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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a
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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

THE
CHANGELING:

As it was Acted (with great Applause)
at the Privat house in DRURY=LANE,
and *Salisbury Court*.

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

Written by {THOMAS MIDDLETON,
and
WILLIAM ROWLEY.} Gent'.

ln 0009

Never Printed before.

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

LONDON,
Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to
be sold at his shop at the sign of the *Princes-Arms*
in *St. Pauls Church-yard*, 1653.

In 0001

Drammatis Personæ.

In 0002

Vermandero,

Father to Beatrice.

In 0003

Tomazo de Piracquo,

A Noble Lord.

In 0004

Alonzo de Piracquo,

His brother, Suitor to Beatrice:

In 0005

Alsemero,

A Nobleman, afterwards married to

(Beatrice.

In 0006

Jasperino,

His Friend.

In 0007

Alibius,

A jealous Doctor.

In 0008

Lollo,

His man.

In 0009

Pedro,

Friend to Antonio.

In 0010

Antonio,

The Changeling.

In 0011

Franciscus,

The Counterfeit Madman.

In 0012

Deflores,

Servant to Vermandero.

In 0013

Madmen,

In 0014

Servants.

In 0015

Beatrice,

Daughter to Vermandero.

In 0016

Diaphanta,

Her Wayting-woman.

In 0017

Isabella

Wife to Alibius.

In 0018

The Scene Allegant.

wln 0001

The Changeling.

wln 0002

ACTUS PRIMUS.

wln 0003

Enter Alsemero.

wln 0004

TWas in the Temple where I first beheld her,

wln 0005

And now agen the same, what *Omen* yet

wln 0006

Follows of that? None but imaginary,

wln 0007

Why should my hopes or fate be timerous?

wln 0008

The place is holy, so is my intent:

wln 0009

I love her beauties to the holy purpose,

wln 0010

And that (me thinks) admits comparison

wln 0011

With mans first creation, the place blest

wln 0012

And is his right home back (if he atchieve it.)

wln 0013

The Church hath first begun our interview

wln 0014

And that's the place must joyn us into one,

wln 0015

So there's beginning and perfection too.

wln 0016

Enter Jasperino.

wln 0017

Jasp. O Sir, are you here? Come, the wind's fair with you,

wln 0018

Y'are like to have a swift and pleasant passage.

wln 0019

Als. Sure y'are deceived friend, 'tis contrary

wln 0020

In my best judgement.

wln 0021

Jas. What for *Malta*?

wln 0022

If you could buy a gale amongst the Witches,

wln 0023

They could not serve you such a lucky penyworth

B

As

The Changeling.

wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
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wln 0063

As comes a Gods Name.

Als. Even now I observ'd

The temples Vane to turn full in my face,
I know 'tis against me.

Jas. Against you?

Then you know not where you are.

Als. Not well indeed

Jas. Are you not well sir?

Als. Yes, *Jasperino*.

Unless there be some hidden malady
Within me, that I understand not.

Jas. And that

I begin to doubt sir, I never knew
Your inclinations to travels at a pause
With any cause to hinder it till now.

Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,
And help to trap your Horses for the speed.

At sea I have seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
Hoyst sails for fear to lose the formost breath,
Be in continuall prayers for fair winds,
And have you chang'd your orizons?

Als. No, friend,

I keep [...] same church, same devotion.

Jas. Lover I'm sure y'are none, the Stoick

Was found in you long agoe, your mother
Nor best friends, who have set snares of beauty,
I and choyce ones too, could never trap you that way
What might be the cause?

Als. Lord, how violent,

Thou art; I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple.

Jas. Is this violence? 'tis but idleness

Compar[*]d with your hast yesterday.

Als. I'm all this while a going, man.

Enter Servants.

Jas. Backwards, I think, sir. Look your servants.

I Serv. The sea-men call, shall we Boord your trunks?

Als. No, not to day.

Jas. 'Tis the criticall day,

It seems, and the signe in *Aquarius*.

2 Ser. We must not to sea to day, this smoke will bring forth fire.

Als.

The Changeling.

Als. Keep all on shore, I doe not know the end
(Which needs I must do) of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to sea.

1 Serv. Well, your pleasure.

(Serv.

2 Ser. Let **bim** e'n take his leasure too, we are safer on land. *Exeunt*

Enter Beatrice, Diaphanta, and Servants, Joannna.

Jasp. How now! The Laws of the *Medes* are chang'd sure, salute
a woman, he kisses too: wonderfull! where learnt he this? & does it
perfectly too; in my conscience he nere rehearst it before. Nay, goe
on, this will be stranger and better news at *Valentia*, then if he had
ransom'd half *Greece* from the *Turk*.

Bea. You are a Scholar, sir.

Als. A weak one, Lady.

Bea. Which of the Sciences is this love you speak of?

Als. From your tongue I take it to be musick.

Bea. You are skilfull in't, can sing at first sight.

Als. And I have shew'd you all my skill at once.

I want more words to express me further.

And must be forc'd to repetition:

I love you dearly.

Bea. Be better advis'd, sir:

Our eyes are Centinels unto our judgements,
And should give certain judgement what they see;
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgements find,
They can then check the eyes, and cal them blind.

Als. But I am further, Lady; yesterday
Was mine eyes imployment, and hither now
They brought my judgement, where are both agreed.
Both Houses then consenting, 'tis agreed,
Onely there wants the confirmation
By the hand Royall, that's your part, Lady.

Bea. Oh there's one above me, sir, for five dayes past
To be recal'd; sure, mine eyes were mistaken,
This was the man was meant me, that he should come
So neer his time, and miss it.

Jas. We might have come by the Carriers from *Valentia*, I see and
sav'd all our sea-provision: we are at farthest sure, methinks I should
doe something too, I meant to be a venturer in this voyage. Yonder's
another Vessell, I'le board her, if she be lawfull prize, down goes her
top-sail.

The Changeling.

Enter Deflores.

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Def. Lady, your father.

Bea. Is in health, I hope.

Def. Your eye shall instantly instruct you, Lady.
He's coming hitherward.

Bea. What needed then
Your dutious preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected, you must stall
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing:
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.

Def. Wilt never mend this scorn
One side nor other? Must I be enjoyn'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? Well,
Fates do your worst, I'll please my self with sight
Of her, at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger, I know she had
Rather see me dead then living, and yet
She knows no cause for't, but a peevish will.

Als. You seem'd displeas'd Lady on the sudden.

Bea. Your pardon Sir, 'tis my infirmity,
Nor can I other reason render you,
Then his or hers, or some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poyson,
Which to a thousand other tasts were wholesome,
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the Basilisk.

Als. This is a frequent frailty in our nature,
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand sound,
But hath his imperfection: one distastes
The sent of Roses, which to infinites
Most pleasing is, and odoriferous.
One oyle, the enemy of poyson,
Another Wine, the cheerer of the heart,
And lively refresher of the countenance.
Indeed this fault (if so it be) is generall,
There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd,
My self (I must confesse) have the same frailty.

Bea. And what may be your poyson sir? I am bold with you.

Als. And what might be your desire perhaps, a cherry.

Bea.

The Changeling.

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wln 0184

Bea. I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but yon' Gentleman.
Als. He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.
Bea. He cannot be ignorant of that Sir,
I have not spar'd to tell him so, and I want
To help my self, since he's a Gentleman
In good respect with my father, and follows him.
Als. He's out of his place then now.
Jas. I am a mad Wag, wench.
Dia. So me thinks; but for your comfort I can tell you, we have
a Doctor in the Citie that undertakes the cure of such.
Jas. Tush, I know what Physick is best for the state of mine own
body.
Dia. 'Tis scarce a well govern'd state, I beleeve.
Jas. I could shew thee such a thing with an Ingredian that we
two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest
blood i'th town for two hours after, Ile nere profess Physick agen.
Dia. A little poppy Sir, were good to cause you sleep.
Jas. Poppy; I'le give thee a pop i'th lips for that first, and begin
there: Poppy is one simple indeed, and Cuckow (what you call't)
another: I'le discover no more now, another time I'le shew thee all.
Bea. My Father, Sir. *Enter Vermandero and Servants.*
Ver. Oh *Joanna*, I came to meet thee, your devotion's ended.
Bea. For this time, Sir,
I shall change my Saint, I fear me, I find
A giddy turning in me; Sir, this while
I am beholding to this Gentleman
Who left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle: He hath deserv'd it, Sir,
If ye please to grant it.
Ver. With all my heart, Sir.
Yet ther's an article between, I must know
Your country; we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers, our citadels
Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,
On Promonts tops; but within are secrets.
Als. A *Valentian*, Sir.
Ver. A *Valentian*,
That's native, Sir; of what name, I beseech you?

Als,

The Changeling.

wln 0185 *Als.* *Alsemero*, Sir.
wln 0186 *Ver.* *Alsemero*; not the son of *John de Alsemero*?
wln 0187 *Als.* The same Sir.
wln 0188 *Ver.* My best love bids you welcome.
wln 0189 *Bea.* He was wont to call me so, and then he speaks
wln 0190 A most unfeigned truth.
wln 0191 *Ver.* Oh Sir, I knew your father,
wln 0192 We two were in acquaintance long agoe
wln 0193 Before our chins were worth Julian Down,
wln 0194 And so continued till the stamp of time
wln 0195 Had coin'd us into silver: Well, he's gone,
wln 0196 A good Souldier went with him.
wln 0197 *Als.* You went together in that, Sir.
wln 0198 *Ver.* No by Saint *Jaques*, I came behind him.
wln 0199 Yet I have done somewhat too, an unhappy day
wln 0200 Swallowed him at last at *Gibraltar*
wln 0201 In fight with those rebellious *Hollanders*,
wln 0202 Was it not so?
wln 0203 *Als.* Whose death I had reveng'd,
wln 0204 Or followed him in Fate, had not the late League
wln 0205 **Pre[...]**ted me.
wln 0206 *Ver.* I, I, 'twas time to breath:
wln 0207 Oh *Joanna*, I should ha told thee news,
wln 0208 I saw *Piracquo* lately.
wln 0209 *Bea.* That's ill news.
wln 0210 *Ver.* He's hot preparing for this day of triumph,
wln 0211 Thou must be a Bride within this sevenight.
wln 0212 *Als.* Ha!
wln 0213 *Bea.* Nay good Sir, be not so violent, with speed
wln 0214 I cannot render satisfaction
wln 0215 Unto the dear companion of my soule,
wln 0216 Virginity (whom I thus long have liv'd with)
wln 0217 And part with it so rude and suddenly,
wln 0218 Can such friends divide never to meet agen,
wln 0219 Without a solemne farewell?
wln 0220 *Ver.* Tush, tush, there's a toy.
wln 0221 *Als.* I must now part, and never meet agen
wln 0222 With any joy on earth; Sir, your pardon,
wln 0223 My affairs call on me.
wln 0224 *Ver.* How Sir? by no means,

Not

The Changeling.

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wln 0263
wln 0264

Not chang'd so soon, I hope, you must see my castle,
And her best entertainment ere we part,
I shall think my self unkindly us'd else.
Come, come, let's on, I had good hope your stay
Had been a while with us in Alligant;
I might have bid you to my daughters wedding.
Als. He means to feast me, & poysons me before hand,
I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.
Bea. I shall be sorry if you be not there
When it is done sir, but not so suddenly.
Ver. I tell you, sir, the Gentleman's compleat,
A Courtier and a Gallant, enricht
With many fair and noble ornaments,
I would not change him for a son-in-law,
For any he in *Spain*, the proudest he,
And we have great ones, that you know.
Als. He's much bound to you, sir.
Ver. He shall be bound to me,
As fast as this tie can hold him, Il'e want my will else.
Bea. I shal want mine if you do it.
Ver. But come, by the way, I'le tell you more of him:
Als. How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
When he discharges murderers at the gate?
But I must on, for back I cannot goe.
Bea. Not this Serpent gone yet?
Ver. Look Girle, thy glove's faln,
Stay, stay, *Deflores* help a little.
Def. Here, Lady.
Bea. Mischief on your officious forwardness,
Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand no more:
There, for t'others sake I part with this,
Take 'um and draw thine own skin off with 'um.
Def. Here's a favour come; with a mischief: Now
I know she had rather wear my pelt tan'd
In a pair of dancing pumps, then I should thrust my fingers
Into her sockets here I know she hates me,
Yet cannot chuse but love her:
No matter, if but to vex her, I'le haunt her still,
Though I get nothing else, Il'e have my will.

Exeunt

Exit.

Enter

The Changeling.

Enter Alibius and Lollio.

Alib. *Lollio*, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it.

Lol. I was ever close to a secret, Sir.

Alib. The diligence that I have found in thee,
The care and industry already past,
Assures me of thy good continuance.

