*

What, has he scapt us?

CONSTABLE: He is gone, my Lord.

SOMEBODY: It shall be thus, now you have seene his shape:  
Let him be straight imprinted to the life;  
His picture shall be set on every stall,  
And proclamation made, that he that takes him  
Shall have a hundred pounds of Sombody.  
Country and Citty I shall thus set free,  
And have more roome to worke my villanie. *(Exeunt.)*

NOBODY: What? are they gone? Then, Citty, now adew;  
Since I have taken such great injury  
For my good life within thy government,  
No more will Nobody be charitable,  
No more will Nobody relieve the poore.  
Honor your Lord and Maister Somebody,  
For Somebody is he that wrongs you all.  
Ile to the Court; the changing of the ayre  
May peradventure change my injuries.  
And if I speede no better, being there,  
Yet say that Nobody liv'd everywhere. *(Exit.)*

*(Enter Archigallo.)*

ARCHIGALLO: I was a King, but now I am slave.  
How happie were I in this base estate  
If I had never tasted royaltie!  
But the remembrance that I was a king,  
Unseasons the content of povertie.  
I heare the hunters musicke; heere Ile 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 have kild no game. To horse, away! *(Exeunt.)*

*(Enter Elidure.)*

ELIDURE: Hearded? goe single him, or couple straight,  
He will not fall to day. What fellowes this?

ARCHIGALLO: I am a man.

ELIDURE: A banisht man, I thinke.  
My brother *Archigallo*, ist not so?

ARCHIGALLO: Tis so, I am thy brother, *Elidure*;  
All that thou hast is mine; the Crowne is mine,  
Thy royaltie is mine; these hunting pleasures  
Thou doost usurpe. Ambitious *Elidure*,  
I was a King.

ELIDURE: And I may be a wretch! Poore *Archigallo*!  
The sight of thee, that wert my Sovereigne,  
In this estate, drawes rivers from mine eyes.  
Will you be King againe? If they agree,  
Ile redeliver all my royaltie,  
Save what a second brother and a subject  
Keepes in an humble bosome; for I sweare  
The Crowne is yours that *Elidure* doth weare.

ARCHIGALLO: Then give it me; use not the common sleights  
To pittie one, and keepe away his right.  
Seest thou these ragges? Do they become my person?  
O *Elidure*, take pittie on my state,  
Let me not still live thus infortunate.

ELIDURE: Alas, if pittie could procure your good,  
Instead of water, Ide weepe teares of blood,  
To expresse both love and pittie. Say, deere brother,  
I should uncrowne my selfe, the angree Peeres  
Will never let me reach the imperiall wreathe

To *Archigalloes* head. There's ancient *Cornwell*,  
Stout *Martianus*, *Morgan*, and bold *Malgo*,  
From whom you tooke the pleasant Southerne Ile,  
Will never kneele to you: what should I say?  
Your tirannie was cause of your decay.

ARCHIGALLO: What! shall I die then? Welcome be that fate,  
Rather then still live in this wretched state!

(*Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.*)

CORNWELL: Yonders the King. My soveraigne you have lost  
The fall of a brave stagg; he's dead, my liedge.  
What fellow's this?

ELIDURE: Knowest him not, Cornwell?

CORNWELL: No, my liedge, not I.

ARCHIGALLO: I am thy King.

ELIDURE: Tis *Archigallo*, man.

CORNWELL: Thou art no King of mine; thou art a traytor;  
Thy life is forfeit by thy stay in Brittain.  
Wert thou not banisht?

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

MARTIANUS: Your brother was a tyrant, and my knee  
Shall never bow to wrong and tirannie.

ELIDURE: Yet looke upon his misery. His teares  
Argue repentance. Thinke not, honourd Lords,  
The feare of dangers waiting on my Crowne  
Makes me so wiling to resigne the same;  
For I am lov'd, I know: But justice bids.  
I make a resignation; 'tis his right;  
My call's but usurpation.

CORNWELL: *Elidure*,  
If you are wearie of your government,



Wele set the Crowne upon 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. He loose mine,  
Ere my poore Country shall endure such wrongs  
As that injurious tyrant plagues her with.

MORGAN: Keepe still your Crowne, my Liedge; happy is Brittain  
Under the government of *Elidure*.

ARCHIGALLO: Let it be so.  
Death is the happy period of all woe.  
The wretch thats torne upon the torturing wrack  
Feeles not more devilish torment than my hart,  
When I but call to minde my tirannie.  
I record heaven, my Lords, my brothers sight,  
The pitie that he takes of my distresse,  
Your love and true allegiance unto him,  
Hath wrought in me a reconciled spirit.  
I doe confesse my sinne, and freely say  
I did deserve to be deposd.

ELIDURE: Alas god prince! my honorable Lords,  
Be not flint-harted! pittie *Archigallo*!  
I know his penitentiall words proceede  
From a remorsefull spirit. Ile engage  
My life upon his righteous government.  
Good *Cornwell*, gentle *Martianus*, speake!  
Shall *Archigallo* be your king againe?

ARCHIGALLO: By heaven, I not desire it.

ELIDURE: See, my Lords,  
Hee's not ambitious. As thou lov'st me, *Cornwell*,  
As thou did love our Father, let his sonne  
Be righted; give him backe the government  
You tooke from him.

CORNWELL: What should I saye? faith, I shall fall a weeping:  
Therefore speake you.

ELIDURE: Lord *Martianus*, speake.

MARTIANUS: What say these Lords that have been wrongd by him.

ELIDURE: *Morgan* and *Malgo*, all I have in Brittain  
Shall be ingag'd to you, that *Archigallo*  
Will never more oppresse you, nor impose  
Wrong on the meanest subject in the Land.

MORGAN: Then weele embrace his government.

ELIDURE: Saies *Malgo* so?

MALGO: I doe my Lord.

ELIDURE: What saies *Martianus*?

MARTIANUS: Faith, as my Lord of Cornwell.

CORNWELL: I say that I am sorry he was bad,  
And now am glad hee's chang'd. His wickednes  
We punisht, and his goodnes, there's great reason  
Should be rewarded. Therefore, Lords, set on.  
To Yorke then, to his Coronation.

ELIDURE: Then happie *Elidure*, happie day!  
That takes from me a kingdomes cares away.

ARCHIGALLO: And happie *Archigallo*, that have rangd  
From sin to sin, and now at last am changd!  
My Lords and friends, the wrongs that you have seene  
In me, my future vertues shall redeeme.  
Come, gentle brother! Pittie, that should rest  
In women most, is harbor'd in thy brest. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Queene, Lady Elidure, and Flatterer.*)

LADY: Come, have you done your taske? Now doe you see  
What 'tis to be so proude of Majestie?  
We must take up your glove, 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, over-proude, ambitious woman,  
Queene I disdaine to call thee, thou dost wrong  
Thy brothers wife, indeed thy Kings espousd;  
And mauger all thy tyrannie, I swears,  
Rather then still live thus, Ile perrish heere.

