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THE

CHANGELING:

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

Written by THOMAS MIDDLETON,
and
WILLIAM ROWLEY. Gentlemen.

Never Printed before.

LONDON,
Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to
be sold at his shop at the sign of the Prince’s Arms
in St. Paul’s Churchyard, 1653.

Dramatis Personae.

Vermandero, Father to Beatrice.
Tomazo de Piracquo, A Noble Lord.
Alonzo de Piracquo, His brother, Suitor to Beatrice:
Alsemero, A Nobleman, afterwards married to Beatrice.

Jasperino, His Friend.
Alibiuss, A jealous Doctor.
Lollio, His man.
Pedro, Friend to Antonio.
Antonio, The Changeling.
Franciscus, The Counterfeit Madman.
Deflores, Servant to Vermandero.
Madmen,
Servants.

Beatrice, Daughter to Vermandero.
Diaphanta, Her Waiting-woman.
Isabella Wife to Alibius.

The Scene Alicant.

The Changeling.
ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter Alsemero.

'TWas in the Temple where I first beheld her,
And now again the same, what Omen yet
Follows of that? None but imaginary,
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?
The place is holy, so is my intent:
I love her beauties to the holy purpose,
And that (methinks) admits comparison
With man’s first creation, the place blessed
And is his right home back (if he achieve it.)
The Church hath first begun our interview
And that’s the place must join us into one,
So there’s beginning and perfection too.

Enter Jasperino.

    Jasperino O Sir, are you here? Come, the wind’s fair with you,
            Y’ are like to have a swift and pleasant passage.

    Alsemero Sure y’ are deceived friend, ’tis contrary
            In my best judgement.

    Jasperino What for Malta?
            If you could buy a gale amongst the Witches,
            They could not serve you such a lucky pennyworth

            As comes a’ God’s Name.

    Alsemero Even now I observed
            The temple’s Vane to turn full in my face,
            I know ’tis against me.

    Jasperino Against you?
            Then you know not where you are.

    Alsemero Not well indeed
            Jasperino Are you not well sir?

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

    Jasperino 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,
            Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
            Be in continual prayers for fair winds,
            And have you changed your orisons?

    Alsemero No, friend,
            I keep the same church, same devotion.

    Jasperino Lover I’m sure y’ are none, the Stoic
Was found in you long ago, your mother
Nor best friends, who have set snares of beauty,
Ay and choice ones too, could never trap you that way
What might be the cause?

Alsemero  Lord, how violent,
Thou art; I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple.

Jasperino  Is this violence? ’tis but idleness

Compared with your haste yesterday.

Alsemero  I’m all this while a-going, man.    Enter Servants.

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

1 Servant  The seamen call, shall we Board your trunks?

Alsemero  No, not today.

Jasperino  ’Tis the critical day,
It seems, and the sign in Aquarius.

2 Servant  We must not to sea today, this smoke will bring forth fire.

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

1 Servant  Well, your pleasure.

2 Servant  Let him e’en take his leisure too, we are safer on land.

Exeunt Servants

Enter Beatrice, Diaphanta, and Servants, Joanna.

Jasperino  How now! The Laws of the Medes are changed sure, salute a woman, he kisses too: wonderful! where learnt he this? and does it perfectly too; in my conscience he ne’er rehearsed it before. Nay, go on, this will be stranger and better news at Valencia, than if he had ransomed half Greece from the Turk.

Beatrice  You are a Scholar, sir.

Alsemero  A weak one, Lady.

Beatrice  Which of the Sciences is this love you speak of?

Alsemero  From your tongue I take it to be music.

Beatrice  You are skilful in ’t, can sing at first sight.

Alsemero  And I have showed you all my skill at once.

I want more words to express me further.
And must be forced to repetition:
I love you dearly.

Beatrice  Be better advised, sir:

Our eyes are Sentinels 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 call them blind.

Alsemero  But I am further, Lady; yesterday
Was mine eye’s employment, and hither now
They brought my judgement, where are both agreed.
Both Houses then consenting, ’tis agreed,
Only there wants the confirmation
By the hand Royal, that’s your part, Lady.

*Beatrice*  Oh there’s one above me, sir, for five days past
To be recalled; sure, mine eyes were mistaken,
This was the man was meant me, that he should come
So near his time, and miss it.

*Jasperino*  We might have come by the Carriers from *Valencia*, I see and
saved all our sea-provision: we are at farthest sure, methinks I should
do something too, I meant to be a venturer in this voyage. Yonder’s
another Vessel, I’ll board her, if she be lawful prize, down goes her
topsail.

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*Enter Deflores.*

*Deflores*  Lady, your father.

*Beatrice*  Is in health, I hope.

*Deflores*  Your eye shall instantly instruct you, Lady.

He’s coming hitherward.

*Beatrice*  What needed then
Your duteous 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.

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

*Alsemero*  You seemed displeased Lady on the sudden.

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

*Alsemero*  This is a frequent frailty in our nature,
There’s scarce a man amongst a thousand sound,
But hath his imperfection: one distastes
The scent of Roses, which to infinites
Most pleasing is, and odoriferous.
One oil, the enemy of poison,
Another Wine, the cheerer of the heart,
And lively refresher of the countenance.
Indeed this fault (if so it be) is general,
There’s scarce a thing but is both loved and loathed,
Myself (I must confess) have the same frailty.
Beatrice And what may be your poison sir? I am bold with you.
Alsemero And what might be your desire perhaps, a cherry.

Beatrice I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but yon Gentleman.
Alsemero He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.
Beatrice He cannot be ignorant of that Sir,
I have not spared to tell him so, and I want
To help myself, since he’s a Gentleman
In good respect with my father, and follows him.
Alsemero He’s out of his place then now.
Jasperino I am a mad Wag, wench.
Diaphanta So methinks; but for your comfort I can tell you, we have a Doctor in the City that undertakes the cure of such.
Jasperino Tush, I know what Physic is best for the state of mine own body.
Diaphanta ’Tis scarce a well governed state, I believe.
Jasperino I could show thee such a thing with an Ingredient that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i’ th’ town for two hours after, I’ll ne’er profess Physic again.
Diaphanta A little poppy Sir, were good to cause you sleep.
Jasperino Poppy; I’ll give thee a pop i’ th’ lips for that first, and begin there: Poppy is one simple indeed, and Cuckoo (what you call ’t) another: I’ll discover no more now, another time I’ll show thee all.
Beatrice My Father, Sir. Enter Vermandero and Servants.
Vermandero Oh Joanna, I came to meet thee, your devotion’s ended.
Beatrice 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 deserved it, Sir,
If ye please to grant it.
Vermandero With all my heart, Sir.
Yet there’s an article between, I must know
Your country; we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers, our citadels
Are placed conspicuous to outward view,
On Promonts’ tops; but within are secrets.
Alsemero A Valencian, Sir.
Vermandero A Valencian,
That’s native, Sir; of what name, I beseech you?

Alsemero Alsemero, Sir.
Vermandero Alsemero; not the son of John de Alsemero?
Alsemero The same Sir.
Vermandero  My best love bids you welcome.
Beatrice    He was wont to call me so, and then he speaks
A most unfeigned truth.
Vermandero  Oh Sir, I knew your father,
We two were in acquaintance long ago
Before our chins were worth Iulan Down,
And so continued till the stamp of time
Had coined us into silver: Well, he’s gone,
A good Soldier went with him.
Alsemero    You went together in that, Sir.
Vermandero  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?
Alsemero    Whose death I had revenged,
Or followed him in Fate, had not the late League
Prevented me.
Vermandero  Ay, ay, ’twas time to breathe:
Oh Joanna, I should ha’ told thee news,
I saw Piracquo lately.
Beatrice    That’s ill news.
Vermandero  He’s hot preparing for this day of triumph,
Thou must be a Bride within this seven-night.
Alsemero    Ha!
Beatrice    Nay good Sir, be not so violent, with speed
I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soul,
Virginity (whom I thus long have lived with)
And part with it so rude and suddenly,
Can such friends divide never to meet again,
Without a solemn farewell?
Vermandero  Tush, tush, there’s a toy.
Alsemero    I must now part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth; Sir, your pardon,
My affairs call on me.
Vermandero  How Sir? by no means,
Not changed so soon, I hope, you must see my castle,
And her best entertainment ere we part,
I shall think myself unkindly used else.
Come, come, let’s on, I had good hope your stay
Had been a while with us in Alicant;
I might have bid you to my daughter’s wedding.
Alsemero    He means to feast me, and poisons me beforehand,
I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.
Beatrice    I shall be sorry if you be not there
When it is done sir, but not so suddenly.
Vermandero  I tell you, sir, the Gentleman’s complete,
A Courtier and a Gallant, enriched
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.

Alsemero  He’s much bound to you, sir.
Vermandero  He shall be bound to me,
As fast as this tie can hold him, I’ll want my will else.

Beatrice  I shall want mine if you do it.
Vermandero  But come, by the way, I’ll tell you more of him:

Alsemero  How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
When he discharges murderers at the gate?
But I must on, for back I cannot go.

Beatrice  Not this Serpent gone yet?
Vermandero  Look Girl, thy glove’s fall’n,
Stay, stay, Deflores help a little.

Deflores  Here, Lady.

Beatrice  Mischief on your officious forwardness,
Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand no more:
There, for t’ other’s sake I part with this,
Take ’em and draw thine own skin off with ’em.

Deflores  Here’s a favor come; with a mischief: Now
I know she had rather wear my pelt tanned
In a pair of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers
Into her sockets here I know she hates me,
Yet cannot choose but love her:
No matter, if but to vex her, I’ll haunt her still,
Though I get nothing else, I’ll have my will.

Exeunt

Enter Alibius and Lollio.

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

Lollio  I was ever close to a secret, Sir.
Alibius  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.

Lollio  Fie sir, ’tis too late to keep her secret, she’s known to be married
all the town and country over.

Alibius  Thou goest too fast my Lollio, that knowledge
I allow no man can be barred it;
But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
Deeper and sweeter, Lollio.

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

Alibius  ’Tis that I go about man; Lollio,
My wife is young,

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

Alibius  Why now thou meet’st the substance of the point,
I am old, Lollio.