Lollio, I have a wife.

Lol. Fie sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret, she's known to be married all the town and countrey over.

Alib. Thou goest too fast my *Lollio*, that knowledge
I allow no man can be bar'd it;
But there is a knowledge which is neerer,
Deeper and sweeter, *Lollio*.

Lol. Well sir, let us handle that between you and I.

Alib. 'Tis that I go about man; *Lollio*,
My wife is young,

Lol. So much the worse to be kept secret, sir.

Alib. Why now thou meet'st the substance of the point,
I am old, *Lollio*.

Lol. No sir, 'tis I am old *Lollio*.

Alib. Yet why may not this concord and sympathize?
Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

Lol. I sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader
then the young plants.

Alib. Shrewd application: there's the fear man,
I would wear my ring on my own finger;
Whilst it is borrowed it is none of mine,
But his that useth it.

Lol. You must keep it on still then, if it but lye by,
One or other wil be thrusting into't.

Alib. Thou conceiv'st me *Lollio*; here thy watchful eye
Must have imployment, I cannot alwayes be at home.

Lol. I dare swear you cannot.

Alib. I must look out.

Lol. I know't, you must look out, 'tis every mans case.

Alib. Here I doe say must thy imployment be.
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.

Lol.

The Changeling.

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Lol. I'll do my best, Sir, yet surely I cannot see who you should have cause to be jealous of.

Alib. Thy reason for that *Lollio*, 'tis a comfortable question.

Lol. We have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip, that's fools and mad-men; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

Alib. I those are all my Patients, *Lollio*.

I do profess the cure of either sort:

My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it;

But here's the care that mixes with my thrift,

The daily Visitants, that come to see

My brainsick Patients, I would not have

To see my wife: Gallants I do observe

Of quick entising eyes, rich in habits,

Of stature and proportion very comely:

These are most shrewd temptations, *Lollio*.

Lol. They may be easily answered, Sir, if they come to see the Fools and Mad-men, you and I may serve the turn, and let my Mistress alone, she's of neither sort.

Alib. 'Tis a good ward, indeed come they to see

Our Mad-men or our Fools, let 'um see no more

Then what they come for; by that consequent

They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool.

Loll. And I'm sure she's no mad-man.

Alib. Hold that Buckler fast, *Lollio* my trust

Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.

What hour is't *Lollio*?

Lol. Towards belly hour Sir.

Alib. Dinner time, thou mean'st twelve a clock.

Lol. Yes Sir, for every part has his hour, we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg hour; at nine gather flowers, and pluck a Rose, that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly hour.

Alib. Profoundly, *Lollio* it will be long

Ere all thy Scholars learn this Lesson, and

I did look to have a new one entred — stay

I think my expectation is come home.

The Changeling.

Enter Pedro and Antonio like an Idiot.

Ped. Save you sir, my business speaks it self,
This sight takes off the labour of my tongue.

Alib. I, I Sir, 'tis plain enough, you mean him for my patient.

Ped. And if your pains prove but commodious,
To give but some little strength to his sick
And weak part of Nature in him, these are
But patterns to shew you of the whole pieces
That will follow to you, beside the charge
Of diet, washing, and other necessaries
Fully defrayed.

Alib. Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.

Lol. Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something,
The trouble will pass through my hands.

Ped. 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir.

Lol. Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet, and read to him, what is
his name.

Ped. His name is *Antonio*, marry we use but half
To him, onely *Tonie*.

Lol. *Tonie, Tonie*, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool,
what's your name *Tonie*?

Ant. He, he he, well I thank you cousin, he he, he.

Lol. Good Boy hold up your head: he can laugh, I perceive by
that he is no beast.

Ped. Well sir, if you can raise him but to any height,
Any degree of wit, might he attain
(As I might say) to creep but on all four,
Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches,
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,
And a great family might pray for you,
To which he should be heire, had he discretion
To claim and guide his own; assure you sir,
He is a Gentleman.

Lol. Nay, there's no body doubted that, at first sight I knew him
for a Gentleman, he looks no other yet.

Ped. Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.

Lol. As good as my Mistress lies in sir, and as you allow us time
and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.

Ped. Nay, there shall no cost want sir.

Lol. He will hardly be stretcht up to the wit of a *Magnifico*.

Ped.

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The Changeling.

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wln 0423

Ped. Oh no, that's not to be expected, far shorter
Will be enough.

Lol. Ile warrant you make him fit to bear office in five weeks,
I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of Constable.

Ped. If it be lower then that it might serve turn.

Lol. No fie, to levell him with a Headborough, Beadle, or Watch-
man, were but little better then he is; Constable I'll able him: if he
do come to be a Justice afterwards, let him thank the Keeper. Or I'll
go further with you, say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I
make him as wise as my self.

Ped. Why there I would have it.

Lol. Well, go to, either I'll be as errant a fool as he, or he shall
be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn.

Ped. Nay, I doe like thy wit passing well.

Lol. Yes, you may, yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more
wit then I have too remember what state you find me in.

Ped. I wil, and so leave you: your best cares I beseech you. *Ex. Ped.*

Alib. Take you none with you, leave 'um all with us.

Ant. Oh my cousins gone, cousin, cousin, oh.

Lol. Peace, Peace *Tony*, you must not cry child, you must be whipt
if you do, your cousin is here still, I am your cousin, *Tony*.

Ant. He, he, then I'll not cry, if thou bee'st my cousin, he, he, he.

Lol. I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what Form to
place him in.

Alib. I, doe *Lollio*, doe.

Lol. I must ask him easie questions at first; *Tony*, how many
true fingers has a Taylor on his right hand?

Ant. As many as on his left, cousin.

Lol. Good, and how many on both?

Ant. Two less then a Dewce, cousin.

Lol. Very well answered; I come to you agen, cousin *Tony*, How
many fools goes to a wise man?

Ant. Fourty in a day sometimes, cousin.

Lol. Fourty in a day? How prove you that?

Ant. All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a Lawyer to
be made friends.

Lol. A parlous fool, he must sit in the fourth Form at least, I per-
ceive that: I come again *Tony*, How many knaves make an honest
man?

Ant. I know not that cousin.

The Changeling.

wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
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wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463

Lol. No, the question is too hard for you: I'll tell you cousin, there's three knaves may make an honest man, a Sergeant, a Jaylor, and a Beadle; the Sergeant catches him, the Jaylor holds him, and the Beadle lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the Hangman must cure him.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, that's fine sport cousin.

Alib. This was too deep a question for the fool *Lollio*.

Lol. Yes, this might have serv'd your self, tho I say't; Once more, and you shall goe play *Tonie*.

Ant. I, play at push-pin cousin, ha, he.

Lol. So thou shalt, say how many fools are here.

Ant. Two, cousin, thou and I.

Lol. Nay, y'are too forward there, *Tonie* mark my question, how many fools and knaves are here? a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave, how many fools, how many knaves?

Ant. I never learnt so far cousin.

Alib. Thou putst too hard questions to him, *Lollio*.

Lol. I'll make him understand it easily; cousin stand there.

Ant. I cousin.

Lol. Master, stand you next the fool.

Alib. Well, *Lollio*.

Lol. Here's my place: mark now *Tonie*, there a fool before a knave.

Ant. That's I cousin.

Lol. Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I, and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my Master, 'tis but we three, that's all.

Ant. We three, we three, cousin. *Mad-men within.*

1 *Within.* Put's head i'th pillory, the breads too little.

2 *Within.* Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow.

3. *Within.* Give her more onion, or the Divell put the rope about her cragg.

Lol. You may hear what time of day it is, the Chimes of Bedlam goes.

Alib. Peace, peace, or the wyer comes.

3 *within.* Cat whore, Cat whore, her permasant, her permasant.

Alib. Peace, I say, their hour's come, they must be fed, *Lollio*.

Lol. Theres no hope of recovery of that Welsh mad-man, Was undone by a Mouse, that spoild him a Permasant, Lost his wits for't.

Alib. Go to your charge, *Lollio*, I'll to mine.

Lol.

The Changeling.

wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477

Lol. Goe you to your mad-mens Ward, let me alone with your
fools.
Alib. And remember my last charge, *Lollio.* *Exit.*
Lol. Of which your Patients do you think I am? Come *Tonie* you
must amongst your School-fellows now, there's pretty Scholars
amongst 'um, I can tell you there's some of 'em at *stultus, stulta, stul-*
tum.
Ant. I would see the mad-men, cousin, if they would not bite me.
Lol. No, they shall not bite thee, *Tonie.*
Ant. They bite when they are at dinner, do they not cuz.
Lol. They bite at dinner indeed, *Tonie*; well, I hope to get credit
by thee, I like thee the best of all the Scholars that ever I brought
up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'le prove a fool my selfe.
Exeunt.

wln 0478

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498

Enter Beatrice and Jasperino severally.
Bea. OH Sir, I'm ready now for that fair service,
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you.
Good Angels and this conduct be your guide,
Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir.
Jas. The joy I shall return rewards my service. *Exit.*
Bea. How wise is *Alsemero* in his friend?
It is a sign he makes his choyce with judgement.
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd,
Then making choyce of him; for 'tis a Principle, He that can chuse
That bosome well, who of his thoughts partakes,
Proves most discreet in every choyce he makes.
Me thinks I love now with the eyes of judgement.
And see the way to merit, clearly see it.
A true deserver like a Diamond sparkles,
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,
Which is the greatest darkness falls on love,
Yet is he best discern'd then
With intellectuall eye-sight; what's *Piracquo*
My Father spends his breath for, and his blessing

The Changeling.

wln 0499 Is onely mine, as I regard his name,
wln 0500 Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
wln 0501 Tranform'd into a Curse; some speedy way
wln 0502 Must be remembred, he's so forward too,
wln 0503 So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
wln 0504 To speak to my new comforts.

Enter Deflores.

wln 0506 *Def.* Yonders she
wln 0507 What ever ails me, now a late especially,
wln 0508 I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;
wln 0509 Some twenty times a day, nay not so little,
wln 0510 Doe I force errands, frame wayes and excuses
wln 0511 To come into her sight, and I have small reason for't,
wln 0512 And less incouragement; for she baits me still
wln 0513 Every time worse then other, does profess herself
wln 0514 The cruellest enemy to my face, in town,
wln 0515 At no hand can abide the sight of me,
wln 0516 As if danger, or ill luck hung in my looks.
wln 0517 I must confess my face is bad enough,
wln 0518 But I know far worse has better fortune,
wln 0519 And not endur'd alone, but doted on,
wln 0520 And yet such pickhaired faces, chins like Witches,
wln 0521 Here and there five hairs, whispering in a corner,
wln 0522 As if they grew in fear one of another,
wln 0523 Wrinkles like troughs, where swine deformity swils
wln 0524 The tears of perjury that lie there like wash,
wln 0525 Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye,
wln 0526 Yet such a one pluckt sweets without restraint,
wln 0527 And has the grace of beauty to his sweet,
wln 0528 Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
wln 0529 I tumbled into th'world a Gentleman.
wln 0530 She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
wln 0531 And I'le indure all storms before I part with't.

Bea. Agen — this ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me,
Then all my other passions.

Def. Now't begins agen,
Ile stand this storm of hail though the stones pelt me.

Bea. Thy business? What's thy business?

Def. Soft and fair, I cannot part so soon now.

Bea. The villain's fixt — Thou standing toad-pool.

Def.