SICOPHANT: You are not wise, dejected as you are,  
To bandie braves against her Majestie.  
You must consider you are now her subject.  
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 soveraigntie.

QUEENE: Time was, base spaniell, thou didst fawne as much  
On me, as now thou strivest to flatter her.  
O God, that one born noble should be so base,  
His generous blood to scandall all his race!

LADY: My Lord, if she continue these proude terms,  
I give you libertie to punish her.  
Ile not maintaine my prisoner and my slave  
To raile 'gainst any one that honours me.

*(Enter Morgan and Malgo.)*

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

QUEENE: Speake that againe, o I will blesse my fate  
If once more I supply my former state.

MALGO: Long may your highnes live. 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, Ile cry quittance with your pride,  
And make you stoope at our imperiall side.  
But tell me, Morgan, by what accident  
You met with my beloved *Archigallo*?

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

LADY: Thou Screechowe, Raven, uglie throated slave,  
There's for thy newes! (*She strikes him.*)

QUEENE: Restraine her good my Lord.

SICOPHANT: Fie, madam! fie, fore God you are to blame,  
In presence of my soveraigne ladie Queene  
To be thus rude. It would become you better  
To shew more dutie to her Majestie.

LADY: O monstrous! was not I thy Queene, but now?

SICOPHANT: 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 me;  
Wisedome nere lov'd declined Majestie.

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

QUEENE: Welcome from banishment, my loving Lord.  
Your Kinglie presence wraps my soule to heaven.

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

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

MARTIANUS: So doth *Martianus*.

ELIDURE: And I.

VIGENIUS: And I.

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

ARCHIGALLO: Set on there. (*Exeunt all but Lady and Sicophant.*)

SICOPHANT: Madam, you are not wise to grieve at that  
Heaven hath decreed, and the state yeilded to.  
No doubt her Majestie will use you well.

LADY: Well, saiest thou? No, I looke that she should treble  
All the disgraces I have layd on her.  
I shall turne Laundresse now, and learne to starch  
And set, and poke, and pocket up such basenes  
As never princesse did. Did you observe  
What lookes I cast at Elidure my husband?

SICOPHANT: Your lookes declard the passion of your hart:  
They were all fire.]

LADY: Would they had burnt his eyes out,  
That hath eclipsd our state and Majestie.

*(Enter Queene, Morgan, and Malgo.)*

QUEENE: Bring hether the proude wife of *Elidure*.

SICOPHANT: It shall be done.

QUEENE: Our shoe string is untied, stoope, minion, stoope.

LADY: Ile rather stoope to death, thou moone-like Queene,  
New-changd, and yet so proude! There's 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.

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

*(Enter Cornwell.)*

CORNWELL: Wheres the Queene?

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

CORNWELL: Your husband on the suddaine is falne sicke.

QUEENE: How? sick?

LADY: Now if it be thy will, sweet blessed heaven,  
Take him to mercie!

QUEENE: Doe not heare her prayers, heaven, I beseech thee!

*(Enter Martianus.)*

MARTIANUS: Madam, his highnes --

QUEENE: Is he alive or dead?

MARTIANUS: Dead, Madam.

QUEENE: O my hart!

CORNWELL: Looke to the Queene, let us not loose her to.  
She breathes, stand of! Where be those wemen there?  
Good Queene that shall be, lends a helping hand,  
Helpe to unlace her.

LADY: Ile see her burst first!

QUEENE: Now, as you love me, let no helping hand  
Preserve life in me; I had rather die  
Then loose the title of my soveraigntie.

LADY: Take back your Distaffe yet, wele stay our rage,  
We will forbear our spleene, for charitie,  
And love unto the dead, till you have hearsd  
Your husbands bones. Conduct her, Lords, away;  
Our pride, though eager, yet for foode shall stay.

SICOPHANT: Wilt please your high imperiall Majestie  
Commaund my service; I am humbly yours.

LADY: We doe commaund what we well know youle doe.  
Follow the stronger part, and cleave thereto. *(Exeunt.)*

*(Enter Elidurus crownd, all the Lords and Ladies attendants.)*

ELIDURUS: Once more our royall temples are ingirt  
With Brittaines golden wreath. All-seeing heaven,  
Witnes I not desire this soveraigntie.  
But since this kingdoms good, and your Decrees  
Have laid this heavy loade of common care  
On *Elidure*, we shall discharge the same

To your content, I hope, and this Lands fame.  
Our brother once interd, we will not stay  
But then to Troynovant weelee speede away. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter two Porters.*)

1 PORTER: Come fellow Porter, now the Court is heere  
Our gaines will flie upon us like a tide.  
Let us make use of time, and whilst theres plentie  
Stirring in Court, still labour to increase  
The wealth which by our office we have got.

2 PORTER: Out of our large allowance we must save  
Of thousands that passe by us, and our office;  
We will give entertainment to No body.

(*Enter Nobody.*)

NOBODY: My name is *No-body*.

1 PORTER: You are welcome sir. Ere you peruse the Court,  
Tast the Kings beere at the Porters lodge.  
A dish of beere for maister *No-body*!

NOBODY: I thanke you sir.

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

NOBODY: I thanke you. sir: and were your beere tems water,  
Yet *Nobody* would pledge you. To you sir!

1 PORTER: You are a stranger heere, how in the Citty  
Have you bin long in towne?

NOBODY: I sir, too long, unlesse my entertaine  
Had bin more pleasing; for my life is sought.  
I am a harmelesse well dispos'd plaine man,  
That injure none, yet what so ere is done  
Amisse in London is impos'd on me.  
Be it lying, secret theft, or anything  
They call abuse, tis done by *Nobody*.  
I am pursued by all, and now am come  
To see what safety is within the Court  
For a plaine fellow.

2 PORTER: You are welcome hether, sir.  
Methinkes you do looke wilde: as if you wanted  
Sufficient sleepe.

NOBODY: O do not blame me, sir.  
Being pursued, I fled. Comming through Poules,  
There No-body kneeld downe to say his prayers,  
And was devout, I wis: comming through Fleetstreet,  
There at a tavern doore, two swaggerers  
Were fighting; being attacht, twas askt, who gave  
The first occasion? twas answered, *nobody*.  
The guilt was laid on me, which made me fly  
To the Themis side; desired a Waterman  
To row me thence away to Charing-crosse;  
He askt me for his fare; I answered him  
I had no money; whats your name? quoth he;  
I told him *Nobody*; then he bad me Welcome;  
Said he would carry Nobody for nothing.  
From thence I went  
To see the law Courts, held at Westminster;  
There, meeting with a friend, I straight was askt  
If I had any sute? I answered, yes,  
Marry, I wanted money. Sir, quoth he,  
For you, because your name is *No-body*,  
I will sollicit law; and *no-body*.  
Assure yourselfe, shall thrive by sutes in Law.  
I thankt him, and so came to see the Court,  
Where I am very much beholding to your kindnesse.