_Lollio_ No sir, ’tis I am old _Lollio._

_Alibius_ Yet why may not this concord and sympathize?

Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

_Lollio_ Ay sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader than the young plants.

_Alibius_ 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.

_Lollio_ You must keep it on still then, if it but lie by,
One or other will be thrusting into ’t.

_Alibius_ Thou conceiv’st me _Lollio_; here thy watchful eye
Must have employment, I cannot always be at home.

_Lollio_ I dare swear you cannot.

_Alibius_ I must look out.

_Lollio_ I know ’t, you must look out, ’tis every man’s case.

_Alibius_ Here I do say must thy employment be.
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.

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

_Alibius_ Thy reason for that _Lollio_, ’tis a comfortable question.

_Lollio_ We have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip, that’s fools and madmen; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

_Alibius_ Ay 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 enticing eyes, rich in habits,
Of stature and proportion very comely:
These are most shrewd temptations, _Lollio._

_Lollio_ They may be easily answered, Sir, if they come to see the Fools and Madmen, you and I may serve the turn, and let my Mistress alone, she’s of neither sort.

_Alibius_ ’Tis a good ward, indeed come they to see
Our Madmen or our Fools, let ’em see no more
Than what they come for; by that consequent
They must not see her, I’m sure she’s no fool.

_Lollio_ And I’m sure she’s no madman.

_Alibius_ Hold that Buckler fast, _Lollio_ my trust
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.
What hour is ’t _Lollio_?
Enter Pedro and Antonio like an Idiot.

Lollio Towards belly hour Sir.

Alibius Dinner time, thou mean'st twelve o'clock.

Lollio 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.

Alibius Profoundly, Lollio it will be long

Ere all thy Scholars learn this Lesson, and
I did look to have a new one entered — stay
I think my expectation is come home.

Enter Pedro and Antonio like an Idiot.

Pedro Save you sir, my business speaks itself,

This sight takes off the labor of my tongue.

Alibius Ay, ay Sir, 'tis plain enough, you mean him for my patient.

Pedro 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 show you of the whole pieces

That will follow to you, beside the charge

Of diet, washing, and other necessaries

Fully defrayed.

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

Lollio Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something,

The trouble will pass through my hands.

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

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

Pedro His name is Antonio, marry we use but half

To him, only Tony.

Lollio Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool,
what's your name Tony?

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

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

Pedro 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 honor to your worthy pains,

And a great family might pray for you,
To which he should be heir, had he discretion
To claim and guide his own; assure you sir,

He is a Gentleman.

Lollio Nay, there's nobody doubted that, at first sight I knew him for a Gentleman, he looks no other yet.

Pedro Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.
Lollio 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.

Pedro Nay, there shall no cost want sir.

Lollio He will hardly be stretched up to the wit of a Magnifico.

Pedro Oh no, that’s not to be expected, far shorter Will be enough.

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

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

Lollio No fie, to level him with a Headborough, Beadle, or Watchman, were but little better than 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 myself.

Pedro Why there I would have it.

Lollio 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.

Pedro Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.

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

Pedro I will, and so leave you: your best cares I beseech you. Exit Pedro

Alibius Take you none with you, leave ’em all with us.

Antonio Oh my cousin’s gone, cousin, cousin, oh.

Lollio Peace, Peace Tony, you must not cry child, you must be whipped if you do, your cousin is here still, I am your cousin, Tony.

Antonio He, he, then I’ll not cry, if thou be’st my cousin, he, he, he.

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

Alibius Ay, do Lollio, do.

Lollio I must ask him easy questions at first; Tony, how many true fingers has a Tailor on his right hand?

Antonio As many as on his left, cousin.

Lollio Good, and how many on both?

Antonio Two less than a Deuce, cousin.

Lollio Very well answered; I come to you again, cousin Tony, How many fools goes to a wise man?

Antonio Forty in a day sometimes, cousin.

Lollio Forty in a day? How prove you that?

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

Lollio A parlous fool, he must sit in the fourth Form at least, I perceive that: I come again Tony, How many knaves make an honest man?

Antonio I know not that cousin.

Lollio 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 Jailor, and a Beadle; the Sergeant catches him, the Jailor holds him, and the Beadle lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the Hangman must cure him.

Antonio  Ha, ha, ha, that’s fine sport cousin.
Alibius  This was too deep a question for the fool Lollio.
Lollio  Yes, this might have served yourself, though I say ’t; Once more, and you shall go play Tony.
Antonio  Ay, play at push-pin cousin, ha, he.
Lollio  So thou shalt, say how many fools are here.
Antonio  Two, cousin, thou and I.
Lollio  Nay, y’ are too forward there, Tony 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?
Antonio  I never learnt so far cousin.
Alibius  Thou put’st too hard questions to him, Lollio.
Lollio  I’ll make him understand it easily; cousin stand there.
Antonio  Ay cousin.
Lollio  Master, stand you next the fool.
Alibius  Well, Lollio.
Lollio  Here’s my place: mark now Tony, there a fool before a knave.
Antonio  That’s I cousin.
Lollio  Here’s a fool behind a knave, that’s I, and between us two there is a knave, that’s my Master, ’tis but we three, that’s all.
Antonio  We three, we three, cousin. Madmen within.
1  Within.  Put’s head i’ th’ pillory, the bread’s too little.
2  Within.  Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow.
3.  Within.  Give her more onion, or the Devil put the rope about her crag.
Lollio  You may hear what time of day it is, the Chimes of Bedlam goes.
Alibius  Peace, peace, or the wire comes.
3  within.  Cat whore, Cat whore, her parmesan, her parmesan.
Alibius  Peace, I say, their hour’s come, they must be fed, Lollio.
Lollio  There’s no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman, Was undone by a Mouse, that spoiled him a Parmesan, Lost his wits for ’t.
Alibius  Go to your charge, Lollio, I’ll to mine.

Lollio  Go you to your madmen’s Ward, let me alone with your fools.
Alibius  And remember my last charge, Lollio. Exit.
Lollio  Of which your Patients do you think I am? Come Tony you must amongst your Schoolfellows now, there’s pretty Scholars amongst ’em, I can tell you there’s some of ’em at stultus, stulta, stultum.
Antonio  I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not bite me.
Lollio  No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.
Antonio They bite when they are at dinner, do they not coz.

Lollio They bite at dinner indeed, Tony; 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'll prove a fool myself.

Exeunt.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Beatrice and Jasperino severally.

Beatrice 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.

Jasperino The joy I shall return rewards my service. Exit.

Beatrice How wise is Alsemero in his friend? It is a sign he makes his choice with judgement. Then I appear in nothing more approved, Than making choice of him; for ’tis a Principle, He that can choose That bosom well, who of his thoughts partakes, Proves most discreet in every choice he makes. Methinks 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 discerned then With intellectual eyesight; what’s Piracquo My Father spends his breath for, and his blessing Is only mine, as I regard his name, Else it goes from me, and turns head against me, Transformed into a Curse; some speedy way Must be remembered, he’s so forward too, So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath To speak to my new comforts.

Deflores Yonder’s she Whatever ails me, now a-late especially, I can as well be hanged as refrain seeing her; Some twenty times a day, nay not so little, Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses To come into her sight, and I have small reason for ’t, And less encouragement; for she baits me still Every time worse than other, does profess herself The cruelest enemy to my face, in town, At no hand can abide the sight of me, As if danger, or ill luck hung in my looks. I must confess my face is bad enough,
But I know far worse has better fortune,
And not endured alone, but doted on,
And yet such pickhaired faces, chins like Witches,
Here and there five hairs, whispering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another,
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine deformity swills
The tears of perjury that lie there like wash,
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye,
Yet such a one plucked sweets without restraint,
And has the grace of beauty to his sweet,
Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
I tumbled into th’ world a Gentleman.
She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
And I’ll endure all storms before I part with ’t.

Beatrice    Again — this ominous ill-faced fellow more disturbs me,
Than all my other passions.

Deflores    Now ’t begins again,
I’ll stand this storm of hail though the stones pelt me.

Beatrice    Thy business? What’s thy business?

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

Beatrice    The villain’s fixed — Thou standing toad-pool.

Deflores    The shower falls amain now.

Beatrice    Who sent thee? What’s thy errand? leave my sight.

Deflores    My Lord your father charged me to deliver a message to you.

Beatrice    What another since, do ’t and be hanged then, let me be rid of thee.

Deflores    True service merits mercy.

Beatrice    What’s thy message?

Deflores    Let beauty settle but in patience, you shall hear all.

Beatrice    A dallying trifling torment.

Deflores    Signiör Alonzo de Piracquo Lady, sole brother to Tomazo de Piracquo.

Beatrice    Slave, when wilt make an end?

Deflores    Too soon I shall.

Beatrice    What all this while of him?

Deflores    The said Alonzo, with the foresaid Tomazo.

Beatrice    Yet again.

Deflores    Is new alighted.

Beatrice    Vengeance strike the news,
Thou thing most loathed, what cause was there in this
To bring thee to my sight?

Deflores    My Lord your father charged me to seek you out.

Beatrice    Is there no other to send his errand by?

Deflores    It seems ’tis my luck to be i’ th’ way still.

Beatrice    Get thee from me.

Deflores    So — why am not I an Ass to devise ways
Thus to be railed at? I must see her still,
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I know ’t, and like a Common Garden Bull,
I do but take breath to be lugged again.  
What this may bode I know not, I’ll despair the less,  
Because there’s daily precedents of bad faces  
Beloved beyond all reason; these foul chops  
May come into favor one day, ’mongst his fellows:  
Wrangling has proved the mistress of good pastime,  
As children cry themselves asleep, I ha’ seen  
Women have chid themselves abed to men.  

Beatrice I never see this fellow, but I think  
Of some harm towards me, danger’s in my mind still,  
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after.  
The next good mood I find my father in,  
I’ll get him quite discarded: Oh I was  
Lost in this small disturbance and forgot  
Affliction’s fiercer torrent that now comes,  
To bear down all my comforts.  

Enter Vermandero, Alonzo, Tomazo.  

Vermandero Y’ are both welcome,  
But an especial one belongs to you, sir,  
To whose most noble name our love presents  
The addition of a son, our son Alonzo.  