The Changeling.

wln 0539 *Def.* The showre falls amain now.
wln 0540 *Bea.* Who sent thee? What's thy errand? leave my sight.
wln 0541 *Def.* My Lord your father charg'd me to deliver a message to you.
wln 0542 *Bea.* What another since, do't and be hang'd then, let me be rid of
wln 0543 *Def.* True service merits mercy. (thee.
wln 0544 *Bea.* What's thy message?
wln 0545 *Def.* Let beauty settle but in patience, you shall hear all.
wln 0546 *Bea.* A dallying trifling torment. (Piracquo.
wln 0547 *Def.* Signior *Alonzo de Piracquo* Lady, sole brother to *Tomazo de*
wln 0548 *Bea.* Slave, when wil't make an end?
wln 0549 *Def.* Too soon I shall.
wln 0550 *Bea.* What all this while of him?
wln 0551 *Def.* The said *Alonzo*, with the foresaid *Tomazo*.
wln 0552 *Bea.* Yet agen.
wln 0553 *Def.* Is new alighted.
wln 0554 *Bea.* Vengeance strike the news,
wln 0555 Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in this
wln 0556 To bring thee to my sight?
wln 0557 *Def.* My Lord your father charg'd me to seek you out.
wln 0558 *Bea.* Is there no other to send his errand by?
wln 0559 *Def.* It seems 'tis my luck to be i'th way still.
wln 0560 *Bea.* Get thee from me.
wln 0561 *Def.* So — why am not I an Asse to devise wayes
wln 0562 Thus to be raild at? I must see her still,
wln 0563 I shall have a mad qualm within this houre agen,
wln 0564 I know't, and like a Common Garden Bull,
wln 0565 I doe but take breath to be lug'd agen.
wln 0566 What this may bode I know not, I'le despair the less,
wln 0567 Because ther's daily presidents of bad faces
wln 0568 Belov'd beyond all reason; these foul chops
wln 0569 May come into favour one day, 'mongst his fellows:
wln 0570 Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime,
wln 0571 As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
wln 0572 Women have chid themselves abed to men. *Exit Def.*
wln 0573 *Bea.* I never see this fellow, but I think
wln 0574 Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still,
wln 0575 I scarce leave trembling of an hour after.
wln 0576 The next good mood I find my father in,
wln 0577 I'le get him quite discarded: Oh I was
wln 0578 Lost in this small disturbance and forgot

Afflictions

The Changeling.

wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
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wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618

Afflictions fiercer torrent that now comes,
To beare down all my comforts.
Enter Vermandero, Alonzo, Tomazo.
Ver. Y'are both welcome,
But an especiall one belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
The addition of a son, our son *Alonzo*.
Alon. The treasury of honor cannot bring forth
A Title I should more rejoyce in, sir.
Ver. You have improv'd it well; daughter prepare,
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.
Bea. How e're, I will be sure to keep the night,
If it should come so neer me.
Tom. *Alonzo.*
Alon. Brother.
Tom. In troth I see small welcome in her eye.
Alon. Fie, you are too severe a censurer
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you
If Lovers should mark every thing a fault,
Affection would be like an ill set book,
Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume.
Bea. That's all I do intreat.
Ver. It is but reasonable,
I'll see what my son sayes too't: Son *Alonzo*,
Here's a motion made but to reprieve
A Maidenhead three dayes longer; the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching.
Alon. Though my joyes
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward, yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as before,
I find no gladness wanting.
Ver. May I ever meet it in that poynt still:
Y'are nobly welcome, sirs. *Exeunt. Ver. and Bea.*
Tom. So, did you mark the dulness of her parting now?
Alon. What dulness? Thou art so exceptious still.
Tom. Why let it goe then I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.
Alon. Where's the oversight?

Tom.

The Changeling.

wln 0619 *Tom.* Come, your faith's couzened in her, strongly couzened,
wln 0620 Unsettle your affection with all speed,
wln 0621 Wisdome can bring it too, your peace is ruin'd else.
wln 0622 Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
wln 0623 Whose heart is leapt into anothers bosome:
wln 0624 If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
wln 0625 It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift,
wln 0626 She lies but with another in thine arms,
wln 0627 He the half father unto all thy children
wln 0628 In the conception, if he get 'em not,
wln 0629 She helps to get 'em for him, in his passions, and how dangerous
wln 0630 And shamefull her restraint may goe in time to,
wln 0631 It is not to be thought on without sufferings.

wln 0632 *Alon.* You speak as if she lov'd some other then.

wln 0633 *Tom.* Do you apprehend so slowly?

wln 0634 *Alon.* Nay, and that be your fear onely, I am safe enough,
wln 0635 Preserve your friendship and your counsel brother,
wln 0636 For times of more distress, I should depart
wln 0637 An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one
wln 0638 To any but thy self, that should but think
wln 0639 She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
wln 0640 Much less the use and practice; yet w'are friends,
wln 0641 Pray let no more be urg'd, I can endure
wln 0642 Much, till I meet an injury to her,
wln 0643 Then I am not my self. Farewell sweet brother,
wln 0644 How much w'are bound to heaven to depart lovingly: *Exit.*

wln 0645 *Tom.* Why here is loves tame madness, thus a man
wln 0646 Quickly steals into his vexation. *Exit.*

wln 0647 *Enter Diaphanta and Alsemero*

wln 0648 *Dia.* The place is my charge, you have kept your hour,
wln 0649 And the reward of a just meeting bless you.
wln 0650 I hear my Lady coming; compleat Gentleman,
wln 0651 I dare not be too busie with my praises,
wln 0652 Th'are dangerous things to deal with. *Exit:*

wln 0653 *Als.* This goes well, these women are the Ladies Cabinets,
wln 0654 Things of most pretious trust are **lock** into 'em.

wln 0655 *Enter Beatrice.*

wln 0656 *Bea.* I have within mine eye, all my desires,
wln 0657 Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
wln 0658 And brings 'em down to furnish our defects,

The Changeling.

wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
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wln 0697
wln 0698

Come not more sweet to our necessities,
Then thou unto my wishes.

Als. W'are so like in our expressions, Lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.

Bea. How happy were this meeting this embrace,
If it were free from envy? This poor kiss
It has an enemy, a hatefull one,
That wishes poyson to't: how well were I now
If there were none such name known as *Piracquo*?
Nor no such tye as the command of Parents,
I should be but too much blessed.

Als. One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I'le go neer it too,
Since you are so distrest, remove the cause
The command ceases, so there's two fears blown out
With one and the same blast.

Bea. Pray let me find you sir. What might that service be so
strangely happy?

Als. The honorablest peece 'bout man, Valour.
I'le send a challenge to *Piracquo* instantly.

Bea. How? Call you that extinguishing of fear
When 'tis the onely way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That's all my joyes and comforts? Pray no more, sir.
Say you prevaile, your dangers and not mine then
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.
I'me glad these thoughts come forth, O keep not one
Of this condition sir; here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death:
The tears would ne're a dried, till dust had choak'd 'em.
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,
And now I think on one — I was too blame,
I ha mar'd so good a market with my scorn;
'T had been done questionless, the ugliest creature
Creation fram'd for some use, yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be.

Als. Lady.

Bea. Why men of Art make much of poyson,
Keep one to expell another, where was my Art?

Als.

The Changeling.

wln 0739 *Bea:* Yes, mine own sir, in a work of cure, I'le trust no other.
wln 0740 *Def:* 'Tis half an act of pleasure to hear her talk thus to me.
wln 0741 *Bea:* When w'are us'd to a hard face, 'tis not so unpleasing,
wln 0742 It mends still in opinion, hourly mends, I see it by experience.
wln 0743 *Def:* I was blest to light upon this minute, I'le make use on't.
wln 0744 *Bea:* Hardness becomes the visage of a man well,
wln 0745 It argues service, resolution, manhood, if cause were of employment.
wln 0746 *Def:* 'Twould be soon seen, if e're your Ladiship had cause to use it.
wln 0747 I would but wish the honor of a service so happy as that mounts to.
wln 0748 *Bea:* We shall try you — Oh my *Deflores!*
wln 0749 *Def:* How's that? She calls me hers already, my *Deflores,*
wln 0750 You were about to sigh out somewhat, Madam.
wln 0751 *Bea:* No, was I? I forgot — Oh!
wln 0752 *Def:* There 'tis agen — the very fellow on't.
wln 0753 *Bea:* You are too quick, sir.
wln 0754 *Def:* There's no excuse for't, now I heard it twice, Madam,
wln 0755 That sigh would fain have utterance, take pitty on't,
wln 0756 And lend it a free word, 'las how it labours
wln 0757 For liberty, I hear the murmure yet beat at your bosome.
wln 0758 *Bea:* Would Creation —
wln 0759 *Def:* I well said, that's it.
wln 0760 *Bea:* Had form'd me man.
wln 0761 *Def:* Nay, that's not it.
wln 0762 *Bea:* Oh 'tis the soul of freedom, I should not then be forc'd to
wln 0763 marry one
wln 0764 I hate beyond all depths, I should have power
wln 0765 Then to oppose my loathings, nay remove 'em for ever from my sight.
wln 0766 *Def:* Oh blest occasion — Without change to your Sex, you
wln 0767 have your wishes.
wln 0768 Claim so much man in me.
wln 0769 *Bea:* In thee *Deflores?* There's small cause for that.
wln 0770 *Def:* Put it not from me, it's a service that I kneel for to you.
wln 0771 *Bea:* You are too violent to mean faithfully,
wln 0772 There's horror in my service, blood and danger,
wln 0773 Can those be things to sue for?
wln 0774 *Def:* If you knew how sweet it were to me to be employed
wln 0775 In any act of yours, you would say then
wln 0776 I faild, and us'd not reverence enough
wln 0777 When I receive the charge on't.
wln 0778 *Bea:* This is much methinks, belike his wants are greedy, & to such

Gold

The Changeling.

wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
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wln 0818

Gold tastes like Angles food — Rise.
Def. I'le have the work first.
Bea. Possible his need is strong upon him, there's to incourage thee
As thou art forward and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be pretious.
Def. That I have thought on, I have assur'd my self of that before
hand, and know it will be pretious, the thought ravishes.
Bea. Then take him to thy fury.
Def. I thirst for him.
Bea. *Alonzo de Piracquo.*
Def. His ends upon him, he shal be seen no more.
Bea. How lovely now dost thou appear to me!
Never was man dearlier rewarded.
Def. I do think of that.
Bea. Be wondrous carefull in the execution.
Def. Why? are not both our lives upon the cast?
Bea. Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.
Def. They ne're shal rise to hurt you.
Bea. When the deed's done, I'le furnish thee with all things for thy
flight, thou mayst live bravely in another country.
Def. I, I, wee'l talk of that hereafter.
Bea. I shall rid my self of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo and his Dog-face. *Exit.*
Def. Oh my blood, methinks I feel her in mine arms already.
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And being pleased, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure they'l commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em,
Nay which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em.
Some women are odd feeders — I'me too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to morrow to his dinner.
Enter Alonzo.
Alon. *Deflores.*
Def. My kind honorable Lord.
Alon: I am glad I ha' met with thee.
Def. Sir.
Alon. Thou canst shew me the full strength of the Castle,
Def. That I can sir.
Alon. I much desire it.

Def.

The Changeling.

wln 0819 *Def.* And if the ways & straits of some of the passages be not too te-
wln 0820 dious for you, I will assure you worth your time and sight, my Lord.
wln 0821 *Alon.* Puh, that shall be no hinderance.
wln 0822 *Def.* I'me your servant then: 'tis now neer dinner time, 'gainst your
wln 0823 Lordships rising I'll have the keys about me.
wln 0824 *Alon.* Thanks kind *Deflores*.
wln 0825 *Def.* He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes *Exeunt.*

wln 0826

ACTUS TERTIUS.

wln 0827

Enter Alonzo and Deflores.

wln 0828

(In the Act time Deflores hides a naked Rapier.)

wln 0829 *Def.* YES, here are all the keys, I was afraid my Lord,
wln 0830 I'de wanted for the postern, this is it.
wln 0831 I've all, I've all, my Lord: this for the Sconce.
wln 0832 *Alon.* 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable Fort.
wln 0833 *Def.* You'l tell me more my Lord: this discent
wln 0834 Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass
wln 0835 Well with our weapons, they'l but trouble us.
wln 0836 *Alon.* Thou sayst true.
wln 0837 *Def.* Pray let me help your Lordship.
wln 0838 *Alon.* 'Tis done. Thanks kind *Deflores*.
wln 0839 *Def.* Here are hooks my Lord, to hang such things on purpose.
wln 0840 *Alon.* Lead, Il'e follow thee. *Ex. at one door & enter at the other.*
wln 0841 *Def.* All this is nothing, you shall see anon a place you little dream
wln 0842 *Alon.* I am glad I have this leasure: all your masters house (on
wln 0843 Imagine I ha' taken a *Gondela*.
wln 0844 *Def.* All but my self, sir, which makes up my safety,
wln 0845 My Lord, I'll place you at a Casement here,
wln 0846 Will shew you the full strength of all the Castle.
wln 0847 Look, spend your eye a while upon that object.
wln 0848 *Alon.* Here's rich variety *Deflores*.
wln 0849 *Def.* Yes, sir.
wln 0850 *Alon.* Goodly munition.
wln 0851 *Def.* I, there's Ordnance sir, no bastard metall, will ring you a peal

like

The Changeling.

wln 0852
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wln 0855
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wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
wln 0891

like Bells at greet mens Funerals; keep your eye streight, my Lord,
take speciall notice of that Sconce before you, there you may dwell
a-while.

Alon. I am upon't.

Def. And so am I.

Alon: *Deflores*, oh *Deflores*, whose malice hast thou put on?

Def: Doe you question a work of secresie? I must silence you.

Alon. Oh, oh, oh.

Def. I must silence you.

So, here's an undertaking wel accomplish'd.

This vault serves to good use now — Ha! what's that

Threw sparkles in my eye? — Oh 'tis a Diamond

He wears upon his finger: it was well found,

This will approve the work. What, so fast on?