1 PORTER: And Maister *no-body*, you are very welcome.  
Good fellow, lead him to the Hall.  
Will you walke neare the court?

NOBODY: I thanke you sir. (*Exeunt Nobody and Porters.*)

(*Enter Somebody and a Bragart.*)

SOMEBODY: Fie, what a toil it is to find out nobody.  
I have dogd him very close, yet is he got into the Court before me.  
Sir, you have sworne to fight with nobody;  
Do you stay heere, and watch at the court gate,  
And when you meet him, challenge him the field,  
Whilst I set Lime-twigs for him in all Offices.  
If either you or I but prosper right,  
He needs must fall by policy or slight. (*Exit.*)



BRAGGART: I would this round man nobody would come.  
I, that professe much valor, yet have none,  
Cannot but be too hard for nobody.  
For what can be in nobody, unlesse  
He be so cald because he is al spirit?  
Or say he be all spirit; wanting limbes,  
How can this spirit hurt me? Sure he dies;  
And by his death my fame shall mount the skies.

*(Enter Nobody.)*

NOBODY: By thy leave, my sweet friend,  
Theres for thy farewell.

BRAGGART: Stay.

NOBODY: Thats but one word; let two go to the bargain,  
if it please you. Why should I stay?

BRAGGART: I challenge thee.

NOBODY: I may chuse whither ile answer your chalenge,  
by your leave.

BRAGGART: Ile have thee picturd as thy picture, unles thou answer me.

NOBODY: For what sir? pray, why wold you have me printed?

BRAGGART: For cowardice.

NOBODY: Methinkes, your picture would doe better for the picture  
of cowardice, then mine sir. But pray, whats your will with me?

BRAGGART: Thou hast abused one Somebody.

NOBODY: So have my betters abusd Sombdy in their time.

BRAGGART: Ile fight with thee for that.

NOBODY: Alas, sir, I am nobody at fighting, yet thus much  
let me tell you, nobody cannot run away: I cannot budge.

BRAGGART: Prepare thee, then, for I will spit thy body upon  
this weapon.

NOBODY: Nay, by faith, that you cannot, for I have no bodye.

BRAGGART: Thy bowels then.

NOBODY: They are the fairer mark, a great deal; com on, sir, come on!

BRAGGART: Have at thy bellie.

NOBODY: You must either hit that, or nothing.

BRAGGART: Ill kill and quarter thee.

NOBODY: Youle hardly find my joynts, I think, to quarter me;  
I am so well fed. Come on, sir.

*(Fight; nobody is downe.)*

BRAGGART: Now thou art at my mercie.

NOBODY: What are you the better to have nobody at your mercy?

BRAGGART: Ile kill thee now.

NOBODY: I thinke youle sooner kill me then any body.  
But let me rise againe.

BRAGGART: No, I will let No-body rise.

NOBODY: Why then let me, sir, I am no-body.

*(Enter Clowne.)*

CLOWNE: How now, O fates, O heavens, is not that my M?  
What shall I do? Be valiant, and reskue my sweet maister.  
Avant thou Pagan, Pug, what ere thou be!  
Behold I come to set thy prisoner free.

BRAGGART: Fortune, that giddy Goddessse, hath turnd her wheel:  
I shall be matcht, thus will I gore you both.  
Hold, captains!  
Not Hercules himself would fight with two.  
I yield.

CLOWNE: Twas your best course. Down, vassall, down!  
And kisse my pumpe.

BRAGGART: Tis base, O base!

CLOWNE: Zounds, Ile naile thy lips to limbo, unlesse thou kis.

BRAGGART: Tis done.

NOBODY: Thanks, honest servant.

CLOWNE: Zounds, if I say ile doet, ile doet indeed.

NOBODY: For this, Ile carry thee into the Court.  
Where thou shall see thy Maister, *Nobody*,  
Hath friends, will bid him welcome. So farewell.

CLOWNE: Farewell, maister Braggart, farewell, farewell. (*Exeunt.*)

BRAGGART: Ile follow, I shall meet with Some-body  
That will revenge. Ile plot, and ert be long,  
Ile be reveng'd on Nobody for this wrong. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Vigenius, Peridure and the Queene.*)

QUEENE: Your hopes are great, fair brothers, and your names  
Shall, if in this you be advised by us,  
Be rankt in scroule of all the Brittish kings.  
Oh take upon you this so weighty charge,  
To great to be dischargd by Elidure.

VIGENIUS: Deere sister Q. how are we bound to you!  
In neerer bonds then a fraternal league,  
For this your royall practise to raise us  
Unto 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.

PERIDURE: Imbrace it brother. We are all on speed;  
My princely thought inflamed with Ardency  
Of this imperiall state, and Scepterd rule.  
My Kinglie browes itch for a stately Crowne;  
This hand, to beare a round Monarchall Globe;  
This, the bright sword of Justice and stern aw.  
Deere sister, you have made me all on fire;  
My kingly thoughts, beyond their bounds aspire.

VIGENIUS: How shall we quit your love, when we ascend  
The state of *Elidure*?

QUEENE: All that I crave  
Is but to make the imperious Queene my slave,  
That she, that above Justice now commands,  
May tast new thraldome, at our royall hands.

PERIDURE: The Queene is yours. The King shalbe depos'd,  
And she disgraded from all Soveraignty.

QUEENE: That I might live to see the happy houre,  
To have that sterne commandresse in my power!

VIGENIUS: Shees doomd alreadie and at your dispose;  
And we, prepard for speedy execution  
Of any plot, that may availe our pompe,  
Or throne us in the state of Brittany.

*(Enter Morgan and Malgo.)*

PERIDURE: Heere comes the Lords of this pretended league.  
How goes our hope? Speake, valiant English Peeres,  
Are we in way of Soveraignty? or still stand we  
Subjects unto the law of *Elidure*?

MORGAN: Long live the valiant brothers of the King,  
With mutual love to weare the Brittish Crowne.  
Two thousand Souldiors have I brought from Wales  
To wait upon the princely Peridure.

MALGO: As many of my bold confederates  
Have I drawn from the South, to sweare allegiance  
To young Vigenius.

VIGENIUS: Do but cal me King,  
The charming Spheres so sweetly cannot sing.

MALGO: To King Vigenius.

VIGENIUS: Oh, but wheres our Crowne,  
That make knees humble when their soveraignes frowne?

MALGO: King Elidurus shall his state resigne.

PERIDURE: Say Morgan so, and Britains rule is mine.

MORGAN: King Peridure shall raigne.

PERIDURE: And sit in state?

MORGAN: And thousand subjects on his glory waite.

PERIDURE: Then they that lifts us to the imperiall seate,  
Our powers and will shall study to make great.