Alonzo The treasury of honor cannot bring forth  
A Title I should more rejoice in, sir.  

Vermandero You have improved it well; daughter prepare,  
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.  

Beatrice Howe’er, I will be sure to keep the night,  
If it should come so near me.  

Tomazo Alonzo.  

Alonzo Brother.  

Tomazo In troth I see small welcome in her eye.  

Alonzo 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.  

Beatrice That’s all I do entreat.  

Vermandero It is but reasonable,  
I’ll see what my son says to ’t: Son Alonzo,  
Here’s a motion made but to reprieve  
A Maidenhead three days longer; the request  
Is not far out of reason, for indeed  
The former time is pinching.  

Alonzo Though my joys  
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.  

Vermandero May I ever meet it in that point still:  
Exit Deflores
Y’ are nobly welcome, sirs.  

Exeunt. Vermandero and Beatrice

Tomazo  So, did you mark the dulness of her parting now?
Alonzo  What dulness? Thou art so exceptious still.
Tomazo  Why let it go then I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.
Alonzo  Where’s the oversight?

Tomazo  Come, your faith’s cozened in her, strongly cozened,
Unsettle your affection with all speed,
Wisdom can bring it too, your peace is ruined else.
Think what a torment ’tis to marry one
Whose heart is leapt into another’s bosom:
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 shameful her restraint may go in time to,
It is not to be thought on without sufferings.
Alonzo  You speak as if she loved some other then.
Tomazo  Do you apprehend so slowly?
Alonzo  Nay, and that be your fear only, 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 thyself, 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 urged, I can endure
Much, till I meet an injury to her,
Then I am not myself. Farewell sweet brother,
How much w’ are bound to heaven to depart lovingly:
Exit.

Tomazo  Why here is love’s tame madness, thus a man
Quickly steals into his vexation.

Enter Diaphanta and Alesmero

Diaphanta  The place is my charge, you have kept your hour,
And the reward of a just meeting bless you.
I hear my Lady coming; complete Gentleman,
I dare not be too busy with my praises,
Th’ are dangerous things to deal with.
Exit:

Alesmero  This goes well, these women are the Ladies’ Cabinets,
Things of most precious trust are lock into ’em.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatrice  I have within mine eye, all my desires,
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
And brings ’em down to furnish our defects,
Enter Diaphanta.

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

Alsemero  We’re so like in our expressions, Lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.

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

Alsemero  One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I’ll go near it too,
Since you are so distressed, remove the cause
The command ceases, so there’s two fears blown out
With one and the same blast.

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

Alsemero  The honorablist piece ’bout man, Valor.
I’ll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

Beatrice  How? Call you that extinguishing of fear
When ’tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That’s all my joys and comforts? Pray no more, sir.
Say you prevailed, your dangers and not mine then
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.
I’m 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’er ha’ dried, till dust had choked ’em.
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,
And now I think on one — I was to blame,
I ha’ marred so good a market with my scorn;
’T had been done questionless, the ugliest creature
Creation framed for some use, yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be.

Alsemero  Lady.

Beatrice  Why men of Art make much of poison,
Keep one to expel another, where was my Art?

Alsemero  Lady, you hear not me.

Beatrice  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.

Alsemero  You teach wisdom, Lady.

Beatrice  Within there Diaphanta.

Diaphanta  Do you call, Madam?

Enter Diaphanta.
Beatrice Perfect your service, and conduct this Gentleman.
The private way you brought him.

Diaphanta I shall, Madam.

Alsemoro My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.

Exeunt Diaphanta and Alsemoro

Enter Deflores.

Deflores I have watched this meeting, and do wonder much
What shall become of t' other, I'm sure both
Cannot be served unless she transgress; happily
Then I'll put in for one: for if a woman
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
She spreads and mounts then like Arithmetic,
1, 10, 100, 1000, 10000, proves in time Sutler to an Army Royal.
Now do I look to be most richly railed at,
Yet I must see her.

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

Deflores Ha, I shall run mad with joy,
She called me fairly by my name Deflores,
And neither Rogue nor Rascal.

Beatrice What ha' you done to your face a-late? y' have met with some
good Physician,
Y' have pruned yourself methinks, you were not wont
To look so amorously.

Deflores Not I, 'tis the same Phisnomy to a hair and pimple,
Which she called scurvy scarce an hour ago: How is this?

Beatrice Come hither, nearer man.

Deflores I'm up to the chin in heaven.

Beatrice Turn, let me see, faugh 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive 't.
I thought it had been worse.

Deflores Her fingers touched me, she smells all Amber.

Beatrice I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this within a fortnight.

Deflores With your own hands, Lady?

Beatrice Yes, mine own sir, in a work of cure, I'll trust no other.

Deflores 'Tis half an act of pleasure to hear her talk thus to me.

Beatrice When w' are used to a hard face, 'tis not so unpleasing,
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends, I see it by experience.

Deflores I was blessed to light upon this minute, I'll make use on 't.

Beatrice Hardness becomes the visage of a man well,
It argues service, resolution, manhood, if cause were of employment.

Deflores 'Twould be soon seen, if e'er your Ladyship had cause to use it.
I would but wish the honor of a service so happy as that mounts to.

Beatrice We shall try you — Oh my Deflores!

Deflores How's that? She calls me hers already, my Deflores,
You were about to sigh out somewhat, Madam.

Beatrice No, was I? I forgot — Oh!
Deflores  There 'tis again — the very fellow on 't.
Beatrice  You are too quick, sir.
Deflores  There's no excuse for 't, now I heard it twice, Madam, That sigh would fain have utterance, take pity on 't, And lend it a free word, 'las how it labors
For liberty, I hear the murmur yet beat at your bosom. 
Beatrice  Would Creation —
Deflores  Ay well said, that's it.
Beatrice  Had formed me man. 
Deflores  Nay, that's not it. 
Beatrice  Oh 'tis the soul of freedom, I should not then be forced to marry one
I hate beyond all depths, I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay remove 'em for ever from my sight. 
Deflores  Oh blessed occasion — Without change to your Sex, you have your wishes.
Claim so much man in me. 
Beatrice  In thee Deflores? There's small cause for that.
Deflores  Put it not from me, it's a service that I kneel for to you.
Beatrice  You are too violent to mean faithfully, 
There's horror in my service, blood and danger, 
Can those be things to sue for? 
Deflores  If you knew how sweet it were to me to be employed 
In any act of yours, you would say then
I failed, and used not reverence enough
When I receive the charge on 't. 
Beatrice  This is much methinks, belike his wants are greedy, and to such
Gold tastes like Angel's food — Rise. 
Deflores  I'll have the work first. 
Beatrice  Possible his need is strong upon him, there's to encourage thee
As thou art forward and thy service dangerous, 
Thy reward shall be precious. 
Deflores  That I have thought on, I have assured myself of that beforehand, and know it will be precious, the thought ravishes.
Beatrice  Then take him to thy fury. 
Deflores  I thirst for him. 
Beatrice  Alonzo de Piracquo.
Deflores  His ends upon him, he shall be seen no more. 
Beatrice  How lovely now dost thou appear to me!
Never was man dearlier rewarded. 
Deflores  I do think of that. 
Beatrice  Be wondrous careful in the execution. 
Deflores  Why? are not both our lives upon the cast?
Beatrice  Then I throw all my fears upon thy service. 
Deflores  They ne'er shall rise to hurt you. 
Beatrice  When the deed's done, I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight, thou mayst live bravely in another country. 
Deflores  Ay, ay, we'll talk of that hereafter.
Beatrice I shall rid myself of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo and his Dog-face. Exit.

Deflores 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’ll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on ’em,
Nay which is stranger, refuse daintier for ’em.
Some women are odd feeders — I’m too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise tomorrow to his dinner.

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo Deflores.
Deflores My kind honorable Lord.
Alonzo I am glad I ha’ met with thee.
Deflores Sir.
Alonzo Thou canst show me the full strength of the Castle,
Deflores That I can sir.
Alonzo I much desire it.

Deflores And if the ways and straits of some of the passages be not too tedious
for you, I will assure you worth your time and sight, my Lord.
Alonzo Puh, that shall be no hindrance.
Deflores I’m your servant then: ’tis now near dinner time, ’gainst your
Lordship’s rising I’ll have the keys about me.
Alonzo Thanks kind Deflores.
Deflores He’s safely thrust upon me beyond hopes

Exeunt.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Alonzo and Deflores.

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

Deflores YEs, here are all the keys, I was afraid my Lord,
I’d wanted for the postern, this is it.
I’ve all, I’ve all, my Lord: this for the Sconce.
Alonzo ’Tis a most spacious and impregnable Fort.
Deflores You’ll tell me more my Lord: this descent
Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass
Well with our weapons, they’ll but trouble us.
Alonzo Thou sayst true.
Deflores Pray let me help your Lordship.
Alonzo ’Tis done. Thanks kind Deflores.
Deflores Here are hooks my Lord, to hang such things on purpose.
Alonzo Lead, I’ll follow thee. Exeunt at one door and enter at the other.
Deflores All this is nothing, you shall see anon a place you little dream on
Alonzo I am glad I have this leisure: all your master’s house
Imagine I ha’ taken a Gondola.

Deflores All but myself, sir, which makes up my safety,
My Lord, I’ll place you at a Casement here,
Will show you the full strength of all the Castle.
Look, spend your eye a while upon that object.

Alonzo Here’s rich variety Deflores.
Deflores Yes, sir.
Alonzo Goodly munition.
Deflores Ay, there’s Ordnance sir, no bastard metal, will ring you a peal

like Bells at great men’s Funerals; keep your eye straight, my Lord, take special notice of that Sconce before you, there you may dwell awhile.

Alonzo I am upon ’t.
Deflores And so am I.
Alonzo Deflores, oh Deflores, whose malice hast thou put on?
Deflores Do you question a work of secrecy? I must silence you.
Alonzo Oh, oh, oh.
Deflores I must silence you.

So, here’s an undertaking well accomplished.
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’ll take a speedy course then,
Finger and all shall off. So, now I’ll clear
The passages from all suspect or fear.

Exit with Body,

Enter Isabella and Lollio.

Isabella 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 something.

Lollio You shall be doing, if it please you, I’ll whistle to you if you’ll pipe after.