Not part in death? I'le take a speedy course then,

Finger and all shall off. So, now I'le clear

The passages from all suspect or fear.

Exit with Body,

Enter Isabella and Lollo.

Isa: Why sirrah? Whence have you commission

To fetter the doors against me? If you

Keep me in a Cage, pray whistle to me,

Let me be doing somthing.

(pipe after.

Lol: You shall be doing, if it please you, I'le whistle to you if you'l

Isa. Is it your Masters pleasure, or your own,

To keep me in this Pinfold?

Lol: 'Tis for my masters pleasure, lest being taken in another mans
Corn, you might be pounded in another place.

Isa. 'Tis very well, and he'l prove very wise.

Lol: He says you have company enough in the house, if you please
to be sociable, of all sorts of people.

Isa: Of all sorts? Why here's none but fools and mad-men.

Lol: Very well: And where will you find any other, if you should
goe abroad? There's my master and I to boot too:

Isa: Of either sort one, a mad-man and a fool.

Lol. I would ev'n participate of both then if were as you, I know
y'are half mad already; be half foolish too.

Isa: Y'are a brave sawcy Rascall, come on sir,
Afford me then the pleasure of your **Bedl[*]m**;

You were commending once to day to me,

Your last come lunatique, what a proper

Body

The Changeling.

wln 0892
wln 0893
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wln 0931

Body there was without brains to guide it,
And what a pittifull delight appear'd
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found
A mirth in madness; pray sir let me partake
If there be such a pleasure.

Lol. If I doe not shew

You the handsomest, discrettest mad-man, one that I may
Call, the understanding mad-man; then say I am a fool.

Isa. Well, a match, I will say so.

Lol. When you have a tast of the mad-man, you shal (if you please)
see Fools Colledge, o'th side, I seldome lock there, 'tis but shooting a
bolt or two, and you are amongst em. *Ex. Enter presently.*
Come on sir, let me see how handsomly you'l behave your self now.

Enter Loll: Franciscus.

Fran. How sweetly she looks! Oh but there's a wrinkle in her
brow as deep as Philosophy, *Anacreon* drink to my Mistress health,
I'le pledge it: Stay, stay, there's a Spider in the cup: No, tis but a
Grape-stone, swallow it, fear nothing Poet; so, so, lift higher.

Isa. Alack, alack, tis too full of pitty

To be laught at; how fell he mad? Canst thou tell?

Lol. For love, Mistress,

He was a pretty Poet too, and that set him forwards first;
The Muses then forsook him, he ran mad for a Chambermaid,
Yet she was but a dwarf neither.

Fran. Hail bright *Titania*, why standst thou idle on these flowry
banks? *Oberon* is dancing with his *Dryades*, I'le gather dazies, prim-
rose, violets, and bind them in a verse of Poesie.

Lol. Not too neer, you see your danger.

Fran. Oh hold thy hand great *Diomed*, thou feedst thy horses well,
they shall obey thee; Get up, *Bucephalus* kneels.

Lol. You see how I aw my flock, a Shephard has not his dog at
more obedience.

Isa. His conscience is unquiet, sure that was
The cause of this. A proper Gentleman.

Fran. Come hither *Esculapius*, hide the poyson.

Lol. Well, tis hid.

Fran. Didst thou never hear of one *Tiresias* a famous Poet?

Lol. Yes, that kept tame wild-geese.

Fran. That's he, I am the man.

Lol. No.

Fran.

The Changeling.

wln 0972
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wln 1011

Isa. Well, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet Lady! nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

Isa. Ha!

Ant. This shape of Folly shrowds your dearest Love,
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magick had this force thus to transform me.

Isa. You are a fine Fool indeed. (all

Ant. Oh 'tis not strange: Love has an intellect that runs through
The scrutinous Sciences; and like
A cunning Poet, catches a quantity
Of every Knowledge, yet brings all home
Into one mysterie, into one secret
That he proceeds in.

Isa. Y'are a parlous Fool.

Ant. No danger in me: I bring nought but Love,
And his soft wounding shafts to strike you with:
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you,
I'll stand you twenty back in recompence.

Isa. A forward Fool too.

Ant. This was Love's teaching:
A thousand wayes she fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and neerest
To tread the *Gallaxia* to my Star.

Isa. Profound, withall certain: You dream'd of this; (within
Love never taught it waking.

Ant. Take no acquaintance of these outward Follies; there is
A Gentleman that loves you.

Isa. When I see him, I'll speak with him; so in the mean time
Keep your habit, it becomes you well enough
As you are a Gentleman, I'll not discover you;
That's all the favour that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but plaid the Fool.

Enter *Lollio*. (Valentine

Ant. And must agen; he, he, I thank you Cozen, I'll be your
To motrow morning.

Lol. How do you like the Fool, Mistress?

Isa. Passing well, Sir.

Lol. Is he not witty, pretty well for a Fool?

Isa. If

The Changeling.

wln 1012 *Isa.* If he hold on as he begins, he is like to come to something:
wln 1013 *Lol.* I, thank a good Tutor: You may put him to't; he begins
wln 1014 To answer pretty hard questions. *Tony*, how many is
wln 1015 Five times six?
wln 1016 *Ant.* Five times six, is six times five.
wln 1017 *Lol.* What Arithmetician could have answerd better? how many is
wln 1018 One hundred and seven?
wln 1019 *Ant.* One hundred and seven, is seven hundred and one, Cozen.
wln 1020 *Lol.* This is no wit to speak on; Will you be rid of the Fool now?
wln 1021 *Isa.* By no means, let him stay a little:
wln 1022 *Mad-man within.* Catch there, catch the last couple in hell.
wln 1023 *Lol.* Agen, must I come amongst you? Would my Master were
wln 1024 come home!
wln 1025 I am not able to govern both these Wards together. *Exit.*
wln 1026 *Ant.* Why should a minute of Loves hour be lost?
wln 1027 *Isa.* Fie, out agen! I had rather you kept
wln 1028 Your other posture: you become not your tongue,
wln 1029 When you speak from your clothes.
wln 1030 *Ant.* How can he freeze, lives neer so sweet a warmth? shall I alone
wln 1031 Walk through the orchard of the *Hesperides*.
wln 1032 And cowardly not dare to pull an apple?
wln 1033 This with the red cheeks I must venter for. *Enter Lol. above.*
wln 1034 *Isa:* Take heed, there's Gyants keep 'em.
wln 1035 *Lol.* How now fool, are you good at that? have you read *Lipsius*?
wln 1036 He's past *Ars Amandi*; I believe I must put harder
wln 1037 Questions to him, I perceive that —
wln 1038 *Isa.* You are bold without fear too. (smile,
wln 1039 *Ant.* What should I fear, having all joyes about me? Do you
wln 1040 And Love shall play the wanton on your lip,
wln 1041 Meet and retire, retire and meet agen:
wln 1042 Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
wln 1043 I shall behold mine own deformity,
wln 1044 And dresse my self up fairer; I know this shape
wln 1045 Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors
wln 1046 I shall array me handsomly.
wln 1047 *Lol.* Cuckow, Cuckow — *Exit.*
wln 1048 *Mad-men above*, some as birds, others as beasts.
wln 1049 *Ant.* What are these?
wln 1050 *Isa.* Of fear enough to part us, yet are they but our schools of
wln 1051 Lunatiques,

The Changeling.

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wln 1091

That act their fantasies in any shapes
Suiting their present thoughts; if sad, they cry;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh agen.
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing, or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wilde fansies prompt 'um.

Enter Lollio.

Ant. These are no fears.

Isa. But here's a large one, my man.

Ant. Ha, he, that's fine sport indeed, cousin:

Lol: I would my master were come home, 'tis too much for one shep-
heard to govern two of these flocks; nor can I beleeve that one
Churchman can instruct two benefices at once, there wil be some in-
curable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other.

Come *Tony*.

Ant. Prithee cousin, let me stay here stil.

Lol. No, you must to your Book now you have plaid sufficiently.

Isa. Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

Lol. Well, I'le say nothing; but I do not think but he will put you
down one of these dayes. *Exeunt Lol. and Ant.*

Isa. Here the restrained current might make breach,
Spite of the watchfull bankers, would a woman stray,
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,
It would be brought home one wayes or other:
The Needles poynt will to the fixed North,
Such drawing Articks womens beauties are.

Enter Lollio.

Lol. How dost thou sweet rogue?

Isa. How now?

Lol. Come, there are degrees, one fool may be better then another

Isa. What's the matter?

Lol: Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to Fools-flesh, have at thee.

Isa. You bold slave you.

Lol. I could follow now as t'other fool did,
What should I fear, having all joys about me: do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet agen:
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes,
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress my self up fairer, I know this shape

Becomes

The Changeling.

wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
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wln 1119
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wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131

Becomes me not; and so as it follows, but is not this the more
Foolish way? Come sweet rogue, kiss me my little *Lacedemonian*.
Let me feel how thy pulses beat; Thou hast a thing
About thee, would doe a man pleasure, I'le lay my hand on't.

Isa. Sirrah, no more I see you have discovered
This loves Knight arrant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love; be silent, mute,
Mute as a statue, or his injunction
For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat,
I'le do it, though for no other purpose,
And be sure hee'l not refuse it.

Lol. My share, that's all, I'le have my fools part with you

Isa. No more your master.

Enter Alibius.

Alib: Sweet, how dost thou?

Isa. Your bounden servant, sir.

Alib: Fie, fie, sweet heart, no more of that.

Isa: You were best lock me up.

Alib: In my arms and bosome, my sweet *Isabella*,
I'le lock thee up most neerly. *Lollio*,
We have imployment, we have task in hand,
At noble *Vermonderos* our Castle Captain,
There is a nuptiall to be solemniz'd,
Beatrice Joanna his fair daughter Bride,
For which the Gentleman hath bespoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,
To finish (as it were) and make the fagg
Of all the Revels, the third night from the first,
Onely an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightfull pleasure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at; could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking times head,
It were no matter, 'twould be heald again
In one age or other, if not in this,
This, this *Lollio*, there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty be it known.

Lol. This is easie, sir, I'le warrant you: you have about you Fools
and Madmen that can dance very well, and 'tis no wonder, your best
Dancers are not the wisest men, the reason is, with often jumping

they

The Changeling.

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wln 1140
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wln 1150
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wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
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wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171

they joul't their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads.

Alib. Honest *Lollio*, thou giv'st me a good reason,
And a comfort in it.

Isa. Y'ave a fine trade on't, Mad-men and Fools are a staple-commodity.

Alib. Oh wife, we must eat, weare clothes, and live,
Just at the Lawyers Haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.

Exeunt.

Enter Vermandero, Alsemero, Jasperino, and Beatrice.

Ver. *Valentia* speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you.

Als. The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a Kings love.

Ver: I had her fellow once, sir,
But heaven has married her to joyes eternall,
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale agen.
Come sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
Which my health chiefly joyes in.

Als. I hear the beauty of this seat largely.

Ver. It falls much short of that. *Exeunt. Manet Beatrice.*

Bea. So, here's one step
Into my fathers favour, time will fix him,
I have got him now the liberty of the House,
So wisdom by degrees works out her freedom;
And if that eye be darkned that offends me,
I wait but that Eclipse; this Gentleman
Shall soon shine glorious in my Fathers liking,
Through the refulgent vertue of my love.

Enter Deflores.

Def. My thoughts are at a banquet for the deed,
I feel no weight in't, 'tis but light and cheap,
For the sweet recompence, that I set down for't.

Bea. *Deflores.*

Def. Lady.

Bea. Thy looks promise cheerfully.

Def. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes and my service.

Bea: Is it done then.

Def. *Piracquo* is no more.

Bea.

The Changeling.

wln 1172
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wln 1210
wln 1211

Bea. My joyes start at mine eyes, our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.

Def. I've a token for you.

Bea: For me?

Def. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly,
I could not get the Ring without the Finger.

Bea: Bless me! what hast thou done?

Def: Why is that more then killing the whole man? I cut his
heart strings.

A greedy hand thrust in a dish at Court
In a mistake, hath had as much as this.

Bea. 'Tis the first token my father made me send him,

Def. And I made him send it back agen

For his last token, I was loath to leave it,
And I'me sure dead men have no use of Jewels,
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck,
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.

Bea: At the Stags fall the Keeper has his fees:
'Tis soon apply'd, all dead mens fees are yours, Sir,
I pray bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly, the true value,
Tak't of my truth, is neer three hundred Duckets.

Def. 'Twil hardly buy a capcase for ones conscience tho
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis.
Well, being my fees I'le take it,
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.

Bea. It might justly, sir: Why thou mistak'st *Deflores*, 'tis not gi-
ven in state of recompence.