VIGENIUS: And thou that raisest us, as our best friend,  
Shall, as we mount, the like degrees ascend.

QUEENE: When will you give the attempt?

PERIDURE: Now, royall sister:  
Before the King have notice of our plot.  
Before the Lords that love his government  
Prepare their opposition.

VIGENIUS: Well determined;  
And like a king in *Esse*, now, this night,  
Lets make a hostile uprore in the Court;  
Surprize the King; make ceasure of the Crowne;  
Lay hands upon the Counsell, least they scape  
To levy forces -- Those Lords  
That serve the King, and with austere reproofes  
Punish the hatefull vices of the Land,  
Must not awe us. They shall not raigne. We will  
Those that applaud us, raise; despise us, kill.

PERIDURE: I see a kind of state appeare already  
In thy majestick brow. Cal in the souldiors,  
Man the Court gates, barricade al the streets,  
Defend the waies, the lands, and passages;  
And girt the pallace with a treble wall  
Of armed souldiors; and in dead of night  
When all the peeres ly drownd in golden sleepe,  
Sound out a sodaine and a shrill Alarum,  
To maze them in the midst of horrid dreames.

VIGENIUS: The King and Crowne is ours!

QUEENE: The Queen, I claim.

PERIDURE: It shal go hard, but I the shrew will tame.  
Trumpets and drums, your dreadfull clamors sound!

VIGENIUS: Proclaime me captive, or a King new crownd!

*(Alarum, they watch the doores, Enter at one doore Cornwell.)*

CORNWELL: Treason, treason!

PERIDURE: Thou art mine, what ere thou be.

CORNWELL: Prince Peridure!

PERIDURE: I, Cornwell, and thy king.

CORNWELL: He discourds taught, that taught thee so to sing.

*(Alarum, enter at another doore Martianus.)*

MARTIANUS: Who stops this passage?

VIGENIUS: Martianus, we.

MARTIANUS: Vigenius?

VIGENIUS: Unto whom thou owest thy knee.

MARTIANUS: My knee to none but Elidure shall bend.

VIGENIUS: Our raigin beginning hath when his lines end.

*(Alarum. Enter at another doore Lady Elidure, stopt by the Queene.)*

LADY: What traitorous hand dares interdict our way?

QUEENE: Why that dare ours, tis we command thee staie.

LADY: Are we not Queene?

QUEENE: Ist you? Then happily met:  
I have owed you long, and now Ile pay that dept.

LADY: Vild traitresse, darest thou lay a violent hand  
On us thy Queene?

QUEENE: We dare commaund thee stand.  
Thou wast a Queene, but now thou art a slave.

LADY: Before such bondage, graunt me, heaven, a grave!

*(Alarum, enter Elidure.)*

ELIDURE: What seeke ye Lords? What meane these loud Alarums,  
In the still silence of this hunned night?

PERIDURE: King, we seeke thee.

VIGENIUS: And more, we seeke thy Crowne.

ELIDURE: Why, Princely brothers, is it not our owne?  
That tis ours, we plead the law of kings,  
The guift of heaven, and the antiquity on earth,  
Election from them both.

VIGENIUS: We plead our powers and strength, we two must raign.

PERIDURE: We were borne to rule, and homage we disdain.

CORNWELL: Do not resigne, good King.

PERIDURE: How, saucy Lord?

CORNWELL: Ile keepe still thy Crowne.

PERIDURE: I say that word  
Shall cost old Cornwels life.

CORNWELL: Tush, this for care:  
Tirants good subjects kills, and traitors spare.

VIGENIUS: Wilt thou submit thy Crowne?

MARTIANUS: Dread soveraigne, no.

VIGENIUS: He hates his own life that adviseth so.

MARTIANUS: I hate all traitors, and had rather die  
Then see such wrong done to his soveraignty.

QUEENE: Give up thy state to these two princely youthes,  
And thy resigment shal preserve thy life.

LADY: Wilt thou so much wrong both thyself and wife?  
Hast lived a king, and canst thou die a slave?  
A royal seat doth aske a royall grave.  
Though thousand swords thy present safety ring,  
Thou that has bin a Monarch, dye a king!

QUEENE: Whether he live or dye, thou sure shalt be  
No longer Queene, but Vassayle unto me.  
Ile make ye now my drudge.

LADY: How, mynion, thine?

QUEENE: Thart no more Queen: Thy husband must resigne.

CORNWELL: Resigne? to whom?

PERIDURE: I am one.

VIGENIUS: And I another.

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

PERIDURE: So shall all,  
That do not prostrate to our homage fall.  
Shall they not brother King?

VIGENIUS: They shall, by heaven!

MARTIANUS: Come, kill me first.

CORNWELL: Nay make the number even,  
And kill me to, for I am pleasd to dye,  
Rather then this indure.

LADY: The third am I.

QUEENE: Nay strike her first.

PERIDURE: Rage, give my fury way.

VIGENIUS: Strike, valiant brother king.

ELIDURE: Yet heare me, stay!

PERIDURE: Be brief, for Gods sake, then.

ELIDURE: O heaven, that men so much should covet care!  
Septers are golden baites, the outsides 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 unambitious thoughts have bin long tird  
With this great charge, and now they rest desird.  
And see the kinde youths coveting my peace.  
Bring me of all these turmoiles free release.  
Here, take my Crown.

LADY: Wilt thou be made a stale?  
Shall this proud woman, and these boyes, prevaile?  
Shal I, for them, be made a publike scorne?  
Oh, hadst thou buried bin as soone as borne,  
How happy had I bin!

ELIDURE: Patience, sweete wife:  
Thinkst thou I praise my Crowne above thy life?  
No, take it Lords, it hath my trouble bin,  
And for this crowne, oh give me back my Queene.

QUEENE: Nay, shes bestowed on me.

ELIDURE: Then what you please:  
Here take my trouble, and resigne your ease.

SICOPHANT: My Lords, receive the crowne of Elydure.  
Faire hopefull blossoms of our future peace,  
Happy am I, that I but live to see  
The Land ruld by your dubble soveraignty.

VIGENIUS: Now let the king discend, to be disposd of  
At our high pleasure. Come, give me the Crowne.

PERIDURE: Why you the Crown, good brother, more then we?

VIGENIUS: Weele prove it, how it fits our kingly temples,  
And how our brow becomes a wreath so faire.

PERIDURE: Shall I see you crownd, and my selfe stand bare?  
Rather this wreath majestick let me try,  
And sit inthroned in pompious Majesty.

VIGENIUS: And I attend whilst you ascend the throne?  
Where, had we right we should sit crownd alone.

PERIDURE: Alone? darst thou usurpe upon my right?

VIGENIUS: I durst do much, had I but power and might.  
But wanting that, come, let us raigne together,  
Both Kings, and yet the rich crowne worne by neither.