Isabella Is it your Master’s pleasure, or your own,
To keep me in this Pinfold?

Lollio ’Tis for my master’s pleasure, lest being taken in another man’s
Corn, you might be pounded in another place.

Isabella ’Tis very well, and he’ll prove very wise.

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

Isabella Of all sorts? Why here’s none but fools and madmen.

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

Isabella Of either sort one, a madman and a fool.

Lollio I would even participate of both then if were as you, I know
y’ are half mad already; be half foolish too.

Isabella Y’ are a brave saucy Rascal, come on sir,

Afford me then the pleasure of your Bedlam;
You were commending once today to me,
Your last come lunatic, what a proper

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

    Lollio    If I do not show
You the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may
Call, the understanding madman; then say I am a fool.

    Isabella    Well, a match, I will say so.
    Lollio    When you have a taste of the madman, you shall (if you please)
see Fool’s College, o’ th’ side, I seldom lock there, ’tis but shooting a
bolt or two, and you are amongst ‘em. Exit Enter presently.

Come on sir, let me see how handsomely you’ll behave yourself now.

    Enter Lollio: Franciscus.

    Franciscus    How sweetly she looks! Oh but there’s a wrinkle in her
brow as deep as Philosophy, Anacreon drink to my Mistress’ health,
I’ll 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.

    Isabella    Alack, alack, ’tis too full of pity
To be laughed at; how fell he mad? Canst thou tell?

    Lollio    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.

    Franciscus    Hail bright Titania, why standst thou idle on these flow’ry
banks? Oberon is dancing with his Dryads, I’ll gather daisies, primrose,
violets, and bind them in a verse of Poesy.

    Lollio    Not too near, you see your danger.

    Franciscus    Oh hold thy hand great Diomed, thou feed’st thy horses well,
they shall obey thee; Get up, Bucephalus kneels.

    Lollio    You see how I awe my flock, a Shepherd has not his dog at
more obedience.

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

    Franciscus    Come hither Esculapius, hide the poison.

    Lollio    Well, ’tis hid.

    Franciscus    Didst thou never hear of one Tiresias a famous Poet?

    Lollio    Yes, that kept tame wildgeese.

    Franciscus    That’s he, I am the man.

    Lollio    No.

    Franciscus    Yes, but make no words on ’t, I was a man seven years ago,

    Lollio    A stripling I think you might.

    Franciscus    Now I’m a woman, all feminine.

    Lollio    I would I might see that.
**Franciscus** Juno struck me blind,
**Lollio** I’ll ne’er believe that; for a woman they say, has an eye more than a man.

**Franciscus** I say she struck me blind.
**Lollio** And Luna made you mad, you have two trades to beg with.

**Franciscus** Luna is now big bellied, and there’s room for both of us to ride with Hecate; I’ll drag thee up into her silver sphere, and there we’ll kick the Dog, and beat the bush that barks against the Witches of the night, the swift Licanthropi that walks the round, we’ll tear their wolvish skins, and save the sheep.

**Lollio** Is ’t come to this? nay then my poison comes forth again, mad slave, indeed, abuse your Keeper!

**Isabella** I prithee hence with him, now he grows dangerous. Sing.

**Franciscus** Sweet love pity me, give me leave to lie with thee.

**Lollio** No, I’ll see you wiser first: To your own kennel.

**Franciscus** No noise she sleeps, draw all the Curtains round, Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul,
But love, and love, creeps in at a mousehole.

**Lollio** I would you would get into your hole.  **Exit Franciscus**

Now Mistress I will bring you another sort, you shall be fooled another while, **Tony**, come hither **Tony**, look who’s yonder **Tony**.

**Enter Antonio.**

**Antonio** Cousin, is it not my Aunt?
**Lollio** Yes, ’tis one of ’em **Tony**.
**Antonio** He, he, how do you Uncle?
**Lollio** Fear him not Mistress, ’tis a gentle nidget, you may play with him, as safely with him as with his bauble.

**Isabella** How long hast thou been a fool?
**Antonio** Ever since I came hither, Cousin?

**Isabella** Cousin, I’m none of thy Cousins fool.
**Lollio** Oh mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred.

**Madman within.** Bounce, bounce, he falls, he falls.

**Isabella** Hark you, your scholars in the upper room are out of order.
**Lollio** Must I come amongst you there? Keep you the fool mistress, I’ll go up, and play left-handed **Orlando** amongst the madmen.  **Exit.**

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**Isabella** Well, Sir.
**Antonio** ’Tis opportune now, sweet Lady! nay,

Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

**Isabella** Ha!

**Antonio** This shape of Folly shrouds your dearest Love,
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me.

**Isabella** You are a fine Fool indeed.

**Antonio** Oh ’tis not strange: Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinious Sciences; and like
A cunning Poet, catches a quantity
Of every Knowledge, yet brings all home
Into one mystery, into one secret
That he proceeds in.
    Isabella  Y’ are a parlous Fool.
    Antonio  No danger in me: I bring naught 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 recompense.
    Isabella  A forward Fool too.
    Antonio  This was Love’s teaching:
A thousand ways she fashioned out my way,
And this I found the safest and nearest
To tread the Gallaxia to my Star.
    Isabella  Profound, withal certain: You dreamed of this;
Love never taught it waking.
    Antonio  Take no acquaintance of these outward Follies; there is within
A Gentleman that loves you.
    Isabella  When I see him, I’ll speak with him; so in the meantime
Keep your habit, it becomes you well enough
As you are a Gentleman, I’ll not discover you;
That’s all the favor that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but played the Fool.

    Enter Lollio.

    Antonio  And must again; he, he, I thank you Cousin, I’ll be your Valentine
Tomorrow morning.
    Lollio  How do you like the Fool, Mistress?
    Isabella  Passing well, Sir.
    Lollio  Is he not witty, pretty well for a Fool?

  Isabella  If he hold on as he begins, he is like to come to something:
    Lollio  Ay, thank a good Tutor: You may put him to ’t; he begins
To answer pretty hard questions. Tony, how many is
Five times six?
    Antonio  Five times six, is six times five.
    Lollio  What Arithmetician could have answered better? how many is
One hundred and seven?
    Antonio  One hundred and seven, is seven hundred and one, Cousin.
    Lollio  This is no wit to speak on; Will you be rid of the Fool now?
    Isabella  By no means, let him stay a little:
    Madman within.  Catch there, catch the last couple in hell.
    Lollio  Again, must I come amongst you? Would my Master were
come home!
I am not able to govern both these Wards together.  
    Exit.
    Antonio  Why should a minute of Love’s hour be lost?
    Isabella  Fie, out again! I had rather you kept
Your other posture: you become not your tongue,
When you speak from your clothes.
    Antonio  How can he freeze, lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I alone
Walk through the orchard of the Hesperides.
Enter Lollio above. 

Isabella Take heed, there’s Giants keep ’em. 

Lollio How now fool, are you good at that? have you read Lipsius? He’s past Ars Amandi; I believe I must put harder Questions to him, I perceive that — 

Isabella You are bold without fear too. 

Antonio What should I fear, having all joys about me? Do you smile, And Love shall play the wanton on your lip, Meet and retire, retire and meet again: Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes I shall behold mine own deformity, And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors I shall array me handsomely. 

Lollio Cuckoo, Cuckoo — 

Exit. 

Madmen above, some as birds, others as beasts. 

Antonio What are these? 

Isabella Of fear enough to part us, yet are they but our schools of Lunatics, 

That act their fantasies in any shapes Suiting their present thoughts; if sad, they cry; If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again. Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds, Singing, or howling, braying, barking; all As their wild fancies prompt ’em. 

Enter Lollio. 

Antonio These are no fears. 

Isabella But here’s a large one, my man. 

Antonio Ha, he, that’s fine sport indeed, cousin: 

Lollio I would my master were come home, ’tis too much for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks; nor can I believe that one Churchman can instruct two benefices at once, there will be some incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other. Come Tony. 

Antonio Prithee cousin, let me stay here still. 

Lollio No, you must to your Book now you have played sufficiently. 

Isabella Your fool is grown wondrous witty. 

Lollio Well, I’ll say nothing; but I do not think but he will put you down one of these days. 

Exeunt Lollio and Antonio 

Isabella Here the restrained current might make breach, Spite of the watchful bankers, would a woman stray, She need not gad abroad to seek her sin, It would be brought home one ways or other: The Needle’s point will to the fixed North, Such drawing Arctics women’s beauties are. 

Enter Lollio. 

Lollio How dost thou sweet rogue?
Enter Alibius.

Isabella
How now?

Lollio
Come, there are degrees, one fool may be better than another

Isabella
What’s the matter?

Lollio
Nay, if thou giv’st thy mind to Fool’s flesh, have at thee.

Isabella
You bold slave you.

Lollio
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 again:
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes,
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer, I know this shape

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

Isabella
Sirrah, no more I see you have discovered
This love’s Knight-errant, 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’ll do it, though for no other purpose,
And be sure he’l1 not refuse it.

Lollio
My share, that’s all, I’ll have my fool’s part with you
Isabella
No more your master.

Enter Alibius.

Alibius
Sweet, how dost thou?

Isabella
Your bounden servant, sir.

Alibius
Fie, fie, sweet heart, no more of that.

Isabella
You were best lock me up.

Alibius
In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,
I’ll lock thee up most nearly. Lollio,
We have employment, we have task in hand,
At noble Vermonderos our Castle Captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemnized,
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 fag
Of all the Revels, the third night from the first,
Only an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightful 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 time’s head,
It were no matter, ’twould be healed 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.

_**Lollio**_  This is easy, sir, I'll 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 jolt their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads.

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

_**Isabella**_  Y' have a fine trade on 't, Madmen and Fools are a staple commodity.

_**Alibius**_  Oh wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live, Just at the Lawyers’ Haven we arrive, By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.  

_**Enter Vermandero, Alsemero, Jasperino, and Beatrice.**_

_**Vermandero**_  Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir, I wish I had a daughter now for you.

_**Alseme**_  The fellow of this creature were a partner For a King’s love.

_**Vermandero**_  I had her fellow once, sir, But heaven has married her to joys eternal, ’Twere sin to wish her in this vale again. Come sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures Which my health chiefly joys in.