Def. No, I hope so, Lady, you should soon witness my contempt
too't then.

Bea. Prithee, thou lookst as if thou wer't offended.

Def. That were strange, Lady, tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you.
Offended? Coul'd you think so? That were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.

Bea. 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.

Def. I know so much, it were so, misery
In her most sharp condition.

Bea.

The Changeling.

wln 1212 *Bea.* 'Tis resolv'd then; look you sir, here's 3000. golden Florens,
wln 1213 I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.
wln 1214 *Def.* What sallery? Now you move me.
wln 1215 *Bea:* How *Deflores*?
wln 1216 *Def:* Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
wln 1217 To destroy things for wages? offer gold?
wln 1218 The life blood of man; Is any thing
wln 1219 Valued too pretious for my recompence?
wln 1220 *Bea.* I understand thee not.
wln 1221 *Def.* I could ha' hir'd a journey-man in murder at this rate,
wln 1222 And mine own conscience might have,
wln 1223 And have had the work brought home.
wln 1224 *Bea.* I'me in a labyrinth;
wln 1225 What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.
wln 1226 I'le double the sum, sir. (doe.
wln 1227 *Def.* You take a course to double my vexation, that's the good you
wln 1228 *Bea.* Bless me! I am now in worse plight then I was,
wln 1229 I know not what will please him: for my fears sake
wln 1230 I prithee make away with all speed possible.
wln 1231 And if thou be'st so modest not to name
wln 1232 The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,
wln 1233 Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee,
wln 1234 But prithee take thy flight.
wln 1235 *Def.* You must flie too then.
wln 1236 *Bea.* I?
wln 1237 *Def.* I'le not stir a foot else.
wln 1238 *Bea.* What's your meaning?
wln 1239 *Def.* Why are not you as guilty, in I'me sure
wln 1240 As deep as I? and we should stick together.
wln 1241 Come, your fears counsell you but ill, my absence
wln 1242 Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
wln 1243 There were no rescue for you.
wln 1244 *Bea.* He speaks home.
wln 1245 *Def.* Nor is it fit we two ingag'd so joyntly,
wln 1246 Should part and live asunder.
wln 1247 *Bea.* How now sir? This shews not well.
wln 1248 *Def.* What makes your lip so strange? This must not be betwixt us.
wln 1249 *Bea.* The man talks wildly.
wln 1250 *Def.* Come kisse me with a zeal now.
wln 1251 *Bea.* Heaven I doubt him.

Def.

The Changeling.

wln 1252 *Def.* I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.
wln 1253 *Bea.* Take heed *Deflores* of forgetfulness, 'twill soon betray us.
wln 1254 *Def.* Take you heed first;
wln 1255 Faith y'are grown much forgetfull, y'are too blame in't.
wln 1256 *Bea.* He's bold, and I am blam'd for't.
wln 1257 *Def.* I have eas'd you of your trouble, think on't, I'me in pain,
wln 1258 And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity,
wln 1259 Justice invites your blood to understand me.
wln 1260 *Bea.* I dare not.
wln 1261 *Def.* Quickly.
wln 1262 *Bea.* Oh I never shall, speak it yet further of that I may lose
wln 1263 What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't.
wln 1264 I would not hear so much offence again for such another deed.
wln 1265 *Def.* Soft, Lady, soft; the last is not yet paid for, oh this act
wln 1266 Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't
wln 1267 As the parcht earth of moisture, when the clouds weep.
wln 1268 Did you not mark, I wrought my self into't.
wln 1269 Nay sued and kneel'd for't: Why was all that pains took?
wln 1270 You see I have thrown contempt upon your gold,
wln 1271 Not that I want it, for I doe piteously,
wln 1272 In order I will come unto't, and make use on't,
wln 1273 But 'twas not held so pretious to begin with;
wln 1274 For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,
wln 1275 And were I not **resolv[*]d** in my belief
wln 1276 That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
wln 1277 I should but take my recompence with grudging.
wln 1278 As if I had but halfe my hopes I agreed for.
wln 1279 *Bea.* Why 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
wln 1280 Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
wln 1281 To make his death the murderer of my honor.
wln 1282 Thy language is so bold and vitious,
wln 1283 I cannot see which way I can forgive it with any modesty.
wln 1284 *Def.* Push, you forget your selfe, a woman dipt in blood, and
wln 1285 talk of modesty.
wln 1286 *Bea.* O misery of sin! would I had been bound
wln 1287 Perpetually unto my living hate
wln 1288 In that *Piracquo*, then to hear these words.
wln 1289 Think but upon the distance that Creation
wln 1290 Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.
wln 1291 *Def.* Look but into your conscience, read me there,

The Changeling.

wln 1292
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wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331

'Tis a true Book, you'l find me there you equall:
Push, flye not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you, y'are no more now,
You must forget your parentage to me,
Y'are the deeds creature, by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.

Bea. With thee, foul villain?

Def. Yes, my fair murdress; Do you urge me?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection,
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredome in thy heart, and he's chang'd now,
To bring thy second on thy *Alsemero*,
Whom (by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not) thou ne're enjoyst,
I'le blast the hopes and joyes of marriage,
I'le confess all, my life I rate at nothing.

Bea. *Deflores.*

Def. I shall rest from all lovers plagues then,
I live in pain now: that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.

Bea: O sir, hear me.

Def. She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.

Bea. Stay, hear me once for all, I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels,
Let me go poor unto my bed with honor,
And I am rich in all things.

Def. Let this silence thee,
The wealth of all *Valentia* shall not buy my pleasure from me,
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose?
So soon may weep me.

Bea. Vengeance begins;
Murder I see is followed by more sins.
Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must ingender with a Viper first?

Def. Come, rise, and shrowd your blushes in my bosome,
Silence is one of pleasures best receipts:
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yeelding.

img: 19-b
sig: F2r

The Changeling.

wln 1332
wln 1333

'Lasse how the Turtle pants! Thoul't love anon,
What thou so fear'st, and faintst to venture on.

Exeunt:

wln 1334

ACTUS QUARTUS.

wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343

Enter Gentlemen, Vermandero meeting them with action of wonderment at the flight of Piracquo. Enter Alsemero, with Jasperino, and Gallants, Vermandero poynts to him, the Gentlemen seeming to applaud the choyce, Alsemero, Jasperino, and Gentlemen; Beatrice the Bride following in great state, accompanied with Diaphanta, Isabella, and other Gentlewomen: Deflores after all, smiling at the accident; Alonzo's Ghost appears to Deflores in the midst of his smile, startles him, shewing him the hand whose finger he had cut off. They passe over in great solemnity.

wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365

Enter Beatrice:

Bea: THIS fellow has undone me endlessly,
Never was Bride so fearfully distrest;
The more I think upon th'ensuing night,
And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
One both ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in understanding, that's my plague now,
Before whose judgement will my fault appear
Like malefactors crimes before Tribunals,
There is no hiding on't, the more I dive
Into my own distress; how a wise man
Stands for a great calamity, there's no venturing
Into his bed, what course soe're I light upon,
Without my shame, which may grow up to danger;
He cannot but in justice strangle me
As I lie by by him, as a cheater use me;
'Tis a pretious craft to play with a false Dye
Before a cunning Gamester; here's his closet,
The key left in't, and he abroad i'th Park,
Sure 'twas forgot, I'll be so bold as look in't.
Bless me! A right Physicians closet 'tis,
Set round with viols, every one her mark too.

F2

Sure

The Changeling.

wln 1366 Sure he does practice Physick for his own use,
wln 1367 Which may be safely calld your great mans Wisdom.
wln 1368 What manuscript lies here? The Book of Experiment,
wln 1369 Call'd *Secrets in Nature*: so 'tis, 'tis so,
wln 1370 How to know whether a woman be with child or no.
wln 1371 I hope I am not yet; if he should try tho
wln 1372 Let me see folio 45. Here 'tis;
wln 1373 the leaf tuckt **dow** upon't, the place suspitious.
wln 1374 If you would know whether a woman be with child, or not,
wln 1375 Give her two spoonfuls of the white water in Glass C.
wln 1376 Wher's that Glass C: O yonder I see't now, and if she be with child,
wln 1377 She sleeps full twelve hours after, if not, not
wln 1378 None of that water comes into my belly.
wln 1379 I'le know you from a hundred, I could break you now
wln 1380 Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
wln 1381 The master of the mystery, but I'le look to you.
wln 1382 Ha! that which is next, is ten times worse.
wln 1383 How to know whether a woman be a maid, or not;
wln 1384 If that should be apply'd, what would become of me?
wln 1385 Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
wln 1386 That never yet made proof; but this he calls
wln 1387 A merry slight, but true experiment, the Author *Antonius Mizaldus*.
wln 1388 Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water,
wln 1389 In the glass M. which upon her that is maid, makes three severall
wln 1390 effects, 'twill make her incontinently gape, then fall into a sudden
wln 1391 sneezing, last into a violent laughing, else dull, heavy and lumpish.
wln 1392 Where had I been? I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bed time.

Enter Diaphanta

Dia. Cuds Madam, are you here?

Bea. Seeing that wench now

A trick comes in my mind, 'tis a nice piece,
Gold cannot purchase; I come hither wench,
To look my Lord.

Dia. Would I had such a cause to look him too.
Why he's ith' Park Madam.

Bea. There let him be.

Dia. I madam, let him compass,
Whole Parks and Forrests, as great Rangers doe,
At roosting time a little lodge can hold 'em.
Earth-conquering *Alexander*, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in the end had but his pit-hole.

Bea.

The Changeling.

wln 1407 *Bea.* I fear thou art not modest, *Diaphanta*.
wln 1408 *Dia.* Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, Madam,
wln 1409 ’Tis ever the Brides fashion towards bed-time,
wln 1410 To set light by her joyes, as if she ow’d ’em not.
wln 1411 *Bea.* Her joyes; her fears thou wouldst say.
wln 1412 *Dia.* Fear of what?
wln 1413 *Bea.* Art thou a maid, and talkst so to a maid?
wln 1414 You leave a blushing business behind,
wln 1415 Beshrew your heart for’t.
wln 1416 *Dia.* Do you mean good sooth, madam?
wln 1417 *Bea.* Well, if I’de thought upon the fear at first,
wln 1418 Man should have been unknown.
wln 1419 *Dia.* Is’t possible?
wln 1420 *Bea.* I will give a thousand Duckets to that woman
wln 1421 Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
wln 1422 To morrow, when she gets from’t: as she likes
wln 1423 I might perhaps be drawn too’t.
wln 1424 *Dia.* Are you in earnest?
wln 1425 *Bea.* Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
wln 1426 And see if I’le flie from’t; but I must tell you
wln 1427 This by the way, she must be a true maid,
wln 1428 Else there’s no tryall, my fears are not hers else.
wln 1429 *Dia.* Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam
wln 1430 shall be a maid.
wln 1431 *Bea.* You know I should be sham’d else, because she lies for me.
wln 1432 *Dia.* Tis a strange humour:
wln 1433 But are you serious still? Would you resigne
wln 1434 Your first nights pleasure, and give money too?
wln 1435 *Bea.* As willingly as live; alas, the gold
wln 1436 Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honor.
wln 1437 *Dia.* I doe not know how the world goes abroad
wln 1438 For faith or honesty, there’s both requir’d in this.
wln 1439 Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further,
wln 1440 I’ve a good mind in troth to earn your money.
wln 1441 *Bea.* Y’are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.
wln 1442 *Dia.* How? not a maid? nay then you urge me madam,
wln 1443 Your honorable self is not a truer
wln 1444 With all your fears upon you.
wln 1445 *Bea.* Bad enough then.
wln 1446 *Dia.* Then I with all my lightsome joyes about me.

Bea.

The Changeling.

wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
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wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486

Bea. I'me glad to hear't then, you dare put your honesty
Upon an easie tryall.
Dia. Easie? — any thing.
Bea. I'le come to you streight.
Dia. She will not search me? will she?
Like the fore-woman of a female Jury.
Bea. Glass M. I, this is it; look *Diaphanta*,
You take no worse then I do.
Dia. And in so doing I will not question what 'tis, but take it:
Bea. Now if the experiment be true, 'twill praise it selfe,
And give me noble ease: — Begins already,
There's the first symptome; and what hast it makes
To fall into the second, there by this time
Most admirable secret, on the contrary
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it:
Dia. Ha, ha, ha.
Bea. Just in all things and in order,
As if 'twere circumscrib'd, one accident gives way unto another.
Dia. Ha, ha, ha.
Bea. How now wench?
Dia. Ha, ha, ha, I am so so light at heart, ha, ha, ha. so pleasurable.
But one swig more, sweet Madam.
Bea. I, to morrow, we shall have time to sit by't.
Dia. Now I'me sad agen. *(phanta*
Bea. It layes it self so gently too; Come wench, most honest *Dia*-
I dare call thee now.
Dia. Pray tell me, madam, what trick call you this?
Bea. I'le tell thee all hereafter; we must study the carriage of this
business:
Dia. I shall carry't well, because I love the burthen.
Bea. About midnight you must not fail to steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.
Dia. Oh fear not, Madam,
I shall be cool by that time: the brides place,
And with a thousand Duckets; I'me for a Justice now,
I bring a portion with me, I scorn small fools. *Exeunt.*
Enter Vermandero and Servant.
Ver. I tell thee knave, mine Honor is in question,
A thing till now free from suspicion,
Nor ever was there cause; who of my Gentlemen are absent?

