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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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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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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  
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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.

*1 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 Ser.* 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 skil 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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*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 countrey; 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.*

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*Als.* *Alsemero*, Sir.

*Ver.* *Alsemero*; not the son of *John de Alsemero*?

*Als.* The same Sir.

*Ver.* My best love bids you welcome.

*Bea.* He was wont to call me so, and then he speaks

A most unfeigned truth.

*Ver.* Oh Sir, I knew your father,

We two were in acquaintance long agoe

Before our chins were worth Julian Down,

And so continued till the stamp of time

Had coin'd us into silver: Well, he's gone,

A good Souldier went with him.

*Als.* You went together in that, Sir.

*Ver.* No by Saint *Jaques*, I came behind him.

Yet I have done somewhat too, an unhappy day

Swallowed him at last at *Gibraltar*

In fight with those rebellious *Hollanders*,

Was it not so?

*Als.* Whose death I had reveng'd,

Or followed him in Fate, had not the late League

**Pre[...]ted** me.

*Ver.* I, I, 'twas time to breath:

Oh *Joanna*, I should ha told thee news,

I saw *Piracquo* lately.

*Bea.* That's ill news.

*Ver.* He's hot preparing for this day of triumph,

Thou must be a Bride within this sevenight.

*Als.* Ha!

*Bea.* Nay good Sir, be not so violent, with speed

I cannot render satisfaction

Unto the dear companion of my soule,

Virginity (whom I thus long have liv'd with)

And part with it so rude and suddenly,

Can such friends divide never to meet agen,

Without a solemne farewell?

*Ver.* Tush, tush, there's a toy.

*Als.* I must now part, and never meet agen

With any joy on earth; Sir, your pardon,

My affairs call on me.

*Ver.* How Sir? by no means,

Not

*The Changeling.*

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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.*

*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 wil 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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wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374  
wln 0375  
wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383

*The Changeling.*

wln 0384  
wln 0385  
wln 0386  
wln 0387  
wln 0388  
wln 0389  
wln 0390  
wln 0391  
wln 0392  
wln 0393  
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wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
wln 0413  
wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418  
wln 0419  
wln 0420  
wln 0421  
wln 0422  
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  
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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, *Lollo.* *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 pickhaird 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 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  
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wln 0593  
wln 0594  
wln 0595  
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wln 0613  
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  
wln 0620  
wln 0621  
wln 0622  
wln 0623  
wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629  
wln 0630  
wln 0631  
wln 0632  
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wln 0650  
wln 0651  
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wln 0653  
wln 0654  
wln 0655  
wln 0656  
wln 0657  
wln 0658

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

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

*Tom.* Do you apprehend so slowly?

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

*Exit.*

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

*Exit.*

*Enter Diaphanta and Alsemero*

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

*Exit:*

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

*Enter Beatrice.*

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

*The Changeling.*

wln 0659  
wln 0660  
wln 0661  
wln 0662  
wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
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wln 0673  
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wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
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 prevaild, 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 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
wln 0702  
wln 0703  
wln 0704  
wln 0705  
wln 0706  
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wln 0735  
wln 0736  
wln 0737  
wln 0738

*Als.* Lady, you hear not me.

*Bea.* I do especially sir, the present times are not so sure of our side  
As those hereafter may be, we must use 'em then  
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly, now till the time opens.

*Als.* You teach wisdom, Lady.

*Bea.* Within there *Diaphanta.* *Enter Diaphanta.*

*Dia.* Do you call, Madam?

*Bea.* Perfect your service, and conduct this Gentleman  
The privat way you brought him.

*Dia.* I shall, Madam.

*Als.* My love's as firm as love e're built upon. *Ex. Dia. and Als.*

*Enter Deflores.*

*Def.* I have watcht this meeting, and doe wonder much  
What shall become of t'other, I'me sure both  
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress; happily  
Then Il'e put in for one: for if a woman  
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,  
She spreads and mounts then like Arithmetick,  
1, 10, 100, 1000, 10000, proves in time Sutler to an Army Royall.  
Now do I look to be most richly raild at,  
Yet I must see her.

*Bea.* Why, put case I loath'd him  
As much as youth and beauty hates a Sepulcher,  
Must I needs shew it? Cannot I keep that secret,  
And serve my turn upon him? — see he's here — *Deflores.*

*Def.* Ha, I shall run mad with joy,  
She call'd me fairly by my name *Deflores,*  
And neither Rogue nor Rascall. (good Physitian,

*Bea.* What ha' you done to your face a-late? y'ave met with some  
Y'have prun'd your self me thinks, you were not wont  
To look so amorously.