_**Alsemero**_  I hear the beauty of this seat largely.

_**Vermandero**_  It falls much short of that.  _**Exeunt.**_ 

_**Beatrice**_  So, here’s one step Into my father’s favor, 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 darkened that offends me, I wait but that Eclipse; this Gentleman Shall soon shine glorious in my Father’s liking, Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

_**Enter Deflores.**_

_**Deflores**_  My thoughts are at a banquet for the deed, I feel no weight in ’t, ’tis but light and cheap, For the sweet recompense, that I set down for ’t.

_**Beatrice**_  _**Deflores.**_

_**Deflores**_  Lady.

_**Beatrice**_  Thy looks promise cheerfully.

_**Deflores**_  All things are answerable, time, circumstance, Your wishes and my service.

_**Beatrice**_  Is it done then.

_**Deflores**_  _**Piracquo**_ is no more.

_**Beatrice**_  My joys start at mine eyes, our sweet’st delights
Are evermore born weeping.

Deflores  I’ve a token for you.

Beatrice  For me?

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

Beatrice  Bless me! what hast thou done?

Deflores  Why is that more than 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.

Beatrice  ’Tis the first token my father made me send him,
Deflores  And I made him send it back again

For his last token, I was loath to leave it,
And I’m 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.

Beatrice  At the Stag’s fall the Keeper has his fees:
’Tis soon applied, all dead men’s fees are yours, Sir,
I pray bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly, the true value,
Take ’t of my truth, is near three hundred Ducats.

Deflores  ’Twill hardly buy a capcase for one’s conscience though
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.

Beatrice  It might justly, sir: Why thou mistak’st Deflores, ’tis not given in state of recompense.

Deflores  No, I hope so, Lady, you should soon witness my contempt to ’t then.

Beatrice  Prithee, thou look’st as if thou wert offended.

Deflores  That were strange, Lady, ’tis not possible

My service should draw such a cause from you.
Offended? Could you think so? That were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.

Beatrice  ’Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.
Deflores  I know so much, it were so, misery
In her most sharp condition.

Beatrice  ’Tis resolved then; look you sir, here’s 3000. golden Florins,
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

Deflores  What salary? Now you move me.

Beatrice  How Deflores?

Deflores  Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? offer gold?
The life blood of man; Is any thing
Valued too precious for my recompense?

Beatrice  I understand thee not.
Deflores  I could ha’ hired a journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have,
And have had the work brought home.

Beatrice  I’m in a labyrinth;
What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.
I’ll double the sum, sir.

Deflores  You take a course to double my vexation, that’s the good you do.

Beatrice  Bless me! I am now in worse plight than I was,
I know not what will please him: for my fear’s sake
I prithee make away with all speed possible.
And if thou be’st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee,
But prithee take thy flight.

Deflores  You must fly too then.

Beatrice  I?

Deflores  I’ll not stir a foot else.

Beatrice  What’s your meaning?

Deflores  Why are not you as guilty, in I’m sure
As deep as I? and we should stick together.
Come, your fears counsel you but ill, my absence
Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you.

Beatrice  He speaks home.

Deflores  Nor is it fit we two engaged so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.

Beatrice  How now sir? This shows not well.

Deflores  What makes your lip so strange? This must not be betwixt us.

Beatrice  The man talks wildly.

Deflores  Come kiss me with a zeal now.

Beatrice  Heaven I doubt him.

Deflores  I will not stand so long to beg ’em shortly.

Beatrice  Take heed Deflores of forgetfulness, ’twill soon betray us.

Deflores  Take you heed first;
Faith y’ are grown much forgetful, y’ are to blame in ’t.

Beatrice  He’s bold, and I am blamed for ’t.

Deflores  I have eased you of your trouble, think on ’t, I’m in pain,
And must be eased of you; ’tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me.

Beatrice  I dare not.

Deflores  Quickly.

Beatrice  Oh I never shall, speak it yet further of that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on ’t.
I would not hear so much offense again for such another deed.

Deflores  Soft, Lady, soft; the last is not yet paid for, oh this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on ’t
As the parched earth of moisture, when the clouds weep.
Did you not mark, I wrought myself into ’t.
Nay sued and knee'd for 't: Why was all that pains took?
You see I have thrown contempt upon your gold,
Not that I want it, for I do piteously,
In order I will come unto 't, and make use on 't,
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with;
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,
And were I not resolved in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging.
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.

**Beatrice**  Why 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honor.
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it with any modesty.

**Deflores**  Push, you forget yourself, a woman dipped in blood, and
talk of modesty.

**Beatrice**  O misery of sin! would I had been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words.
Think but upon the distance that Creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.

**Deflores**  Look but into your conscience, read me there,
'Tis a true Book, you'll find me there you equal:
Push, fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you, y’ are no more now,
You must forget your parentage to me,
Y’ are the deed’s creature, by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turned you out,
And made you one with me.

**Beatrice**  With thee, foul villain?

**Deflores**  Yes, my fair murd’ress; Do you urge me?
Though thou writ’st maid, thou whore in thy affection,
'Twas changed from thy first love, and that’s a kind
Of whoredom in thy heart, and he’s changed now,
To bring thy second on thy Alsemero,
Whom (by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not) thou ne’er enjoy’st,
I’ll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I’ll confess all, my life I rate at nothing.

**Beatrice**  Deflores.

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

**Beatrice**  O sir, hear me.

**Deflores**  She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.
Beatrice Stay, hear me once for all, I make thee master Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels, Let me go poor unto my bed with honor, And I am rich in all things.

Deflores Let this silence thee, The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy my pleasure from me, Can you weep Fate from its determined purpose? So soon may weep me.

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

Deflores Come, rise, and shroud your blushes in my bosom, Silence is one of pleasure’s best receipts: Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding.

’Las how the Turtle pants! Thou ’lt love anon, What thou so fear’st, and faint’st to venture on.

Exeunt:

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter Gentlemen, Vermandero meeting them with action of wonderment at the flight of Piracquo. Enter Alsemero, with Jasperino, and Gallants, Vermandero points to him, the Gentlemen seeming to applaud the choice, 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, showing him the hand whose finger he had cut off. They pass over in great solemnity.

Enter Beatrice:

Beatrice THis fellow has undone me endlessly, Never was Bride so fearfully distressed; 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’er 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 precious craft to play with a false Die
Before a cunning Gamester; here’s his closet,
The key left in ’t, and he abroad i’ th’ Park,
Sure ’twas forgot, I’ll be so bold as look in ’t.
Bless me! A right Physician’s closet ’tis,
Set round with viols, every one her mark too.

Sure he does practice Physic for his own use,
Which may be safely called your great man’s Wisdom.
What manuscript lies here? The Book of Experiment,
Called Secrets in Nature: so ’tis, ’tis so,
How to know whether a woman be with child or no.
I hope I am not yet; if he should try though
Let me see folio forty-five. Here ’tis;
the leaf tucked down upon ’t, the place suspicious.
If you would know whether a woman be with child, or not,
Give her two spoonfuls of the white water in Glass C.
Where’s that Glass C: O yonder I see ’t now, and if she be with child,
She sleeps full twelve hours after, if not, not
None of that water comes into my belly.
I’ll know you from a hundred, I could break you now
Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
The master of the mystery, but I’ll look to you.
Ha! that which is next, is ten times worse.
How to know whether a woman be a maid, or not;
If that should be applied, what would become of me?
Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof; but this he calls
A merry slight, but true experiment, the Author Antonius Mizaldus.
Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water,
In the glass M. which upon her that is maid, makes three several effects, ’twill make her incontinently gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing, else dull, heavy and lumpish.
Where had I been? I fear it, yet ’tis seven hours to bed time.

Enter Diaphanta

Diaphanta Cuds Madam, are you here?

Beatrice 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.

Diaphanta Would I had such a cause to look him too.

Why he’s i’ th’ Park Madam.

Beatrice There let him be.

Diaphanta Ay madam, let him compass,
Whole Parks and Forests, as great Rangers do,
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.
Beatrice I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.

Diaphanta Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, Madam, ’Tis ever the Bride’s fashion towards bedtime,
To set light by her joys, as if she owed ’em not.

Beatrice Her joys; her fears thou wouldst say.

Diaphanta Fear of what?

Beatrice Art thou a maid, and talk’st so to a maid?

You leave a blushing business behind,
Beshrew your heart for ’t.

Diaphanta Do you mean good sooth, madam?

Beatrice Well, if I’d thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown.

Diaphanta Is ’t possible?

Beatrice I will give a thousand Ducats to that woman
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
Tomorrow, when she gets from ’t: as she likes
I might perhaps be drawn to ’t.

Diaphanta Are you in earnest?

Beatrice Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I’ll fly from ’t; but I must tell you
This by the way, she must be a true maid,
Else there’s no trial, my fears are not hers else.

Diaphanta Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam
shall be a maid.

Beatrice You know I should be shamed else, because she lies for me.

Diaphanta ’Tis a strange humor:
But are you serious still? Would you resign
Your first night’s pleasure, and give money too?

Beatrice As willingly as live; alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honor.

Diaphanta I do not know how the world goes abroad
For faith or honesty, there’s both required in this.
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further,
I’ve a good mind in troth to earn your money.

Beatrice Y’ are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.

Diaphanta How? not a maid? nay then you urge me madam,
Your honorable self is not a truer
With all your fears upon you.

Beatrice Bad enough then.

Diaphanta Than I with all my lightsome joys about me.

Beatrice I’m glad to hear ’t then, you dare put your honesty
Upon an easy trial.

Diaphanta Easy? — anything.

Beatrice I’ll come to you straight.

Diaphanta She will not search me? will she?

Like the forewoman of a female Jury.

Beatrice Glass M. Ay, this is it; look Diaphanta,
You take no worse than I do.

Diaphanta And in so doing I will not question what 'tis, but take it:

Beatrice Now if the experiment be true, 'twill praise itself,

And give me noble ease: — Begins already,

There’s the first symptom; and what haste 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:

Diaphanta Ha, ha, ha.

Beatrice Just in all things and in order,
As if 'twere circumscribed, one accident gives way unto another.

Diaphanta Ha, ha, ha.