Tell

The Changeling.

wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
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wln 1526

Tell me and truly how many, and who.

Ser. *Antonio*, Sir, and *Franciscus*.

Ver. When did they leave the Castle?

Ser. Some ten days since, sir, the one intending to *Briamata*,
Th' other for *Valentia*.

Ver. The time accuses 'um, a charge of murder
Is brought within my Castle gate, *Piracquo*'s murder,
I dare not answer faithfully their absence:
A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'um suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it.
Provide me winged warrants for the purpose.
See, I am set on agen.

Exit Servant.

Enter Tomazo.

Tom. I claim a brother of you.

Ver. Y'are too hot, seek him not here.

Tom. Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction,
This is the place must yeeld account for him,
For here I left him, and the hasty tie
Of this snatcht marriage, gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruine.

Ver. Certain falshood;

This is the place indeed, his breach of faith,
Has too much mar'd both my abused love,
The honorable love I reserv'd for him,
And mock't my daughters joy; the prepar'd morning
Blusht at his infidelity, he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hurt 'em: oh 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexepctedly,
And throw such publick wrongs on those that lov'd him

Tom. Then this is all your answer.

Ver. Tis too fair for one of his alliance; and I warn you
That this place no more see you.

Exit.

Enter Deflores.

Tom. The best is, there is more ground to meet a mans revenge on.
Honest Deflores.

Def. That's my name indeed.

Saw you the Bride? Good sweet sir, which way took she?

Tom.

The Changeling.

wln 1527 *Tom.* I have blest mine eyes from seeing such a false one.

wln 1528 *Def.* I'de fain get off, this man's not for my company,
wln 1529 I smell his brothers blood when I come neer him.

wln 1530 *Tom.* Come hither kind and true one; I remember
wln 1531 My brother lov'd thee well.

wln 1532 *Def.* O purely, dear sir, me thinks I am now agen a killing on him.
wln 1533 He brings it so fresh to me.

wln 1534 *Tom.* Thou canst guesse sirrah,
wln 1535 One honest friend has an instinct of jealousye
wln 1536 At some foul guilty person.

wln 1537 *Def.* 'Lasse sir, I am so charitable, I think none
wln 1538 Worse then my self — You did not see the Bride then?

wln 1539 *Tom.* I prithee name her not. Is she not wicked?

wln 1540 *Def.* No, no, a pretty easie round-packt sinner,
wln 1541 As your most Ladies are, else you might think
wln 1542 I flatter'd her; but sir, at no hand wicked,
wln 1543 Till th'are so old their sins and vices meet,
wln 1544 And they salute Witches; I am call'd, I think sir:
wln 1545 His company ev'n ore-lays my conscience.

Exit.

wln 1546 *Tom.* That *Deflores* has a wondrous honest heart.
wln 1547 He'l bring it out in time, I'me assur'd on't.
wln 1548 O here's the glorious master of the dayes joy.
wln 1549 I will not be long till he and I do reckon sir.

Enter Alsemero.

wln 1550 *Als.* You are most welcome.

wln 1551 *Tom.* You may call that word back,
wln 1552 I do not think I am, nor wish to be.

wln 1553 *Als.* 'Tis strange you found the way to this house then.

wln 1554 *Tom.* Would I'de nere known the cause, I'me none of those sir,
wln 1555 That come to give you joy, and swill your wine,
wln 1556 'Tis a more pretious liquor that must lay
wln 1557 The fiery thirst I bring.

wln 1558 *Als.* Your words and you appear to me great strangers.

wln 1559 *Tom.* Time and our swords may make us more acquainted;
wln 1560 This the businesse.

wln 1561 I should have a brother in your Place,
wln 1562 How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
wln 1563 I'me bound to enquire of him which holds his right:
wln 1564 Which never could come fairly.

wln 1565 *Als.* You must look to answer for that word, sir.
wln 1566

Tom:

The Changeling.

wln 1607
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wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646

Jas. I never weigh'd friend so.

Als. Done charitably, that key will lead thee to a pretty secre[*]
By a Chaldean taught me, and I've
My study upon some, bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M.
And question not my purpose.

Jas. It shall be done sir.

Exit.

Als: How can this hang together? Not an hour since?
Her woman came pleading her Lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timerous virgin
That ever shrunk at mans name, and so modest,
She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosome.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. All things go well, my womans preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose,
Necessity compels it; I lose all else.

Als. Push, Modesties shrine is set in yonder forehead.
I cannot be too sure tho my *Joanna*.

Bea. Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you,
Pardon my modest fears.

Als. The Dove's not meeker.
She's abus'd questionless. — Oh are you come, sir?

Enter Jasperino.

Bea. The glass upon my life; I see the letter.

Jas. Sir, this is M.

Als. T's it

Bea. I am suspected.

Als. How fitly our Bride comes to partake with us!

Bea. What is't, my Lord?

Als. No hurt.

Bea. Sir, pardon me, I seldom tast of any composition.

Als. But this upon my warrant you shall venture on.

Bea. I fear 'twill make me ill.

Als. Heaven forbid that.

Bea. I'me put now to my cunning, th'effects I know.
If I can now but feign 'em handsomly.

Als. It has that secret vertue it ne're mist, sir,
Upon a virgin.

Jas. Treble qualited:

Als.

The Changeling.

wln 1647
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wln 1685
wln 1686

Als. By all that's vertuous it takes there, proceeds.

Jas. This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.

Bea. Ha, ha, ha, you have given me joy of heart to drink my Lord.

Als. No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted.

Bea. What's the matter sir?

Als. See now 'tis settled in a melancholy,
Keep both the time and method, my *Joanna*:
Chast as the breath of heaven, or mornings womb,
That brings the day forth, thus my love incloses thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Lollo.

Isa. Oh heaven! is this the waiting moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all once?
Sirrah, here's a mad-man, a-kin to the fool too,
A lunatick lover.

Lol. No, no, not he I brought the Letter from.

Isa. Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.

Lol. The out's mad, I'me sure of that, I had a tast on't.
*To the bright Andromeda, chiefe Chambermaid to the
Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle
Region, sent by the Bellows-mender of Æolus. Pay the
Post.*

This is stark madness.

Isa. Now mark the inside.

*Sweet Lady, having now cast off this Counterfeit Cover of
a mad-man, I appeare to your best Judgement a true and
faithfull Lover of your beauty.*

Lol. He is mad still.

Isa. *If any fault you finde, chide those perfections in you, which have
have made me imperfect; 'Tis the same Sun that causeth to
grow, and inforceth to wither.*

Lol. Oh Rogue!

Isa. *Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again, I come in winter
to you dismantled of my proper ornaments, by the sweet splendor
of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover.*

Lol. Mad Rascall stil.

Isa. *Tread him not under foot, that shal appear an honour to your boun-
ties. I remain — mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect
my cure.*

Yours all, or one beside himself,

Franciscus.

The Changeling.

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wln 1726

Lol: You are like to have a fine time on't, my Master and I may give over our professions, I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster then we, with little pains too.

Isa: Very likely.

Lol: One thing I must tell you Mistris, you perceive, that I am privy to your skill, if I finde you minister once and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds, I shall be mad or fool else.

Isa: The first place is thine, beleeve it, *Lollio*,
If I do fall.

Lol: I fall upon you.

Isa: So.

Lol: Well I stand to my venture.

Isa: But thy counsel now, how shall I deal with 'um:

Lol: **W**e do you mean to deal with 'um.

Isa: Nay, the fair understanding, how to use 'um.

Lol: Abuse 'um, that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'um kindly.

Isa: 'Tis easie, I'll practise, do thou observe it,
The key of thy Wardrobe:

Lol: There fit your self for 'um, and I'll fit 'um both for you.

Isa: Take thou no further notice, then the outside. *Exit.*

Lol: Not an inch, I'll put you to the inside.

Enter Alibius.

Ali: *Lollio*, art there, will all be perfect think'st thou
To morrow night, as if to close up the solemnity:
Vermandero expects us:

Lol: I mistrust the madmen most, the fools will do well enough:
I have taken pains with them.

Ali.: Tush they cannot miss; the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours
Affright the Ladies; they are nice things thou know'st.

Lol: You need not fear, Sir, so long as we are there with our
commanding peesles, they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

Ali: I will see them once more rehearse before they go.

Lol: I was about it, Sir; looke you to the madmens Morris, and let
me alone with the other; there is one or two that I mistrust their
fooling; I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole
measure.

Ali: Do so, I'll see the musick prepar'd: but, *Lollio*.
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint:

Does

The Changeling.

wln 1727
wln 1728
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wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767

Does she not grudge at it.

Lol. So, so, she takes some pleasure in the house, she would a-broad else, you must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short.

Ali. She shall along to *Vermandero's* with us, That will serve her for a moneths liberty.

Lol: What's that on your face, Sir?

Ali: Where, *Lollio*, I see nothing.

Lol. Cry you mercy, Sir, tis your nose, it shew'd like the trunk of a young Elephant.

Ali: Away, Rascal: I'll prepare the musick, *Lollio* *Ex. Ali:*

Lol. Do, Sir; and I'll dance the whilst; *Tony*, where art thou *Tony?* *Enter Antonio.*

Ant. Here, Cozen, where art thou?

Lol. Come, *Tony*, the footmanship I taught you.

Ant: I had rather ride, Cozen.

Lol: I, a whip take you; but I'll keep you out, Vault in; look you, *Tony*, Fa, la la la la.

Ant: Fa, la la la la.

Lol: There, an honour.

Ant: Is this an honour, Cuz?

Lol: Yes, and it please your worship.

Ant: Does honour bend in the hams, Cuz?

Lol: Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship, nay yeomandry It self sometimes, from whence it first stiffened, There rise a caper.

Ant: Caper after an honour, Cuz.

Lol: Very proper, for honour is but a caper, rise as fast and high, Has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground agen, You can remember your figure, *Tony?* *Exit.*

Ant: Yes, Cozen, when I see thy figure, I can remember mine.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hey, how she treads the air, shough shough, to'ther way, He burns his wings else, here's wax enough below *Icarus*, More then will be cancelled these eighteen moons; He's down, he's down, what a terrible fall he had, stand up, Thou son of *Cretan Dedalus*, and let us tread the lower Labyrinth; I'll bring thee to the Clue.

Ant. Prethee, Cuz let me alone.

Isa: Art thou not drown'd, About thy head I saw a heap of Clouds

Wrapt

The Changeling.

wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
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wln 1805
wln 1806

Wrapt like a Turkish Turbant on thy back,
A crookt Camelion colour'd rainbow hung,
Like a *Tyara* down unto thy hams.
Let me suck out those Billows in thy belly,
Heark how they rore and rumble in the streets.
Bless thee from the Pyrats.

Ant. Pox upon you, let me alone.

Isa. Why shouldst thou mount so high as *Mercury*,
Unlesse thou hadst reversion of his place?
Stay in the Moon with me *Endymion*,
And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,
That would have drownd my love.

Ant. I'le kick thee if again thou touch me,
Thou wild unshapen Antick; I am no fool,
You Bedlam.

Isa. But you are as sure as I am, mad.
Have I put on this habit of a frantick,
With love as full of fury to beguile
The nimble eye of watchfull jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?

Ant. Ha dearest beauty.

Isa. No, I have no beauty now,
Nor never had, but what was in my garments.
You a quick-sighted lover, come not neere me.
Keep your Caparisons, y'are aptly clad,
I came a feigner to return stark mad.

Exit.

Enter Lollio.

Ant. Stay, or I shall change condition,
And become as you are.

Loll. Wy *Tony*, whither now? why fool?

Ant. Whose fool, usher of Idiotts, you Coxcomb.
I have foold too much.

Lol. You were best be mad another while then.

Ant. So I am, stark mad, I have cause enough,
And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a Fury.

Lol. Doe not, doe not, I shall not forbear the Gentleman under
the foole, if you doe; alas, I saw through your Fox-skin before
now: Come, I can give you comfort, My Mistress loves you, and

there

The Changeling.

wln 1807
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wln 1845

there is as arrant a mad-man i'th house, as you are a foole; your Rivall, whom she loves not; if after the mask we can rid her of him, You earn her love she sayes, and the fool shall ride her.