*Def.* Not I, tis the same Phisnomy to a hair and pimple,  
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour agoe: How is this?

*Bea.* Come hither, neerer man.

*Def.* I'me up to the chin in heaven.

*Bea.* Turn, let me see, vauh tis but the heat of the liver, I perceiv't.  
I thought it had been worse.

*Def.* Her fingers touch't me, she smels all Amber.

*Bea.* I'le make a water for you shall cleanse this within a fortnight.

*Def.* With your own hands, Lady?

*The Changeling.*

wln 0739                   *Bea:* Yes, mine own sir, in a work of cure, I'll 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'll 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 Ladship 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



*The Changeling.*

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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 encourage 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.*

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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.*

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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 0932 *Fra:* Yes, but make no words on't, I was a man seven years agoe,  
wln 0933 *Lol.* A stripling I think you might.  
wln 0934 *Fra.* Now Im'e a woman, all feminine.  
wln 0935 *Lol.* I would I might see that.  
wln 0936 *Fra.* *Juno* struck me blind,  
wln 0937 *Lol:* I'le ne're beleeve that; for a woman they say, has an eye more  
wln 0938 then a man.  
wln 0939 *Fra.* I say she struck me blind.  
wln 0940 *Lol.* And *Luna* made you mad, you have two trades to beg with.  
wln 0941 *Fra.* *Luna* is now big bellied, and there's room for both of us to  
wln 0942 ride with *Hecate*; I'le drag thee up into her silver spear, and there  
wln 0943 we'l kick the Dog, and beat the bush that barks against the Witches  
wln 0944 of the night, the swift *Licanthropi* that walks the round, we'l tear  
wln 0945 their wolvisk skins, and save the sheep.  
wln 0946 *Lol.* Is't come to this? nay then my poyson comes forth agen, mad  
wln 0947 slave, indeed, abuse your Keeper!  
wln 0948 *Isa.* I prithee hence with him, now he grows dangerous. *Sing.*  
wln 0949 *Fra.* *Sweet love pitie me, give me leave to lye with thee.*  
wln 0950 *Lol.* No, I'le see you wiser first: To your own kennell.  
wln 0951 *Fra.* No noyse she sleeps, draw all the Curtains round,  
wln 0952 Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul,  
wln 0953 But love, and love, creeps in at a mouse-hole.  
wln 0954 *Lol.* I wo'd you **wo[\*]ld** get into your hole. *Exit Fra.*  
wln 0955 Now Mistress I wil bring you another sort, you shal be fool'd another  
wln 0956 while, *Tony*, come hither *Tony*, look who's yonder *Tony*.  
wln 0957 *Enter Antonio.*  
wln 0958 *Ant.* Cousin, is it not my *Ant*?  
wln 0959 *Lol.* Yes, 'tis on of 'um *Tony*.  
wln 0960 *Ant.* He, he, how do you Uncle?  
wln 0961 *Lol.* Fear him not Mistress, 'tis a gentle nigget, you may play with  
wln 0962 him, as safely with him as with his bawble.  
wln 0963 *Isa.* How long hast thou been a fool?  
wln 0964 *Ant.* Ever since I came hither, Cousin?  
wln 0965 *Isa.* Cousin, I'me none of thy Cousins fool.  
wln 0966 *Lol.* Oh mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their  
wln 0967 kindred.  
wln 0968 *Madman within.* Bounce, bounce, he falls, he falls.  
wln 0969 *Isa.* Hark you, your scholars in the upper room are out of order.  
wln 0970 *Lol.* Must I come amongst you there? Keep you the fool mistress,  
wln 0971 I'le go up, & play left handed *Orlando* amongst the madmen. *Exit.*

*The Changeling.*

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*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;  
Love never taught it waking. (within

*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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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.*

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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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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.*