Beatrice Ha, ha, ha, I am so so light at heart, ha, ha, ha. so pleasurable.

But one swig more, sweet Madam.

Beatrice Ay, tomorrow, we shall have time to sit by 't.

Diaphanta Now I’m sad again.

Beatrice It lays itself so gently too; Come wench, most honest Diaphanta

I dare call thee now.

Diaphanta Pray tell me, madam, what trick call you this?

Beatrice I’ll tell thee all hereafter; we must study the carriage of this

business:

Diaphanta I shall carry 't well, because I love the burden.

Beatrice About midnight you must not fail to steal forth gently,

That I may use the place.

Diaphanta Oh fear not, Madam,

I shall be cool by that time: the bride’s place,
And with a thousand Ducats; I’m for a Justice now,

I bring a portion with me, I scorn small fools. Exeunt.

Enter Vermandero and Servant.

Vermandero 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 me and truly how many, and who.

Servant Antonio, Sir, and Franciscus.

Vermandero When did they leave the Castle?

Servant Some ten days since, sir, the one intending to Briamata,
Th’ other for Valencia.

Vermandero The time accuses ’em, 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 ’em suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it.
Provide me winged warrants for the purpose.
See, I am set on again.

Exit Servant.

Enter Tomazo.

Tomazo I claim a brother of you.
Vermandero  Y’ are too hot, seek him not here.
Tomazo  Yes, ’mongst your dearest bloods,

If my peace find no fairer satisfaction,
This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him, and the hasty tie
Of this snatched marriage, gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin.

Vermandero  Certain falsehood;
This is the place indeed, his breach of faith,
Has too much marred both my abused love,
The honorable love I reserved for him,
And mocked my daughter’s joy; the prepared morning
Blushed 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 unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that loved him

Tomazo  Then this is all your answer.
Vermandero  ’Tis too fair for one of his alliance; and I warn you
That this place no more see you.

Enter Deflores.

Tomazo  The best is, there is more ground to meet a man’s revenge on.
Honest Deflores.

Deflores  That’s my name indeed.

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

Tomazo.  I have blessed mine eyes from seeing such a false one.
Deflores  I’d fain get off, this man’s not for my company,
I smell his brother’s blood when I come near him.

Tomazo  Come hither kind and true one; I remember
My brother loved thee well.

Deflores  O purely, dear sir, methinks I am now again a-killing on him.
He brings it so fresh to me.

Tomazo  Thou canst guess sIRRah,
One honest friend has an instinct of jealousy
At some foul guilty person.

Deflores  ’Las sir, I am so charitable, I think none
Worse than myself — You did not see the Bride then?

Tomazo  I prithee name her not. Is she not wicked?
Deflores  No, no, a pretty easy round-packed sinner,
As your most Ladies are, else you might think
I flattered her; but sir, at no hand wicked,
Till th’ are so old their sins and vices meet,
And they salute Witches; I am called, I think sir:
His company even o’erlays my conscience.

Tomazo  That Deflores has a wondrous honest heart.
He’ll bring it out in time, I’m assured on ’t.
O here’s the glorious master of the day’s joy.
I will not be long till he and I do reckon sir.
Enter Alsemero.

Alsemero You are most welcome.

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

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

Tomazo Would I’d ne’er known the cause, I’m none of those sir, That come to give you joy, and swill your wine, ’Tis a more precious liquor that must lay The fiery thirst I bring.

Alsemero Your words and you appear to me great strangers.

Tomazo Time and our swords may make us more acquainted; This the business.

I should have a brother in your Place, How treachery and malice have disposed of him, I’m bound to inquire of him which holds his right: Which never could come fairly.

Alsemero You must look to answer for that word, sir.

Tomazo 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.

Alsemero ’Tis somewhat ominous this, a quarrel entered Upon this day, my innocence relieves me,

Enter Jasperino.

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

Jasperino 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.

Alsemero This puts me on, and blames thee for thy slowness.

Jasperino All may prove nothing, Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.

Alsemero No question it may prove nothing; let’s partake it though.

Jasperino ’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 private conference; She was no sooner gone, but instantly I heard your bride’s voice in the next room to me; And lending more attention, found Deflores Louder than she.

Alsemero Deflores? Thou art out now.

Jasperino You’ll tell me more anon.

Alsemero still I’ll prevent thee, the very sight of him is poison to her.

Jasperino That made me stagger too, but Diaphanta At her return confirmed it.

Alsemero Diaphanta!
Jasperino Then fell we both to listen, and words passed
Like those that challenge interest in a woman:
Alsemero Peace, quench thy zeal, ’tis dangerous to thy bosom
Jasperino Then truth is full of peril.
Alsemero Such truths are — O were she the sole glory of the earth,
Had eyes that could shoot fire into Kings’ breasts,
And touched, she sleeps not here, yet I have time
Though night be near, to be resolved hereof,
And prithee do not weigh me by my passions.

Alsemero I never weighed friend so.
Jasperino 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 inscribed there with the letter M.
And question not my purpose.
Jasperino It shall be done sir.
Alsemero How can this hang together? Not an hour since?
Her woman came pleading her Lady’s fears,
Delivered her for the most timorous virgin
That ever shrunk at man’s name, and so modest,
She charged her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatrice All things go well, my woman’s preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose,
Necessity compels it; I lose all else.
Alsemero Push, Modesty’s shrine is set in yonder forehead.
I cannot be too sure though my Joanna.
Beatrice Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you,
Pardon my modest fears.
Alsemero The Dove’s not meeker.

She’s abused questionless. — Oh are you come, sir?
Enter Jasperino.

Beatrice The glass upon my life; I see the letter.
Jasperino Sir, this is M.
Alsemero ’Tis it
Beatrice I am suspected.
Alsemero How fitly our Bride comes to partake with us!
Beatrice What is ’t, my Lord?
Alsemero No hurt.
Beatrice Sir, pardon me, I seldom taste of any composition.
Alsemero But this upon my warrant you shall venture on.
Beatrice I fear ’twill make me ill.
Alsemero Heaven forbid that.
Beatrice I’m put now to my cunning, th’ effects I know.
If I can now but feign ’em handsomely.
Alsemero It has that secret virtue it ne’er missed, sir,
Upon a virgin.
Jasperino  Treble qualified:

Alsemero  By all that’s virtuous it takes there, proceeds.

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

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

Alsemero  No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,

That never can be blasted.

Beatrice  What’s the matter sir?

Alsemero  See now ’tis settled in a melancholy,

Keep both the time and method, my Joanna:

Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning’s womb,

That brings the day forth, thus my love encloses thee.            Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Lollio.

Isabella  Oh heaven! is this the waiting moon?

Does love turn fool, run mad, and all once?

Sirrah, here’s a madman, akin to the fool too,

A lunatic lover.

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

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

Lollio  The out’s mad, I’m sure of that, I had a taste on ‘t.

To the bright Andromeda, chief Chambermaid to the
Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle
Region, sent by the Bellows-mender of Aeolus. Pay the
Post.

This is stark madness.

Isabella  Now mark the inside.

Sweet Lady, having now cast off this Counterfeit Cover of
a madman, I appear to your best Judgement a true and
faithful Lover of your beauty.

Lollio  He is mad still.

Isabella  If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you, which have
have  made me imperfect; ’Tis the same Sun that causeth to
grow, and enforceth to wither.

Lollio  Oh Rogue!

Isabella  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.

Lollio  Mad Rascal still.

Isabella  Tread him not under foot, that shall appear an honor to your
bounties. I remain — mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect
my cure. Yours all, or one beside himself,

Franciscus.

Lollio  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 than we, with little pains too.

Isabella  Very likely.
Lollio  One thing I must tell you Mistress, you perceive, that I am privy to your skill, if I find you minister once and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds, I shall be mad or fool else.

Isabella  The first place is thine, believe it, Lollio, If I do fall.

Lollio  I fall upon you.

Isabella  So.

Lollio  Well I stand to my venture.

Isabella  But thy counsel now, how shall I deal with ’em:
Lollio  We do you mean to deal with ’em.

Isabella  Nay, the fair understanding, how to use ’em.

Lollio  Abuse ’em, that’s the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and than you use ’em kindly.

Isabella  ’Tis easy, I’ll practice, do thou observe it,
The key of thy Wardrobe:

Lollio  There fit yourself for ’em, and I’ll fit ’em both for you.

Isabella  Take thou no further notice, than the outside. Exit.

Lollio  Not an inch, I’ll put you to the inside.

Enter Alibius.

Alibius  Lollio, art there, will all be perfect think’st thou Tomorrow night, as if to close up the solemnity:

Vermandero expects us:

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

Alibius  Tush they cannot miss; the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviors
Affright the Ladies; they are nice things thou know’st.

Lollio  You need not fear, Sir, so long as we are there with our commanding pizzles, they’ll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

Alibius  I will see them once more rehearse before they go.

Lollio  I was about it, Sir; look you to the madmen’s 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.

Alibius  Do so, I’ll see the music prepared: but, Lollio. By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint:

Does she not grudge at it.

Lollio  So, so, she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else, you must allow her a little more length, she’s kept too short.

Alibius  She shall along to Vermandero’s with us,
That will serve her for a month’s liberty.

Lollio  What’s that on your face, Sir?

Alibius  Where, Lollio, I see nothing.

Lollio  Cry you mercy, Sir, ’tis your nose, it showed like the trunk of a young Elephant.

Alibius  Away, Rascal: I’ll prepare the music, Lollio  Exit Alibius:

Lollio  Do, Sir; and I’ll dance the whilst; Tony, where art thou
Enter Antonio.

Lollio Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you.

Antonio I had rather ride, Cousin.

Lollio Ay, a whip take you; but I’ll keep you out;

Vault in; look you, Tony, Fa, la la la la.

Antonio Fa, la la la la.

Lollio There, an honor.

Antonio Is this an honor, Coz?

Lollio Yes, and it please your worship.

Antonio Does honor bend in the hams, Coz?

Lollio Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship, nay yeomandry

Itself sometimes, from whence it first stiffened,

There rise a caper.

Antonio Caper after an honor, Coz.

Lollio Very proper, for honor is but a caper, rise as fast and high,

Has a knee or two, and falls to th’ ground again,

You can remember your figure, Tony?