PERIDURE; Content. The king doth on our sentence waite;  
To doome him, come, lets take our dubble state.  
What, shall he live or dye?

ELIDURE: I know not how I should deserve to dye.

LADY: Yes, to let two such usurpers live.

SICOPHANT: 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  
Unto this dubble state; Ile shew you how.

LADY: Base flattring groome! slavish parasite!

VIGENIUS: Shall I pronounce his sentence?

PERIDURE: Brother, doe.

VIGENIUS: Thy life we graunt thee and that Womans to;  
But live devided, you within the Tower,  
You, prisoner to that princesse.

LADY: In her power?

Oh dubble slavery!

PERIDURE: Convey both hence.

ELIDURE: My doomes severer then my small offence.

QUEENE: Come, Minion, will you goe?

LADY: To death, to hel,  
Rather then in thy base subjection dwell.

VIGENIUS: *Cornwell* and *Martianus*, you both see  
We are possess of this imperiall seate;  
And you that were sworne liedgemen to the Crowne  
Should now submit to us that owe the same.  
We know, without your grave directions,

We cannot with experience guide the land,  
Therefore weele study to deserve your loves.

PERIDURE: Twas not ambition, or the love of state,  
That drew us to this businesse, but the feare  
Of *Elidurus* weakenesse, whom, in zeal  
To the whole land, we have deposd this day.  
Speake, shall we have your loves?

CORNWELL: My lords and kings,  
Tis bootlesse to contend gainst heaven and you.  
Since without our consent the kings deposd,  
And we unable to support his fall,  
Rather then the whole land should shrinke  
You shall have my assystance in the state.

MARTIANUS: *Cornwell* and I will beare the self same state.

PERIDURE: We now are Kings indeede, and Brittaines sway  
When *Cornwell* and his brother *Vive* say.

VIGENIUS: Receive our grace, keepe still your offyces,  
Imbrace these peeres that raisd us to the throne.  
Brittaine rejoyce, and Crowne this happy yeare,  
Two sonnes at once shine in thy royall sphere!

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

MARTIANUS: My Lord, much honor might you win your land,  
To give release unto your sister Queene,  
Being a Lady in the land beloved.

VIGENIUS: You have advisd us well, it shall be so.

CORNWELL: Shold you set free the Princesse, might not she  
Make uprors in the land, and raise the Commons,  
In the releasment of the Captive King?

PERIDURE: Well counseld, *Cornwell*, she shall live in bondage.

MARTIANUS: Renowne yourselfe by being kind to her.

CORNWELL: Secure your state by her imprisonment.

VIGENIUS: Weele have the Queene set free

PERIDURE: Weele have her guarded  
With stricter keeping and severer charge.

MARTIANUS: Will you be braved by one thats but your equall,  
Having no more then party government?

CORNWELL: Or you be scornd by one to you inferior,  
In generall estimation of the land?

VIGENIUS: Set free the Princesse; say the king commands.

PERIDURE: Keepe her in thraldome still, and captive bands.

VIGENIUS: Weele not be countermaunded.

PERIDURE: Sir, nor we.

VIGENIUS: Before Ile be halfe a king, and contrould  
In any regality, ile hazard all.  
Ile be compleat, or none.

PERIDURE: Before ile stand  
Thus for a Cipher, with my halfe command,  
Ile venture all my fortunes. How now, Pride,  
Percht on my upperhand?

CORNWELL: (*Aside.*) By heaven, well spyed.

VIGENIUS: Tis ours by right, and right we wil injoy.

PERIDURE: Claimst thou preheminance? Come down proud boy!

VIGENIUS: Then lets try maistries, and one conquer all.  
We climd at once, and we at once wil fall.  
(*They wrastle, and are parted.*)

PERIDURE: They that love Peridure devide themselves  
Uppon their part.

CORNWELL: That am I.

MORGAN: And I.

VIGENIUS: They that love us, on this side.

MORGAN: I.

MALGO: And I.

VIGENIUS: Then to the field, to set our sister free!

PERIDURE: By all my hopes, with her Ile captive thee!

VIGENIUS: Trumpets and Drums, triumphant musick sing!

PERIDURE: This day a captive, or a compleat king! (*Exeunt.*)

(*Alarum. Enter Somebody and Sicophant.*)

SOMEBODY: Sir you have sworne to manage these affaires,  
Even with your best of judgement.

(*Enter Clowne.*)

SICOPHANT: I have, 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.

CLOWNE: O rare! Now shall I find out crab, som notable knavery.

SOMEBODY: You shall have equall share with Somebody.  
Provided you will help to apprehend that Nobody,  
On whom the guilt shall lye,  
Of all those cheting tricks I have devisd.

CLOWNE: O, the fates! treason against my m. person! But I beleeve  
Somb. will pay fort. Ile tickle your long wast for this, ifaith.

SICOPHANT: Give me some bales of dice. What are these?

SOMEBODY: Those are called high Fulloms.

CLOWNE: Ile Fullom you for this.

SOMEBODY: Those low Fulloms.

CLOWNE: They may chance bring you as hie as the Gallowes.

SOMEBODY: These Demi-bars.

CLOWNE: Great reason you should come to the barre  
before the gallowes.

SOMEBODY: Those bar Sizeaces.

CLOWNE: A couple of Asses, indeed.

SOMEBODY: Those Brisle dice.

CLOWNE: Tis like they brisle, for I am sure theile breed anger.

SICOPHANT: Now, sir, as you have compast all the Dice,  
So I for cards. These for the game at maw:  
All saving one, are Cut next under that.  
Lay me the Ace of Harts, then cut the Cards,  
O your fellow must needs have it in his first tricke.

CLOWNE: Ile teach you a trick for this, yfaith.

SICOPHANT: These for Premero; cut upon the sides,  
As the other on the ends.

CLOWNE: Marke the end of all this.

SICOPHANT: These are for post and paire. These for saunt.  
These for new cut.

CLOWNE: Theile make you cut a fether, one day.

SICOPHANT: Well, these disperst, and Nobody attacht,  
For all these crimes, shall be hangd.

CLOWNE: I, or els you, shall hange for him.

SICOPHANT: Come, shals about our business?

SOMEBODY: Content, lets straight about it. (*Exeunt.*)

CLOWNE: O, my hart! that it was my fortune to heare all thys; but  
beware a lucky man whilst you live. Alasse, if I had not rescued  
my maister, the swaggering fellowe would have made Nobody of  
him. Againe, if I had not overheard this treason to his person,  
these Cunnicatching knaves would have made less than Nobody  
of him; for indeed, they wold have hangd him. But heeres my

maister. O, sweete maister, how cheere you?

*(Enter Nobody.)*

NOBODY: O excellent, admirable, and beyond comparison!  
I thinke my shape enchants them.

CLOWNE: I think not so, for if I wer a Lady I should never 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.

NOBODY: Not I, I am an innocent, no Cheater, No Cozener, but a  
simple honest man, hunted from place to place by Somebody.