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wln 1175  
wln 1176  
wln 1177  
wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
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wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
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'll 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 'Tis a true Book, you'l find me there you equall:  
wln 1293 Push, flye not to your birth, but settle you  
wln 1294 In what the act has made you, y'are no more now,  
wln 1295 You must forget your parentage to me,  
wln 1296 Y'are the deeds creature, by that name  
wln 1297 You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,  
wln 1298 As peace and innocency has turn'd you out,  
wln 1299 And made you one with me.  
wln 1300 *Bea.* With thee, foul villain?  
wln 1301 *Def.* Yes, my fair murdress; Do you urge me?  
wln 1302 Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection,  
wln 1303 'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind  
wln 1304 Of whoredome in thy heart, and he's chang'd now,  
wln 1305 To bring thy second on thy *Alsemero*,  
wln 1306 Whom (by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,  
wln 1307 If I enjoy thee not) thou ne're enjoyst,  
wln 1308 I'le blast the hopes and joyes of marriage,  
wln 1309 I'le confess all, my life I rate at nothing.  
wln 1310 *Bea.* *Deflores.*  
wln 1311 *Def.* I shall rest from all lovers plagues then,  
wln 1312 I live in pain now: that shooting eye  
wln 1313 Will burn my heart to cinders.  
wln 1314 *Bea:* O sir, hear me.  
wln 1315 *Def.* She that in life and love refuses me,  
wln 1316 In death and shame my partner she shall be.  
wln 1317 *Bea.* Stay, hear me once for all, I make thee master  
wln 1318 Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels,  
wln 1319 Let me go poor unto my bed with honor,  
wln 1320 And I am rich in all things.  
wln 1321 *Def.* Let this silence thee,  
wln 1322 The wealth of all *Valentia* shall not buy my pleasure from me,  
wln 1323 Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose?  
wln 1324 So soon may weep me.  
wln 1325 *Bea.* Vengeance begins;  
wln 1326 Murder I see is followed by more sins.  
wln 1327 Was my creation in the womb so curst,  
wln 1328 It must ingender with a Viper first?  
wln 1329 *Def.* Come, rise, and shrowd your blushes in my bosome,  
wln 1330 Silence is one of pleasures best receipts:  
wln 1331 Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yeelding.

*The Changeling.*

wln 1332

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

*Exeunt:*

wln 1333

wln 1334

ACTUS QUARTUS.

wln 1335

*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 1336

wln 1337

wln 1338

wln 1339

wln 1340

wln 1341

wln 1342

wln 1343

wln 1344

*Enter Beatrice:*

wln 1345

*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'le be so bold as look in't.  
Bless me! A right Physicians closet 'tis,  
Set round with viols, every one her mark too.

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

*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 joys; 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  
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wln 1483  
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  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
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wln 1525  
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  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
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wln 1565  
wln 1566

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

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

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

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

*Tom.* Thou canst guesse sirrah,  
One honest friend has an instinct of jealousy  
At some foul guilty person.

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

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

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

*Exit.*

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

*Enter Alsemero.*

*Als.* You are most welcome.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tom:*

*The Changeling.*

*Tom:* Fear you not, I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.  
Keep your day solemn. Farewell, I disturb it not,  
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time. *Exit.*

*Als.* 'Tis somewhat ominous this, a quarrell entred  
Upon this day, my innocence relieves me,

*Enter Jasperino.*

I should be wondrous sad else — *Jasperino*,  
I have newes to tell thee, strange news.

*Jas.* I ha' some too,  
I think as strange as yours, would I might keep  
Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't.  
Faith sir, dispense a little with my zeal,  
And let it cool in this.

*Als.* This put's me on, and blames thee for thy slowness.

*Jas.* All may prove nothing,  
Onely a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.

*Als.* No question it may prove nothing; let's partake it thou.

*Jas.* 'Twas *Diaphanta's* chance, for to that wench  
I pretend honest love, and she deserves it,  
To leave me in a back part of the house,  
A place we chose for privat conference;  
She was no sooner gone, but instantly  
I heard your brides voyce in the next room to me;  
And lending more attention, found *Deflores*  
Lowder then she.

*Als.* *Deflores?* Thou art out now.

*Jas.* You'll tell me more anon.

*Als.* still I'll prevent thee, the very sight of him is poyson to her.

*Jas.* That made me stagger too, but *Diaphanta*  
At her return confirm'd it.

*Als.* *Diaphanta!*

*Jas.* Then fell we both to listen, and words past  
Like those that challenge interest in a woman:

*Als.* Peace, quench thy zeal, tis dangerous to thy bosom

*Jas.* Then truth is full of perill.

*Als.* Such truths are — O were she the sole glory of the earth,  
Had eys that could shoot fire into Kings breasts,  
And toucht, she sleeps not here, yet I have time  
Though night be neer, to be resolv'd hereof,  
And prithee do not weigh me by my passions.

*The Changeling.*

wln 1607  
wln 1608  
wln 1609  
wln 1610  
wln 1611  
wln 1612  
wln 1613  
wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616  
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wln 1636  
wln 1637  
wln 1638  
wln 1639  
wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643  
wln 1644  
wln 1645  
wln 1646

*Jas.* I never weigh'd friend so.