Antonio Yes, Cousin, when I see thy figure, I can remember mine.

Enter Isabella.

Isabella Hey, how she treads the air, shoo shoo, t’ other way,

He burns his wings else, here’s wax enough below Icarus,

More than will be canceled 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.

Antonio Prithee, Coz let me alone.

Isabella Art thou not drowned,

About thy head I saw a heap of Clouds

Wrapped like a Turkish Turbant on thy back,

A crooked Chameleon-colored rainbow hung,

Like a Tiara down unto thy hams.

Let me suck out those Billows in thy belly,

Hark how they roar and rumble in the streets.

Bless thee from the Pirates.

Antonio Pox upon you, let me alone.

Isabella Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury,

Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?

Stay in the Moon with me Endymion,

And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,

That would have drowned my love.

Antonio I’ll kick thee if again thou touch me,

Thou wild unshapen Antic; I am no fool,

You Bedlam.

Isabella But you are as sure as I am, mad.

Have I put on this habit of a frantic,

With love as full of fury to beguile

The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?
   Antonio   Ha dearest beauty.
   Isabella   No, I have no beauty now,
Nor never had, but what was in my garments.
You a quick-sighted lover, come not near me.
Keep your Caparisons, y’ are aptly clad,
I came a feigner to return stark mad.
   Exit.

Enter Lollio.

   Antonio   Stay, or I shall change condition,
And become as you are.
   Lollio   Why Tony, whither now? why fool?
   Antonio   Whose fool, usher of Idiots, you Coxcomb.
I have fooled too much.
   Lollio   You were best be mad another while then.
   Antonio   So I am, stark mad, I have cause enough,
And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a Fury.
   Lollio   Do not, do not, I shall not forbear the Gentleman under
the fool, if you do; alas, I saw through your Fox-skin before
now: Come, I can give you comfort, My Mistress loves you, and
there is as arrant a madman i’ th’ house, as you are a fool; your
Rival, whom she loves not; if after the mask we can rid her
of him, You earn her love she says, and the fool shall ride
her.
   Antonio   May I believe thee?
   Lollio   Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no.
   Antonio   She’s eased of him, I have a good quarrel on ’t.
   Lollio   Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.
   Antonio   Tell her I will deserve her love.
   Lollio   And you are like to have your desire.
   Enter Franciscus.

   Franciscus:   Down, down, down a-down a-down, and then with a horse-trick,
To kick Latona’s forehead, and break her bowstring.
   Lollio   This is t’ other counterfeit, I’ll put him out of his humor,
Sweet Lady, having now cast this counterfeit cover of a madman.
I appear to your best judgement a true and faithful lover of your
beauty. This is pretty well for a madman.
   Franciscus:   Ha! what’s that?
   Lollio   Chide those perfections in you which made me imperfect.
   Franciscus   I am discovered to the fool.
   Lollio   I hope to discover the fool in you, ere I have done with
you. Yours all, or one beside himself, Franciscus. This madman
will mend sure.
   Franciscus:   What? Do you read sirrah?
   Lollio   Your destiny sir, you’ll be hanged for this trick, and another
that I know.
   Franciscus   Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?
   Lollio   Next her Apron strings.
Enter Alibius.

The Madmen and Fools dance.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Beatrice. A Clock strikes one.

Beatrice ONe struck, and yet she lies by ’t — Oh my fears, This strumpet serves her own ends, ’tis apparent now,
Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honor or my peace,
Makes havoc of my right; but she pays 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 suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my Lord,
And it must come from her — Hark by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two.

Enter Deflores.

Deflores Pist, where are you?
Beatrice Deflores!
Deflores Ay — Is she not come from him yet?
Beatrice As I am a living soul not.
Deflores Sure the Devil

Hath sowed his itch within her, who’d trust a waiting-woman?
Beatrice I must trust somebody.
Deflores Push, they are Termagants.

Especially when they fall upon their Masters
And have their Lady’s first fruits, th’ are mad whoels,
You cannot stave ’em off from game Royal, then
You are so harsh and hardy ask no counsel
And I could have helped you to a Apothecary’s daughter
Would have fall’n off before eleven, and thank you too.

Beatrice O me, not yet, this whore forgets herself
Deflores The Rascal fares so well, look y’ are undone,
The Day star by this hand, see Bosphorus plain yonder.

Beatrice Advise me now to fall upon some ruin,
There is no counsel safe else.

Deflores Peace, I ha ’t now,
For we must force a rising, there’s no remedy.

Beatrice How? take heed of that.
Deflores Tush, be you quiet, or else give over all.
Beatrice Prithee I ha’ done then.
Deflores This is my reach, I’ll set some part a-fire of Diaphanta’s chamber.

Beatrice How? fire sir, that may endanger the whole house.
Deflores You talk of danger when your fame’s on fire.
Beatrice That’s true, do what thou wilt now.
Deflores Push, I aim at a most rich success, strikes all dead sure,
Enter Alonzo’s Ghost:  
Exit.

Struck three o’clock
Enter Deflores servants: pass over, ring a Bell.
Exit.
Enter Diaphanta.
Exit.

Enter Alsemero.

For her own shame she’ll hasten towards her lodging,
I will be ready with a piece high-charged,
As ’twere to cleanse the chimney: there ’tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.

Beatrice I’m forced to love thee now,
’Cause thou provid’st so carefully for my honor.

Deflores ’Slid it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.

Beatrice One word now prithee, how for the servants?

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

Beatrice Fear keeps my soul upon ’t, I cannot stray from ’t.

Enter Alonzo’s Ghost:

Deflores Ha! What art thou that tak’st away the light
’Twixt that star and me? I dread thee not,
’Twas but a mist of conscience — All’s clear again.

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

Within: Fire, fire, fire.

Beatrice Away, dispatch, hooks, buckets, ladders; that’s well said,
The fire bell rings, the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready,

Enter Diaphanta.

Beatrice Here’s a man worth loving — oh y’ are a jewel.

Diaphanta Pardon frailty, Madam,
In troth I was so well, I even forgot myself.

Beatrice Y’ have made trim work.

Diaphanta What?

Beatrice Hie quickly to your chamber, your reward follows you.

Diaphanta I never made so sweet a bargain.

Enter Alsemero.

Alsemero Oh my dear Joanna,
Alas, art thou risen too, I was coming,
My absolute treasure.
Enter Vermandero, Jasperino.
Enter Deflores with a Piece.
Exit.
The piece goes off.
Enter Deflores.
Enter Servant.

Beatrice  When I missed you, I could not choose but follow.
Alsemero  Th’ art all sweetness, the fire is not so dangerous.
Beatrice  Think you so sir?
Alsemero  I prithee tremble not: Believe me ’tis not.

Vermandero  Oh bless my house and me.
Alsemero  My Lord your father.

Vermandero  Knave, whither goes that piece?
Deflores  To scour the chimney.

Vermandero  Oh well said, well said,
That fellow’s good on all occasions.

Beatrice  A wondrous necessary man, my Lord.
Vermandero  He hath a ready wit, he’s worth ’em all, sir,
Dog at a house of fire, I ha’ seen him singed ere now:
Ha, there he goes.

Beatrice  ’Tis done.
Alsemero  Come sweet to bed now; alas, thou wilt get cold.
Beatrice  Alas, the fear keeps that out;

My heart will find no quiet till I hear
How Diaphanta my poor woman fares;
It is her chamber sir, her lodging chamber.

Vermandero  How should the fire come there?
Beatrice  As good a soul as ever Lady countenanced,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy.

She ’scaped a Mine twice.

Vermandero  Twice?
Beatrice  Strangely twice, sir.
Vermandero  Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
And they be ne’er so good.

Enter Deflores.

Deflores  Oh poor virginity! thou hast paid dearly for ’t.
Vermandero  Bless us! What’s that?
Deflores  A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta’s burnt.
Beatrice  My woman, oh my woman!
Deflores  Now the flames are
Greedy of her, burnt, burnt, burnt to death sir.

Beatrice  Oh my presaging soul!
Alsemero  Not a tear more, I charge you by the last embrace
I gave you in bed before this raised us.

Beatrice  Now you tie me,
Were it my sister now she gets no more.

Vermandero  How now?

Servant  All danger’s passed, you may now take your rests, my Lords,
The fire is thoroughly quenched; ah poor Gentlewoman,
How soon was she stifled!

Beatrice  Deflores, what is left of her inter,
And we as mourners all will follow her:
I will entreat that honor to my servant,
Even of my Lord himself.

_Alsemero_ Command it sweetness.

_Beatrice_ Which of you spied the fire first?

_Deflores_ 'Twas I, Madam.

_Beatrice_ And took such pains in 't too? a double goodness!

'Twere well he were rewarded.

_Vermandero_ He shall be, _Deflores_, call upon me.

_Alsemero_ And upon me, sir.  

_Deflores_ Rewarded? precious, here's a trick beyond me;
I see in all bouts both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit:

Enter _Tomazo_:

_Tomazo_ I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do.

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

Enter _Deflores, passes over the Stage_.

Oh the fellow that some call honest _Deflores_; But methinks honesty was hard bested
To come there for a lodging, as if a Queen
Should make her Palace of a Pest-house,
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me, the least occasion
Would give me game upon him; yet he's so foul
One would scarce touch with a sword he loved,
And made account of, so most deadly venomous,
He would go ne'er to poison any weapon
That should draw blood on him, one must resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight:
In way of honest manhood, that strikes him;
Some river must devour 't, 'twere not fit
That any man should find it. — What again?

Enter _Deflores_.

He walks o' purpose by, sure to choke me up,
To infect my blood.

_Deflores_ My worthy noble Lord.

_Tomazo_ Dost offer to come near and breath upon me?

_Deflores_ A blow.

_Tomazo_ Yea, are you so prepared?
I'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword
Than like a Politician by thy poison.

_Deflores_ Hold, my Lord, as you are honorable.

_Tomazo_ All slaves that kill by poison, are still cowards.
Deflores I cannot strike, I see his brother’s wounds
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a Crystal,
I will not question this, I know y’ are noble.
I take my injury with thanks given, Sir.
Like a wise Lawyer; and as a favor,
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it:

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

Tomazo All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
Till I find this murderer; Not so much
As common courtesy, but I’ll lock up:
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother’s murderer.
And wish good speed t’ th’ villain in a greeting.