CLOWNE: 'Tis true sir, it is one som. that would attach you, therefore  
looke to your selfe. But Mai., if you be tooke, never feare, I heard  
all their knavery, and I can cleare you, I warrant.

*(Enter Somebody, and officers.)*

SOMEBODY: O have I found you? This is he, my frends ,  
We have long sought: you know when twas inquired  
Who brought the false Dice and the cheating cards  
Into the court, twas answered Nobody.

CLOWNE: No. I am affraid youle prove the knave som.

SOMEBODY: Lay hold upon him; beare him to the prison.

NOBODY: To prison -- say you well? If I be guilty,  
This fellow is my partner; take him to.

SOMEBODY: Are you confederate in this treason sirra?

CLOWNE: If I be not, sir, somebody is, but if I be guilty  
I must beare it off with head and shoulders.

SOMEBODY: To prison with them! Now the bird is caught  
For whom so long through Britaine have I sought.

CLOWNE: I beleeve I have a bird in a box shall catcht you for all this.

SOMEBODY: Away with them I say! *(Exeunt.)*

*(Enter, severally, Peridure, Vigenius, Cornewell, Martianus,, Malgo, with drum and Couolors.)*

VIGENIUS: In Armes well met, ambitious Peridure.

PERIDURE: Vigenius, thou salutes me with a title  
Most proper to thy selfe.

VIGENIUS: ~~ Art thou not proud?

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

: ~~ Faire is the end  
Of such as die in honourable warre;  
Oh far more faire then on a bed of downe.

MARTIANUS: Warre is the souldiors harvest: it cuts downe --

PERIDURE: The lives of such as hinder our renowne.

VIGENIUS: Such as are apt for tumult --

PERIDURE: Such as you,  
That to our lawfull Sovereigne are untrue.

VIGENIUS: Blushes not Peridure, to brave us so?

PERIDURE: Blushes, Vigenius -- at thy overthrow.  
Who wast that told me he would submit?

SICOPHANT: Twas I, my Lord.

VIGENIUS: Peace foole! thou dost forget  
Tis not an hower since, to our princely eare,  
Thou saidst thou didst desire us to forbear.

SICOPHANT: True, my good Lord.

PERIDURE: True, that I sought to stay.

VIGENIUS: That I would basely my ritcht hopes betray.

SICOPHANT: I did it of mine own head, to make you friends.

PERIDURE: Still playing of the Sicophant.

VIGENIUS: What still?



PERIDURE: A glose, I see, to insinuate our goodwill.

VIGENIUS: That whosoever conquerd, he might gaine.

PERIDURE: The favour of us both, that was his trayne.

VIGENIUS: But henceforth we cashiere thee from the filde.

PERIDURE: Never heerafter beare a souldiers shield,  
A souldiers sword, nor any other grace,  
But what is like thine owne, a double face.

SICOPHANT: Now I beseech Jove heare my praier,  
let them bee both slaine in the battell! *(Exit.)*

PERIDURE: If there be any other of his hart,  
We give them free licence to depart.

CORNWELL: Cornwell hates flattery.

MARTIANUS: So does Martianus.

MALGO: Malgo is resolute for all affaires.

MORGAN: And so is Morgan, for he scornes delays.

VIGENIUS: Then, where the fielde consists of such a spirit,  
He that subdues conquers the Crowne by merit.

PERIDURE: Thats I.

VIGENIUS: Tis I.

PERIDURE: Ryvers in blood declare it!

VIGENIUS: Grasse turne to crimson if Vigenius spare it!

PERIDURE: Aire be made purple with our reaking gore.

VIGENIUS: Follow, my friends.

PERIDURE: Conquer, or neare give ore.

*(Alarum, Excursions, Peridurus and Vigenius fight, and both slaine. Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.)*

MARTIANUS: This way I saw Vigenius, on the spur.

CORNWELL: I Peridurus, this way.

MORGAN: A strang sight! My Lord is breathlesse.

MALGO: My deare Lord is dead!

MARTIANUS: True brothers in ambition, and in death.

CORNWELL: Yet we are enemies, why fight we not  
With one another for our generals losse?

MARTIANUS: Too much blood already hath beene spent,  
Now, therefore, since the difference in themselves  
Is reconciled in eithers overthrow,  
Let us be as we were before this Jar;  
And joyning hands like honorable frends,  
Inter their bodyes, as becomes their state,  
And (which is rare) once more to Elidure,  
Who now in prison leades a wearied life,  
With true submission, offer Englands Crowne.  
Of all the charges of tumultuous fate  
This is most strange, three times to flow in state. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Queene and Sicophant.*)

SICOPHANT: Madam.

QUEENE: You are welcome; what new flatteries  
Are a coyning in the mint of that smoth face?

SICOPHANT: Where is the Lady Elidor, I pray?

QUEENE: Amongst my other waiting maides at worke.

SICOPHANT: Tis well. Yet, Madam, with your gracious leave,  
I wish it better.

QUEENE: What, in love with her?  
Canst thou affect such a dejected wretch?  
Then I perceive thy flattery is folly,  
Or thout prove honest, loving one so poore.

SICOPHANT: I know not, Madam, what your highnesse gathers  
Out of my troubled words; I love 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 have seene too much of thee, to credit thee.

SICOPHANT: Now in your height of glory use your servant,  
Now Madam, whilst the noble Peridure,  
That loves you dearer then the Brittish Crowne,  
Whilst hees conqueror, use me to destroy  
Your greatest enemy, and I will doe it.

QUEENE: Thou wilt not.

SICOPHANT: Be it Elidure the king,  
The prisoner I should say, Ide murder him,  
To shew how much I love your majesty.

QUEENE: Thou wouldst not poyson for me his base Queene,  
Whom I so often have triumphed ore,  
That torment now is her beatitude  
And tedious unto me?

SICOPHANT: 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  
Unto his subjects, and they may restore  
Mild Elidure againe; and then I dye.

SICOPHANT: Withdraw, shes dead, as surely as you live.

LADY: What, shall I never from this servitude  
Receive releasant? Evermore 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 than slavery.

SICOPHANT: 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.

SICOPHANT: By heaven, I am sent to kill you.

LADY: By whose meanes?

SICOPHANT: By one that will avouch it, when tis done.

LADY: Not the proud queene?

SICOPHANT: Yes; but I am determined  
In full amends for all my flattery,  
To save your life, and kill her instantly.

LADY: Oh if a Divell would undertake that deed!  
I cared not though she heard me, I would say  
He were a starre, more glorious than the day.

SICOPHANT: And would you for that good deed pardon me?

LADY: And quite all former injury.

SICOPHANT: But let me tell your highnes, by the way,  
The Queene is not so hasty of your death.

LADY: No, for she had rather have my life prolongd.