Ant. May I beleeeve thee?

Lol. Yes, or you may chuse whether you will or no.

Ant. She's eas'd of him, I have a good quarrell on't.

Lol. Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.

Ant. Tell her I will deserve her love.

Lol. And you are like to have your desire.

Enter Franciscus.

(trick,

Fran: Down, down, down a-down a-down, and then with a horse-To kick *Latona's* forehead, and break her bowstring.

Lol. This is to'ther counterfeit, I'l put him out of his humor, Sweet Lady, having now cast this counterfeit cover of a mad-man. I appear to your best judgement a true and faithfull lover of your beauty. This is pretty well for a mad-man.

Fran: Ha! what's that?

Lol: Chide those perfections in you which made me imperfect.

Fran. I am discover'd to the fool.

Lol. I hope to discover the fool in you, e're I have done with you. Yours all, or one beside himself, *Franciscus*. This mad-man will mend sure.

Fran: What? Do you read sirrah?

Lol: Your destiny sir, you'l be hang'd for this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counsell with thy mistress?

Lol. Next her Apron strings.

Fran: Give me thy hand.

Lol: **[*]tay**, let me put yours in my pocket first: your hand is true, is it not? It will not pick, I partly fear it, because I think it does lye.

Fran. Not in a sillable.

Lol. So, if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cur'd of your madness.

Fran: And none but she can cure it.

Lol. Well, Il'e give you over then, and she shall cast your water next.

Fran. Take for thy pains past.

Lol.

The Changeling.

wln 1846 *Lol.* I shal deserve more, sir, I hope, my mistress loves you, but must
wln 1847 have some proof of your love to her.

wln 1848 *Fran.* There I meet my wishes.

wln 1849 *Lol.* That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours.

wln 1850 *Fran:* He's dead already.

wln 1851 *Lol.* Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

wln 1852 *Fran.* Shew me the man.

wln 1853 *Lol.* I that's a right course now, see him before you kill him in any
wln 1854 case, and yet it needs not go so far neither; 'tis but a fool that haunts
wln 1855 the house, and my mistriss in the shape of an ideot, bang but his
wln 1856 fools coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well.

wln 1857 *Fran.* Soundly, soundly.

wln 1858 *Lol.* Onely reserve him till the masque be past; and if you find him
wln 1859 not now in the dance your self, I'le shew you.

wln 1860 In — in my master.

wln 1861 *Fran.* He handles him like a feather. Hey!

wln 1862 *Enter Alibius.*

wln 1863 *Alib.* Well said, in a readiness *Lollio.*

wln 1864 *Lol.* Yes, sir.

wln 1865 *Alib.* Away then, and guide them in *Lollio,*

wln 1866 Intreat your Mistress to see this sight.

wln 1867 Hark is there not one incurable fool

wln 1868 That might be beg'd? I have friends.

wln 1869 *Loll.* I have him for you, one that shall deserve it too.

wln 1870 *Alib.* Good boy *Lollio.* *The Madmen and Fools dance.*

wln 1871 'Tis perfect well fit, but once these strains,

wln 1872 We shall have coin and credit for our pains. *Exeunt.*

wln 1873 ACTUS QUINTUS.

wln 1874 *Enter Beatrice. A Clock strikes one.*

wln 1875 *Bea:* ONE struck, and yet she lies by't — Oh my fears,
wln 1876 This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,

Devours.

The Changeling.

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wln 1915

Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honor or my peace,
Makes havock of my right; but she payes dearly for't,
No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood, to keep her promise.
Beside, I have some suspition of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my Lord,
And it must come from her — Heark by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two.

Strike two.

Enter Deflores.

Def: Pist, where are you?

Bea. *Deflores!*

Def. I — Is she not come from him yet?

Bea. As I am a living soul not.

Def. Sure the Devill

Hath sow'd his itch within her, who'd trust a waiting-woman?

Bea. I must trust some body.

Def. Push, they are *Tarmagants*.

Especially when they fall upon their Masters

And have their Ladies first fruits, th'are mad whelps,

You cannot stave 'em off from game Royall, then

You are so harsh and hardy ask no counsell

And I could have helpt you to a Apothecaries daughter

Would have faln off before eleven, aud thank you too.

Bea: O me, not yet, this whore forgets her self

Def. The Rascal fares so well, look y'are undone,
The Day-star by this hand, see *Bosphorus* plain yonder.

Bea. Advise me now to fall upon some ruine,
There is no counsell safe else.

Def. Peace, I ha't now,

For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.

Bea. How? take heed of that.

Def. Tush, be you quiet, or else give over all.

Bea. Prithee I ha' done then.

(ber.

Def. This is my reach, Il'e set some part a-fire of *Diaphanta's* cham-

Bea. How? fire sir, that may endanger the whole house.

Def. You talk of danger when your fame's on fire.

Bea. That's true, do what thou wilt now.

Def. Push, I aim at a most rich success, strikes all dead sure,

H

The

The Changeling.

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wln 1954
wln 1955

The chimney being a fire, and some light parcels
Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If *Diaphanta* should be met by chance then,
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,
It would be thought her fears and affrights then,
Drove her to seek for succour, if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'l hasten towards her lodging,
I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney: there 'tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.

Bea. I'me forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honor.

Def: 'Slid it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.

Bea. One word now prithee, how for the servants?

Def: I'le dispatch them some one way, some another in the hurry,
For Buckets, Hooks, Ladders; fear not you;
The deed shall find it's time, and I've thought since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too.
How this fire purifies wit! Watch you your minute.

Bea. Fear keeps my soul upon[*]t, I cannot stray from[*]t.

Enter Alonzos Ghost:

Def: Ha! What art thou that tak'st away the light
'Twixt that starr and me? I dread thee not,
'Twas but a mist of conscience — All's clear agen.

Exit.

Bea: Who's that, *Deflores*? Blesse me! it slides by,
Some ill thing haunts the house, 't has left behind it,
A shivering sweat upon me; I'me afraid now
This night hath been so tedious; Oh this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroyd the last — Lift oh my terrors,
Three struck by *St Sebastians*.

Struck 3 a clock

Within: Fire, fire, fire.

Bea: Already! How rare is that mans speed!
How heartily he serves me! his face loathes one,
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The East is not more beauteous then his service.

Within. Fire, fire, fire.

Enter Deflores servants: passe over, ring a Bell.

Def.

The Changeling.

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wln 1995

Def: Away, dispatch, hooks, buckets, ladders; thats well said,
The fire bell rings, the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready, *Exit:*

Enter Diaphanta.

Bea: Here's a man worth loving — oh y'are a jewel.

Dia: Pardon frailty, Madam,

In troth I was so well, I ev'n forgot my self.

Bea: Y'have made trim work.

Dia: What?

Bea: Hie quickly to your chamber, your reward follows you.

Dia: I never made so sweet a bargain. *Exit.*

Enter Alsemero.

Als: Oh my dear *Joanna*,

Alas, art thou risen too, I was coming,

My absolute treasure.

Bea: When I mist you, I could not chuse but follow.

Als: Th'art all sweetness, the fire is not so dangerous.

Bea: Think you so sir?

Als: I prithee tremble not: Believe me 'tis not.

Enter Vermandero, Jasperino.

Ver: Oh bless my house and me.

Als: My Lord your father.

Enter Deflores with a Piece.

Ver: Knave, whither goes that piece?

Def: To scour the chimney, *Exit.*

Ver: Oh well said, well said,

That fellow's good on all occasions.

Bea: A wondrous necessary man, my Lord.

Ver: He hath a ready wit, he's worth 'em all, sir,

Dog at a house of fire, I ha' seen him sindg'd ere now:

Ha, there he goes. *The piece goes off.*

Bea: 'Tis done.

Als: Come sweet to bed now; alas, thou wilt get cold.

Bea: Alas, the fear keeps that out;

My heart will find no quiet till I heare

How *Diaphanta* my poor woman fares;

It is her chamber sir, her lodging chamber.

Ver: How should the fire come there?

Bea: As good a soul as ever Lady countenanc'd,

But in her chamber negligent and heavy.

The Changeling.

wln 1996
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wln 2033

She scap't a Mine twice.
Ver. Twice?
Bea. Strangely twice, sir.
Ver. Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
And they be ne're so good.
Enter Deflores.
Def. Oh poor virginity! thou hast paid dearly for't.
Ver. Bless us! What's that?
Def. A thing you all knew once, *Diaphanta's* burnt.
Bea. My woman, oh my woman!
Def. Now the flames are
Greedy of her, burnt, burnt, burnt to death sir.
Bea. Oh my presaging soul!
Als. Not a tear more, I charge you by the last embrace
I gave you in bed before this rais'd us.
Bea. Now you tie me,
Were it my sister now she gets no more.
Ver. How now? *Enter Servant.*
Ser. All danger's past, you may now take your rests, my Lords,
The fire is throughly quencht; ah poore Gentlewoman,
How soon was she stifled!
Bea. *Deflores*, what is left of her interre,
And we as mourners all will follow her:
I will intreat that honour to my servant,
Ev'n of my Lord himself.
Als. Command it sweetness.
Bea. Which of you spied the fire first?
Def. 'Twas I, Madam.
Bea. And took such pains in't too? a double goodness!
'Twere well he were rewarded.
Ver. He shall be, *Deflores*, call upon me.
Als. And upon me, sir. *Exeunt.*
Def. Rewarded? pretious, here's a trick beyond me;
I see in all bouts both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit: *Exit.*
Enter Thomazo:
Tho. I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do.

Man

The Changeling.

wln 2034 Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
wln 2035 A treacherous bloody friendship, and because
wln 2036 I am ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,
wln 2037 I must think all men villains; and the next
wln 2038 I meet, who ere he be, the murderer
wln 2039 Of my most worthy brother — Ha! What's he?

Enter Deflores, passes over the Stage.

wln 2041 Oh the fellow that some call honest *Deflores*;
wln 2042 But me thinks honesty was hard bested
wln 2043 To come there for a lodging, as if a Queen
wln 2044 Should make her Palace of a Pest-house,
wln 2045 I find a contrariety in nature
wln 2046 Betwixt that face and me, the least occasion
wln 2047 Would give me game upon him; yet he's so foul
wln 2048 One would scarce touch with a sword he loved,
wln 2049 And made account of, so most deadly venemous,
wln 2050 He would go ne're to poyson any weapon
wln 2051 That should draw blood on him, one must resolve
wln 2052 Never to use that sword again in fight:
wln 2053 In way of honest manhood, that strikes him;
wln 2054 Some river must devour't, 'twere not fit
wln 2055 That any man should find it. — What agen?

Enter Deflores.

wln 2057 He walks a purpose by, sure to choke me up,
wln 2058 To infect my blood.

Def. My worthy noble Lord.

wln 2060 *Tho.* Dost offer to come neer and breath upon me?

wln 2061 *Def.* A blow.

wln 2062 *Tho.* Yea, are you so prepar'd?

wln 2063 I'le rather like a souldier die by th'sword

wln 2064 Then like a Polititian by thy poyson.

wln 2065 *Def.* Hold, my Lord, as you are honorable.

wln 2066 *Tho.* All slaves that kill by poyson, are still cowards.

wln 2067 *Def.* I cannot strike, I see his brothers wounds

wln 2068 Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a Crystall,

wln 2069 I will not question this, I know y'are noble.

wln 2070 I take my injury with thanks given, Sir.

wln 2071 Like a wise Lawyer; and as a favour,

wln 2072 Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it:

Why

The Changeling.

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wln 2111

Why this from him, that yesterday appeared,
So strangely loving to me?
Oh but instinct is of a subtler strain,
Guilt must not walk so neer his lodge agen,
He came ne're me now.

Exit.

Tho. All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
Till I find this murderer; Not so much
As common curtesie, but Il'e lock up:
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brothers murderer.
And wish good speed to'th villain in a greeting.

Enter Verman: Ali: and Isabella.

Ver: Noble *Piracquo*.

Tho: Pray keep on your way, sir,
I've nothing to say to you.

Ver: Comforts bless you sir.

Tho: I have forsworn complement, in troth I have, sir;
As you are meerly man, I have not left
A good wish for you, nor any here.

Ver: Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from't upon any tearms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.

Tho. What newes can that be?

Ver: Throw no scornfull smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, tis worth more sir,
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me,
I hide not from the law, or your just vengeance.

Tho: Ha!

Ver: To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers.

Tho: If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous smile upon you:
I'le perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar.