Enter Vermandero Alibius and Isabella.

Vermandero Noble Piracquo.

Tomazo Pray keep on your way, sir,
I’ve nothing to say to you.

Vermandero Comforts bless you sir.

Tomazo I have forsworn compliment, in troth I have, sir;
As you are merely man, I have not left
A good wish for you, nor any here.

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

Tomazo What news can that be?

Vermandero Throw no scornful 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.

Tomazo Ha!

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

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

Vermandero Good sir rise,
Why now you overdo as much a’ this hand,
As you fell short a’ t’ other. Speak Alibius;

Alibius ’Twas my wife’s fortune, as she is most lucky
At a discovery to find out lately
Within our Hospital of Fools and madmen,
Two counterfeits slipped into these disguises;
Their names Franciscus and Antonio.

Vermandero  Both mine sir, and I ask no favor for ’em.

Alibius    Now that which draws suspicion to their habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.

Tomazo    O blessed revelation!

Vermandero Nay more, nay more sir, I’ll not spare mine own
In way of justice; They both feigned a journey
To Bramata, and so wrought out their leaves,
My love was so abused in ’t.

Tomazo   Time’s too precious
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 subtle lightning will I wind about ’em,
And melt their marrow in ’em.

Jasperino Your confidence I’m sure, is now of proof.
The prospect from the Garden has showed
Enough for deep suspicion.

Alsemero    The black mask
That so continually was worn upon ’t,
Condemns the face for ugly ere ’t be seen,
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.

Jasperino Touch it home then, ’tis not a shallow probe
Can search this ulcer soundly, I fear you’ll 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.  Exit Jasperino

Alsemero    Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman? — she’s here.    Enter Beatrice.

Beatrice    Alsemero!
Alsemero    How do you?
Alsemero    You read me well enough, I am not well.
Beatrice    Not well sir? Is ’t in my power to better you?

Alsemero    Yes.
Beatrice    Nay, then y’ are cured again.
Alsemero    Pray resolve me one question, Lady.
Beatrice    If I can.
Alsemero    None can so sure. Are you honest?
Beatrice    Ha, ha, ha, that’s a broad question, my Lord,
Alsemero    But that’s not a modest answer, my Lady:
Do you laugh? My doubts are strong upon me
Beatrice    ’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?
   Alsemero 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder color,
But the same stuff, neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief,
You are a Whore.
   Beatrice 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 ruined
What you can ne’er repair again.
   Alsemero I’ll all demolish and seek out truth within you,
If there be any left, let your sweet tongue,
Prevent your heart’s rifling; there I’ll ransack
And tear out my suspicion.
   Beatrice You may sir, ’tis an easy passage, yet if you please.
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love.
My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish.
   Alsemero 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’er that cunning face, and that became you,
Now Impudence in triumph rides upon ’t;
How comes this tender reconcilement else
’Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous loathing
Deflores? He that your eye was sore at sight of,
He’s now become your arms’ supporter, your lips’ Saint.

   Beatrice Is there the cause?
   Alsemero Worse, your lust’s Devil, your adultery.
   Beatrice Would any but yourself say that,
’Twould turn him to a villain.
   Alsemero ’Twas witnessed by the counsel of your bosom Diaphanta.
   Beatrice Is your witness dead then?
   Alsemero ’Tis to be feared,
It was the wages of her knowledge, poor soul,
She lived not long after the discovery.
   Beatrice Then hear a story of not much less horror,
Than this your false suspicion is beguiled with,
To your bed’s 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 cruel murd’ress:
   Alsemero Ha.
   Beatrice A bloody one.
I have kissed poison for ’t, stroked a serpent,
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem,
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employed; I caused to murder
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst, to assure
Yourself to me.

  Alsemero  Oh the place itself e’er since
Has crying been for vengeance, the Temple
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fired their devotion, and quenched the right one,
’Twas in my fears at first, ’twill have it now,
Oh thou art all deformed.

  Beatrice   Forget not sir,
It (for your sake) was done, shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?

  Alsemero  Oh thou shouldst have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood, here we are lost.

  Beatrice   Remember I am true unto your bed.

  Alsemero  The bed itself”s a Charnel, the sheets shrowds
For murdered Carcases, it must ask pause
What I must do in this, meantime you shall

Be my prisoner only, enter my Closet.       Exit Beatrice:
I’ll 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.

  Deflores   Noble Alsemero!
  Alsemero   I can tell you news sir, my wife has her commended to you
  Deflores   That’s news indeed my Lord, I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever loved me so well, I thank her.

  Alsemero   What’s this blood upon your band Deflores?
  Deflores   Blood? No sure, ’twas washed since.
  Alsemero   Since when man?
  Deflores   Since t’ other day I got a knock
In a Sword and Dagger School; I think ’tis out.

  Alsemero   Yes, ’tis almost out, but ’tis perceived though.
I had forgot my message; this it is,
What price goes murder?

  Deflores   How sir?
  Alsemero   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.

  Deflores   Upon? ’Twas quite through him sure,
Has she confessed it?

  Alsemero   As sure as death to both of you,
And much more than that:

**Deflores**  It could not be much more,
’Twas but one thing, and that she’s a Whore.

**Alsemero**  I could not choose but follow, oh cunning Devils!
How should blind men know you from fair faced saints?

**Beatrice** within.  He lies, the villain does belie me.

**Deflores**  Let me go to her, sir.

**Alsemero**  Nay, you shall to her.

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

I’ll be your pander now, rehearse again
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 music to you.

Clip your adult’ress freely, ’tis the pilot
Will guide you to the *Mare mortuum*,
Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

**Enter Vermandero, Alibius, Isabella, Tomazo,**
**Franciscus, and Antonio.**

**Vermandero**  Oh Alsemero. I have a wonder for you
**Alsemero**  No sir, ’tis I, I have a wonder for you
**Vermandero**  I have suspicion near as proof itself

For *Piracquo*’s murder.

**Alsemero**  Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspicion, for *Piracquo*’s **murder**.

**Vermandero**  Beseech you hear me, these two have been **disguised**
E’er since the deed was done.

**Alsemero**  I have two other
That were more close **disguised** than your two could be,
E’er since the deed was done.

**Vermandero**  You’ll hear me, these mine own servants.
**Alsemero**  Hear me, those nearer than your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.

**Franciscus**  That may be done with easy truth, sir:
**Tomazo**  How is my cause bandied through your delays!
’Tis urgent in blood, and calls for haste;
Give me a brother alive or dead;
Alive, a wife with him, if dead for both.

A recompense for murder and adultery.

**Beatrice** within.  Oh, oh, oh.

**Alsemero**  Hark, ’tis coming to you.

**Deflores** within.  Nay, I’ll along for company.

**Beatrice** within.  Oh, oh.

**Vermandero**  What horrid sounds are these?
**Alsemero**  Come forth you twins of mischief.

*Enter Deflores bringing in Beatrice.*

**Deflores**  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.

Vermandero  An Host of enemies entered my Citadel,
Could not amaze like this, Joanna, Beatrice, Joanna.

Beatrice  O come not near me sir, I shall defile you,

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 shower take it, from distinction,
Beneath the stars, upon yon Meteor
Ever hang my fate, ’mongst things corruptible,
I ne’er could pluck it from him, my loathing
Was Prophet to the rest, but ne’er believed
Mine honor fell with him, and now my life.

Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed,
Your bed was cozened on the nuptial night,
For which your false-bride died.

Alsemero  Diaphanta!

Deflores  Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate

At barleybreak; now we are left in hell.

Vermandero  We are all there, it circumscribes here.

Deflores  I loved this woman in spite of her heart,

Her love I earned out of Piracquo’s murder.

Tomazo  Ha, my brother’s murderer.

Deflores  Yes, and her honor’s 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 behind
For any man to pledge me.

Vermandero  Horrid Villain!

Keep life in him for further tortures:

Deflores  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 go to leave thee far behind.

Beatrice  Forgive me Alsemero, all forgive,
’Tis time to die, when ’tis a shame to live.

Vermandero  Oh my name is entered now in that record,

Where till this fatal hour ’twas never read.

Alsemero  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 proclamation, and may joy again. 
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done, 
’Tis the best comfort that your grief can find. 

   Tomazo  Sir, I am satisfied, my injuries 
Lie dead before me, I can exact no more, 
Unless my soul were loose, and could o’ertake 
Those black fugitives, that are fled from thence 
To take a second vengeance; but there are wraths 
Deeper than mine (’tis to be feared) about ’em. 

   Alsemero  What an opacous body had that moon: 
That last changed on us? here’s beauty changed 
To ugly whoredom: here servant obedience 
To a master-sin, imperious murder: 
I a supposed husband changed 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? 

   Antonio  Yes sir, I was changed too, from a little Ass as I was, to a great 
Fool as I am; and had like to ha’ been changed to the gallows, but 
that you know my Innocence always excuses me. 

   Franciscus  I was changed from a little wit to be stark mad, 
Almost for the same purpose. 

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

   Alibius  I see all apparent wife, and will change now 
Into a better husband, and never keep Scholars 
That shall be wiser than myself. 

   Alsemero  Sir, you have yet a son’s duty living, 
Please you accept it, let that your sorrow 
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart, 
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.

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**EPILOGUE.**

   Alsemero  **ALL we can do, to Comfort one another,** 
**To stay a Brother’s sorrow, for a Brother;** 
**To Dry a Child, from the kind Father’s eyes** 
**Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:** 
**Your only smiles have power to cause re-live** 
**The Dead again, or in their Rooms to give** 
**Brother a new Brother, Father a Child;** 
**If these appear, All griefs are reconciled.**

   Exeunt omnes.
PLAYS newly Printed.

The Wild-goose Chase, a Comedy; written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Gentlemen.
The Widow, a Comedy; written by Ben: Jonson, John Fletcher, and Thomas Middleton, Gentlemen.

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Five Plays written by Master James Shirley, being All of his that were Acted at the Blackfriars: Together with the Court-Secret, written by the same Author, but never yet Acted.

Also, The Spanish Gypsies.
**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 *wo[*]*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 [*]*ay.
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*.