SICOPHANT: I do assure your highnes, on mine honor,  
When I did say she sent me to destroy you,  
I slaunderd her great mercy towards you;  
For she had given me order to release you.

LADY: O monstrous lie!

SICOPHANT: Beleeve it, for tis true.  
And this moreover; she so much repents  
Her former pride and hardnes, towards you,  
That she could wish it never 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 undertakes the deed.

SICOPHANT: But will you not forget these princelie words,  
If any alteration should ensue?

LADY Not I, I in my oths am true.

SICOPHANT: Except once more the Lords crowne Elydure?

LADY: Though that should chance, ile hold my promise sure.

SICOPHANT: And you, too, Madam?

QUEENE: So thou murderst hir.

SICOPHANT: Know that Lord Peridurus and his brother  
Are in the battell slaine: and by the nobles,  
Her husband, Elidure, raisd to the state.  
Setting aside all all jesting, Queene, beleeve it,  
And truce with her, least she triumph againe.

QUEENE: For Gods sake make us friends.

SICOPHANT: Good Lord, how strange this reconciled foes  
Behold each other!

LADY: Sister.

QUEENE: Kind Sister.

SICOPHANT: Then make me your brother. Say, are you friends?

BOTH: We are.

SICOPHANT: Then, chance what can,  
In this I have proovd myselfe an honest man.

*(Enter Malgo.)*

MALGO: The king your husband, madam, new releast,  
Desires your presence at his Coronation.

LADY: My Elydure a third time to be crownd!

MALGO: True, Madam, and expects your company.

LADY: And you knew this before?

SICOPHANT: No, on mine honor.

LADY: Neither you, Sister?

QUEENE: Neither.

LADY: If you did,  
My oath is past, and what I have lately sworne  
Ile hold inviolate. Here all stryfe ends:  
Thy wit has made two proude shrewes perfect friends. (*Exeunt.*)

*(Enter, in state, Elidure, Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and all the Lords.)*

CORNWELL: A third time live our gracious soveraigne  
Monarch of England, crowned by these hands!

ELIDURE: A third time, Lords, I do returne your love,  
And wish it with my soule, so heaven were pleasd,  
My ambitious Brothers had not died for this.  
But we have given them honorable graves.

*(Enter Queen and Lady.)*

And mournd their most untimely funerall.  
My loved Queen, come seat thee by my side,  
Partner in all my sorrowes and my joyes;  
And you, her reconciled Sister, sit  
By her, in second place of majesty;  
It joyes me that you have outworne your pride.

LADY: Methinks, my gracious husband and my King,  
I never tooke more pleasure in my glasse,  
Then I receive in her society.

QUEENE: Nor I in all my state as in her love.

ELIDURE: My Lord of Cornwell, whose that whispers to you?  
Or whats the newes?

CORNWELL: My liege, he tells me heeres a great contention  
Betwixt two noted persons of the land,  
Much spoke of by all states; one Somebody  
Hath brought before your highnes, and this presence,  
An infamous and strange opiniond fellow  
Cald Nobody: they would intreat your highnes  
To heare their matters scand.

ELIDURE: Weele sit in person on their controversies.  
Admit them Cornwell.

LADY: Is that strange monster tooke, so much renownd  
In Citty, Court and Country for lewd prancks?  
Tis well, weel heare how he can purge himselfe.

*(Enter Somebody, bringing in Nobody and his man, with Billes and staves.)*

SOMEBODY: Now sirrha, we have brought you before the King.  
Wheres your hart now?

NOBODY: My harts in my hose; but my face was never ashamed to  
shew itselfe yet, before king or keyser.

SOMEBODY: And where's your hart, sirrha?

CLOWNE: My harts lower then my hose, for mine is at my heel;  
but whersoever it is, it is a true hart, and so is not somb.

SOMEBODY: Health to your Majestie, and to the Queene!  
With a hart lower than this humble earth,  
Whereon I kneele, I beg against this fellow  
Justice, my liege.

ELIDURE: Against whom?

SOMEBODY: Against Nobody.

NOBODY: My liege, his words wel sute unto his thoughts;  
He wishes no man Justice, being composd  
Of all deceit, of subtilty and slight.  
For mine own part, if in this royall presence,  
And before all these true judiciall Lords,  
I cannot with sincerenes clere myselfe  
Of all suggestions falsly coynd against me,  
Let me be hangd up sunning in the ayre,  
And made a scar-crow.

MARTIANUS: Lets heare his accusations;  
And then how well thou canst aquit thy selfe.

SOMEBODY: First: when this monster made his residence  
Within the country, and disperst his shape  
Through every shire and country of the Land,  
Where plenty had before a quiet seat,

And the poore commons of the Land were full  
With rich abundance and satiety,  
At his arrive, great dearths, and scarsity,  
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.

CORNWELL: I, but what prooffe, or lawfull evidence,  
Can you being forth that this was done by him?

SOMEBODY: My Lord, I tras't him, and so found him out;  
But should your Lordship not beleeve my prooffe,  
Examine all the rich and wealthy chuffes,  
Whose full cramd Garners to the roofes are fild,  
In every dearth, who makes this scarsitye,  
And every man will clearely quit himselfe:  
Then, consequently, it must be Nobody.  
Base copper money is stampt, the mint disgrast --  
Make search who doth this, every man cleares one:  
So, consequently, it must be Nobody.  
Besides, whereas the nobles of the land  
And Gentlemen built goodly maner houses,  
Fit to receive a king and all his traine,  
And there kept royall hospitality:  
Since this intestine monster, No-body,  
Dwels in these goodly houses, keepes no traine  
A hundred Chimnies, and not one cast smoke  
And now the cause of these, mock-begger Hal,  
Is this, they are dwelt in by Nobody.  
For this out of the countrey he was chast.

NOBODY: My royall liedge, whie am I thus disgrast?  
Ile prove that slandrous wretch hath this al done.

ELIDURE: Tis good you can acquit you. Such abuses  
Grow in the countrey, and unknowne to us!  
Nay then, no marvell that so manie poore  
Starve in the streets, and beg from doore to doore.  
Then, sirha, purge you from this countrey blame,  
Or we will make thee the worlds publike shame.

CORNWELL: Now, Nobody, what can you say to this?

CLOWNE: My M. hath good cards on his side, Ile warrant him.



NOBODY: My Lord, you know that slanders are no proofes:  
Nor words, without their present evidence.  
If things were done, they must be done by Somebody,  
Else could they have no being. Is corne hoorded?  
Somebody hords it, else it would be delt  
In mutual plentie throughout all the land.  
Are their rents raisd? If Nobody should doe it,  
Then should it be undone. Is  
Base money stampd, and the kings letters forgd?  
Somebody needes must doe it, therefore not I.  
And where he saies, great houses long since built  
Lye destitute and wast, because inhabited  
By Nobody; my liedge I answer thus.  
If Somebody dwelt therein I would give place:  
Or wold he but alow those chimnies fire  
They would cast cloudes to heaven; the kitchin, foode  
It would releeve the poore; the cellars 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 scorene.  
I onely give the tired a refuge seat,  
The unclothed, garments, and the starved, meate.