Ver: Good sir rise,
Why now you over-doe as much a' this hand,
As you fell short a' tother. Speak *Alibius*;

Ali: 'Twas my wives fortune, as she is most lucky

At

The Changeling.

wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
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wln 2150

At a discovery to find out lately
Within our Hospital of Fools and mad-men,
Two counterfeits slipt into these disguises;
Their names *Franciscus* and *Antonio*.
Ver. Both mine sir, and I ask no favour for 'em.
Alib. Now that which draws suspicion to their habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.
Tho: O blest revelation!
Ver. Nay more, nay more sir, Ile not spare mine own
In way of justice; They both faign'd a journey
To *Bramata*, and so wrought out their leaves,
My love was so abus'd in't.
Tho: Time's too pretious
To run in waste now; you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase,
Be my most happy conduct, I thirst for 'em,
Like subtile lightning will I wind about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter Alsemero and Jasperino

Jas: Your confidence I'me sure, is now of proof.
The prospect from the Garden has shew'd
Enough for deep suspition.
Als: The black masque
That so continually was worn upon't,
Condemnes the face for ugly ere't be seen,
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.
Jas. Touch it home then, 'tis not a shallow probe
Can search this ulcer soundly, I fear you'l find it
Full of corruption, 'tis fit I leave you,
She meets you opportunely from that walk
She took the back door at his parting with her.

Ex Jas.

Als. Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman? — she's here.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea: *Alsemero!*

Als. How do you?

Bea. How do I? Alas! how do you? you look not wel.

Als. You read me well enough, I am not well.

Bea. Not well sir? Is't in my power to better you?

Als.

The Changeling.

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wln 2152
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wln 2189

Als. Yes.

Bea. Nay, then y'are cur'd again.

Als. Pray resolve me one question, Lady.

Bea. If I can.

Als. None can so sure. Are you honest?

Bea. Ha, ha, ha, that's a broad question, my Lord,

Als. But that's not a modest answer, my Lady:

Do you laugh? My doubts are strong upon me

Bea. 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow

Can take away the dimple in her cheek.

Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,

Which would you give the better faith to?

Als. 'Twere but hypocrisie of a sadder colour,

But the same stuff, neither your smiles nor tears

Shall move or flatter me from my belief,

You are a Whore.

Bea. What a horrid sound it hath!

It blasts a beauty to deformity;

Upon what face soever that breath falls,

It strikes it ugly: oh you have ruin'd

What you can ne're repair agen.

Als. I'll all demolish and seek out truth within you,

If there be any left, let your sweet tongue,

Prevent your hearts rifling; there I'll e' ransack

And tear out my suspition.

Bea. You may sir, 'tis an easie passage, yet if you please.

Shew me the ground whereon you lost your love.

My spotlesse vertue may but tread on that

Before I perish.

Als. Unanswerable,

A ground you cannot stand on, you fall down

Beneath all grace and goodness, when you set

Your ticklish heel on't; there was a vizor

O're that cunning face, and that became you,

Now Impudence in triumph rides upon't;

How comes this tender reconcilment else

'Twixt you and your despight, your rankerous loathing

Deflores? He that your eye was sore at sight of,

He's now become your arms supporter, your lips Saint.

Bea.

The Changeling.

wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
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wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229

Bea. Is there the cause?
Als. Worse, your lusts Devill, your adultery.
Bea. Would any but your self say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain.
Als. 'Twas witness by the counsell of your bosome *Diaphanta*.
Bea. Is your witness dead then?
Als. 'Tis to be fear'd,
It was the wages of her knowledge, poor soule,
She liv'd not long after the discovery.
Bea. Then hear a story of not much less horror,
Then this your false suspicion is beguild with,
To your beds scandal, I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed,
Will stand for proof of, your love has made me
A cruell murdress:
Als. Ha.
Bea. A bloody one.
I have kist poyson for't, stroakt a serpent,
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem,
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so imployd; I caus'd to murder
That innocent *Piracquo*, having no
Better means then that worst, to assure
Your self to me.
Als. Oh the place it self ere since
Has crying been for vengeance, the Temple
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion, and quencht the right one,
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now,
Oh thou art all deform'd.
Bea. Forget not sir,
It (for your sake) was done, shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?
Als. Oh thou shouldst have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood, here we are lost.
Bea. Remember I am true unto your bed.
Als. The bed it selfe's a Charnell, the sheets shrowds
For murdered Karkasses, it must ask pawse
What I must do in this, mean time you shall

The Changeling.

wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
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wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269

Be my prisoner onely, enter my Closet.
Ile be your Keeper yet; Oh in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? — Ha
This same fellow has put me in — *Deflores.*

Exit Beatrice:

Enter Deflores.

Def. Noble *Alsemero!*

Als. I can tell you newes sir, my wife has her commended to you

Def. That's news indeed my Lord, I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever lov'd me so well, I thank her.

Als. What's this blood upon your band *Deflores?*

Def. Blood? No sure, 'twas washt since.

Als. Since when man?

Def. Since to'ther day I got a knock
In a Sword and Dagger School; I think 'tis out.

Als. Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd tho.

I had forgot my message; this it is,
What price goes murder?

Def. How sir?

Als: I ask you sir,
My wife's behind hand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon *Piracquo.*

Def. Upon? 'Twas quite through him sure,
Has she confest it?

Als. As sure as death to both of you,
And much more then that:

Def. It could not be much more,
'Twas but one thing, and that she's a Whore.

Als. I could not chuse but follow, oh cunning Divels!
How should blind men know you from fair fac'd saints?

Bea. within. He lies, the villain does be-lye me.

Def. Let me go to her, sir.

Als. Nay, you shal to her.

Peace crying Crocodile, your sounds are heard,
Take your prey to you, get you into her sir.

Exit Def.

I'le be your pandor now, rehearse agen
Your Scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black audience
Where howls and gnashings shall be musick to you.

Clip

The Changeling.

wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308

Clip your aduress freely, 'tis the pilot
Will guide you to the *Mare mortuum*,
Where you shall sink to fadoms bottomless.
*Enter Vermandero, Alibius, Isabella, Thomazo,
Franciscus, and Antonio.*
Ver. Oh *Alsemero*. I have a wonder for you
Als. No sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you
Ver. I have suspition nere as proof it self
For *Piracquo's* murder.
Als. Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspition, for *Piracquo's* **musder**.
Ver. Beseech you hear me, these two have been **disgui'd**
E're since the deed was done.
hAls. I have two other
That were more close **dsguis'd** then your two could be,
E're since the deed was done.
Ver. You'l hear me, these mine own servants.
Als. Hear me, those nearer then your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.
Fran. That may be done with easie truth, sir:
Tho. How is my cause bandied through your delaias!
'Tis urgent in blood, and calls for hast;
Give me a brother alive or dead;
Alive, a wife with him, if dead for both.
A recompence for murder and adultery.
Bea. within. Oh, oh, oh.
Als. Heark, 'tis comming to you.
Def. within. Nay, I'le along for company.
Bea. within. Oh, oh.
Ver. What horrid sounds are these?
Als. Come forth you twins of mischief.
Enter Deflores bringing in Beatrice.
Def. Here we are, if you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not,
Give you the hearing else, I am so stout yet,
And so I think that broken rib of mankind.
Ver. An Host of enemies entred my Citadell,
Could not amaze like this, *Joanna, Beatrice, Joanna.*
Bea. O come not neer me sir, I shall defile you,

The Changeling.

wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
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wln 2315
wln 2316
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wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348

I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health, look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common shewer take it, from distinction,
Beneath the starres, upon yon Meteor
Ever hang my fate, 'mongst things corruptible,
I ne're could pluck it from him, my loathing
Was Prophet to the rest, but ne're beleev'd
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.
Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed,
Your bed was coz'ned on the nuptiall night,
For which your false-bride died.

Als: *Diaphanta!*

Def. Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barly-break; now we are left in hell.

Ver. We are all there, it circumscribes here.

Def. I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart,
Her love I earn'd out of *Piracquos* murder.

Tho. Ha, my brothers murtherer.

Def. Yes, and her honors prize
Was my reward, I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure, it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behinde
For any man to pledge me.

Ver. Horrid Villain!

Keep life in him for further tortures:

Def. No, I can prevent you, here's my penknife still,
It is but one thread more, — and now 'tis cut.
Make haste *Joanna* by that token to thee.
Canst not forget so lately put in mind,
I would not goe to leave thee far behind.

Dyes.

Bea. Forgive me *Alsemero*, all forgive,
'Tis time to die, when 'tis a shame to live.

Dyes.

Ver. Oh my name is entred now in that record,
Where till this fatall hour 'twas never read.

Als. Let it be blotted out, let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life,
To your dishonor, justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit

By

The Changeling.

wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
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wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380

By proclamation, and may joy agen.

Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done,
'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.

Tho. Sir, I am satisfied, my injuries
Lie dead before me, I can exact no more,
Unless my soul were loose, and could ore-take
Those black fugitives, that are fled from thence
To take a second vengeance; but there are wraths
Deeper then mine (tis to be fear'd) about 'em.

Als. What an opacous body had that moon:
That last chang'd on us? here's beauty chang'd
To ugly whoredom: here servant obedience
To a master-sin, imperious murder:
I a suppos'd husband chang'd embraces
With wantonness, but that was paid before;
Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath
To knowing friendship. Are there any more on's?

Ant. Yes sir, I was chang'd too, from a little Asse as I was, to a great
Fool as I am; and had like to ha' been chang'd to the gallows, but
that you know my Innocence always excuses me.

Fran. I was chang'd from a little wit to be stark mad,
Almost for the same purpose. (tion.

Isa. Your change is still behind, but deserve best your transforma-
You are a jealous Coxcomb, keep Schools of Folly,
And teach your Scholars how to break your own head.

Alib. I see all apparent wife, and will change now
Into a better husband, and never keep Scholars
That shall be wiser then my self.

Als. Sir, you have yet a sons duty living,
Please you accept it, let that your sorrow
As it goes from your eye, goe from your heart,
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.

Epilogue.

wln 2381

EPILOGUE.

wln 2382

Als. *ALL we can doe, to Comfort one another,
To stay a Brothers sorrow, for a Brother;
To Dry a Child, from the kinde Fathers eyes
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The Dead agen, or in their Rooms to give
Brother a new Brother, Father a Child;
If these appear, All griefs are reconcil'd.*

wln 2383

wln 2384

wln 2385

wln 2386

wln 2387

wln 2388

wln 2389

wln 2390

wln 2391

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS:

ln 0001

PLAYES newly Printed.

ln 0002

*THE Wild-goose-Chase, a Comedy; written by Francis
Beamont and John Fletcher, Gent'.*

ln 0003

ln 0004

*The Widdow, a Comedy; written by Ben: Johnson, John
Fletcher, and Thomas Middleton, Gent'.*

ln 0005

ln 0006

PLAYES in the Press.

ln 0007

*Five Playes written by Mr James Shirley, being All of his
that were Acted at the Black-Fryers: Together with the
Court-Secret, written by the same Author, but never yet
Acted.*

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

Also, The Spanish Gypsies.

img: 33-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **46 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *the* is supplied for the original [...].
2. **56 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *Compared* is supplied for the original *Compar[*]d*.
3. **68 (3-b)**: The regularized reading *him* is amended from the original *bim*.
4. **205 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *Prevented* is supplied for the original *Pre[...]ted*.
5. **654 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *lock* comes from the original *lock*, though possible variants include *locked*.
6. **889 (13-b)**: The regularized reading *Bedlam* is supplied for the original *Bedl[*]m*.
7. **954 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *would* is supplied for the original *wof[*]d*.
8. **1008 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *Tomorrow* is amended from the original *To motrow*.
9. **1275 (18-b)**: The regularized reading *resolved* is supplied for the original *resolv[*]d*.
10. **1373 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *down* is amended from the original *dow*.
11. **1608 (23-a)**: The regularized reading *secret* is supplied for the original *secre[*]*.
12. **1676 (23-b)**: The word *have* is duplicated.
13. **1700 (24-a)**: The regularized reading *We* comes from the original *We*, though possible variants include *Why*.
14. **1836 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *Stay* is supplied for the original *[*]tay*.
15. **1903 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *Bosphorus* comes from the original *Bosphorus*, though possible variants include *Phosphorus*.
16. **1937 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *upon* *t* is supplied for the original *upon[*]t*.
17. **1937 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *from* *t* is supplied for the original *from[*]t*.
18. **2077 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *near* is amended from the original *ne'er*.
19. **2280 (31-b)**: The regularized reading *murder* is amended from the original *musder*.
20. **2281 (31-b)**: The regularized reading *disguised* is amended from the original *disgui'd*.
21. **2283 (31-b)**: *h* erroneously printed before speech prefix.
22. **2284 (31-b)**: The regularized reading *disguised* is amended from the original *dsguis'd*.