

The Changeling by Thomas Middleton & William Rowley

M/M QS, SmS, SS, R&D

III, iii. THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY 1331

[SCENA TERTIA.

A room in the house of Alibius.]

Enter Isabella and Lollio.

ISA. Why, sirrah! Whence have you commission

To fetter the doors against me? If you
Keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to me;
Let me be doing something.

LOL. You shall be doing, if it please you;
I'll whistle to you, if you'll pipe after.

ISA. Is it your master's pleasure, or your
own,

To keep me in this pifold?

LOL. 'Tis for my master's pleasure,
lest, being taken in another man's [10
corn, you might be pounded in another
place.

ISA. 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very
wise.

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

ISA. Of all sorts? Why, here's none but
fools and madmen.

LOL. Very well. And where will [20
you find any other, if you should go abroad?
There's my master and I to boot, too.

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

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

ISA. Y' are a brave, saucy rascal! Come
on, sir;

Afford me then the pleasure of your
bedlam.

You were commending once today to
me 30

Your last-come lunatic—what a proper¹
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.

LOL. If I do not show you the hand-
somest, discreetest madman, one that I
may call the understanding madman,
then say I am a fool. 40

ISA. Well, a match,² I will say so.

LOL. 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 pres-*
*ently.*³)—Come on, sir; let me see how
handsomely you'll behave yourself now.

Enter Lollio, Franciscus.

FRAN. How sweetly she looks! O, but
there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as [50
philosophy. Anacreon, drink to my mis-
tress' health; I'll pledge it. Stay, stay,
there's a spider in the cup! No, 'tis but a
grapestone. Swallow it; fear nothing,
poet; so, so, lift higher.

ISA. Alack, alack, 'tis too full of pity
To be laughed at! How fell he mad?
Canst thou tell?

LOL. For love, mistress. He was a
pretty poet, too, and that set him forwards
first. The Muses then forsook him; [60
he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she
was but a dwarf neither.

FRAN. Hail, bright Titania!

Why stand'st 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.

LOL. [*Showing him a whip.*] Not too
near! You see your danger. 69

FRAN. O, hold thy hand, great Diomedes!
Thou feed'st thy horses well; they shall
obey thee.

Get up! Bucephalus kneels. [*Kneels.*]

LOL. You see how I ave my flock; a
shepherd has not his dog at more obedi-
ence.

ISA. His conscience is unquiet; sure that
was

The cause of this. A proper gentleman!

FRAN. Come hither, Aesculapius; hide the
poison.

LOL. [*Hiding the whip.*] Well, 'tis hid. [79

FRAN. Didst thou never hear of one
Tiresias, a famous poet?

LOL. Yes, that kept tame wild geese.

FRAN. That's he; I am the man.

LOL. No?

FRAN. Yes; but make no words on 't. I
was a man seven years ago.

¹ Handsome.

² It is agreed.

³ *I.e.*, after the following off-stage speech.

- LOL. A stripling, I think, you might.
 FRAN. Now I'm a woman, all feminine.
 LOL. I would I might see that!
 FRAN. Juno struck me blind. 90
 LOL. I'll ne'er believe that; for a woman,
 they say, has an eye more than a man.
 FRAN. I say she struck me blind.
 LOL. And Luna made you mad; you
 have two trades to beg with.
 FRAN. 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. 100
 The swift *lycanthropi*¹ that walks the
 round,
 We'll tear their wolfish skins, and save
 the sheep. [*Snatches at Lollio.*]
 LOL. Is 't come to this? Nay, then, my
 poison comes forth again. [*Shows the
 whip.*] Mad slave, indeed, abuse your
 keeper!
 ISA. I prithee, hence with him, now he
 grows dangerous.
 [*Let Franciscus*] sing.
- FRAN. Sweet love, pity me;
 Give me leave to lie with thee.
- LOL. No, I'll see you wiser first. To
 your own kennel! 111
 FRAN. 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 mouse-
 hole.
 LOL. I would you would get into your
 hole! (*Exit Fra[n]ciscus.*)—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.*
- ANT. Cousin, is it not my aunt? ² 120
 LOL. Yes, 'tis one of um, Tony.
 ANT. He, he! How do you, uncle?
 LOL. Fear him not, mistress; 'tis a
 gentle nidget; ³ you may play with him—
 as safely with him as with his bauble.
- ¹ Lycanthropes, werewolves.
² Slang term for *procuress*. ³ Idiot.
- ISA. How long hast thou been a fool?
 ANT. Ever since I came hither, cousin.
 ISA. Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins,
 fool. 129
 LOL. O, mistress, fools have always so
 much wit as to claim their kindred.
 MADMAN. (*Within.*) Bounce, bounce!
 He falls, he falls!
 ISA. Hark you, your scholars in the up-
 per room are out of order.
 LOL. Must I come amongst you there?—
 Keep you the fool, mistress; I'll go up and
 play left-handed Orlando amongst the
 madmen. *Exit.*
 ISA. Well, sir. 140
 ANT. [*Revealing himself.*] 'Tis opportune-
 ful now, sweet lady! Nay,
 Cast no amazing ⁴ eye upon this change.
 ISA. Ha!
 ANT. This shape of folly shrouds your
 dearest love,
 The truest servant to your powerful
 beauties,
 Whose magic had this force thus to
 transform me.
 ISA. You are a fine fool indeed!
 ANT. O, 'tis not strange!
 Love has an intellect that runs through
 all
 The scrutinous sciences, and, like
 A cunning poet, catches a quantity 150
 Of every knowledge, yet brings all
 home
 Into one mystery, into one secret.
 That he proceeds in.
 ISA. Y' are a parlous fool.
 ANT. 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 recom-
 pense. [*Kisses her.*]
 ISA. A forward fool too!
 ANT. This was Love's teaching.
 A thousand ways he ⁵ fashioned out my
 way,
 And this I found the safest and the
 nearest, 160
 To tread the galaxia to my star.
 ISA. Profound withal! Certain, you
 dreamed of this;
 Love never taught it waking.
⁴ Wondering. ⁵ Original reads *she*.