CLOWNE: How say you by this maister Somebody? I beleeve  
you will be found out by and by.

CORNWELL: If this be true my liedge, as true it is,  
Somebody will be found an arrant cheater,  
Unlesse he better can acquit himselfe.

SICOPHANT: Tuch him with the citty, since you have  
taken the foile in the countrey.

MARTIANUS: Sirha, what can you say to this?

SOMEBODY: What should I saie, my Lord? see heare complaints  
Made in the citty against no-body,  
As well as in the countrey. See their bills;  
Heeres one complaines his wife hath bin abroad,  
And asking where she revels night by night:  
She answeres she hath bin with nobody.  
Hears queanes maintaind in every suburb streete;  
Aske who maintaines them, and tis nobody.  
Watches are beaten, and constables are scoft  
In dead of night; men are made drunke in taverns,

Girls loose their maiden heads at thirteene yeares,  
Pockets pickt, and purses cut in throngs --

QUEENE: Inough, inough! Doth nobody all this?  
Though he hath cleard himselfe from country crimes,  
He cannot scape the citty.

NOBODY: Yes, dread Queene,  
I must confess these things are daily done,  
For which I heere accuse this Somebody,  
That everywhere with slaunders dogs my steps,  
And cunningly assumes my borrowed shape.  
Women lie out; if they be tooke and found  
With *somebody*, then *No-body* goes cleere;  
Else the blames mine. He doth these faults unknowne,  
Then slanders my chast innocence for prooffe.  
Somebody doth maintaine a common strumpet  
Ith Garden-allies, and undid himself;  
*Somebody* swaggered with the watch last night,  
Was carried to the counter; Somebody  
Once pickt a pocket in this Play-house yard,  
Was hoysted on the stage, and shamd about it.

CLOWNE: Ha, ha! hath my maister met with you?

NOBODY: Alasse, my liege, your honest Nobodie  
Builds Churches, in these dayes, and Hospitals;  
Releaves the severall prisons in the Citty;  
Redeemes the needy debtor from the hole --  
And when this somebody brings infant children,  
And leaves them in the night at strangers doores,  
Nobody fathers them, provides them nurses --  
What should I say? Your highnes love I crave,  
That am all just!

CORNWELL: Then *somebodies* a knave.

SICOPHANT: If neither citty nor countrie will prevaile, to him  
With the court ma. somebody, and there you will match him.

SOMEBODY: Then touching his abuses in the court --

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

MARTIANUS: Besides, strange rumors and false buzzing tales  
of mutinous leasings raised by *Nobody*.

MALGO: False dice and cheating brought even to the presence!  
And who dares be so impudently knavish,  
Unlesse some fellow of your name and garbe?

MORGAN: Cards of advantage, with such cheating tricks,  
Brought even amongst the noblest of the land,  
And when these cosening shifts are once discovered  
There is no cheater found save *Nobody*.

SOMEBODY: How canst thou answer these?

NOBODY: ~~ Even as the rest.  
Are libels cast? If nobody did make them  
And nobodies name to them, they are no libels.  
For he that sets his name to any slander  
Makes it by that no libell. This aproves  
He forgd 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.

SICOPHANT: Ile take my leave of the presence.

CLOWNE: Nay, M. Sicophant, weele have the inside of your pockets  
translated to, weele see what stuffyng they have; Ile take a little  
paines with you.

ELIDURE: What have you in there in nobodyes pockets?

CORNWELL: Here are, my liedge, bonds, forfeit by poore men,  
Which he releast out of the usurers hands,  
And canceld. Leases, likewise forfeited,  
By him repurchast. These peitions,  
Of many poore men, to preferre their sutes  
Unto your highnesse.

ELIDURE: Thou art just, we know;  
All great mens pockets should be lined so.

QUEENE: What bumbast beares his gorge?

MORGAN: False Cards, false Dice;  
The kings hand, counterfeit;  
Bonds put in sute, to gaine the forfeitures;  
Forgd deedes, to cheate men of their ancient land;  
And thousand such like trashe.

CLOWNE: Nay, looke you heere! heares one that, for his bones, is  
pretily stuf. Heares fulloms and gourds; heeres tall-men and  
low-men; Heere trayduce ace, passedge comes a pace.

SOMEBODY: Mercy, great King!

SICOPHANT: Mercy, my Sovereigne!

CORNWELL: My liedge, you cannot to be severe in punishing  
Those monstrous crimes, the onely staine and blemish  
to the weale publike.

ELIDURE: Villaines, heare your doome.  
Thou that hast bin the oppressyon of the poore,  
Shalt bee more poore than penury itselfe.  
All that thou hast, is forfit to the Law.  
For thy extortion, I will have thee branded  
Upon the forehead with the letter F;  
For cheating, whipt; for forging, loose thine eares;  
Last, for abasing of thy Soveraignes Coyne,  
And traitrous impresse of our Kingly seale,  
Suffer the death of traitors. Beare him hence.

SOMEBODY: Since I must needs be marterd, graunt me this;  
That Nobody may whip, or torture, me,  
Or hang me for a traitor.

MORGAN: A way with him.

SOMEBODY: Or if needs I must dye a traitors death;  
That Nobody may see me when I dye.

MALGO: Hence with the traitor.

CLOWNE: I know by your complexion, you were ripe for the hangman;  
but now to this leane Gentleman.

LADY: Let me doome him, smoth spaniel, soothing grome,  
Slicke, oylly knave, egregious parasite!  
Thou turning vane, and changing Weather-cocke,

My sentence is, thou shalt be naked stript,  
And by the citty beadles soundly whipt.

CLOWNE: Ile make bold to see the execution.

NOBODY: Well hath the king decreed. Now, by your highnesse  
patience, let Nobody borrow a word or two of Every-body.

THE EPILOGUE.

Heer, if you wonder why the king *Elidurus* bestowes nothing on me, for all my good services in his land, if the multitude shuld say he hath preferd Nobody, Somebody or other would say it were not well done, for, in doing good to *No-body*, he should be get himselfe an il name. Therefore, I will leave my sute to him, and turne to you. Kinde Gentleman, if any-body heere dislike No-body, then I hope Every-body have pleased you, for being offended with nobody, not Anybody can finde himselfe agrieved. Gentlemen, they have a cold sute that have no-body to speak in their cause, and therefore blame us not to feare. Yet our comfort is this. If *no-body* have offended, you cannot blame Nobody for it, or rather we will find Somebody hereafter, shall make good the fault that *no-body* hath done; and so, I crave the generall grace of Every-body.

ELIDURE: Now forward Lords, long may our glories stand, Three sundry times Crownd King of this faire land.

*(Exeunt.)*

FINIS|