*Als.* Done charitably, that key will lead thee to a pretty secret[\*]  
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  
wln 1648  
wln 1649  
wln 1650  
wln 1651  
wln 1652  
wln 1653  
wln 1654  
wln 1655  
wln 1656  
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wln 1681  
wln 1682  
wln 1683  
wln 1684  
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.*

wln 1687  
wln 1688  
wln 1689  
wln 1690  
wln 1691  
wln 1692  
wln 1693  
wln 1694  
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wln 1725  
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, *Lollo*,  
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:* *Lollo*, 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, *Lollo*.

By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint:

Does



*The Changeling.*

wln 1727  
wln 1728  
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wln 1763  
wln 1764  
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, *Lollo*, I see nothing.  
*Lol.* Cry you mercy, Sir, tis your nose, it shew'd like the trunck  
of a young Elephant.  
*Ali:* Away, Rascal: I'll prepare the musick, *Lollo* *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  
wln 1772  
wln 1773  
wln 1774  
wln 1775  
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wln 1800  
wln 1801  
wln 1802  
wln 1803  
wln 1804  
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  
wln 1808  
wln 1809  
wln 1810  
wln 1811  
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wln 1813  
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wln 1843  
wln 1844  
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 beleeve 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 have some proof of your love to her.

wln 1847

*Fran.* There I meet my wishes.

wln 1848

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

wln 1849

*Fran:* He's dead already.

wln 1850

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

wln 1851

*Fran.* Shew me the man.

wln 1852

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

wln 1853

*Fran.* Soundly, soundly.

wln 1854

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

wln 1855

In — in my master.

wln 1856

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

wln 1857

wln 1858

wln 1859

wln 1860

wln 1861

*Enter Alibius.*

wln 1862

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

wln 1863

*Lol.* Yes, sir.

wln 1864

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

wln 1865

Intreat your Mistress to see this sight.

wln 1866

Hark is there not one incurable fool

wln 1867

That might be beg'd? I have friends.

wln 1868

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

wln 1869

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

wln 1870

'Tis perfect well fit, but once these strains,

wln 1871

We shall have coin and credit for our pains.

wln 1872

*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

wln 1873

*Enter Beatrice. A Clock strikes one.*

wln 1874

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

wln 1875

wln 1876

Devours.

*The Changeling.*

wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880  
wln 1881  
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wln 1913  
wln 1914  
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.* Prithée 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,

*The Changeling.*

wln 1916  
wln 1917  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
wln 1921  
wln 1922  
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wln 1924  
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wln 1952  
wln 1953  
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.*

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  
wln 1997  
wln 1998  
wln 1999  
wln 2000  
wln 2001  
wln 2002  
wln 2003  
wln 2004  
wln 2005  
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wln 2030  
wln 2031  
wln 2032  
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.*

wln 2073  
wln 2074  
wln 2075  
wln 2076  
wln 2077  
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wln 2109  
wln 2110  
wln 2111

Why this from him, that yesterday appeard,  
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  
wln 2116  
wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
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wln 2147  
wln 2148  
wln 2149  
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.*

wln 2151  
wln 2152  
wln 2153  
wln 2154  
wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
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wln 2185  
wln 2186  
wln 2187  
wln 2188  
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  
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wln 2222  
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 suspition 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 murtheress:  
*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 employd; 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  
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wln 2247  
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wln 2255  
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. *Exit Beatrice:*  
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.*  
*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.

*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  
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wln 2284  
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wln 2292  
wln 2293  
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wln 2296  
wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300  
wln 2301  
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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  
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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 spight 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  
wln 2366  
wln 2367  
wln 2368  
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,*

wln 2383

*To stay a Brothers sorrow, for a Brother;*

wln 2384

*To Dry a Child, from the kinde Fathers eyes*

wln 2385

*Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:*

wln 2386

*Your only smiles have power to cause re-live*

wln 2387

*The Dead agen, or in their Rooms to give*

wln 2388

*Brother a new Brother, Father a Child;*

wln 2389

*If these appear, All griefs are reconcil'd.*

wln 2390

Exeunt omnes.

wln 2391

FINIS:

ln 0001

*PLAYES newly Printed.*

ln 0002

*The Wild-goose-Chase, a Comedy; written by Francis*

ln 0003

*Beamont and John Fletcher, Gent'.*

ln 0004

*The Widdow, a Comedy; written by Ben: Johnson, John*

ln 0005

*Fletcher, and Thomas Midleton, Gent'.*

ln 0006

*PLAYES in the Press.*

ln 0007

*Five Playes written by Mr James Shirley, being All of his*

ln 0008

*that were Acted at the Black-Fryers: Together with the*

ln 0009

*Court-Secret, written by the same Author, but never yet*

ln 0010

*Acted.*

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 *wol[\*]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*.